

Clear Horizons

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Summer—1947

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Among The Authors

Winfred Rhoades (p. 1) is the author of the newly revised *The Self You Have to Live With*, and a contributor to religious magazines. For many years he was a psychologist at the Boston Dispensary. His article is one of the finest of its kind we have read in a long time. . . . **Ralph S. Cushman** (p. 30) is Methodist Bishop of the Saint Paul Area. The idea for the poem came from one of his pastors in South Dakota. While a chaplain in the army, the pastor asked a pilot, "How do you keep from getting lost in the vast spaces?" The reply was, "If we can have the stars we cannot lose our way." . . . **Herbert H. Deck** (p. 6) is minister of Park Congregational Church in Springfield, Massachusetts. . . . Good stories with a spiritual slant are hard to find, but once in awhile, as in the case of **Douglas Walker** (p. 13), one comes in the mail unexpectedly. Mr. Walker lives in Fond du Lac, Wisconsin. . . . Another unsolicited manuscript that made us very happy was the one by **Douglas Trim** (p. 22). What is more, it came all the way from England. It is nice to have people in England know about you; and it is nice to know people in England. . . . The true story by **Arthur L. Miller** (p. 27) illustrates the power of the spirit and also that real life stories are as interesting as any fiction. Dr. Miller is minister of First Presbyterian Church in Lincoln, Nebraska. Of the main character in the story, Dr. Miller writes, "Fred said many times that if it could do anybody any good, he would be glad for others to know of his experience." We think it will do a lot of good. . . . You will find the article by **Henry Knott** (p. 50) has a powerful message for practicing Christianity. He is a resident of Boston, Massachusetts. . . . **Starr Daily** (p. 39) needs no introduction. He is a well-known author and speaker. Many of the readers of *Clear Horizons* will hear him this summer at the Camps Farthest Out.

Some readers have wondered why the books mentioned by Norman Elliott in the column "Books of Interest" are always recommended, or at least never criticised. The reason is simple. Space in a quarterly magazine is limited and it is valuable. To use that space for books that cannot be recommended seems unwise. A book must not only have something important to say, but it must be of interest to the *general reader* before it is mentioned under "Books of Interest."

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Clear Horizons

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☐ The spirit that cultivates union with God loses the fear of life and of what life may bring.

The Practice of Union with God

Winfred Rhoades

WHEN a disciple came to Lu Chu (about 300 B.C.) in a state of self-satisfaction because he thought some achievements of a utilitarian kind had taught him the Way of Life, the philosopher perceived that his thinking was still superficial and that he must be led to a truer understanding of where the secret of successful living really lies. Therefore he took two lutes and after placing one in a certain room tuned the other, which he placed in the hall, into perfect harmony with it. Then when he struck the *kung* note on the master instrument the disciple heard the *kung* note on the other speak up in response, and when he sounded the *chio* note on the master instrument the *chio* note on the other echoed it immediately. If, however, the pitch of one string on the second instrument was changed the answering sound was a jangle. For the making of music the essential

factor was harmony with the master power. That was the lesson.

There is in the universe, says L. Adams Beck who brings to Western readers the story of the two lutes, a mighty rhythm whose "unspeakable power" can take hold upon a man who puts himself in tune with it, and makes himself thus a "channel of the universal."

A human life is truly effective in proportion to the degree of union with God that is achieved.

How is such a union to be brought about by ordinary men and women?

The Sadhu Sundar Singh tells somewhere that after a long period of struggle with conflicting desires and impulses he arose from sleep very early one morning, knelt in prayer, and passed into a state of ecstasy, after which he was possessed of powers, physical no less than spiritual, which he did not have before.

That is a modern illustration of

the kind of experience that can be read of not once but many times in the literature of religion. Saint Francis of Assisi, Saint Catherine of Siena, Saint Paul himself—these are examples. And after the great experience such men and women discovered within themselves newborn powers to do and to endure, and the world recognized in them new and extraordinary effectiveness as personalities.

Stories of that kind can fill the ordinary man with a great longing. "Oh, that I could experience such a drawing by God and enter into such union with God!" But the ordinary man does not have experiences of an abnormal kind. He does not fall into ecstasies and raptures, no matter how ardently he desires to feel himself in union with God and to be made strong for his daily life by the might of God. Is it necessary, then, to be endowed with special psychic qualities in order to have one's daily life what Gerald Heard speaks of as a "process of contact and communion with utter Reality"? Is such an endowment necessary if one is to become conscious of what Richard Maurice Bucke wrote about as "cosmic" relationships? If that be the case then existence itself shuts off most men from entrance into fullness of life.

The attainment of union with God does not have to come in that way. It is rather a matter of act

and of conviction than of feeling. There is an analogy in the way Mendelssohn's friend brought about the harmonic completion for which his sensitive ear cried out. When Mendelssohn called on this friend one morning and found him to be still in bed he went to the piano, struck one loud chord of the seventh, and left it hanging in the air. At once there were sounds of commotion in the room above, and in a moment the sluggard tumbled downstairs, rushed to the piano, and struck the notes of resolution. He produced the needed satisfaction by an act of the intellect and the will. He effected the wanted completion by doing definite things to cause that completion.

Not without spiritual discipline and effort is the experience of union achieved by most people. But when discipline and effort are practiced the union can come in quiet ways and gradual stages by growth. This calls for:

- (1) Strong desire;
- (2) Sustained concentration on the thought of God;
- (3) Appropriation of union with God as a fact: "God's presence is round about me; I desire union with God; I *am* in union with God";
- (4) Living continually in this thought of union with God, and working to make it still closer, deeper, and more vital.

This realization of union with God may not be at all a matter of feeling. Conviction that comes from an act of the intellect is a source of peace, as well as of stability and power, to those who practice it. "In quietness and confidence shall be your strength," said the ancient writer. That is not the common conception of the source of strength. "By bluster and compulsion shall you have power" is the familiar attitude that we encounter. "By worry and strain shall you achieve your desires," is the general language of manners and conduct, and people emphasize the statement by adding: "I'd like to know what would happen to this family—or this business—if I didn't do some worrying and straining!" But bluster and compulsion, worry and strain, are emotional incompetencies instead of competencies. The spirit that cultivates union with God loses the fear of life and of what life may bring. New power

takes hold of the man—physical, mental, emotional, and spiritual. New and unwonted calmness comes into the soul.

Let it be said again. Such a consciousness of union with God is a matter of ever-renewed intention. Acquaintance with God can come quickly, but intimacy with God calls for long-continued practice with daily correction of inclinations and tendencies, and lifting up of thoughts and aspirations. Then the consciousness of union can become very strong and very reassuring. "It seems to me," wrote that illumined woman, Lucie Christine, "that my will now unites itself to God as colours mingle together." And again: "I am, and I remain, in God. How?—Fully. When?—Always, even during sleep when He keeps my soul bound to Him by an imperceptible thread of the will." The word that is stressed is "will." It is the same thing as "persistent intention."



Where Beauty Dwells

John Richard Moreland

I thought of beauty as a thing afar,
Like sun-lit minaret, or pale dawn star,
Till I found at my door—when dawn was blue—
A spider-web outlined in opal dew.

¶ They told me that every man got down and prayed that they would find me.

Miraculous Submarine Rescue In Answer To Prayer

Leroy Bingham

IT WAS a very beautiful dawn, with orange streaks rising out of the water and heading toward the sky, but the wind was a little too rough for effective use of our submarine. We were cruising along on the surface of the water about one hundred miles west of the Jap-held Manila airbase, trying to get out of the range of the Jap planes so that they would not force us to submerge and make us lose time in reaching our destination.

Our captain had given orders for me to repair the range-finder, which was located on the extreme top of the conning tower. I was working diligently, enjoying the warm breeze and the beautiful scenery when all of a sudden our submarine submerged. The suction caused by the sinking submarine pulled me underneath the water and would not release me for what seemed like ages. When I was finally released, I came to the surface only to see a Jap plane heading straight for me. I will not try to explain the feeling that I had at that moment. The Jap pilot evidently did not see either the submarine or me, for he flew on his way undisturbed.

After the plane was out of sight, I started looking for my submarine, for I knew that my "buddies" would come back and look for me; but I also knew that finding me in the choppy water would be a very difficult task. Finally they surfaced and started their search. I could see them plainly as they searched the water, but they could not see me. I was trying to wave my hands as high as possible, but I could hardly stay above the water, which was coming over me in waves ten feet high. They went within a thousand yards of me at least six times, but they never turned in my direction. I was very tired, for I had been in the water for an hour and forty-five minutes. I knew that they would be giving up the search any minute now; so I decided it was all over and I was going to die right there. I closed my eyes, and my life flashed in front of me as if it were a movie; then I began to pray that they would pick me up. When I opened my eyes, they were heading straight for me. Under battle conditions only four men were allowed topside, but almost the entire crew were on deck when they rescued me. They threw me a life preserver

with a line attached, but in their excitement they had turned loose the other end of the line. Another line had to be thrown before they could pull me on deck.

When I got on board, everyone

was crying. They told me that every man got down and prayed that they would find me. "Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee and thou shalt glorify me." Ps. 50:15.



The Man God Approves

Iva Gibson

"He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity nor sworn deceitfully."—Psalm 24-4.

Not long ago a colored man, some sixty years young, came to work for us. On the day that he was to come, about seven o'clock in the morning, I looked out of the window and there he was hoeing the shrubs in the yard. I went out where he was working and said:

"You are early."

He replied: "Yessum, when Mr. G—— asked me to come, I said you will see me. Mr. G—— said another man had promised to do the work the day before, but didn't come. When I say I will come, you will see me. God said it."

At lunch time he offered up his thanks to the Father before he partook of any food. He told me that each year he goes to the country to hoe blackberries for a banker; that one day the banker said to him: "Andrew,"—that is his name—"anytime you need money, you can come to my bank and I will give you my signature. I know you are honest."

He also told me that he had regular work as janitor of his little church.

When I paid him that evening, he put no price on his work. That, he left to me. He knew that his very honesty and trustworthiness would take care of the price.

Here was a man, regardless of color, who gloried in the integrity of good living, a man who believed in God; who could be trusted and through whom God could speak. He was free.

“A New Day” Can Be Yours

Herbert H. Deck

ONE morning at a summer camp the teacher in charge of the physical exercises took a group of tired, down-in-the-mouth grown-ups and with appropriate exercises had them say over and over again “It’s a New Day! It’s a New Day!”

Every one who reads this article deep down inside wants a New Day. Of course the form of the New Day will differ according to each person’s needs. But basically we all want something new and thrilling and life-giving. Well, this New Day is a promise that can be made good. We don’t have to wait until we die to experience it. And we don’t have to wait for a physical Utopia on earth to get it. We can have it now, this moment. No matter how disappointing your past has been; no matter how dismal your prospects for the future may seem; no matter how the people and the influential contacts that you have made, have let you down; you can have a New Day. This statement is made on the authority of a great spiritual law expressed in these words from the New Testament, “If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature. Old things are passed away. Behold all things are

made new.” (2 Corinthians 5:17)

Note the sequence. It begins with the “new creature” or new personality and ends with “new things.” Our age has tried to reverse this. It has tried to have new things without the new people to match them. But that is a violation of a law and when we break a law either physical or spiritual we get bad results.

One of the hopeful signs of our times is that science itself is now saying what the New Testament here states. We are coming to see that science has two hands: one extended in Mercy to help, the other uplifted in Judgment to destroy.

The hand of Mercy stretched out to lift heavy burdens from mankind’s back, points to a new technological day. For example, by means of a new electronic device you will not have to shovel your sidewalks any more. There are going to be heat conductors under the sidewalks which will melt the snow as quickly as it falls. Or take the new homes being built. One of the features in these is a button placed by the bedside which, when you press it, will close the bedroom windows and turn on the heat

for you. Yes, there is a new day ahead! Part of our pains today are birth pains. Children are not born without pain, and neither is a new age.

But science with the other hand flashes a stop sign. It says in effect: “I can give you a new day. But unless man harmonizes his physical, emotional and mental make-up and becomes mature enough to handle what I give him, the genie I let loose from my Pandora Box will destroy him.” That is science laying on all of us the necessity for reversing our present pagan trends and saying “turn and become *new* creatures in Christ.”

Such a reversal begins its process of new conditioning when we become conditioned in the Mind of Christ and through Him have union with God. The author uses the word “conditioning” because that is the educational pass word to a new personality. But what is often overlooked is its double use.

For many people the word “conditioned” is the verbal chain that binds personality. A boy wrote to his mother, shortly after he entered the service of his country, “You have conditioned me with insecurity. When I was a child you moved from town to town and I was shifted from school to school. I never knew how long I was going to be where I was. Because of this I feel so insecure and it is hard to break this early condition-

ing you gave me.” To this young man the conditioning process was a ball and chain that held him prisoner.

The other use of the word is illustrated by this parent who said to her pastor, “I want my children to grow up in a character-building environment where they will feel secure, where they will cultivate courage and vision to face life.”

There is no escaping the fact that we are conditioned. Our bodies are conditioned to a certain kind of food and when conditions change so we can not get what we are accustomed to, we are upset. Our emotions, that is, the way we feel about things, have likewise been conditioned by the kind of homes we grew up in and by the kind of people we have associated with in our earlier years. Our minds too, especially this everyday mind that we send to school to educate, that registers what it reads in the papers and hears on the radio or over the back yard fence—this mind too is conditioned by events and people.

But the fallacy of all this reasoning is this: the conditioned self we are is the false self. We can break the old conditionings and start a new chain of conditionings. We can be conditioned to the true self we really are and so become new persons. We can stop being prisoners of our time. We can undo the chains that bind our emotions and

keep us from being free. We can throw off the false front of conditioned thinking centering in our past and our negatives and begin a new day. All we have to do is to turn to Jesus Christ with our minds and say to Him, "Come into my mind! Come into my emotions! Come into my body! Be in all of me and be all in all to me." Let a person saturate himself daily with words like these and such a person will become new and have a new day. Old things which bothered will pass away.

