

# Clear Horizons



Fall - 1948

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## Among the Authors

Glenn Clark (p. 1) pays tribute to one of the great spiritual giants of America. The death of Rufus Jones, one of our contributing editors, left a spiritual vacuum in America, but Glenn Clark shows that his influence can be just as great in the new life as it was on earth. With such souls working for us on the other side, our power is increased. Marion Cowan (p. 7) gives a personal report that cannot fail to make an impression. She has known Dr. Clark for many years, and received inspiration from him for the type of work she is doing. Her work at Hillcrest Infirmary, Andalusia, Alabama, has been praised by both patients and physicians. Her work is a new frontier in healing which physicians are beginning to appreciate more and more. You will be interested in "A Message from China" (p. 11). The account of what China needs from the Christians of the world by the leaders of the Chinese government, clears a lot of charges that have been made against them. Mary Welch (p. 16) of Henderson, Texas, once more gives us one of her insights into the spiritual life. Mary has been traveling around the country to conferences and other speaking engagements. It says something good for those who plan such meetings when Mary is in demand. Rev. Samuel M. Shoemaker (p. 23) of Calvary Episcopal Church, Gramercy Park, N. Y. City, is one of the most popular religious authors in such ranks today. His *How You Can Find Happiness* and *How You Can Help Other People* in a way show the two prongs of his viewpoint. By helping others find God, you will inevitably find happiness for yourself. "The War Maker" (p. 26) is about as good insight into what we "should not do" as we have seen. Do you not think it should make many think? People are always discovering something "modern" in the Bible. And that is as it should be if our minds are alert. Note "Lesson in Salesmanship from the Bible," (p. 29). Anne Barrington (p. 39) is the penname of a saintly lady in Colorado Springs, Colorado. Her article on "The Path to Saintliness" is really fine. She has appeared in *Clear Horizons* before, and we hope often again. Grenville Kleiser (p. 45), and Winfred Rhoades (p. 49) are wonderful! May we be like them when we get along in years. Mr. Kleiser's address is 1 West 72nd St., N. Y., N. Y.; Mr. Rhoades' address is Lane's End, Sudbury, Massachusetts.

Just when we had the magazine pasted up ready to rush over to the printer, Dr. Glenn Clark and Rufus Moseley's article, "Report on the Soul of France," came via air mail from France. Something had to be taken out to make room, but isn't it worth it?

## CLEAR HORIZONS MAGAZINE

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# Clear Horizons

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☐ Rufus Jones is one of God's elect whose spirit and influence did not die when his body was consigned to the grave.

## Rufus Jones, "His Soul Goes Marching On"

Glenn Clark

I HAVE made three and only three pilgrimages to the shrines of living saints. One was to Indianapolis to meet Kagawa, one was to Tuskegee to meet George Washington Carver and one was to South China, Maine, to meet Rufus Jones. One of these represented the yellow race of Asia, one the black race of Africa, one the colorless race of Europe and America.

I found Rufus Jones beside the lake at his homestead at South China, Maine. His extreme simplicity, his complete relaxation of mind and body, his absolute naturalness, rather disarmed me. I had come rather tense and expectant, thinking that he might "orate" about some world-wide spiritual movement. To him that was all in the hands of God. He seemed neither ruffled nor stirred. He had found a spiritual center, and was

as one serenely watching the world go by.

As I left his home that evening something began to grow upon me, and that was the realization that the quietness and relaxation of Rufus Jones was not the quietness of inertia, but the quietness of power. What impressed me was the tremendous equilibrium of the man, the perfect balance between the very high and the very low, between a great idealism and a great realism, between high mysticism and deep practicality, a unique combination of profound love of God and intense affection for men. His was not the equilibrium of a wheel leaning against a fence, but of a wheel rolling down the road.

I have since had opportunity to witness his tremendous devotion to God and his passionate devotion to the needs of suffering mankind. But this intensity always rides upon a

vast sea of profound serenity, a peace rooted at the very center of the universe.

The spiritual quality of the Quaker silent meetings had deteriorated, he said, and the outstanding contribution now of the Quakers to the world is their service in carrying supplies of food and clothing into suffering parts of the world. The Wider Quaker Fellowship made up of people of many denominations, he said, was recapturing the high spiritual quality which was in danger of being lost. This gave me the inspiration to join that group at once.

Rufus Jones was beloved by all the farmers for miles around. He took relish in telling me the following incident. A distinguished gentleman driving up the road stopped at a near-by blacksmith shop.

"Does Dr. Jones live in this neighborhood?" he asked.

"Nope," was the rejoinder as the smith continued his work, "no one by that name around here."

"That is strange. I am sure I was told this was the right road."

The blacksmith laid down his iron and turned around. "It couldn't be," he drawled, "that you mean *Rufus*, do you?"

A great scholar, he loved the common people. The most responsive and understanding audiences he ever faced, he said, were the students in the Chinese universities.

He was past seventy at the time I met him, and planning retirement. Little did either of us know that in the next fifteen years our lives were to be constantly thrown together, and some of the most important work of his life was yet to come.

For seven consecutive years since then I have met with him and others every New Year's for three days of spiritual meditation and prayer. In that group he was always the oldest in wisdom and the youngest in spirit.

When his wife wrote me last spring that he had had two heart attacks and was resting in the hospital, I felt moved to write him the following letter:

Dear Rufus:

I was concerned to hear of your two recent "setbacks," and I am praying the good Lord for your complete recovery. We need you. Your quiet spirit is the vital center of all our Washington meetings. In fact I consider you the unofficial spiritual leader of America.

Knowing that the time comes when we all must go and that you are not anticipating many more years upon this earth I feel led to tell you how your influence is going to continue in an ever-increasing and ever-expanding way whether you go or stay. I have made some very interesting and thrilling discoveries that I know will interest you.

*The Atlantic Monthly* which published the SOUL'S SINCERE DESIRE placed this statement on the jacket, "this is the personal record of a man who had learned to pray as naturally as to breathe and whose every prayer is answered." I told my wife, "I am going to write Ellery

Sedgwick to take that off," but to my surprise my modest wife who always shrank from publicity of any kind replied, "No, don't, Glenn. I have noticed that ever since your mother died three years ago, all your prayers have been answered."

Then it came to me that my mother's wishes for me while she was on earth were more or less limited by her mental inhibitions and her physical tensions, but the moment she stepped into heaven they were multiplied in power by infinity.

Since then I have noted how all the efforts of Starr Daily's father to change him or save him were absolutely of no avail but after he stepped into heaven, Christ came to Starr in a vision in prison and he became changed as completely as was Saul of Tarsus. Speaking of Saul brings to mind the dying Stephen whose prayers for the conversion of Saul were of no effect until he, too, stepped into heaven where all his wishes became multiplied in power by infinity. I sometimes shudder at the thought of what would have happened to Christendom had Saul not have reached those seven churches.

My Chicago Retreats are often held in the First Presbyterian Church near the Shrine of the Little Flower. I used to wonder why more cases of divine healing of Catholics occur at this shrine than in all the other shrines in America combined. This question was answered for me when I read how Sister Teresa told everyone before she went that when she was in heaven, she was going to rain down roses (little flowers) of healing on all who might come seeking it in faith.

I spent a day with Muriel Lester last week and she said that since Gandhi's death there has not been a single riot or act of violence in all India. I hope he included in his wishes before he went, not only peace and harmony for India but

peace and harmony for all the world as well.

You represent the peace of the world more than anyone living today, and if your time comes within the next five years, I know that any wish you have for the world and peace in it will be multiplied by infinity and "all your prayers will be answered."

God bless you, Rufus, and if it be His will do stay with us many years longer. I am telling Him that you have the gift more than most of us of releasing your wishes with such relaxed abandon, that they can be "multiplied in power by infinity" right while you yet remain among us. He often listens to me.

With oceans of love,

Your friend,

Glenn.

God didn't listen to my request that Rufus "remain among us," but He certainly had listened to the request that the deep wish of this great Quaker saint should be expanded and multiplied in power by infinity in releasing the spirit of love and peace among the nations. While my band of spiritual travelers went through Europe this summer we felt the presence of Christ leading the way and of Gandhi and Rufus Jones on our right hand and left hand—a marvellous celestial partnership that we shall never forget.

Yes, Rufus Jones is certainly one of God's elect whose spirit and influence did not die when his body was consigned to the grave.

Taking his place with the great ones of the past, "his soul goes marching on."

## *Have the Faith to See It Through*

*Ollie James Robertson*

HAVE you the faith, the patience, and the determination to see you through a thing you have started?

Thousands of people, looking ahead to attainments and success, start upon some ambitious project with a glorious beginning. They work wonderfully well for a while, but when the going gets tough they either quit, give up hope, or go about their task half-heartedly. Suppose Edison had been a quitter? The world might never have been able to enjoy the motion picture or the electric light. The horse and buggy days might still be with us if Ford had lost faith in himself and his ability. The many comforts, the various things we have access to today, are ours because the inventor, the poet, the statesman, the musician all kept their shoulder to the wheel.

It's just as easy to be a quitter in little things as in the larger ones. You may have envisioned yourself as a sculptor, a doctor, a scientific farmer, or a beautician. Unless you keep going through thick and thin you may never realize your ambition.

I have always wanted to write—poetry, fiction, anything created by mind and pen. At fourteen I be-

gan sending material to editors. It swarmed back, but I kept plugging my typewriter. For eight years I collected rejection slips. Sometimes I thought it useless to keep writing, wasting time and postage. Then I sold my first poem. The check was small but it was beautiful. I sold other poems, fiction, cartoon gags, articles, and puzzles. To date I've received checks from forty-five different publications. I have written nothing outstanding, but the future is ahead. I shall keep studying and writing.

Nina had dreams of becoming a teacher. She didn't have enough money to pay for a college education. That didn't keep Nina away from school. She entered school with the determination to make a teacher of herself. She took care of the library, worked in the kitchen, arose before day to help prepare breakfast for the students. Her four years at college were long and trying at times, but Nina graduated with honors and is now a successful teacher.

Then there's John who wanted to be a jeweler. He took watches apart and studied their mechanism. He tore up old clocks and learned how to put them together again. Folks laughed at John; they said

he'd never make a living repairing watches. But John thought differently. He had faith in himself. Today he has more business than he can take care of.

You probably know hundreds of people who are like Nina and John.

They have reached some goal because each refused to be a quitter. Whatever ambition you have, whatever you undertake, have faith in yourself to see it through and nothing can keep you from reaching the top.



## *My Friend Was There*

*Royal B. Fishbeck*

You're isolated, flat in bed;  
"None can come in" is what they said.  
But He came in, was there each day;  
They could not keep my Friend away.

All other ones stood by the door;  
They must not pass the threshold o'er;  
But He came in—He had no fear;  
I felt his presence always near.

In early morning, noon and night;  
My room was radiant with His light.  
Yes, He was there; came in each day—  
They could not keep my Friend away.

I saw Him walk the corridor  
Ministering to me, and many more,  
And often in the dark of night  
He would walk in, turn on the light.

Sometimes His face showed He was tired;  
But His faithfulness must be admired.  
Yes, Christ was there, came in each day.  
They could not keep my Friend away.

I saw Him in my doctor's care,  
And in the white-robed nurses there,  
In those who helped my ills to mend,  
I felt the presence of my Friend.

¶ Now, I really mean it when I say, "Thy will be done."

## God's Will Is Best For You

Jack Bannick

IT sometimes requires years for a man to learn the full meaning of that phrase in the Lord's Prayer, "Thy will be done."

Most prayers, I think, are selfish. The petitioner asks for money, position, material aid. He may pray for help in obtaining a specific job, sincerely believing that it will be best for him. But he is often mistaken. His will instead of God's will frequently is disastrous.

In 1937 I was out of work. A job was open with a certain company, and I prayed for help in obtaining it. That was my will, what I thought would be best for me. I did not get the job, but without contact from me a man whom I scarcely knew telephoned and offered me a job with his company. The job I prayed for exists no more. The company is bankrupt. The job God saw fit to place before me was very good and brought me increased earnings and executive responsibilities.

Two years ago my wife was stricken with severe pain. I prayed earnestly that God would take away the pain. I felt rebellious when the

pain did not cease, and the doctor ordered her to a hospital for an operation. Again God's will was best. Had the pain ceased, she would be dead today of cancer. Apparently it was God's will that the pain be severe enough to send her to the hospital where an operation stopped the malignant growth.

I have come to understand that Jesus fully comprehended the problem of prayer when he told us to pray thus, and stipulated the Lord's Prayer, explaining that God knows what is in our hearts and what is best for us. God also said, "Try me."

Now, when I pray, I really mean it when I say, "Thy will be done." By honestly placing my life and fortunes in the keeping of God, and believing that *his will* for me is best, I find that much of the aggravation and discontent is removed from my daily life. Peace of mind is now always present, and corroding, destroying fear is gone from my heart . . . because I know *from experience* that if I leave things to God, trust him and pray without selfish intent, *God's will* turns out best for me in the end.

¶ He replied, "I choose." This is the keynote of spiritual therapy.

## From the Diary of a Spiritual Hostess

Marion Cowan

WHEN I came to take charge of the ministry of Spiritual Therapy at Hillcrest Hospital in Andalusia, Alabama, I realized I was not only a "stranger in a strange land," but there were few who could understand the language I must use to interpret its meaning. To accomplish this end I asked to work in the Hydrotherapy and Physiotherapy departments. This granted, with aid of Glenn Clark's course on "The Seven Baths of Jordan," gave me a leverage with which I could do something for people in order to do something with them.

One of the first cases I had was a Lieutenant-Colonel, twenty-nine years of age, who went over with the 1st division of paratroopers. He had seen four hundred and seventy-six of his men lost in one way or another. In making his last combat jump, a parachute went under his, taking all the air out of it, letting him drop a distance of some three hundred feet.

He was picked up for dead; on examination it was found he had sprained and dislocated many joints and practically all the muscles of his body were injured in some manner.

Having gone through four years of intensive combat his nervous

system was depleted; from excessive alcoholism his brain was distorted and he was finally shipped back to America, a physical, mental and moral wreck.

The army medical staff shifted him from one hospital to another. In some respects he improved physically, but the hallucination, such as feeling everyone was a German spy, remained with him, even to thinking his little son, born one month after he sailed, and whom he had never seen, was a German enemy. He would have sieges of taking off his leather belt and slapping him until the child's health was being impaired through fear. His wife felt she would be justified in leaving him to protect the child as well as herself as he was quite cruel to her.

It so happened they were visiting in this community. He had gone on a fishing party and drank too much; while sitting on a log beside the fish pond, he lost his balance and fell in the pond. One of the party rescued him and brought him to the hospital.

His wife was notified and came immediately to the hospital. I took this occasion to have a talk with her. She gave me much of his background, warning me to be very

cautious as to what I said and how I acted, as he might do me bodily harm. We had a prayer, after which she warned me not to ever mention God to him, as he blamed Him for all that had happened.

When he regained consciousness we became acquainted. The doctor made a requisition for hydrotherapy treatment with massage. When I was massaging his ankle, for the first time, I found myself praying aloud. I prayed all the time he was talking, and he talked incessantly. He became very still, relaxed. When I said "Amen," he repeated it and added a gracious, "Thank you."

