

Clear Horizons

35

Winter 1948-1949

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As We Go To Press

The article by **Allan Hunter** (p. 19) is typical of a good, NEW magazine. *Life-Stream Magazine* is "devoted to Christian service through small groups and prayer, regardless of race, creed, or denomination—supported entirely by free-will contributions and subscriptions." We had the pleasure of a visit from editor Vincent Evensen and associate editor Charlotte Weaver. They are wonderful young people whose selfless and practical loyalty to the Christian cause remind one so much of the Quaker. The first issue of the magazine is filled with good, vital articles and many photographs. A copy is worth \$.25. Address—2337 Grant St., Berkeley 3, California.

Two new departments greet you with this issue. "The World Needs Prayer" (p. 59) and "News of Our Editors" (p. 61) came to birth through numerous requests for something of this sort, and because your full-time editors felt you would like them and find the contents interesting. In the future we shall try to include a few speaking dates and places of our contributing editors.

Joseph Fort Newton (p. 23) should need no introduction. He is not only a nationally recognized author, but also rector of Church of St. Luke and The Epiphany in Philadelphia. His genius for making spiritual truths alive and fresh for modern eyes is talent to be thankful for . . . **Frank Olmstead** (p. 21) is in charge of The House on Cedar Street in Washington, D. C. Here he welcomes and aids small groups who come to Washington to "lobby" for legislation that more clearly bears the mark of Christianity. He also edits *World News Sheet for Those Who Pray*, a mimeographed monthly available on a freewill offering basis . . . **Glenn Clark's** (p. 25) further report on this past summer's European spiritual tour will be eagerly read. Letters requesting more information about the tour have been coming to the office steadily. Another tour is scheduled for next summer. If you are at all interested you better get in touch with Glenn Clark very soon. . . . The address by the **Bishop of Norway** before the Amsterdam world conference of churches was one of the many highlights of this vitally important meeting, and **Bishop Berggrav's** address (p. 37) is condensed for your information.

Our mail includes so many persistent suggestions, hints and blunt orders about printing *Clear Horizons* more frequently that we have been forced to do some thinking about it. What do you think? Maybe six times a year, a bi-monthly? It is our beloved readers who will make the final decision!

CLEAR HORIZONS MAGAZINE

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Saint Paul 5, Minnesota

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Clear Horizons

Ninth Year

Winter, 1948-1949

Volume 9, No. 3

Our joy and power to help people depends on perpetually outflowing in His love, light, and healing.

How to get an Increase of God's Love

J. Rufus Moseley

If we go with Jesus, enter into ineffable union with Him and join Him in giving His perfect love, light and healing to all we will enter into perfect marriage with Him and become loving as He is loving, healing as He is healing. Everything of His will be ours.

How to increase in union and in love:

1. Open wide to receive Jesus and His love. Jesus and love are longing and knocking to come in. Ask forgiveness for having kept them out. When you really want Jesus and love to come in and take entire charge you are wanting precisely what He and love are longing to do. As the colored brother put it, "Election is this way, Jesus is all the time voting for us and the devil is all the time voting against us and the way we vote carries the election." Jesus and love are all the time seeking to come in. When we choose with Jesus and love we are filled with Him and His love.

2. Choose to give Him and His love to all. As blessed as it is to receive Him and His love, it is still better to give Him and His love. Indeed, you have to give in order to continue receiving. Receiving more than you choose to give makes you like a swamp and swamps do not need more water; they need ditching and draining. Heavenly love is never like stagnant pools but is always like a springing fountain and like a flowing river.

An infinity of love is ready to flow out through us. We do not have to furnish the love, we only have to choose for it to overflow.

The new commandment to love as we are loved, is not so difficult as the old commandment to love God with all of our being and to love our neighbor as ourselves. According to the Law we had to do the loving. Through union with Jesus, the love is given and we only have to pass it on and by passing it on we become love itself.

3. Pray for perfect Love. This prayer is so much in the will of God it is always heard and answered. You can have all the love you want if you want it enough to ask for it and to give it.

4. Do your part in removing the hindrances of love. Wherever you have been unloving acknowledge it and ask forgiveness, ask not only the Lord's forgiveness but also the forgiveness of those to whom you have been unloving. This brings flood tides of love.

If anyone has anything against you go to him in love and seek to remove the hindrances or the stumbling block.

Love requires that we get everything we can out of the way, that we make it as easy as possible for people to love, and all nigh impossible for them not to love.

5. In every new situation pray to see and to choose the most loving thing. Where evil has come to you choose to meet it with good. If you have been dealt with unlovingly choose to react especially lovingly. When we choose to love and to

give His love, His love flows in and enables us to love.

6. In every situation remember what Jesus did in situations far more difficult. Also remember His teaching, if you are to be perfect as your Father in heaven is perfect you will have to be loving and merciful as He is loving and merciful.

Remember what Jesus did and let Him teach you what to do in every situation and you cannot escape being loving.

No matter what evil you have suffered, real or imaginary, sooner or later you are going to forgive it and you will not be happy until you do. Why delay the happiness? Happy is the man who can forgive quickly.

Do not let the sun go down on your foolishness. As the Pennsylvania Dutch have a way of saying, "If you have to swallow a toad, the less time you take to look at it the easier it is to swallow it."

Our joy and power to help people depends on entering into a union with Jesus and perpetually outflowing in His love, light, and healing.



NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS: This office must be notified of *CHANGE OF ADDRESS* one month in advance of magazine mailing dates, or we cannot accept responsibility for lost copies. Mailing dates are December 15th, March 15th, June 15th, and September 15th. Give both your old address and your new address. Notify: *Clear Horizons Magazine*, Subscription Dept., 1571 Grand Ave., St. Paul 5, Minnesota.

☐ Always it has been said that when the bell rang on Christmas night the promise would come true!

And The Bell Rang (A Christmas Story)

Frances Stockwell Lovell

THE Boy hurried along the snowy sidewalk. Sometimes he slipped. His boots did not stand up very well in the snow; they had too many holes in them. But it was Christmas Eve! Nothing else mattered and perhaps he would have new boots this year for Christmas and a sweater without holes in the elbows. The church ladies gave him things, him and the Old Man. Of course they were not always new things but that did not matter, either. And in a few moments now, he would be at the church, the lovely, warm church with the smells of hot food downstairs that would be almost more than his stomach could stand and the beautiful fairy tree upstairs in the place where the minister stood on Sunday.

He lifted his ten-year-old eyes and looked at the sky. It was black-blue and dusted with a million stars that winked and danced because it was Christmas Eve. Everything was just as it should be on Christmas! Everything was perfect, sky, stars, snow. Maybe even that old legend would come true tonight, the one that the Old Man was always babbling about on Christmas. It was something about a bell that the Christ Child should ring, a

fairy bell, untouched by human hands. But the boy never paid much heed to what the Old Man mumbled as he sat in his chair, wrapped like a bright cocoon, in the afghan that looked like a flower garden, the one the Ladies Aid had given him last Christmas.

The only bell that the Boy was interested in was the bell in the church steeple. Someday he hoped that the sexton would let him ring it himself. To swing up on the great, thick rope, into the air, to drop again and crouch low, to swing high again, ah, that was his dream! To make the great iron clangor of the bell sound out over house and hill, over street and river, to make it shout and sing and cry! So many Sundays he had watched wistfully while the sexton made the bell talk. But no one but the sexton ever rang the bell!

The cold got into the cracks in his boots. It clutched at his wrists and they were red and sore, he needed some mittens. He hoped, too, that the church would leave a basket of food tomorrow on the kitchen table, as they always did, a chicken, all cooked, a pie and some nuts. He hurried, his chin hunched into the collar of the old

sweater. Once in a while, he looked up at the stars again. They were still there, as sharp and beautiful as the lights on the tree at the church. He hoped there would be something on the tree for the Old Man, too. He needed so many things! But he was happy with his bright afghan, soft as a garden, about his thin shoulders. He wore it all day, now that the cold had struck deep into the north country.

Of course, people still tried to send the Old Man away to a Home and the Boy to another Home. But always they stuck together for they could help each other. The Boy could carry wood for the fire and help with the meals. The Old Man could mend and patch their clothes. It was the only real home the boy had ever known. The Old Man and the boy were happy together.

The snow on the path to the church door was slippery and hard with the feet of many children. He was late, he was always late. But he and the Old Man had tried to mend the old sweater before he went. It did not so much matter at school, that your clothes were old and ragged but at church, that was different! At church, you wore your Sunday clothes! The Boy didn't have any Sunday clothes. Already he had missed two Sundays because he could not sit beside the lovely little girls with their long soft curls and their bright snow suits and warm mittens and the

boys in fur-lined jackets and snug, firm boots! But this was Christmas! Perhaps the little Jesus would not notice, tonight, his frayed elbows and cold hands! And of course, there would be something for him on the tree!

He stood outside the big doors of the church. Inside the vestibule, it was bright and empty. Beyond the swinging doors he could hear dimly the strains of the organ and the excited sounds of the children. He pushed at the doors. They stuck. He shivered in the cold on the steps. Perhaps they were locked. Anyway, it was easier to go in at the little side door where they went down to Sunday School. Perhaps the children had all gone in this way.

He went down the high steps and around the barberry bushes, thick with their burden of new snow and scarlet berries like drops of blood, like red lights on the Tree, to the little door at the side. He opened it and stepped into the dark hall. Down the stairs he could smell the hot, good smell of cocoa. There would be sandwiches, too, and cookies cut like stars and covered with pink and white candies like colored snow. He drew a long, quivering breath. Ah, this was Christmas when even the poor could eat as well as the rich! He closed the door behind him carefully. He didn't want to make any noise; he didn't want to bother any-

one. The voices of the women who prepared the party for the children, came up the stairs, too, as they laughed and gossiped in the kitchen.

He turned to go into the bright, warm church room. Then he saw, shadowy and faint, dangling from the great mouth of the steeple, the thing that was the bell rope. Something in his heart rose and choked his throat. He hesitated, his eyes big with fright and daring. There was no one here! All his life he had wanted to pull the bell rope, all his life that he had lived with the Old Man! He crept softly up the steps that led to the little platform where the sexton stood on Sunday mornings to pull the rope. He touched the great, strong, rough thing. He caressed it with his fingers. He shivered with delight. It would carry him up, up, toward the stars. It would drop him gently back again and then slowly lift him heavenward again. So must Jesus have felt when He went up into heaven! Only this was Christmas, the night of His birth, not His ascension! This was the Nativity!

Suddenly he clutched the rope. All the Christmas stars danced together in his small head, the stars that peppered the square of sky far above in the black square of the steeple. Dimly, he heard the women's voices in the kitchen. Dimly, he heard, far away in an-

other world, the Christmas sounds from the bright church room. Down here it was very cold. But it was Christmas and here was the bell, under his cold hands! He flung his small body at the rope, hanging black and still in the dark. He pulled down on it. Then he sprang and it lifted him up, up, toward the stars in the little square of sky where the bell lived, high above the people below. Then he drifted slowly down. Again he flung his weight at the rope. Again he pulled and again he was carried up towards the Christmas sky. Far above him, across the cold white night, he heard the sound of the bell. It went up and down the snowy streets. It went out across the fields and touched the white trees with music. It crept into lighted homes and paused beside the ice-bound river. Then he flung the rope from him.

Now he was frightened. What would they do to him, who had touched the sacred bell rope? who had made the great bell cry out on Christmas night, the bell which no one ever rang except the sexton?

He heard the music stop inside the church. He heard a great hush descend upon the gay voices. He heard the women in the kitchen cease laughing. A great and unearthly silence came down upon the church and the snowy night. He opened the door and ran down the

slippery path and down the cold, white street. The stars still winked and danced above him but a great sob burst in his throat like all the bells in Christendom ringing together. THERE WOULD BE NO HOT COCOA AND SANDWICHES FOR HIM! His stomach cringed at the thought. Then he slowed his steps to a walk. He would have no party with the other children and no present on the Tree—but he had rung the bell! A soft peace came over his heart, like the new snow on the trees.

Suddenly he saw that people were standing in the street, looking toward the church. They talked in little groups, whispering, nodding. Someone spoke to him.

"The bell—did you hear it too?" He looked back to the church. The minister stood on the steps in his long black robes. The children stood around him. He held up his hand. He said something.

"Yes, I—I heard the bell, too," he said. Then he ran home.

But there were people everywhere, standing in the snow. They were all saying the same things; the legend had come true tonight! The Christ has walked in our village and rang the bell in the church! It has happened even as they said!

He burst in the door of the Old Man's house like a small, fierce wind. The Old Man turned to him,

holding out trembling hands. His face was lifted with joy.

"Did you hear it?" he cried, "Tell me, did the sexton ring the bell?"

"No," the Boy answered, "No, the sexton did not ring the bell!"

"Then the legend has come true!" the Old Man cried. "No one but the sexton rings the bell! Tonight the Christ was here! Now something wonderful will happen! It has been promised! Always it has been said that when the bell rang on Christmas night, the promise would come true! For years we have waited! And now it has happened, here in the valley, before I die! Blessed is me!" He pulled the bright afghan closer under his old chin, grey with a stubble of whiskers.

"But—but, listen, Old Man," the Boy began, pulling off his ragged sweater. Now he might not have a new warm sweater or mittens. Sometimes he got things like that on the Tree. But he hoped someone would remember to give the Old Man something, some good slippers or wool socks! The floor was always cold.

"Ah, that is it! I have listened for years, every Christmas!" The Old Man quavered, shaking with excitement. "Someday they said the bell would ring! Yes, yes, it has happened at last! Now I can die in peace!"

"No, no!" the Boy cried. If the

Old Man died, they would take him away to a Home again, a Home where no one loved him! Anxiously he stuffed more wood into the old stove.

"Did no one come with a Christmas basket?" he asked.

"Not yet, not yet! But why talk about that? That is the same every year! This year the bell rang! Aye, what a Christmas!" the Old Man said testily.

The Boy hesitated. A great fear and doubt arose in him. He must tell the Old Man. Then all the people would know. But who could spoil a joy so great? He would keep still a little while.

There was the running of many steps outside. The door burst open. Many people came into the little room, shouting, laughing, singing.

"The bell!" they cried. "Did you hear the bell? It is the legend! It came true at last! And the sexton did not ring it; he was in the church with the people!"

"Yes, yes, I heard it!" the Old Man said, reaching out his quivering old hands to them. "Yes, it is wonderful! The legend came true!"

"The rest is true, also," they cried. "The mayor has kept the promise!"

"It was that something wonderful would happen when the bell rang!"

"It will happen tomorrow, on Christmas! Ah, the Christ was here tonight!"

"You will be glad you are alive, Old Man!" they said. "There is money for all the poor people on Christmas! Money and food and fire! A very rich man left his fortune that way, years ago, before we can remember! He said that someday, on Christmas night, the bell would ring by no human hand! He said the Christ would walk in our streets! Ah, how right he was!"

"So many people will be glad that the bell rang tonight!"

The Old Man sat helplessly. He was too happy to talk. He had heard the bell ring; he had lived to hear it and see the promise come true!

The Boy stood behind them, silent. He looked at the happy people. He saw the Old Man's face lit up from within. He thought of the people who needed warm sweaters and mittens and firewood and hot food, hot cocoa and star cookies, a chicken and vegetables! They would have them all, tomorrow, because the bell rang!

He stood still and did not speak. He had been going to tell them about it. But now he could not. He knew that something wonderful had happened to the village, that they were all blessed. For the legend had come true; the bell had rung on Christmas night by hands that no mortal could see. So they believed. The Boy went silently to bed. Tomorrow was Christmas.

