

Clear Horizons



Summer—1948

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Among the Authors

Harold A. Tassell makes the magazine for the second time running with his fine article *Becoming Like Jesus via the Imagination* (p. 51). The good doctor not only has something to say but knows how to say it. Grenville Kleiser is certainly a remarkable person. He has achieved success in many lines—oratory, English teacher and author of English textbooks, newspaper columnist, contributor to religious journals and other magazines. His *Twelve Rules for Happiness* (p. 63) comes from a life filled with helping others. Anne Barrington (p. 39) is the pen name of a native of Colorado Springs, Colorado. She has appeared in *Clear Horizons* before. This article by her is exceptionally good. The article *From a Missionary's Formosa Journal* is taken from a letter of Lillian R. Dickson. The entire letter is very interesting, but this portion seemed to show an element of Christianity reminiscent of the primitive church. This element has always come to the front during times of persecution. Wally and Rebecca Beard, a wonderful team in healing and in marriage, give a good report on the history and present use of Merrybrook (p. 19). If you know one of those human dynamos, the kind that are full of energy AND high blood pressure, you might show him the article *Something More Important than Sales Records* (p. 25). There are many ways of spreading the Kingdom, but *The Man Who Gave the Bible Wings* (p. 48) by Bennie Bengtson is one of the most unusual approaches we have ever heard. It is not only unique, but it is effective.

We heard from Dr. Daniel A. Poling about the reprint of the article "UMT Is Conscripted" in the last issue of *Clear Horizons*. Dr. Poling's full answer to the editorial is found in the May 19th issue of *Christian Century*. He disavows H.R. 4278 altogether and says he is for UMT only as recommended by the President's Civilian Advisory Commission. As an afterword to the editorial we said, "But it certainly seems less than honest and sincere to stump the country . . . while the country and the church are led to believe you favor the brand offered by congress." It does seem that way, but we do not doubt for one minute the honesty and sincerity of Dr. Poling. He did permit himself to be placed in a most unfortunate position, one where he would inevitably be misunderstood.

We are happy to announce that Dr. Albert E. Day, minister of Mount Vernon Place Methodist Church of Baltimore, Maryland, and editor of *The New Life Magazine* before it ceased publication, is now a contributing editor of *Clear Horizons*. We hope to have an article by Dr. Day soon. Welcome, Dr. Day!

For the unusual story, *The Tongue of Fire* (p. 57) we are indebted to *The Mystic Magazine*, Box 441, Oxford, New Hampshire.

CLEAR HORIZONS MAGAZINE

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Clear Horizons

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☐ No cross, no crown; no suffering, no strength;
no sacrifice, no victory . . .

Gandhi and Spiritual Revolution

Milton Mayer

GEORGE Bernard Shaw said, yesterday, of Gandhi's death, "It shows how dangerous it is to be too good." I would say on the contrary that the plight of Western man, including Mr. Shaw, shows how dangerous it is not to be good enough.

Gandhi shows us a path to greatness that no Western leader seems even to have thought of taking, with the exception of William Penn. Gandhi, I think, shows us that greatness consists in nothing more than goodness carried too far.

The American he most admired was Henry David Thoreau. Thoreau went to prison, a century ago, rather than pay taxes to a government which maintained human slavery; and his *Essay on Civil Disobedience*, which Gandhi read and reread, argued not only the righteousness but also the effectiveness of individual, nonviolent, non-co-

operation with injustice. Thoreau wrote: "Under a government which imprisons any unjustly, the true place for a just man is also in prison. . . . If any think that their influence would be lost there, . . . they do not know by how much truth is stronger than error, nor how much more eloquently and effectively he can combat injustice who has experienced a little in his own person."

Jesus said, "If My Kingdom were of this world, then would My servants fight." Gandhi's kingdom was of this world, and still his servants would not fight. Gandhi adapted Holy Writ to statesmanship, and in this strict sense, I think, we have to say that he was the first Christian politician since Jesus—Washington, Jefferson, and Lincoln not excepted.

No cross, no crown; no suffering, no strength; no sacrifice, no

From *University of Chicago Round Table*, February 1, 1948.

victory—if this creed is valid, if politicians no less than persons must love their enemies, then all these warring statesmen who place their faith in force all fall together. All armed ideologies, including our own, fall together; all bosses who believe in force and all workers who believe in force fall together. If Jesus is right, if Gandhi is right, then Roosevelt and Hitler fall together, and Wallace and Taft, and Truman and Stalin. If Gandhi is right, all those who believe that force and pressure and power will carry the day are wrong, and always have been, even though some

of them would use force for good rather than for evil purposes.

This, if it is true, is terrible to contemplate. The fate of Churchill's world empire and of Hitler's world slavery is before our eyes. If Gandhi is right, and if mankind survives in the spirit of love, then the ruins of democracy by force and communism by force will both bear their blackened testimony to the rightness of the Christian politician.

But this means a revolution much more radical than any of the revolutionaries have ever suggested. It means that we must change the whole order of personal and political life or change nothing.



God's Miracle Man

Lola Beall Graham

Through Gandhi comes the lowly root
On which God grows a masterpiece—
The one who turned the other cheek
In non-resistance for release.
(Before a tender shoot can grow
The gales of wrath must surely go.)

God scanned the world and then He found
The one He sought, "The least of these,"
Whose love artesianed over all—
A hated man—a Japanese;
Kagawa's love would stir these roots
And bring to live new growing shoots.

He still had need of one thing more
And found it in a lowly slave;
George Carver had the gift of gifts—
Creative Spirit, which he gave
To bear great fruitage—wonders too.
This super-man is dormant you.

☐ The human traits that made Jesus the most lovable man who lived are familiar ones.

The Humanness of Jesus

Anna Dickerman

"**B**E ye perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven, is perfect," said Jesus Christ. He never asked the impossible of anyone, and since His own life was the perfect pattern for humanity, it is well for us to look through the four Gospels and learn from their allusions to His character, how we can build ourselves to that perfection.

The humanness of Jesus warms our hearts. It is recorded of Him that He was hungry and thirsty; he was wearied with His journey when He rested beside the well and talked with the woman of Samaria who came to draw water. He was "asleep on a pillow"; He wept, sharing the grief of His friends. He was "in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin." In one of the few references to His boyhood, He "grew in wisdom and stature and in favor with God and man."

His first miracle, performed at the marriage feast, proves His enjoyment in the happy affairs of life. The wedding may have been that of a disciple, for we are told that His mother and the disciples were there, making it evident that it was someone intimate and dear.

Jesus relieved the embarrassment of His host.

Jesus was a nature lover. Birds, flowers, plants, grass, vines and trees were used as illustrations in His teachings and parables. He was often in the mountains, and on the sea and short, in gardens, and walking on the "dusty road." He spoke of the weather signs that we observe today: "red sky at night, fair weather on the morrow; red in the morning, a coming storm; a cloud (bank) in the West, an indication of rain; the south wind bringing heat."

He built a fire on the beach and when His disciples landed, hungry and tired, He served them with fish He had broiled, and with bread. He always knew exactly what to say and do and how to be kind and helpful in every need and emergency.

Like ourselves, He was a citizen of the world and He knew that "unto Caesar must be rendered the things that are Caesar's" without taking away from the glory of God. He was absolutely fair and just. "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again," He said, thus setting forth the unerring and timeless Law of Compensation.

Jesus believed in simplicity. In the brief Golden Rule He stated a principle of conduct that all the creeds which have ever been devised, cannot improve upon. There would be no error if the Rule were practiced. There would be no problems of reconstruction following wars. There would be no unkindness, no friction, no hardship, no striving to be first and foremost, and all that is best in human nature would be brought out by the application of a short sentence with one- and two-syllable words.

Jesus was compassionate. Read Matthew, chapters 9:36; 14:14; 15:32; 20:34.

He was accommodating. He made it as easy as possible for all who appealed to Him for aid. He never said, "I am too busy just now."

He was forgiving. Peter ventured the idea that to forgive an erring brother seven times, was perhaps all that was required. Jesus corrected him, suggesting seventy times seven, which was practically times unlimited. He made it clear all through His teachings that our own forgiveness depends wholly upon our forgiveness of those who have wronged us. "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who have trespassed against us."

Jesus was courageous in speech and action. He cared nothing for "They say—," the threat that intimidates most of us.

With all His great powers which would have made another man arrogant and a dictator, He practiced and taught humility; not the meekness of a colorless, spineless character, but the absence of false pride; the joy of doing for others; the awareness that "of myself I can do nothing"; and as St. Francis expressed it, "there, but for the grace of God, go I." Yet, Jesus never permitted any person to impose upon Him nor to become a parasite.

He was thankful. He gave full credit to His Father for all the wonderful works that He did. Jesus Christ, Gentleman.

He was merciful. "Forgive them: they now not what they do." He was charitable. "Give to the poor."

He was sociable and liked companionship. There were times when He needed the human touch; the friends standing by.

Above all, Jesus lived a life of love, in the highest and most beautiful meaning of that all-encompassing word. He loved little children; He loved the engaging, rich, young ruler; He loved Martha and Mary and their brother Lazarus. He gave the world the two great Love commandments: "Greater love hath no man than this: that he lay down his life for his friend." He said; and He did that for you and for me.

When He healed, He spoke words of great gentleness: "Go thy way in peace; thy faith hath made

thee whole." "Woman, thou art loosed from thine infirmity." "Be of good cheer; thy sins are forgiven thee."

Blind Bartimeus, by the wayside, heard the noise of a hurrying throng and guessed rightly that Jesus was about to pass by. His cries for healing reached the ears of the Master, Who stood still and commanded that Bartimeus be brought to Him. Those who had endeavored to silence his pleading now brought the message which rings across the ages: "Be of good cheer; rise, He

calleth thee," and Bartimeus went swiftly into Jesus' presence to receive his sight. The Lord of heaven and earth listened to the call of a blind beggar.

"As many as touched Him were made whole," and are today, when in a more than physical sense, we contact Him in consciousness.

So the human traits which made Jesus the most lovable man who ever lived, are familiar ones possessed in some degree by us all.

Perfection is a goal that can be reached.



God Is Like This

Tokiko Inouye

I never knew the eyes of God
Were big and brown, until
My little girl looked up at me
With half-expectant thrill.

I never knew the arms of God
Could be so small and strong like this,
That a child could make me bend my head
In asking for a kiss.

I never knew, I never dreamed,
That God could be so real
Until I saw Him in my child,
Perfectly revealed.

□ It may be an expression of selflessness—
or a degree of hate.

“Love” Can Be Good or Bad

Paul Sanders

ONE of the most common and most misused words in the English language is the word “love.” It has many different interpretations. The word love is symbolic of the Christian religion, and it is also symbolic of one of the most personal experiences of life. In one form it is a ministry, an expression of selflessness. In another form, as a possessive experience, it is in reality only a degree of hate. Thus it is used in both a positive and negative sense.

Love as most people understand it, is possessive love, the type of love that most romances and marriages are founded on, and often brings great unhappiness. In this form of love two persons wish to possess each other; they create children and want to possess or dominate them. Their interpretation of Christianity is in the light of the only interpretation of love they know. Thus resentments, hatreds, and wars grow out of it because “it is in reality only a degree of hate.” In possessive love we love ourselves first and everything else in relation to ourselves. It is a drawing into our circle things that satisfy our selfish desires. One reason that Christianity

has made so little apparent progress after 1900 years is because people have misconstrued the basic teachings of Christianity.

The kind of love that Christ taught and that Paul talked about in the thirteenth chapter of Corinthians, is a selfless, outgoing experience. In this love man becomes a channel for the great source of power of the Infinite. It is a positive experience that does not attempt to draw all things to itself, but is an open hearted outflowing of self.

Marriage based on love as Christ taught it is not possessive, but frees and sublimates. In family life based on Christ love, children are not dominated and possessed, but are directed and freed to their own destiny of life. True love casts out fear—it brings great strength and courage—it eliminates hatred and resentment. Because it does not possess, it is limitless.

The basis of most of our problems today is possessive love. The only hope for the happiness of the world is outgoing, selfless, non-possessive love. The Christ love expresses the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. It is the only way of life.

□ The great myths, stories and legends of the past constitute the “mystery Bible.”

God Speaks Through Fairy Tales

Glenn Clark

I “MAJORED” in Mother Goose rhymes, fairy tales, myths and legends as a boy, and in psychology as a college student and I have never ceased to study both fields ever since. After a lifetime of research in both areas, I have come to the conclusion that these two fields of learning, seemingly so far apart, are actually one and the same. The only difference is that one appeared in the childhood of the race, as an art; the other appeared in the adulthood of the race, as a science.

I find that the myth and fairy story approach did a far better job for its day than our more sophisticated, erudite and complicated approach is doing for our day, proving the deep wisdom in Jesus’ statements that “. . . Unless ye turn and become as a little child, ye shall by no means enter into the Kingdom”; “Ye have hid this from the wise and revealed it unto babes.” And finally, “The last shall be first and the first shall be last.”

Of the two approaches, Jesus seemed to prefer the story form. “Without a parable spake he not unto them.” Indeed I have thought seriously of starting a healing clinic where, instead of the strong mustard plasters of psycho-analy-

sis, some gentle and soothing ointments concocted of legends and fairy tales could be applied to sore and aching minds.

The Catholic confessional gives people of simple faith opportunity at stated intervals of objectifying their sins and evils by telling them to an intermediary who casts them upon the mercy of God.

The ancient Greeks had a still simpler method—the evils one did were objectified and not considered part of the person at all. This is well illustrated in the journey of Odysseus back to his home in which we hear of his escape from the savagery in the form of Cyclops, from lust in the form of the Sirens, from gluttony in Circe, despair in Charybdis and from anger in Scylla. Indeed Odysseus’ story of his journey was not a fairy tale concocted out of Homer’s brain. It was a true account of his own inner struggle with the evil passions that plagued his journey through life in the psychic and subconscious realm of his own soul.

Jesus chose the *myth approach* of demon possession as a superior method of healing mental ailments, over the more complicated approach of psychiatry with its formidable names of libido, repressed

desires, fixations and what not. By objectifying these mental fixations as separate creatures with their own identity, as separate from the patient altogether, they were far more easily and quickly cast out.

The Mother Goose rhymes carry messages on nearly every phase of life and conduct for the individual and the group in direct, simple form.

The fairy tales carry the reader into the great "no-man's" land of the subconsciousness where all the little problems of life are met and solved.