Even the body will become younger because when it is conditioned in the Mind of Christ, it attracts new atoms to itself. Doctors have been telling us for a long time that our bodies change every seven years. Here is a method which when used daily and in faith will change your body every day. For it is a law of life that what one eats becomes one. What the lion eats becomes lion. What the negative minded person feeds on becomes negative force and action. By the same law, what a mind conditioned in Christ feeds on becomes not only brain cells but also Christ cells. They make us more Christlike even in our body. A great new day can dawn for you, reader, when you start becoming new in Christ.

All of us have to face life's disappointments, tragedies, sorrows, and defeats if not in our own lives

then assuredly in the lives of our friends. One of the first things that happens when this new conditioning process in Christ gets going is that fear melts away and a strange, new, happy confidence is born. One then becomes master of situations because he has Jesus, the Master, helping him.

A young husband, granted a leave of absence from the army, rushed home to face this situation: A few hours before his baby, while playing in the kitchen, had upset the tea kettle of boiling water and burned himself. When the husband arrived the baby was already in the hospital and his wife seated beside the telephone in utter defeat was waiting for word, as she put it, that the baby was dead. But the husband had learned the secret of tracking his mind with the Mind of Christ. So he turned to his wife and said, "We will put the baby in God's hands. We will pray with peace in our hearts and ask God to do what He wants to with our baby. If He wants us to have him back, we will be happy. But if He wants to take him home to Himself, we will trust our baby to Him."

The sequel to this true story is that the baby got well and that new skin has been grafted on his face and body. There was a time when this young man was conditioned by fear, insecurity and hate; when, as the result of that kind of think-

ing, he was defeated and bitter and resentful. If that would still have been his state of mind when his baby was burned, he and his wife would have cut off God's creative power and prevented the healing energies from flowing into his baby's body. But because his mind, emotions and body were aligned with Christ, healing power was released. His mind now conditioned in the Mind of Christ had become positive, flooding his personality with radiant happiness and confidence.

We all want a new world in which there is lasting peace and security. But we all forget that the new world begins with each one of us. For the more minds we can

get centered in Christ, the more and greater our power for world peace. Stop saying "human nature can't be changed" or "America is being ruined." Begin being one of millions who will have a New Day. If enough people in America will start doing this and do it fast enough, we will make peace secure. But the starting place is you. For the moment we say "Come into me, Jesus. Come into all of me. Come into America. Come into the world-situation," by that much we release power from on high that will re-condition this world for peace. Then this great, new, marvelous, dawn of the New Day will come to us and break as a great light on all men.



"It Is Public Money"

In a newspaper interview Fritz Kreisler is reported as saying: "I was born with music in my system. It was a gift of God. I did not acquire it. So I do not even deserve thanks for the music. Music is too sacred to be sold, and the outrageous prices charged for musical celebrities today are truly a crime against society. I never look upon the money I earn as my own. It is public money. It is only a fund intrusted to me for proper disbursement. I am constantly endeavoring to reduce my needs to the minimum. I feel morally guilty in ordering a costly meal, for it deprives some one else of a slice of bread, some child perhaps of a bottle of milk. My beloved wife feels exactly as I do about these things. In all these years of my so-called success in music we have not built a home for ourselves. Between it and us stand all the homeless in the world."

Open Your Eyes and Behold the Kingdom

Glenn Clark

JESUS told us that the Kingdom of Heaven was right at hand, here and now, and when he was asked to point to it he said it was within us. As a matter of fact, the thing that Jesus came to tell us about and to prove to us, was that all around us hidden by the illusion of time is the *Kingdom of Heaven*—the Kingdom where everything is in perfect harmony, where there are no quicksands, marshes and other terrible things.

If we are living in the Kingdom of Heaven here and now, then why do we find so much that is bad in this world? Because we either go around in it with our *eyes shut* or else we go around *facing backwards*.

Let me just ask you to go to the most beautiful avenue you know. Suppose you start across it with your eyes shut. What would happen? Of course you might fall across the little curbing. Why was the curbing there? To snare people? Oh no. For a beautiful and lovely cause—to hold the soil for beautiful grass—to make it safe for pedestrians to stroll without fear of autos running up upon them—a lovely thing. For a per-

son who goes about perversely, with his eyes shut, it is a disagreeable thing.

But when you cross the avenue with eyes shut you will probably fall over the curbing. Then you rise and feel your way across—until you bump your nose into a tree. What is the tree there for—to hit people over their noses? No, certainly not, but to render happiness by its shade and beauty.

You get past the tree and get to the opposite side of the boulevard, to the other auto track. You step out upon it with your eyes shut. Indeed, you are lucky if an auto doesn't hit you and throw you to the ground with a broken leg and dislocated shoulder and perhaps internal injuries. As you think of the curbing, the tree, and the auto, you say to yourself, "What a hell of a place this world is!" A man wiser than you, who knows all these things are here for utility, beauty and service says, "No, the only hell you will find in the universe is the hell you try to make out of heaven by keeping your eyes shut."

And after we get our eyes opened there is still another danger of missing the Kingdom,

and that is by seeing the world backwards.

Did you ever see a movie where autos are whizzing backwards, streetcars clanging backwards, pedestrians hurrying across streets backwards, and perhaps one person, the comic hero, alone is walking forward?

Of course, if everyone walked backward and you alone walked forward all people would call you crazy, foolish, simple! Did not all the backward walking people in Jesus' day call him such names at some time or other? Will they not call you names, also, if you do the same? "For if they persecute the master they will also persecute the servant, for the servant is not greater than his lord," said Jesus. Of course they will call you names. Fortunately you can fall back upon one statement of Jesus—"By their fruits they shall know them." You will commence very soon to produce fruits. Presently, if you continue long enough, if you can hold on and wait upon the Lord, others will follow you, and after a while there will be an ever increasing group around you walking forward and with eyes wide open.

Jesus, and John as well, always, or nearly always, used a little word for putting all in God's hands. *Turn*. "Turn and repent," said John. "Unless you turn and become as a little child ye shall in no

wise enter into the Kingdom," said Jesus.

Look at the grown man sitting backward in the train, looking listlessly out of the window as beautiful landscapes fade in the distance. Opposite him watch his little boy facing forward, watching landscapes *appear*. He is full of wonder, of delight, the world is a wonderful place, a place of heaven on earth, surely and truly. "Look, papa! Look, papa!" he is always crying. Curiosity? Foolish childish curiosity? No, he is seeing the Kingdom as it really is. For anyone who sees this world with eyes of wonder is seeing the Kingdom. Eyes of wonder know that there is something on ahead—something just over the hill—they know after it has passed it will come back again, if we really, truly want it.

The sophisticated man knows nothing until he sees it, and doesn't believe it exists a moment after it has gone. No wonder such men cannot believe in the trustworthiness of friends—of the ability to love before you show it—and to keep the love after you are out of sight of the loved one.

Let us return to the man going forward while all the others in the street are going backward. Wandering around in such a maze will almost make the clearest minded get dizzy at times. From force of the very contagion of bad example he will find himself tempted every

moment to reverse his motion and get in step with the crowds walking in the negative way. Only by going apart from the crowd into the mountain, alone, or into a desert place apart to pray, will he keep his vision clear.

And what is this walking forward as opposed to walking backwards? It is cooperating instead of competing, it is shaking hands instead of using fists, it is being humble instead of being proud, it is giving instead of grabbing, it is sharing instead of keeping, it is taking the lowest seats instead of the highest, it is smiling instead of frowning, it is loving instead of hating.

How do we know that the world is walking backward? Just note the way the world backed into the First World War, and now into the Second World War, the way it backed into commercial failures, and so forth and so on.

Backing into solutions is not a solution, but a creation of another problem. Throwing good money down a well after good money lost there is merely to lose more good money.

To fight with anger in one's heart for a cause is merely to lose both the fight and the cause. He who wins with anger in his heart loses. Don't you believe that? Look at the winners in this World War. Devastated Russia, bankrupt Britain and the United States with a 300 billion dollar debt and increasingly the burdens of the world on her shoulders. Are any of us better off after the war than before? Is there more employment, more happy homes, more wealth, more freedom? This fight was on a large enough scale to see the results without a microscope. Then, turn and look at all the little personal, private fights you ever won with anger in your heart and see how lasting and how permanent the victory has been. "He who takes the sword will perish by the sword" was never truer than now. It is just as dangerous as walking backwards across a street in crowded traffic hours, with one's eyes closed.

The time has come for the world to move forward.

The time has come for us to open our eyes.



Hugh Walpole said of Jesus, "Here is a Man like no other man who has ever been, and in realizing Him I go beyond all earthly physical things into the world of the spirit. If He is true, then the life of the spirit is true."

His dark brown hair and beard made me think of Biblical pictures I had seen in church, you know, the ones of Christ.

The Man Who Was God (A Story)

Douglas Walker

MANY strange tales have come out of this war, but none so unbelievable as the one I am about to tell you.

We were seated in a small French cafe in Paris telling strange stories of what we had seen. From left to right were seated Captain Paul Harris and First Lieutenant Charles F. Bennett of the 13th Armoured Division, and myself, Thomas D. Faber, U. S. war correspondent. I listened while the captain and the lieutenant talked. The young lieutenant told of a man in his outfit who had saved sixty men from death under heavy enemy fire only to lose his own life an hour afterward by a sniper's bullet.

I took notes as the two continued. Finally, the door of the cafe swung open and a medium built man entered and looked around the room. His face looked as though he knew great sorrow, yet, there was a strange light in his eyes, and his smile made you feel as though he knew every thought before you could think it. Never in all my life shall I forget, as he walked across the room toward a table, how his dark brown hair and beard made me think of Biblical pictures I had seen in church; you know, the ones of Christ.

The captain lit his pipe and started to tell another yarn, but I excused myself and made my way for the stranger's table. As I approached, he arose and offered me a chair. I sat down and beckoned to the waiter, then turned, and was about to offer my apologies for intruding. Before I could speak, the stranger said, "That's quite all right." This reply stunned me for a moment as I had only thought what I was going to say, but I recovered as the waiter approached with our order. I asked my new friend his name, and he replied, "I have many names." With this he thanked me, and departed as silently as he had entered.

I remained at the cafe until it closed. As I was leaving, I was called by a man standing on the corner. He was a short, plump, little Frenchman. "What may I do for you?" I asked him as he drew near. "Monsieur, could you but just give me the name of the man with whom you spoke?" "No," I replied. "I asked his name but he did not give it to me." "If I only knew whether or not he is a spy," the Frenchman said. "As far as I can tell, he is not. The underground has watched him for more than two months, and as yet, has

nothing to report on him, except that he can and has walked past German guards without being stopped or any indication of being seen. He carries no identification papers, yet the Germans haven't stopped him once." A remarkable story, I thought to myself, but aloud I said, "I am sorry I can give you no information, and now, you must excuse me." With this, I bade the Frenchman goodnight.

As I crawled into bed I was thinking about the big push ahead of us in two days. The Germans had to be pushed out of all France and Austria and back into the black hole of Germany. The next two days were filled with feverish work; men worked night and day loading ammunition, gasoline, food, and war machinery. As I watched boys work, they would call to me, "Hi, Tom. How about putting my name in the paper?" "What is your name?" and the common variety usually was Brown, Smith, Green, Jacobs, etc. I had the names of many boys, both dead and alive, names of boys, men, and even women who had given their lives for God, their country, and a word called Liberty. They had paid the supreme price.

The appointed hour had arrived, the troops moved out, and we were on our way to meet the enemy, to attack and drive, or be driven back. We met the enemy at 1400; we were pinned down by a withering

enemy fire. We radioed for reinforcements, and while we were waiting I went back over my notes and came across a paragraph about the stranger I had met in the cafe. I wondered if I would ever see him again. As I looked up, to my utter surprise, I saw him coming across the battlefield with his hands in his pockets and a song on his lips. He was walking straight toward us. He was not touched once by enemy gunfire. Colonel James L. Lee said it was a miracle that he had not been cut to ribbons by gunfire from both sides. As he came into our underground headquarters I asked him how and why he had come. He said there would be many who needed him. I did not understand what he meant, but days later I realized, as I watched him go to the battlefield and administer spiritual help to the dying enemy as well as to our own.

A hard month of bitter fighting had passed and we were entering the outskirts of Germany. Our bombers had done a good job and the Huns had their backs to a wall. The question was, "Would they fight?" And they did, but our soldiers were seasoned and toughened troops and still had lots of fight left in them.

The stranger never seemed to grow weary of performing his self-appointed duty and by now the boys had begun to call him "god" because of his religious ways.

I figured that Germany would fall in seventy-two hours. I had already written a cablegram to be sent out as soon as their defeat had been officially announced. I was talking to "god" and I made the statement that I would be glad to get home with my wife and boy. I looked at "god" and said, "You'll be going home soon, won't you?" "Yes," he replied in a way I'd never heard him speak before, "I am going home to see my father." He was about to say something else when we were interrupted by a messenger who was looking for the colonel. I asked the messenger what was wrong. He told us that there were two men trapped on top of the hill overlooking the valley. They had reported by radio that they had no food or water and very little ammunition. A look came across "god's" face, a look that made the whole room glow. He started out the door. I protested, "You'll never make it alive." But by bobbing, weaving, dodging, and some miracle, he reached the top. We could see him kneel down and when he stood up again, the two men stood with him, and all was quiet. The wind, as if carrying their words across the whole valley brought them to us and we heard "god" ask, "Do you believe in God and in me and do you have enough faith to believe that if we ever start down, that we will reach the bottom alive?" One man did

not. He started to run and was shot down by enemy fire. The other answered, "Yes, I believe," and with this, "god" stretched forth his hand and pointed the path to safety. As the man reached the bottom, again the enemy opened fire and the hill was being eaten away by the burst of shells. As the smoke and dust settled over "god," we watched him raise his arms toward the heavens and over the roar of bursting shells, a voice that made the hair on the back of my neck stand up, came to us across the valley, and "god" spoke and these were his words. "Forgive them, O Father, for they know not what they do." As surely as Christ had been crucified a second time a blanket of silence covered the valley and was ripped by lightning and thunder and the earth shook under the weight of war and the light became darkness.

When the dawn broke Germany had fallen as if crushed by the hand of God.