Gaining Spiritual Insight From Our Children

Elizabeth Searle Lamb

THE role of teacher is laid on every parent's shoulders shortly after Junior gives his first cry! It fits so well one is apt to forget it is only one of many which may be placed in relation to the younger generation. A certain variety, not vacillation, helps make for that well-rounded harmonious relationship with his children which every parent desires.

I have found, for instance, that I can gain a new spiritual insight every time I look at two-year old Carolyn from a student's viewpoint. Her unbounded enthusiasm—over a kitten, a boy riding a bicycle, a butterfly—her wholehearted interest in exploring the new world in which she lives, her fearlessness, and her absolute faith—these are qualities whose spiritual application lays the foundation for all soul growth. "Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me: for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Child-likeness, not to be confused with childishness, is a term that could well be used to embody the true spiritual state of mind. Living with a child is like taking a course in spiritual modeling, for

there is a contagion in the youthful approach to life that gives maturity new vitality by mere contact. So I try to take time off every day to consider my child in the role of teacher. And surprisingly, it strengthens my patience for the long hours when I'm the teacher!

Carolyn has no real fears. Her two years have taught her some caution—for instance she knows from experience that little dogs may knock her down if they get playful. Caution, she must learn, as must we all. I realize she is learning it when she warns me not to touch the papers with which she is playing "'cause they're awful sharp!" But one great tragedy of many lives is that they are entrapped by fears into a bondage of timidity and impotence. I try to guard Carolyn by developing in her a deep sense of security—based on and in God, rather than in things. And I in turn am helped to spotlight and then release my own fears; to go ahead fearlessly in some new venture just as Carolyn bravely tries out a new tricycle. Fear is such a persistent salesman I need this constant reminder in

front of my eyes. As I hear Carolyn copy even my most thoughtless phrase I watch even more closely against the casual "Oh, I'm afraid that won't work," which will teach negative habits to my own mind as well as to Carolyn. She is my copy-book and I am hers, and as she continues to develop positively my own negative ways are eliminated.

Carolyn has real unquestioning faith, centered now in Mommy and Daddy. In the face of that faith I often ask myself if my faith in God, which I profess so glibly, comes anywhere near the child-like all-encompassing faith that a Christian should have. Fortunately it takes only a mole-hill of faith to erect a mountain of a miracle, so I keep reaching out, with Carolyn as my model, into a greater and greater faith in God, the Good, as the only power in my life. Faith, after all, is a normal state; only the lack of it is an abnormal state artificially bred into many of us.

The sun is hardly over the horizon when Carolyn jumps on my bed and cries excitedly, "Mommy, let's get up right away!" This is a new day, full of old friendly experiences to be repeated and exciting new ones to be investigated. Her exuberance is a pepper-upper for any dullness in my outlook on a new day (after I once get my eyes open!). That enthusiasm for life

is a characteristic of youth, and no one who has it can be counted old. It is a characteristic which has marked America as the land where the difficult is done today, the impossible tomorrow. It should be a characteristic of real religion, too, for only a deep abiding faith in God can be a foundation to a truly abundant life, and such a life is full of creative activity and unquenchable enthusiasm. Though it would take the patience of six strong men to answer sanely every "why" Carolyn asks, it is that curious delight in every sight and sound that keeps life savory, for young or old.

Yes, I profit greatly when, for a little time, I reverse our customary roles and see her as teacher instead of pupil. By spiritual adaptation of her fearlessness, faith, enthusiasm and joy, I take new spiritual strides, strides which enable me to do my part in this time of challenge. This in an exciting and wonderful time to be alive; it is a time when spiritual values must be foremost if we are to come through chaos and confusion to establish a real "Kingdom of Heaven on earth."—Excuse me, please. Carolyn is jumping up and down, tugging at my arm. "A wiggly worm, a big green wiggly worm!" she is shouting joyously. I must go!

My Mother's Bible Promises

Dorothy Banker

WHEN we were little children, my sister and I thought mother said the most beautiful things—much more beautiful than those said by the mothers of our friends.

It was not until we were older that we understood why. These "beautiful things" were from the Bible. Mother could quote verse upon verse, always applicable to the events of the moment. And she lived by the verses.

Now that she has her "crown of life," these verses come to our thoughts with love from mother in good times and bad. Words of praise and thanksgiving, words of faith and courage. Words as true today as they have been for centuries and will be in years to come. Words of God and about God.

Mornings and evenings our mother gave us her favorite benediction: "The Lord bless thee, and keep thee: The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee: The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace." (Numbers 6, 24-26.) It comes now to our lips as quickly as does "The Lord's Prayer," which she taught us to pray—not just say—daily.

Whenever we left the house, be it for school, work or play, for long time or short, our mother said, "The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy coming in, from this time forth, and even for evermore." (Psalm 121, 8.) If our going out might involve hazard or possible trouble, she would add, "I will go before thee, and make the crooked places straight." (Isaiah 45, 2) or "And behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest. . . ." (Genesis 28, 15.) Even when we were little we understood that "I" did not mean our mother.

If we suffered any hurt, physical or otherwise, we were told, ". . . and I will heal thee of thy wounds, saith the Lord." (Jeremiah 30, 17.) And if it seemed we were being treated unfairly, the circumstances were considered and one of two verses was given us: "No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper. . ." (Isaiah 54, 17) or "In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths." (Proverbs 3, 6.) With the latter verse our mother might add that we ourselves had brought about the unfair treatment but usually the proverb was sufficient advice.

Problems that rose from day to day—whether great or small, easily surmounted or apparently conquerable, physical, financial, mental, moral, spiritual—were always met with courage and persistence inspired by words of God and about God.

They varied according to the problem and are to be found in nearly every book of the Bible. A few of those that came most often to our mother's lips were these: "For with God nothing shall be impossible." (Luke 1, 37.) ". . . when I sit in darkness, the Lord shall be a light unto me." (Micah 7, 8.) ". . . be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might." (Ephesians 6, 10.) "God is my strength and power: and he maketh my way perfect." (II Samuel 22, 33.) "Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart: . . ." (Psalm 27, 14.) "He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds." (Psalm 147, 3.) "Acquaint now thyself with him, and be at peace." (Job 22, 21.) ". . . the Father hath not left me alone. . ." (John 8, 29.)

Much of her advice on all manner of things was direct from the Proverbs: "Let not mercy and

truth forsake thee. . ." (3, 3.) "He that trusteth in his riches shall fall. . ." (11, 28.) "In the way of righteousness is life. . ." (12, 28.) "A friend loveth at all times. . ." (17, 17.) "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches. . ." (22, 1.) "He that covereth his sins shall not prosper. . ." (28, 13.) "not lack. . ." (28, 27.) ". . . whoso "He that giveth unto the poor shall putteth his trust in the Lord shall be safe." (29, 25.)

Nor were our mother's sayings and prayers for our family alone. They were for friends and strangers in time of trouble, for our town, our country, our world, and all the people in it. During a drouth anywhere she would say, "Ask ye of the Lord rain in the time of the latter rain; so the Lord shall make bright clouds, and give them showers of rain, to every one grass in the field." (Zechariah 10, 1.) In time of local or world hostilities she recalled the many promises of peace such as: ". . . the Lord will bless his people with peace." (Psalm 29, 11.)

Often, and with implicit faith, she reminded us that the promises to be found in the Bible are for everyone, everywhere, and in every time.



I have never known a thinking man who did not believe in God.

—Robert Millikan

Practice His Presence wherever you may be.
God is supreme in your life.

Claim Your Spiritual Birthright

Grenville Kleiser

IT is your privilege to think God's thoughts after Him. Since He is perfect, His thoughts must be perfect. When you turn to Him in devout prayer you will feel a sense of augmented spiritual power.

Your greatest gift from God is the privilege of sharing His thoughts. See His perfection everywhere, and your mental world will grow gradually brighter.

Let gratitude for your many blessings fill your heart. Gratitude in itself is a healing power.

Today turn your mind to God and think His thoughts after Him. Let Him rule you completely. In trust, gratitude, and loyalty prove worthy of your spiritual birthright.

Rely on God to guide you in all your plans and activities. Trust Him implicitly. Leave everything confidently to Him.

God is Spirit. He is real and all-powerful.

Constantly affirm that God is good. Believe that everything that comes into your life is good. Know that He gives to you just what you acknowledge and accept under His divine law.

When you work in harmony with God's beneficent plan, every

needed thing will be abundantly supplied.

As you pray, concentrate your mind on Him and you will feel the life-renewing quickening of divine spirit.

Train your mind in a steadfast faith that keeps you strong and courageous under all circumstances.

Thank God for your perfect freedom, for your ability to serve Him and your readiness to do His will.

He has given you life to use in loyal service to Him. Claim your spiritual birthright.

Live in the love of God. Radiate his love to others. Know that His love guides and protects you at all times.

Look to Him for everything. He gives you new strength, new courage, new confidence, new energy, new purpose. Surrender all your plans to Him, to be carried out or given up as His providence shall indicate.

In her inspiring book, *God is the Answer*, Dana Gatlin tells us that it requires a valiant spirit of "I trust in God" to fulfill your part.

"It means," she says, "that you must give up completely your mor-

tal doubts and fears, your thoughts of lack and hardship and limitation, and let God be responsible."

Yield yourself wholly to Him. Practice His presence wherever you may be. God is supreme in your life.

Every moment of the day, and in everything you do, know that He is with you.

Keep your mind trustful and hopeful. Be inwardly confident and serene. Consecrate yourself to Him.

God rules justly, supremely, eternally. He is the only Power.

Trust in the Lord, and do good.

Work out your own salvation by unselfish service to others.

Be worthy of your spiritual heritage.



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

Of Clear Horizons published Quarterly at Saint Paul, Minnesota, for October 1, 1948.

State of Minnesota }
County of Ramsey } ss.

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

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Macalester Park Publishing Company, 1571 Grand Ave., Saint Paul 5, Minnesota. Editor, Glenn Clark, 1571 Grand Ave., Saint Paul 5, Minnesota. Managing Editor, Norman K. Elliott, 1571 Grand Ave., Saint Paul 5, Minnesota. Business Manager, Clayton O. Dunham, 1571 Grand Ave., Saint Paul 5, Minnesota.
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5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is _____ (This information is required from daily, weekly, semiweekly, and triweekly newspapers only.)

C. O. Dunham

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

(SEAL)

C. R. Youngren
Notary Public, Ramsey County, Minn.
(My commission expires June 6, 1955.)

Lincoln was a Christian

Lynne Ross

ABRAMHAM Lincoln was a Christian, although he was not, so far as is known, affiliated with a religious denomination.

In a letter written to a very intimate friend fifteen years before he became president, Mr. Lincoln said: "You make a kind of acknowledgment of your obligation to me for your present happiness. The truth is, I am not sure that there was any merit with me in the part I took. * * * I believe God made me one of the instruments of bringing your Fanny and you together, which union I have no doubt he foreordained. What he designs he will do for you. 'Stand still and see the salvation of the Lord,' is my text just now."

In another letter written to the same friend during the dark days of the war, he said that he "was profitably engaged in reading the Bible." How could he have quoted the Bible so readily if he were not very familiar with it?

His second inaugural address contains two quotations from Scripture and reference to another. What one writer calls the "supreme illustration of Lincoln's faith in the hand of God in history is the second inaugural, where Lincoln sees in the sorrow and suffering of the

war the just retribution which God had brought upon both north and south."

Quoting from the speech itself: "Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. * * * Both read the same Bible and pray to the same God, and each invokes his aid against the other. * * * but 'let us judge not, that we be not judged.' The prayers of both could not be answered. That of neither has been answered fully. The Almighty has His own purpose. 'Woe unto the world because of offenses, for it must needs be that offenses come; but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh.' (Matt. 18:7.) * * * Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may soon pass away. Yet if God wills that it continue * * * so still it must be said that 'the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.' (Ps. 19:9.) * * *

"With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and orphans, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and last-

ing peace among ourselves and with all nations."

When Lincoln left Springfield to go to Washington to take up his duties as president of the United States, he made a little address to his fellow townsmen, who assembled to see him off, in which he said: "Without assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended him (Washington) I can not succeed. With that assistance I cannot fail. To His care commending you, as I hope in your prayers, you will commend me, I bid an affectionate farewell."

Three years later, a committee of colored people from Baltimore called upon the president, and presented him with a Bible. In accepting the gift, he said: "In regard to this great book, I have but to say, it is the best gift God has given to man. All the good Saviour gave to the world was communicated through this book. But for it we would not know right from wrong. All things most desirable for man's welfare, here and hereafter, are to be found portrayed in it."

The Rev. Clarence Edward Macartney, D.D., in an article in a large city newspaper, said: "Lincoln once asked a lady connected with the Christian Commission, and of whose Christian character he had formed a very high opinion, to give him her views of what constituted a true Christian. She said that in her opinion it consisted of a con-

viction of one's own sinfulness and weakness and personal need of a Saviour for strength and support; that views of doctrine would differ, but when one really was brought to feel the need of divine guidance it was satisfactory evidence of his having been born again.

"With great earnestness Lincoln replied: 'If what you have told me is really a correct view of the great subject, I think that I can say with sincerity that I hope I am a Christian. * * *'"

Lincoln's mention of God and His guidance in his writings and speeches shows very definitely where he obtained the strength that enabled him to carry the heavy burdens that fell upon his shoulders,—burdens that were far too heavy for any human being to carry alone.

At one time he said: "I have been driven many times to my knees by the overwhelming conviction that I had nowhere else to go. My own vision and that of all about me seems insufficient for the day. I should be the most presumptuous blockhead upon this footstool, if I for one minute thought that I could discharge the duties which have come upon me since I have been in this place, without the aid and enlightenment of One who is wiser and stronger than all others."

On another occasion he said: "I am confident that the Almighty has his plans and will work them out.

I have always taken counsel of Him and referred to Him my plans and never have adopted any course of proceeding without being assured, as far as could be, of His approbation."

The Rev. W. Rufus Rings, who was pastor of a church in Rockport, Indiana, where Lincoln's boyhood was spent, has this to say:

"It is my opinion that Lincoln never became a member of any church because he could not understand the principle of narrow denominationalism. His heart was too big to be confined to churchianity.

He did not ridicule nor deride any church, he was the church's best friend, but he was unwilling to restrict his belief in the goodness of God to a denominational Christ. His God was the God of all and not the God of a favored few.

"It is easily seen that Lincoln was a man who lived far in advance of the doctrinal teachings of the churches of his day. * * * His idea of God made him the father of all men, no matter what their race or station."

Abraham Lincoln was a Christian.



The Bells Ring Out

Solveig Paulson Russell

The bells ring out—It's Christmas time,
And joyous anthems sing,
Proclaiming to a weary world
That Christ the Lord is King.

The bells ring out—It's Christmas time,
And all the earth is gay,
Yet filled with awe, remembering
The stable where He lay.

The bells ring out—It's Christmas time,
And now the little Child
Is cradled in each tender heart
Where love dwells, sweet and mild.

☐ A glorified mingling of these customs makes our own a very Merry Christmas.

Christmas Around the World

Lester Kroepel

"THIS day, in the city of David . . ." is the beginning of the greatest story ever told. To celebrate the coming of the universal holiday, each country takes up its individual way to offer Christmas greetings. Swedish people say "God Yul." Italians say "Bono Natale" and Germans say "Freilige Weihnachten."