No legend, fairy tale or even Mother Goose rhyme has survived through the ages unless it has had a deep spiritual meaning. One advantage in the ancient system of passing down the literary creations by word of mouth is that in this manner all the legends and epics and dramas that had no rootage in the soul were sloughed off, winnowed out and cast by the wayside. But the ones which are said over and over again by the mothers to the children, as "Little Miss Muffet" and "Little Boy Blue," contain nourishment for the soul.

*"Molly, my sister and I fell out,
and what do you think it was
all about?"*

*She loved coffee and I loved tea,
and that was the reason we
couldn't agree."*

is a sermon in maladjustment. In contrast to this is the companion

piece revealing perfect cooperation and integration

*"Jack Sprat could eat no fat, His
wife could eat no lean,
And so between them both they
licked the platter clean."*

The perfect formula for prayer is to love one thing and wish for it and then relinquish it and find perfect peace is

*"Little Bo Peep has lost her
sheep and doesn't know where
to find them;*

*Leave them alone, and they'll
come home, dragging their
tails behind them."*

In the original poem about Bo Peep there are five stanzas. But no one knows them or repeats them. The only stanza that has a spiritual meaning, even though only one out of one hundred thousand ever detects it, is the one that contains this perfectly concrete and dramatic formulation of the famous recipe of prevailing prayer! Let go and let God.

The folly of worry when there is nothing to worry about is revealed to us in the old woman who spent all her time grumbling when she had nothing to grumble about just because she lived on victuals and drink? Has anyone ever heard of anything else that people *ever* live on? Self centered self-pity when one-fourth of the world is starving is one of the most flagrant sins of mankind.

Little Miss Muffet with every-

thing perfect and every need fulfilled, fled from all this abundance because of the mere presence of one negative thought. In some this is jealousy, with some it is greed, as with Miss Muffet it is fear.

We have been told over and over again that as a man thinketh in his heart so is he. If you want to change the world begin by changing yourself. How much more interestingly that is told us in the story of the crooked man who because he was so crooked through and through everything that he looked at or did appeared crooked—the miles he walked, the sixpence he found, even the house that he lived in.

Turning to the field of fairy stories we are at once intrigued by the charming story of Goldilocks. The fairy story of Goldilocks is one of the most beautiful spiritual parables in our legendary lore. The home of the bears represents the home of this world. The big bear represents the physical, the middle sized bear the mental, and the little bear the spiritual. Mankind is much more mature physically than mentally and far more mature mentally than we are spiritually; indeed, spiritually the world as a whole has not gone far beyond the adolescent stage.

Goldilocks is symbolical of the seeker trying to find the right solution to the problems of this world. When she enters this home, she finds three bowls of porridge on

the table and immediately she starts to sample them. The big bowl was too hot! In other words the physical way of solving problems by the force of war leaves burns and scars—such as blasted cities and broken lives. Next she turns to the middle sized bowl. Here she finds the mental method of solving problems through diplomacy and propaganda is too cold. It also is war, but a cold war. As a last resort she turns to the little tiny bowl. It is *just right*; revealing that the spiritual solution is the perfect way, but, alas, there is not enough of it.

She goes into the sitting room and tries the big chair, but this physical method is too hard. Next she tries the middle sized chair, but the mental method is too soft. Finally she tries the little tiny chair and behold, it is *just right*. But even as she starts to rejoice over this beautiful spiritual solution the chair breaks down. Organized religion is not strong enough to bear the weight of the world's needs.

Finally she enters the bedroom and here she discovers that the physical way is as always too hard, the mental method is as always too soft, and the "spiritual way" is as always, *just right*. So perfectly "right" it is that she drops all her problems and tensions and falls fast asleep. But alas, the bears returned too soon and she didn't have time enough so she leaped out the window and ran home.

This story gives the perfect picture of the world situation today. War has failed to solve our problems, diplomacy has failed; it is time to turn to prayer. Here we find the "just right" solution.

This is all summed up in Humpty Dumpty, which tells us that *all* the King's horses of war have failed to *fight* the world into order; and all the King's men-tality has likewise failed to *think* our world into order; which leaves only one way out, and that is to turn to the King and *pray* our world into order.

What the King's horses can't do

and what the King's men can't do, *the King can*. Let us call upon the King!

The great myths, stories and legends of the past carry cosmic messages related to the history and destiny of the world. They constitute the "mystery Bible" which would make a splendid companion to our own Hebrew Bible. These mystic tales not only show the solutions to world problems but because of their timeless, spaceless, undimensional quality contain within them the germ, the seed, the promise of their own fulfillment.



Meditation On Death

Elizabeth Scarle Lamb

HOLD gently on my hand a little bird that has fallen to the ground. For a moment it rests, then flies again and I see it no more. For a moment of God's time I clasp a hand in friendship and travel the path of life in companionship and love and joy. Then that one slips through the door that we call death and I see him no more. But I would no more grieve than for the bird that has flown. Loneliness, yes, and sorrow that the door between us is closed. Sadness if there was pain in the passing. But I find joy in the realization that a new life, fresh strength, greater spiritual under-

standing and further opportunity for the soul's triumph await.

Yes, I would save my grief for the soul who rejects God. I would fill my loneliness in seeking out and comforting the needy and the restless and the sick. I would spend my sorrow on the stuff of spiritual joy—closer companionship with God, deeper insight into His love, and a greater understanding of prayer.

I would not fear death, for myself nor for a loved one, knowing it to be only a step into a higher realm, knowing that one day there will be no death.

How Livingston Converted Stanley

Franklin Winters

TODAY nearly everybody knows the story of how Henry M. Stanley found David Livingstone in the heart of Africa. His words of greeting, "Dr. Livingstone, I presume?" have been quoted so often that they have become a stock phrase with many persons.

What is not so well known is the effect of the great missionary's personality on the worldly minded journalist. When Stanley entered Africa, he was an unbeliever; when he came out, he had turned to the Christian faith.

What brought about this remarkable change?

Seldom has a more remarkable record been found of one man's influence on another than Stanley's account of his conversion. He describes it in his autobiography. If sometimes people doubt the effect of a noble Christian life on others, they could well turn to the part where the most famous journalist of his day tells of the change that came in his outlook upon life

through mere association with David Livingstone:

"For four months and four days I lived with him (David Livingstone) in the same hut, or in the same tent, and I never found a fault in him. I went to Africa a man prejudiced against religion, the worst infidel in London. To a reporter like myself, who had only to deal with wars, mass meetings and political gatherings, sentimental matters were quite out of my province.

"But there came to me a long time of reflection. I was out there away from a worldly world. I saw this solitary old man there, and I asked myself, 'Why does he stop here? What is it that inspires him?' For months after we met I found myself listening to him, wondering at the old man carrying out the words, 'Leave all and follow Me.' But little by little, seeing his piety, his gentleness, his zeal, his earnestness, and how he went quietly about his business, I was converted by him."

"Lines For Divine Intimacy"

Ollie James Robertson

If I but see the beauty,
That all around me lies,
The verdant trees, the flowers,
The grandeur of the skies,
Or perceive the evening rainbow
As a spacious florid rod
That towers o'er the mountain,
Then I shall see God.

If I can hear the music,
Of Nature's symphony,
The chorus of the bluebirds,
The west wind's melody,
If I can catch the laughter,
Of the tranquil rill,
The echo of the thunder,
Upon the wooded hill;
Or hear the soft breeze whisper,
To make the roses nod,
I will be all the richer,
For then I shall hear God.

That my unceasing supplication
May become
One great and simple phrase,
"Thy Will be done!"

O Father, teach me how to PRAY!



Realization

Ella Luick

Your absence has become
The dim background
Against which my life
Reveals its moving pictures.
You are never here so much
As when I know that
You are gone forever.

☪ With an all-understanding God within,
the withouts fall into perfect sequence.

Solving Problems Is a Spiritual Job

Margaret R. Adams

THERE is not a problem, personal or world-wide, that does not have its counterpart, an answer or solution. Then why are we so confused, frustrated and seemingly inadequate in meeting our problems and dealing with them the right way?

One reason is because we ourselves become the barrier, the blockage.

"Be still, and know that I am God." Until we have developed the continual awareness of God, in quiet and also in noise, we do need the *stillness*.

In learning more about God He teaches us about ourselves. 'Tis a wondrous and thrilling enfolding experience and experiment to learn about oneself. Socrates said to attain knowledge and wisdom is to "know thyself."

This is the crux, the core of spiritual growth. We are unaware of the things in our own lives that block and hinder the fulfilling of spiritual laws that Christ has laid down as essential in daily awareness of God.

As Brother Lawrence has so beautifully said it, "To retire with God into the depth of the center of my soul." There are so many things in our lives that make us (uncon-

sciously most of the time) shy away from pressing on and wriggling through these encrustments into the center, into the depth of the soul. I can say this from experience, and each of us can, if we so have the desire.

Our emotions are power centers. It is within the past few years people have been stirred to this realization. The vibrating energy that goes forth from our emotions, often in the form of thoughts, is stupendous.

If we could realize the truth of this one spiritual law, many of our individual problems would melt away; that is, if we practiced this law constructively. A thought of hate, jealousy, revenge, resentment, first of all creates a chemical change within our own bodies which makes us react certain ways (can't help it). When one of my boys flares into a fit of anger, he can't see straight, think straight, or act straight. Any positive suggestions are like drops of hail hitting the roof and bouncing off. Not until he is emotionally sane, can anyone talk with him and help him come into an understanding of his problems. This is a psychological law, and to try to buck it is wasted energy.

You can understand the workings of this negative power. Just as powerful is the positive force or power, even more powerful many have discovered.

The power of love in our actions and thought-life is powerful beyond words to express. Paul was right when he said, "Love never fails." Like the common experience of us all, dropping a pebble into the edge of a lake, no matter how large or how small the lake, the vibrating ripple of that contact, that motion, will be felt at the far end of the lake.

Letting God's love inflow into our lives, and then outflow in chan-

nels of God's own choosing and creating, is an experience of exquisite joy and satisfaction. The channelling and the result is God's responsibility and work. Our responsibility is "to live and move and have our being in God."

So, with a wondrous, all-powerful, and all-loving and all-understanding God within, the "withouts"—our contacts and our reactions—become steps that fall into perfect sequence and alignment with God's purposes for us. 'Tis radiantly true, "All things work together for good, to those who love God." But the fulfilling of the law of love is a foundation stone.



Summer Fragrance

Eloise Ford

The sun that gleams on garden path
And wind that dances down the hill
Together spread the fragile scent
Of hyacinth and daffodil.

From shrub and honeysuckle vine
There drifts a perfume, fresh and clean;
The smell of clover-studded grass
Combines with pungent evergreen.

At dusk, the fragrance lingers on
And through the air a calmness flows.
To breathe becomes a quiet prayer:
A miracle of vast repose.

☐ That must have been how Stephen looked when he was stoned to death . . .

From A Missionary's Formosa Journal

Lillian R. Dickson

AT our next stop the Formosan Chinese pastor and his wife went with us up into the mountains to visit three churches. One was at the village of Mikasa. Perhaps some of you will remember that when my husband came over on survey last year, he said that on the train he met a woman from Mikasa who said they had all hoped he would come there. He asked her then, "Are there Christians at Mikasa?" She answered, "We are all Christians at Mikasa. We have a church there." We would be the first missionaries to visit their church. I had no idea of the emotional event that meant in their lives. As we climbed the winding trail on the mountain, the pastor's wife told me something about them.

"When the Japanese were here, the policeman in charge of this district was like a little king. He could do anything to these people, and be excused for it. One time he became so enraged at the fact that so many had become Christians in spite of everything he could do, that he gave them a terrible choice. Within three days they had to come to the police station and publicly state that they would forsake the Christian religion, or he would have each one

bound hand and foot, a stone put on them for weight, and thrown from the high bridge into the rushing water below."

The people knew this was no idle threat. They had to meet by stealth to determine what they should do about it. They met at midnight.

"This time you must each decide this issue individually," their leader told them, "For it means life or death."

There followed speeches from some arguing that they had better forsake Christ because of the powerful opposition to Him.

Then a young man rose and said, "Don't you remember what He said, 'Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul; but rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell.'"

One after another then they said, "That's true,—that is what He said. Then let us die for then our souls will go to be with Jesus."

There in the midnight meeting, the solemn vote was taken. Every hand was raised as they all voted to die.

The next day they did not go to work, but visited with one another knowing they had only one more day to live. Some shed tears, but

did not falter in their resolution. They told the policeman.

"Well, tonight my men and I will celebrate," he told them cruelly. He drank wine, so much so that he was really drunk. Perhaps he was trying to fortify himself to carry out his outrageous plan. Then he decided to go fishing. He waded into the rushing river, and somehow a tree trunk came down with the current and struck him. He was a good swimmer, but he had had too much wine.

The mountain people met at midnight again to pray. They prayed to God that if He would help them to avoid this kind of death they would be glad, but that if it was His will they would willingly die. While they were still at prayer, a man came rushing in.

"The man who planned to drown you tomorrow morning has himself been drowned in the river," he told them. Their miraculous escape overwhelmed them with awe, and their love and trust in God deepened amazingly. Many more were added to the group of believers because of this incident, and today all Mikasa is Christian.

On the path to Mikasa we met a man of the Tyal tribe, who stepped aside courteously to let us pass. I could not help wondering about him for there was a marvelous light of happiness in his eyes. It seemed

as if his inner self was just aglow with happiness that he could not hide for it was all there in his eyes. As we went on the pastor's wife told me about him.

"The Japanese policeman told that man that he would have to give up believing in Christ," she said. "And he answered that 'he would believe in Christ until his death.'"

The policeman answered roughly, "So you want to die for him? We will let you do it then." He struck him down and ordered him beaten to death. He was beaten and left as dead. But his friends came and threw cold water on him and tried to revive him, and after four hours he regained consciousness.

"I saw Christ," he told them. "But he said I 'must come back again, as my time had not yet come.'"

And so he lives with marvelous light of happiness in his eyes, one "who has seen Christ," and is waiting for a promised day of meeting Him again.

That must have been how Stephen looked when he was stoned to death I thought to myself, and there were tears in my eyes when I entered the village of Mikasa, tears of thankfulness and wonderment at the love that these humble people had already shown for their Lord!

☐ No other man made such contributions to the riches of English hymnody.