From that moment we worked as one. He never offered resistance to any of the medical treatments given him. He worked in harmony with each one who ministered to him, not only with routine acquiescence, but with a whole-hearted spirit in which he showed his determination "to be made whole."

Every day we prayed together, I read the Bible to him and he read such books as *I Will Lift Up Mine Eyes, Release, The Soul's Sincere Desire, Conquest of Fear* and others.

After visiting hours at night, I went into his room, massaged his back and had a good night prayer.

One evening after visiting hours, I appeared in his room before his family and friends had gone. They remarked at his marvelous re-

covery, he listened patiently to their comments then added, "This is all true, but the thing that turned the trick is the prayers that have been said twice a day ever since I came."

Because of his splendid military and long continuous service he was awarded many ribbons and honors, being retired on full pay for life. He often said, "I never meant to hit another lick of work as long as I live." I told him, "You are going to be so well you will want to work just for the fun of it."

When he was dismissed from the hospital he went back to his home, got a job, has never had a drop of liquor, never struck his child, and proved to be very devoted to his family and friends. A more genial person I never knew. His wife was here a few weeks ago, she wept for joy that God had so wonderfully restored him to her and the church had gained a loyal worker with young men.

\* \* \*

An elderly man who had had an operation for gall stones with drainage for five weeks was faced with another operation scheduled for Monday morning. I went into his room, on Sunday night, I said, "Do you want this operation?" He replied, "No, I am afraid to have it." I told him if we would get out all our fears, resentments, intolerance and really surrender ourselves to God, He would answer our prayer, but we could not ask for

anything short of His Will and His Will was always "perfect." We did this, I took his hand, laid my other one over his wound. He was a marvelous soul! I prayed until I was sure my love for him was great enough to lay down my life for him. Then we asked the Father for his healing. A great peace came.

His wound had been dressed about six P.M., he was to have had the dressing changed at midnight. When the nurse rolled in the dressing cart, cut off the dressing, she exclaimed, "Why, Mr. R, your drainage has stopped." Monday morning he did not need a fresh piece of gauze; Tuesday he went home.

\* \* \*

A splendid looking gentleman who had been a successful business man, came in so intoxicated he had to be rolled to a room. For several days he lay in a deep stupor. One morning I went in and said, "Mr. C, I would so love doing something to make you comfortable, could you think of anything you would like to have?" The tears came in his eyes, he took my hand as if grasping for something on which he might steady himself, and said, "My old mother and father are praying for me. My little daughter, who slept with me until she was four years old, is praying for me. Would you pray?" His emotions subsided. Later he told me his story.

He had lost his money, his position as president of the bank, his home was gone, his wife had applied for divorce, gone to work; he was bankrupt, spiritually, morally and physically.

He poured out his heart, each day giving me a better picture of his frustration, how hopeless he felt, defeated in every area. We closed each conference with a prayer, and each day he grew in spiritual stature and strength.

One night he came to my office, put his head in his hands, prayed aloud. It was a memorable night. I told him to go to see his wife. He thought it a hopeless trip. The night before he went to see her, a clear vision came. I knew it was finished. Mrs. X came back with him. In the meantime, Dr. Evers secured for him a splendid position, for which he was adequately qualified. It not only strengthened his faith in God; but proved how He provides for those who trust Him. A house was available for immediate occupancy relieving that prevailing difficulty.

As an ardent A.A. he is most co-operative in visiting our alcoholic patients, taking those able to attend, to the regular weekly meetings.

\* \* \*

A little child was brought in, twenty months of age. He had drunk some lye water, the mucous membrane was burned off his

throat and esophagus. The doctor met me in the corridor and said, "I have done all I can, his fever is 105; it is up to God and you." With a broken voice and tears in his eyes, he walked away.

I took a small bath towel, dipped it in a diluted solution of alcohol, laid it over his little body. This was done to establish rapport between the distracted parents and myself; all the while I was knowing the change had to first come to them, they had to release their fears and get peace. Finally, I was prompted to ask if they believed Jesus Christ was able to do today, for little children, as He did when He "took them in His arms and blessed them." They were a little startled, then I told them we could not just pray for the baby to be well, but we had to be empty of our selfish desires, bringing such a force of love and peace to heap on little Bobbie that he could be healed. They captured the idea, like a drowning man catching for a straw and knelt by the little bed. There was a wondrous sense of the Presence; love and peace filled the room.

A special nurse had to come from a near by town; she was late arriving, I kept up the alcohol bath and with an atmosphere of almost joy

we watched the little body cool. When the nurse read the chart, she asked, "Who took this temperature." I told her one of the R.N.'s on duty. She retook the temperature, it was 102½. she felt his pulse, they showed no indication of the temperature dropping too rapidly, respiration was normal. He began to improve. In the process of his recovery, the mucous membrane had to be grown, and the pharynx dilated at intervals. But he was in good health and today is as sturdy as can be. He was healed that night. It was a matter of recreations. During this process the faith of the parents was strengthened; little Bobbie is a joyous happy boy.

Getting parents' consent to relax that they may receive, brings amazing results. It takes a great deal of love, patience and understanding as each one is to be approached in a different manner.

Gentleness is an important factor. Jesus did not change the terminology of some whom He healed, he was so very considerate of their level of consciousness. To the leper who said, "Master, if thou choose I shall be made whole," He replied, "I choose, be thou made whole." This is the keynote to spiritual therapy.

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"We should worship as though the Deity were present. If my mind is not engaged in my worship, it is as though I worshipped not."

—Confucius.

☞ No greater power can come to China's support than the united prayers of the churches of the world.

## A Message from China

*Generalissimo and Madame Chiang Kai-shek*

THE world often asks why China is not yet at peace. We might appropriately answer that nowhere in the world today are the conditions of genuine peace existent. The brave and valiant ideals, for which the United Nations seemed to be the guarantor, have now become little more than a mirage of hope in most parts of the world. Man, everywhere, is in historic suspense. But, admittedly, in China the misery, confusion and despair is more bitter than elsewhere.

Sometimes, in moments of human weakness, when wrong and injustice seem too triumphant, we feel tempted to ask Job's question—Why must such things be?

Why, in a world under divine dispensation, should the evil-doer and the enemy of humanity be permitted to prevail, if only transiently? Why cannot the Lord, as in the days of the children of Israel before the walls of Jericho, give victory to those who walk in his way?

And then, on deeper thought, we realize that this is not God's plan. The answer, of course, is that God has endowed mankind with free-

dom of will. Although, if he chose, he could make the kingdom of heaven come to pass on this earth, yet it is his plan that it shall come through man's own will and efforts. We must all pass through the fire, if we are to be worthy of God's kingdom.

We in China realize that there is much yet to be done to better conditions among our people. Eleven years of virtually continuous war and communist uprising have left their tragic mark on our institutions. Within our means we are doing our best to correct these iniquities and evils. There is no disposition, on the part of any of us, to minimize our mistakes or to deny the gravity of our problems. This complete and realistic frankness to face our shortcomings, in Chinese public opinion, is, we believe, the saving thing in the present China situation.

We have been asked, What can world Christianity do, to aid the Chinese people in this grave hour?

If there is any one outstanding thing which the Christians of China ask of the Western world in this time of decision it is that *world*

From *The Christian Advocate*, May 20, 1948. By permission.

*Christianity support China with its prayers.*

The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much, we are assured. Prayer is a dynamic force for the right in this evil-haunted world. Through prayer we may change the hearts of the spiritually blind, and the wrongdoers. Through prayer we may bring about a human regeneration which will point the way to a future world, not based on coercion, but on the sublime ideal of universal peace. *As Christians, we believe implicitly*

*in the efficacy of prayer.* And as Christians, we know that we need to pray for ourselves as well as for others.

There is no greater power on earth, which can come to China's support in this crisis, than the power which can be generated by the united prayers of the Christian churches of the world.

(NOTE—These paragraphs are taken from the message broadcast to the General Conference.—Editor.)

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## I Love You

I LOVE you, not only for what you are, but for what I am when I am with you.

I love you, not only for what you have made of yourself, but for what you are making of me.

I love you for the part of me that you bring out.

I love you for putting your hand into my heaped-up heart and passing over all the frivolous and weak things that you cannot help seeing there, and drawing out into the light all the beautiful, radiant things that no one else has looked quite far enough to find.

I love you for ignoring the possibilities of the fool in me and for laying firm hold of the possibilities of good in me.

I love you for closing your eyes to the discords in me, and for adding to the music in me by worshipful listening.

I love you because you are helping me to make of the lumber of my life, not a tavern, but a temple; and of the works of my every day, not a reproach, but a song.

I love you because you have done more than any creed could have done to make me happy.

You have done it without a touch, without a word, without a sign.

You have done it by just being yourself.

After all, perhaps this is what being a friend means.—*Selected.*

☐ She told us that God had heard her prayer as she knew by a thrill of life that passed through her body.

## God Healed My Mother of Typhoid Fever

Lillie G. McDowell

I WAS four years old when my parents came from Illinois with their family of children to take up a government quarter section in mid-central Kansas. We were known as the "Soddy Family" throughout the community, for most of our neighbors who had settled that region before we came, had houses made of lumber.

We were very poor. Father and my brother could not get work. The sole support of the family fell upon my frail little mother, who weighed only a little more than 100 pounds. She would go out to help when there was sickness, or to wash, iron, or clear for the neighbor women, who doubtless hired her because we were so poor, even though they could not afford to pay for help.

Mother was a pitiful figure as she dragged wearily home in the evening, carrying a little corn meal in a sack, or some sorghum molasses in a tin, her wage for the day's work. Once in a while when some neighbor had butchered, she would bring a little meat. The pity of it all was that she seemed to be going blind, and, because she could not afford colored glasses, wore a strip of brown veiling over her eyes

to shield them from the light. At last her eyes got so bad that I had to go with her to her work, to point out the places not entirely clean that she left, though seldom, when she washed, or the skipped places on pieces she ironed.

Yet mother never complained. Every morning as day began to dawn, I would waken to hear her singing:

*"Lord, in the morning Thou  
shalt hear  
My voice ascending high.  
To Thee will I direct my  
prayer,  
To Thee lift up mine eye."*

Often in the night I would hear her whispering a prayer.

We had to drink water from a near-by creek which ran through our farm. Many of our neighbors had the same source. It is small wonder, then, that that summer there were numerous deaths in our neighborhood from typhoid fever. I became alarmed when I noticed that many deaths occurred along the "big road" on which we lived. Counting up, I found that in every alternate house at least one member of the family had died that summer. Our house would be due for



a death if that ratio kept up! I became heavy hearted for my mother, who grew increasingly frail. I conceived the idea of praying for her, and would stand in the corner outside the house where the mud-and-stick chimney joined the soddy wall and would pray: "Oh, Lord, Grant that my mother nor any of the rest of our family will never, never, never die. For Jesus' sake I ask you. Amen." I thought that the more "nevers" I used, the more certain I could be that my prayers would be answered.

My mother took sick that summer with typhoid. On the Fourth of July morning she wakened with head and back-ache, fever and extreme lassitude. We had all planned happily to "go to the Fourth" at a grove twelve miles distant from our farm. I begged to stay with her. Both Giles and Caroline offered to do so, but mother told us that it would make her very unhappy to deprive any of her family of the pleasure of the day's outing. So, driving our oxen, Buck and Bright, hitched to our lumber wagon, we reluctantly went without her. But uneasiness at her condition brought us home early.

We found her lying on a mattress she had dragged onto the dirt floor for coolness. That she was very ill we could all see. She continued to grow worse but it was many days before she would yield to father's plea to send for a doctor.

The good doctor came promptly. "She should go to a hospital," he said, "or at least have a nurse." Mother heard him, turned her head restlessly and said: "We can't afford either. We will do well to pay you." "Don't fret about that," he replied. "There will be no charge from me." "But," Mother almost sobbed, "We wouldn't *not* pay you." "Just a little, once in a while, as you get it," he assented.

At length came a day when the doctor said to father: "There is no use for me to come any more. I can't do a thing for her. It is all in God's hands."

As soon as the doctor had gone, I seized my kitten in my arms and carried her to my chimney corner where I sobbed my heart out. I tried to pray but could only say: "Oh, God! Oh, God!"

When I went back into the house mother's looks frightened me. Her lips, her finger nails were blue. She lay perfectly rigid until the next morning, seemed scarcely breathing. She never moved until the next forenoon, when she opened her eyes, looked into all our faces as we were gathered about her bed, and divining the sorrow there, by a superhuman effort, like Hezekiah of old she turned her face to the wall that there might be nothing between her and her God, and whispered a plea to get well. Then she turned toward us once more and told us that God had heard her

prayer as she knew by a thrill of life that passed through her body as she prayed, and that she was entirely well, but felt that she should stay in bed a while longer to regain her strength.

I sidled up to her bedside and said: "I prayed, too, Mother." Then I told her about my "nevers." "Do you think they helped any, Mother?" I asked. "I have no doubt they did, Child," she replied. "You know the Bible says, 'For we know that we have whatsoever we ask of Him if we keep His commandments' and do the things that are pleasing in His sight." "Then that's why He heard you?" I cried. "You

are so good, I know you please Him."

The outcome of all this was that we had our mother for thirty years after she had been touched by God for healing. She became the patron saint of the whole community. Her eyes got perfectly well that fall, owing to the help of a good doctor in near-by Columbus, whose ministrations for her the Lord blest.

I know that God heard my mother's prayers and sent His blessings upon her.

"Bless the Lord, oh, my soul, and all that is within me, bless His holy Name."

### ❖ ❖ ❖

### "Deep Well of Peace"

*Mrs. Helen Richardson*

There are no ripples in the quiet waters of the well, as peace is there—just as may be found in our mind, if we try.

Do you want to live a life of serenity, wrapped in peace and contentment? This is the goal of many—yet not all have been able to harness this quietude to their lives. It can be done! First of all, a mind that is free of guilt and feelings of misgivings is one that is a boon to its owner. For that person follows the dictates of his inner conscience, evades the cheating impulse, and does what is deemed the best thing to be done. Not only that, he tries to achieve more each day.

A prick of conscience sometimes results from the knowledge that we haven't achieved the ultimate goal for that particular day. People who lead a full, busy life generally reap the reward of the still quiet of a peace of mind, something that is not comparable to any monetary standards. Kindness to others, sympathetic understanding, and leading a clean life will help us forget the seemingly huge tribulations of our own.

We must all live with ourselves and our consciences, so we may as well make the most of it by gathering in the sweet calming effect of a quiet mind. For, though an occasional pebble of grief disturbs our well, we are secure in the knowledge that its depth will once again accept it, and by its strength, be calm and still.

☐ Love is the uninhibited activity of God in the whole personality.

## Love, the Pearl of Great Price

Mary Welch

LOVE is the Pearl of Great Price. Its worth lies not in what it gives to its possessor but in what it takes out of him. The purchaser finds his joy not so much in holding the Pearl as in having found at last an object capable of absorbing all that he has to invest.

All the world is window-shopping for something to love with all that it has to give. It wants something which costs everything it holds in its pockets.