Days later I talked with the young sergeant who had been saved. He asked me had it been true what some of the other boys had said about there being another man on top of the hill with him and I answered, "Yes." "But I saw no one other than the private who was killed," he told me.

Two weeks later we docked in New York harbor and my wife and

son met me at the pier. That evening at home, I was telling them the strange story and my son asked, "Daddy, who really was the stranger?"

HE WAS GOD.



United Nations Hymn

(Sung to tune of "Love Divine All Love Excelling")

Angela Morgan

Thou whose breathing fills our bodies,
 Thou whose pulse the worlds obey,
 Tune our minds to heed Thy rhythm
 Known along the starry way.
 Swing the nations to Thy measure,
 Bid men's hatreds turn to song;
 Fill us, thrill us, with Thy music,
 End earth's bitterness and wrong.

Thou whose order rules the atom,
 Thou whose law propels the sea,
 Bring, oh, bring Thy warring peoples
 Close within Thy harmony.
 God of beauty, heal our madness!
 God of love, our battles end!
 Show the unity that binds us,
 Foe to foe, or friend to friend.

Thou who lightest with Thy glory
 Leaf and lake and cloud and star,
 Light the hearts of men to justice,
 Show us kindred, as we are.
 Pour Thy mighty joy upon us,
 Thou whose grandeur filleth space,
 Claim Thy cosmic sons and daughters—
 Unify the human race!

☞ We go right on worrying about the very things we took to Him.

Taking It To the Lord—Not Quite!

Elberta Muriel Snyder

WE HUMAN beings are indeed as Christ said, "A perverse nation." We have a multitude of worries, and we sing hymns about taking them to the Lord in prayer. We tell the Lord in our prayers all of the things that are worrying us and say "Lord hear me this day and help me." Then what do we do? We go right on worrying about the very things we took to Him.

Do you know what you do when you continue to worry over things you have taken to Him? You automatically discount His ability to be of any help to you. Christ said, "Come unto me all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Yes, but how can He give you rest if you will not accept it when He offers it to you?

Christ knew that if He prayed to God for anything at all that God heard his prayer and answered it. Therefore when He prayed, in the next breath He gave thanks and no longer worried about it. He tried in every way He knew how to pass this information on to us, and yet even today many of us who call ourselves Christians, when we pray, do not fully believe that God has the power to answer our prayer.

If we did believe in His power to answer any good prayer we offered, we would not be the worried and harried people that we are today.

Perhaps if we understood a little better just why God is able to answer our prayers, then we would be sure of the results of our prayers, for that is just what we lack when we continue to worry. Did you ever stop to think that God, who is your true father, knows everybody in this world as well as he knows you? Well he does. He knows who is going to move and when. He knows what everyone is thinking. Why shouldn't He? He created you and everyone else that is in the world, and he is not careless as we might be. He knows where everything is that He created. Isn't that a wonderful thought? Here is some one to really turn to in the hour of need, for He *does* know all of the answers, and no fooling around about it.

There are only a few things required of us before we can receive the results of our prayers and they are these; KNOW THAT WHAT YOU ASK IS GOOD. IT MUST NOT BE A SELFISH PRAYER. AND MOST OF ALL BE-

LIEVE THAT HE WILL AND CAN DO IT.

Then give thanks for the job is done. After all is said and done He knew your needs even before you asked Him, but to ask in prayer is

to admit to yourself that you are in need of help. God requires this because we must humble self, and if He gave to us without our asking, we would be inclined to think we were better than we really are.



How Strong Is Your Faith?

Key D. Jefferson

I KNOW a woman whose word I can depend on for anything as my own, and I relate the following incident with absolute faith in its authenticity:

While in the early stages of changing her habits of thought, word, and action from the negative to the positive way of life one of her front teeth turned dark. Her first reaction, as well as that of her close associates, was that it was a "dead" tooth and would have to be extracted.

However, one day during her meditation hour the thoughts came to her, "How strong is your faith? Why try to put a limit on God's Power—when His Power is limited for you only by the lack or weakness of your faith? With God all things are possible. If Lazarus could be called forth from his grave through perfect faith, do you not think a very modicum of true

faith could bring life back to a little thing like a tooth?"

From that hour she *accepted* a healthy tooth and thanked the Father for strong, healthy, perfect teeth. At times, when doubt (that old devil!) assailed her, she would deliberately bare her teeth, gaze into a mirror, look that doubt straight in the eye, and affirm with ever a little stronger faith, "My teeth are strong, healthy, and perfect—with the Life of God in every cell!" Then quietly, with ever a little more realization of His Presence, "Thank you, Father, for the faith to believe that this is so."

One day she looked into the mirror to find that it really was so—even the little, physical self could not doubt—all discoloration had completely disappeared. The Great Physician had again cured one of the ills of His little children.

☐ There is a tremendous power in expectancy.

How Do You Think? It Makes a Difference

Viola Merritt Lyle

THERE is an excitable little traffic-cop in our town who stands on a busy corner. He spreads his arms and the tide stands still. Then he sees the air and beckons wildly to get us moving at once in the right direction.

Our longings are like that cop, waving us on, beckoning us toward what we may become. For aspirations are prophecies meant to show us our abilities. They are not sent to tantalize us, but to beckon us on to what we may do and become.

There is an old fable of the prince who was so stooped that many people thought he was a hunchback, and so clumsy that he hid himself in the palace gardens because he shrank from contact with others. One day, so the story goes, a wise and kindly man came to the palace and offered to cure the boy. He did not use surgery, instead he talked long and earnestly to the little prince.

"You can become straight and noble looking," he told the lad. "I want you to think of yourself as straight and tall and handsome. Every time you think about yourself, whether in the day or the night, see yourself as straight and splendid.

"One other thing you must do. Because you are a prince you must help your people. Try every day to find someone who is poor, or sad, or very tired, and comfort him. If you do these things every day, the great soul that is in you will build himself a beautiful body."

The boy was enchanted with the possibility. In the quiet garden where he had hidden his frail body from prying eyes, he gave himself over to his dream of straightness and beauty. He no longer shrank from people but sought out those who were troubled and found ways to help them.

As the seasons passed the young prince changed. Those who saw him whispered, "Our prince is so good to the needy, so kind to every one, we cannot help loving him."

"Yes," another would answer, "and is he not growing straighter and more comely?"

Years later when the king died and the prince was crowned, he stood before his people straight and noble, his boyhood weakness forgotten. His faith that in him was the splendid man he intended to be, and his kind concern for others, had transformed him from a timid sickly boy to a king who

was worthy of the honor his people lavished upon him.

As a man thinketh in his heart. There is a tremendous power in expectancy. The faith that you can do what you attempt, that things are coming out all right, that you are the kind of person who succeeds, makes you successful. No child can have a richer heritage than the habit of expecting good things, of believing that he can do anything he decides to do.

Unfortunately the same thing is true of the man or woman who is "always tired," who tells you that he is "all in," insists that he is unlucky, is poor and always will be. He need not be surprised that these things come true in his life. He asked for them. Push all such black pictures out of your mind as you

would push poison away from your lips. For we become what we concentrate upon. If we believe in our prosperity and work out our vision we will prosper. If we expect ill-health and poverty they will come to us.

Every normal man or woman has the material in him to make a splendid person. Our dream, the thing we want more than anything else, gives a glimpse of what is possible to us. But we must follow the dream up with a vigorous determination to make it become real. An architect's plan for a house is only a drawing until the builder constructs the house itself. Our aspirations supply the pattern. We must struggle vigorously to make it reality, believing that we can do it.

The United Prayer Tower

If there is something close to your heart, perhaps a hope or a problem, the Prayer tower will hold in sacred meditation that God's will be manifest in you. The network of prayer cells where "two or three in agreement" meet for prayer and meditation have demonstrated time and again that prayer *is* the mightiest force in the world, and that in cooperation with God *all things are possible*. Your communication will be kept in strict confidence.

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

☞ We are permitted to choose where we shall live.

Two Worlds To Choose From

Pearl Carling Campbell

THERE are two worlds—the illusion of man's world, and the Reality of God's World. We are permitted to choose where we shall live. By one simple determination of the will we may cross from man's world—where we are running out our lives on a treadmill of doubt, frustration and defeat—into a world where negative qualities do not exist.

In God's World conditions are the same as in man's world, but *we* are changed. We no longer see merely the outward appearance of others, but revealed to us also are their spirits—the part of them that is God. And can we feel anything except love toward God? Possessing God and *knowing* that all things work together for good, we are saved from fear, loneliness, disappointment and discouragement. In God's World unhappiness is a sin. Permeated and sustained by Love and created by God to be like Himself, Who is Perfectness, there can exist in us no hate, resentment, pride, envy, nor any poverty of body, mind or spirit.

As in God's World we possess God, so likewise does God utterly possess us. We are utterly free yet firmly anchored, our souls no longer drifting and seeking. They rest in God. It can even be truly said that on entering God's World we lose our minds for they are no longer ours. They are renewed and made receptive to God's ideas. Every thought belongs to Him. Every motion of living is an act of worship. Our only desire is to please Him, and our deepest desolation would be to lose Him. However, no influence outside ourselves can deprive us of God, for *He is!* He will never forsake us first. But, we ourselves decide where we shall live.

In God's World there is no drabness nor monotony. Each moment is an adventure into Infinity. The thrill of that adventure lies in its plus quality. It is the daily commonplace *plus God*. His World is a continual challenge and in it *all things are possible!*

There are two worlds—and we are permitted to choose where we shall live!

☐ They are not afraid to think, these children of the new century, who are moving across the threshold of the new age.

Conversation Piece 2000 A.D.

Douglas Trim

PIERRE holds up a finger. "Listen! That bird! It is what you call . . . a nightingale?"

Margaret laughs. "No, Pierre. Although on an evening like this it ought, according to every canon of art, to be a nightingale, yet it isn't. It's a thrush. Beautiful, isn't he? He'll sing until it's quite dark."

Old P. J. stops sucking his pipe. "I remember," he says, "when I was a boy, a woman who used to go out in the woods and play the cello to the nightingales. But I don't suppose you'll believe me." Nobody does believe P. J. because he loves to tell tall stories.

They are sitting in the garden, under the blossoming apple-trees, while the twilight, purple and warm, steals in upon them. Host and hostess are Peter and Margaret, and P. J. is Peter's father. Pierre comes from Rheims; Hans Obermeyer is from Frankfurt; Abel Percy and Linda, his solemn-eyed wife, are from Kansas City, U. S. A. Supper finished an hour ago and now, in the friendly darkness, all shyness is falling away from them. As people will when they cannot see each other's faces, they are beginning to exchange

their more intimate thoughts, which are never revealed in the full light of day.

"That bird, he reminds me of something," says Hans suddenly. "He is brave. The sun goes away, but that bird he goes on singing; he is not afraid of the dark. And that is like the heart of man, which goes on hoping even when darkness comes. Now why does the bird sing and the heart of man hope, even when it is dark? What would you say?"

Linda leans forward, very like a bird herself. "I don't think it is the bird that sings; not really. I think he is simply a kind of little instrument; a lovely, melodious mouthpiece through which God Himself sings to the world. So of course he is not afraid, not even of darkness, for God could not be afraid of His own creation!"

Abel hugs her. "That's very nice sentiment, darling," he says, "and maybe, at rock bottom, you're right. But I guess that little bird sings just because he can't help himself. He doesn't know any good reason why he shouldn't sing; he's not bothered with a lot of hopes and fears and whys and wherefores like we humans are, and the notes

simply dance in his throat, so he opens his mouth and out they tumble! Anyway, that's how I figure it!"

"What a lovely pagan you are!" Margaret chuckles. "But you've only accounted for the bird. We remain, and we do hope, even when it seems absurd to hope. And I think it is because we have a sense of destiny. Although, seemingly, man cannot see into the future, yet there is something in us, intangible but real, which 'feels' the future, even if it cannot see it. So hope is never quite blind; never in total darkness, and it knows that the end—whatever the end may be—is destined to be for our good."

Pierre nods vigorously. "And that, my dear Margaret, is proven to us by history. We have our dark patches, sometimes very dark; sometimes lasting a long time—as we measure time—but taking the view in perspective, the life of man improves. By painful trial and error man hammers out the shape of a better society, more beautiful, more peaceful, more truthful, more brotherly. We try to co-operate as citizens of the world. Childish our efforts may be; too often they fail. But, we are winning. It is a long time now since nations went to war. Since the beginning of time men went to war, but for fifty years we have kept an unsteady peace—but peace. To see the picture whole we have to remember that not long

ago we could not even think of co-operation; our minds simply were not capable of that conception. We never really go backwards. When we seem to, it is only for a little time; then we step forward again; our relationships are a little improved, even as a result of that setback. History shows us that every time."

"I remember when they made the first atom bomb," says P. J. "Everyone thought the end of the world was round the corner. But it wasn't the fear of the bomb that kept the peace. Or at least, not only the bomb. With the chance of the world disappearing in dust people began to realize that it would disappear for everybody, and that made them see that the earth was a shared place; shared by black and white and yellow; by the beasts and the trees and the flowers. They had never really seen the earth before, but only their own little bit of it. When they did, well, it was bound to make 'em more tolerant."

"Guess you're right there, Pa," says Abel. "Why, even in the States, we thought we could kick against the natural order of things; keep ourselves to ourselves and let the rest of the world go hang, instead of joining in with the team. For, say what you like, humanity's a team, and you can't go splitting it into little bits and expect the same performance."

"If you go back only one hun-

dred years," says Peter, "you'll find co-operation no more than a dream. National endeavor divided by politics; community endeavor stillborn because of personal jealousy and prestige, and as for world co-operation . . .! We still have some way to go. We still have to realize that God's creation of colored races was not an unfortunate accident. We can still better share our resources. We still have to learn that the bargaining habit cannot benefit everybody; that someone has to lose over the deal. Goodwill needs shifting from a material to a moral foundation. We need, in fact, to feel for other nations an affection rather like that which we have for our friends. We have to understand other nations as we understand our friends. Then peace will be sure."

It is almost dark now. Through the purple haze Margaret's voice drifts dreamily. "The world is becoming very small. Soon, maybe, a woman will bear her first child in Germany and her next in the Argentine; yet each will have the same citizenship—world citizenship. Perhaps our children will be the children of the new, cosmopolitan age?"