When Isaac Watts Began Writing Hymns

Ted McDonald

WHEN Isaac Watts was a boy of eighteen he went away from the service of a Sunday morning in the little independent chapel where his father was a deacon, dissatisfied with the character of the singing. The hymns employed were those of an early Congregational minister, William Barton by name, whose work is now almost forgotten, but is said by hymnologists to have been of considerable value in the introduction of hymns, more rhythmical and melodious than the hard and unmetrical versions of the psalms then in use.

Young Isaac ventured to say that the hymns were not so good as they ought to be, and received the answer, intended to put him to silence, "Give us better hymns if you can, young man."

Such a rebuke, from a church official, would have silenced many a self-confident young worshipper of the time of Watts, but Watts accepted it as an opportunity. When the congregation assembled in the afternoon it was invited to sing a new hymn composed by himself that day, the first lines of which read:

Behold the glories of the Lamb
Before His Father's throne;

Prepare new honors for His
name,
And songs before unknown.

It was far from being his greatest hymn, but it was the beginning of his work as a hymn-writer. From that time on "songs before unknown" flowed from his pen almost every week, and were used, first in the church of which his father was a deacon, and later in that of which he was the minister.

No other man made such contributions to the riches of English hymnody; and excepting Charles Wesley, no one else has produced such a volume of songs that have survived through later generations. Lofty hymns of adoration, like "The Heavens Declare Thy Glory, Lord!" rose from his reverent soul. Songs of heroic service, such as "Am I a Soldier of the Cross?" summoned the hearts of men to action and self-denial. Songs full of inspiration and cheer, like "Come Ye That Love The Lord and Let Your Joys Be Known," made the religious life one of solemn pleasure. Songs of historic retrospect, like the common version of "O God, Our Help in Ages Past," established the confidence and trust of those who sang.

It may be hard for us to realize the comfort which millions of mourners received from "Why do we mourn departing Friends?" The quaint tune "China," to which it was sung, is almost alone among surviving hymn-tunes of this period. But few can fail to appreciate the comfort of such hymns as, "There is a Land of Pure Delight."

All these hymns, and hundreds more, came from the pen of the lad who accepted a rebuke as an opportunity. The courage with which he took up the task assigned he illustrated in the freedom with which he broke from past traditions and gave new power and dignity to the art of hymn-writing. Wherever the English language is spoken his

name is loved, and his hymns have been translated into many of the tongues in which the gospel is preached.

It is not to be supposed that none of these things would have happened had Watts failed to write his first hymn when the opportunity offered itself, nor are we free to say what occasion might later have called out his slumbering power. We can measure the good that follows the opportunity accepted, but we can rarely determine the loss which comes from its neglect. With every opportunity in life might well be remembered this motto: "The future may offer to thee honorable service, but this choice comes but once."



God Bless This Garden

Rowena Cheney

God bless this garden, green and cool,
God make each hand a willing tool
To further growth in every flower
That wakes to beauty, hour by hour.

God bless this garden—and in my heart
Let me transplant a tiny part
Of all the wonder a garden holds
As every leaf and bud unfolds.

God bless this garden. . . . With each night
At my soul's loosing from captivity,
When earth has turned away from light,

☪ Love will answer all our questions; love will fill our every need;
love will heal our every affliction.

Merrybrook-Center of Spiritual Healing

Wally and Rebecca Beard

ONE would not naturally associate Merrybrook, the lovely estate of Ada Carter Hopson in Wells, Vermont, with the River Jordan. But one thing they do have in common. Both have been greatly loved, and love is the greatest of all healing powers.

There is healing in the love that echoes to one from the little stream that bubbles its way through Merrybrook. And there is healing in the "murmuring pines and the hemlocks, from the oaks and the elms and the maples that line the charming trails over the adjoining hillsides around us."

One day Mrs. Ritchie, a dear friend and spiritual counsellor of Mrs. Hopson, suggested that Merrybrook would be an ideal location for a healing center. Ada Carter Hopson agreed and hurried to make her will, leaving the home and the grounds to the Foundation Farthest Out. She had been told she had a very short time to live.

The first miracle of Merrybrook was the miracle of Ada Carter Hopson herself. After the settlement had been made, and while the papers were being drawn up, Dr. Clark visited her several times. They climbed together the beauti-

ful trails up the mountain which is on the estate; they sat beside the brook and planned and talked; they walked beneath the stately maples and visioned the men and women who would come here and find peace and new life under the power of prayer. And Ada Carter Hopson forgot that she had only a short time to live. She lived five more years, and was able to attend the Camps Farthest Out for two more summers.

The first year of Merrybrook as a healing center found Marion Cowan in charge, and she wove strands of love between Merrybrook and all the citizens of the little village of Wells. The following year when Marion Cowan was called to become spiritual counsellor in Hillcrest Infirmary, Andalusia, Alabama, Glenn Clark asked the heavenly Father to guide him in finding a successor.

One day we received a letter, which said, "The guidance points to you." Now it so happened that one of us was an M.D. and had been a practicing physician in St. Louis, while the other had been a dealer in remedies for healing, selling for a pharmaceutical house. We had both discovered, however, that permanent healing could be

assured only when the chief emphasis was laid upon the healing of the soul.

One of us had found his healing power came through the "laying on of hands"; the other found her healing power was channeled most effectively through "speaking the Word" following periods of quietness. Our greatest discovery was that when we combined our gifts, one directing the meditation while the other lay on the hands, the healing power was greatest of all. Being of the Quaker faith and having attended Quaker meetings every Sunday morning in St. Louis for years, our healing periods became a natural outgrowth of these silences.

When the call came we felt it was the will of God. We closed up our home in St. Louis and started forth upon the most thrilling adventure of our lives. In June, 1947, we found ourselves at Merrybrook. There has been no advertising and almost no publicity. We stepped into our quiet times and the patients began to come.

A woman came to Merrybrook bound by the chains of a hidden resentment against another who had brought tragedy and sorrow into her life. The emotion was deeply hidden within her subconscious mind, but her body had responded to the buried emotion by partial paralysis of her right arm and shoulder. She had to learn to use

her left hand to write as she could not hold a pencil in the right hand. She was very earnest in her desire to be whole and well, and very courageous in facing her own shortcomings. We could only pray constantly that the Holy Spirit would reveal to us the hidden emotion so that we might help her to be free.

One day she spoke of the tragedy of the death of her loved one, saying she could not grieve to see them go when she realized the life of suffering they had led at the hands of the wicked person to whom they were bound by family ties. That was the key for which we prayed, for then we could show her how differently she would have phrased her remark had it been her own loved one who had been the cause of the death of another. She would have said, "Poor, dear J....." or something like that. She certainly never would have said, "That wicked boy or girl" in referring to her own flesh and blood. She caught the implication, and from that moment the arm and hand began to come to life. Before she left us she wrote a check with her right hand holding the pen. Through divine love her emotional life was cleansed and her body was free.

Willis Rice who had been a prisoner to asthma most of his life came with a suitcase full of remedies. In Dr. Clark's Creative Writing Class at the camp on Star

Island, he wrote of his rebirth at Merrybrook.

*Last week I went to Merrybrook,
A tired old man
Broken by half a century of
narrowing thought;
Worn out by weeks of overwork
and overstrain.*

*I had not thought of Merrybrook
When I went there
Except perhaps to rest through
countless hours of sleep
To gain again some measure
of fragile health.*

*I even took to Merrybrook
Nostrums and pills
To fight the trouble that had
spoiled my life. But no,
They had no power or need at
Merrybrook, and were forgotten.*

*There were His hands at
Merrybrook,
Those gentle hands.
I did not sense a change when
they were laid on me;
I did not feel a glow. What
happened this I know.*

*That I was born at Merrybrook,
And I was well!
The half century of narrowing
thought fell off,
And all the tired strains of
overwork were gone*

*As He laid hands on me and
we all prayed, at Merrybrook.*

One repeatedly hears these questions, "How can I know that I am worthy of healing?" "How I long for the conviction that it is fully right for me to want and expect spiritual healing; that I can be of enough more worth in the work of the Kingdom to justify seeking whole-heartedly for the faith to bring healing about?" Who would dare say unequivocally they are worthy to be healed? None of us are worthy in one sense. All of us are unquestionably worthy in another sense. It is not a question of worth, as Jesus knew when He said that the "rain fell upon the just and the unjust alike." It is a question of opening ourselves to God as flowers open to the sun, and letting God do the rest. It is surrender. It is relinquishment.

We no longer feel we need to seek spiritual healing any more than we need to try to make the sun shine on us. If we see the sun shining we do, indeed, "seek it where it is." We go to it, but when we find it we just let it shine on us and into us without any thought of worth. So it is with God's love.

You are of more worth to the Kingdom when completely surrendered to God than you can possibly be when only partly surrendered. A whole person, wholly

integrated, and therefore well, is a better advertisement for God than a sick person could ever be, even though the illness brings out beautiful traits of character. These same traits of character, plus a beautiful temple-body, surely are even greater than the same traits in a partially helpless body.

Another would say, "Spiritual healing seems something literally too good to be true." That states exactly the position of the majority of Christians in the world today in regard to healing through prayer. We have often asked ourselves, "Why does the average Christian draw back from being a saint?" Is our humility real or is it an alibi for not trying hard enough? Is Nietzsche's "will to death" stronger than the "will to live"? Are we afraid of ridicule if we should fail? Is it still the attitude of the Pharisees that we are presumptuous, and that we blaspheme when we claim our heritage as sons of a living God?

Do we identify ourselves with the Adam man or with the Christ self? If, as Paul said, "Christ in me is the hope of glory," then to identify ourselves with our Christ self is our only hope. Do we identify ourselves with the human self that Jesus knew could "of itself do nothing," or do we identify ourselves with the Christ self "in

which we can do all things"?

Yet a third question, "We wonder, even if it is God's will to heal us because of His never ceasing love for us, whether it is as yet His time?" There is but one answer: we set the time limits ourselves. In God there is no time. There is no time in Infinity. All time is now! If, in ourselves, we feel the need of discipline, and accept the discipline of suffering through time as God given, then it becomes so for us, but it need not be so. God's time for us to be well and whole is NOW. "Today is the acceptable day of the Lord."

Sometimes we wonder if it is not all so big, so tremendous, that mankind is really afraid of it. It does fill us with awe in the sense of reverence, but if we have love we cannot fear, can we? Let us fill ourselves with thoughts of love; let us think of God in terms of overwhelming love, and let us put aside all questions of worthiness or seeking or trying. Let us become like a little child who goes confidently to its father, puts its little hand in the greater hand, and looking up with confidence and faith, basks in the love which is showered upon it.

Love will answer all our questions; love will fill our every need; love will heal our every affliction.

☐ Christianity has helped me to live a full life; not merely exist.

How Christianity Has Helped Me

Ozelma Joseph

MY prayers were answered. Fifteen years ago, three doctors agreed they could do nothing for me and I could not possibly live more than a few weeks. I made arrangements for my three fatherless babies to stay with relatives, and I was resigned to my fate. The pain was terrible. I was glad to know I did not have long to suffer.

Then, a neighbor came to call. She was a blind, foreign woman I had never talked to, and the mother of six children. She had heard of my condition, and in broken English she begged me to please live for my children. She told me of the accident that had left her blind, how she prayed to live for her children, and that God would help me too.

She gave me the *incentive to want to live*, and I did pray for their sake, that my life might be spared. Other doctors were called, and I was sent to University Hospital. As they gave me the anesthesia, I kept remembering her words: *Please, you must live for your children*; and I prayed to see the day they were grown to Christian adults.

Of course, I give the doctors

credit for saving my life, but without the will of God they could have done nothing. The doctors said the short time it took for my recovery was a miracle, and I have enjoyed good health ever since.

About this time, I heard a minister talk about all the good people; how some were so good they were good for nothing; others were good for something. I realized that I was one of the good for nothings and began to do something about it.

Christianity has taught me to count my blessings and thank God for what I have, instead of asking for more. It has taught me to overcome fear of want, and it has given me strength, and shown me the way to make others happier and better. By helping others, it taught me to stop thinking of myself and my troubles.

By living this "good for something" way from day to day, I have seen the money from a life insurance policy of \$1,000 grow to a \$10,000 business with property of \$30,000 to go with it. This I consider as God's gift and am grateful indeed, for the abundant life and blessings.

My Christian example has shown my children the difference between

existing in the squalor of unchristian ways and living in God's good grace.

I never forced my children to do anything. I set the best example I could with Christ's help and talked over all problems with them, but they chose what they wanted to do. It was their life, and they would live by their decisions. Today, they are all church members. The boys are married to Christian girls. They now successfully manage the business I started for them. My girl is still in school preparing to become a teacher.

I have been blessed by a granddaughter and a grandson and truly, my cup runneth over. My prayers have been answered; I have seen them started in the right direction on the road of Christian living.

We imagine the next world to be a place without envy, greed, pride, fear, selfishness, hate, and anger. We think of Heaven as having positive qualities of love, courage, generosity, and cheerfulness. Let's make a Heaven on earth by being positive.

Christianity has helped me to live a full life; not merely to exist.



God's World

Myrtle E. Staley

Sun drenched earth, trees unfolding their new spring attire, birds building their nests, insects busily humming an endless tune; butterflies flitting from flower to flower, and the water peacefully flowing between the narrow banks that confine it, eager to reach the rolling sea. Palm trees rustling their fronds as the soft Southern breeze whispers through them. A scene of rest and indescribable beauty as viewed from my bedroom windows, where I lay in forced inactivity.

God's world—a glimpse of the Infinite mind—beauty and peace everywhere one looks. God's world, and all should be well with it, but hate, selfishness, greed, lust and murder are not in the pattern of His making.

Be still my Soul, and know that God is near. If we would but listen to His voice, and follow in His footsteps, casting out sin and shame, we too might live in peace and contentment as nature does—our hearts in tune with the singing of the birds, our minds at rest and calm as the water flowing to the sea, and our souls tranquil as the sound of the myriad insects humming their ceaseless tune under the warming rays of the golden sun beaming down upon this good earth of ours. God's world—He still rules it, if we would but listen to His voice.

☐ "What shall it profit a man . . .?"

Something More Important Than Sales Records

William J. Murdoch

NO more "crackerjack" for Frank. That word doesn't describe him as a salesman anymore, and he's glad of it.

It used to, though, and Frank has a collection of pins and buttons in proof—awards from the home office.