Boredom comes from circumstances that take nothing out of us. Drudgery is work which consumes too little of the available energies. Frustration arises from inhibition of a free outflow of love. In marriage, the happier partner is the one who loves most rather than the one most loved.

Alexander the Great was frustrated by the worlds he conquered because among them all he loved not one. Jesus Christ was fulfilled by the world which crucified him because he succeeded in loving that world totally.

One's need to love totally is always greater and more essential to the release of the divine dynamics within the personality than one's need to be loved. This is the frustra-

tion of God Himself, not that men will not love Him, but that they will not respond to his need to love them. And this is the self-inflicted curse of man, not that God does not love him, but that he will not love God. And this is the grief of God: "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how oft would I have gathered you under my wings as a hen gathereth her brood, but *ye would not!*" This is Gethsemane's cup that could not pass: That he came to love his own and his own would not receive that love. This the heartbreak of Jesus: Not that Judas betrayed him with a kiss but that Peter denied him with an oath. Judas said by his act, "I never loved him," Peter, "He never drew me by his love—there is no bond between us."

Love is the uninhibited activity of God in the whole personality. Men are forever crucifying God and committing suicide. Every egocentric response men make to the universe is a nail in the hands of Love. But Love forever cries, "Forgive them Father, for they do not realize what they are doing to Me and to themselves!" Every attempt at self-realization annuls the power of the cross of self-emptying Love and postpones the Dynasty of Love in the life.

☐ "I must go to far off, frontier places where people live and die without light and without hope."

## Missionary on a Dog Sled

Vincent Edwards

IT will be a long time before the people of Alaska forget Peter Trimble Rowe. Without any doubt there are few names that are more honored in the Territory's recent eventful history. Big business men have come and gone, gold-seeking prospectors have swarmed through the hills and then vanished overnight, yet the memory of this great missionary bishop remains like the steady glow of a cabin's candle in the Arctic darkness.

The invitation to go to Alaska came to Peter Rowe in 1895. He was nearing forty, and had just succeeded in building up a thriving parish in Michigan. Many men would have hesitated a long time before tackling a job that demanded untiring physical endurance, along with some extraordinary human adaptability.

Alaska was a curious composite just then. Tough sourdoughs had gone there in hordes. Across the trackless interior native Indian tribes still roved. And, of course, in the far North, there were Eskimos in unknown numbers. If any cleric had been looking to take charge of a hodge-podge of ill-assorted humanity, he couldn't have found anything more confused and

bewildering than this diocese.

Yet, the Rev. Mr. Rowe sprang to the challenge with enthusiasm. In after years he was heard to say, "The two qualities most needed in Alaska are an instinct for finding one's way, and bull-dog grit." He had not been there long before he showed he had both. He had found the right place, too, to carry out the ambition he had formed in his Toronto college days: "I must use my strength to help where help is needed."

He first won the respect of the hardened prospectors. One day, after a long, bleak trip by sled from Juneau, he turned up at Caribou Crossing. There he found the boat which he had ordered built for his trip down the Yukon hadn't even been touched.

"If you'll camp with us for a spell, dominie," one miner apologized, "we'll pitch in and give you a day's work when our own lumber is sawed."

The friendly Bishop shook his head.

"I think I'll see what I can do for myself before I bother you fellows," he replied.

The miners listened in wonder as they heard his ax resounding

through the woods. Bishop Rowe hadn't chosen an easy job. It's no fun to fell trees and then whipsaw the logs into boards for a boat. But in two days he had his lumber ready.

By the time his rude craft was finished and mounted on runners, the men regarded him with silent admiration. They hovered about him. The Bishop sensed their inner hunger, so on the night before he left, he led a service around the camp-fire.

"You men have given up comfort and friends and risked life itself to find the golden treasure," said he. "But why not reach out and take the thing that is yours for the asking? You can have God as easy as that."

The next day the miners reluctantly said goodbye to their good friend.

As the Bishop's river journey progressed, he caught a vision. Spring was creeping into the Northern country, and the air was sweet with sunshine and woodland fragrance. But as he stopped at one Indian village after another, he foresaw the day when missions, together with schools and hospitals, would rise in many of those places.

In a few years he began to see his dream come true.

One day a stranger asked a group of hardened prospectors, "Why is it that you tough miners set such store by this Bishop Rowe?"

The men looked at him with a kind of pity.

"Friend," answered their spokesman, "Bishop Rowe is one preacher whose sermons have been in *deeds* and not in *words*!"

While the questioner listened intently, the miners then told of how the Bishop had raised money for a new hospital in that town the year he made his first visit.

"He is for his church, sure enough," the miner explained, "but his church is for the people. And the people are any that turn up on the trail."

As Bishop Rowe's journeys took him all over the territory, he became one of the best "mushers" in Alaska. His dog-sled team became a familiar sight, for every winter he traveled one to two thousand miles with his six huskies. Stopping at lonely settlements, bringing his message of hope to the Eskimo igloos, cheering empty mining towns where but a score of men remained—he counted it all in the day's work.

As the years brought new problems, he even traveled to Washington in behalf of his scattered flock. It was through his efforts, in part at least, that reindeer were brought from Siberia to furnish new food to the Eskimos after the white men had made terrible inroads upon the seals and whales. He was able to get sawmills built, and in times of distress he made sure that food and

medicine reached the people in need.

Everywhere he went men took fresh heart again.

"Where is everybody going?" asked a visitor in Fairbanks one Sunday.

"Why, didn't you know?" said the hotel clerk. "Bishop Rowe is in town. Everybody turns out when he comes. Somehow he seems to know just what a man needs!"

Not for worldly fame or success did this brave pioneer of souls

trudge along the edge of precipices and risk thin river ice to reach some remote parish. Long ago, at college, he had decided: "I must go to the far-off, frontier places where people live and die without light and without hope."

His example became a lasting inspiration to other men. In after years, a missionary worker in a lonely frontier post was heard to say, "When I am tempted to think that I am having a hard time, I just think of Bishop Rowe."



### *Both Gold and Gray*

*Georgia Moore Eberling*

If all my path had lain along  
A wide and sunny lea,  
I think I would not be as strong  
As I have grown to be.

If I had never met grim pain,  
I could not understand  
The bitter weight of fear and strain,  
And lack of self-command.

If I had always walked in light  
And never seen a cloud,  
And never feared the wild storm's might . . .  
I could be over-proud.

If I had never done a wrong  
Nor made the least mistake,  
I might feel I was over-strong . . .  
Doubt the penitent's heart-ache.

Since I have known both gold and gray  
Along Life's checkered road,  
My heart weeps for each castaway,  
I help him bear his load.

¶ I learned to find happiness, and the university couldn't teach me anything more important than that.

## *My Good-Bad Luck*

*Edwin M. Hunt*

IT'S a funny thing how often our bad luck turns out to be the best thing for us. That's the way it was with me. This bad luck came to me just after I began going to college.

Well, I had been going to college for a week and it was wonderful. I had never been so happy. Then it happened. The blow struck without warning. Sis fell suddenly and seriously ill. I just couldn't believe it. I couldn't believe it would happen just when everything was so swell. But it happened!

There was nothing for me to do but to quit school and get my job back in the packing house. And now my salary would go for doctor bills. It wasn't that I didn't want to help Sis, but it just didn't seem fair. Anyhow I dropped out of school and went back to work. When I got off work, instead of going home and reading or studying by correspondence, I got to staying down at the pool halls. I even started drinking, although I couldn't afford enough of that to hurt me much. On Sundays I stayed in bed till noon instead of going to Sunday School. When Mom came in to wake me up, I'd tell her irritably to leave me alone.

Church hadn't meant much to me even before Sis got sick. I used to go with her and mother, but I was usually a thousand miles away during Dr. Stoner's sermons.

Sis had always been pretty religious, not in the talking way, but down deep. She felt it and lived it. Well, she saw me getting pretty bitter, I guess, and one night she asked me to come in and say my prayers with her. She wasn't getting any better so I couldn't say no to her.

Well, I went in to say my prayers with Sis, and she read me the Sermon on the Mount. "Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted." And so on! Sis had a soft voice and when she read those words, they went right into me. I just sat there while she read and felt like I was being lifted right off my chair. And all at once I felt tears rolling down my cheeks. I got off the chair and dropped on my knees beside the bed, and Sis began to pray for me. She was so happy that she was crying, too.

After that night, things began getting a whole lot better. I woke up the next day feeling wonderful.

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MY GOOD-BAD LUCK

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I got out of my bed and went down on my knees to say a prayer to God for helping me. For the first time in months I went to breakfast with a smile on my face.

That Sunday I went to church with Mother and we prayed together for Sis. And when I went to work the next day I was a different person. The boys I worked with noticed it right away, and I could tell they were pretty pleased about it. I guess I had been pretty hard to get along with.

Some people say there aren't miracles anymore, but when the Grace of God can change a person all of a sudden from a bitter, mean roughneck to a happy, human being, I call that a miracle.

But that wasn't all of the miracle. Sis began to show improvement. And once she started, she made progress fast. The doctors thought it was wonderful, but they didn't try to explain it. It made her even happier when I took a Sunday School class, and began to study at night for the time when I could go back to college.

By the end of that summer, Sis was as well as ever, and in the fall I entered college again. I was a little further behind than most of the fellows my age, but that didn't bother me, because I knew with God's help I had already learned how to find happiness, and whatever the university had to offer, it couldn't teach me anything more important than that.



### *Courage Of Ages*

*Helen Oliphant Bates*

I entered the ancient cathedral,  
And knelt at the time-worn pew,  
Where through the ages thousands  
Had petitioned for strength anew.

Mothers, fathers and children,  
With sorrows deeper than mine,  
Had found the grace of patience  
By praying within that shrine.

The courage of those before me,  
Still hallowing the air,  
Braced my sinking spirit,  
To overcome despair.

*In His Name**Anne Pendleton*

Start the day with calm assurance,  
 Let nobility be your aim;  
 Give your best in selfless service,  
 In the Heavenly Father's name.

*We're Working Together, My Lord And I**Sylvia B. Robinson*

We're working together, my Lord and I,  
 We're working together in every task;  
 With a mind that's strong, and a faithful heart—  
 No more do I need to know, or ask.

We're walking together, my Lord and I,  
 We're walking together on every road;  
 With a step that's firm, and a balanced tread—  
 No more do I bend from the weight of the load.

We're singing together, my Lord and I,  
 We're singing together in fervent praise;  
 The notes have wings, and carry me on  
 Through starless nights, and tiresome days.

We're laughing together, my Lord and I,  
 We're laughing together with mirth and glee;  
 In gurgling streams, and sun-kissed buds—  
 There's joy in all we do and see.

We're climbing together, my Lord and I,  
 To the mountain's top, and the beckoning lights;  
 Where the way is clear, and the air is pure—  
 We're climbing together, the breathless heights.

We're working together—no more do I fear,  
 I no longer strain, I have learned to fly;  
 I have thrown myself in His mighty arms—  
 And we're working together, by Lord and I!

☐ Let us take our stand right where realism and faith meet that we may be used by God to create a new heaven and a new earth.

*Where Realism and Faith Meet**Rev. Samuel Shoemaker**And I saw a new heaven and a new earth.—Rev. 21:1*

EVERY God-inspired prophet and seer looks straight at the conditions of his own time, and then looks straight through them to the coming of a better day. You just cannot believe in the Christian God without the inevitable corollary of believing that one day, and under some unpredictable circumstances, our best hopes shall be our surest realities, and all that man has striven for shall somewhere be achieved.

But how shall this process be effected? How shall these dreams and hopes which so often lie before us as if they were tantalizing mirages ever be made actual in the real world? Look at the words of St. John the Divine, "I saw a new heaven and a new earth," and see whether you find in them a truth I am seeing there. If you look at heaven and earth at the same time, you must look at that juncture of heaven and earth which we call the horizon.

I take "heaven" to mean all that world of ideals, of hopes, of aspira-

tions, of true dreams—in a word, of faith—which beacons us on all the while, and which we lose sight of at our peril. And the word "earth" in this sense I take to mean all that world of actualities, of duty, of responsibility, of materiality which we know and with which we are concerned most of our lives.

Now my theme is that effective, healthy, progressive living—living which satisfies because it is real—is living very close in to that angle where realism and faith meet. The closer people are to the realities of the situation, and to the power of faith to effect it, and both at the same time, the more effective are their lives. And the further out on either leg of that angle they get, away from the junction of the two planes, whether in the direction of facts unmodified by faith, or of faith unmodified by facts, the less effective are their lives.

Take the matter of sickness. Purely material science tells you that all the trouble lies in the body, and must be corrected through the

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body. The body is a material thing, and its aches and ailments are material, too. But out on the other leg of the angle are those who say that the trouble lies in the mind, and must be corrected through the mind. Fear thoughts, guilt thoughts, negative and despairing thoughts, have been pouring down into the subconscious from a disturbed, uncontrolled and faithless mind; and the physical ailments of the body are but expressions of this.

Have we not seen great harm done where either the body or the mind was overemphasized, to the exclusion of the other? Science must watch out for materialism: and faith must watch out for foolishness. But science and faith, meeting at the right angle where heaven meets earth, can join hands and work together.

Or take the meeting of those daily situations which vary from ordinary occurrences to crises. Most people make their decisions without a moment of spiritual consideration: previous experience and personal bent combine to bring about a decision. How often does the "practical" person become so realistic that only the bare present realities touch his mind.

Yet also how often does the "spiritual" person remain maddeningly impractical, saying he is "trusting God" when really he is simply letting things slide in irresponsible fashion, or making of

prayer itself a kind of wishful self-willed daydreaming, in order to evade facing an unpaid bill, a neglected duty, or a tough situation. Oh, if only we could just move these two dear people nearer to each other, and get them down off one leg of the angle to the point of it instead!

Or consider the way in which we seek to help people meet their problems. Hardly a day passes, I'll wager, that someone does not open to you some situation in his life or touching it, upon which he would like to draw you out; and which, if you understand God and life, you can help him to solve.

We must help them to face and understand their situation, and often the total facts look very different when spread out before another. Much clarifies as they talk with freedom because we are sympathetic, and as they answer pertinent questions we ask. The situation may appear graver to them after we have helped them to consider it realistically, and yet easier to face, just because they now see what they are up against, and are looking straight at it, instead of looking away into some make-believe account of it they have given themselves. That first. But then a second thing. We must help them away from cheap answers, which by ignoring the moral law somewhere create further difficulties. We must help them to see that Christ's

way is not only ideal, but practical—the only practical way. We must help them to find faith, and then to set it actually at work on the problems they face. We must help them take account of God in their situation.

Or again, think of how we shall deal with this vast, suffering, complex, agonized world of which we are a part. Never did men need to be so realistic about the world, and never did they need so much to look at it with faith! But it must be a true realism. A man said to me recently, "I am a realist!" and he went on to tell me how he had come up the hard way, was tough on himself and tough on other people; and very soon we were seeing that he carried over his so-called "realism" into his own home and was creating tensions there that could easily be disastrous. He is typical of those who think themselves so "practical" that they become very impractical indeed.