Whatever way it is said it means "Merry Christmas," a holiday to be celebrated according to custom. To American boys and girls it means lighted, tinsel-trimmed evergreen trees and Sunday School programs. It means getting up as early as possible Christmas morning, December 25th, to unwrap gifts, or opening them with the family the night before.

Yet, there are as many customs as there are countries. Take the Laplanders, in the cold northlands. Here, no trees, gifts or decorations mark the day as a special festival, for the Laplanders live with their herds of reindeer and must travel many miles to the nearest settlement to visit a church on Christmas Eve. The church would be too crowded to allow space for a tree, so the people come to hear the story of the first Christmas. After the

service, the Laplanders feast on reindeer meat for their holiday dinner.

Other countries which have heard the good news of His birth, celebrate differently. Take for example the use of firecrackers in China, or the way a mother in Yugoslavia makes clucking sounds while her children scatter straw and make cheeps like little chickens. In this way they try to make their home as humble as the manger where the baby Jesus was born.

In warm countries where there are no evergreen trees for Christmas decoration, many people use flowers. But let's look back and see how the evergreen tree, a real part of Christmas in many homes today, came into being. It goes back to the days when Martin Luther, who wrote "Away in a Manger," lived.

One Christmas Eve, Martin Luther was walking through the snowy fields and woods near his home when he looked up to the sky and saw stars twinkling brightly through the branches of the fir trees. It brought visions of the first Christmas night to mind, and he could see the Shepherds out under the Eastern stars. He thought of how the heavens had opened and

how the Angels filled the world with their song of the coming of the Lord.

At home when he tried to tell his family what he had seen and how he felt, words failed him. He went out again into the night and came back with a small fir tree. He put lighted candles on the branches so they would resemble the Christmas stars. Each Christmas thereafter, Martin Luther had a candle lighted tree in his Wittenburg, Germany home, and other people followed the example.

Another custom which seems to have spread around the world is the singing of Christmas carols. The first Christmas carols, sung by man, were sung by the Italian friars who gathered around St. Francis, a well-known missionary of Assisi. They made up songs about Christ's birth which were sung with Christmas plays in the years to come.

Even Christmas caroling is different in each country. In southern Russia, carolers carry paper stars from house to house as they sing. In other countries, people form a procession, singing as they swing their lanterns and torches and go thus to church for a service. Often this service is held at midnight or in the early morning hours. Even though many of the carolers are not Christians, they believe in keeping Christmas anyway.

The Chinese people sing carols in their oriental way. In the soft light of Chinese lanterns, they dance to mandolin music and go from place to place singing songs of the holy night.

Shepherds in Italy go from place to place, several days before Christmas and ask: "Is Christmas to be kept here?" If the answer is "yes" the shepherds leave a wooden spoon at the house and return later with their bagpipes and play Christmas hymns.

Our southern neighbors have an unusual and interesting Christmas custom. The boys and girls there don't know our kind of Christmas. In Mexico they have no Christmas tree and nothing is decorated, yet Christmas is celebrated. Shepherds, dressed in everyday clothes, go from house to house a week or two before Christmas and perform *Pastores*, which are little pageants of the story of the shepherds.

Aside from these pageants, each family has *posadas* for nine days before Christmas Eve. They sing hymns and depict the wanderings of Joseph and Mary as they looked for shelter before the birth of Christ. They find a place at last on Christmas Eve.

A glorified mingling of these customs of many lands and many peoples, makes our own a very Merry Christmas.

☐ In the spiritual life there are no blueprints, but here are some principles and pointers to experiment with.

How to Start a Prayer Cell

Allan Hunter

THERE are people—granted—who can run long distance, against the clock all by themselves. You and I are not so heroic. Without the encouragement and challenge of team-mates, we go slack or fanatical. Within the magnetic field called a cell we can keep a lively sense of direction, concern for other people, and drive that does not peter out.

Five hundred years before our era, Buddha apparently discovered the great value of the intensive disciplined small group. Look at what Jesus did through eleven or twelve young men! The explosions of the leaven that started in that athletic comradeship are *still* a significant chain-reaction—about the only one that offers any hope for our world.

How do you get a cell going? The main point is the desire. As Jesus pointed out, you are to be congratulated if you are aware of your desperate need. Where you work, or on your campus is somebody else with the same hunger as that which burns in your bones. You don't have to have a Geiger counter to find him. People who care have their trustworthy ways

of locating one another. At the beginning, two are enough for a cell. If it is alive, others will be drawn in naturally.

Find a place where you won't be interrupted or stared at: an automobile, a room with a grate fire. Who knows? There might even be a church with an available prayer room!

In the spiritual life are no blueprints, but here are some principles and pointers to experiment with:

Each day each one can think of the other members as in the light or agape of God, and as living up to it. But why be highbrow? *Love* is a good enough word. To the degree that it's real, it is also light.

You can't show respect for a fellow member of a group without being honest with him, and you don't dare be frank unless you will the best for him. Therefore, there has to be some give-and-take of personal experience—even childhood experience. The general rule, however, is to "show your deep wound only to the physician." The confession that becomes exhibitionism is out. But that, certainly, should not prevent the realization—through talking certain things

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over—that the other fellow has the same problem. To your great relief, you find you are neither unique nor alone.

There must be expression in practical social concerns. In one church, the cell that prays hardest also packs the most boxes for the “adopted” community in Germany. Some of the half hour or two or three hours together can be used in planning action with reference to restrictive covenants; getting a better relationship with Russians; resisting the war method with more of the force that Jesus used. . . . *But a cell is not a discussion group.* The moment Debate lifts his voice, Truth quietly puts on her hat and is on her way out.

Nobody, these days, has the last word about the nature or effectiveness of what we glibly call prayer. To Gandhi it was the longing of the heart. Whatever it will finally prove to be, the supreme purpose of the cell is to explore the meaning and to develop the relationship with the unseen that prayer at its best involves. It is not enough, Brother, to say complacently as you fall into bed, “Now I lay me.” Prayer is something *more* than repeating the word “I.”

It won't hurt your cell to grapple with Baker's *Holy Wisdom* or

Leen's *Progress Through Mental Prayer*. But—maybe it would! At the minimum, each member can carry around, and occasionally glance at a sentence in *The Practice of the Presence of God* (5 cents) by the barefoot cook—who was probably wounded in the Thirty Years War, but learned to do everything increasingly for one reason; simple hearted love for God.

Three or ten or twenty minutes could well be spent in silent listening. A vacuum? Anything but! In contrast to “the thing-filled emptiness” of a lot of life, such moments together or alone can be flooded with the realization of total significance, fellowship, aliveness, and sometimes sheer joy.

Don't be discouraged if the headlines are just the same the next day. You can't be in a cell and fulfill the conditions which your teammates will work out in new ways, without having *something* terribly significant come out of the cooperation. Not just flashes of unexpected insight—that will happen at practically every meeting. But something more important, which is far more personal than you guessed—the sense of belonging, of being made not for time, but for that which is beyond time.



Always throw out bridges of faith to overcome difficulties.

—Glenn Harding

Progress is possible if we bring out the quality side of those who must make the great decisions of the world.

Pray For Congressmen

Frank Olmstead

Writing letters to Congressmen and seeing them must be more effective than we usually make it or we will not stop World War III. Members of Congress in a lobbying crisis become familiar with every argument and often are thrown on the defensive by the arguers. A skillful approach can help,—such as reminding them that they have the biggest responsibility ever carried by a body of men in history, and asking how we can help,—but if all we aim at is their minds we will fail.

We all know that each of us is both a Dr. Jekyll and a Mr. Hyde. Scratch the skin and you find a savage, but dig a little deeper and you find a son of God. So with men in government. It is in them to play the cheap politician and it is just as surely in them to become citizens of the world, feeling brotherhood with all men, and following with assurance the principles which spring therefrom. We make our decisions in harmony with the self that is on top.

The recent Draft Act is an example. A majority of Congress were convinced that the bill was neither necessary nor desirable, but the country had been stirred, and to vote against the act was thought to be political suicide. They voted to save their own skins, and yet we all know that there is not a man among them who was not capable of rising joyously to the level of world concern.

Progress is possible as we bring out the quality side of those who must make the great decisions for the world. This can be our aim in every letter and interview. We can remind them that we must implement in law the great principles that lie at the foundations of life and religion,—justice, mercy, goodwill and peace. But such educational efforts will not move fast enough. We need a way of working which will be to service as radio is to communication and atomic energy can be to production.

There is such a power. It is hidden in the area of activity which we call prayer. The most important job before us is to release it.

While I see education and political action as needful, and know that for some persons that is the task of the moment, I feel that it is necessary to put first this added method without which the older methods will fail because they move too slowly.

Recently I read Dr. Rhine's *Reach of the Mind*, outlining the ESP results. He demonstrates that human life in specific ways is beginning to cross the border and touch the spaceless, timeless world beyond our five

senses. Religious development represents a parallel movement involving our fuller personalities. By conscious effort we can release life that claims a degree of freedom in a world of more dimensions, and thus becomes infinitely more powerful, and more capable of serving a like life in those around us.

It is as if we take a new step upward in growth, and in our new capacity to live, we are actually sons of God with at least a small share in the use of the creative love-energy which has shaped the world. A directing wisdom also seems to plan events better than our time-bound minds alone can ever do.

I believe that as we set our wills and devote time and energy to it, we become a part of a more-dimensional self, of a super-personality, who is to us as we are to cells in our body. All life seems to have mounted that way, the individual losing its life and finding liberty—as du Nouy calls it,—in a new family grouping. The electrons unite to make atoms, then atoms to molecules, to cells, to us. Should we not expect above us a new step to a larger social entity, which is a citizen of the more dimensional world and uses the immense freedom so obviously there?

This concept is a relief to me because it leaves God free from the direct responsibility for answering our prayers. His loving thought has planned the whole thing and left it open to all. Through prayer which is enlargement of life we gain access to the superior wisdom and power of our next-dimensional self, just as each cell in our body gets the benefit of our personal judgment and abilities. When prayer springs from a self enlarged through divine love, the answer is a predictable result akin to the digestion of our dinner. Both are miracles, and both are accomplished in the same general way, under the great law of love.

Wherever we try this kind of prayer we get results. It heals the sick,—all sickness is because growth has stopped,—the bodies and minds and spirits of our friends and associates. The demonstration which we get in these more intimate and easier areas gives us courage to pray in like fashion for the members of Congress and the Politburo. For anyone who knows this high voltage service, the chief business of life becomes its promotion.

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□ The attitude of Jesus toward disease is a study.

The Healing Faith of Jesus

Joseph Fort Newton

JESUS was not only a teacher of the Truth that makes all other truth true. He was a Healer of the broken bodies and minds of men.

It was in vain that He told those whom He healed to keep quiet about it. So often He said, "Tell no man." He might as well have asked a rabbit to carry a head of lettuce to town. The news spread like wild fire.

And there gathered about Him the lame, the halt, the blind, the leper, the sick of soul, the palsied of will, the demon-haunted, seeking His healing touch, His word telling them that the impossible is true.

How lovely are the scenes in the Gospels when the swift and merciful hands of the Healer are busy, giving health and hope. At eventide, at the city gate, they crowded about Him, a weary, infirm, forlorn company whom life had disfigured and defeated, and He healed them in the twilight.

He could not help it. The sight of human suffering moved Him to compassion, as it does us, making us wish for the skill to heal. "He went about doing good," only good,

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to everybody, in every way, which meant giving sight to the blind, wholeness to lepers, and health and hope to all.

Yet the attitude of Jesus toward disease is a study. He assumed almost to resent its presence as an intruder, a usurper, a thing that had no right to be. At the moment He was calling Lazarus back to life, He "groaned within Himself." It is the word used to describe the anger of a camel.

Why was Jesus angry at disease and suffering, even while He healed? Was it because He knew that sickness is never the will of God in the sense of being His intention? If illness were the will of God, then healing it would be fighting the will of God—an idea that does not make sense.

Anyway, Jesus did not argue the matter. He did not solve the mystery of evil and suffering in life. He did something better—He showed us how to overcome it. By facing the worst He found the best, and it was the best that He gave us in His words of truth and His works of mercy.

How did Jesus heal? If I fall ill, or suffer injury, I am taken to a

hospital. Tests are made, and after days of discomfort I am cured. The skill of science has wrought its wonder, aided by the mysterious power of recovery in the body, and its strategies of self-healing. But it takes time, days, often weeks.

Not so the healings of Jesus. He healed people instantly and completely, on the spot. He had no hospital, used no medicine, employed no nurse. The speed of His healing was amazing. Swiftly, by a word, a touch of His hand, people were made whole. Disease fled before Him, rebuked.

How did He do it? Over and over again, like a refrain, we hear His saying, "Thy faith hath made thee whole." In other words, He did it by using a power in man of which man seems unaware, or does not know how to use. "Soul-force," Gandhi describes it, which Jesus knew how to evoke and employ.

"He knew what is in man," we are told. Hidden in the soul of man, inhibited by fear and unbelief, unused and even unknown, Jesus found something like radium, only more amazing. He called it *faith*—it is the keyword of His life, and the secret of his benign and gracious ministry.

This power of faith, He said, is more than belief, more than assent to a creed. It is a law of God in the soul, which if we dare to obey and use it, does impossible things. Even a tiny grain of it, like a mustard

seed, can remove mountains and cast them into the sea. It is irresistible.

The Alps were once a barrier between people. Now we fly over them, tunnel under them, and radio waves pass through them. They have been conquered, removed. So it is in the moral and spiritual world, said Jesus. His glowing personality had power to bring out the power to transcend illness and evil.

Three hundred years ago Thomas Goodwin said, "Jesus was the greatest believer that ever lived." To the frail faith of men, He added his mighty, all conquering faith in God and man, and wrought His healings of body and soul. We begin our healing with the body; Jesus began with the soul.

When a boy was brought back to Him with the palsy, the room was too crowded for them to get in. They took up the flat roof and let him down before Jesus. See their faith; He used the faith of others to heal the boy. "Laddie, thy sins are forgiven thee"—his friends were thinking of his legs!

Yes, there is a power in God and in the soul of man which, if we learn how to use it, as Jesus knew—and which He will teach us if we let Him—enables us to endure and triumph over the ills of body and soul. There is balm, too, for the deep stabs of love and death and loneliness.

☐ We did plough a path that from this time forth shall always be open to us.

Observations From Our European Spiritual Odyssey

Glenn Clark

WELL, at last the Spiritual Odyssey to Europe has been held. Prayer preceded it, prayer accompanied it, and now the biggest opportunity of all lies ahead of us to keep sending abundance of prayer in the wake of it. For we did plough a path that from this time forth shall always be open to us.

There were forty-two of us from seventeen states of the Union. We crossed the ocean in two vessels, the *Nieuw Amsterdam* and the *Mauretania*. We met remarkable people, and drew many of them into our spiritual meetings which we held every day.

We were all thrilled to see the green slopes of Ireland, but saddened when we landed at LeHavre, France, to find much of the city in ruins, bombed and shelled by the Allies on D-day. This was a pathetic waste as the Germans had not even been in the town.

In Paris we saw great portraits in the Louvre, but were more impressed with the living portraits of hungry people in the streets; we saw the magnificent tomb of Napoleon, the killer of men, but our thoughts strayed off to the simple

tomb of Pasteur, the saviour of men; we saw hundreds of fountains flowing at Versailles, but were more impressed with the fountains of yearning in the hearts of men.