The English night has embraced them all impartially. There they sit,

talking sense, talking nonsense, but certainly getting to know each other in ways which their forefathers never did. They are not afraid to think, these children of the new century, who are moving across the threshold of the new age. At last they realize that, by conscious effort, they aid their own evolution.

The last light has gone out in the town. English and French, German and Americans sleep beneath the same roof. The stars look down on the sleeping place like a host of radiant faces of great souls watching, with loving interest, the growth of the human community of which they were once a part. There are times when the stars look sad, their faces misty behind a veil of tears. And sometimes they look imperturbable, removed and aloof from the tiresome turmoil of earth. And again there are times when they seem filled with eagerness; peep down upon us with an almost human curiosity; even seem as though they are reaching towards us, so glad they are to see us. They are glad and eager tonight. They pulse with friendly encouragement.

Are they, in very truth, coming towards us? Or is it, can it be, that we have come a few steps nearer to them?



True method of instruction: To instruct without insulting, to see faults without exposing them, and to silence men without triumphing over them.

—Thomas Wilson

☞ We need a rapid multiplication of prayer cells.

Needed: A Praying Army

Frank Laubach

PRAYER is the mightiest force in the world. Rather it allows God to pour into the world the powerful spiritual forces of his infinity. Every prayer opens a channel from heaven to earth. God's power is infinite, our channels are clogged up. A reservoir as large as an ocean can never water a perishing plant unless the water finds a channel to the plant. Prayer offers God his channels to perishing men, to hating, frightened, panicky, greedy, twisted men and women. The atomic bomb is dangerous only because our thoughts are dangerous. Once when the disciples asked Jesus why they could not cure a madman, he answered: "This kind comes out only with prayer." That is perfect for our present world madness. We are suffering from mass insanity, and "this kind comes out only with prayer."

If we can persuade ten million Christians to pray for God to guide their thinking into the way of Christ, that ten million can tip the balances and save the world.

The urgent and immediate step is to persuade Christians to be Christians in deed and in prayer, and not in name only. For many this will mean more prayer alone

"in thy closet." But for most of us it will mean much more prayer "where two or three of you agree together in prayer." Everybody needs a prayer group with others to stimulate continuous individual prayer. Nobody prays alone much unless he also prays with others much.

We need the rapid multiplication of prayer cells. The word cells reminds us that LIFE is built up by cells dividing and redividing miraculously from one to a hundred to a million to billions.

The most up-to-date analogy is the atomic bomb. It presents many beautiful illustrations. When Uranium Isotope 235 is pure enough, and when the mass is large enough, a neutron strikes the nucleus of an atom, splits it with a fantastic release of energy, and also releases three other neutrons, each of which strikes and splits another nucleus, releasing awful power and sending out three more neutrons. When this all happens in a fraction of a second it causes appalling destruction. When it is a controlled and continuous release of energy harnessed to machines it will become the most useful physical force ever discovered.

We can have our prayer army

effective soon enough only if each praying person can draw one or two or three into prayer cells, which again subdivide into new prayer cells—chain action in prayer.

Any Christian who can find one other Christian can start a prayer cell of two Christians. They can carefully invite a third and those three a fourth. Then each can begin another prayer cell with some friend.

A very natural place to start is in a Sunday School class, or a Men's Club, or Women's Club, or Youth Society, or school, praying for the world leaders.

Any family can add to its morning prayers and to its blessings at meals, a prayer for the most vital causes and for the leaders with greatest world responsibility.

A group should first consider how fateful the United Nations, the Peace Parley, the great world leaders, all are. The group should be convinced that prayer has a marvelous power to mellow these leaders, to fill their hearts with the love of Christ, to make them feel a solemn sense of God, and to make them willing to join hands in cooperation. The individuals in the prayer cell should be made certain

that *every person can now be tremendously powerful*, for every person possesses just as much latent power in prayer as any other person.

A list ought to be made of the men and issues which are biggest in God's eyes, so far as we can see. They would include the President of the United States, Stalin, Molotov, Senators, Representatives, Nehru, MacArthur . . . that is to say, they would if some of us were making the list. Each person will want to make his own.

And it is an excellent practice to write to the people for whom we pray telling them that we were praying for them to seek and find and do God's will.

We may not know what to ask of God, and perhaps even if we are sure, we may go wrong. Here is a prayer which is right for everybody alike:

"O Lord God, I pray that President Truman may have a great hunger for Thee, may pray and listen, and hear Thy will, and do it utterly. This I ask in the name of Jesus."

For the one thing all the world needs is to learn *to listen, and to answer "Yes."*



Never hold aloof from others because their conversation is not altogether to your taste. Love them and they will love you, and will become like you and better than you.
—St. Theresa

☐ At the doctor's office he was overcome with delirium tremens.

"What Will Become of Fred?"

Arthur L. Miller

WHAT will become of Fred now?" she asked earnestly from her chair by the window where she spent her days, helplessly crippled by arthritis. I had just told her of the sudden death of her son, a prominent physician in the community. The doctor had been unflinching in his kindness through the years to Fred who was a chronic drunkard. Dr. Roberts and his mother would not give up hope for this friend whom all others considered hopeless. Now in a moment of tragic grief, her first thought was for him. Once he had been a leading citizen, but years of excessive drinking had resulted in bankruptcy, divorce and complete loss of respectability. Repeated efforts to save him had failed.

The mother's anxious question in transcendence of her own sorrow was for me a command. Searching in one beer hall after another brought no results, but as I turned from inquiring at the place where Fred lived, he came down the stairs holding the banister for support. He was dirty, disheveled, and the chewed stump of a cigar hung from his lips. I told him who I was, adding quickly,

"Dr. Roberts died this afternoon." Even with his dulled perception, he immediately became aware of the tragedy for him in this news.

"But he is the only friend I have in the world," he mumbled.

"His mother's first thought was for you," I answered. "Won't you give her prayers for you a chance to come true?"

He told me then that his mother and Mrs. Roberts had been girlhood friends, and later young mothers together engrossed in the lives of their sons. After a prayer, I left him in his miserable room. He promised to stay there until I came again.

Twenty-seven men, all members of my church there in Hutchinson, Kansas, met for lunch at the Y. M. C. A. the next day. Among them was a lumberman, newspaperman, doctor, railroad agent, garage mechanic, schoolman, banker and Y. M. secretary. They had gathered there to find ways to further vitalize their Christian faith. However, at the moment, shocked at the news of the death of Dr. Roberts, a fellow church member, they were speaking of his invalid mother and her reliance on him. The devotion of mother and son was an

inspiration to all who knew them.

"Who told her of his death?"

"How is she?"

Then I related the story of how I had broken the news to her . . . "For a long moment she said nothing. She seemed to be praying. Then she opened her eyes, looked at me pleadingly and said, 'What will become of Fred now?'"

As I talked to them, an inspiration came to me. These men all knew Fred. They had been his business associates, friends and neighbors in former years. Here was a real opportunity for church men to practice genuine Christianity.

"How about our helping Fred?" I asked.

The assent was instantaneous, springing from respect for Dr. Roberts and tenderness for his mother.

"We should pray for him."

"We must do more than pray."

"He needs to be taken to a doctor. We can arrange for hospitalization."

So we agreed on a plan. First of all, every day when the noon whistle blew each man would say a prayer for Fred and then act upon whatever inspiration came to him that would help.

Hospitalization was arranged for, and during the four-week period at least two of the men by turn saw him each day. We assured him of our belief in him and encouraged

him in the battle we were trying to get him to make.

I recall vividly even now the experience of taking him to the doctor's office that day after our luncheon meeting. He was reluctant to leave his room, and when finally persuaded insisted on walking, or rather shuffling, a little behind me so that people wouldn't see me with him. At the doctor's office, he was overcome with delirium tremens and cried out, "Don't you hear the voices? They are coming to get me! Let me out of here!"—and he made a frantic effort to get to the elevator.

But all that was over finally, and he was able to leave the hospital. We arranged for a room at the "Y." Gradually the real personality of the Fred the men had known in earlier years emerged.

"I know you men are worried that I'll slip back," he said to a group of us one day. "But I'll not fail this time, because I'm not depending upon myself, alone. Each Sunday when you see me in church, you'll know that I've gotten through another week without a drink."

As he improved, we helped him start a small business, negotiating a bank loan through the security of these friends who had pledged to help him back to respectability.

Others who were fighting the same battle with drink came to him for help because he was always

ready to share the secret of his new manhood. "I can't explain it," he would say, "but a Power outside of me, or even outside of any of my friends, is working. The prayers and friendship of the men have meant a lot, but there is something more—we call it God." Then he would invite them to meet with the group of us.

"We'll pray for you, too," he would say.

A year went by safely for Fred. Each Sunday we saw him at the church service neatly dressed, pleasant and kindly as he greeted old friends. We all had lunch together on the anniversary, and Fred told us of a dozen others he, himself, was helping.



DON'T BE AFRAID

What a world this would be if all the fears that exist in people's minds could be gotten together and placed in a permanent concentration camp until every one of them died of starvation and lack of attention!

I think I can safely say that fear, in its broadest sense, is at the bottom of every iota of ill health and unhappiness that is in this world. Two great inspirational phrases uttered by Jesus, were the ones where he said, "*It is I; be not afraid,*" and "*Lo, I am with you always!*"

—George Matthew Adams



It is the shadows in life that make all of life stand out in bold relief. Because of the shadows the high lights are sublime. Because of the shadows joy becomes bliss, since having plumbed the depths we can truly appreciate the heights of the highest. Things cease to exist on a flat level. Shadows are what give depth to eyes when you look into them—and what enables them to have far vision. It is the shadows that engender compassion for all.

—Marcia Brown

Stars Shine Through*Ralph S. Cushman*

"If we can have the stars,"
I heard the pilot say,

"If we can have the stars
We cannot lose our way.

"However far from home, or vast
The unknown sky;
If we can have the stars
We've something to sail by.

"So when the night is dark
And clouds black out our view,
We pray the Lord of earth and sky
To let the stars shine through."

O God of love and God of night,
What other can I do,
When I am lost and all is dark,
And clouds obscure my view,
What else, dear Lord, than cry to Thee
To let Thy stars shine through?

***My Prayer****Maurine V. Brown*

Our Father God, I pray tonight
For wisdom and a clearer sight
That though my thoughts are running wild
I see the hungry little child,
Forgive my deafness—help me hear
The struggling need of those who fear
Help me to open wide the door
To folks imprisoned, sick and sore,
And cleanse my heart from racial pride
Give me the strength to stand beside
The poor unfortunate in life
And do my part to end all strife
Between the rich and resolute
And all the weak and destitute.

How Do I Know God*Kathleen Ober*

I've never known a blinding light;
Or a wild wind that tore the veil of earth — —
Even for a moment — —
To show the winged gates of Heaven
Standing out on left and right.

But I have known ecstasy
As sure and unspectacular
As a silver stream
Merging with the sea.

***Wild Music****Raymond McLemore**

Wild music, wild music, in the loneliness of my heart, and in the
darkness of the night you sing to me
From the eerie rings of Saturn—from the psychic moons of autumn
you bring to me
A sweetful sorrow—a divine longing to flee with you from whence
you came
But you are wild and afraid of my human touch—wild in your
freedom, melancholy in your loneliness
I hear you in the hush of the night, I hear you above the riotous
flood of the day
Until my soul transcends all earthly desires and I rejoice, but as I
rejoice also I weep—for I understand
That though you touch my hand, the chasm must remain between
the will of the flesh and the will of the soul
But linger on, my beautiful music—linger near; for am I not a
chord in your symphony
And are you not the essence of God—my beautiful song!

*Raymond McLemore, author, negro, 40 years old, with little formal schooling, is serving the sixth year of a ten year sentence in the Missouri State Penitentiary on a plea of guilty to robbery. His address: Box 900, No. 55,345, Jefferson City, Missouri.

(Original copy bore prison censor's stamp: "Inspected and passed Mail Office 2)."

Thoughts Farthest Out

July

THE KINGDOM OF GOD

"Again the Kingdom of heaven is like a jewel merchant who is in quest of choice pearls. He finds one most costly pearl; he goes away, and though it costs all he has, he buys it." Matthew 13:44 (Weymouth)

HOW OFTEN have each of us used the phrase, "The Kingdom of God!" Yet, if we were asked to define just what we meant by it, we would be at a loss for words. The same feeling of inadequacy would be noted if we were asked to define many other well-worn words such as "electricity" and "gravity." Speech is a wonderful thing, but it can lull us into the illusion that by naming something, we define it. Because something has been named, we dismiss it from our minds as no longer a mystery. Sometimes it takes a little child, with the uninhibited candor of all children, to shake us out of our complacency with a blunt question.

What do we mean by the "Kingdom of God"? Before the present empires and nations existed, before ancient civilizations were born, before the first man gazed in wonder and confusion about him, before there was an earth at all, in the beginning—was God. God had a plan, and because it was His plan it was a Divine Plan. All creation is the result of this Great Dream. It operates according to law; from the law that holds the planets in timeless precision to the law of human cooperation. This kingdom, without beginning and without end, will run its course according to the will of the Planner. We may not be aware of it, or, if aware, we do not have to acknowledge it, but if we act against it, it will break us as surely as if we step off a tall building. If we cooperate with it, we will live in a kingdom of such wonder and joy that Jesus himself called it the "Kingdom of God." And when a man has seen it, he goes and sells all that he has to buy this pearl of great price, because nothing can even approach the beauty that one finds in living in the Reality of God's Kingdom, the "Divine Plan."

Read: *Twenty Minutes of Reality* by Margaret Prescott Montague; and *The Divine Plan* by Glenn Clark.

August

THE BIBLE AND DEVOTIONAL READING

"For where your treasure lies, your heart will lie there too." Luke 12:34 (Moffatt)

THE DAILY PRACTICE of devotional reading cannot be over-emphasized. Each of us lives in a world in which we are constantly being bombarded with thoughts. Everything we hear, feel, smell, touch and see is a stimulus to thought. That is the kind of a world we live in, and there is nothing we can do about this aspect of it. But there is one thing we can do. We can choose the thoughts we wish to entertain. Unless we do this, our thoughts are subject to the chance of unforeseen circumstance. We are, as James observed, like a wave driven by the wind.