"And if these aren't evidence enough of my crackerjack days," Frank will tell you, "I can tell you of a half-dozen different occasions when I was so close to a nervous breakdown that I could fairly feel the breeze from the revolving door of the hospital."

Now, Frank is the last man in the world to try to convince anyone that a nervous breakdown is proof of good salesmanship. "But I'll tell you this," he says, "many merely good salesmen sometimes make the best nervous breakdowns by trying to be the best salesmen."

You'd probably call Frank the typical salesman, in appearance. He's in his mid-forties, of medium height, slightly inclined to overweight, and he's nearly bald-headed. He wears spectacles, neatly pressed clothes, a handkerchief in the breast pocket of his coat, a service club button in his lapel, and he tops it all off with an air of easy

cordiality. He has sold automobiles, life insurance, books, refrigerators and other home appliances, office supplies, and real estate. Right now it's automobile insurance.

The company sets a quota for him, he sells it, and he makes a good living. No fanfare, no wall plaques or other prizes, no company publicity. Frank is just good.

But until a few years ago, Frank was a sensation. He set his own quotas. They were always higher than the amount the home office established for him: sometimes 10%, sometimes 25%, and often 50% higher. Invariably he made the home office quota, and almost without exception he reached the sales peak he had fixed for himself that year.

And is that bad?

"On the face of it," says Frank, "no. But actually, it was almost criminal. For me, that is. What I was doing to myself, and through me to my family, was little short of a crime. The whole year long, year after year, I could see nothing but sales figures. I saw them all day, I invited them into my home in the evening, I met them in my dreams, and in the morning they were atop my breakfast cereal. I started wor-

rying about sales on January 1 and I didn't stop until December 31."

Frank loves his wife and two children; he always loved them. On his wedding day and on each of the boys' birthdays, Frank renewed his pledge to himself to never stop working, to keep himself constantly on the job so that they might have everything they needed and as much of everything else they wanted that he could provide.

"My family meant everything to me—but I still placed my prospects before them in importance," Frank says. "We couldn't go on vacations together, we couldn't enjoy picnics and outings—why, I rarely took my family visiting even for an evening. I simply had to see too many other people."

This was Frank's crime. His family was his life and soul, and he was destroying himself, and his family, by destroying their family relationship.

One day a friend, a life insurance salesman, told Frank a little story. A few years before, this insurance salesman had sold a large policy to a man who shortly afterwards lost his job and the big salary that went with it. But instead of adjusting his insurance program to his reduced income, this man insisted on maintaining the unusually large policy. He drove himself, deprived himself and his family, worked at odd jobs in the evening and on week-ends, just to gather

money with which to meet the premiums. The result was inevitable. He worked himself to death, paying for his life insurance.

This object lesson in futility started Frank thinking. Here he was, working and worrying himself half frantic and driving his family farther and farther away.

Frank was frightened. "Like a blind man, whose eyes are suddenly opened and he finds himself in the center of the busiest crossroads in town," he says. "I didn't know what to do. I knew I had been wrong, but I couldn't think clearly. I wanted someone to pin down my enormous mistake for me, so I would never lose sight of it."

And someone did. For years Frank had spent Sunday mornings calling on prospects, but this particular Sunday morning he was frightened . . . so he went to church. The sermon was based on a passage from Mark.

"He found my trouble for me in just a few words," Frank says. "I've remembered that passage ever since, word for word, and it has kept my feet on the ground. It has kept my head in the clouds, too, and now I can look down on those fantastic sales quotas that I had always looked up to before."

He sounded happy. He looked happy, too.

"Why shouldn't I? I am happy. We all are, my family and I, because I never forget—at least

not for long—that my family is more important to me than anything else, especially sales quotas. I make room in my life for enough profits to take care of us all, but no room to admit an oversized sales quota that crowds out everything else. Sometimes for a day or two I throw myself into my work too

feverishly, but my wife soon rescues me."

How? She merely asks Frank the same question he heard in church that Sunday morning, Mark's simple question:

"What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the world and lose his soul?"



(Produce within the soul the fruits of the Spirit.

Prayer Tapestry

Mildred Long

FAITH is like a diamond with many facets, each reflecting the light of Heaven. Prayer is like a tapestry woven of different colored threads, some light, some dark, some brilliant with rainbow hues. Sometimes the threads are long with hours of waiting. Sometimes they are as short as flashes of thought.

This tapestry records the growth of the soul, and is the result of the kind of praying we do. For all desire is prayer, all aspiration, all seeking after God, all listening to His voice. And every act performed in the consciousness of His presence and to glorify His name becomes a prayer.

This tapestry is begun at birth and is not completed till the soul has reached the culmination of its

striving. It is that which beautifies the inner walls of the soul. We add to it day by day, and if our prayer life is neglected, the work of weaving is interrupted and the place that should have been beautiful lies bare and dark.

Its threads are made up of sorrow, pain, joy, love, aspiration, healing, repentance, self-renunciation, humility. All woven together, these and many more produce within the soul the fruits of the Spirit and the attributes of divinity.

Such a tapestry is a bulwark against all evil, a healing for all wounds. It is as a stream in the desert, a light in the dark. To build a perfect tapestry of prayer is to provide within the soul a solution for all of life's problems.

☐ "Ten Commandments" that have helped many people.

The Ten Commandments for Getting God Into Your Life

Charlie W. Shedd

I

Begin your day with Him. Turn your first thoughts in His direction. Plan your day with the Heavenly Father. . . .

II

Get a right idea of God. Think of Him as the kind of Friend you want in your daily life. Think of Him as He really is: Pleasant, strong, able. . . .

III

Get rid of those things in your daily life which are not compatible with God. . . .

IV

Imagine His presence ever with you. As your little child plays with imaginary playmates, make God your imaginary Companion. If you imagine Him real He will become real. . . .

V

Pray. Relax and talk with Him as you would talk with your best friend. Tell Him your troubles, your dreams, your fears. Chat with Him any time of the day, anywhere. . . .

VI

Turn your mind to your Church once each day. Never let more than seven days pass without a visit to the house of your dearest Friend. Worship on the Sabbath can make Him more real during the other six days. . . .

VII

Never let a day go by without doing some Godly act. You can find Him in the faces and needs of other people. . . .

VIII

Read your Bible every day. Think of each chapter as a personal letter from Him to you. As you have spoken with Him during the day, let Him now speak to you. . . .

IX

Practice the closing of every day with Him. Thank Him for His help that day, ask His forgiveness of your mistakes, take Him into your subconscious, sleeping mind as guest for the night. . . .

X

Remember that God cares for you and He is as anxious to get into your daily life as you are to have Him. . . .

☐ Since praying is all I can do for others,
I take it seriously.

I Pray for Others

Anonymous

THE plans I made for active Christian service have all been changed. I wanted to carry the good news of Christ to some foreign soil. If prevented, I would *live* Him in the capacity of teacher here in my homeland. Handicapped, there is nothing now that I can do in the line of active service . . . except *pray for others*.

Confined to my bed, I am always in a position to turn my mind and heart heavenward in behalf of anyone who comes to me or who writes to me, requesting prayer. I never refuse anyone. Even if I feel the prayer is insincere, or not in the will of God to be granted, I can pray that his heart may be cleansed, that his eyes may be opened to a clearer vision of God, and that he may see Jesus in me.

Since praying is all I can do for others, I take it seriously. Many of the answers are *Yes*. How my heart rejoices when God smiles His approval! Some of the answers are *No*; then I must help them see that God is always right. There are times when I have nearly prayed my heart out and there are no results that I can see. It may be the answer is *Wait*. Or, it may be the one who asked for prayer did not

really want the answer for which he requested prayer.

So often there are prodigal sons and daughters whose parents come to me with requests for prayer. They sit by my bed and tell me of hearts and homes that are broken. Praying for prodigals is never easy—for one who prays earnestly, looking toward a definite answer. Individuals do not become prodigals over night. Neither do they cease being prodigals over night—unless there is a conversion straight from heaven. Sometimes conversion can be as gradual as a rising sun.

Intercessory praying can help those who are spotless in the eyes of the world. A wife came to me who was all broken up because her husband wanted to sell their home. She, the homeloving type, had encouraged him, the trading kind, to make repairs. Then she, by her immaculate housekeeping and flower-growing, had made the place desirable. Now her husband, for the sake of profit, was going to sell and she would have to start all over again—repairing, cleaning, beautifying.

I suggested that she not argue with her husband—just let him go

his way, thinking he was getting his wish in the matter. However, I said that she and I could be praying that God would change his mind.

Within a few weeks she came back, her face aglow as she told me the good news. Her husband had decided that he didn't want to sell after all.

There is the young woman who confided in me that she wanted a baby. She and her husband are genuine Christians, educated and refined; they were everything that, it seemed to me, parents should be.

I thought how wonderful it would be if every child could be born into a home such as theirs, born into a circle where it would be so devoutly wanted! And I considered it a privilege and an obligation to pray for a baby to be born to that couple. I prayed very earnestly three times a day that the lovely miracle might come to them soon. It wasn't long until she came to tell me that she was pregnant. However, miscarriage prevented her carrying the baby to maturity. I was afraid she might take the disappointment too hard. Then my intercessory praying was that she might be reconciled. I held up before her Romans 8:28. When she was strong enough to come to see me, I was so thankful to see that she was sweetly resigned! I asked, "Do you want me to pray for another baby?" Her

reply was, "No. Not yet. Wait until I tell you."

A young mother of three children whose ages ranged from five years down to ten months, came to me. She was the victim of an uncontrollable temper. "It is awful the way I talk to my children!" she said. I held her hand and prayed for her while she was here and told her that I would be praying for her every day and every night. I also advised her to get some Vitamin B Complex Tablets and take them. That was more than a month ago. She has neither returned nor written to tell me the effects of my intercessory praying. It would make me very happy to hear that she is sweet and patient with her little ones, to know that she has overcome her temper tantrums.

Many people come to me when there is sickness. God permits illness, but I don't think He ever sends it. I am an invalid, and I *know* what it is to suffer. Like Paul, who prayed three times that his affliction be removed and it was not . . . then accepted the "thorn," so am I reconciled to this of mine. But much sickness can be alleviated by prayer. I *know* "prayer changes things," but not always the way we wish. Whatever the outcome after I have prayed earnestly for the sick, I accept it as God's way. It is one of His "all things" working together for good to those who love God.

A young wife came to tell me that her husband was critically ill. A huge abscess had formed on his lung. It looked as if nothing but an operation could remove the enormous obstruction. And an operation would be very serious. I prayed for the patient that afternoon and evening, but I was too physically and mentally tired to pray as fervently as I desired. After some sleep, I was awake at two o'clock, pouring out my heart to God in behalf of that young man. Neither he nor his wife were Christians. I pleaded with God to restore him to health and to let that be the means of drawing them to Christ . . . in right relationship to Him as their Savior. When morning came, as soon as it was permissible, I asked the nurse who was on duty here at that hour, to call the home and to inquire after the condition of the

young man. The answer was, "He is much better now. The abscess broke at two o'clock this morning and he was very sick. Now the hardest is over and he will recover." The gratitude I felt was almost too much to bear.

So goes my time. My days and nights hurry by; they are so filled with intercessory praying that not one drags by. As I pray, I breathe the name of each one for whom I am praying, and it does something for me. There is such an interest in people, such a warmness for those who need me that I lose my handicapped self just thinking of others.

There is certainly no glamor about what I am doing. But there is peace and joy. And I am so sure that Tennyson was right when he said, "More is wrought by prayer than this world dreams of."



A Prayer

F. Stanley Beveridge

O Lord, grant that each one who has to do with me today may be the happier for it. Let it be given me each hour today what I shall say, and grant me the wisdom of a loving heart that I may say the right thing rightly.

Help me to enter into the mind of everyone who talks with me, and keep me alive to the feelings of each one present. Give me a quick eye for little kindnesses that I may be ready in doing them and gracious in receiving them. Give me a quick perception of the feelings and needs of others, and make me eager-hearted in helping them. Amen.

Thoughts Farthest Out

TIME FOR DECISION

"Lord what wilt thou have me do?" Acts 9:8.

HERE comes a time in life when we must commit ourselves to something, or else lose the opportunity and go on playing at life instead of living it. It is somewhat akin to the time when we cease living on the religion of our parents and come to some decisions of our own. Not that we throw away the religion of our parents for we do not, but rather that we make it our own by experiencing it in a very personal way. The time for commitment comes to everyone many times and in many different ways.

Albert Schweitzer was a young man in his early thirties with the cultural world of the continent at his feet when the statue of a native African became so compelling that he made a decision. He studied medicine and went to Africa as a medical missionary. It could never have happened without his coming to a decision, and only he could make that decision.

Toyohiko Kagawa did not have to spend his time in the slums of Kobe, except as an inner commitment would not let him do otherwise. Born into wealth, educated in a missionary school and finally at Princeton Seminary in the United States, Kagawa had only to look into the face of his Christ to know where he must go. The decision rested with him.

Miss Sullivan did not have to teach a little girl who was deaf and mute. From one of those unexplainable mysteries of human intuition she felt that she must, and because of Miss Sullivan, Helen Keller has thrilled the world on behalf of its unfortunates. Yet, Miss Sullivan herself had to make the original decision.

One night in London, a young man in charge of a boys' club, asked a lad where he lived. The boy showed him barrels, boxes, holes in buildings and burrows along deserted and foggy streets. In all of these lived homeless boys. Something happened to that young man. He committed himself; he took the burden upon himself to do something about it. Thus was born Dr. Barnardo's Homes which eventually stretched across England, Scotland and Canada. The decision had to come from Dr. Barnardo.

Commitment is inevitable in some form or other once we have glimpsed into the purpose of this life. Once we see the world and our fellowmen and women through the eyes of Jesus, commitment is inevitable. It may not be something breathtakingly big, but many times something very small that is in the Father's plan has ways of outstripping all that is predicted of it.

Read: *He Took It Upon Himself*, Margaret Slattery.

GOD IN THE COMMON THINGS OF LIFE

"Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name? and in thy name have cast out devils? . . . And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you . . ." Matthew 17:22-23.

IN spiritual matters we tend to give too much weight to the unusual and to the miraculous. For some reason the revelation that comes with great suffering, or with high ecstasy, is attributed greater value than that which comes out of the common pursuits of life. Such reasoning, when we stop to think of it, is fallacious. It has no basis other than the assumption that the spiritual life and its fruits are reserved for the unusual person, and not for ordinary men and women.