In pagan France where there are 1,000,000 Protestants and 8,000,000 Catholics and all the rest indifferent or atheists, we found the most vital Protestant group was the CIMADE which was doing a work very similar to the American Friends Service Committee. Our richest contact with that movement was Elizabeth Perdriset who heroically worked with the underground during the war saving many lives, and is now saving both lives and souls working among displaced persons. We had the privilege of breaking bread with a large group of these displaced persons in a hostel where she presides just outside of Paris. The seating was so arranged at the table that each member of our party sat between two displaced persons. Here we learned the stories in broken English of evacuees from Hungary, Germany, Rumania, Spain and many other bordering countries. Later I gave them our message from America, a French interpreter at my left and a German at my

right translating it into the language they could understand.

By train to southern France where we found ourselves transported back into history, for guides took us to the French "Vatican" where the Popes lived for over 100 years. We went down the narrow winding streets until we came to the great square of the city and overlooking the square was the Pope's cathedral, built like a fortress. From Avignon we journeyed to Nice and Monte Carlo, where we saw the fabulous gambling casino. Down the Mediterranean we passed the lovely French Riviera and on to the Italian Riviera where we burst upon beves of children bathing in the Sea. Their parents had come down with them to spend a happy holiday. Nuns watched over their broods of orphan children playing in the surf. All seemed happy away from the problems we were to find which hung over them—unemployment, communism and even hunger.

A twin problem we came across in Italy was lack of industry and resulting unemployment and large families which makes it doubly hard for the people and makes them more dependent on the U. S. Throughout Italy and Switzerland we went by motor bus which was ideal.

Wherever we went in Europe we found the great art galleries and cathedrals exuded beauty and majesty but not the spiritual life and

power that we felt in the hill towns of Siena and Assisi, still contagious with the spirit of St. Francis and St. Catherine of Siena, which seemed to catch us up in a celestial light. In the secret chapel of St. Catherine of Siena, we forty-two bowed our heads in reverent prayer. When our little party stood on the high hill of Assisi and looked over the vast landscape before us that had often filled the eyes of St. Francis, I asked Walter Fiscus to read the prayer of St. Francis and then I sent up a little prayer that really reached heaven. As we descended the hill the scholarly Roman Catholic guide said, "In all the years that I have conducted parties to this shrine this is the first time that any group, Catholic or Protestant, ever offered a prayer. I never knew before that Americans were interested in spiritual things. And it thrilled me to the heart to hear a Protestant group pray at this shrine."

In Rome we found the people starving for meat, though fruit was plentiful. We found that with our American dollars we could get more than enough food and realized that our dollars were almost the only stable money Italy was getting for they have nothing to export. A dentist we met, interested in the teeth of people, told us he had found that many had very poor teeth and that they could not afford to care for them, except in England where they have socialized medicine. We

drove down the ancient Appian Way recapturing the spirit of the Romans as we went to the Catacombs. Down inside them we found the meeting places of the early Christians hung with electric lights for us pampered moderns. Inside were tombs and walls covered with carvings left from the days of Paul. The piles of skulls and bones which I had expected to find did not exist and instead orderly tombs. At the great Coliseum, now partially in ruins we were amazed to learn that it is still used for youth meetings and the young people still use the ancient seats. The great St. Peter's Church was awe-inspiring but too large we felt to be artistic. In the Sistine Chapel of the Vatican we saw Michaelangelo's paintings and the famous Swiss guards. The Pope was at his summer home.

Having derived inspiration from these shrines of the ancient church, we found ourselves contacting everywhere the inspired beginnings of the great Protestant Movement. Over three hundred years before Luther, a man named Peter Waldo in Italy was put upon by God to share with his fellow Christians his discovery that the reading of the Bible was a marvelous strengthener of the spiritual life. As this was not approved by the Pope, Waldo started the first authentic Protestant movement in history. It is still flourishing in Italy, with a church in Chicago and New York in the U. S. A. In the American Church

in Rome, as guests of the brilliant young Episcopalian rector, Rev. Duggins, we listened to Pastor Castiglione of the Waldensian Church tell the story of his brotherhood. The same evening the outstanding evangelist in Italy, Stephen L. Testa, who had acted as interpreter of Pastor Castiglione, told how he had converted scores of Catholic priests to Protestantism.

In Florence we visited the Waldensian Church where Mrs. Dalton Miller gave a chalk talk illustrating the hymn "The Old Rugged Cross" while we sang it. We were happy to hear as we sang in English, the Italian Waldensians sing the same song in their beautiful liquid language, two tongues blending in the same celestial harmony. A Waldensian minister and I gave talks which were interpreted in the others' language. By the bridge in Florence where Dante met Beatrice, we conversed with a fine young Italian man. We found he was one of the many unemployed. He had been an interpreter for the Americans and when they left he was without a job. His father supported him with what he made as a fruit peddler. He told us that half of the young men were out of work. He felt that the rich were the only ones who benefited by the U. S. aid. We asked him what it was that had made the Italians vote against Communism in the May elections. He said that the Cardinal of Milan had told the people that any-

one who voted for communism would be excommunicated and doomed by the church. The men wanted to vote communism but the women didn't want their men to be doomed to hell so they persuaded their men to vote against communism. Also there was the fear that the U. S. would cut off all aid. But now they do not feel they are getting much aid and unless justice is done for the poor, Italy may go Communistic before long. Of the European countries, only Italy and France did not seem to be working hard. They seemed demoralized and Communism looms over them. The U. S. seems to be backing decadent groups that have no vitality and which are on the opposite side from those we were allied with in the war. If only we in the U. S. can get over the fear of that word *socialism*, for in Europe it seems to be the only *sure* preventive of Communism.

Traveling by motor coach through Italy and Switzerland, we saw the most beautiful landscapes of Europe, every inch cultivated with infinite care, and spread out in beauty.

We entered Brussels with all its flags flying and every street decorated as though in our honor. When we were told it was the fourth anniversary of its liberation from the Nazis, we sent up a prayer for the liberation of all Europe from the tyranny of hate, greed and fear.

Arriving in Amsterdam in time

for the inauguration of a new queen, Juliana, we prayed for the coronation of Jesus Christ as ruler of all Europe. We found the greatest bitterness in all Europe against the Nazis in Holland, but on the other hand, we found the greatest industry and frugality there also. In spite of the fact that the sea had covered most of their land and all their cattle had been taken by the Nazis, already three-fourths of their herds have been replaced, and in two more years they hope to have all their industries back to normal again.

Splendid crops all over Europe give hope for next year. If the human race would only behave, what a good world we should have! At Amsterdam our official Camp Farthest Out delegate to the World Council of Churches, Roy Hendrick, gave us an inspiring report of the meetings. Never in history has the church risen so far above all political and national lines as to be able, as this group has, to denounce with equal vigor the sins of Communism and of *laissez faire* capitalism. Roy ended his remarkable summary to us with a reading of the final address of Bishop Bergaev of Norway which summarized and beautifully expressed the heart and soul of the entire convention. This address will be found on another page of this issue. I recommend that you bring it to the attention of your local minister with the suggestion that he bring it be-

fore his congregation in an early sermon.

Our last day on the continent of Europe we drove to the great Peace Palace at the Hague. It was not the hour for visitors, but they opened it especially for us and a group of Danes arrived just as we were entering.

Here in the great Hall of Justice we gazed at four immense stained glass windows given by England. One presented the picture of the world in ancient times, one the world in medieval times, one in modern times, and the fourth presented a vision of the world of the future, a world at peace, a perfect replica of a picture we had been carrying in our hearts. The first three pictures were on one wall and the fourth was on a wall at right angles as though it required a new dimension of thinking which we and those who believe in prayer are bringing into the world.

On the grand staircase halfway up where it divides in two flights of stairs to the right and left, which in turn swing back and up to the second floor level, I paused before a statue of the figure of Justice with her blindfold gone and her sword tossed away, a gift that the United States had presented to the Palace. Then I turned about and beheld on the second floor above me and before me a replica of Christ of the Andes, the figure that has kept peace between two great nations. Our band

had gathered on the stairway to my right and the Danes on the stairway to my left. I asked them to pause; and then I inquired of the Danes if they had someone who would be willing to give a prayer. A volunteer immediately stepped forward and took his stand beside me. There we sent up a prayer first in English and then in Danish for the peace of the world. I should like to close this with both of these prayers, but as I cannot reproduce his Danish, I shall have to let my prayer do for both:

"Dear Father, with Justice behind me and Christ before and above me, with Europe on the left of me and America on the right of me, I here offer a prayer in which I am sure all continents join us, that Justice shall lose her blindness and shall administer her decisions in Love and no longer in hate, making the path clear for Christ to take complete charge of all the nations. Let it become at last a reality for all the world, the song that announced the birth of the baby Jesus, Peace on earth, goodwill to men."

When the Dane finished his prayer, he turned and took my hand and said in English, "All through the war people of my country were praying that you Americans would come some day and liberate us from our captors. We feel that your band of praying people are doing that now in the most real way of all."

☐ My undelivered child brought greatness to my thoughts—
love, unselfishness, joy.

The New Religious Outlook During Pregnancy

Marjorie Jones

HAVING spent several years in nursing, I was thoroughly familiar with all the symptoms—or so I thought. Actually, I knew only of nausea and dizziness, aches and pains—the ailments and their cures; nothing of the mental and spiritual changes.

However, we of the nursing profession never really expect to be patients, and finding myself as one, I was amazed. My first thought was: "This can't happen to me."

That was how I reacted when I became conscious of this NEW-COMER! I was a patient, no longer the nurse, and I simply could not believe it. Yet even as I doubted, I could feel a change run through me—physically and mentally. It was as if a magical wand had been waved, and I was suddenly different.

From the first I was awed by it, and felt again the wonder of a child with a new discovery. My disposition altered overnight, and all the world was more interesting and alive than before. Still I doubted. Could this be myself?

Yet I could not deny the influence of my unborn son. It was con-

stant and powerful, and the realization of that power seemed even more impossible than his presence. How could a being without personality change a life with such rapidity? My whole world had moved its position and now revolved around a new axis—this new creation. This nonentity (for so he seemed) had replaced all other thoughts.

How could this unfelt creature be loved while still unknowing? Yet there it was. He was loved and wanted, and at some time I had lost my doubts and fully stepped into the role of patient. Symptoms, cures and resolutions were quite forgotten, for I was looking from the *other side* of the medical world.

My undelivered child brought me great joy, and in it was written a lesson or two, which I should like to record so that I may never forget. I had love for all people through my love for him. He brought greatness to my thoughts—love, unselfishness, joy.

Perhaps it is not strange that my thoughts of him were intermingled with thoughts of God. He was a part of God as we all are, but I could recognize it more clearly in

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him. Through my training, I was familiar with my son's intricacies while still microscopic, yet I doubted his being because I could not know him with my five senses.

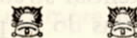
This all seems to me like God—my lack of belief because physically I had no vision, the accompanying joy the presence brought, the love for all humanity through love for him.

Since I have taken an active part in the miracle of new life, I have a clearer vision of God. Strange is

the coalescent feelings that remain within me. Having participated intimately in creation, I feel a new importance and usefulness, and yet I am possessed by a new humility.

Importance and humility. Impossible combination? There are two words I am learning to discard from my vocabulary: "impossible" and "doubt."

I am ready to trust in the unfelt, believe in the unseen, and listen to the unheard. In many ways, new life has sprung from old.



The Light

Margaret Banks Lowry

Angels singing sweet and clear
Songs of glory, joy and cheer
Sleeping through the silent night
Little Jesus brings the light.

Star that leads the wise men near
Shepherds find the voice they hear
Wrapped in cloth of gleaming white
Little Jesus gives the light.

Christ the Savior now is here
Bringing day and love more dear
Waken world, the sun is bright
Little Jesus is the light.

Thoughts Farthest Out

WORLD PEACE BEGINS WITH YOU

Go therefore and make disciples of all the nations. . . And remember I am with you always, day by day, until the Close of the Age.
—Matthew 28:19-30 (Weymouth)

THE bickering of nations that only a few years ago were calling each other "friend," the blundering attempts to smooth over the pitfalls of world problems, have brought the fear of war closer and closer.

The powerful means that nations use to serve their propaganda makes the attempts of religious groups seem pitiful. Mass meetings are organized, crippling strikes are called, the airways are packed with competing messages, and the screen and theater too often are spreading political propaganda in disguise.

"Why don't the churches get together?" asked a lady in an irritated voice. "The potential strength of the churches could do the same thing that nations do in propaganda. We are not only disorganized, but we are letting the world go by default."

While it is true that churches ought to be more unified, that they ought to show a common front against the evils of the world, and that some steps are being taken toward that end, nevertheless, Christianity is not a "mass movement."

You cannot *legislate* Christianity. Rules, laws and rituals may be imposed that are supposedly Christian, but the minute they are *imposed* they cease to be Christian. You cannot "convert" masses, populations and nations. You can convert one person, and he another, and he another. It is a personal experience that means a change in heart; a spiritual rebirth.

Some may throw up their hands in despair and conclude that the situation is hopeless. It is not. It would not take long to change the world if every Christian were the instrument for bringing another to spiritual rebirth. Dr. Frank Laubach's phenomenal success in Christianity literacy throughout the world is based on the firm Christian foundation of "each one teach one." It works!

Christianity—World Peace—begin with *you*. The spiritual rebirth of each individual in this world, begins with *you*. What it means and how to proceed is admirably described in Glenn Clark's *Fishers of Men*. Let's start now.
Read: *Fishers of Men* by Glenn Clark.

HOW TO CONQUER FEAR

For God hath not given us the spirit of fear; but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind. 2 Timothy 1:7.

"**T**HROW open the windows of your soul," said a wise old minister to a young lady whose fears had made living a torture rather than a joy.

Do you know what it means to throw open the windows of your soul? Have you ever walked into a room where the doors and windows had been closed for any length of time? It smells dead, humid; what is there may exist but no one would say it is *living*. It is cut off from life, decaying and lonely.

A human life can be the same as a closed room. It can not only be closed, but the shades drawn over the windows so there is only darkness in a world of light. This human life is musty with old fears; it is humid with hidden angers; and it can be rotting with confusions, lack of direction, and the absence of purpose. Such a life (and remember this) is not a Christian life. Not really. If Christ lives in the heart, the "joy that was in Christ" is inevitable. You can no more hide it than a New Yorker can hide Rockefeller Center.

Throwing open the windows of the soul means first of all the doing away with skepticism. It may not be easy, but begin by *knowing* that you know nothing. Step out on faith.

Blow out the stale air of your life by forgiving anyone or anything that has caused you resentment. Do it *now*, because you will never find release until you do, and doing it now will save you days and months or years of unhappiness.

Take the black shades from the eyes of your soul and *know* that you are this very instant living in Eternity—Eternity without a past or a future, without a higher or a lower, *The Eternal Now*. *Collaborating with Eternity*, Glenn Clark's latest booklet, treats living in the Eternal Now in a wonderfully inspiring manner.

You are only a traveler through this world. Your real home and country is heaven. Prepare for the riches of spiritual maturity by daily prayer periods, devotional reading, "playing the game with minutes" with Christ all day long, helping everyone and anyone, and by thanking God for the sunset, the white snow, the food you eat, the clothes you wear, and the oil that heats your home, for—*for EVERYTHING*.

Throw open the windows of your soul and *live*.

Read: *The Conquest of Fear* by Basil King.

THE RELIGIOUS CLIMATE OF YOUR HOME

Jesus however said, "Let the little children come to me, and do not hinder them . . ." So He laid His hands upon them and went away. Matthew 19:14-15 (Weymouth).