One of the most efficient means of training our thoughts is to do some devotional reading every day. Thus, we choose our thoughts. We live the spiritual experience of the author; we become aware of the infinity of religious associations which now go unnoticed; and we train the mind to the eternal significance of things.

When you come down stairs in the morning, do not fill your mind with the treacheries and trivia in the newspaper. Meditate upon the day ahead, and upon how you can make it more worthwhile. Read from a book of daily devotions, from a classic such as *The Imitation of Christ*, and from the Bible. It assures peace of mind and clarifies the goals of life.

Without question the greatest book for devotional reading is the Bible. To many of us, the trouble has been its archaic English, and the urge to begin with Genesis and end with Revelation. The Bible, as Dr. Goodspeed emphasizes in *How To Read The Bible*, is not a book but rather a collection of books. Depending upon our interest at any specific time, we can read on any topic in the Bible, from history and biography to poetry and drama.

The Revised Standard Version is a remarkable improvement over the King James Version as far as common usage is concerned. Modern translations do a wonderful job of bringing the message of the Bible into our own words. The Goodspeed, Moffatt and Weymouth translations are outstanding. So, choose your thoughts by proper devotional reading, and by making the Bible not only a best seller but the most read of all books.

Read: *How To Read The Bible* by Edgar J. Goodspeed.

THE POSITIVE ATTITUDE

"Do not sparrows sell two for a cent? And yet not one of them can fall to the ground against your Father's will! But the very hairs on your head are all counted. . . . You are worth more than a great many sparrows!" Matthew 10:29-31 (Goodspeed)

WHEN WE LOOK about the world today and see great organizations like nations, world councils of churches, worldwide corporations and international labor unions it is almost more than one can do but to wonder, "Of what use is the individual?" Yet, we must overcome this attitude for it is not the great organizations that count for most, but the individual man. Such is the Christian message. The history of Christianity is not the history of an institution, it is the history of God through Christ making Himself felt in the hearts of individual men and women.

What can we do in the face of these great institutions—these ponderous giants? What can we do about the modern Goliaths? Must we knuckle down and make the best of it? No, decidedly not. For example, think of what a man like Ghandi did in India. By inspiring the hearts and minds of individual men and women to a higher devotion, he and they made one of the greatest empires in the history of the world come to terms. Or, consider the pacifists during the last war. In former enemy countries, and in friendly countries as well as our own, they went to prison, and sometimes worse, rather than forfeit that individuality of conscience. In such a case, our modern giants have only the power which we concede to them.

But, must it always be a battle against something? Must it always be something negative? The Christian answer is again, "No." It is unfortunate that the church until recently has emphasized the "thou shalt not" of religion, for that is not what Christ emphasized. Jesus emphasized the "thou shalt" of religion. Frank Laubach in *Let's All Cibu* shows what we, as individuals, can do to remake the world by beginning with our own immediate friends and acquaintances.

When millions of individuals, like you and me, step out in positive Christian faith, modern Goliaths can no more stand against us than did the Roman Empire against early Christianity. There is not much that can be done with a man like Paul who was "willing to be a fool for Christ's sake." Let us pray that all individuals become so charged with the will of God that they will remould the world into something closer to God's desire for mankind.

Read: *The Will of God For These Days* by Kirby Page; and *Let's All Cibu* by Frank Laubach.

Books of Interest

Norman K. Elliott

1. THE LUMINOUS TRAIL, Rufus M. Jones. Macmillan, \$2.00. Acknowledging the importance of Huxley's *Perennial Philosophy* in which the *via negativa* is emphasized, Dr. Jones takes his cue from early Christianity in which the positive approach to reality of God is stressed ("The Divine Yes has at last sounded; for in Christ is the Yes of God"—II Cor. 1:26 Moffatt). This positive way is made up of saints, canonized and otherwise, who blazed a luminous trail to the Reality of God. Most of the book is composed of biographical sketches of these men and women. Some of them are St. Paul, Hugh of Victor, Francis of Assisi, William Law and St. Catherine of Siena.

2. HOW TO READ THE BIBLE, Edgar J. Goodspeed. John C. Winston Co., \$2.50. Dr. Goodspeed, one of the greatest Biblical scholars of our time, has written a much needed, common sense approach to Bible reading. The book is both well written and stimulating. His approach is from the interest viewpoint of the reader. He has arranged topics into separate chapters (biography, speeches, orations, poetry, fiction, histories, letters, etc.) with enlightening introductions. If one wishes to go through the Bible in this manner, it will certainly be more meaningful to him. He also has a chronological reading table by which one may read the earliest written books first, etc. The last chapter gives a short history of English Bibles. An excellent book.

3. CHRISTIAN FAITH AND MY JOB, Alexander Miller. Association Press, \$1.00. A preliminary statement sets the tenor of this book. "This book is not a vocational-guidance handbook or anything of that kind. It attempts one thing, and one only: to relate the Christian understanding of life in the world to the problem of personal conduct in an industrialized, highly competitive, and often immoral society." The author emphasizes the Divine equality of all jobs, the Christian's duty to serve the whole community, and the task of remaking society by the pressure of Christian conscience. An interesting and important book.

4. A PLAIN MAN'S LIFE OF CHRIST, A. D. Martin. Macmillan, \$2.00. The attempt to see Jesus as he actually was, and not through the eyes of some Scripture that has become particularly dear to us, is a task that requires rigorous discipline. This is a book that does it very well, and in the doing throws new light and understanding and appreciation upon the most important person in history.

5. THE WILL OF GOD FOR THESE DAYS, Kirby Page. Kirby Page, \$1.00. There are five chapters in this book that are exceedingly well done. They are "What was God Doing when Jesus was Crucified?" "How Can We Know the Will of God," "Total Allegiance to Jesus Christ," "A School of Prayer," and "God's Faithful Remnant." The other chapters are really applications of these ones. There is enough good thinking and spiritual sincerity in this book on what Christianity means and on how to practice the Presence of God to warrant the attention and discipline of every earnest seeker.

6. TWENTY MINUTES OF REALITY, Margaret Prescott Montague. Macalester Park, \$1.50. While the author was convalescing in a hospital, one day she experienced "Reality" in a manner which changed her entire outlook on life. It was as if a veil had been lifted from all of God's creation, and she saw things, men and women and trees and buildings, for the first time in all their newness and beauty as intimate units of God's kingdom. The experience was first printed in a 1916 issue of *Atlantic Monthly*, and it created almost phenomenal correspondence and discussion. The second part of the book is devoted to some of these letters of unusual value.

7. THE HEALING LIGHT, Agnes Sanford. Macalester Park, \$2.00. A book on the subject of spiritual healing that is out of the ordinary in that it will appeal to both church people and those interested in the more metaphysical side of the subject. The author is convinced that God's will is good health, and that if we take Jesus at his word in absolute trust and act upon his teaching, healing is inevitable. Her own need first led her to spiritual healing. The daughter and the wife of a clergyman, she studied the subject thoroughly and learned from others similarly interested. It is more than a record of her own healing experiences, and that of others, it is also a treatise on the spiritual basis of all healing, and how to do it.

8. THE JUBILANT YEAR, Chester Warren Quimby. Abingdon-Cokesbury, \$2.00. Each of twelve chapters, one for each month, is devoted to some aspect of nature as demonstrating God's beauty and wisdom. A full page photograph precedes every chapter. The subjects for the months are *Beauty, Snow, Wind, Rain, Birds, Flowers, Sunshine, Wonder, Trees, Views, Weather, and Glory*. The twelve chapters make up "the jubilant year."

9. LAUGHING INTO GLORY, H. M. Eagleson. George W. Stewart, Inc., \$2.00. The story of a young minister's five years in his first pastorate. For sheer reading enjoyment, packed full of human interest, that will have you chuckling at one minute and fighting a lump in your throat the next, *Laughing Into Glory* has few equals. Hookerstown, his first pastorage, is not unlike any small town. There is Greenfield Kelley, the town drunk, who is tolerated by adults and unmercifully teased by youngsters. His final regeneration is wonderful. Mother Morgan is a little old lady who has such faith in God and the Bible that she is considered a saint, and rightly so. There are the stories of church politics and town politics that show life at times so thrilling and worthwhile, and at other times so shameful and meaningless. There are the wealthy, comparatively so, and the destitute; people who seem unbelievably hard and others who seem unbelievably tender; and above all there is life, with its ups and downs, told in such a way by a good story teller that you will have your ups and downs as you read it. First rate book.

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☐ Within every development there is inherent the temptation to inflate the ego.

We Lead Ourselves Into Temptation

Mary Olive Hudson

WHAT a wonderful guidance for those ready to receive it, is contained in that portion of the Lord's Prayer: "And lead us not into temptation!" Are you one of the many who have puzzled over that word "lead," wondering how God could possibly lead anyone into temptation, and coming to the conclusion that it must be an incorrect translation? It may be helpful first to examine the bases of our confusion on the subject. One is thinking of "temptation" and "sin" as synonymous. Due reflection, however, results in the conclusion that they are *not* the same. For instance, Jesus was "tempted like as we are, yet without sin."

Is it not reasonable to assume that when the disciples asked their Master to tell them how to pray he would predicate his counsel upon his own experience? Then let us search for light in the account of Jesus' Temptation in the Wilderness.

Matthew 4:1 tells us, "Then was Jesus led up of the *spirit* into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil." Mark 1:12 says that immediately after Jesus heard the voice from heaven saying "Thou

art my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased," "the *spirit driveth* him into the wilderness." Luke 4:1 says "Jesus being full of the Holy Ghost, returned from Jordan and was *led* by the *Spirit* into the wilderness." All three are agreed that the wilderness was the *place* of temptation, and that the *Spirit led* Him there. There was a compulsion within Jesus which came as a direct result of his baptismal experience; the voice of the approval of God; the presence within of the Holy Ghost. This very high and holy experience *drove* or *led* Him into the place of temptation and there the devil did the tempting. We no longer believe in a personal devil, but he does retain a symbolical significance. St. James 1:14 gives illumination here when he says: "each person is tempted when he is lured and enticed by his own desire."

Next, let us examine the nature of the temptation for clues. All three had to do with using spiritual power for material or personal gain—not in the sense of "creation through idea" which is legitimate, but in the sense of building the ego—the self-will; of self-glorification. The temptations were over-

come when Jesus resolutely pushed them aside and determined to worship and serve only God. This experience is the key which unlocks the meaning of the petition "Lead us not into temptation."

Man's spiritual evolution, his ascent upward into ultimate union with God, is a divine impelling. Despite the fact that, within the realm of time and space, man has the power of choice, God is nevertheless the ever-pursuing "hound of heaven." But with every new unfoldment in consciousness, with each advancing step in spiritual evolution, as man becomes increasingly aware of a power within him, within his very development there is inherent the temptation to inflate the ego, to enlarge the I, Me and Mine. That development certainly is a divine leading and it could be a leading into temptation. If there is a yielding to this desire for self-inflation, the development ceases and in its stead there is an arresting of growth, or atrophy.

Jesus, when He bade His followers pray "Lead us not into temptation," it seems to me, meant something like this: "Father, I know that man's goal of existence is to grow into union with Thee. I desire that development with all my heart. I know that as I develop, there will be inherent in that development the temptation to enlarge the ego, but I know that the

ego represents self-will and disobedience to Thee and therefore sin and death. Therefore I pray that these temptations, which are not of Thee but which belong to the sense realm of time and space, may be successfully met through my constantly knowing that of myself I can do nothing; that it is the Father in me who doeth the works. And when through the right use of mind, I come into possession of the manifestations of Thy goodness—health, happiness, success—may I have consciousness of stewardship and of responsibility so that the possession of these blessings will not shut me off from Thee."

Yes, God promises the fulfilling of genuine needs and pure desires, but they are the natural corollary—not the primary objective. "It is the Father's good pleasure to give you the Kingdom." The Kingdom is a spiritual realm. True, its fruits are Life, Love, Power, Wisdom, Substance and all that these signify. But the Kingdom comes first. Here is the subtle temptation, for the greater the knowledge of that power within, the greater may be the temptation for self-seeking.

So we need to pray that we be led into unfoldment, and since that unfoldment may be a place of temptation, we need to pray that we be led not into temptation.

☐ Tell me, what was the most difficult to open, the prison doors or the hardened heart?

The Prisoner of Glatz

Starr Daily

THOUGH horror piles upon horror, and minds grow numb in trying to keep up with the violent fury from generation to generation, yet do the people speak with a shudder of the grim and impregnable fortress of Glatz. It sprawls and towers amidst a mountain chain in Upper Silesia on the rocky rim of a wild river. Probably there is no place in the world more suited for the building of a prison. Here nature has done her best to discourage the most stout-hearted convict who might dare to dream of escape, and who, in his solitary cell, might toy with the idea of freedom that lies in the teeming cities of the lowlands. Indeed nature has separated this prison from the rest of the world as though the Devil himself had made the place, or at least selected it for his purpose.

In the talk of the market places and firesides of the valley lands far below, the "castle" is mentioned in guarded tones. Its massive walls, its huge iron bars, its unconquerable terrain mark it as a place of exile, loneliness, and torture for both flesh and spirit. "God help the man who is a prisoner of Glatz. Let him abandon hope. Let him curse his fate in silence. But let

him not pray, nor weep, nor dream. Woe be unto him who is a prisoner of Glatz."

At the turn of the Nineteenth Century the grim castle fortress received a prisoner of rank, a man of high birth, who had been popular, a Count well known to the world, and by the world entertained and honored. Here behind the walls and bolts and bars he was condemned for life, a life of solitary confinement on the charge of treason against Frederick William III of Prussia.

He spent a year in his allotted dungeon, his body seared with privation, his mind vexed with hatred and loneliness, his soul untouched by even so much as a ray of hope. For he was a cynic, a non-believer. The only book allowed him but added to his misery and rebellion. It was the Bible. Day after day and week after week he refused to open its pages. And when he did open it, it was for no devout and reverent purpose. He turned to the Bible to forget his misery, to ward off his bitter thoughts, to consume the time that was eating like acid into his heart.