Only recently someone complained about a book in which the author claimed to have received messages from those who had crossed the veil of death to the Great Beyond. "I expected something startlingly revealing; something that by its very brilliance would leave no doubt about its authenticity. I found nothing in the book that I did not already know, or else might have thought of myself." Without attempting to pass on the validity of the book's messages, the reader's complaint seems unfair.

To expect to understand the mysteries of heaven is like expecting a small child to understand the intricacies of calculus. Those who expect something completely new, something entirely unlooked for, are really looking for something which they could not appreciate if the good Lord give it to them.

Instead of questing after the unusual, instead of injecting an element of showmanship into our walk with God through Christ, let our Companionship mature with the love of the common things of life. Nothing can be more valid than meeting God in the growing grass, the blossoming gladiola, the gliding hawk and your neighbor.

God is where you are. All it takes to convince yourself of this is to wake up and know it, just as you know the sun is shining. Seeking to hear the music of heaven's trumpets is like walking miles out into the country to get a drink of water when you could use the faucet in your home. Spiritual health is within us. We may let the common things of life bring forth that health if we will.

Read: *Think on These Things*, Constance Garrett.

STEPPING OUT ON FAITH

"And everything, whatever it be, that you ask in your prayers, if you have faith, you shall obtain." Matthew 21:21 (Weymouth)

THE Christian Church would have been still born if the apostles had had no more faith than some of our present day religious leaders. It has become quite fashionable to reject the claims of faith. We have become so educated that anything which cannot be substantiated by laboratory experiments is avoided if not actually branded as false. All this without realizing the suspicion inherent in the scientific attitude is the opposite of faith, and kills faith at its inception.

In a recent book on prayer, the author questions the value of the prayer of faith in healing disease. Its value and efficacy in grasping the Presence, in achieving inner peace, and in benefiting the "spiritual life" generally is not questioned. However, to expect the prayer of faith to be of benefit in "material" matters is something altogether different. A wonderful tonic to such hedging is the bounding and courageous faith reported in a new book, *Recovery*, by Starr Daily.

It would seem that the very rapidity with which scientific laws and theories change with the accumulation of knowledge and new observations would be reason enough for appreciating how little we know. By "know" I mean that which can be scientifically verified. The laws we have been "discovering" are merely statements of what is going on, and has been going on from time immemorial. Our very barrenness of knowledge ought to increase our faith more than anything else.

Without faith life is impossible, and a religious leader ought to be the first to admit the primary claim of faith, even on a rational basis. From what top rank scientists tell us, when we investigate to the farthest reaches of our ability the earth and its fullness is spiritual (or whatever term we wish to use as the opposite of "material").

If we admit that prayer helps in one area, who is there to say that it will not in another? If it helps in spiritual matters, why not in physical matters? Life is a unity at the core, and either prayer does not help at all or it must help in all areas.

Let us not compromise faith. Let us remember the early church, the apostles, and men of faith through all ages, and step out on faith!

Read: *Recovery*, Starr Daily.

Books of Interest

Norman K. Elliott

RECOVERY, Starr Daily. Macalester Park, \$2.00, 176 pages. A factual report on the ministry of divine healing of The Reverend Roland J. Brown. Mr. Brown has combined the teaching and preaching functions of the Christian ministry with healing. Chapter by chapter, Starr Daily tells of individuals who were ill, gives the medical history of the person, and as much of the personal history as is necessary. The part which Pastor Brown played in recovery is described very minutely—how he prayed, why he prayed as he did, whether or not laying on of hands was used, how the pastor felt, what was said, etc. There are thirty-three chapters in all, and each one tells of a different healing. Cases range from cancer to infantile paralysis, and from alcoholism to dementia praecox. The author verified his report from the pastor's files, the patients, and from attending physicians. If this does not strengthen one's faith in divine healing, nothing will.

A DEVOTIONAL INTERPRETATION OF FAMILIAR HYMNS, Earl E. Brock. Revell, \$1.25, 88 pages. The story of twelve famous hymns, how they came to be written, what they mean verse by verse, and Biblical and historical allusions in them. Good reading and interesting. Some of the hymns are "O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go," "In the Garden," and "It Is Well With My Soul."

PRAYER AND THE COMMON LIFE, Georgia Harkness. Abingdon-Cokesbury, \$2.50, 224 pages. The co-winner of the Abingdon-Cokesbury award for 1948 brings together in an easy to read fashion about all the source material there is on the subject of prayer. It is a book about prayer rather than one to inspire the reader to greater devotion. The volume is divided into three parts: Part I—Foundations of Prayer; Part II—Methods of Prayer; Part III—The Fruits of Prayer. For one who is fairly well acquainted with prayer literature, there is nothing new in *Prayer and the Common*

Life, however, it does offer an excellent survey of traditional views on the subject.

A SERIOUS CALL TO A DEVOUT AND HOLY LIFE, William Law. Westminster, \$2.00, 381 pages. Law (1686-1761) wrote *A Serious Call* at a time in English history when reaction to Puritanism was in full sway. After stringent Calvinistic laws there was a little difference in the behavior of church members and that of non-Christians. It was against this background that William Law wrote his classic. In it he shows that meticulous church attendance, observances of prayers and fasts and holy days are of no value if they do not produce a change in the common life of the individual. The genius of Law is that his message and his descriptions of characters might well have been written of today's Christians. A Christian's library is incomplete without this book.

STILL THE BIBLE SPEAKS, W. A. Smart. Abingdon-Cokesbury, \$1.75, 171 pages. The author shows that in spite of the many reasons for the unpopularity of the Bible as reading matter (it is still a best seller, but little read), it is wonderful reading if viewed in the right manner. The trouble has been in making the Bible a text book of geology, biology and history. Advocates claimed for the Bible (and still do) authority it does not possess. But there is one thing we cannot get away from. The entire Biblical panorama is that the earth and its inhabitants belong to the Lord. Life has meaning and direction which cannot be explained away by chance. Above all, the culminating revelation of the Bible, Jesus, gives purpose and eternal worth to human life and makes of us all one family under God. The author's manner of tracing not only the errors people have made of the Bible, but the true and the genuine and the immortal worth of the Bible is very well done.

THIS MAN AND THIS WOMAN, Frederick W. Brink. Association, \$1.50, 79 pages. Written for young people contem-

plating marriage. The approach to the entire subject is "realist-religious," as opposed to the materialistic and the romantic. It traces the theme from pre-marriage to the home of a successful marriage. The last chapter treats of marriages that involve different faiths; specifically the Catholic and Protestant, and the Jew and the non-Jew. Will make an excellent gift for anyone approaching marriage.

THE BIBLE GUIDE BOOK, Mary Entwistle. Abingdon-Cokesbury, \$2.50,

236 pages. A popular priced encyclopædia of Palestine that will meet the needs of most people. The six parts are: I—The Land of the Bible; II—Life in Palestine in Bible Times; III—Times and Seasons; IV—Religion and Religious Leaders; V—Rulers; and VI—Time Chart of the Books of the Bible. The book is well-written, easy to understand and copiously illustrated. Church libraries will welcome it; teachers will find it a mine of information; and those who study it will find the Bible coming to life.

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☐ It surely pays to heed these calls to intercession.

"Calls" from the Invisible Realm

S. H. Wilson

MOST OF us are ready to call upon God when *we* need His help. But how many of us are ready to respond to a brother's or a sister's invisible call for help in *their* deep need?

Maybe one of the reasons why we do not respond is that we have not yet learnt to discern these 'calls' for help which suddenly come to us from the invisible realm.

We may, for example, be seated comfortably reading a book when "out of the blue" there flashed across our mind the image of a friend who appears to be in deep distress.

We may push the image out of our mind in an effort to concentrate on the book we are reading. Again and again our friend's image and deep suffering may impinge itself upon our mind only to be brushed aside as mere fancy. Later, this friend visits us, and it is obvious that he is in exactly the same mental or physical state of suffering as has been revealed to us.

We had been receiving a call for help along the invisible ether. And that help could have been released through us had we instantly interceded for him. In failing to discern

this 'call' we had unwittingly prevented God's Love and Power from being released through to help our friend.

It is an ill wind, however, that blows no one any good, and it is out of such experiences that we learn to be more alert to these invisible 'distress signals' or 'calls' for help.

A friend was quietly sitting at home one summer's evening when suddenly there flashed through his mind the vision of his daughter careening dangerously downhill on a bicycle as though heading for destruction. Immediately he recognized this 'distress-signal' as a call to prayer. He instantly prayed, and continued in prayer until he calmly realized that all was well—for God's Presence enfolded and protected his daughter and, therefore, no harm could befall her.

When the daughter returned home that night she confirmed his impression. For she *had* been careening downhill on her bicycle *at exactly the time he received the 'distress-signal.'*

It surely pays to heed these 'distress-signals' as calls to intercession. It is at such times that we can

From Rally Magazine, London.

truly lay down our (selfish) lives for our friends in a deep, compassionate desire to help them. And, as we do so, we become channels through whom the Love and Power of God is released to help those for whom we intercede. And what service could be more divine than that of being a channel through whom God's Love and Power is permitted to flow to meet another's need?



If We Only Understood

Starr Daily

Could we judge all deeds by motives,
See the good and bad within,
Often we would love the sinner
All the while we loathe the sin;
Could we know the power working
To o'erthrow integrity,
We would judge each other's errors
With more patient charity.

If we knew the cares and trials,
Knew the efforts all in vain
And the bitter disappointment,
Understand the loss and gain—
Would the grim, eternal roughness
Seem—I wonder—just the same?
Would we help where now we hinder,
Would we pity where we blame?

Ah! we judge each other harshly.
Knowing not life's hidden force:
Knowing not the fount of action
Is less turbid at its source:
Seeing not amid the evil
Oh! we'd love each other better
If we only understood.
All the golden grains of good:

☐ This consciousness is for everyone, sooner or later, somewhere in the long view and larger pattern.

Pattern of Awareness: The Growth of a Mystic

Anne Barrington

I WAS spending a few hours in the mountains one fall day, high in the Rockies. I had wandered up the trail alone. Below me the golden quaken-aspens trees splashed gold against the somber green of the pines. Little lakes like blue jewels sparkled in the afternoon sunlight. To the north a storm was coming up, one of those sudden, unpredictable mountain storms. I knew I must hurry back to the car. I stood up and suddenly it happened, ecstasy, rapture, so poignant that it was physical pain. I was one with all that beauty and I knew all the answers. There was an overwhelming love and compassion for everything and every one, for there was the knowledge that humanity was God's necessity, though we were to be broken and crushed to His purpose. For hours afterwards I was numb and dazed by what had happened. I was too little for such an immense God.

Several years later another mountain-top experience occurred, though with this there was a sense of sweetness, joyousness that was gentle, yet definitely and utterly real. There was a strange light on the huge rocks, pines and even the grass, of that little canyon. I would close my eyes and open them and

the light was still there. It was holy ground.

There had been intimations of this "awareness" of God since I was a very small child, manifested in a kind of happy intimacy with God, to whom I talked much as small children do to an imaginary playmate. There was the usual Sunday School and church training, but this has always been something other and apart from that. Through the years it has always escaped labels. Many children, trailing clouds of glory, have the same experience, similar to Mary Hunter Austin's revelation under the walnut tree at the age of five. Like a family crest, a coat of arms, a Hindu caste mark on the forehead, one is stamped with a sign, which somehow sets them apart.

Through adolescence there is the trend towards an emotional conversion of the fundamentalist type, or serious consideration of entering a convent if one is of the Roman faith. This happened to me in a cottage prayer-meeting held by simple fundamentalist neighbors, but with this distinction. There was the flash of "that rare untellable light" of Whitman's which came and lasted a few minutes but which was recaptured and recognized

many times in later years.

There followed the quiet, normal life of school, college, marriage, motherhood, finally my family grown and married, and eventually I was a widow, working in an office. There was a great deal of beautiful living ahead of me, leisure to follow the quest that had been designed for me long ago.

Twenty years ago I had sent to New York for some second hand books whose titles intrigued me. One of them was "Lamps of Western Mysticism" by Arthur Edward Waite, of England. It was the only one that was unread for nearly three years, though I tried to read it, to get interested in it, out of plain curiosity, if for no other reason. But it eluded me. It might have been written in Sanscrit for all the understanding I could get from it. But other books came to hand, "Mysticism" by Evelyn Underhill, "Revelations in Divine Love" by Dame Julian, "Cloud of Unknowing," and one day I went down into my basement and brought the "Lamps" upstairs, with a grim determination to see what it was really all about.

As I read, slowly and carefully, there came a joyous sense of recognition. "There comes a day," he said, "when He is not only at the threshold, but the abiding Presence within and the life of the soul becomes the loving contemplation of the indwelling God." This was

truth. This was the reality I had been seeking sans priest, sans church, sans labels. It was the soul stretching towards God with naked intent, as states the Cloud of Unknowing. The pattern was there, and it was a pattern of union with God.

From then on, everywhere I turned was the evidence of things unseen, of an ordered and glorious universe awaiting my adventurous spirit. I did not need to consciously practice the Presence, for the Presence was where I was and inevitable. There was the consciousness of another order, a crystal clear recognition of a pattern, an awareness of beauty, of love, of goodness everywhere. With it was a deep appreciation for the smallest things, sunlight through a crystal jar of marmalade on the breakfast table, little blue flowers in the grass, the smell of pine logs in the fireplace, bluebirds under the eaves of the porch.

But more than these, people who had glimpsed Reality, magazine articles like those of Margaret Prescott Montague's and always books, practically jumping at me from dusty second-hand book stalls, books that led me rapturously onward in the path. A catalogue came from a book publisher in London, listing such treasures as "The Golden Fountain," "The Prodigal Returns," "Splendour in the Night," "The Scale of Perfection," Tauler's

"Following of Christ," "The Living Flame of Love" by St. John of the Cross, and countless others, writings of the saints and mystics down through the centuries. They were like precious jewels. Still there was something missing. I wanted more. I held out my small porridge bowl to the Infinite and asked that it might be filled. And it was.

There were many years between delving into books on Christian Mysticism and the ultimate experiential consciousness of God I finally was given. They were years of investigating every religion, cult, movement from the simple Pollyanna schools of new thought and metaphysics to the ancient wisdom of the Occult. There is much of truth in all of them for one does not belittle the multiplication table when they have arrived at the study of calculus. This study and investigation was similar to one who is hungry, but who merely reads the cook book, never gathering up the ingredients and making a dish of delicious, satisfying food. I was reading about God, when in truth, I wanted to find Him, to know Him, to be one with Him in conscious union. I wondered how and why these things happened to me,

unless there was a meaning I had not found.