DID you ever stop to consider the religious environment of your home? A little planning will make it easier for your children to claim their spiritual birthright.

Do not leave "religion" until they are old enough to understand it. If we waited until we were able to understand it fully, we would still be worshipping trees and the wind. Christianity is more *caught* than it is understood.

A little boy of two years when told that God was inside everyone, said that there must be a "door" for Him to go in and out when He wanted. Lots of room here for a little talk, isn't there?

The faith of children is marvelous. A little girl of five was suffering from a severe cold. She was terribly uncomfortable. When she lay down her nostrils closed and breathing was a struggle. However, she had been taught faith. After some talk and a prayer by both her and her parents, she was left in her bed. Fifteen minutes later her father went to look at her. She was asleep, and *breathing through her nose*.

A minister celebrates The Lord's Supper everyday with his family. They eat ordinary soda crackers with a glass of water in an atmosphere of reverence. The children are under ten years of age. It is a lovely act bringing the sacred into the kitchen.

Is religion something apart from the other activities of your home? In order to pray does one have to kneel, bow the head, or do anything out of the ordinary? Try praying with the eyes of the family circle wide open. You might be surprised what this means. It means that in a short time looking at a radiator, a table, a person, a tree through the window, or hearing a car engine can become as religiously "normal" as the "closed eyes" method. The world does not become something separate from religion.

A little thinking about what you can do to make the environment of your home better suited to the development of a Christian character is your personal responsibility to your God.

Read: *The Family Lives Its Religion* by Regina Westcott.

Books of Interest

Norman K. Elliott

THE AFRICA OF ALBERT SCHWEITZER, Charles R. Joy & Melvin Arnold. Harper-Beacon, \$3.75. This will likely be the last book about Schweitzer. In 1949 he will leave Africa after 40 years' service as a disciple of Jesus of Nazareth. This book is a picture-text volume that fills a need not met by other books about him. You can get much from the pictures and captions alone; or, the text is complete in itself. Excellent photographs provide the subjects for the narrative. No other book so vividly gives you a picture of what Schweitzer is doing in Africa. You actually see him at work in the garden and the operating room, read his conversations, see his workmen and patients, and sit in on him evenings as he tells his plans and reflects on the past. The last chapter is an original essay written by Schweitzer on our obligations to the people of Africa. If you are at all a fan of Schweitzer, you will want it.

COLLABORATING WITH ETERNITY, Glenn Clark. Macalester Park, \$.35—3 for \$1.00. This thrilling little booklet tells us "how to crash the barriers of Time and Space and live in the Eternal Now." To those who know Glenn Clark, here is his message at its best and most inspiring level. The purpose of overcoming Time and Space is to "turn people to God." By being able to foresee the future, we can avoid destruction. The personal message is one which can revolutionize the life of each reader.

THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE SAINTS, compiled by Thomas S. Kepler. Abingdon-Cokesbury, \$7.50. This large book represents 137 men and women from the history of Christianity who may be called "saints." The book is remarkable. A glance at the book is enough to convince you that here is a gold mine of something you have been wanting. From a

sustained reading you get the feeling of the beautiful history of the "Inner Light" which has sustained the church. Selections are preceded by sharp biographical sketches of the author. The selections cover the periods from Clement of Rome (40 A.D.?) to the present. There are 800 closely packed pages in the book. It is worth the price. It is the sort of book that those who own will read from time to time for years to come. The only substitute is to plow through a library of books.

THE CONQUEST OF FEAR, Basil King. Doubleday, \$2.50. This is a new edition of a vital book that has been long out of print. There is an introduction by Henry C. Link. The book springs from the experience of the author, and the conquest of fear is his own personal conquest of fear. However, his experience is so similar to everyone's that "his way out" has become the way out for thousands of people. The foundation of his message is that the banishment of fear is impossible without God. The God which he unfolds to us is a God so interested in us, so lovely, so close, so helpful that many will not recognize Him because of the traditions that blind us. I got much from rereading this favorite.

THE WESTMINSTER STUDY EDITION OF THE HOLY BIBLE. Westminster, \$10.00. I do not know of what anyone could do to make the Bible more understandable than these editors have done. First there is an article on "God Has Spoken" which tells how He has spoken and what He has said. It ties together the main themes of the Bible and God-in-history. There is an article on "The History of the Bible." Preceding each book of the Bible is an introductory article that explains the history of the book, the situation out of which it came,

and its message. Between the Old and New Testaments there is an article "Between the Times." There are separate articles on the Old Testament and the New Testament. An unusually complete concordance includes a harmony of the gospels and the missionary journeys. There is a good atlas. Complete footnotes on each page of the Bible explain obsolete words (King James Version is used), names, historical events and relates great ideas from passage to passage. The text is arranged into paragraphs, and poetry is set as poetry. There is really nothing to compare this Bible with. It is a large book, the type is easy to read, there are around 2,000 pages, and it is well bound. The best in modern scholarship has gone into it; the Bible is regarded as most sacred without foisting upon it theologically narrow or unhistorical interpretations.

GANDHI'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY, M. K. Gandhi. Public Affairs Press, \$5.00. This is, in my opinion, one of the greatest biographies of our time. What makes it great is that someone who has come to be revered as something of a "half-god," bares his very inmost thoughts and shows himself to have been so very human, striving for perfection like all of us. The unifying principle in the book is the subtitle, "the story of my experiments with truth." These experiments include the writing of this autobiography and, believe me, he leaves nothing to the imagination regarding his faults, follies, errors and sins. In 640 pages Gandhi takes you along the road that transformed one who was, in many ways, a miserable failure to one who became the spiritual father of millions. While a youth he smoked and ate meat while hiding the fact from his parents, his child marriage nearly ruined both him and his wife, even when admitted to the bar he was too shy and tongue-tied to be able to talk to strangers, his quarrels with his wife and children are not glossed over, his continual search for truth in all religions and from all people is minutely described, the reasons for his rejection of Christianity are given, the emergence of *Satyagraha* (non-cooperation), how he championed the rights of

Indians in South Africa, how India found in him the symbol for freedom, his experiments with diets and fasts, every thought or deed or acquaintance that had significant meaning for Gandhi are recorded here. When you finish this absorbing story you will say, "There is still hope for me."

DOORS INTO LIFE, Douglas V. Steere. Harper, \$2.00. This book of 189 pages consists of five essays on five devotional classics which have been "doors into life" for Douglas Steere. The five classics are *Imitation of Christ*, Francis de Sales' *Introduction to the Devout Life*, Woolman's *Journal*, Kierkegaard's *Purity of Heart*, and von Hugel's *Selected Letters*. Douglas Steere describes the time in history out of which they came, the sort of persons who wrote them, why they were written, what they are about (with sample quotations), how he came to know them, what they have meant to him, and what they can mean to the deepening and enriching of your spiritual health. They can be "doors into life" for all of us.

A CALL TO WHAT IS VITAL, Rufus M. Jones. Macmillan, \$2.00. This is the last book Rufus Jones wrote, and it is one of his best. It is a rare combination of sparkling intelligence and peaceful mysticism. Concerned with the increasing number of people who are leaving the church, or at least not finding what they want in it, because the "facts" of religion do not correspond with the "facts" of science, he decided to do something about it. This call to what is vital is his answer. True religion, he says, must take into consideration Truth from whatever source it may come. Science, on the other hand, in isolation can at best lead to half truths. There is no conflict between religion and science. He goes into the problem of miracles, revelation, Jesus Christ, the dynamics of religion, and the place of prayer. It is not often a book comes along with the two gifts of mysticism and logic, but here is one, and it is good.

FISHERS OF MEN, Glenn Clark. Macalester Park, \$1.25. A new edition of a book in which Glenn Clark shows us how to remake the world by helping others to manifest the Spirit of Christ.

☐ The four points of a Christian witness are included in the one Word, Christ.

The Christian Witness in International Order

Bishop Berggrav

I

THE first and the fundamental Christian Witness in International Order is, that *there is a living God*.

The difference it makes, can be observed if one compares the wording of the famous Declaration of Rights of 1776 with that proposed by the Commission on Human Rights of 1948. The cornerstone document of humanity from 1776 speaks about the Rights of man, *endowed upon him by his Creator*. Quite differently reads article I in the lately proposed Declaration of the United Nations.

"Endowed by the Creator" here has been supplanted by: "endowed by nature." The Creator is dropped, Nature enthroned. There you have the difference.

If the only stronghold of human rights is that they have been endowed upon us by nature, then the human rights are delivered at the mercy of certain human instincts, and of those exploiting them. These instincts and their exploiters will ravage societies and nations. As the only possible liberation from

these forces, the Christian witness sounds: There is a living God! Your responsibility is towards your Creator! This is the Christian challenge, even in international order: Believe in God!

II

Out of this the next Christian witness is born: *The living God has proclaimed His will*. God is law and love in one. Those two can never be separated.

Adopted to political language, the first step must be that all Christian Churches and church-congregations join in this plea to the United Nations: Make it the basic proclamation of all human justice and international law, that we bow before the eternal law of God and pledge ourselves to uphold the rights and duties endowed upon men and nations by our common Creator.

This is the first condition for making one world. But the living God is law *and love*. They can never be separated. And the chief ingredient in love is *sacrifice*. There are only two possibilities before

From an address delivered before The First Assembly of the World Council of Churches, Amsterdam, September 3, 1948, at 8 P.M.

us: make slaves or make sacrifice.

Without sacrifice of selfish dreams, yes, even of some natural rights, there can be no reconciliation, no peace among men. Justice alone is apt to appeal to power. Love cooperating with justice means the will of God and results in goodwill between men.

What then is to be sacrificed in international order? The Church itself is part of international order. The Church will have to sacrifice all sort of prestige and that kind of well-insured position from which to tell all others that they are on the wrong track, while we are the only safe ones. When we speak of the wayward world—we are part of it, its failures are ours.

As far as *nationalism* is contrary to God's love, it must be the Christian witness, that it has so far to be sacrificed. If Christians take this point earnestly, they and their Churches will have to demand of their state-leaders the willingness to sacrifice some parts of national sovereignty.

This points to the most exacting and most extensive of all human sacrifice: the sacrifice of instinctive emotions. It was felt necessary in wartime to whip up such emotions. Now our war practice is taking revenge. Primitive emotions are today dominating mankind more than ever. A leading world paper wrote this year: "Let not our hatred of our foe grow cold." With-

out sacrifice of some popular national emotions, those contrary to God's law as well as to His love, destructive powers will gain ground and conquer mankind's best aspirations. This is the second Christian witness in international order: Bow to God's law and love.

III

This leads us to the third Christian witness: *There is a foe*. We are participants in a drama of life and death. God and mankind have a foe.

This enemy hates unity. He loves to divide, split up. He loves it if there is lowered an iron curtain between Christian Churches. He loves incidents and insults, he is delighted when Churches as well as nations become offended and cultivate such emotions.

The Christian witness is, that there amidst us is a demoniac, a satanic force, very smartly concealed in attractive ideas and aims, sometimes veiled in our highest aspirations.

There exists no incorporation, no incarnation of God's foe, like that of God's Son. He is always in some disguise.

But when the foe of God is speaking or acting through a human being, then this being or his organization in that moment *represents* the foe. The Bible points at any thought, any idea, any ideolo-

gians have to stick to the will of God and the rights endowed upon *gy*, any action inspired and directed by *evil*, and says: There is the foe. The foe of God is operating through men, *only* through men. Those men *are* not the foe, but where they stand for evil they become the *bridge-head* of satanic powers in their fight against God and good.

Where the means of the devil are used, there is the foe. Totalitarian police states are judged, not by their social structure, but by their satanic means. God Himself denounces the methods used by the totalitarian policy states. Christian by *Him*—not by nature.

But some men are bewildering us. On the one side those who speak so attractively of *status quo*. We like it, and the devil likes it. Christ did not like it. "I am come to send fire on the earth."

Other men are talking from quite an opposite point of view. They tell us two things, firstly that history is now in an unprecedented evolution, all normal categories being out of date. Secondly they tell us, that under such circumstances evil must be used as transitory means—to achieve the paradise-society in the coming years.

Very fascinating indeed! Fascinating and satanic. This was made clear to us, when we saw the practice and the results. There are acute situations, where the

Christian witness to a man or a group must be frank: You represent the very foe of God. This is clear when they tell us that all is fluid, all divine laws outdated. Heaven and earth may change, never the order of God. Be calm and cool in such excited times and listen to the eternal law.

It becomes evident that not those who are anti-God are the first-rate enemies, but those who are pro-evil, even if they be veiled like an angel of the light.

Beware of the real foe!

IV

Corresponding with the Christian statement of the foe, it sounds as our fourth Christian witness: *There is a Victory!*

The contrary of Victory is not defeat, but *vacuum*—emptiness, nothing, self-destruction at the end.

We experience today a tremendous human vacuum. On the surface you may find sufficient ideas, -isms and loud criers. But where is faith, where is enthusiasm? Even the Communists are losing faith as they are gaining power.

All of us agree, that, while we won the war, people lost their aims of life.

What then is the Christian witness?

It is this: When God speaks, there is no longer a vacuum. God *has* spoken. What did and what

does God speak? In the act and deed of Christ He centered one fact and gave one clear lead. The signature of it is *solidarity*. Solidarity is God's plan and will and the way towards victory.

First of all: God's solidarity with men.

There can be no de-Christianized world, because even if God was never mentioned, the affair is His. He has declared His solidarity with men even at their lowest. This solidarity did and does cost Him suffering and sacrifice. But along this way, and *not* along the way of human self-assertion and self-demand, victory was and shall forthwith be won.

Solidarity is the principle of God for men to live together. Our task is to create schemes according to this main line. One such scheme seems to be true democracy, but the consequence of it in international order then must be a *federal* order between nations or states. One or two states unduly dominating others will be contrary to solidarity, contrary to God's will. Great powers at the end never proved to be a blessing. The future of inter-

national order—if it shall be a cursed one or a blessed one—depends on how far *mutuality* becomes organized in the world. Man's disorder is due to misuse of power. God's order is realized by the recognition of mutual respect, mutual rights and mutual responsibilities. This is the solidarity which fills the vacuum, revealing the view of victory in front of us.

Distant? How remote was victory in 1940? Nobody knew. But then we all said: However far it may be—never let it out of sight, always think of it, always work for it. Solidarity was felt as already anticipating victory. How much more is this the case now, if we bow under God's solidarity with men and direct all our enthusiasm to the achievement of a future?

These four points of a Christian witness are included in the one Word, Christ. It is He who does assure us

*That there is a living God,
That God is law and love, order
and sacrifice,
That there is a foe,
That there is a victory.*



Life's Battle Ended

Helen M. Wilson

He stepped outside. How beautiful the world!
Strength for tired muscle; ringing laugh for sigh.
He looked down at his cast-off shell, and smiled:
"Dear Christ," he breathed, "to think I feared to die!"

Christmas is so Many Things

Josephine Mathers Cook

THE reaction of many persons, when the word Christmas is mentioned, is not only appalling but unbelievable. Such expressions as I hate Christmas! I wish Christmas never came! and I will be glad when Christmas is over, are heard frequently.

These good people have failed to comprehend the real import of the Christ mass. They have failed to catch the gleam of the Christmas light and the spirit of the divine event.

Let us look deep into the heart of Christmas and find out what it is and why we should welcome and prepare ourselves for this preeminently holy day.