People like this are so exclusively occupied with the facts, that they never hear the "higher harmonies," they know no springs of renewal in life from which to drink, only

the old stale well of profits and power. There is so much of earth, and so little of heaven, in such people's philosophy that they help to bring us to the brink of hell. When we have faced facts, there still remains the question what we shall do about them: and there faith must have its say. Yet we all know others who view life from within an ivory tower. A man need not give up his ideals to be a realist, but he will need to test them on the actual, and get them down out of the ether to solid ground.

How does a man look up and say, "I saw a new heaven and a new earth"? He says it because heaven and earth are both in his heart. Realism is right when it says that human nature belongs to the kingdom of animals; it is wrong when it says it belongs only to that kingdom. Idealism is right when it says human nature belongs to the realm of angels; it is wrong when it says it belongs only to that realm.

Let us take our stand right where realism and faith meet, that belonging truly to both worlds, we may be used of God to create "a new heaven and a new earth."

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### *Roads or Walls?*

*Ethelyn Miller Hartwick*

Great roads the Romans built that men might meet,  
And walls to keep strong men apart, secure.  
Now centuries have passed, and in defeat  
The walls are fallen, but the roads endure.

☐ "I am the War Maker!"

## The War Maker

Clarence Edwin Flynn

I AM the war maker.

My name is Mars, but I don't always go by it. The artists who represent me as a bearded man with a helmet are mistaken. I am really not like the pictures at all.

I have newer and better techniques. I am a purveyor of various and sundry kinds of hates and prejudices. I make them myself, and they are good even if I do say it.

I hate my neighbor because he makes more money. I hate my rival because he holds a better job. I hate Jones because he is more popular. I hate Smith because he isn't. I hate Brown because he is a failure. I hate Wright because he is a success.

I hate the Jew because he is so much like the Gentile. I hate the Negro because he has so many faults of the white man. I hate the foreigner because I don't know him. I hate my fellow countryman because

I know him so well.

I hate the capitalist because he has economic power. I hate the workingman because he is trying to get it. I hate the socialist because he has an idea that is different. I hate them all because they get in my way.

I hate the young because they are radical. I hate the old because they are conservative. I hate the middle-aged because they don't know which to be.

I hate the bad because they are evil. I hate the good because they are stuffy. I hate the in-between because they don't commit themselves.

I hate the country people because they are slow. I hate the city people because they are fast. I hate everybody because he isn't me.

I am the man the cartoonists picture as Mars, but I'm not like that. I'm just an average person living in an ordinary place.

I am the war maker.



I say that the real and permanent grandeur of these States must be their religion, otherwise there is no real and permanent grandeur.

—Walt Whitman

☐ The angels went away, but Hope, Faith and Love stayed alive inside me.

## He Shall Give His Angels

Dorothy Banker

TODAY we had a difficult problem and it seemed there was no way to solve it. I prayed and prayed again. Then I realized my thoughts were more upon the problem than upon God. I said, "Dear God, I turn to Thee for guidance."

With a freer mind, I went about my work—housecleaning. As if guided to them, I came upon some papers of my mother and opened a letter she had written before I was born and for some reason had never mailed. It was dated at a time of serious illness and discouragement of which we had often heard, a time not long before she came west in a move that brought about her marriage.

She had written thus:

"Last night I did not wish to live, for what had I to live for? I prayed to die and looked into darkness and not toward God's promises. Suddenly from that darkness came three angels in a brightness I could feel more than look upon.

"The first one came near.

"I am Hope," she said in a voice that sang a promise of blessings. 'I bring you good tidings of health and happiness. But I bring you also a command: You must live Hope.

Hope is no thing of false ambitions, vain goals. Hope is the sure knowledge that your ambitions and goals are good, worthy of yourself and your God. Hope is no faint wishing, no idle waiting for what you desire. Hope is putting into motion, through thoughts and deeds, your desire. Hope is the surety that, through the grace of God, all good things are yours now.

"Be of good courage, for Hope will bring you health, joy, and every good thing you need.'

"The angel went away. But Hope stayed alive inside me.

"Then came a second angel.

"I am Faith," she said in a voice that sang a promise of blessings. 'I bring you good tidings of health and happiness. But I bring you also a command: You must live Faith. Faith in yourself, faith in all mankind, and above all, faith in God. Faith is no thing of doubts and indecisions. Faith is courage to try, strength to accomplish. Faith is no thing of vacillations and changing desires. Faith is the substance of those desires, the substance from which they will come. Faith is the surety that, through the grace of God, all good things are yours now.

"Be of good courage, for Faith will bring you health, joy, and every good thing you need."

"The angel went away. But Faith stayed alive inside me.

"Then came a third angel.

"I am Love," she said in a voice that sang of promise of blessings. 'I bring you good tidings of health and happiness. Love is no thing of jealousy and remorse, of envy and hatred. Love is divine. For God is Love. Love is no thing of small givings and smaller takings, of little sharings and littler receivings. Love is as infinite and ever present and all inclusive as God. For God is Love. This I say to you: Love yourself for to love yourself is to fear nothing and live nobly. Love every living thing, for in loving them, you bring them and yourself closer to God. Love God,

for to love God is to know God, and to know God is to be fearless. And to be fearless is to accomplish every great and good thing. Love is the surety that, through the grace of God, all good things are yours now.

"Be of good courage, for Love will bring you health, joy, and every good thing you need."

"The angel went away. But Love stayed alive inside me."

There was a space and then, under a date after her marriage, my mother had written the familiar words of Psalm 91:11—"For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways."

And she had added, "He did and He always will if we but turn to Him with Hope and Faith and Love."



### *For Golden Autumns*

*Bessie Saunders Spencer*

Thank God for golden autumns  
That followed summer's knell  
Across these hills and valleys  
As scarlet showers fell,  
For all the mauve Octobers  
That poured their tithings out  
Before the pale Novembers,  
Gray-mantled and devout,  
For centuries of seasons  
He gave that this might be  
A land of sweet tradition  
And glowing wealth for me!

☞ "I'm taking my advice from the Top Authority."

## *Lesson in Salesmanship from the Bible*

*William J. Murdoch*

**I**F you're looking for a spectacular yarn, with irate bosses and dismissal threats followed by fat and sudden boosts in pay, you're in for a surprise," Steve smiled. "There's no such story. This is just the account of a man who learned a valuable lesson in salesmanship—written salesmanship—from the Bible."

While he made himself comfortable at his desk, I studied Steve. His hair was greyer and thinner than when I last saw him. But he looked pleasanter. Happier. I first got to know him about 20 years ago when we were in high school together, and even then he had been restless, impatient—complaining because he had to study books when he wanted to go out in the world and write. He was a hard worker, and a hard learner. While he should have been preparing himself for a career in professional writing he was protesting against delay and inactivity—and loafing when he should have studied. Not until he left school and tried and failed in free-lance writing did he begin to learn the things he should have absorbed in school.

But that's how Steve was—and still is to a certain degree. In some

aspects his mental perception approaches brilliance, and in others it is nearly opaque. Throughout the years, I have watched him on his various writing jobs in newspaper and publicity offices and allied fields. I have often remarked—to myself—that he was sometimes balked by his own stubbornness, intellectual and otherwise. For example there was the time he was nearly fired from one newspaper because he insisted upon writing 50-word lead sentences despite a strict city room rule limiting all opening sentences to 15 words or less. Only the breeze from a pink slip waved angrily under his nose could make him understand.

And now Steve was an advertising copy writer who reads the Bible.

"Good book, the Bible," he said succinctly. "Sound. Sensible. Downright practical. And yet it's the most beautifully written thing that's ever been produced."

He went on. "I've always said that any subject, as long as it's decent, can be made attractive and a pleasure to read. When I took this job two years ago, the first advertising job I ever had, I made up my mind to make my advertis-



ing copy pleasant to read.”

“Sounds like a big order.”

“It was. And the way I approached the job didn’t help to reduce the size at all. I hired on here cold, so to speak; I had no advertising training and I wanted none that I hadn’t acquired through experience.”

“And—”

“I tried to avoid all the things I had always disliked in advertising copy. Dull and stodgy words. Dreary boasts. High and mighty superlatives. Empty prattling.”

He pronounced his next words with solemnity. “I nearly wrote my head off. I turned out a dozen, two dozen versions of a 200-word block of copy, striving to get away from drab words and stereotyped phrases. We’re an industrial agency, you know: you can’t write about gears and machine tools and tractor treads and induction motors as you would about neckties or breakfast cereals. Of course, you can’t sell an engineer \$25,000 worth of equipment in 200 or even 2,000 words—but you can get him interested, and that’s what I was trying to do.

“But I wasn’t doing it. No one told me so. The boss had no complaints. I was doing as good a job as any other copy he ever had. Our ads were pulling the same number of inquiries as before.”

“Seems like you had nothing to complain about, then.”

“You forget—me,” said Steve with a rather sheepish grin. “I wasn’t satisfied. Our ads were—well, they were all right, but that’s all. To me they had no snap. They sounded like chest-beating, they simply didn’t click.”

He swung his feet down from the top of his desk and stretched lengthily in his chair, yawning. “I really worked. I worked like mad and got nowhere. My copy just didn’t click, and I couldn’t figure out why.

“And then one day at a luncheon meeting downtown I heard a talk by one of the local pastors, an intelligent and sort of easy-going chap. Know what he talked on? ‘Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.’ That talk was just what I needed. Now I’m writing copy I like.”

He winked. “You needn’t look so puzzled. It’s simple, really. Just study that teaching of Jesus’. Place yourself in the other fellow’s shoes. Think about him and try thinking like him. Care about him. Yes, worry about him, too. Let him know about it. Then you begin to grow.

“At least I began to grow,” he continued, “and I began to write better copy, too. Copy I liked. I kept in mind what the pastor said about ‘I’ and ‘you.’ He said to forget ‘I’ for a while and concentrate on ‘you.’ The letter ‘I’ isolates us from the other chap: the word ‘you’ takes us to him instantly.”

“Makes sense so far.”

“Makes good copy, too. Instead of boasting about how good our clients’ products were, I told the reader how those products might solve his problems. I stopped writing for myself and aimed my type-writer at my reader.”

“Seems to me that’s an old idea, though. Good salesmen use it all the time.”

“Of course it’s an old idea. And writing advertising copy is simply selling through the written word. The thing is, I had to learn it my-

self—from the Bible.”

It was an admission, and Steve sensed my temptation to patronize him for being so stubborn so long. So he grinned again.

“I’m stubborn, but I’m not completely a mule. I know a good thing when I see it. And give me credit for this,” he said: “I took my advice from the Top Authority. I’m reading Him more often and more carefully these days. Now that I’ve started, I don’t think I’ll ever stop taking His advice.”

### *Morning Dedication*

*Derek Neville*

Thou art my breath; I breathe today  
Because Thy goodness holds its sway.

Thou art mine eyes; I only see  
What Thou conceived and made to be.

Thou art mine ears; I only hear  
A world that to Thy heart is dear.

Thou art my feet; I only tread  
With Thee behind me—and ahead.

Thou art my hands; I only feel  
The outer shell of what is real.

Thou art my lips; Thou art my brain;  
Thou comest in my joy and pain.

I know it now. Oh God, I pray—  
Let me remember it today!

## Commands to Pray

Ina France Nesbitt

THESE are many amazing things about prayer, but one of the most amazing aspects is the fact that our heavenly Father is more eager to hear and to answer our prayers than we are to set apart a quiet, uninterrupted time alone in fellowship with Him.

The invitations to prayer are many, both in the Old and New Testaments. A senator's wife once said to me "An invitation from the White House is more than an invitation. IT IS A COMMAND."

In addition to the invitations, God has also given commands that we pray. If one does not feel it proper to decline an invitation from a ruler of earth, how dare we reject the many invitations the Ruler of the universe has given to His followers. Yet the Bible holds not only invitations but commands as well.

"Men OUGHT always to pray and not to faint." Luke 18:1.

The word ought implies an inescapable duty. The Bible tells us of many things we ought not do, but this is one of the imperatives, something we ought to do, and if we fail to do it we are disobedient to a direct command of God.

Another imperative is found in the verse, "Call upon me and I will show thee great and mighty things that thou knowest not."

Great and mighty things await the Christian who prays in obedience to the Divine command.

The benefits from prayer outlined in the Bible are surely sufficient to entice us to pray. Six times in one short verse are we shown these benefits "Ask and it SHALL BE given you; Seek and ye SHALL find; knock and it SHALL be opened unto you. For every one that seeketh findeth.



At a dinner in Paris some years ago Victor Hugo voiced his faith in the Infinite and in the soul's immortality in these words: "When I go down to the grave I can say, like many others, that I have finished my day's work, but I cannot say I have finished my life. My days will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes on the twilight to open on the dawn."

## Thoughts Farthest Out

### CHURCH ATTENDANCE HAS NO SUBSTITUTE

"And let us consider one another to provoke unto love and to good works: Not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together, as the manner of some is." Hebrews 10:24-25.

IT FREQUENTLY happens that when you talk with someone about church, he recites the errors of the historic church as the reason he does not attend church. The church has made plenty of errors and no one would try to defend them, but to use these as an excuse for not going to church is a little far-fetched. The church as a human organization still makes errors, but do you shun your friends because they make mistakes?

An Episcopal rector picked up a hitch-hiker on the road. The young man asked the minister what parish he served and addressed him as "Father." The minister made his position clear. The discussion turned to church and church attendance. The young man listed the faults of the church. He had been reared in a Christian home in Italy. One of his brothers was a Roman Catholic priest. He stated with some pride that he had forsaken the church—because of its errors in history and at the present time. The Episcopalian clergyman said, "Just suppose you had been Christ—*just suppose*. You are going to start a church; or a church will follow from your teachings whether you plan it or not. Now, you know a church *run by human beings*—though the mystical body of Christ is something else again, but it finds its external expression in men and women—is going to come to life. Run by human beings with all the drives, emotions, instincts, ambitions and desires of human beings. What safeguards would you erect to prevent these errors?"

The young man had to admit that in such a case it would be somewhat impossible to do, men and women being what they are.

Too often we use the errors of the church as an excuse for our own indifference. They are a ready-made excuse for us. We forget that the only person we are *fooling* is ourselves. "For what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his soul?"

Attending church may not be the touchstone to heaven, but no other human institution has a record that in anyway compares with it as an instrument in that direction. You are able to worship God on the golf course, or in the easy chair, on a Sunday morning, but not one in a hundred use these as a sanctuary.

The church, with few exceptions, is your only chance to worship God in company with others. There is a strength in such worship that you cannot get by yourself. We can no more worship

adequately by ourselves, than we can live all to ourselves. In corporate worship we ally ourselves with all God's children in one symphony of divine communion.

Instead of blinding ourselves with excuses, let us attend church. Become one with it, and by our very support help to make it more what we believe it should be.

Read: *Revive Thy Church*, Samuel M. Shoemaker.

#### THOUGHTS OF CONSCRIPTION

*"The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore."* Psalm 121:8.

FOR THE first time in the peacetime history of the United States, young men are being drafted into the armed services. Parents are anxious about the effect military service will have on their sons. Without delving into the many factors about the rightness or wrongness of military conscription, *we have it*. The immediate problem is how to take it. A small minority will refuse any kind of service. Most will obey the law.