And the meaning? The result of this awareness? I believe it has meant this, an inner certainty and serenity, a wide tolerance, a gentle compassion for people, a kindness and at the same time, an affectionate detachment, or radiant acquiescence. I accept the inevitable graciously for it is a part of the pattern and the end is good. I also believe that this consciousness is for everyone, sooner or later, somewhere in the long view and the larger pattern. It is such a joyously beautiful consciousness, that it could not be otherwise than universal.

How to attain it, I do not really know, unless it be by quiet brooding meditation, loving contemplation of God's goodness to us, of the gift of life itself, calling to mind all the beauty, goodness, truth, we have known, for we create our own beautiful life by the things to which we give our attention. Gerald Heard calls it the prayer of Simple Regard. I believe that might be the right answer. For as we follow this way we find ourselves caught up in loving adoration of God until in this union with Him, we no longer merely see Him, but find that one with Him we are being God.



"What greater calamity can fall upon a nation than the loss of worship."—*Carlyle*.

Prayer Works!

"... a great change has come over my sister ... 3 weeks ago her worries which have been constant since she has been ill dropped away all at once; if they had dropped away one by one it would not seem surprising, but to have them all go at once seems wonderful ... Accept this small love offering in His name."—H. K., Alabama.

"I am so thankful to report to you that my husband is regaining life and strength each day and the saving came through prayer. The Healing Presence was wonderful in his room as we united with you in prayer ... My love gift is sent with blessings and gratitude."—H. S., Kansas.

"I want you to know that ... has accepted my book, has offered a splendid contract, and is already talking of its being book club material. It is the extraordinary demonstration of the result of prayer that I have had which encourages me to go on trying to gain a clearer understanding and work out those things in my life that are not right."—M. M., New York.

"... my husband has been led to

the Alcoholics Anonymous and has rededicated his life to God by joining the church. Also, he has been able to work. ... This is beautiful and wonderful and I want you to know that His works have been manifest through your prayers."—M. H., Tenn.

"The asthma that overpowered my sister so that she was confined to her bed for 5 weeks struggling for her breath, has miraculously cleared up. She has returned to her work. ... Here is a sincere offering."—A. D., Wisconsin.

"Your letters were a source of strength and I could feel the prayers were helping me, for I succeeded in mastering my fear and had a great joy in my work."—Mrs. B., Maryland.

"With grateful heart I can report such an improvement in my dear child that everything is quite normal again. ... Am enclosing a small love offering."—M. L. D., California.

"My husband is rapidly being healed of the cancer on his lip. Also some other minor troubles are clearing up and he will soon be himself again. ... A small love offering is enclosed."—W. F., Washington

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☞ "... that I may do a great deal of good without ever knowing it."

The Legend of the Holy Spirit

Translated from The French by Ruth Craft

LONG, long ago, there lived a saint so good that the astonished angels came down from heaven to see how a mortal could be so goodly. He simply went about his daily life, diffusing virtue as the star diffuses light, and the flowers perfume without even being aware of it. Two words summed up his day; he gave and he forgave.

The angels said to God, "O Lord, grant him the gift of miracles." God replied, "I consent; ask what he desires." So they said to the saint, "Should you like the touch of your hand to heal the sick?"

"No," answered the saint. "I would rather God should do that."

"Should you like to convert guilty souls and bring wandering hearts to the right path?"

"No; that is the mission of the angels. I pray; I do not convert."

"Should you like to become a model of patience attracting all men by the lustre of your virtue, and thus glorify God?"

"No," replied the saint. "If man should be attracted to me, they would be estranged from God. The Lord has other means of glorifying Himself."

"What do you desire then?" cried the angels.

"What can I wish for?" asked the saint, smiling; "that God give me His grace; with that, should I not have everything?"

But the angels insisted. "You must ask for a miracle, or one will be thrust upon you."

"Very well," said the saint, "that I may do a great deal of good, without ever knowing it."

The angels were greatly perplexed.

They took counsel together, and resolved upon the following plan: Every time the saint's shadow should fall behind or at either side, so that he could not see it, it should have the power to cure disease, soothe pain and comfort sorrow.

And so it came to pass, when the saint walked along, his shadow upon either side, or behind him made arid paths green, caused withered plants to bloom, gave clear water to dried-up brooks, fresh color to pale little children and joy to unhappy mothers.

But the saint simply went about his daily life diffusing virtue as the star diffuses light and the flowers perfume, without ever being aware

of it. And the people, respecting his humility, followed him silently, never speaking to him about his miracle. Little by little, they came even to forget his name and called him only "The Holy Shadow."



The Cathedral

Margaret Trusler Fisher

I know an exalted cathedral
Raised up by invisible hands,
An infinite, living cathedral,
Repeated in many lands.

The sky is the stained glass windows,
Star-sown on a blue-black night,
Opaled with dawn or the sunset,
Or shining with radiant light.

Space is the nave of this temple;
Infinity lays the walls;
And the songs of the birds are the anthems,
Sung in antiphonal calls.

Prayer is the air of the temple;
Faith is the floor of its sod,
Love is the incense ascending,
And the trees are the saints of God.

The wind is the carillon bells,
Sweeping the heart with its chime,
Breathing the joy and the peace
Of melody sublime.

The gargoyles are harlequin clouds;
The spires are the wings of the bird;
And Christ is the rhythm of silence,
Speaking the Holy Word.

Eye hath not seen the altar,
Nor yet the sacristan;
*For the throne of the Kingdom of Heaven
Is the soul of every man.*

(Faith, prayer and honest endeavor
are the main requirements.

I am An Alcoholic: I Can Be Cured!

Anonymous

I AM an Alcoholic. I do not believe that there is any disease known to medical science more difficult to cure than alcoholism. Some do not believe that it can be cured at all, that like tuberculosis or diabetes, it can only be arrested. As far as I am personally concerned, I know it CAN BE CURED. Let me tell you why I believe this true.

I was born the son of a Methodist preacher. There was no reason in the world for me to start drinking. I had a good home, and, although we had to do without a lot of the luxuries of life, we never wanted for the necessities. I was taught to believe in the Christian way of living, but, in spite of this background, I started drinking at a very early age. I was just past fourteen when I took my first drink and I am now thirty-five. I liked the taste of that first drink and I liked the effect it had on me. From that day I looked forward to the time when I could get away from home and the watchful eyes of my parents.

When under the influence of liquor, I had no conscience. I could do things I knew were wrong and excuse my actions because I was drunk. After all, a fellow has to

have a little fun, and, if my kind of fun wasn't the kind my folks approved, it really wasn't my fault; I was drunk and didn't really know what I was doing. Besides, what the folks didn't know wouldn't hurt them. That, while I lived at home was my attitude. For a few years I got away with it, then, I began to have some close calls. It was high time I made a change, so, I took the easy way. I left home.

I was a talented musician and easily landed a job. For a time I sang, danced and drank my way through life. I met a girl who liked the same things. It was only a matter of time before we were able to get married, and, together we lived the kind of life we wanted, drinking more and more all the while. We had no worries about money or work. Liquor helped us over the rough spots and blinded us to our disappointments.

It was only after our team was broken up by her death that I found out how much I depended on liquor. I couldn't leave the stuff alone long enough to obtain and hold a job in my profession and came to depend on gambling and "fly-by-night" advertising productions for my income. I was quite lucky. I made more money than I could

spend normally and had a lot of time to play. The consequence was that I drank more and more, not realizing the grip the liquor was getting on my life.

This sort of life went on for several years. My luck changed, imperceptibly to me, and I found myself on "skidrow." I was without money or friends, a sodden, beaten wreck of a man. I was under thirty at the time, but I was nothing more than a bum. I lived on the handouts served to the "boys" by the rescue missions.

It was while attending one of the services in a mission that I had a change of heart. These wonderful people did everything they could to help me and I began to rehabilitate myself. I went from job to job, gradually working my way up the ladder to a good position and a fair degree of respectability. I started to go to church again and even began to teach Sunday School and direct a choir in a church.

I met a girl who believed that my transition had been completed and we were married. I began to branch out in business and before long became my own boss. I also became quite complacent in my new found security.

A daughter was born to us. Of course, I celebrated the birth of a child, and in celebrating became deluded into believing that I could once again take drink or leave it. I forgot that I had ever been the

slave of drink and the binge I went on to celebrate my daughter's arrival passed by without any severe repercussions other than a mild lecture of disapproval from my wife.

In my heart I knew I was wrong but I told myself that I could take it. I began to spend more and more time in the clubs with my business associates and friends and less time at home. Before long I was calling my wife to tell her I would not be home for dinner, then it was a case of going on trips quite often. Ostensibly, they were business trips, but, most of the time was spent in bars doing business with a bottle.

This went on for several months, and I found myself again in the grip of liquor. I couldn't live with the stuff and I couldn't live without it. My business began to slip and I didn't even try to stop it. It took about six months for everything to slip away. Everything that had taken me three years to build was gone. I sold out, drank up the money and then tried working again for other people. This was all right for a while but eventually that failed. People would be very frank in their reasons for not hiring me. I was an exceptionally good man in my line and could be an asset to any firm but for my drinking.

I tried moving to another town in order to find work. This was all right for awhile. For about a year, everything moved along fairly

smooth, then, things went bad again. This time I lost everything, my family, friends and my self respect. Once again I was on my way to becoming a bum. My family was irretrievably lost, my wife divorced me and would not come back to me even after I had sobered up and began to make money. This I used as an excuse for my last binge.

That last binge lasted for about three and a half months and cost me more than ten-thousand dollars. This time I wound up in the city where I now reside. Someone called Alcoholics Anonymous. I was taken into the organization and there began to learn again the lessons I had learned in childhood.

They taught me that there was a power greater than myself. One who had the strength to reorganize my life. There I learned that this Divine Power could take the shattered bits of my being and put them together, making me whole again. I learned to evaluate, to take a daily inventory of my life and ask Him to help me correct the faults I found. I began to believe once again in people. This was a new beginning, a rebirth of mind and spirit.

All that I had to do was ask for guidance, believing that there is One who is willing and able to help.

Needless to say, I started going to church once more. I met a wonderful woman who has since become my wife. She has been a source of inspiration and help, a wonderful companion and counselor. I have found many new friends, and business associates, the right kind of people. I still have a long way to go to the top but I am slowly climbing the ladder. I am laying my foundation on the solid rock of the Christian Faith.

There are those who say that Alcoholism is an incurable disease, that it can only be arrested. I believe that the Great Physician can heal any sickness of the mind or body, if He so wills. That if we earnestly seek, with faith in His power, we can be cured. By ourselves, we can do nothing. With the help of Him, the Power greater than ourselves, we can climb to the summit of the mountain, surmount any obstacle. If He so wills, we can be nearly perfect in mind, body and spirit. Faith, prayer and honest endeavor are the main requirements.

Believe me! It Really Works!



God tried to get in in many ways and failed, and then He slipped in as a little baby.—*J. Rufus Moseley*

☐ He never ceased to credit the Bible for the great change in his life.

The Man Who Gave the Bible Wings

Bennie Bengtson

THE Gospel has been made known throughout the world in many ways by many men, but one of the most unusual was undoubtedly that of Jack Miner, famous Canadian bird man and wild life conservationist. On each of the bands that he placed around the legs of the wild ducks and geese that came to his refuge in southern Ontario was his name and address, and a Bible verse. During thirty-five years of bird banding nearly 100,000 ducks and geese carried the little aluminum bands stamped with scripture verses over far horizons.

From all parts of eastern Canada and United States, from missionaries to the Eskimos of Baffin Land and the South American Indians, came letters. Most of the Eskimos and the Indians couldn't read or write, nor understand what the silvery band encircling the leg of the duck or goose they had just killed meant. So they brought the birds to the missionaries who explained that "Write Jack Miner, Kingsville, Ont., Canada. Let us consider one another. Heb. 10:24," was the way one white man had of acquiring information about the birds he loved so much, at the same

time broadcasting bits of the Gospel into the far corners.

Though at first the Eskimos had regarded the strange little strips of metal as evil omens, they soon decided they were good luck instead of bad. Bringing them to the missionaries and fur traders they asked: "What has God said this time?" Often the Bible quotation on some band became the missionary's text for the next Sunday's sermon. Learning of this Miner sent packages of colored Bible scenes to trading posts throughout the far North, offering one Bible picture for each band brought in.

It all started back in 1909 when Miner scratched his name and address on a small piece of metal and fastened it to the leg of a black duck.

Then one day he bought a calendar from a Salvation Army lassie in Kingsville. When he brought it home Mrs. Miner picked it up and began to read the Scripture verses printed on the calendar, one for each day. It set Jack Miner to thinking. He thought about the Salvation Army and its work, and the work of missionaries everywhere in the world, and then of his birds and the out-of-the-way places

they went to. He decided that with his assistance they could become winged missionaries to provide food for both body and soul.

There was a small two acre lake on his place near Kingsville, and here he trapped and banded the birds. Each day a different Bible verse was used and a record kept.

At the time Miner died in 1944 more than 30,000 bands had been returned. The letters came from widely separated areas and from people of many vocations—fur traders and missionaries in Labrador and the far North, from ranchers and sportsmen in the Dakotas, from doctors and farmers in Georgia, Florida, and Tennessee. From them Miner was able to trace the migratory routes of his winged Gospel messengers quite accurately.

Born near Dover Center, Ohio, on April 10, 1865, he was the fifth in a family of ten children. His father was a tile-maker, operating a small brick and tile yard. When Jack was thirteen his father moved the family to a farm near Kingsville, Ontario, a short distance east of Detroit, Michigan, and just off Lake Erie. His father discovered clay suitable for the manufacture of tile and brick on the farm, and they resumed the business which had been their mainstay in Ohio. A few years later he married a girl who lived on a neighboring farm and they settled down to making a

living out of the brickyard, and his market hunting. Then occurred an incident which made a great change in his life—his brother Ted, who was associated with him in the brickyard and of whom he was very fond, was killed in a hunting accident.

"I got to thinking," he said, years later, "especially on Sundays when my wife and little boys were off to Sunday School and I was home alone—of how the birds that would fly close to a farmer plowing, would go off screaming when they got a glimpse of us with our guns. There wasn't any mistake about this—as soon as the wild geese caught sight of me they'd fly away screaming. It made me uncomfortable to know that they flew because it was Jack Miner coming!