First and foremost, it is the BIRTHDAY OF THE BABE—who was destined to be King of kings, Saviour of the world and Ruler of our lives. And because Wise men brought gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh to him, we also give gifts—first, the gift of ourselves to him and then gifts to each other.

CHRISTMAS IS EVANGELISM—We need "good news" today. The Christmas message, "I am come that you might have life and have it more abundantly," is the answer to the need of our

broken-hearted world. We all crave life and while we cannot give it to our friends we can tell them of Jesus, who can. He is the manifestation of God's love. He is the incarnation of the power and presence of God, the source of life. Christmas is the time for thanking and praising him for this unspeakable gift.

CHRISTMAS IS WORSHIP—Following the example of the shepherds, we kneel in adoration, renewing our vows to our King and pledging our whole-hearted service toward bringing about the realization of his Kingdom here on earth.

CHRISTMAS IS MUSIC—Ever since the angels sang their heavenly message proclaiming the birth of the new born babe, the world has echoed and reechoed with paeans of praise.

CHRISTMAS IS FORGIVING AND FORGETTING—It is the time to say goodbye to hates, jealousies and past grievances. It is the season for good cheer, soft spoken words and laughter. Let us pray that these lovely attributes will possess our hearts and that the unlovely will flee, leaving us feeling happy and contented.

CHRISTMAS IS REMEMBRANCE—Mother bending over the oven, basting the turkey; the Christmas tree at the little country church; father playing Santa Claus, his disguise perfect but his voice strangely familiar and grandma, at the festal board, giving thanks for the blessings of the past year and asking for grace for the new year to come.

CHRISTMAS IS A MULTITUDE OF MATERIAL THINGS—Gift packages, large and small; wrapping paper, gay with Santas, bells and poinsettias; cottages with holly wreaths in the windows; mansions with greens on the doors and Christmas roses, blooming in the snow.

CHRISTMAS IS BOOKS AND STORIES—New books, dressed in brightly colored jackets; old books, such as Dickens' *Christmas Carol*, with its delightful and pathetic little character, Tiny Tim,

shouting out his all inclusive greeting, "God bless us, everyone!"

CHRISTMAS IS SORROW—Yes, death, sickness, accidents and pain, are all a part of this joyful period. God realized this and so he sent us a comforter, one who would help us to have peace within, even in our seasons of suffering.

Yes, Christmas is so many things, but paramount in our hearts and minds at this anniversary time should be the commemoration of the birthday of our spiritual King, who brought to this earth the message of peace and goodwill to all men—black, white, yellow and red.

And the best way to keep Christ's natal day is to observe it throughout the year. Let us make of each day a miniature Christmas, giving the gift of self, proffering smiles galore and extending volumes of love to all whom we meet and then we will be prepared to celebrate the Holy Holiday of Christmas.



Tree of Life

Margaret T. Fisher

Oaks desire,
And elms caress;
Pines aspire,
But fruit trees bless.

Come, sink roots
In Quietness . . .
And bear life fruits
Of righteousness.

☪ "Why that baby isn't mine. He belongs to God."

When We Leave It to God— A Child's Healing

Anonymous

Several years ago, I waited with the heartbroken young parents by the sickbed of a little child.

There was a doctor and nurse in attendance; their grave, intent faces betraying their belief that the end was very near.

The child, normally a beautiful little creature of almost three years, seemed changing before our very eyes. He had been ill less than forty-eight hours, and yet his features had shrunk and sharpened unbelievably, and his once glowing, rosy face was waxen in hue.

"I wonder," I asked myself, "if there is anything in this world more sad and heartbreaking than the death of a little child?"

"It won't be long now," said the doctor to me in a low voice, "can't you get her out of the room?"

I knew that the doctor feared for the sanity of the distraught mother.

"Vera," I said to her, "won't you go to your room, and rest for a while? We can call you any time, if the baby rouses."

"Yes," answered Vera, "I am going to my room, but I'm not going to rest. I'm going to beg God, on my knees, to let us keep our baby. I'm not going to pray," she added, her voice rising to a wail,

"I'm going to beg!" And she fled from the room, a veritable soul in torment.

"Don't follow her," said the doctor, in answer to my unspoken question, "I believe it will be best to leave her alone, but," he added, "I don't know what she'll do when the end comes, when we have to tell her. I wish her mother were here."

As the minutes passed, I told myself that we could at least be thankful that the frail little creature did not struggle, nor fight for its failing breath. It just seemed to be fading out of life before our eyes.

The nurse, her finger upon the baby's pulse, looked up at the doctor. There were tears in her eyes. "It's going," she said.

Neither she nor the doctor protested when the agonized young father swept his little son up in his arms, and pressed his tear-wet cheek against its quiet breast.

They felt that nothing could harm or disturb the little creature now.

Vera had come so quietly that I do not know how long she had been standing in the doorway watching us.

She had been out of the room not

more than half an hour, but in that time, an almost incredible change had been wrought in her.

Her eyes had lost their agonized, frenzied, even maniacal glare, and shone steadfast, clear and serene in her pale, composed face.

Startled and moved beyond the power of speech, we stared at her in utter silence, which she herself, at length, broke.

"Bruce," she said to her husband, her voice firm and calm, "lay the baby down, and let him be."

Then, as he seemed too dazed to comprehend her, much less obey her, she went to him, took the baby from his arms and returned it to its crib.

"What will we do? How can we bear it, if our baby dies?" Bruce said to Vera, bending his sorrow creased face over the child.

"He isn't *our* baby," returned Vera calmly, "He never was ours. He has always belonged to God. And now, God can take him out of our lives, if he sees fit. If it is for the best."

"Vera, pray to God that we may keep him," cried Bruce.

"I have prayed," replied Vera. "God knows what we want, and how humbly and sincerely we want to keep the baby. That is all that is needed."

"He is still breathing," said the nurse to the doctor, with a meaning glance toward the clock on the bedside table.

"Mrs. Archer," said the doctor, "it is time for the little chap to take his medicine, if he can still swallow. Shall nurse and I try to give it to him?"

"Yes," replied Vera, "God wants us to do all we can to help ourselves—always."

The doctor and nurse administered the teaspoon full of liquid. To their very evident surprise, the baby swallowed the greater part of it.

I noticed that though Bruce had watched the doctor and nurse with agonized intensity, hanging breathlessly on their every word and movement, Vera, apparently, was not much interested in ascertaining if the baby was still able to swallow.

She sat quietly, her hands folded in her lap, a serene, thoughtful expression upon her pale face.

"Vera!" I cried, "what on earth is the matter with you? What has changed you so?"

"I am changed," replied Vera, with serene conviction. "When I went to my room less than an hour ago, I was crazed with grief and anxiety. Almost out of my mind, I told myself the moment that I knew the baby was dead, I would take my own life, and follow him."

"I was down on my knees calling frantically upon God, pleading with him, begging him to let me keep 'my' baby, and suddenly the thought came to me, 'Why, that

baby isn't mine. He belongs to God, whose love for all of his children is so many fold greater than mine, or any other earthly parent.

"Can't I trust God with his own child? Can't I trust in his divine wisdom, his infinite love and understanding to know far better than I what is best for that baby? I'll just leave him in God's hands," I said aloud, and then I had the strangest feeling. It was as if the dreadful weight that had seemed to be pressing upon my heart was lifted, and oh, I felt so light and free!

"This quotation came to my mind, and I repeated it aloud: 'I cast my burden on the Christ within and I go free.' 'I am free,' and then I came back to this room."

"Look, Doctor," cried the nurse!

We all turned our gaze upon the baby, which in our absorption in Vera's experience, all of us save the faithful nurse, had, for the moment, forgotten.

He was breathing evenly, deeply, very differently from the faint, fluttering breaths of an hour earlier. His face was still colorless, but it no longer wore the mask of death. Aroused by the rapt concentration of our gaze, I think, he slowly opened his beautiful blue eyes, and gave us just the shadow of a smile.

"Mummie," he murmured, "Daddy," then his eyes closed and instantly he sank into a deep, renewing, healing sleep.

"I do believe he's going to pull through, the tough little nut," said the doctor briskly, as he wiped his tear-wet eyes.

"I'm taking a cold," he explained painstakingly.

He patted Vera's shoulder.

"Everything is going to turn out all right, Mrs. Archer," he said.

Vera's face shone like a star, as she answered: "Everything always turns out all right, when we just leave it to God."



A Prayer

Henry Van Dyke

These are the gifts I ask of Thee

Spirit serene:

Strength for the daily task,

Courage to face the road,

Good cheer to help me bear the traveler's load,

And in the hours of rest that come between,

An inward joy in all things heard and seen.

The Prayer of "Blind Beholding"

Albert Edward Day

MANY of us are familiar with that strange but fascinating moment when meditation and petition and intercession cease. A hush is upon the spirit. One feels as if one were on the verge of a great discovery—or as if Someone were just beyond the threshold—or as if something of importance were about to happen to one's self. The quietness is pervaded by an eerie expectancy.

At first one is startled—then somewhat breathless. The quiet becomes almost painful as one is intent not to miss this something that is just around the corner of life.

But one waits and nothing does happen. The moments pass. By and by one begins to feel a bit foolish. The tendency is to dismiss the whole experience as just a casual interlude in the usual process of thinking and feeling and resolving.

Or one sinks into idle reverie that takes one's thoughts far from God.

Or one gathers up the threads of the discontinued meditation.

Or one drives one's self to resume petition or intercession.

Or one just quits the whole business and returns to the duties of an over active life.

It is here that we all need guidance. For we *are actually on the threshold of great discoveries.* If we are taught, we may cross that threshold and enter an area of unlimited growth. It is from here onward that the real miracles of prayer begin. All that has happened previously is but the prelude to prayer. Beyond it many good people never go. They receive help and are helpful. They have "answers to prayer." They get a "kick out of" prayer. They have "lifts" and inspirations. They often set loose psychic forces which are beneficial to others who are on their prayer lists.

But they are still in the primary class. They are children—often very fascinating children—but still with the impulsiveness and the egotisms and the impurities that attend all immaturity.

It is beyond the threshold, on which we stand when quietness descends upon our praying spirits, that the great adventures and the unbelievable transformations and the uncanny developments of consciousness occur. It is here where saints are made. It is here where holiness invests the soul. It is here where are bestowed the insights of

the seer and the dynamic force of the makers of spiritual history.

The mental stirring is over. The mind has pondered and analyzed. Now it is at rest. It has no desire to think further. One is only conscious of a deep yearning for something beyond all thought—a hunger for someone beyond all human comradeship—a longing for an event which would be the eventuality of life itself.

That "loving stirring" is not to be overlooked or despised because of its indefiniteness of content, or because it solves no problems, or because it is not in itself the answer we sought.

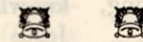
Cherish it. It is the divine magnetic current, attempting to hold your attention Godward.

If you find it waning, reawaken it by a moment's thought of the goodness and power of God. Breathe upon it with the quickening faith which your meditation has

created in your soul. Do not strain at it. That is deadly. But as quietly as you bestow a smile upon a friend or rekindle affection for an absent beloved, do something to cherish this "loving stirring" that has so gently and alluringly visited you.

You inevitably have formed some pictures of God in your mind. It may be as an ocean of light—or as ceaseless music—or as a Father in heaven—or as a being like Sallman's "Christ." But God is more than any or all of these. If you want to know that more, then you must dismiss these rigid conceptions. You must hold your attention toward a Being who is beyond all your dreams. You must, therefore, achieve that state of diffused attention—which is directed Godward but is best described as a "blind beholding."

At first it will not be easy. But you will grow in proficiency as you practice it. And your proficiency will have great results.



Fireflies

Agnes Sanford

Not contented with a million stars
That blaze forever while the aeons pass,
The blythe Creator of the worlds has made
Tiny fairy stars to light the grass.

A Protestant's Rosary

Malcolm S. Taylor

WE are told that as Joan of Arc was being chained to the stake and the fire was being lit which was to burn her to death she cried out for a cross and an English sergeant gave her one to hold in her hands. There was great comfort and help for her in the visible, tangible symbol of her unquenchable faith.

Symbols do have a real value, especially as aids in the practice of religion. The silence of a Quaker Meeting, which is the visible sign of the effort of souls to cooperate with the Spirit, is a symbol. The rosary of the Roman branch of the Church Universal is another symbol and a most helpful adjunct in the devotional life of its users. The mind, heart and will of the worshipper are more easily concentrated on the separate details of his devotional exercise by having tangible objects, as beads on a string, to remind him of these details.

But why should Roman Catholics be the only ones to give expression to the sound psychology underlying the use of a rosary? Why should not non-Romanists strengthen their private devotions by using a rosary of their own?

Here is a suggested one, made up chiefly of selections from the

Book of Common Prayer. It has ten items and if tangible "beads" are desired the fingers of the two hands may be used. Fingers are better than beads in one respect: we always have them with us. One can use this Protestant rosary at any time and in any place, inconspicuously, reverently and satisfactorily. The best time to use the rosary is as soon as possible after awakening; but all or any part of it may be advantageously used at any time.

1. *A Dedication.* And since it is of thy mercy, O gracious Father, that another day is added to my life; I here dedicate both my soul and my body to thee and thy service, in a sober, righteous and godly life; in which resolution do thou, O merciful God, confirm and strengthen me; that as I grow in age I may grow in grace and in the knowledge of my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen.

2. *The Lord's Prayer.*

3. *A Confession.* O almighty Father, Lord of heaven and earth, I confess that I have sinned against thee in thought, word and deed. Have mercy upon me, O God, after thy great goodness; according to the multitude of thy mercies do away my offenses and cleanse me

from my sins; for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

4. *The Summary of the Law.* "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it: thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the Law and the Prophets."

5. *Hymn of Praise,* from the Book of Psalms.

O be joyful in the Lord, all ye lands: serve the Lord with gladness and come before his presence with a song.

Be ye sure that the Lord he is God. It is he that hath made us and not we ourselves. We are his people and the sheep of his pasture.

O go your way into his gates with thanksgiving and into his courts with praise. Be thankful unto him and speak good of his Name.

For the Lord is gracious; his mercy is everlasting; and his truth endureth from generation to generation." (Psalm 100.) (Other good canticles are Psalm 67:1-4 and Psalm 103:1-4.)

6. *The Apostles Creed.* "I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth:

And in Jesus Christ his only Son our Lord: Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost; born of the Virgin Mary; suffered under Pon-

tius Pilate; was crucified, dead and buried. He descended into hell. The third day he rose again from the dead. He ascended into heaven and sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Ghost; the holy Catholic Church; the Communion of Saints; the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the body and the life everlasting. Amen."

7. *A Prayer for the Family of Nations.* "Almighty God, our heavenly Father, guide, we beseech thee, the Nations of the world into the way of justice and truth, and establish among them that peace which is the fruit of righteousness; that they may become the Kingdom of our Lord and Saviour. Amen."

8. *A Prayer for All Conditions of Men.* "O God, the Creator and Preserver of all mankind, we humbly beseech thee for all sorts and conditions of men; that thou wouldst be pleased to make thy ways known unto them, thy saving health unto all nations. More especially we pray for thy holy Church universal; that it may be so guided and governed by thy good Spirit that all who profess and call themselves Christians may be led into the way of truth and hold the faith in unity of spirit, in the bond of

peace and in righteousness of life. Finally, we commend to thy fatherly goodness all those who are any ways afflicted or distressed in mind, body or estate (here name those for whom prayer is especially desired); that it may please thee to comfort and relieve them, according to their several necessities; giving them patience under their sufferings and a happy issue out of all their afflictions. And this we beg for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."