Parents are seeing their sons go into service and wondering what they can do about it. There is much they can do. On the young man's part, the realization that behind him, and believing in him, is a Christian home, will be a source of strength. Letters from home reminding him of the love for him, and of the confidence in him, will do more than parents realize. Prayers of the home are of inestimable value.

A subscription to a good vital Christian magazine, a magazine with many varied and general articles and stories, can be a big help. *The Christian Herald*, with Dr. Daniel A. Poling as editor, immediately comes to mind.

Good books fill a need. After the first excitement of army or navy life, the hours do drag. Anything worthwhile to occupy the mind is a great help. Besides clean general books, there are many religious books to aid the spiritual growth.

A good Bible is worth much. Oxford University Press has published recently *The Pilgrim Edition of the Holy Bible* (\$4.50) for youth and young people. It is the result of years of effort. Notes and explanations are pointed to the mind of young people. For those hesitant about having a Bible along, this edition is bound like any other book with white edges. Any of the modern translations are good.

If you feel strongly against the draft, remember that God can use any program for the benefit of His final purpose. Even something definitely evil can be turned to the final advantage of God, and in the course of history inevitably will. Evil in any form cannot triumph. With this in mind, if you are opposed to the draft,

you should be able to face it in the light that with God's help even this can be a worthwhile experience for your son.

Read: *The Will of God*, Leslie D. Weatherhead.

#### THE GREAT BUSINESS OF LIVING

*"... and let us run with patience the race that is set before us."* Hebrews 12:1.

WITH so many books on "how you can do" this or that, many are in danger of being misled. Whether the subject happens to be achieving power in prayer, or making a lot of money in business, makes no difference. The danger is the unspoken, but implied, suggestion that if you but know the secret you are a success. It is something like flipping on the switch in the living room—just as easy and just as quick. For every person who has that experience, millions will be disappointed.

"Real living takes time," says Hazen Werner in a new book by that title. Of course it is true. Any kind of living takes time. Neither the saint nor the libertine is made overnight. It takes time, not doing the great things in this world but in taking care of the little everyday things. In taking care of the little things, the uninspiring things—catching the same bus to work everyday, washing dishes after supper every night, paying your bills on time, daily making the children know that you love them, hanging out a washing every Monday morning, cleaning the house, etc.—in doing all of these and many more, doing them every week and every year, we *become* what we are.

Let us never lose sight of the fact that living takes time. The great thing about George Mueller was not that he was able to pray and "miraculously" get large sums of money for his orphanage. The admirable thing is the years of loyalty and training in prayer that made such feats possible. The fine thing about Albert Schweitzer is not that he forsook Europe for the mission field, but that he was willing to pay the price in preparation. The same is true of Muriel Lester, Toyohiko Kagawa, Mahatma Gandhi and all the others. When their opportunity came they were able to make the most of it only because of years of devotion. God needs workmen worthy of their hire!

The hopeful element in all this is that we are not entirely the product of chance. We can come to a decision even now, and make a new start amid the same old surroundings. Through the power and guidance and strength of Christ we can become the ears, and hands and mind of God on this earth.

Preparation is worth it. One finds even in preparation a peace and vision that is priceless.

Read: *Real Living Takes Time*, Hazen Werner.

## Books of Interest

Norman K. Elliott

WOMEN AT PRAYER, Hazel T. Wilson. Pilgrim, \$1.25. 96 pages. This is a little book of devotions for the "ten million" praying women in America. It has introductions on "The Way of Prayer" by Muriel Lester, and "The Power of Prayer" by Frank Laubach. There are 31 morning devotions on the right hand pages. These are selected from both ancient and contemporary writers. They are good. The left hand pages are blank that they may be used as a prayer diary by the reader. The last section is a series of prayer poems. As an aid to morning devotions, as a rallying point for the praying women of America, it is recommended.

MORE THAN WE ARE, Marguerite Harmon Bro. Harpers, \$1.50. 144 pages. We all want to become "more than we are" and this manual of prayer can be the impetus to make us just that. It is well written and its message is clear. If one knew nothing about prayer and wanted some book to start at the very beginning and end amid the very mysteries of it, *More Than We Are* could fill the order. This is saying a lot but the range of the book is commanding. Some of the factors discussed are the beginning, the mood, the place, the time, the will of God, meditation, intercession, forgiveness, group prayer, God's gifts, and the knowledge of self.

REAL LIVING TAKES TIME, Hazen G. Werner. Abingdon-Cokesbury, \$2.00. 184 pages. The sub-title is "Inspiration for Living" and that is just what it is, with a lot of mature advice. The idea is that we do not become what we are overnight. Becoming what we are, takes time. Chapter by chapter Mr. Werner takes the problems of living and shows us how to avoid the insidious factors working toward our defeat. It is not the hideous, brutal and ugly evils that threaten us so much as the little "polite" things which, dripping on our wills and minds day by day, eventually bring about

our downfall. With the help of God, seeing ourselves as we are, we can really begin to live so that it means something. We can build up treasures in heaven right here. This book deserves an "awful lot" of reading, by an "awful lot" of people.

CHANNELS OF DEVOTION, Gladys C. Murrell. Abingdon-Cokesbury, \$1.00. 106 pages. Here are twenty-four good worship programs that should be a boon to those in charge of prayer groups, or any other groups. Each program consists of an opening prayer poem, one or two suggested hymns, a good human interest story with religious significance, and a closing prayer. The subject matter is interesting and covers many possible occasions. Some of the themes are "Answered Prayer," "Brotherhood," "Christmas," "Everyday Christianity," "Guiding a Child," "Growth," "The New Year," "The Value of the Bible," and "You Live As You Think." Anyone who has anything to do with devotions at all will welcome it.

MAKING A GO OF LIFE, Roy L. Smith. Abingdon-Cokesbury, \$1.00. 346 pages. This is one of the few books of daily devotions I am really thrilled about. It is MORE than daily devotions. The daily devotions are merely the framework the author uses to get at something more—a manual of the spiritual life. It is logical that he should use daily devotions for such a purpose. There are daily devotions for 48 weeks divided into 12 months. Each month has a theme. Some of the themes are "This Is Eternal Life," "Ours Is An Orderly World," "Spiritual Facts of Life," "How to Identify God," "Assumptions of Prayer," and "How to Live by Faith." Each daily devotion has a Scripture reading to look up, a discussion of some spiritual problem or fact, a prayer, and—something new—something for you to do. Often the latter is only some questions for you to answer, personal questions about yourself, but they are practical applications.

☞ "I have learned that my misery was a result of self-inflicted 'rigids.'"

## Doctor Said I Had the Rigids

Sybil Stanley

MY body had always been blessed with a wonderful suppleness during my half-century-plus on this plane. There had been occasional aches and pains, of course. But with the strenuous physical diet on which I was reared—housework, gardening, mowing lawns, pitching hay (as a girl), riding horseback, shoveling snow and an office career of thirty years—aches and pains had little chance to tarry.

Suddenly a very disagreeable stiffness began to sneak up on me. Shooting pains jeered at me. The arms that had served me so faithfully ached unbearably even when carrying groceries home from the market.

I wondered if it could be the dampness of the ocean that might be affecting me, perhaps causing some form of "ism" or "itis." But I loved the tangy salt fog, every whiff of it. I didn't want to be told to leave the Pacific Coast. I prayed almost frantically, "Father please show me NOW the way to heal this condition!"

A medical check-up was had to pacify loved ones. The day came for my final appointment with the physician. He was to give me his diagnosis. I entered his office tre-

mulously and sat before him as one hailed into court for reckless driving. But he was understanding—and kind. "Mrs. Stanley," he said, "your blood count is normal. Your heart is strong. Your blood pressure is 103, which is remarkable at your stage. It indicates that you will live to a very advanced age."

"But what is causing these awful pains, Doctor?" I asked. "Isn't it rheumatism—or—something?" I could hardly believe that a doctor was telling me I was seemingly perfect, when I could not find a comfortable position in which to sleep. The aches kept me twisting and turning throughout the nights.

"You do not have rheumatism in any form, and tests do not indicate that you are allergic to it," Mr. Doctor stated. "You are simply a very tense person and have a bad case of the 'rigids.'"

"The 'rigids'?" I repeated in amazement.

"Yes," said Mr. Doctor. "You have led a very strenuous life, with much responsibility and little recreation. It has caused you to become very rigid in your nervous system—unconsciously though it may seem."

He continued, "My advice is that you take a few moments in every

waking hour in which to relax. Drop whatever you are doing and flop down every time you feel yourself becoming tense over any task. Swing your arms at your sides, shrug your shoulder muscles. Get rid of those 'rigids.' Your cure is *within yourself!*"

"Your cure is within yourself," I repeated to myself as I wandered down the street.

My steps led me to the home of a friend. She nodded and smiled knowingly as I told her about the doctor's verdict. "Such a rare doctor—and so wise," she commented. "Now it is up to you to follow his advice. Relax often, if only for a moment or two at a time. And dwell on 'flexibility' constantly. Try to handle every task flexibly. Greet every human contact flexibly."

"Meet people flexibly?" I asked in amazement.

"Yes, my dear," she said. "You have strong likes and dislikes in people. When any of the latter try to advise or make suggestions, you stiffen up grandly with all the might of your five-feet-one, as if to say 'I know how to handle my affairs, thank you!'"

This eye-opener from my wonderful friend sort of shocked me. But it caused me to laughingly admit it.

When starting home, my friend admonished me to meditate often on God and His flexibility. The

half hour ride on the street car found me saying to myself, "Flexibility, flexibility." Just what does it mean to me I pondered? "Why flexibility is the strength and suppleness of a dainty willow tree swaying in the wind. Flexibility represents the rise and fall of the ocean tide, with its great calm underneath. Flexibility is a kitten *playing*—not the arched back of a frightened cat. Flexibility is a colt frisking—*not* the tautness of a mule refusing to be led."

Four months have passed. Although the near-rheumatism returns again and again, the "flexibility" dosage is doing its work. It has been pleasant to take and most inspirational. And it has been necessary for me to maintain a school-teacher surveillance. At every sign of pain or tenseness I tell my body over and over again, "Flex up there now, Sybil. Be willow—pliable."

When well-meaning folks give me "their say" I am getting so I can smile at them interestedly and flexibly, for all the while I am (inwardly) coaching my nerves and muscles to "keep pliable."

Sometimes a whole day passes of late when I am entirely unconscious of rheumatic symptoms. God's flexibility is taking hold. A new freedom is opening up for me since I have learned that my misery was a result of self-inflicted "rigids"—and not by rheumatiz!

☐ Gradually we become aware that God's *Is-ness* is our *is-ness* and we become one with Him.

## The Path to Saintliness

Anne Barrington

THE reader of this article is quite graciously granted the privilege of questioning the title, or my authority to write on such a subject. Yet, in all humility of spirit, I feel compelled to share my interpretation of Reality. One may be on the path to saintliness, just as one may be on the way to becoming a great mathematician who is, at present, learning the multiplication table.

We start on the path of spiritual unfoldment by learning the simple requisites of saintliness, which include humility, simplicity, detachment, non-resistance, divine compassion and hourly practice of the Presence of God.

A burning desire for union with God, for the purity, the beauty, the tranquillity of the life of saintliness, fixes our attention on the quest. As we learn to pray, to meditate, to contemplate the truth that God alone IS, our hunger and thirst for Him will be satisfied, but never satiated. He continues to draw us to and into Himself though the rapture and ecstasy of moments on the high places.

The path usually begins with the prayer of petition and we have every right to call upon God, in-

deed we are urged to do so, through all the Scriptures. Not only are we urged to call for help but we are given the promise that before we call, God will answer, and while we are yet speaking He will hear. We are not speaking to those for whom God must be proven. It seems to me that they have only to contemplate the starry universe or the unfoldment of a simple flower, to know that there is a Creator who evolves His creation in perfect law and order. And sooner or later He fans that spark within us into a glowing flame of desire, or as Francis Thompson expresses it in his "Hound of Heaven," God pursues the fleeing soul until at last it turns to find all it seeks, in God's outstretched hand.

We start with vocal praying, with little short prayers, "Thy will be done in me," "Thou only," "Let Thy glory be my glory," "Keep me in the palm of Thy hand." We begin to meditate on His precious promises, and in little flashes of sweetness He touches our hearts and we strive to keep our attention inwardly centered on Him. Just as a human lover thinks often of his beloved, and looks forward to the time when they can be together al-

ways, just so we look forward to the evening or early morning hour that we can spend alone with Him.

There is no need to withdraw from the world entirely, as the saints of the medieval ages did. In fact this quest will most likely throw you into a far more active life than you have ever known. The Spirit within you is a creative Spirit and you will find that whatever latent talent you possess will be stimulated into outward expression. You will be a much better workman. Entirely new avenues of accomplishment will open up for you. But we must keep a perfect balance between our prayer life and our active life, for even the Master Jesus withdrew into the mountains to pray and commune with the Father.

If you have read *The Razor's Edge* by Somerset Maugham, you will remember that when Larry was asked what he was seeking in his journey to India, his reply was "Saintliness," which was a rather startling word to find in a best-seller novel. We do not have to go to India or to any geographical location for we can touch God at any point in the Universe. Jesus placed the Kingdom of Heaven within us, and it is there that we must still find it.

As our intimate awareness of His Presence grows deeper and more certain, many things we for-

merly thought important begin to drop away of their own weight. We do not consciously say, "I will not do that any more or I will not waste time in certain places or with certain people," for we find that these things have quietly fallen away and left us free. We find that we are drawn to the people who are on this same quest for saintliness. We draw help and inspiration from them. Some may not have as much understanding as we do and we can reach out a helping hand and point the way to them.

We find a simplicity taking place in our schedule. No longer are we pushed and harried by the sandpapering cares of the outer world. We do the work that lies closest at hand and do it well, but like Brother Lawrence we turn it all over to God. We find people going out of their way to be helpful to us. We find our real good coming to us, harmony in home and work, peace of mind, financial betterment, healing of our body, in fact, the perfect rhythmic balance of God's law working through us. Life is more than the body and the body more than raiment.

Contemplation is the next step in the pathway, though there is no sharp line of demarcation between meditation and contemplation. We might say that contemplation is looking with wonder at the beauty of God. There is reverence and awe

in this beholding. There is a precious intimacy as well, and God becomes not only the unknowable Absolute, but also our loving, indwelling Father. We find Him not only at the threshold, but the discovered Presence within, and our life becomes the contemplation of the abiding God. Our lives express the gracious sweetness of His nearness and dearness. Gradually we become aware that, as Meister Eckhart so clearly phrased it, God's

*Is-ness* is our *is-ness* and we become one with Him.

The secret of saintliness is inclosed in the simple word "Love," which is another name for God. Love is the *Light* of God, shining in an inner stillness in the soul. It is the *Light* in which we joyously respond to His command "Know Me, Be Me." The path to saintliness ends in the *Light* which we become.



### "Baby Sleeps"

*Eva C. Rattan*

What is baby dreaming about?  
Beautiful angels, I have no doubt  
Sleeping so sweetly in her high chair  
Little hand lifted up in the air  
Waving to Fairies in a flowery dell  
Or to the Angels, none can tell.