"Then my little boy asked me to come with him to Sunday School. I didn't want to go—I'd never been to Sunday School before. The Bible was all a big mystery to me. But I finally went. Then the boys began to tell me about the Bible stories and to point out some of the simpler words."

He bought a Bible and taught himself to read it while firing his brick kiln. Between each firing he had to wait from ten to forty minutes, and during this time he studied the Bible. He found the verse in Job which reads: "But ask now the beasts and they shall teach thee; and the fowls of the air, and they

shall tell thee." Then he read the injunction in the twenty-second chapter of Deuteronomy against the taking of birds and their young on the nest. He decided that he had made himself the enemy of the wild creatures, and that he would henceforth be their friend.

The next spring—1904—he put out corn for the geese. He also put out seven tame geese to act as decoys. Not a single wild goose stopped! It was not until four years later—in April of 1908—that eleven Canada geese dropped down into the pond. He fed them corn and they stayed three weeks before going on into their summer home on the northern tundras. The next year fifteen more came, and in 1910 over four hundred. After that their numbers steadily increased.

Now and then an injured bird would be among his visitors, one that had been wounded by a hunter or hurt in some flying mishap. He learned to repair injured wings, to put splints on broken legs, to remove shot from their bodies, and many other things to make them well again. He rigged up an old ironing board which he used as an operating table, for during the migrating season there would be three or four birds each morning needing attention at his "bird hospital."

Though he was often called "the man who made the wild geese tame," Jack Miner made no such claim. He always insisted that "it was me that needed taming—not the birds!" And he never ceased to credit the Bible for the great change in his life.



One Leaf, or the Other

Ruth Dodd

There are two kinds of trees: deciduous and evergreen. Each one consists of a trunk with branches and many leaves. The leaves of the deciduous tree flutter wildly in the breeze. Or, when the wind blows too hard, they fall off. When bad weather comes, they quickly shrivel up and die. The evergreen, on the other hand, is straight and sturdy. Its leaves resemble the trunk in that they, too, are straight and sturdy. These leaves are closer together and closer to the trunk than those of the deciduous tree.

All of us are leaves of one tree or the other. The trunk of the deciduous tree is the world: the trunk of the evergreen is God. He has given us the two kinds to choose from, and we cannot escape the choice.

☞ A wonderful, simple way of gaining that sound mind that was in Christ Jesus.

Becoming Like Jesus via the Imagination

Harold A. Tassell, M.D.

JESUS said, "Except ye become as little children ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven."

We are particularly interested with the idea of becoming as little children, especially in regard to that great quality so freely observed in little children, the imagination.

When we become adults we are told to put away childish things. We become weaned away from the wonderful childhood play-world of imagination and enter the "problem" world in which we find ourselves.

If we could spend a little time in the play-world of imagination it would solve many of the difficulties of our "problem" world. The right kind of imagination is the foundation of all true success.

Every created thing in the universe came into manifestation only after it existed either in the mind of God or man.

It is true that imagination alone is not creative. Imagination must be coupled with appropriate action. The Scripture says, "Faith (imagination) without works is dead."

Likewise, material progress ceases when we stop imagining constructively for, "Where there is no

vision the people perish." And all imagination which is not founded on basic truth is destructively creative. Hitler, that great imaginer, succeeded in hypnotizing a great nation to add action to his eccentric imagination.

What the world needs now, as never before, are great imaginers. Imaginers whose vision is clear, definite and strong. Visioners who have truth-centric imaginations.

How can the right kind of imaginers be developed?

It can be done mainly through contagion. When one individual has a truth-centric imagination and adds to it the right action, a power for good results which can be felt by every one who contacts such an individual. Truth-centric personalities are in tune with the personality of Jesus Christ.

Actually, the world only needs one thing. It is for us to become Jesus-centric. We need but to have in us, "the mind (including the imagination) which was in Christ Jesus."

How can we learn to possess the far reaching imagination of Jesus?

The apostle Paul has the answer. We are told that, "By beholding we become changed."

In plain language, the way to make our imaginations more and more like His imagination is to behold Him more and more.

How do you get acquainted with an individual? The answer is simple. It is by associating and visiting with the person.

The way to get acquainted with Jesus is by associating and visiting with him. But you say, "How can we do that for He lived over 1900 years ago?" or you say, "How can we do that for He is no longer here, He has gone to heaven to be with His Father?"

But Jesus said, "Lo, I am with you always even unto the end of the world." We can visit with Him. It is done through the imagination. And how else can we get acquainted with Him? By reading about His life as recorded in the Bible, and through the writings of the many divinely inspired persons who have been acquainted with Him since the Bible was written.

For those who have an experimental turn of mind the following suggestions may prove of considerable interest and real benefit.

This procedure may seem somewhat childish to you and, of course, to your unspiritual friends and relatives it will appear as a definitely foolish performance. Consequently, those who attempt our suggested plan of getting acquaint-

ed with Jesus should do it in secrecy.

We suggest for the cure of the problems of your little world that you form the habit of writing frequent letters to Jesus. Tell Him what is on your mind; tell Him how you feel about this or that; tell Him how you would like to be different and see other people different; and most important of all, express your love and gratitude to Him. Write frequently and freely. Tell Him of your secret fears, grudges, jealousies, remorse and heartaches.

Lastly, but not least, read your letters out loud to Him and then tear them up or hide them in a very secret place if you wish to re-read them at a later date. Never pass these letters around as ordinary letters. They are too sacred for even your best friends to share, unless Jesus himself directs you to read them to some soul in real need.

This letter to Jesus may seem like a very imaginary procedure, but please don't judge results until you have tried it.

As a physician, I have discovered that it offers one the best and safest methods of unloading the sub-conscious mind of all manner of accumulated debris. It is a wonderful, simple way of gaining that sound mind which was in Christ Jesus.

So in closing, let us give you a little poem on the subject of the imagination.

Imagination as every medic knows
Certainly can produce all kinds
of human woes.

A mighty dangerous foe, do I hear
you say?

One that really should be ban-
ished far, far away;

Or is the imagination a friend in-
deed

Which will aid the sick and help-
less in time of need?

Should we make fun of our imag-
inary powers

As merely a relic of early child-
hood hours?

These are genuine questions worth
giving some thought

By delving more deeply than in
school we were taught.

Yes, the imagination must be
reckoned with

By those of us who are aiming
to help men live.

Mentally picturing the gloomy
side of life

Can surely kill just the same as
the villain's knife.

But how about the mind that is
lifted so high

That visions of joy constantly
fill the mind's eye?

From experience we've learned a
secret of truth

That makes life seem sweet even
as in youth.

'Tis "visiting" with the Master
who said one day

In Spirit I'm ever with you, now
and always.

So we tell Him our troubles and
ask His advice

And he gives us the answers
without fee or price.

Yes, through our imagination,
yielded and still

We can really "hear" Jesus, and
learn His sweet will.



Garden Parade

Jean Crosse Hansen

Leaning from the high wall the Canterbury maids
Flaunt silken draperies in their gay parade;
They nod and smile quite coquettishly
As they shake all their little bells at me.



After all, the kind of world one carries about in one's self is the important thing, and the world outside takes all its grace, color, and value from that.

—James Russell Lowell

☪ Behold, it is I who stand at the door.

Closed Doors

Katharine Parker Freeman

A NEGRO woman was talking to a small group of white women. As she was finishing, quietly and simply, she told this story —

“For a long time I have been interested in a certain religious radio program. I had sent in several small contributions and from time to time would get notices through the mail. Finally I received a personal invitation to a meeting in the city auditorium. I asked a friend to go with me. When we reached the auditorium we noticed that a line had formed and that only one door was open. In it stood a man greeting and shaking hands with each person as the line moved past. My friend and I took our places, but when we came face to face with the leader my outstretched hand was not seen, and somehow we found ourselves out of line and it moved on without us. Not understanding, we tried to get in unobtrusively behind the leader but were barred. I was puzzled.

“After several minutes, a little Negro boy came and tugged at my sleeve and said, ‘I’ll show you where to go.’ We followed him—back outdoors, out by the side of the auditorium, past closed door after closed door until finally we

came to a back entrance. We went up the dark back stairs and into a side gallery. My friend said, ‘Why do we have to sit here? Why can’t we sit with other people?’”

The woman paused. There was silence. Then she said, “How would you have felt?”

Again she paused. She was referring merely to closed doors in the auditorium. Or was she? An uneasy silence filled the room. The silence continued. At last, almost in a whisper, she ended, “That is exactly the way I felt. Let us pray.”

She prayed. She prayed for love and understanding and a clearer and closer fellowship with God. I do not know what else she said because I was having to do some praying and searching of my own heart. “Do I close any of life’s doors to anybody?—Do I make it my task, as a follower of Jesus, to open doors?” Strange that the handles of so many doors are on my side of the door instead of on her side!

She ended her prayer. Again there was silence as our heads remained bowed, and I seemed to hear One saying, “Behold, it is I who stand at the door. If you open it to one of these, you open it unto Me.”

☪ “When we are in trouble we find help and peace with such Words of the Scripture.”

The “Help-In-Trouble” Guest Book

Dorothy Banker

ONE afternoon when I went to call on a new friend, longtime resident in our town, I asked if I might look at a beautiful guest book on her living room table. She gave permission graciously.

It was the most unusual guest book I have seen, not because of its hand-tooled leather binding or its many pages, but because of what was inscribed in it.

The first words I read were the familiar benediction: “The Lord bless thee, and keep thee: The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee: The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.” (Numbers 6:24-26.) The signature was of one I did not know. The writing was quavering yet somehow firm.

Questioningly, I looked at my hostess. She smiled. “That is our ‘present help in trouble’ book. Those guests who look into it and express a wish to write in it are asked to do so. We never ask anyone to look at it or to write in it. But when we are in trouble we find help and peace which comes with reading such Words of the Scriptures.”

I looked at other pages as I asked questions about how many

years her family had had the book and whether most of her guests wished to write in it.

In a bold handwriting, signed by a widely known doctor, I read, “And he said unto her, Daughter, thy faith hath made thee whole; go in peace, and be whole of thy plague.” (Mark 5:34.)

In what looked more like crow’s-foot marks than handwriting, there was written: “I would seek unto God, and unto God would I commit my cause.” (Job 5:8.) It was signed by the city’s police judge.

With the signature, “Johnny—age nine,” and the added information, “The one my mother says when we leave home,” was, “God is my strength and power: and he maketh my way perfect,” (II Samuel 22:33), the reference being in what was obviously his mother’s handwriting.

“Grandma” to half of the town’s citizens, through her unflinching friendship, had written, “Thou wilt shew me the path of life: in thy presence is fulness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.” (Psalms 16:11.)

As I read I listened to my hostess answering my questions. “Nobody is ever asked to write in it, for we do not feel it is our privilege

even to call attention to it. But of those who look into it everyone expresses a wish to write something. Some put simply Psalm 23 or Psalm 91 or Ten Commandments or The Lord's Prayer or the Beatitudes. Others write quickly and accurately one or two verses, together with reference. Some say the verses, and my husband or I find the reference by means of the Concordance if we do not know it. Others have trouble in knowing what to write, much as they wish to do so. You might almost think they had never looked into a Bible—however, to help them there is our own." With a slight nod she indicated it. "You'd be surprised at the time some of them spend in finding a verse."

I wondered whether the book was designed to introduce visitors to the Scriptures rather than to provide "help in trouble" for a host and hostess who obviously were well acquainted with every book in the Bible. But to ask this question would be rude. So I looked at additional inscriptions:

"Inscribed here shortly after the death of my beloved husband" was followed by two passages: ". . . be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." (Revelation 2:10.) "And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold

the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God." (Revelation 21:3.)

Some signed with names of the town's notables and others with those of people I did not know, there was page upon page of verses:

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father." (John 14:12.) ". . . the gift of God is eternal life . . ." (Romans 6:23.) "For I will restore health unto thee . . ." (Jeremiah 30:17.) "But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you." (Matthew 5:44.)

When I came at last to a blank page I said to my hostess, "May I add a verse?"

She smiled, answered, "If you please."

I wrote, "Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." (Isaiah 41:10.)



God's best gift to us is not things, but opportunities.—Rollins

☪ "Set Bar Abbas free!" That was queer. Why me?

Tongue of Fire

BY NIKOLAJ RAJNOV

Translated from Esperanto by Roan U. Orloff
(Published in Bulgaria, 1936)

WHEN that good-for-nothing was on trial, the one who preached that you turn your right cheek to him who strikes you on the left, I heard voices shouting outside my prison window!

"Bar Abbas! Set Bar Abbas free! And crucify Jesus bar Joseph!"

Bar Abbas—that's *my* name! My father's name was Abbas. I am the son of Abbas. Abbas was a thief like myself. He died on the cross.

"Bar Abbas!" they were shouting. "Set Bar Abbas free!"

That was queer. Why me? That lazy fellow on trial, who was always telling people to do this and do that and himself ate in others' houses, never killed anyone. True, to live without working is worse than to kill, but he harmed no one.

". . . And crucify Jesus bar Joseph!"

So I was set free. When they were going to crucify him, some man took the cross and carried it, but he became tired and asked me to take it for a while. It wasn't far—from the bakers' row to Golgotha was only two stones' throw; but it was none of *my* business. If

I were carrying the cross, would he have helped me? I hardly think so.

They crucified the good-for-nothing. He didn't even utter a sound. Only once he called to one Elijah to take him down from the cross. Perhaps it was his friend. Naturally, no Elijah came; he wouldn't be crazy, would he? The man died without him.

The next day my hand began to itch. And I was famished. The ambush near the rocks of Jericho was visible from all sides; that's exactly where they caught me! Where should I go? And I didn't feel like becoming a porter, and besides, I was too old to learn a new trade.

Near the Holy City, at the foot of the Mount of Olives, was the country house of one Lazarus, about whom it was said that Jesus resurrected him. A fine story! Why didn't he resurrect himself, but resurrected others?

This Lazarus was wealthy. I don't know whether he made a business of money-lending or whether he had a gold mine; but he spent a great deal for the disciples of the crucified one, so that I actually envied him. The accursed one was too rich!