9. *A General Thanksgiving*. "Almighty God, Father of all mercies, we thine unworthy servants do give thee most humble and hearty thanks for all thy goodness and loving-kindness to us and to all men; (here mention special causes for thanksgiving). We bless thee for our creation, preservation and all the blessings of this life; but above all for thine inestimable love in the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ; for the means of grace and for the hope of glory. And, we beseech thee, give us that due sense of all thy mercies that our hearts may be unfeignedly thankful; and that we show forth thy praise, not only with our lips, but in our lives, by giving up our selves to thy service and by walking before thee in holiness and righteousness all our days; through Jesus Christ our Lord, to whom, with thee and the Holy Ghost, be all honor and glory, world without end. Amen."

10. *A Prayer for the Day or Before Any Act*. Use me, Lord, NOW, for Thy glory; and may Thy Holy Spirit control and strengthen me. Amen.

You will probably want to memorize all ten items or "beads" of our rosary so as to be entirely independent of the printed words. Incidentally, it is a satisfaction to know that in these ten items you have a complete prayer in that it contains adoration, confession, intercession, petition and thanksgiving. Also incidentally, only seven minutes are required for the reverent offering of this act of worship. Everyone can find that much time for it. If you are near a church during the day step in and employ all or part of this Protestant rosary.

If, however, for any reason, it is too long, a very brief one, a "lesser rosary," may well be used. It might consist of (1) the Prayer of Dedication; (5) A Canticle; one of those above; (8) the Prayer for All Conditions of Men; (9) the General Thanksgiving; and (10) the Prayer for the Day or Before any Act.

In these days of real crisis at home and abroad, and in various aspects of our private and our social living,—conflicts within ourselves and clashes between groups,—the one best resource we have is prayer. This rosary puts in our hands a sound, well-tried form for a real act of worship.

☐ For it is in the God-given imagination that we experience the Presence.

"I Carry a Picture of Jesus"

Stoney Jackson

I FIND myself traveling alone a lot and I don't like to be alone. Like many other persons, I carry pictures of loved ones in my wallet or, if they are somewhat large for that, I carry them some other place on my person so that I may periodically take them out and look at them to aid in dispelling my lonesomeness. True, the pictures are a substitute, they are not quite so real and enjoyable as the PRESENCE of the person pictured. But sometimes, by looking at the picture and concentrating upon it long enough, the PRESENCE of the friend is felt and companionship is real, though separated by miles physically.

Often I look at pictures of Jesus. Many times they have reminded me of the sanctity and greatness of His life, death and resurrection. But that wasn't what I wanted. I'd pass them by, good and bad representations, and never feel His presence.

On one trip, quite unintentionally, a religious art calendar was put in with some other papers in my haste to catch a train. I had just made a hurried grab from my desk and ended up with numerous papers I had no intention of taking with me.

That night I retired, restless, discouraged, with an upset stomach and almost overcome by an extreme sense of loneliness and fear . . . fear of what I do not know unless it was just the general uncertainty of great world negations. I couldn't sleep, so I decided to get up and go over some of my papers before calling on a publisher. When I started through the papers I ran across the calendar. The front carried Warner Sallman's Head of Christ.

I was too tired to go through the papers anyway, so I just sat and stared at the picture. At first it left me somewhat cold . . . but something kept me looking at the strong, piercing and attractive eyes, the intelligent and noble forehead, the firm but kind chin, the determined yet compassionate expression. Suddenly, the picture blurred a bit. I shook my head much as a stunned boxer endeavoring to clear the cobwebs from a punch-shocked brain. I looked again and the beard had disappeared. Gradually, without losing any of its basic features, the picture appeared with cropped hair and with a collar and tie, modern vintage. I said, "Lord, you have suddenly changed, or you have disappeared and this is now

a picture of someone else." "No," He answered, "I have not changed, but your perception has. Did I not promise to be with you always? Even unto the end of the world? You haven't looked for me earnestly and discerningly before. You left me back in 31 A.D. That was why I couldn't speak to you. Now you have, through extreme need and desire, called for me and your mind could receive me because you, for the moment, had no faith in and no consciousness of anything or anyone else. Surely you must know that when I come to persons, I come on their plane, in their time, for their specific need.

"You live in 1948. You feel an instinctive separation from a person dressed in ancient attire. Your manner as well as your need is geared to the present. I am not bound by time or by styles. You need companionship, you need my PRESENCE. You need to know that I can fill your present need. So I come to you even in your

manner of dress. It's not important to me, but it is to you. Any little thing I may do to give you comfort, such as shaving, cutting my hair and putting on new clothes is no task. You see, I love you much more than you can ever love me, more than you can even comprehend. So you go to sleep and just let me love you and look out for you tonight. I am PRESENT. I will stay. I don't have to have sleep, you do. Good night."

Ah, yes, the PRESENCE. Surely it was imagination. Yes, it was just that. But I slept soundly and comfortable and when I awoke in the morning my face did not show its usual tension. Yes, it was imagination, God's greatest spiritual gift. For it is in God-given imagination that we who live in 1948 experience the PRESENCE of Jesus, our friend.

P.S. I carry the picture intentionally now when I travel. When I'm home, it hangs at the head of my bed.



Faith is meant for that which cannot fail,
And *Love* is meant for that which cannot die;
Our *Hope* lives on when darkness clouds the trail,
There is no death beyond the sunset sky.—George Rossman

☐ I realized it was God who had answered John's prayer.

The Overcoat (A Story)

Mildred Houghton Comfort

John Shaw was a man I never met. But his great faith touched my life through his wife, Ada Melville Shaw, who told me the story of The Overcoat. Both she and her saintly husband have been gone many years, but I'm certain, were she alive, she would grant me permission to retell the story she herself so often told to hearten those who went to her in distress.

THE overcoat had been in my mind since the first cold spell, early in the fall. Indian summer must have missed us that year, for the winter began early and held on with frightening stubbornness. My preacher husband, an itinerant Evangelical minister of the Gospel, was one of those provoking saints who actually live by the spirit. I was more practical, partly by nature and partly by necessity. Somehow we managed to pay our rent on the one-room apartment within walking distance of the Loop and to buy enough food for ourselves and the numerous "brothers" who happened in, often desperately hungry.

I did odd jobs to augment our income, and the women for whom I worked often gave me fairly good cast-offs. But John had no overcoat. Daily I met him as he came in out of the bitter weather, blue with cold and shaking with chills. I'd make him a cup of hot tea and wrap him in blankets until his frail body could relax. He'd smile and

say, "'God's in His Heaven: all's right with the world.'"

He believed it. His prayers were childlike in their faith. One day when we were down to our last heel of bread and a pathetically young mission worker sat hopefully waiting a meal, John walked into our alcove bedroom to pray. Almost immediately there came a knock at the door, and a baker from the little shop near us handed in a great basket of rolls and cake. No sale for left-overs!

I called it coincidence or possibly providence; but John called it Answer to Prayer.

The days lengthened and the cold strengthened. One day when the snow sleeted past our windows, I asked, as we finished a bowl of potato soup, "How about that overcoat you need, John?"

"I almost forgot." He stood up, saying, "I'll go right now and pray for it."

The bedroom alcove was chilly, and I knew John would soon be

kneeling on the worn rug beside the iron bedstead.

"Listen, John," I said, taking him by both thin arms and looking straight into his bright eyes, "what kind of an overcoat are you going to pray for?"

He looked startled.

"Are you going to pray for some thin old garment," I inquired, "that has already outworn its usefulness? Just last night at the Gospel Mission, you said, 'God is not niggardly!'"

Into John's bright eyes came that merry, quizzical smile that endeared him to everybody—as if he had his own private joke but would share it just with you.

"I shall pray for a very warm coat," he promised me. "Perhaps I shall even specify that it be handsome."

The weather moderated somewhat that afternoon, and too restless to stay in, I walked all the way down to Field's. Irresistibly I was drawn to the overcoat display.

I explained that I'd like to look at a fine topcoat of ministerial conservatism. The clerk, an old, experienced salesman, had just what I wanted. The moment I saw the coat he offered I knew it was John's. My hands trembled as I smoothed the rich broadcloth, and my breath caught in my throat as I felt of the black satin lining and observed the masterly tailoring on

pockets, buttonholes, and velvet collar. Yes, this was John's coat.

I gave his name and address, and I said, "Will you hold it?"

The clerk answered, "Certainly, madam."

It had seemed the most natural thing in the world while I was in the store, to be choosing a coat for my husband as any wife of a busy man might do. But out on the street again, with the wind whipping afresh from Lake Michigan, I would have shed tears except that I knew they'd freeze on my face.

John was waiting for me. He had lit the stove-top oven into which I had wedged a couple of baking potatoes and a tiny meatloaf. The teakettle hummed extravagantly. In John's face were no lines of worry, and I felt a contentment I had no right to feel. I went ahead and made a pan of biscuits and opened a jar of precious jam.

"What are we celebrating?" John inquired.

"Your overcoat," I answered.

"To be sure," he agreed.

I had just put the kitchen end of the room to rights when the buzzer sounded and up the stairs, puffing, came Mr. Carston. He was a very rich man, interested in the rehabilitation of the unfortunate and he had attended John's meeting the night before. He wanted to arrange a series of just such meetings, and he was slightly provoked

that no one had answered his summons when he stopped by earlier in the afternoon. John admitted he was home.

I followed Mr. Carston out on the landing.

"I can tell you why John didn't hear you this afternoon, Mr. Carston," I said. "He was praying for an overcoat."

"Praying for an overcoat?" Mr. Carston's whole being demanded why a spiritual man should pray for a material thing. It was fitting and proper to pray for grace, for the strength to endure, even for daily bread. But an overcoat!

"I'll see what I can do," he said, stiffly. "I may have something in my wardrobe — something that could be cut down."

He was a very large man, and John was slight.

"John has prayed for a new overcoat, Mr. Carston," I revealed. "He has even prayed that it be warm and handsome. It isn't often that he asks for anything for himself, but he knows God is not niggardly."

"Well, I'll be —," Mr. Carston began, then his face reddened. "Evidently you have some idea . . ."

"I have," I said boldly and handed him the *Will Hold* slip from Field's.

He gasped at the price, then turned and fled down the stairs.

That was on a Saturday night.

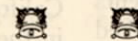
On Monday morning the overcoat was delivered to John. When he lifted it out of its handsome box, he glowed as though he were lit within.

"It's just as Cowper's hymn says, my dear," he offered tenderly. "'God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform.'"

"Sometimes he uses noble, sometimes humble instruments. I wonder . . ."

I never told John. For a long time I thought that it was I who had manipulated the wheels of chance. But, as I grew older, I realized that it was God who had answered John's prayer. He used me—and Mr. Carston—through whom to work.

After John's death, I gave away his belongings—except for the overcoat. Whenever I felt depressed or distraught, I would sit down for a moment, drawing it around my shoulders, and somehow I'd feel the spirit of peace and the faith that was John's.



My life is not an apology, but a life. It is for itself and not for a spectacle. I much prefer that it should be of a lower strain, so it be genuine and equal, than that it should be glittering and unsteady.

—Emerson

The Amazing Harold Bell Wright

Bennie Bengtson

IT was a Sunday during the early 1900's, and a young preacher faced his congregation in a small Kansas town. The services were well attended, yet the minister was not satisfied. He felt that somehow he was not getting his message across to the people—that he had not succeeded in opening their eyes to the possibilities of practical religion, translated into service, and exemplified in their daily lives.

“Christ taught by means of parables,” he said to himself. “I might try the same idea—I could tell them a story.”

So he wrote a novel that was in effect a guidebook in practical religion. It told of how one Midwest American city rid itself of saloons and gambling dens, and cared for the underprivileged and unfortunate within its precincts.

The story finished he gave the manuscript to some of his friends, asking for a criticism of its characters and incidents before reading it, as he planned, by installments to his congregation. They talked him into publishing it.

The book was *That Printer of Udell's* and the young minister-writer was Harold Bell Wright.

During the next two decades he became one of America's most popular novelists, his books selling into the millions.

Soon after his first book was published he went to live in the Ozarks. Never in robust health, the strain of writing a book in addition to taking care of his ministerial duties proved too much. Out of the Ozark interlude came his second book, however, *The Shepherd of the Hills*. A beautiful and idyllic story with its setting in the Ozark country, it was published in 1907 and was an immediate and pronounced success. Many of his followers still regard this story as the finest that he ever wrote, though his pen turned out many “best sellers” during the next twenty years. *The Shepherd of the Hills* brought Harold Bell Wright fame, and assured him a position among the great novelists.

In 1908 he retired from the ministry to devote all of his time to writing. At this time he was serving a pastorate at Redlands, California, from there going to live in the Arizona desert “as a matter of health insurance,” as he himself put it. While a young man he suffered a severe attack of pneumonia, and it left him weakened so that

most of his life was spent in a struggle against tuberculosis.

Born in Rome, New York, in 1872, he was left an orphan at the age of ten. He always remembered his mother as one who had taught him to love nature and to see its beauty, and to love and appreciate fine literature. She gave him a copy of Longfellow's *Hiawatha*, a book he cherished all his life.

By the time he was sixteen he had tried his hand at many things, being a good house painter and interior decorator. For the next five years he worked at this occupation. But he wanted to be a minister, and with this in view he enrolled at Hiram College, in Ohio.

For eleven years he was a preacher in Missouri, Kansas, and in California. Then the combination of two successful novels, and failing health induced by overwork, set him to writing books which were to place his message before far more people than he would ever have been able to reach from the pulpit.

Two years after *The Shepherd of the Hills* came *The Calling of Dan Matthews*, another story of the Ozarks. In 1910 appeared *The Uncrowned King*.

In the years that followed came two novels with a California setting, *The Winning of Barbara Worth* and *The Eyes of the World*; two whose locale takes the reader into the Arizona deserts, *When a*

Man's a Man and *The Mine With the Iron Door*; one that deals with life in an industrial town in the Midwest, *Helen of the Old House*; and another Ozark story, *The Recreation of Brian Kent*. *Exit, God and the Groceryman*, and *Long Ago Told* are the titles of some of his later books.

There are a number of reasons for the great popularity of Wright's books. For one thing his preaching had undoubtedly developed his ability as a story teller.

Then there are the Wright people, the characters he put into his books. They come from every walk of life—among them are mountaineers, mill hands, shepherds, cowboys, engineers, farmers, artists, nurses, teachers, doctors, preachers and many more, the failures and the successes, the ugly as well as the beautiful—a cross-section of America as we know it in this twentieth century file through his pages.

Each one stands for something definite, being the incarnation of some vice or virtue. Yet they are real life people, whom we like or dislike, recognizing their traits as those we see in people we know. In each of his books is at least one character endowed with the poetic, some one with vision or a flair for great dreams. As, for instance, the Seer, in *The Winning of Barbara Worth*, the Interpreter, in *Helen of the Old House*, the boy Pete, in

The Shepherd of the Hills, and the old Doctor, in *The Calling of Dan Matthews*. Sometimes a touch of the bizarre makes one of the Wright people stand out in clear relief—like Conrad Lagrange, in *The Eyes of the World*.

In many of his books he uses mystery with good effect to hold the interest of his readers. *The Shepherd of the Hills* begins with "Dad" Howitt walking into the Ozarks—who is he and why has he come? We do not learn the answers until near the end of the story. The same is true of the Honorable Patches in *When a Man's a Man*. The parents of Barbara, in *The Winning of Barbara Worth*, are unknown and her background is a mystery. Then the desert winds shift the sand dunes and the little tin box is uncovered—at the end of the book after many other things have taken place.