To give heart and mind to God, so that they are ours no longer; to do good without being conscious of it; to pray ceaselessly and without effort, as we breathe; to love without stopping to reflect upon our feelings; to go ever onward without pausing to measure our progress—such is the perfect forgetfulness of self which casts us upon God, as a babe rests upon its mother's breast. It is not by great deeds, long prayers, or even by heavy crosses that we may best give glory to God; self-will may taint all these, but total self-renunciation does in truth give Him all the glory.—*J. N. Grou.*

## Report on the Soul of France

Rufus Moseley and Glenn Clark

### Part I—J. R. Moseley

THE OCEAN TRIP from New York to Le Havre, France, was upon the *Nieuw Amsterdam*, a kind of a floating city. A ship that had a capacity for transporting from five to ten thousand soldiers at a load was everything and more than I had hoped for. Among other interesting passengers was the exiled King Peter of Yugoslavia. In addition to our own group that is on a spiritual mission to Europe under the direction of Glenn Clark who has established Camps Farthest Out over the United States, we had a number of the men who will make up the World Council for Churches that is meeting in Amsterdam in August. We also had representatives of an extremely fundamentalist group who were advising separation from the liberal churches that they feel have denied essentials of the faith once and for all delivered to the saints. As I shared with them the Temptation of the Fundamentalists has been to say Lord, Lord, without doing his will, while the Temptation of the Liberal of our time seems to be to try to bring the Kingdom without vital union with the King, or to bear the fruit of the vine without being in the vine. I understand, what is wanted by the Lord is both union and fruit bearing. You can not have much of either without having both. Jesus is more modern than so-called Modernists, that is he is seeking to reveal Himself in terms of our time and the needs of our time, and he is decidedly more orthodox than are the so-called orthodox.

As we came from Le Havre yesterday afternoon, July 30, to Paris I was greatly pleased that rural France, the part that we came through before dark, was very beautiful and the people were blessed with and harvesting bountiful crops of wheat and rye and barley. This part of France compared well with eastern Pennsylvania and with the fine rolling high lands of Missouri and Kansas. We saw many cows that were of mixed fine breeds and should be good milkers and the best kind of beef producers. The people were busy and rural life in this part of France seemed splendid. We saw very few cars on the highways but a good many bicycles. We saw practically no new buildings anywhere.

Here in Paris where I spent a week during my student days fifty years ago, and where Glenn Clark spent a week forty years ago, one finds the same old Paris, and yet not the same, very few new buildings and the city looks older. Back in my student days the franc was worth twenty cents to the dollar or one-fifth as much as the American dollar. Now it's

worth only about one-sixtieth as much. I spent this morning nearly five hundred marks for air mail postage for four letters that I had already written, inferring that these European countries would carry as much weight for one postage as does the United States, but found that my letters had to be virtually plastered with stamps. Such terrible deflation means a revolution in values and that people who had incomes have lost them and have had to go to work, many of them at uncongenial work. By the Seine we found that many are sleeping there. We were told that the people are going back to church again and that this is one of the gains. Spiritually speaking, as it has been well said, "Adversity slays her hundreds while prosperity slays her thousands." When we went to the Cathedral for the Poor on top of the Montmart we were told that the tragedy of all Europe seeks comfort here.

Paris does not seem as gay as she used to seem. While Napoleon is still honored, Pasteur is still more honored. When we were at the tomb of Napoleon, which is also the tomb of Marachal Foch, one could feel much more affection for him than for Napoleon. As the great historian Toynbee has told us, "In the race for immortality, the swordsmen drop out first," then the philosophers, and only those remain with claims to immortality, and of these only Jesus went down in the dark waters of death and emerged triumphantly. The future belongs to him and when the present chooses to be His we will have a new present.

### Part II—Glenn Clark

Rarely has a party seen Paris more completely than we have seen it. One morning we took a journey through old Paris, climaxed by an inspiring interpretation of its Gothic structure and stained glass windows by a wonderful guide, followed by an afternoon journey through new Paris. The same splendid guide took us through the Lovree. One of our highest points was a trip to Versailles and the play of the Fountains—scores of them all playing at once.

But the real climax of our visit in Paris was our visit to the Hostels for the evacuated refugees from eastern Europe, directed by Elizabeth Perdruset, one of the most beautiful souls in France. Just as Pasteur will outlive Napoleon in the hearts of mankind the work of this unknown woman, and scores of others like her, will long outlast the mere external monuments of Louis XIV and rulers of his type.

Two of the most outstanding members of our party, Walter and Rose Fiscus, first contacted her at an International Conference in Lee Abby, England. She addressed a small group of us in the hotel and then some of us visited her center in Paris where we witnessed the evacuees coming in and being interviewed and being assigned temporary hostels until they could get work. Then after our long day at Versailles our bus

deposited us at two of these hostels where we met and mingled with the evacuees themselves. At great personal sacrifice they prepared a dinner for us where each of our party sat between two of theirs.

On one side of me sat a handsome young German sailor who had fled his country because he and his mother couldn't get enough to eat. He is working in the French coal mines, after a year of which work he will be free to go wherever he wishes. He intends to take his mother to South America where there is plenty of food and then he will ship again as a sailor. At my other side sat a young Hungarian air pilot who had fought against Russia. When I asked him why he left he said because he refused to become a Communist it was impossible to get a job. To avoid being sent to Moscow and into the Siberian mines he escaped from the country and after serving his year he hopes to come to America where his sister and only living relative is. We introduced him to Mrs. Ryan of Cleveland and they had a great celebration as she knows his sister. The rest of our party had equally interesting visits and when we all gathered together around the porch of the old chateau we felt as though we had actually touched elbows with the very soul of Europe.

We opened the meeting with the Doxology, sung in our various languages, and then I gave an address from the steps of the chateau. Mmlle. Perdruiet at my left translated it into French and a German youth at my right translated it into German. I told them how we were all branches of the same vine and related how the chain reaction of the atomic bomb is brought about by the close integration of its atoms so that one can touch off another in ever expanding contagion. Then Walter Fiscus gave a beautiful address of appreciation that bound both our groups as one. Then joining in a big circle with arms crossed in front of us and hands joining hands we joined in the Lord's Prayer in a half dozen different languages, closing with "Blest be the Tie That Binds." With tears in their eyes they accompanied us to the railway station a mile away. We gave them an abundant love offering which was a meager gift to the great blessing they had brought to us. Only love and compassion on our part can cancel out the sorrow and suffering of Europe.



Dr. Carl Jung of Zurich, probably the greatest living psychiatrist, says: "Everyone of my patients in the second half of life—that is to say, over 35—fell ill because he had lost that which the living religions of every age have given their followers; and none of them has really been healed who has not regained his religious outlook."

☪ God is here. Help is near. It comes to us in proportion to our cooperation and receptivity to it.

## *Wise Adjustment to Life*

*Grenville Kleiser*

NO one can think deeply about life without considering the problem of adjustment. Uncharitable, fault-finding and fear-carrying words and thoughts are detrimental to health and peace of mind.

On the subject of wise adjustment to life, Horatio W. Dresser gives us these suggestions:

"Be unselfish; have an ideal outlook; see yourself as you would like to be—healthy, happy, well-adjusted to life, helpful, wisely sympathetic, and ever ready with an encouraging word, looking for the good, growing strong in wisdom and power, patiently awaiting occasions, yet always sufficiently occupied so that you will have no time to be annoyed, fearful, restless, or morbid."

He reminds us that it is our duty to be supremely happy and forever young in spirit. This is the spontaneous accompaniment of the highest usefulness, the deepest worship, the profoundest repose and trust in God. And this marks a well-balanced mind.

In the noise and confusion of the world, we should, as St. Francis of Sales advises, as often as we can in the course of the day, recall our

spirit into the presence of God. We should realize that wherever we are, there is God also.

Wise adjustment to life is comprised of definite and severe demands. Hamilton Wright Mabie, spiritual seer, says: "The courage which shines like a light on the confused and storm-swept field of life must face and feel all the perils and yet rise above them; it must be encompassed with all the mists and clouds of earth and yet pierce them to the vision of the undimmed sun above all fogs and blackness.

"There is no rest until we reach God; there is no noble and inspiring courage until we trust in Him."

Spiritual health is the basis of physical health. Lofty thoughts, high ideals, and worthy ambitions stimulate and inspire the mind, and thence react upon the body imparting to it purity, sweetness, soundness, and vigor. A devoted love to God, and an earnest desire to know and obey His precepts, inevitably give new power to the mind.

The efficacy of a single spiritual thought, in promoting health of mind and vigor of body, cannot be over-estimated. Careless, indifferent, impure thoughts are perilous, and sometimes fatal.



Let your thoughts, ambitions, and ideals be wholly drawn from God's infinite supply, and your life will be wholesome, happy, healthy, and beautiful. Think clean, healthy, constructive thoughts, and your body will be correspondingly strong and well.

Wise and trustful adjustment to life, in which we realize the futility of regret, complaint, and opposition, is the remedy for our troubles and maladies. Nature heals best where there is no resistance or interference.

We greatly need patience in ad-

justing ourselves to life. We must accept the conditions of progress as we find them. Ours is to take one forward step at a time. We cannot hasten matters.

We should not dwell too much on the future, but make the most of the eternal now. We must avoid over-anxiety and dogmatic assertion of self-will.

Adjustment to life is an individual problem. Reality is all there is. It is all power. God is here. Help is near. It is omnipresent. It comes to us in proportion to our cooperation and receptivity to it.



### "Be Still and Know"

Pearl C. Campbell

Within the stillness  
Of my Soul  
I breathe Thy Name!  
O God, I breathe Thy Name  
In Stillness  
And there Thy Spirit Flame  
Responds . . .  
Its lilting Glory  
Lifting me  
And holding  
Our spirits twined  
In one unquenchable  
MAGNIFICENCE . . .  
Thy Spirit Mind  
Enveloping and making Whole  
My lone and utter  
Insignificance!

. . . . .  
O God, I breathe Thy Name  
With all my Soul!

☐ A sign I give for all the world to see, That  
I am God and that man lives by me.

## The Atom Bomb

Sir Thomas White, G. C. M. G.

Athwart the heavens the angry  
lightnings ran  
And from the whirlwind God spake  
unto man.

"Account Me now for what I gave  
to thee

For thine own use and thy pos-  
terity;

Set forth full-tale the produce of  
the fields,

Thy flocks and herds and harvests'  
bounteous yields;

Gain from thy cities' marts and  
industry

And garnered wealth from past  
prosperity;

Tolls from the mine and trade by  
land and sea,

And hold in trust the tithes re-  
served to Me,

To spread My word; relieve the  
poor's distress,

Comfort the widow and the father-  
less;

To heal the sick; restore the blind  
and lame,

That all may bless and glorify My  
Name."

Then man, low-groveling in the  
dust, replied:

"Oh, how may we Thy righteous  
wrath abide?

What answer make to Thy most

just demand

Save 'Pity us, the creatures of Thy  
hand,'

Destined by sin Thy laws to dis-  
obey,

Defy Thy mandates and Thy trust  
betray?

Thou knowest all—Thy fields in  
ruin spread,

Untilled and waste, while millions  
starve for bread;

Thy cities' homes of wealth and  
marts of trade

By hand of war in dust and ashes  
laid;

Through man's vile envy, lust of  
power and hate,

Our sons lie dead; our world is  
desolate!

Yet though Thy wrath may justly  
doom to die

Man, made by Thee Thy works to  
glorify,

Yet for the righteous' sake, we  
pray, forbear

And of Thy grace Thy sinful crea-  
ture spare.

Denied Thy face, beset by mystery,  
Men walk by sight with lessened

faith in Thee;

Give them a sign that all may plain-  
ly see

With mortal eye Thy power and  
majesty!"

Then, as again the angry lightnings  
ran,  
God from the whirlwind answer  
made to man:  
"O wretched man, unfit in peace  
to live,  
How oft must I forbear, how oft  
forgive?  
Blood of thy guiltless sons, in battle  
slain,  
Cries from the ground against the  
crime of Cain.  
Yet, as I did before, in ancient day  
At Abraham's prayer, the hand of  
vengeance stay.  
So now again I shall My wrath  
forbear  
And, for the righteous' sake, in  
mercy spare.  
Ye ask a sign that may men's doubt  
remove;  
Signs man hath always had My  
power to prove—  
Signs that he daily sees with naked  
eye—  
Creation's frame of earth and sea  
and sky;  
Sun, moon and stars harmonious  
held in place  
And equipoise exact in time and  
space;  
Day, season, year alike his doubt  
confute—  
Renewal sure, succession absolute;  
And, crown of all My works since  
time began,

Evolved from dust—the hand and  
brain of man.  
But as old custom dulls the power  
to see,  
And veils the plainest truth in mys-  
tery,  
As thou has asked, so now thou  
shalt receive  
That none may plead just ground  
to disbelieve;

"A sign I give for all the world to  
see  
That I am God and that man lives  
by Me.  
This sign to man a mighty light  
shall show  
Tenfold the strength of fire's in-  
tensest glow;  
Pour forth a heat unknown on  
earth before,  
More fervent than the sun's can-  
descent core;  
Release a power mankind to bless  
or curse,  
The atom power that binds the uni-  
verse.  
This power is thine for man's weal  
to employ.  
Or, used for war, thee and thy  
world to destroy.  
O wilful man who dared My laws  
defy.  
Behold and tremble; live in peace  
or die!"



Some people who complain that "the Church is always asking for money" are the best explanation of the fact that it has to ask so many times.

☐ The greatest service any man or woman can render to the world is to fill himself so full of the fulness of Christ that he shall be a veritable expression of God.

## *Achieving Unto the Stature of Christ*

*Winifred Rhoades*

HERE is a question that every one of us needs to ask himself often as day succeeds day and year follows year.

What am I becoming as a man or woman?

Begin with the body. What am I becoming physically? Am I permitting my body to become unshapely, ungainly, heavy, gross, unattractive—am I permitting it to become disordered, diseased, ineffective—by reason of self-indulgence perhaps, and perhaps by reason of inattention and indifference? Or, on the other hand, as wrinkles develop in my face and my hair grays and the signs of age increase upon me, am I becoming more interesting to look at? An interest different from that of youth, to be sure, but the interest that results from an enriched mind, a great heart, and a spirit that every day grows more in tune with the Spirit of God? Is there an inspiration that comes from the mere sight of me: from the expression of my face, from the very carriage of my body?

Take then the mind. Is my mind becoming more reasonable, more constructive, more creative, more truly a reflection of the mind of God when I think and speak about

the great affairs of daily life, and also even the very small concerns? Is my mind growing all the while into something bigger than it has been before? As I consider new pronouncements with regard to the universe and its meaning, with regard to man and his possibilities—as I develop attitudes and express judgments—is my mind acting as the agent of the Spirit of truth, and being led by that Spirit into all the truth? Am I permitting that to be so? Am I trying to have it so?

And then the soul. As I stand before men in all my daily contacts do I stand for littleness or for bigness? Do I suggest the hard spirit of the callous world, or do I suggest the spirit of God, the Christ spirit, the very spirit that was in Jesus? Am I living among my fellow men as a broadening influence, a greatening influence, a redeeming influence? Am I helping men to know God better, or am I leading them (perhaps without at all realizing it) to think less of God and to trust him less?