By and by his reading moved like the finger of God across his soul, wooing him gently, revealing

shafts of light, faint at first, but growing more and more revealing.

On a bleak and dismal night in November, while a howling storm lashed at the fortress, and a driving rain turned the river into a raging, tearing torrent, the Count lay down but was unable to sleep. For there was also a storm in his soul. Suddenly, without warning, his whole life of pleasure and sin appeared on the curtain of his memory, and he knew in a flash that all his trouble was the bitter sour fruit of his neglect of God. With this realization came repentance, and for the first time his heart melted, grew warm and hope-filled. There were tears in his eyes as he rose and opened his Bible at the fiftieth Psalm: "Call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." These words penetrated to the depths of the Count's soul. He dropped instantly to his knees and sought the forgiveness and mercy of God.

That forgiveness and mercy was not long delayed. The sinner and the love of his Maker met that night on the floor of a dungeon cell. The *plus* of mercy was added. Whereas the Count had sought only emancipation for his soul he was to receive a full and glorious deliverance.

How strange and wonderful are the ways of God!

In his palace at Berlin, on this

very night, Frederick William, too, was sleepless, suffering the agonies that only the suddenly stricken insomniac can understand. But the rest he craved was not granted. Finally in a state of physical exhaustion and mental desperation, he resorted to prayer and asked God for only one hour of restful sleep. His prayer was heard and answered. When finally he woke refreshed in all his being, he called his wife, good Louise, and told her of his prayer. "God has been merciful to me," he said, "and I have reason to be thankful. Who is the man in my kingdom who has most offended me? I will forgive him."

The Queen spoke without hesitation: "The Count of M——, who is at Glatz," she replied.

Said William in response: "You are right. Let him be freed."

And before dawn had broken over Berlin that morning, a messenger was on his way to Glatz bearing a pardon for the famous prisoner of that notorious fortress.

Why are we all held so firmly as prisoners of Glatz? Tell me, what was the most difficult to open, the Count's prison doors or the door of his hardened heart? What is the most difficult door in our lives to open? Is it the prison door of our circumstances and conditions? Or is it the door of our cold, hard hearts?

The outer environment is but a reflection of what we are within

ourselves. To change the without we must be willing to let God's love change our within. Does not J. Rufus Moseley sum it all up for us when he says: "Forgive everybody of everything, and go to sending up prayers for others in need, and go to radiating love and good will and cheer to all?"

How we have complicated the simple message! Seventeen centuries of theology have ended with

our making misery a virtue, and peace, harmony, and joy seem like a vice. When shall we stop trying to whittle down the love of God in order to accommodate our weaknesses, and to support the hardness of our hearts?

No hope for the prisoner of Glatz? There is nothing but hope when we open our hearts to love, forgiveness, and repentance. Love will open all our prison doors.



Peace

Myrtle Chance

The river-road at twilight.
Deep breath of the earth,
The breeze . . .
The river-road
And twilight . . .
Hear the trees?



joined the ranks
is a new sense of unity in the ranks of Protestantism.

While I am deeply concerned with the growth of fellowship with-

The urgencies of this hour are such that we cannot delay. May God grant us the wisdom to find a way of cooperation before it is too late!

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What we need today is to bring together all the forces of religious idealism.

A Basis For World Peace: God Grant Us the Wisdom

Ivan Lee Holt, Bishop of the Methodist Church

IT WAS August 1939 in Geneva. Representatives from the Orthodox and Protestant churches had gathered to pray that if it be God's will, war might be averted. Then the word came. War was inevitable. Before we separated and started to our homes, we had a final service of prayer. Our chairman was the leader of French Protestantism, and had two sons of army age. The final prayers were offered in silence as each person talked to God in the language he had learned at his mother's knee. As I left the room that night and passed by the altar I heard my French friend whispering in his native tongue "I thank Thee, O God, for the fellowship we have known here." We had forgotten long delayed. The sinner and the love of his Maker met that night on the floor of a dungeon cell. The *plus* of mercy was added. Whereas the Count had sought only emancipation for his soul he was to receive a full and glorious deliverance.

How strange and wonderful are the ways of God!

In his palace at Berlin, on this

I could see the face of my French friend with tears coursing down his cheeks. I could hear the words of the German pastor, as, taking my hand, he said, "I will remember to pray for you even if our nations are at war." I could sense the fellowship with British friends across the Atlantic. I knew then that the only foundation for a peaceful world was that kind of fellowship. Again and again during the war there were joint efforts of religious groups who sought a just peace and joint proposals for a new order.

Now that the war is over and we are trying to build a new world, I am more than ever convinced that there is no other foundation possible. We are not so firmly as prisoners of Glatz? Tell me, what was the most difficult to open, the Count's prison doors or the door of his hardened heart? What is the most difficult door in our lives to open? Is it the prison door of our circumstances and conditions? Or is it the door of our cold, hard hearts?

The outer environment is but a reflection of what we are within

willingness to share with those who have not. There is an almost universal desire to provide protection and shelter for the persecuted.

The Roman Catholic Church is seeking in many ways to strengthen its fellowship. There have been conferences between leaders of the Catholic Churches in North America and in South America. Anticlericalism and Communism have been such threatening influences in Europe that Roman Catholics in many lands are drawn closer together. The creation of new cardinals a year ago indicates a new plan for world conquest.

The Protestant Churches of the world are planning many conferences within the next twelve months. There will be world denominational conferences, a Youth Conference in Oslo, the meeting of the International Missionary Council at Toronto and the first assembly in the World Council of Churches in Holland. More than ninety different churches have joined the World Council and there is a new sense of unity in the ranks of Protestantism.

While I am deeply concerned with the growth of fellowship with-

in each religious group, I realize that we must have a still deeper and wider fellowship. The atomic bomb and the threat of another war make us realize that civilization is at stake. The leader of a religious community in Holland said recently, "Two generations ago Europe started on the way to hell. In intellectual circles, men talked about the surrender of religious faith. For another generation they held on to their ethical convictions and wanted to live by a philosophy of helpfulness. Then they surrendered even a desire for a better life and the result was a Concentration Camp at Dachau. The same thing can happen in other sections of the world." In the face of such threats and with the realization that demonic powers of evil seem to hold the world in their grasp must not Catholics, Jews and Protestants work more closely together? What we need today is to bring together all the forces of religious idealism to deliver their strength against the forces of evil. The urgencies of this hour are such that we cannot delay. May God grant us the wisdom to find a way of cooperation before it is too late!

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Christ or Chaos?

Grenville Kleiser

TODAY the world is called upon to choose between Christ and chaos. The forces of evil, rampant and aggressive, challenge the Christian to combat.

The Hedonistic philosophy that advocates the doctrine of personal ease and selfish indulgence has brought widespread disappointment and disintegration.

But Christ still stands at the center of humanity. In him the real and ideal meet as absolutely one. He is the perfect embodiment of divine truth. His birth is the greatest and most momentous fact in history.

Spiritual idealism should be the only goal. The inordinate quest for sport and amusement must be subordinated to the higher aspects of eternal truth.

Christ faced the stern facts of life unflinchingly. When he said, "I am the way, the truth, and the life," he spoke with divine authority. He counseled his followers to take up the cross daily.

The path of the true Christian is not strewn with roses, free from frustration and easy to tread. He follows the eternal truths of right and justice, and though he may sometimes falter and fail he presses on to the goal of high attainment.

Lasting peace between warring factions and an end to mental and moral confusion can be accomplished only through the understanding and practical application of Christ's teaching.

Christ says, "Abide in me." These words bring contentment, stability, confidence. "Come unto me and I will give you rest" is his invitation to all men.

In the Crusade for Christ we face two outstanding realities:

1—The centers of much of the work of Christian forces have been destroyed by the ravages of war; churches, hospitals, schools and colleges have suffered widespread destruction.

2—Secular and evil forces seeking to control the world are operating with a swiftness and magnitude hitherto unknown.

The Church is the only force that offers an alternative, effective only if utilized, on a scale comparable with the avowed purposes of righteousness and love.

Christianity gives dignity to labor, sanctity to marriage, and brotherhood to man. It makes men truer, purer, nobler. Christianity is the basis of good government, its bond of cohesion, and its life-giving law.

Benjamin Franklin said, "The moral and religious system which Jesus Christ has transmitted to us, is the best the world has ever seen, or can see."

A spiritual seer tells us, "Christianity is intended to be the guide, the guardian, the companion of all our hours: to be the food of our immortal spirits; to be the serious occupation of our whole experience."

The Church of Christ glories in her history, in her brotherhood, in her conquering march over the world, as being the custodian of great ideas, as having furnished a complete account of the moral economy—explaining sin, interpreting conscience, manifesting God, and paving the way for man's return to the Almighty.

What think ye of Christ?



Tossing Out Joy

Grace Wittenberger

In the freshness of the morning
My heart sings out to you,
And all the tears of yesterday
Lay sprinkled like the dew
That catches all the sunbeams
And reflects them from the grass,
Sparkling fairy colors gaily
In the eyes of all who pass.

And the birds catch up the joy-notes
From out my dancing heart
And fling them with abandon
Till they're caught up as a part
Of the laughing, singing universe
And tossed out on the air,
To reach you with the blessing
Of the Father's love and care.



What is a minority? The chosen heroes of this earth have been in a minority. There is not a social, political, or religious privilege that you enjoy today that was not bought for you by the blood and tears and patient suffering of the minority. It is the minority that have stood in the van of every moral conflict, and believed all that is noble in the history of the world.

—John Ballantine Gough

I Found a Closer Walk With God

Ralph A. Poole

A Personal Experience

OCASIONALLY a person who has suffered much will in desperation and despair reach out and touch the secret of power which instantly releases him. I happen to be one who was blessed with such an illuminating experience.

I have waited three years before recording these findings, as I wanted enough time to elapse to authenticate the results. At first, I did not try to analyze or explain it, as I was fearful it was only a temporary awareness to a great truth that was only to be used on desperate occasions.

A deep dissatisfaction had led me to seek for a closer walk with God. Little did I dream that the way would be strewn with difficulty, heartache, anguish and desperate sickness which would hold me to the cross until my body had wasted in one year to a mere human skeleton. It looked like my quest for reality would end in physical death, and blasted hopes. One night, I sat up in bed gasping for breath. I made arrangements to die. I finally *yielded completely*, and rested back helpless in His

hands. Then, and then only, something wonderful happened. In a moment I was set free from myself. Something let go inside. A new world of God burst upon me. God was so amazingly close that I felt like melting with joy. I ran to my good wife, and tried to tell her what had happened. I was healed and released. It was not at all abnormal but seemed in every way perfect. Since this glorious event, the high tide of His presence has ebbed and flowed, but the depths have not disappeared. I have since thanked God for permitting me to go through this experience as I now realize a deep sense of His leadings that is a constant source of wonder. A sense of security and assurance has resulted, and a releasing which has continually strengthened me. Divine resources are available constantly.

"Not by might, and not by power, but by my Spirit sayeth the Lord."

I trembled as I knew I must tell others of my experience. As I shared with a few close friends, they also responded, and a noticeable change came in their lives. A profound conviction seized my soul that there were many in the

same condition that would respond if told how to yield completely to God.

I discovered in presenting this simple truth in camp meetings, and ministers meetings that the majority of Christians were also hungry for a way out of their own difficulties.

This, I found, worked for me; this is the secret: *Self must completely expire, and make way for the Holy Spirit to invade every part of you. This will open the sluice gates of an endless stream of Divine resources.*

The only reason for sharing my personal experience, is that others who are in dire need may take the same tools, and through them open the way to victory for soul and body. There is hope in the Lord for every despairing soul. The Master can solve every problem, allay every haunting fear, lift every burden, relieve every inner tension, touch every quivering body,

and conquer every moral defect.

Since then it has been borne upon me more and more that it is not the historical Christ that will save the soul, but the living, invisible Christ, driving home to the heart the power of his presence. Communion with God moment by moment throughout the day is the highest form of prayer. The gift of Himself in friendship, the ineffable peace which falls upon our spirit and a strange strength rushing through our bodies leaves nothing more to be asked. We are lost in the kingdom of reality.

The electric effect of His presence is the mightiest tonic for a troubled mind and a tortured soul that the world has ever experienced. This is not for some rare souls with a mystical turn of mind to enjoy, but for everyone who sincerely desires it, "For the promise is unto *you*, and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call." (Acts 2:39)



"Here is a man who was born in an obscure village. He never wrote a book. He never went to college. He never traveled two hundred miles from the place where he was born. He never did one of the things that usually accompany greatness. Nineteen wide centuries have come and gone. Today He is the centerpiece of the human race and the leader of the column of progress. I am far within the mark when I say that all the armies that ever marched, and all navies that ever were built, and all the parliaments that ever sat, and all kings that ever reigned, put together, have not affected the life of man upon this earth as powerfully as has that one solitary life."

—Phillip Brooks

The Basis and Growth of the United Prayer Tower

The Staff

THE United Prayer Tower was started in the conviction that prayer is one of the few really important things in the world. Prayer is powerful. Spoken or unspoken, it is the one sure means of communicating with God, and of having God communicate with you.

Another conviction was in the practical veracity of Jesus. What Jesus said is true; he meant what he said; and what he said was practical for daily living.

These two convictions held together in the matrix of a deep faith in the goodness of God is the foundation of the prayer tower.

Since the first announcement of this great prayer project, the work has grown rapidly. So many requests for prayer help have come by letter, by telephone and by telegram that the need for a full time person has been felt for some time.

In April of this year, Mrs. Alma Fisher came from Washington, D .C. to supervise the activities. The entire staff of Clear Horizons has been won over by her personal genuineness, her spirit of consecration and her perfect handling

of the work. Seven helpers, chosen for their proven power in prayer, assist her, and behind this group is a still larger group of praying "invisibles."

The multiplication of Prayer Tower "prayer cells" throughout the United States, Canada and Mexico is alone an amazing development. A map of North America at the entrance to the Prayer Room is studded with pins, each pin representing a "prayer cell."