I singled him out for my attention. He had two sisters: Martha and Mary. I found out that they lived with him; also an old maid-servant, Sarah, lived with them. There were four of them, then. I would have to use the sword several times. And I would have to be careful that no sound was uttered. I could have found assistants; good-for-nothings were plentiful, especially in Jerusalem. Where God is, people don't spend the time working. But I didn't want anyone to know about my criminal attempt. Even children know why the wolf's neck is so big. I didn't need any helpers.

"I can easily take care of the women," I said to myself, "but that money-lender will wear me out." He looked strong, the devil take him, too strong! I saw him lift a cartload of olives single-handed. Would I be able to match his strength? Surely that power came to him from heaven, after that knave resurrected him! It must be good to come back to life. If only someone could resurrect me, too!

For days I followed him everywhere; a surly, wrinkled face, and eyes that devoured you. "That friend isn't joking!" I said to myself. "He would hardly let me stab him with a sword, the old thief! Think it over well!"

But he played with money. Everyone went to him for alms; and he kept on giving and giving!

Once he gave me a couple of gold coins, too, after I lied to him that I hadn't eaten for three days. Another day he saw me and recognized me immediately. About a month had passed since that other one died on the cross; yet he recognized me. He asked me if I was hungry. I said that I could eat. He took me to his house.

Then I said to myself, "Bar Abbas! Here's your chance! Now check carefully about the entrance and exit, and who sleeps where, and whether the doors are locked, whether the opening in the roof is high, whether they have dogs, whether anyone watches the courtyard at night . . . Use your eyes with fourfold attention!" I saw everything. Lazarus asked me my name, and I spoke openly. "I am Bar Abbas," I said, "the one they set free on the Passover Jubilee—the thief." I looked at him, and proceeded to put repentance into my looks. I took on an air of piety; but he didn't notice it. He told the maidservant, Sarah, to feed me and then allow me to leave.

"In the evening," I said to myself, after I had eaten, "I shall arrange this matter. He is indeed strong; but I can't help that. Besides, I shall have my sword. Anyway, it will turn out either well or badly." I went away. Immediately after sunset I crossed the Cedron near the garden of Gethsemane and went along the steep path to Beth-

any; I was planning to go down into the house by the back way.

It was dark as a catacomb. There was no light in the house; had they gone to bed so soon? It was early. Was no one at home? The silence and the darkness scared me. I didn't know what to do. I jumped over the wall, and lightly, noiselessly reached the window of Lazarus' room. No sound could be heard. I looked in stealthily; it was dark. The house was empty. I went around. No one was within. But just as I was pushing the door to enter, a strange noise stopped me. It sounded as though many people were coming along the steep path toward the entrance. I hid behind the pomegranate bushes and listened. The door opened. Lazarus came into the courtyard, and behind him walked a crowd of ragged people—fishermen, vagrants, unemployed scribes and good-for-nothings. He led them inside. I recognized one of them: Simon the Cyrenian, father of Rufas; he was the one who carried the cross of that fellow who was crucified on Golgotha.

They were spoiling my plan, the devil take them! There was no luck for me that night. There were so many of them—fifteen, sixteen persons! How could I take care of such a crowd? Curses froze on my lips that evening.

They went inside.

No candlesticks were lighted in the house. Women's voices were

heard; and I figured that Mary and Martha, Lazarus' sisters, were inside. If only I had worked fast, everything would have been over by now!

I crouched beneath the window.

The voices grew silent. Men and women were swallowed up in darkness. Nothing was heard in the large attic. I strained my eyes through the window; only kneeling figures of people could be seen, and near the walls stood obscure bushes, laurels and oleanders in light stone vases. What were those silent people doing in the darkness? To whom were they praying? Was this house a synagogue? I didn't understand.

And in that hour of darkness and silence I saw bright flames in the attic; bright white flames were flickering over the heads of the kneeling men and women. I stared in amazement; no, they weren't flames of a candlestick, nor flames of a torch, nor flames of a taper; I saw clearly that the flames came down from above, as though the stars had fallen from heaven. Those flames were like tongues of fire, and I saw a flame flicker over the head of each person. A great fear came over me, and I fell with my face to the ground. When I raised my head, I saw the door of the house open and the people coming out. Before them walked a man in white clothes carrying a heavy cross on his shoulders. His face

looked like the face of the one who was crucified. A great light flowed from his eyes like a stream of glory, and his clothes were as though woven out of the silver of the stars or cobwebs of moonlight. And over the head of each one who walked behind him shown a tongue of fire, casting light on black, blonde or grey hair, and brown, thin faces. Among them were women, too; and I couldn't understand that.

When they went past the vestibule I grew stiff with fear, because there was no place where I could hide. And I stood rooted to the spot with what I was seeing, trembling before the miracle, and afraid lest the great dishonor of my criminal attempt would be uncovered. And in that minute I shook with fear and cursed the hour when I first wanted to live by killing and thieving. And those ragged people, over whose heads flickered the bright tongues of the Word, seemed to my soul to be far away, as far away as the sun is from the dark hole in the muddy street. They seemed to me unapproachable, pure and serene.

They walked along as though blinded with the light. But he who went before them saw me and stopped.

He came to me and said:

"Bar Abbas, my unhappy brother, what wast thou going to do?"

And I, the thief, Bar Abbas, again fell upon my face and dared not look at him; for I heard the voice of the crucified one speaking to me. But he spoke to me a second time—and his voice was gentle and vibrant: "Stand up, my brother, Bar Abbas! Put up thy sword in its scabbard and unsheathe it against no one! Thou didst go out to kill, but I forgive thee, for thou hast surrendered to me thy cross and thy Golgotha. If they had not crucified me, thou wouldst have hung on the cross, for it was made for thee. But I thank thee, my brother, Bar Abbas, in that thou hast surrendered to me the bitter pleasure of supreme suffering! Arise—and go in peace!"

Then I kissed his bare feet and saw on them the red nail-wounds blossoming like roses.

* * *

At midnight, when I entered Jerusalem through the Gates of the Ewes, many people turned to look after me and they were all pointing at me. But I was afraid to look at them and walked with downcast eyes. When I jumped across a big puddle barring my way, I accidentally saw my reflection and understood the amazement of those who were pointing; over my head flickered brightly a white tongue of fire.

Jesus Is Our Samson Post

Ward B. Hurlburt

A FISHING boat was being moored to the wharf. Someone tossed a rope to a young man standing on the deck. He grasped hold but in short order found to his dismay that the tide was running and carrying the vessel along with it.

Just at that moment an Old Salt stepped up beside the boy, seized the rope, and, suiting his actions to his words, shouted, "Give it a turn around the Samson Post, lad!" The rope circled a sturdy post on the forward part of the deck.

Once more the young man took hold. He discovered now that he could easily withstand the tide.

"When you've got the rope around the Samson Post, you're as strong as Samson himself," advised the experienced seaman.

Too many folks don't know it, but there is a Samson Post on the ship of life. It is the help of God and of Jesus Christ.

Here is a person who is lonely. A maiden lady, for years she has taken care of her aged Mother. But a year ago that Mother stepped across the threshold from this life into God's Great Beyond. For the daughter, herself no longer young, the point in carrying on was gone.

How empty her home had become, how silent, and how lonely she was.

What to do? One day, after confessing the awful loneliness to a minister, the thought was presented, "Why don't you accept the privilege of the Divine Companionship of Jesus Christ? He is with you always. Your job is to *know* it."

The process began. Upon waking in the morning the lady welcomed the presence of the Saviour. All day long, midst the little joys, the inevitable problems, in every experience whatsoever, she knew that He was there. Months have passed. She knows now the blessed truth expressed in the gospel chorus, "Every Day with Jesus is sweeter than the day before." She has thrown the problem of her loneliness around the Samson Post of Christ's nearness and His un-failing love.

Most everyone knows the awful hour of fear. And the ship of many a man's life has been tossed wildly on the stormy sea of fear. Under God it need not be that way.

Two little parsonage brothers were playing in their attic. They decided to act out an episode of the biblical boy David, rescuing a lamb from the jaws of a fierce bear. One

of the brothers, the smaller of the two, was David. The "lamb" was the family's little kitten; the "bear" the family's dog. A stepladder was raised upon which sat the older boy; he was God! David came rushing onto the scene; he rescued the lamb and shouted with triumph, "There, I have saved the lamb from the wild bear!" From the top of the ladder, in the deepest voice he could produce, the other boy said, "And you weren't afraid, because you knew that God was watching over you."

One day a man from Mexico was riding a coach to New York. A minister sat by his side some half-way along his journey. Conversation was not easy, for the Mexican was timid about his English; also, the minister discovered, the man was bowed under the burden of a terrible fear.

Word had just come that his only boy, the apple of his eye, was dangerously sick in New York. Little wonder that the father was distraught. But the minister who knew what parent love is, knew also the abiding watch-care of God and the possibilities of faith, of prayer. There was a witnessing to timeless Christian truth and then, there was a talking with God.

When the train reached its destination and the two men parted, the man from Mexico, with a glow

upon his face, shook hands with the minister saying, "God led you to me today. I'm not afraid anymore. I know that He is with my boy. I believe."

That father had experienced the blessing of getting his fears around the Samson Post of God's adequacy and God helped just when he needed Him most.

A figure from out of the pages of history represents the kind of individual who know his own shortcomings, his limitations for coping with the demands life frequently sets before us. This man was Oliver Cromwell.

Early in his life, the Pauline declaration of faith had become real in his experience, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." It was evident that when Cromwell felt personally unequal to do the job that seemed his to do in life, he fell back upon that glorious faith that Christ would give him strength. He got his need around the Samson Post of the Saviour's help and he fulfilled his God-given assignment to serve his day and generation.

Give *your* problems a turn around the Samson Post of the Lord's help and His redemptive power and the ship of life may be held secure against any tide which threatens to sweep it out to a stormy sea.

☐ The essence of happy living is unselfish service.

Twelve Rules for Happiness

Grenville Kleiser

Here are twelve rules for happiness:

1. Live a simple life. Be temperate in your habits. Avoid self-seeking and selfishness. Make simplicity the keynote of your daily plans.

2. Spend less than you earn. It pays large dividends in contentment. Keep out of debt. Cultivate frugality. Avoid extravagance.

3. Think constructively. Train yourself to reason clearly and accurately. Store your mind with useful thoughts. Stand porter at your mental door.

4. Cultivate a yielding disposition. Resist the common tendency to want things your own way. See the other person's viewpoint.

5. Be grateful. Begin the day with gratitude for your opportunities and blessings.

6. Rule your moods. Cultivate a mental attitude of peace and goodwill.

7. Give generously. There is no greater joy in life than to render happiness to others.

8. Work and pray with right motives. The highest purpose of your life should be to grow in spiritual knowledge.

9. Be interested in others. Divert your mind from self-centeredness. In the degree that you give, serve and help will you experience the by-product of happiness.

10. Live in a day-tight compartment. That is live one day at a time. Concentrate upon your immediate task.

11. Have an interesting hobby.

12. Keep close to God. True and enduring happiness depends primarily upon close alliance with Him.

The essence of happy living is unselfish service. The world needs men who are willing to submerge self in the fervent desire to contribute their share to the betterment of mankind.

As my friend Vernon Smith reminds us:

"The tender grace of a fine day brings with it beauty and gladness and uplifts the soul. Moonlight shimmering in silvery silences on the face of waters; heaven's stars captured in rippling hammocks woven by breaths of air; a setting sun painting on the western skies God's golden colors so flushed and rich that they run down to yellow hayfield and forest and blaze the cabin's glass—revelations of beauty—of God's glory—the perfume of the flower, the richness of the lily, the tenderness of a good mother, the spring of hope, the peace that passeth understanding, the privilege of knowing God—all in such a preponderance as to make it a glad world after all."

Prayer For Harvest*Georgia Moore Eberling*

"Give us this day our daily bread,"
For by Your bounty we are fed,

So send us, Lord, the sun and rain
To ripen wheat on hill and plain,

While grapes grow purple on the vine
For sacrament of bread and wine.

Lord, send the gentle warming showers,
And bless the gardens, bless the flowers,

And bless the fragrant orchard trees,
And all the blooms for honey-bees.

May all plant-roots grow strong and firm,
Be free from blight and canker-worm,

With hungry people every-where.
Dear Father, give us food to share

**Song of My Soul***Pearl Carling Campbell*

Since there has been revealed to me
Thy Holy Presence near to me,
My heart, which once was sad and mute,
Is like the lilting of a flute.
Since there has been revealed to me
Thy Holy Presence, dear to me,
My soul, its song attuned to Thee,
Is like the singing of a lute,
As from its strings Thy gentle Hands
Draw Heav'nly Melody!

Where once was clash of sounding brass,
Discordant noise, so coarse, so crass,
All discord melts toward harmony
Since there has been revealed to me
Thy constant Presence near to me!

Miracles Today*Maeanna Cheserton-Mangle*

FIVE thousand eager souls were gathered in the wilderness to listen to the words of the Master. "He was moved with compassion toward them because they were as sheep not having a shepherd . . . and when the day was far spent" Jesus said to His Disciples, "Give you them to eat . . . how many loaves have ye? Go and see." There were only a few loaves of bread and two small fishes. How could these feed the gathered throngs? Yet, the gospels tell us, when Jesus broke the loaves and gave out the fishes there was enough food for all!

Today we live in a world where millions of people, literally, are starving. Through the cruel winter children are huddled in bomb-shattered dwellings binding their feet with thin rags, eating miserably small rations. They need help. Who is there to help? Is not a miracle needed to feed them, even as the five thousand who waited in the desert were fed by Jesus so long ago?

Yes, a miracle is needed. We cannot look elsewhere for wonder workers to perform it. Today God's miracles are worked through His followers here upon earth. As

empty vessels for Him, we can be used to pour forth His blessings to others. Millions of young Americans already have shown by their faith and works that they will not stand by and watch their fellow humans across the oceans suffer. These young Americans in schools, churches and synagogues are merging forces to send food, clothing and other badly-needed supplies overseas. Many organizations, including the Junior Red Cross, American Youth for World Youth, The Foster Parents Plan, The United Christian Youth Movement and the American Jewish Joint Distribution Committee are equipped to perform these missions of mercy.

As a result of this activity a firm bond of understanding is being forged between boys and girls of our country and youngsters of other nationalities and religions overseas. By joining in this task of Brotherhood we can truly serve our Master as channels through which miracles may work today. At the same time we ourselves will be blessed by a peace of spirit which will result as God multiplies our humble gifts to meet the needs of others.

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