Here is the essential point: we become like what we look at, and admire, and think about with relish.

A young man looks at a success-

ful financier and says to himself: "I'm going to be like that! I'm going to do things as great, and greater if I can." As the years go on he builds up a vast business, becomes as rich as Croesus, and is talked of all over the world. But whether he is talked of as a great benefactor of mankind or as a despoiler of humanity depends upon the kind of man he picked out in the first place as the one he desired to follow.

Another youth looks at a man who is a towering figure in politics and his mind is stirred like a conflagration. "There!" he says, "I've got a line now on my career. I'm going into politics, and I'm going to get somewhere, too!" But whether he becomes famous as a man who made the world more sordid, more shabby, and more ruthless than it was at the outset of his career, or stands out in a great way for service, for character, for honor, and for making the world in some way better than it was before he began his active life, depends upon the kind of public man he picked at the outset for imitation.

Do you remember Hawthorne's story of "The Great Stone Face"? High up on a mountain the rocks had fallen away in such fashion that from below it looked as if some giant hand had carved out from the crags a glorious profile, strong, noble, inspiring. On one of the rocky and rugged farms, one of

those steep hillside farms for which New England is noted, was a young man whose eyes kept ever rising, as he toiled, for another glance at the great stone face. It was difficult to wrest a living out of those rocky fields and pastures, with every step either uphill or downhill, and the results were meagre at the best. But the man persevered. Year after year he did his toilsome work, never letting weariness keep him from his task, never letting discouragement persuade him to sell out and move to some place where life might be easier. The great stone face strengthened him and held him. Day after day he would pause in his work and gaze up to it reverently and rapturously. Day after day, and year after year, he drew from it more vigor for his body and more greatness for his mind and soul. Then when years had passed, as he was in the village one day for some errand, a visitor from the city saw him and gasped with astonishment. Here, on this man, was the great stone face come down from the mountain to mingle among common folk! Here was the strength, the dignity, the nobility, somewhat even of the grandeur, of that great stone face! The stranger spoke to the village folk, and then they noticed it, too. Yes, the man's character was just what the great stone face suggested. His speech, when he made some judgment, was

just what would have been looked for if the great stone face on the mountain could have spoken.

The man had looked at the Great Stone Face until he had drawn its greatness into himself.

What is all this leading up to?

It is leading up to what has been to me one of the most inspiring utterances in the world ever since my early days. That is the verse in which Paul gives his readers, for their ideal in life, the urge to "attain unto a fullgrown man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ."

It is not enough to grow up to be like our neighbors, or perhaps like the people in a set somewhat above that into which we were born. Even though there are in the world men who are both great and good, and whose lives are an incitement to the rest of us to develop in some greater way and to live in some nobler way, there is something more to be aimed at than even the greatest of such men and women. Perhaps you remember Browning's painter who was called "faultless," but who was nevertheless essentially a failure. And why was he a failure? Because his grasp was not as high as his reach would have permitted it to be. He might have been truly great if his imagination had gone higher, but he chose to be pre-eminent only in the way of technique.

He who desires to live in the

world as a true man ought to live must aim at nothing short of the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ.

What is that fullness?

It is fullness of the very Spirit of God. It is such fullness that it brings a man into veritable union with God. It is fullness of truth, fullness of wisdom both practical and spiritual, fullness of love redemptive and love creative. A man is meant to become like Jesus whose words, when he spoke, gave utterance to the mind of God; whose spirit, as he lived and worked in his small section of the world, gave expression to the Spirit of God.

When a man aims at nothing short of the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ, then the thoughts he puts into words and actions can help toward the lifting up of the common attitude toward such matters as labor and capital, poverty and wealth, nationalism and internationalism, sovietism and democracy, militarism and pacifism, and all the other issues that trouble the mind of the world; and toward that lifting up of the relations of man to man in common everyday life which is so intensely needed. Then will a man be more really a helper in the world and not a hinderer, a true friend to his brother men all over the world and not their enemy.

The question is not as to how

So-and-So is living. The question is as to how *I* am living, what *I* am becoming. Am I day by day becoming more truly and more profoundly in union with God even unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ? Or am I letting myself live for the world's ideals and hindering the growth of the kingdom of God—which means men and women who are endeavoring to live as expressions of God in the world? It is easy, while calling oneself a follower of Christ, to be in practical ways a follower of Antichrist.

The greatest service any man or woman can render to the world is

to fill himself so full of the fulness of Christ that he, too, shall be a veritable expression of God in all his words and acts.

The fulness of Christ was fulness of the Divine Spirit. That Spirit is here. We can draw upon it, even such people as you and I. We can draw upon it for wisdom, for strength, for inward power, for subjective light, for guidance, for the transmutation of our personalities. Drawing upon that Spirit is a matter of conscious attention and effort day by day. You say: "Spirit of God, I open myself to thee"; and in proportion to your real opening of the sluiceways, you receive.

## ❖   ❖   ❖

### *In My Father's House*

*Mrs. Stafford Beach*

**T**HERE are just two characters in this allegory—they are you and one dearly beloved. The scene takes place in a two-story house, consisting of a living room, joined by a stairway which is entered by a doorway leading to a room above.

You and one dearly beloved are sitting side by side, each reading a book. There is one light in the room which you share. One dearly beloved quietly closes his book, smiles gently and says, "I have finished my book, and I am a little weary. I think I will go upstairs now."

You look up and reply, "I know you are tired. Go on ahead. I shall miss your company, but I will join you when I have finished my book."

One dearly beloved rises, opens the doorway and ascends the stairs. You call up to him saying, "Is the light on up there? Is there anything you need?"

One dearly beloved replies, "Yes, the light is on, and I have everything I need. I may fall asleep before you come, but I will see you in the morning."

You continue reading by the light until your book, too, is finished.

☐ The Open Hearth of Hartford feeds, beds and helps homeless men on the road to recovery.

## *Insurance Men Help the Homeless*

*Clarence T. Hubbard*

**D**ESTITUTE, sick, heart-broken, a war veteran drifted into Hartford, Connecticut, inquired of a traffic policeman, "Where can I find a place to stay overnight? I haven't a cent."

"The Open Hearth, son," came the immediate reply, as the officer continued to impersonate a semaphore. "You'll find it at 437 Sheldon Street."

Arriving at the two story brick building, he joined a line of men, mostly middle aged, a few reflecting the vale of years, and edged slowly to an open window behind which a cheerful gentleman with a touch of Scotch accent asked him to fill out a card. Then the applicant collapsed from hunger.

Soon revived, he was treated to a substantial meal, joining a throng of nearly 120 others in a dining room, a pride of neatness. All ate in silence. Second helpings were permitted.

Strengthened with a nourishing meal, heartened with the promise of a clean bed for the night, he said to the superintendent—"I know there is a small charge for all this—35¢, I believe. I haven't even that much."

"There will be no charge for you," the superintendent replied. "If you were strong enough we

would allow you to work out your board and meals by sawing wood."

"I'll be glad to," ejaculated this now uplifted transient—"I suppose you need it to warm the building."

"Oh, no," explained the superintendent. "We sell cord wood to Hartford families and in that way help to finance this institution so that homeless men like you can have a place to stay with no questions asked."

This year the Open Hearth of Hartford, an association sponsored by Hartford insurance men largely, expects to serve four thousand men. Over a hundred appear each night, often requiring cots to be set up in the chapel.

Each night at seven-thirty there is a gospel meeting. Practically every guest attends of his own free will, in fact 12,000 men, by actual count, responded to the evening services in 1947.

Inspiring indeed are the two weekly services supplied by young people groups from two local churches who never fail, Winter or Summer. Interspersed are the presence of singing groups, lecturers, entertainers, musicians and possessors of private movies, all scheduled by committees of interested business men.

The trustees delight in knowing that 38,050 meals were served last year, and 28,114 beds furnished. The wood yard operations are an important activity. Several hundred cords of firewood are cut to lengths and sold regularly to a list of responsive customers at regular market prices. The logs are purchased from farmers and sawed to size by those who are destitute of funds.

Truly here we find hearthwood which brightens not only the hearth but the heart—it is fireplace wood that warms two ways. Epitomized, indeed, is the Open Hearth in the words of Deuteronomy 29:10—“Ye stand this day all of you before the Lord your God—your little ones, your wives and thy stranger that is in thy camp from the hewer of thy wood unto the drawer of thy water.”

Reveals the superintendent—“Despite our success in the wood business, and in our general conduct, we never forget that we are primarily a mission to the homeless, the stranger in our midst.

Some may think our daily devotions are lost on the greater part of our audience but they are not. I am convinced more and more that the first essential in our conduct is to acknowledge, obey and respond to the teachings of God.

“The men who come to us after our little sermons and readings asking to know more about Jesus prove no one is ever too far down the ladder to start the climb back. Once we get the men to pray, we often re-establish contact with their mothers and wives, fit them out with fresh clothing and get them back to home and church. The young ex-soldier who collapsed from hunger is now working on a farm and attends church regularly. We try to personify the love call of Jesus—‘All ye who are heavy laden, come unto here.’ We have very definite evidence that our teachings of Christ bear fruit, and the warmth that comes from our wood is the radiance of the true brotherly love.”



### A Prayer

“Our Father: In the midst of time, we pray to Thee who are Timeless. Faced by change and decay in all things around, we turn toward Thee who are Changeless, the same yesterday, today, and forever. Confronted by forces and powers which are sinister and evil, we find our courage and help in the Lord who made Heaven and Earth. Fill us with Thyself, this day, that our hearts may be strong, our courage renewed, and our lives made purposeful and happy. We ask in Jesus’ Name. Amen.”

“Would you think I was intruding if I asked to come in for a minute and pray with you?”

## The Miracle of Unselfish Prayer

Frank Rose

WHEN I was a boy an incident occurred which proved to me that prayer must be completely unselfish to be truly effective. My parents and I were gathered around the bed where my young sister lay critically ill with pneumonia. The doctor had been brutally frank. He had told us that she was dying, that it would be a miracle if she lived through another night.

In spite of this statement we stubbornly refused to abandon hope. Surely God would come to her rescue. She was so young, so full of life. She had not really begun to live yet. We prayed all day, begging God to spare our dear one from this untimely death. But in spite of our hopes and prayers, we felt her gradually slipping from us.

It was about two o'clock in the afternoon when our prayers were interrupted by the ringing of the front doorbell. My father answered it. Glancing in the large hall mirror, I saw a strange man enter.

“I’m a vacuum cleaner salesman,” he explained, looking around in a dazed and bewildered manner, “I . . . uh . . . just came to . . . uh . . .” He broke off as though unsure himself what he had come for.

“I’m sorry,” said my father in an irritated tone of voice, “but we have a vacuum cleaner. Now if you’ll please excuse me, I . . .”

“But I’m not trying to sell you anything,” protested the stranger. “In fact, I really don’t know why I rang your bell. You see I just received word that my wife is very sick in Buffalo, and I was hurrying to her. But when I drove by your house in my car something made me turn around and come back. I can’t even begin to explain it.”

“Maybe you felt our sorrow,” said my father in a more gentle tone. “My daughter’s very sick and we’ve been praying for her.”

“Praying?” echoed the salesman in surprise. “Why that’s just what I was doing when I drove by. I was praying for my wife. Do you suppose . . .” He stopped for a second and then with obvious embarrassment asked, “Would you think I was intruding if I asked to come in for a minute and pray with you? Somehow I feel that I was sent here for just that purpose.”

“Of course not. Come in by all means,” said my father, his eyes akindle with renewed hope. “Maybe we can help each other.”

After the salesman had been in-

From *The Christian Advocate*, March 4, 1948. By permission.

roduced to my mother and me, he walked over to look at Helen. She was sinking fast. Her body writhed in continual agony, and the room was filled with the sound of her labored breathing. It was a terrible moment.

"The poor child," said the salesman, touching one of her feverish cheeks tenderly. Then he straightened up with sudden decision. "I came in here to pray for my wife," he said, "but if you people don't mind I would like to offer up a little prayer for this girl who is suffering."

My father assured him that it would be all right.

"Dear God," said the salesman in a voice that was filled with a humble sincerity, "I am not asking for anything for myself or my wife. This little girl lying here before me needs all the help she can get. Please make her well again, God. I know that you can and I have faith that you will. Amen."

It was short and simple, but I could tell by the expressions on the faces of my mother and father that they felt as I did that this prayer had been the first real one to be said in that room all day. My mother placed her handkerchief in her pocket and smiled bravely.

"Thank you, young man," she said. "We have been so worried over Helen that we forgot that the rest of the world has troubles too.

Now if you don't mind we would like to pray for your wife."

So, for a few moments we shoved aside our own worry and sorrow and silently prayed for the recovery of the salesman's wife. When we had finished it seemed as though something bright and shining had entered the room.

Helen paused in her heavy breathing. Her twitching body became calm, and she fell into a sound sleep with a faint trace of a smile. "Thank God," exclaimed my father joyously, "Helen's better." He turned to shake the salesman's hand, but to his surprise he found that the man had tiptoed out while we were praying.

That evening the doctor declared that Helen was going to be all right. "I don't understand it," he declared, scratching his head in perplexity. "A miracle must have happened."

Yes, a miracle had happened—a miracle caused by unselfish prayer. Later we learned that a double miracle had taken place that day. The salesman wrote a letter telling us that when he had arrived home late that afternoon he had found his wife sitting up in bed laughing. The nurse informed him that his wife had been in a coma earlier in the afternoon, but a few minutes after two o'clock she had come out of it and improved miraculously ever since.

☐ "I guess I should say a little prayer. Suicide is a cardinal sin. . ."

## Quiet Time (A Story)

Eric Liljeholm

NEWEL B. Middleton slammed the phone back on its cradle so hard little lightnings stabbed his fleshless wrist. His fever-ridden mind lashed out at George Sautter.

*Selfish sot. He spends fortunes on his sprees, but can't spare fifty-thousand to save a friend.*

The irony of the refusal came to Middleton while the talons of his right hand trembled around in a coat pocket. He'd always vowed Sautter was the last man on earth he'd appeal to.

Ada, his wife, had swayed him into making the final humiliating call. She'd trip-hammered, "George surely will remember what good friends you were before liquor got the best of him."

Middleton had invested his entire fortune in a small publishing house during the last year of the war. One of the three magazines he produced had failed. And now, caught in the paper shortage with no old, long term contracts, he faced loss of the wealth slowly accumulated in various other enterprises. For a week the tall, white-haired man of fifty harassed years had done a weird monkey-and-cup dance at the end of a chain drawing him inexorably

toward this final, "Sorry, N. B.," and bankruptcy.

N. B. had charted the future as the frenzy of the dance subsided. Ada and their daughter would vacate the \$500-a-month Back Bay apartment at once and go to the Berkshires. Grandfather Middleton had bequeathed the big Pioneer Valley farmstead to Mardie. It couldn't be attached. They'd manage with the \$4,000 income from proceeds of his insurance.

He fumbled a little envelope from his pocket and spilled its six red capsules onto the ridges of a white palm.