Many readers of Clear Horizons have wondered if the Prayer Tower gets results. There are thousands of people whose letters of gratitude prove that it does. The record of healings, both physical and mental, is enough to humble us all. However, the greater number of requests desire a closer walk with God, and the wish for peace of mind and spirit.

The name of anyone making use of the prayer tower is kept confidential. Only those persons doing the actual praying for an individual may know his name, if they so desire. Some members of the inner circle do not wish to know names; others feel that it aids them to know for whom they are pray-

ing. It would be impossible for anyone, other than a member of this small select circle, to know who makes use of prayer tower services.

For a project which is supported entirely by goodwill gifts, the con-

tinuing growth of the United Prayer Tower indicates that a great need is being met.

A deep sense of gratitude goes out from the Prayer Tower to all whose prayers and support are making this project possible.



CLEAR HORIZONS in BOOK form

Volume VII is now ready to go to the homes of those who cherish Clear Horizons in its permanent blue cloth binding. This latest annual book contains the issues of Summer 1946, Fall 1946, Winter 1947 and Spring 1947. Only a limited number of Volume VII have been printed and bound, less than in past years, so it is suggested that orders be placed early. 256 pages on the art of applying the teaching of Christianity to everyday living. **\$1.25**

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Clear Horizons, 1571 Grand Ave., St. Paul 5, Minn.

The Friar's Secret That Brought Health and Healing

Henry Knott

A FEW years ago, a company of Franciscan Friars ministered to a community in Texas. One among them came to be regarded as a saint. He was always happy: his face in a perpetual smile, and his eyes shining with kindness and friendship.

Strangely enough, wherever his duties took him the sick were somehow healed, the lame walked, even the blind recovered their sight, although the young Friar apparently said nothing or did nothing but the regular duties of his order.

His Superior, hearing of these happenings, questioned him privately as to his daily practices. The young Friar recounted them in detail, and all were according to the rules and practice of the Brothers in the Order.

"Recollect well, my son," said his puzzled Superior, "perhaps you have forgotten something, or, maybe, it is a secret you might share with me."

They looked at each other for a moment in solemn silence, then the Friar exclaimed:

"Ah, yes, I remember now, there is something, Father."

"What is it, my son?"

"Whenever I can, I repeat to myself the words of our Lord Jesus:

'Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven.'"

And this was the secret of the miracles.

Of a truth, the Lord's Prayer is the Prayer of all Prayers. Enshrined in it are all the prayers that have been prayed since the beginning of the world, or ever will be prayed.

It is divine. It has unlimited power, when prayed by faith, to bring heaven down upon this earth: to change men and nations: to destroy the evil selfhood in us as individuals, and to bring *peace* and goodwill to all nations and peoples on this globe.

It works miracles of Love and Understanding. It can and will heal sick bodies and a sick world. It can and will banish war forever. It is the very hand of God outstretched to humanity for men and women everywhere to clasp it. This heavenly prayer is God's own formula to bind mankind by golden chains of Love to His glorious will. It is a miracle-working prayer. Its

creative potency cannot be described in words.

It brings God's omnipotence for us to use. It can and will infill our weakness and frustration, with God's Almightyness. It can and will make us *new* men and women, *new* creations, veritable likenesses of the Infinite Divine Man, the Lord Jesus—re-forming us into true sons and daughters of God.

In this prayer we are divinely given *God's formula for peace*:

"Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven."

When man wills, God must. When man insists on his will, God's will cannot be. When man is willing, God can. Do we really want *peace*? Not a peace between the last war and the next, but a *peace* to last forever? Are we ready right now, to claim God's will for *peace on earth and good will toward men*? Then, listen . . .

"If my words abide in you, ask whatsoever ye will, and it shall be done unto you."

This was the simple secret of the miracles attending the daily life of the Franciscan Friar. All he did was to repeat, over and over again, a sentence that a little child can learn from God's Prayer of Prayers:

"Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven."

By these God-compelling words of the Lord Jesus, offered continuously to God from the altar of

the Friar's heart, he became conjoined, *one* with God's Almighty *Word* that created the worlds and gives us freely, unworthy as we are, our very life and every good thing. Verily, we may call ourselves men, but we only nourish a blind, animal life within our brains if we do not *see* and *use* this *power of divine prayer* that will work wonders of Godlikeness in us, and in all the world.

"Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven."

This is God's world. He ordained *peace* for it from eternity. But God's will works through human means. Without *our* cooperation *He* cannot do His will on earth or even in heaven. To *will* God's will is heaven. So when *we* will as God wills, then, and only then, will this sin and war-stained earth become heaven—on earth.

Let us use this divine formula for *peace*. Let us talk about it to each other. Let us spread this miraculous message from God to us, all over the earth. And let us all say it over and over again, day unto day, until it becomes the prayer of our own hearts. It will change us from being natural men into spiritual men, lovers of God and His glorious will, and through us, it will change the whole world, and will make man's dream of the *brotherhood of man* a living reality.

Elisha and the Expanded Consciousness

Wally and Rebecca Beard

THREE times Elisha tarried while Elijah, the elder prophet, went on missions to the Lord. Each time he said to Elisha, "Tarry here, I pray thee." And each time Elisha promised, "As the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, I will not leave thee." Are we as beautifully obedient when we are asked to "tarry here" in seeming idleness or slowness of spiritual progress?

So they went first down to Bethel, then to Jericho, and finally to the Jordan. "And they two went on," while "fifty men of the sons of the prophets went and stood to view afar off," as Elijah folded his garment and smote the waters of the Jordan. The waters divided before them, and they went over on dry ground!

Then Elijah, knowing he was to be taken up, said to Elisha, "Ask what I shall do for thee before I be taken up." Elisha said, without a moment's hesitation, "Let a double portion of thy spirit be upon me."

Here, indeed, is courage which staggers the average follower of Jesus in our day. The majority of Christians hesitate to attempt even the simplest uses of the divine power which Jesus demonstrated,

even though the Master himself gives us absolute assurance that all He did and more lie within the realm of our possibilities. Yet here was Elisha, who had but now witnessed the miracle of Elijah parting the waters with a flick of his garment, asking for a *double* portion of the spirit of the elder prophet to be upon him.

Elijah gave him a strange answer; an answer extremely significant in our consideration of the expanded consciousness. Elijah said, "Thou hast asked a hard thing. Nevertheless, if thou see me when I am taken from thee, it shall be so unto thee, but if not, it shall not be so."

Then it came to pass that, as they walked on, talking, a chariot of fire, and horses of fire, appeared and divided them from each other and Elijah "went up by a whirlwind into heaven." Elisha cried out as he saw it, "My father, my father! the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof!" and he saw Elijah no more.

No one of the others who had been standing near the banks of the Jordan saw the chariot of fire or the horsemen thereof. We know this, because later when Elisha had taken the mantle of Elijah as

it had fallen from him, and smote the waters dividing them, even as the elder prophet had done so that he could cross again on dry land to the place where the sons of the prophets stood, they insisted on sending fifty servants to search for the master, Elijah, "Lest, peradventure," as they argued, "the Spirit of the Lord hath taken him up and cast him upon some mountain, or into some valley."

Elisha, having seen the Master ascend with the fiery chariot into heaven, knew there was no need to be quite liberal," he continued; and then added chidingly, "I whak you 'can take it.'" Urge previous talk with my friend gaveled me to believe that both he and his companions were skeptics, statistic critics of religion, or negative-minded individuals who somewhat had gotten the wrong slant with things.

The opening topic of discussion involved around God and religion. The acle of the group impugned to God was the ills of the world. He wanted to know why had God allowed miseries? . . . What had He done to

prevent disease, to eliminate poverty, to advance science, to better civilization? . . . What had Christianity to offer man? "Nothing but peace and hate and dogma," he stated, without waiting for reply.

Another harsh, unreasonable and superficial thinker blurted out, "And what of faith which the

Elisha's ability to see him taken up, as he based his answer to his request on the success of Elisha to raise his consciousness to a higher dimension. He knew Elisha asked a very difficult thing, but he seemed to feel sure of the younger prophet's capacity to receive a double portion of his spirit if he was able to raise his consciousness to the point where he could see his master taken from him, for he said, "If you can see me when I am taken from thee, it shall be so unto thee, but if you cannot see group injected Jesus Christ into the discussion, and spoke highly of the Master, stating that He taught the Kingdom of God on earth, the equality of man, mercy and justice for all. While this fact was met with tacit agreement, a Doubting Thomas remarked "But there's no proof that He ever lived!"

A more confused man next reverted to God, and challenged anyone to prove there is such a being. It was at this point that I spoke up, for I could not help but contribute what I knew of the Creator.

I told my challenging friend quite frankly that each individual must prove it for himself, that it was a precious task for each one of us. I declared to all present that I know there is a God, for He had shown Himself to me through a number of mystical experiences.

I recalled one of several satisfy-

unto him, Alas, my master! how shall we do?

"And he answered, Fear not; for they that be with us are more than they that be with them.

"And Elisha prayed, and said, Lord, I pray thee, open his eyes, that he may see. And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw: and behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha."

Elisha saved the city by praying the Lord to smite the enemy

host with blindness. Then he said to them, "This is not the way, neither is this the city. Follow me, and I will bring you to the man whom ye seek." And he led them back into the midst of Samaria, where he again prayed to the Lord to open their eyes, and they were opened and they found themselves in Samaria. He set before them a great feast and after they had eaten he sent them away to their master. So the bands of Syria came no more into the land of Israel.

... in seeming idleness or slowness of spiritual progress?

So they went first down to Bethel, then to Jericho, and finally to the Jordan. "And they two went on," while "fifty men of the sons of the prophets went and stood to view afar off," as Elijah folded his garment and smote the waters of the Jordan. The waters divided before them, and they went over on dry ground!

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☐ It is for everyone who chooses to disbelieve to learn how to get God into their lives.

Go and Get God Into Your Life

J. R. Striegel

A SHORT time ago a new friend of mine invited me to an informal meeting at the home of one of his acquaintances. "It's a discussion group," he told me in answer to my question about the nature of the occasion. "They converse at random on religion, science, economics, politics, and so forth. They are quite liberal," he continued; and then added chidingly, "I think you 'can take it.'"

A previous talk with my friend had led me to believe that both he and his companions were skeptics, caustic critics of religion, or negative-minded individuals who somehow had gotten the wrong slant on things.

The opening topic of discussion revolved around God and religion. One of the group impugned to God all the ills of the world. He wanted to know why had God allowed wars? . . . What had He done to prevent disease, to eliminate poverty, to advance science, to better civilization? . . . What had Christianity to offer man? "Nothing but war and hate and dogma," he fumed, without waiting for reply.

Another harsh, unreasonable and superficial thinker blurted out, "And what of faith which the

church always wants you to profess?" "Nothing but 'sucker bait'!" he cried vehemently. When a believer interrupted the one-way conversation and gave the Bible's explanation: "The substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen," it brought further ridicule from the faithless one.

Then a certain member of the group injected Jesus Christ into the discussion, and spoke highly of the Master, stating that He taught the Kingdom of God on earth, the equality of man, mercy and justice for all. While this fact was met with tacit agreement, a Doubting Thomas remarked "But there's no proof that He ever lived!"

A more confused man next reverted to God, and challenged anyone to prove there is such a being. It was at this point that I spoke up, for I could not help but contribute what I knew of the Creator.

I told my challenging friend quite frankly that each individual must prove it for himself, that it was a precious task for each one of us. I declared to all present that I *know* there is a God, for He had shown Himself to me through a number of mystical experiences.

I recalled one of several satisfy-

ing experiences during my recent service in the army. It was Christmas Day, and I was standing in a large bus station in New York City trying to determine when my bus would leave. While I was away from camp and on a week's furlough, the constantly recurring thought of going back was hardly cheerful or pleasant. There were only a few days of freedom left for me to enjoy. Just then a kind-faced, gray-haired woman came up to me and said in a sweet, smiling voice: "Soldier, don't think I'm crazy, but I just want to thank you for keeping the bombs from falling on my head, and to wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, and God bless you!" I thanked her and silently asked God's blessing upon her. This strange encounter did cheer me considerably, for after a few moments of contemplation I knew it was another wonderful way in which God made Himself known to me.

My friend, the skeptic, who had never known our Heavenly Father; who had never loved Him or served Him; who had never felt His abiding Presence, His divine guidance in his own life, could not logically state there is no God. Rather it is for him and everyone who chooses to disbelieve to learn how to get God into their lives.

There are a number of recom-

mended ways; and one that is especially pleasing to God, one that will surely manifest His reality to us, is by dedicating our lives in service to mankind, consciously bringing His Kingdom to earth.

We can abandon the love of material things and become selfless in our daily living.

We can renounce anything that would hinder our spiritual growth and development.

We can overcome our personal faults of pride and arrogance, hatred and anger, lust and covetousness, and sins of commission and omission.

We can pray often and anywhere and anytime, for "All things whatsoever ye pray and ask for, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them."

We can become Christlike, and say with Jesus, "Not my will, but Thine be done," whenever in trouble or doubt.

And last but never least, we can become as little children in order to attract His attention and love, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

There was once an atheist, or a person aptly described by Zelia Walters as one without *invisible* means of support, who sought to belittle a five-year-old child's belief by asking, "Son, I'll give you an apple if you will tell me where God is." The little boy, unabashed,

replied, "I'll give you *two* apples if you will tell me where He ain't!"

It has seemed smart for some individuals to forget the Bible and bow out of their lives a Supreme Being Who barely existed in their minds, but those persons must remember that the word "life" is dwarfed unless God is put back into it.

When Captain Eddie Rickenbacker went through a rehabilitation hospital not long ago, he told a group of airmen who had been badly wounded and whose future looked dark to them: "If you have not had an experience with God in your life, my advice is to get busy and get yourself one."

It matters not in what situation we find ourselves or in what field of endeavor we are engaged, the Almighty One is there, omnipresent and omniscient, ready and eager to fill the void in our lives.