There are many chuckles, too, for his books are amply sprinkled with humor, and this adds no little to their readability. The homespun philosophy of Uncle Bobbie, of Thad Grove and Bob Hill, and of Preachin' Bill, act as a literary appetizer, sharpening the reader's appetite, and keeping him turning pages long after his usual bedtime.

Wright once described the method he used in writing his books. "When I start to write a novel," he said, "the first thing I do is to figure out why I am going

to write it. Not what is the story, but why? I mull this over a while, and when it is pretty straight in my mind, I write out an argument. No suggestion of plot. No incidents, scenes, location, nothing done at first except the argument, but it is the heart and soul of the novel. The novel is merely this argument presented through the medium of the characters, plots, incidents, and other properties of the story. Next come the characters, each standing for some element or faction of the argument. Up to the last copying of *The Eyes of the World*, not a character had been named. They were called in the copy, Greed, Ambition, Youth, or whatever they represented to me in the writing of the story."

It was an effective method, for it gave the book a message. His stories appealed to both the hearts and minds of his readers. To a great extent Wright had a reading public of his own, for his novels were read by thousands of people who hardly ever read any other books. They were read because people found them helpful in solving the problems that confronted them, and in achieving the hopes they held for a better world.

While in Arizona, Wright found the desert country advantageous to his health, and he spent the remainder of his life there. Building a home near Tucson he lived here until his death in 1944.

The World Needs Prayer

Edited by Miles Clark

India needs everything. 45,000 doctors and 1,000 dentists are all she has to treat her 330,000,000 people. India needs a minimum of 185,000 doctors and 92,000 dentists but it will take 25 years to train them, if funds can be found for them. 85 per cent of the Indians cannot read or write. 20 different languages are spoken in the country which adds to the problems of standardizing schools. Minister of Education, Maulana Axad, announced that universal adult literacy within five years is now the goal. Industrial expansion is tending to break down the caste system. The three largest problems are hunger, disease and ignorance which lock one-third of the people in misery. Though the death rate is the highest in

the world, the population has increased in twenty years by 85,000,000. This means hunger through overcrowding. The new government is faced with these overwhelming conditions and scores of others. Its courage and strength will determine whether India will draw itself up or become racked with revolution.



Nearly 500 home builders have been brought into court this last year for shoddy construction, over payments and other questionable business practices. While the construction industry has shown widespread irresponsibility towards veterans and non-veterans, and it is not alone in this lack of integrity, one businessman is

With this issue *Clear Horizons* begins a new department, THE WORLD NEEDS PRAYER. It will appear in each issue, giving a few highlights of what is going on in the world, especially those to which we can direct our prayers. News will be impartially presented for thoughtful consideration and meditation. For those who wish to give their prayerful thoughts to the world of news each month, we suggest they write for *The World News Sheet for Those Who Pray*, published and edited now by The House on Cedar Street, 535 Cedar St., N. W., Washington 12, D. C. This is a news letter put out by a board of editors, some of which are of the Camp Farthest Out group in Washington. Free will offering is the only subscription price.

Another news letter, one whom gives advance information and news from otherwise overlooked sources, is the bi-monthly *Between the Lines*, Box 269, Demarest, New Jersey. \$1.00 a year.

leading the way to a positive approach to our economic problems. Charles Luckman, president of Lever Brothers (Swan Soap, Pepsodent Tooth Paste), is lighting back fires against communism in an aggressive, realistic manner. He believes that people are demanding more responsibility from business and says that the only way for America to save the capitalistic system is to start a policy of greater production at lower prices with higher wages. For this policy of plenty he is being called a radical by his colleagues.



The International Relief Organization has placed 2,150 of the 5,100 homeless and unaccompanied displaced youth and children in its care. Nearly 2,000 have been providentially returned to their homes, 150 have been brought to the United States and Canada for adoption, but the rest have no homes to go to and continue to be the IRO's responsibility. Most of these children are wandering war orphans, some of whom were taken from their homes and brought to Germany by the Nazis for "raising as Germans."



No matter who succeeds to General Marshall's position of

Secretary of State when he resigns January 20 as he has stated, the new Secretary will inherit an intolerable and expensive position in Greece. The Greek government has been sent over \$550 million for military and economic aid from the U. S. and observers are wondering what good it has done. There were 25,000 guerillas before the money was sent and the number remains the same. The *U. S. News and World Report* says that the Greek army officers are in no hurry to end the war for their funds will be cut and many of them will be thrown out of employment. Meanwhile the army expects to get another \$300 million this coming year. What doesn't get into the hands of the Army officers, says the *U. S. News*, gets into the hands of profiteers who invest it outside of Greece thus escaping taxes which are born by the poor. The rich are getting richer and the poor poorer, says this conservative magazine. President Riggs of the Christian, Salonica College spent a winter begging Congress to turn eight millions, of the \$550 million sent, to higher education which would raise up leaders for democracy without which leadership, Greece will perish. Congress said No.

NEWS OF OUR EDITORS

WINFRED RHOADES

After a midsummer holiday in the highest town in Massachusetts (and about the smallest), lovely Heath in the Berkshires, Mr. Rhoades returned to Lane's End, Sudbury, where he is now engaged in the preparation of a new book. The book work is much interrupted, however, by the many demands of a little boxer puppy named Candy, as well as by much correspondence with strangers who write questions or appreciations that have been called forth by his books and articles on psychotherapy and religion. It was a trip to the beautiful Litchfield Hills of Connecticut, the region of Mr. Rhoades' birth, that led to the finding of Miss Candy.

FRANK C. LAUBACH

In response to a joint invitation from the government and from organized missions in Siam, Dr. Laubach will leave this country in late December for 10 weeks of literacy work in Siam, before continuing into India, Australia, New Guinea, and Korea, on a 7 months' literacy tour proposed for the Far East.

While in Siam, he will aid in the development of lessons for teaching reading and writing to Siamese adult illiterates, and will assist in the organization of a nation-wide mass literacy campaign. Negotiations are underway to make this an "associate project" with UNESCO—the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization—with missions, the Siamese government and UNESCO working together

for the purpose of fundamental education in Siam.

During the literacy tour Dr. Laubach and Bob will be writing a series of newsletters, with commentary on the events of the trip, pictures taken by Bob and illustrations by Mr. and Mrs. Gray. Subscriptions to this monthly newsletter may be obtained @ \$1.00 a year from the Committee on World Literacy, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York 10.

Following Siam, Dr. Laubach and his companions will spend 6 weeks of India, the northern coasts of Australia and New Guinea, followed by a literacy visit to Korea, to complete the proposed 7 months' tour.

RALPH SPAULDING CUSHMAN

Bishop Cushman is a Vermonter, but since his election to the Episcopacy of the Methodist Church in 1932, he has been General Superintendent in more of the western and midwestern states than any living Methodist Bishop. His residence is at Saint Paul, and he not only has the supervision of the State of Minnesota, but also of North and South Dakota. This means that he is away a good part of the time.

A few weeks ago in a hotel in Huron, South Dakota, he awakened in the early morning with the following lines running through his mind, "Now live in the peace of God, my friends

Live deep in the peace of God."

He got out of bed and finished the poem which appears in this issue. He has called it "The Parson's Benediction." He thinks the lines were

prompted by a benediction which he gave to a congregation in Duluth on the Sunday before.

Bishop Cushman is the author of a number of books on the spiritual life, including *Hilltop Verses and Prayers*. During the past summer he compiled some of his more recent verses into a volume which will be forthcoming from the Abingdon-Cokesbury Press soon after Christmas, *More Hilltop Verses and Prayers*. He is particularly happy about this volume because his son, Dr. Robert E. Cushman, who is at the head of the Department of Systematic Theology at Duke Divinity School in Durham, North Carolina, has written the prayers in connection with each day of devotions.

J. RUFUS MOSELEY

On reaching the United States about September 22nd, I remained in New York for meetings at Calvary House. Then, on to many meetings along the east coast, to Chicago and back home to Macon, Georgia.

For the future—I shall likely spend a week about Macon and out with the pecan trees. I have invitations to go to Florida, Alabama, Texas, California and North Carolina. I shall possibly not get very far from Macon until time to start East for our group meeting in Washington on January 1st, 2nd and 3rd.

I regret I do not have definite dates to give.

I find a new joy everywhere, and everywhere the people have increasingly good ears.

There are many ways of telling it, but the whole secret is in vital union with the Highest Personality (the Glorified Jesus) of all, with the perpetual inflow and outflow of His love, His light, and His healing. The

whole secret can be told while you stand on one foot. It's all so simple that one can give most of his time to practice. And as good as it is to read good books and listen to men who have something to say, it's still better to do what good books as well as the spirit and good and wise men advise you to do.

NORMAN VINCENT PEALE

Dr. Peale says that there is not much he can say about himself except that he preaches twice each Sunday in Marble Collegiate Church, Fifth Avenue and 29th Street, New York City, and lectures in various places.

This is indeed saying a lot in a very little space. Dr. Peale has been "written up" in more magazines than I care to mention if I could remember them all. His Sunday church audiences amount to about 3,500 people. He is in constant demand for conventions, business organizations, Chambers of Commerce, and he says, "The schedule of these meetings would be rather too long to include in a notice in *Clear Horizons*."

Every year about 1,500 persons are aided at his clinic in the church. It is operated in conjunction with Dr. Smiley Blanton, and four other assisting psychiatrists. Here miracles in personality are wrought—people who are beaten with a sense of inferiority find the charm and confidence that come from taking the "joy that is in Christ."

He is author of three books—*The Art of Living*, *A Guide to Confident Living* and a compilation of letters from the *Guidedposts* spiritual letter service of which he is editor-in-chief. He has also been technical advisor to a religious motion picture.

If you are ever in New York City

remember that Marble Collegiate Church is a "must" stop on your trip. Perhaps in the Spring issue Dr. Peale might include a few sample stops on his speaking itinerary.

AUSTIN PARDUE

Austin Pardue, Bishop of the Diocese of Pittsburgh, attended the recent Lambeth Conference of Bishops in London, England. He took colored movies of this great conference, which he now shows throughout the Diocese to large regional gatherings of his people. He is Chairman of the Mayor's Civic Unity Council of Pittsburgh, which is an active force in harmonizing classes and groups. His main objective is to get over to the greatest number of people a philosophy and belief in, and an understanding of, the Christian faith. The quality of his own humanness and understanding aids him immeasurably in accomplishing his purpose. He is an author of several books, and is now working on a new one. In addition to his innumerable Diocesan activities and responsibilities, he is constantly being sought as a speaker, and will be preaching in New York, Detroit, Buffalo, and Rochester this Spring.

STARR DAILY

I was greatly impressed by the results Roland Brown got in the Barrien County Jail at Benton Harbor,



The greatest thing in life is service, service for others. It is what we have given that makes old age sweet, the memory of things we have given away, not what has been given to us. He has most who gives most. He has most friends who has been a friend to most folks. We get back what we give. The only one who gets nothing is he who gives nothing.—*Community Observer*.

Mich. The sheriff gave him a free hand there, and his report to me of the things he was able to accomplish with individual prisoners was nothing short of astounding. He seems to be a natural for this sort of workmanship.

In October we had glorious meetings in San Francisco. The night class had been sold out long before we arrived. The afternoon public lectures were crowded, although some of them came at the noon hour. Sherman Anderson of the Metaphysical Library is a live wire. The whole staff there are grand folks.

Just prior to that I had three tremendous days with a group of professional and businessmen in a lodge outside Tacoma, Washington. It was one of the most vital and downright spiritual retreats I've been in. A half-dozen men were there from Vancouver, B. C. My message was wonderfully received. Since then I've had an invitation to come to Vancouver in February to conduct meetings and speak in the penitentiary. Unfortunately I can't make it.

I'm working on my crime book which Mr. Exman of Harpers asked for this fall. Hope to take the first draft East when I go in December.

I sense a spiritual awakening everywhere in all walks of life.

And accurately predicted the election of Mr. Truman, though he and I were the only ones who knew it.

Prayer Works!

A free booklet which explains the founding, the operation and the work of The United Prayer Tower is yours for the asking. A penny postcard will bring it to you. Ask for "The United Prayer Tower Booklet." Address The United Prayer Tower, 1571 Grand Avenue, Saint Paul 5, Minnesota. There is no obligation whatsoever.

"I requested your prayers for my work of lay-evangelism. As I expected, it is progressing quite well."
—J. P. C., New York.

"Friday morning I knew you had received my letter from the wonderful relaxation I was enjoying. I had never been able to achieve anything like it before and knew that someone else had joined me in prayer."
—M. H., California.

"I am happy to say that my home life is quite harmonious now. I am definitely using your prayer and suggestions daily."
—M. G. S., Alabama.

"I want to express my thanks and tell you the good news; my baby was born this past week and it was most painless, quickest delivery I'd had with my three children. Thank God for your prayers. Please hold our whole family in your prayers."
—M. A., Washington, D. C.

"I am so happy to tell you that I am getting along just fine and am enclosing the first piece of needlework I've done in many years. My hands are becoming more steady all the time and I'll soon be able to do the doll work that is so dear to my heart. God bless you always."
—J. C., Michigan.

"A fortnight ago we found just the right apartment at the right price, available at the right time. We are grateful to God and to you, our friends, who helped us with our prayers."
—H. H., New York.

"Dear friends, I want to tell you how I appreciate your efforts in helping me get better during my summer illness, also to get a more lucrative position as teacher. A little offering is enclosed. With God all things are possible. Thank you."
—P. K., Illinois.

THE UNITED PRAYER TOWER

The prayer tower is a group of praying people, in touch with prayer cells in this and in foreign countries. They *know* that with the prayer of faith *nothing is impossible*; that with God *all things are possible*. The prayer tower will gladly pray for your needs at any time.

This work is supported entirely by freewill love offerings. The prayer tower wishes to thank those whose contributions make this work possible.

Address: The United Prayer Tower, 1571 Grand Avenue, St. Paul 5, Minnesota. Telephone: EMerson 8484; after 5 P.M., Saturday afternoon and Sunday, call Mrs. Fisher at DUpont 4983, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

White Peace

Georgia Moore Eberling

White peace folds earth in silken bands of snow,
The vivid lustrous stars are diamond-white,
The earth gleams like a jewel crystal-bright
And silver-sandaled winds run to and fro.
On such a night as this long years ago
While Bethlehem lay sleeping, wondrous light
Fell on the fields and hills with dazzling might
And startled shepherds wakened in the glow.

The gray years have not dimmed the Christmas Star,
Its light still burns above our woeful plain
For neither time nor space can ever bar
Its promise, nor can limit its domain,
And eyes of faith can see its gleaming, far
Above all lesser lights to ease Life's pain.



THE PARSON'S BENEDICTION

Ralph Spaulding Cushman

Go, live in the peace of God, my friends,
Live deep in the peace of God;
For whether in quiet or whether in strife,
The peace of God is your very life.
Yea, the peace of God is more than you think,
More than your food, and more than your drink;
It is more, much more, than your bread and wine—
Yea, friends, the peace of God is the sign—
The sign that your living Lord is here,
And you need not fret and you need not fear,
When you have the sign that your Lord is near!
O live in the peace of God, my friends,
Live deep in the peace of God.

But the peace of God is for those who obey,
Who listen and hear His voice each day,
Who listen and march by the Master's side,
Who have heard the call and have not denied!
The man who lives in the peace of God
Is the man who will walk where the Master trod.

Huron, South Dakota

October 12, 1948

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