*It's nine-thirty already. I'd better—Wait. Suppose Miss Carson finds me before noon and they can revive me? I've got to get more. No gambling on margin in a deal like this.*

While he walked stiffly up Tremont, three cane-flourishing businessmen hurried past with brisk salutations, "Good morning, N. B." But his mind heard them shout, "Good morning, old Nervous Breakdown." He'd learned about that cruel mocking with his initials only yesterday.

Middleton had to invent a two-week trip and phone his physician

to get a dozen more sleeping pills at the corner drugstore. Emerging, he saw Sautter barging across the intersection. He started quickly down Tremont.

*His bloated belly will be sloshing with eye-openers. He'll rave about faithless friends avoiding him. Or he'll gloat over my turning tail and whining to him.*

Middleton gasped as tender skin was crushed against the bones of his left shoulder. He whirled. "Some day Sautter, I'll—I'll—"

The big man jerked away his paw. "Sorry, N. B. I was coming to see you about that loan." He saw the incredulity in Middleton's eyes and beamed. "Yeah, I've sweated off thirty pounds, jacked up my jowls and tanned over that old rum rouge. Look almost human again, eh?"

"Yes! What happened to you?"

"Craziest thing! I got reading a lot of stuff about Alcoholics Anonymous while I was getting dehydrated at my favorite sanatorium three months ago. I kind of surprised myself by joining 'em when I got back. And say, I haven't had a snort since. Everything has changed for me. Why, I've even got friends again. Not the old ones, of course. Don't blame all of you for scuttling away when you spot me."

*Maybe he's changed his mind about the loan.*

"But I didn't see you," said Newell.

"That stuff's unnecessary, N. B. It's up to me to win back your friendship. That's why I was coming to see you. Right after you hung up on me I had my quiet time and got my orders."

*What's this? Has sobriety unbalanced Sautter?*

"Quiet time's something, N. B.! Every morning I ask God to guide me for the next twenty-four hours. Most AA's do that. Don't look beyond the twenty-four hours. What's the sense? Never know when you're going to quit breathing anyway."

They reached Middleton's building. Sautter anchored his big feet at the entrance and raced on, "The boys work it different ways. I just ask guidance then smother the crickets that are always chirping in here." He tapped his big head. "When it's been quiet inside a while all the right things for me to do suddenly come marching in. I call 'em my orders."

*Crickets chirping. . . . orders marching in. . . . What's the lunatic shoving in my pocket?*

"This'll give you the whole AA program."

Middleton bristled. "You're crazy! I'm no stupid drunk!"

Sautter crimsoned. "I—I thought you might know someone—" Abruptly his voice firmed. "No.

The way I've figured it out, there are lots of drunks besides the alcoholic kind. Just try some of the program. Well, I've got to see Rutledge."

*Rutledge! He was the first to turn me down. But Sautter—*"Good heavens, man, don't you remember he had you voted out of the Chamber?"

The big man laughed boisterously. "I deserved it." He sobered. "This visit's an order too. Say, I forgot. I was going to tell you the reason why I can't help you—financially—is I'm broke. You've no idea what my super sprees cost and the thousands I lost on the market. Always playing drunken hunches. Always risking too much to hit the jumbo jackpot, like you, N. B."

*Broke? The lunatic's laughing again. He's lying. Well, that's that.* "Let go of my arm!"

"Sorry. Wish you'd try quiet time, N. B. Listen, it's a kind of praying I bet you never did before."

Middleton wrenched himself free and hurried to the elevator. As he entered his secretary's cubicle, he paused. "Miss Carson, I had insomnia last night so I'm going to lie down. I'm not to be disturbed under any circumstances."

Clicking the catch on his lounging room door behind him, N. B. drew a dixie of water from the cooler. Halfway to the black leather couch, his hand contracted suddenly

and the water splashed on the deep pile rug.

*Confound it, a man ought to be calm when he knows he'll soon be beyond worry. It's just Sautter's jabbering that's upset me.*

He clasped the second cupful with both hands and cautiously lowered it to the floor beside the couch. He sat down.

*I guess I should say a little prayer. Suicide is a cardinal sin. Fifty thousand . . . Ada and Mardie . . . insurance . . . fifty thousand . . . twenty-four hours—Hang Sautter and his mumbo jumbo. Jumbo jackpots. No use. I can't pray.*

Middleton's fingers trembled into his pocket again. They didn't seem able to grope past Sautter's booklet to the little envelopes. He pulled out the booklet and stared at it.

*AA . . . Ada and Mardie . . . fifty thousand—Here they come wheeling again. I'm like an Oriental at his prayer wheel. "A kind of praying I bet you never did before." What kind?*

Mechanically he began turning the pages. He read about the twenty-four hour plan and man's foolish fears of a morrow that might never dawn for him. He read the famous Twelve Steps and discovered the origin of Sautter's quiet time—. . . praying only for knowledge of His will for us . . ."

*So? I've always asked for guid-*

*ance. But then? Yes, yes. I rushed on, begging for things—better health, fifty thousand, the club presidency—things and more things. Maybe—*

Middleton slowly replaced the booklet and folded his arms. Closing his burning eyes he whispered, "Please, God, guide me in my desperation." But the old thoughts came wheeling through his mind again. He cried out aloud for them to halt. The wheel turned on. But more and more slowly.

Suddenly he envisioned the big white homestead in the Berkshires, the rocky, frothing trout creek, bursts of white shad bloom and mountain laurel in May, the rainbow leaves of October. He nodded to an old neighbor stopping by to pass the time of day.

Words began to march into his hushed mind.

"You wanted to be a millionaire before you retired to these New England hills, where you've known the little real happiness you ever had. You've worked so hard through the years for that million, you denied Ada the companionship for which she yearned. You're barely more than an acquaintance of your daughter. You didn't cultivate true friendships; you always were too busy to spare time for a friend in distress. So now they hurry past you. They avoid you like they do Sautter.

"You gambled everything for the jumbo jackpot so often you wrecked your body and wasted your years. Sautter's guzzling did the same to him.

"You were a greed drunk.

"Sautter has come to his senses and is on his feet, fighting. And you? Come, forget your losses like an alcoholic does his poison, twenty-four hours at a time. Go to the farm with Ada and Mardie. They've always wanted your companionship, not a million. They love you. You'll find a way to live. Lumber's needed. Swing an ax yourself. Take it easy at first, and you'll rebuild that once sturdy farmboy's body. Why, you'll be happy!"

Middleton thought he heard a click, as of a radio being turned off. He opened his eyes, looked bewilderedly around, then glanced at his wristwatch.

*Eleven o'clock! Great heavens, did I hypnotize myself for more than an hour? If I did—well, what's the difference?*

As Middleton rushed past his secretary's desk, she cried, "Mr. Rutledge phoned a half hour ago. He—he wants to see you about that loan!"

Middleton's hand fell away from the doorknob.

*That means he'll lend me the money. Is this quiet time some sort*

*of magic? Wait! Sautter! Why, he must have humbled himself to Rutledge to save me. But . . . no! He saved me more than an hour ago. Isn't this the old trap? Won't I need another fifty thousand in a couple of months?*

"Miss Carson," said Middleton, smiling like a boy headed for the

old fishing hole, "please phone Rutledge and tell him I said, 'Thanks, but I think I have already received what I need.'"

Out on Tremont, he emptied the two little envelopes into the gutter. He watched the red capsules roll and tumble to a stop amidst the debris.



☐ A few miles from the smoky canyons of Chicago, labor and management have been meeting on common grounds for years.

## *Plans and Problems That Are Blessed*

*Ralph B. Bryan*

THE most uniquely informal labor-management conference I ever attended was held one bright spring afternoon on a broad lawn adjoining a fair sized New Hampshire shoe factory. A sudden strike of all production workers at the plant had halted operations at the height of the busiest season.

Preceding the walkout, union leaders had for months been exhorting the workers to support an all-out push for higher wages and reduced working hours. There was much good reason for the demands, and the time was ripe for the offensive. At the same time, this particular concern could not afford to meet

the demands without weakening of its financial condition.

The final break came at noon-time when the strike was called, and workers walked from the factory to choose the most comfortable lounging spots under the refreshing shade of ancient elms, there to wait for further developments. Shortly afterward, company and union officials joined the assembly and a general informal discussion was started.

As the afternoon hours ticked off, the points in controversy were brought up, one by one. Arguments lost their heat as spokesmen lifted their eyes occasionally to the majestic hills beyond the factory, or



paused for a moment to argue the identity and habits of a near-by song bird, or breathed deeply of the spring-scented air. And long before the sun dipped behind the hills, and the song bird sought his nest in the twilight, workers and management had arrived at the long-sought understanding.

The merits of those demands and counter-proposals seem unimportant to me today, but the evidence of mutual accord remains sharp in my memory.

Out in the peaceful hills of Palos, a few miles from the smoky canyons of Chicago, labor and management have been meeting on common ground at frequent intervals for years.

The strains of greed and irritation that sway so many labor-management meetings have no place in the conference room of the House by the Side of the Road in Palos Park, where these discussions are held. And not only labor-management groups, but others, representing business and professional organizations, church leaders, Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A., Boy and Girl Scouts, and many community groups go regularly to Palos Park to plan their activities and programs.

The House by the Side of the Road was established in 1929 on land donated by the late Ernest Warner, a nature lover and philoso-

pher who had long made his home on these acres, with birds and books for companions and all the beauty of nature about him. Rev. Paul T. Sanders, a young minister of a nearby community church, shared with Mr. Warner a dream of a quiet retreat near the busy city, where men and women with problems and perplexities could find a healing solution among the hills.

Since its inception, Rev. Sanders has served as resident director of the Foundation, and is affectionately and reverently known to thousands as "Sandy." The Foundation is dedicated to the service of mankind. Not the least of these is its contribution to the application of Jesus Christ principles in the conduct of business. The doors of the hospitable lodge are open throughout the year to all those of whatever color or creed or race who come and meet together near wooded hills and flowered valleys such as Jesus loved when He walked with the multitudes.

Last year around ninety different church groups met at the Foundation to plan their programs for the year. Executives from alert industrial organizations met here and went their way refreshed and inspired by new visions of service and achievement. Employers and union officials found common ground for discussion, and departed filled with new understanding and mutual confidence.

Some groups go to the Foundation for only a day, or for just a few hours of the day. Others spend a weekend in which they may relax and commune with nature while participating in a fuller program of discussions and planning.

There is nothing of the vague atmosphere which is so often misnamed "visionary" in the conferences that take place under the roof of the lodge at the Community Center Foundation. The men and women who participate are taking an active and practical place of leadership in an active and practical world. They gather for dis-

cussion of the practical plans and problems that are a part of that leadership. They spend no time in formal religious ceremony, yet few depart without the realization that the Man of Galilee has been near to guide and bless their fellowship.

Under New Hampshire's elms, and close by the hills of Palos, wherever men pause and turn from their strivings, the spirit of God draws near and blesses them with vision to see, with wisdom to understand, and with courage to achieve. Through them the world may be blessed with the light of Divine love and truth.



### *Awakening*

*Dorothy Adamson*

May I see beauty, Lord.  
Not only when the autumn world  
In scarlet robe is dressed,  
But when the freezing winter lays  
Cold hands upon her breast.  
Oh, then may I be steadfast Lord  
And in this faith abide,  
Not only what my eyes behold  
But that your hand doth guide.  
For well I know that through these days  
Of cold and sleet and dearth,  
There rests the pregnant, pulsing spring  
That waits to give new Birth.  
So shall I know when my small world  
Is cloaked in deepest night,  
The darkness cannot hide the stars  
Proclaiming coming light.  
May I see beauty, Lord.

Ⓞ Excerpts from letters from the Prayer Tower.

## Prayer Works!

"It is with much joy that I report much peace and happiness in my little family. . . . I want you to know that there is great evidence of peace and contentment in their hearts. Thank you and God bless you."—A. M. L., N. Y.

"Even though my physical condition has shown only slight improvement I want you to know that I have been richly blessed spiritually. I know God will send the healing light when I am ready to receive it."—L. S., Montana.

"The morning after we wired you J. R. was reported better and it is with very grateful and brimming hearts that we report he is to be discharged from the hospital tomorrow. . . . No one can ever repay things like that but I am enclosing a small offering for your use."—H. L. C., California.

"I am writing to thank you for praying for the several requests. . . . For my brother, and a neighbor, the Lord definitely answered in both cases and I certainly praise and thank Him. Your continued prayers . . . will be greatly appreciated."—A. H. J., Ohio

"I wrote telling you of the unhappiness and discontent in our home. . . . In just two weeks, my prayer was answered. . . . we crave your continued prayers for his healing. Thank you and God bless you."—R., Washington.

"I am happy to tell you that the lessening of pain and calm of spirit for which I requested your prayers on behalf of my friend have come about to a marked degree. The danger of the break on the brink of which she had been tottering is definitely passed. Thank you."—V. S., Massachusetts.

"This is to express my deep gratitude for your prayers in my behalf. The crisis which I felt unable to meet unaided was split up most unexpectedly into several smaller incidents which I was enabled to see through without difficulty. With this small offering come my prayers for you and your work."—M. B. H., Kansas.

"With your kind help I have found a closer walk with God and have become really conscious of the Presence of Christ. . . . He purified my heart as I love people more than ever before."—M. C. C., Arizona.

### 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.

## Religion At Work

Maeanna Cheserton-Mangle

### I

The Dropsie College for Hebrew and cognate learning—of course it's a Jewish College—is a graduate school in Philadelphia. But its students? Fifty per cent of those working for the Doctor of Philosophy Degree are Protestant clergymen. Recently a survey disclosed that eleven Christian Theological seminaries are represented in the student body. They are: Princeton Theological Seminary, Westminster Seminary, Wagner Memorial Lutheran Seminary, Graduate School of the Lutheran Seminary, Faith Theological Seminary, Philadelphia Divinity School, Evangelical School of Theology, Crozer Seminary, Eastern Baptist Seminary, American Theological Seminary and Calvin Theological Seminary.

### II

Billy Rose tells of the inspiration he had from the story of the carillon bells at the Hanson Place Central Church in Brooklyn. It is not a wealthy church and its hope of ever owning carillon bells was a forlorn one. But one of the leaders of the congregation said that he would donate one-third of the cost. His business partner ventured that if Jewish contributions were acceptable he'd gladly provide another third. The word got around and a Roman Catholic neighbor offered the final third. So it was that when the plaque was posted on the day of the dedication, it contained the names of a Roman Catholic, a Jew and a Protestant as donors. May these "Interfaith Bells" ever ring out their message of understanding and sharing.

From *Religious Press Committee*, 535 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 17, N. Y.



"If God can plant the rivers in lines of rippling silver, and can cover his valley floors in carpets of softest green, tacked down with lovely daisies and laughing daffodils; . . . If He can send a Niagara thundering on a mighty and majestic minstrelsy from century to century; . . . If He can fuel and re-fuel the red-throated furnace of a million suns to blaze His universe with light. . . . If on the lovely looms of Heaven, He can weave the delicate tapestry of a rainbow . . . and across the black bosom of night bind a glittering girdle spangled with ten thousand stellar jewels. . . . Then I do not doubt His power to make us holy, and keep us holy, and ultimately give us an order of life in which "righteousness shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea."—*Selected*.

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