TO DO THE WILL OF GOD

In old Chinese art, there is just one outstanding object, perhaps a flower, on a scroll. Everything else in the picture is subordinate to that one beautiful thing. An integrated life is like that. That one flower, as I see it now, is the will of God. But to know His will, and do it, calls for absolute sincerity, absolute honesty with one's self, and it means using one's mind to the best of one's ability. Prayer is more than meditation. In meditation the source of strength is one's self. But when one prays he goes to a source of strength greater than his own. I am often bewildered; I question and doubt my own judgments. Then I seek guidance; in prayer God enlightens my understanding, and when I am sure, I go ahead, leaving the results with Him. . . . With me religion is a very simple thing. It means to try with all my heart and soul and strength and mind to do the will of God.

—Madame Chiang Kai-shek

There is a person I know who is interested in a purely intellectual organization that has a blueprint for building a new society, but it is, alas, an organization that has not acknowledged Jesus Christ as the chief cornerstone. There are countless others who are members of various economic or political movements aiming to make this a better world. But unless those endeavors start from the premise established in the Good Book, viz. "The earth belongs to the Lord and the fullness thereof," it will not succeed. We must place our Heavenly Father first in everything.

There are those who are not yet aware of the Loving Father, God, who guides, uplifts, and lives in and through His creation. To all of them, I would say simply, assuredly, "Go and get God into your life," and He will supply your heart's desires.

Continuing In Prayer

Ellen G. White

Perseverance in prayer has been made a condition of receiving. We must pray always, if we would grow in faith and experience. We are to be "instant in prayer," to "continue in prayer, and watch in the same with thanksgiving." Unceasing prayer is the unbroken union of the soul with God, so that life from God flows into our life; and from our life, purity and holiness flow back to God.

There is necessity for diligence in prayer; let nothing hinder you. Make every effort to keep open the communion between Jesus and your own soul. Seek every opportunity to go where prayer is wont to be made.

We should pray in the family circle; and above all we must not neglect secret prayer; for this is the life of the soul. It is impossible for the soul to flourish while prayer is neglected. Family or public prayer alone is not sufficient. In solitude let the soul be laid open to the inspecting eye of God.

Pray in your closet; and as you go about your daily labor, let your heart be often uplifted to God. It was thus that Enoch walked with God. These silent prayers rise like

precious incense before the throne of grace. Satan cannot overcome him whose heart is thus stayed upon God.

There is no time or place in which it is inappropriate to offer up a petition to God. There is nothing that can prevent us from lifting up our hearts in the spirit of earnest prayer. In the crowds of the street, in the midst of a business engagement, we may send up a petition to God, and plead for divine guidance, as did Nehemiah when he made his request before King Artaxerxes. A closet communion may be found wherever we are. We should have the door of the heart open continually, and our invitation going up that Jesus may come and abide as a heavenly guest in the soul.

Although there may be a tainted, corrupted atmosphere around us, we need not breathe its miasma, but may live in the pure air of heaven. We may close every door to impure imaginings and unholy thoughts by lifting the soul into the presence of God through sincere prayer.

We may keep so near to God that in every unexpected trial our

thoughts will turn to him as naturally as the flower turns to the sun.

Keep your wants, your joys, your sorrows, your cares, and your fears, before God. Take to him everything that perplexes the mind. Nothing is too great for him to bear, for he holds up worlds, he rules over all the affairs of the universe. Nothing that in any way concerns our peace is too small for him to notice. There is no chapter in our experience too dark for him to read; there is no perplexity too difficult for him to unravel.

God does not mean that any of us should become hermits or monks, and retire from the world, in order to devote ourselves to acts of worship. The life must be like Christ's life—between the mountain and the multitude. He who does nothing but pray will soon cease to pray, or his prayers will become a formal routine. When men take themselves out of social life, away from the sphere of Christian duty and cross-bearing; when they cease to work earnestly for the Master, who worked earnestly for them, they lose the subject matter of prayer, and have no incentive to devotion. Their prayers become personal and selfish. They cannot pray in regard to the wants of humanity or the upbuilding of Christ's kingdom, pleading for strength wherewith to work.

If Christians associate together, speaking to each other of the love

of God, and of the precious truths of redemption, their own hearts would be refreshed, and they would refresh one another. If we thought and talked more of Jesus, and less of self, we should have far more of his presence.

We talk of temporal things because we have an interest in them. We talk of our friends because we love them; our joys and our sorrows are bound up with them. Yet we have infinitely greater reason to love God than to love our earthly friends; and it should be the most natural thing in the world to make him first in all our thoughts, to talk of his goodness and tell of his power.

We need to praise God more "for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men." Our devotional exercises should not consist wholly in asking and receiving. Let us not be always thinking of our wants, and never of the benefits we receive. We do not pray any too much, but we are too sparing of giving thanks.

The soul may ascend nearer heaven on the wings of praise. God is worshipped with song and music in the courts above, and as we express our gratitude, we are approximating the worship of the heavenly hosts. "Whoso offereth praise glorifieth" God. Let us with reverent joy come before our Creator, with "thanksgiving, and the voice of melody."

From *Steps to Christ*, Ellen G. White. Ellen G. White Publications, Takoma Park 12, D. C. Copyright 1945.

Lessons In Living From Flowers

Mary Worden

“Only the Master shall praise us,
And only the Master shall blame,
And no one shall work for money,
And no one shall work for fame,
And each for the joy of working,
And each in his separate star
Shall paint the thing as he sees it
For the God of things as they are.”

—*Kipling*

Kipling surely describes a perfect state of being. Flowers can teach similar lessons. They talk in their own silent way.

Who better than the Magnolia blossom can teach us a lesson in independence and individuality.

In the magic touch of a Deva's wand,
I saw a dream of beauty unfold,
Shy April kisses, on bare-black branches—
A glory of pink blossoms—like a charger bold
No fear to reverse the order of leaf
And bud and blossom in Nature's mold.
But sure of their season, fearing no change,
With each in his separate star
Revealing Nature's God in things as they are.

Who better than the violet can teach us humility and meekness; of doing our work just as earnestly and sincerely, although often hidden from the eyes of man.

Be like the modest violet,
A triolet
Of purple, yellow and white,
A magic spell wonderously bright.

Tucked away amid wayside places
And mossy glens, draped in ferny laces;
Awakened from its long winter vigil
By a song bird's tender kiss,
A beautiful symbol that will never miss

Expressing its own kind
Nor find
A setting supposedly more fair,

And each in its separate star
Teaching humanity
About things as they are.

Look to the lily for purity

The lily in the dark cold earth
Keeping its ancient tryst,
Patiently waits the call to birth.

Kissed by the sun and rain
There is no lovelier refrain
Of spring time song.

Green reaching up to a cloud-kissed sky,
Holding in its embrace
Moon-beams caught in an opal eye.

And in her fragile grace
Are shadows of the Master-Artist's face
Pulsing in rhythmic beat.

Look to the tulip for dignity and pride.

Tall red tulips against a background of blue,
Their golden chalices
Spun from silver threads of dew
Reflecting the glory of the sun
When day is done.

When night is turned into day
And I tread the one and only way
To and through an open door
The loveliness that will greet my eye
From a radiant sun-burst sky
Will be the key of love.



If laughing's a sin, I don't see what the Lord lets so many funny things happen for.

—*Anonymous*

Strength From Affliction

Mildred Long

“**N**OW is my soul troubled; and what shall I say? Father, save me from this hour. But for this cause came I unto this hour.” John 12:27.

These were Jesus' words in the hour of His supreme testing, the hour of His soul-anguish in Gethsemane. How often in human history has this been the cry of man arising from the depths of some great affliction or anguish of soul. How often the humanity in man shrinks from the testing and fears the refining fire to which he is subjected. To know that Christ uttered this cry, to know that He admitted that His soul was troubled, to realize that “He was tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin” offers us consolation.

The same cry goes out from the hearts of men at times in all ages. The prophet Elijah had destroyed the prophets of Baal and had prayed for rain which came in abundance, and then, because the King turned against him and sought his life, he fled and asked God to take him out of the world. Even after being refreshed by food and water and sleep and the ministrations of angels, he continued his

complaint, saying he alone was left of the servants of the Lord. In those moments how desolate he felt. But God spoke to him, not in the wind, or the earthquake, or the fire, but in the still small voice, and showed him the way out of his despondency.

Jonah had witnessed the power of God and the repentance of a whole city, but sat and sulked in the shade of a gourd, prepared especially by God for his protection, and cried to God to take away his life because he had prophesied one thing and God had done another thing to the city of Ninevah. Jonah's pride was cut to the quick. He wanted to die. And God added still another trial to him to teach him the lesson of compassion.

How rich the Scripture is in such illustrations of God's dealing with men. Suppose God took us at our word when we say, “Father, save me from this hour”! Suppose God let us run away from the hard task, the disappointing failure, the hour of sorrow and testing! Where would be the record of hardy pioneers, explorers, inventors, of saintly souls and fearless martyrs? It is out of these experiences that God makes men who can stand be-

fore kings and potentates, who can sacrifice their personal desires to preach the Gospel and if necessary meet a martyr's death with a song on their lips and the light of Heaven in their eyes. God knows what He is doing when He makes us to pass through the fiery trials of this life.

The refiner of silver subjects the metal to terrific heat, but he sits close by and watches intently. At the moment when he can see his face in the molten metal as in a mirror, he knows that the work is done and then the heat is turned off. God, the great refiner of souls, watches unceasingly as His human child endures the fires, wades the rivers, and climbs the mountains of this earthly pilgrimage. Some day He will say, “It is enough, Come up higher.” Some day His image will be stamped upon our hearts and faces if we let Him have His way.

Notice how Jesus met the challenge which the expression of that question presented to Him. He answered His own question with the words: “But for this cause came I unto this hour.” He understood what His mission was in the world. Even though His human side shrank from the ordeal, His face was set as a flint toward the goal of His life, toward the sacrifice for which He had been born into the world. Nothing could stop Him from fulfilling His appointed

work and the purpose of His earthly life.

Jesus possessed something we often lack: the perfect knowledge that He was in the Father's will, that His work was marked out for Him and He knew exactly what it was. The consideration of the physical suffering and mental anguish could be only fleeting in the face of such knowledge. We, on the other hand, in our limited understanding of God's purposes, in our inability to see the end and comprehend His will; we, who are too conscious of our own suffering, shrink from the hard things and say, “Why does this come to me?” “What good can come out of such a tangle?” “How can I bear so great a cross?” God in His mercy looks upon our cries with compassion, and He never allows the heat to become too great. He never subjects us to testing that we cannot bear, but always with the testing provides a way of escape.

If one is laid aside by illness, it may be in order that he may take time to discover God in a new and vital way. If one is over-burdened with duties, it may be that he is to learn to let God work through him and so perform the work easily. If one is beset with doubts and feels that God has forsaken him, it may be that through this trial God is making of him a spiritual giant. Whatever the situation we must know that God has a purpose in

these afflictions. He is burning out the dross. We are most precious to Him or He would not take such pains with us. Our success in this life, the fulfilling of our appointed destiny is of far more importance to Him than it can be to us. Our part is to say, "Father, what wilt Thou have me to do?" "Father, glorify Thyself in me." "Mold me, melt me, heal me, use me that I may emerge in Thy likeness." And when we approach our trials with something of this humility, God will reveal to us enough of His purpose and enough of His compassion to carry us through to the end. He will send His ministering angels to soothe the pain and encourage our hearts. The Holy Spirit will never leave us comfortless if we are submissive to His wooings. "Oh, the depths of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God. How unsearchable are His judgments and His ways past finding out."

The apostle Paul suffered all kinds of fiery trials from within and without, but he could say, "I have learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content." And again, "If God be for us, who can be against us? . . . Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? . . . Nay, in all

these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us." When through trial we come to this assurance, God can use us as He never could without it. Examine the history of man and you will be convinced with me that truly great souls are produced only through the fire of affliction. It is that repeated testing that makes faith strong and love pure.

Say not, "This trial is too great for me";

But rather say,
"Lord, show me what Thy will shall be;
Proclaim Thy way."

When sorrows rise to overwhelm the soul

In cold embrace,
Ask God to reveal to you His intended goal,
And grant His grace.

Say not, "This road's too steep for me to climb."

But know your Guide
Goes on ahead; your needs for all the time
Will be supplied.

And so, when all the trials of life are past,

His matchless grace
Shall make your cleansed and eager heart at last
Reflect His face.

Religion At Work

Maeanna Cheserton-Mangle

I

"DISPOSSESSED!" Wilbert Dodge is a fireman with a wife and six children. The news burned in his consciousness as no earthly fire had ever seared his flesh. What could he do? The newspapers got hold of it and the word met the kindly eye of Charles Zenker, the Jewish owner of the Prospect Press in New York. It mattered little to him that the Dodges were Gentiles. He reached for his 'phone while his mind pictured the Dodge family happily ensconced in a six-room apartment he owned up town. Then he withdrew his hand. No one had lived in the apartment for years. It would need renovating. Again he reached for the 'phone. In a matter of minutes he planned for the improvements which were to cost him \$2,000. Then he made THE call. Yes, this time to send word to the Dodges that they need not fear the city streets.

II

When the last sound of the fire engines died on the midnight air, there were heavy hearts in Litchfield, Conn. The flames had consumed St. Anthony's Roman Catholic Church, and sadness reigned in the parish. But the distress soon gave place to rejoicing in new-found qualities of their neighbors. St. Michael's Episcopal Church was opened to them for services, and willing hands were outstretched at every turn. All churches gave generously to the building fund and half the proceeds of the Annual Community Concert were turned over to St. Anthony's. In acknowledging the generosity, the priest said: We can well be proud of our town, not only because it is beautiful to the eye, but because it is spiritually beautiful as well, and can serve as a model for a troubled world."

III

The Fort Greene Jewish Center was growing. From a handful of people meeting in a home, its membership had passed the 200 mark and was bursting the seams of the little three story residence it was using for its many activities. Meanwhile the former Simpson Methodist Church was idle. When they learned of the need, the officials of the Church and the Long Island Church Society, readily agreed to offer the building to their Jewish neighbors, rent-free for three years. Immediately repairs were started and when the Torahs were installed, over four hundred men and women from both faiths attended the service. Activities are now in full swing and the members of the Center have a warm spot in their hearts for those who made it possible.

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