

Clear Horizons

38

UPT

Fall 1949

(Complete Contents on Back Cover)

25c

GOD HAS A PLAN FOR YOU 1
Austin Pardue

HOW TO WIN OVER MENTAL HANDICAPS . 15
Starr Daily

RADIANT VICTORY 37
Winfred Rhoades

CHRIST, THE ONLY WAY 43
Grenville Kleiser

WANTED: WRITERS TO MAKE GOODNESS
INTERESTING 49
Frank C. Laubach

Poems - Meditations - Articles - Book Reviews

As We Go To Press

Austin Pardue (p. 1) is the highly popular Episcopal Bishop of Pittsburgh. This article is a good example of his knack of bringing the truths of Christianity down to earth for the average person. He is also the author of the excellent book on immortality, *He Lives*, and a radio speaker of great appeal. . . . **Miles Clark** (p. 9) and his wife spent the past summer traveling with the Camp Farthest Out in Europe. Miles is director of these tours, officially called Odyssey Religious Travel Tours. If you are interested you can get further information by writing to him in care of this office. . . . **Vincent Edwards** (p. 14) is the pen-name of a writer from Poughkeepsie, N. Y. His interesting sidelights on the lives of famous Christians have appeared in *Clear Horizons* before, and they will again in the future. . . . **John Gaynor Banks** (p. 21) is an Episcopal clergyman and the editor of *Sharing Magazine*. It is safe to say that he has done as much as any man, if not more, to revitalize the church's ministry of healing. A good deal of his time is spent holding Healing Missions in different parts of the country. . . . **Glenn Clark** (p. 23) should need no introduction. He is your editor and the author of many books and pamphlets, and a speaker constantly in demand. His autobiography has just come out, and good reading it is, too. See the inside back cover of this issue. . . . **Bennie Bengtson** (p. 45) of Kennedy, Minnesota, has written a good sketch of D. L. Moody. You will like it; and it ought to do something for those who feel discouraged because they are not seminary trained and are wondering what they can do for the Lord. . . . **Malcolm S. Taylor** (p. 51) is a retired minister now living in Daytona Beach. Not too long ago his article, "A Protestant Rosary," appeared in *Clear Horizons*. . . . In many ways this is an all-star issue with such names, in addition to those mentioned, as **Starr Daily** (p. 15), **Norman Vincent Peale** (p. 28), **Winfred Rhoades** (p. 37), **Grenville Kleiser** (p. 43), and **Frank Laubach** (p. 49).

CLEAR HORIZONS MAGAZINE

1571 Grand Avenue

Saint Paul 5, Minnesota

GLENN CLARK, *Editor*

NORMAN K. ELLIOTT, *Managing Editor*

Contributing and Advisory Editors: FRANK C. LAUBACH, NORMAN VINCENT PEALE, RALPH SPAULDING CUSHMAN, WINFRED RHOADES, AUSTIN PARDUE, STARR DAILY, J. RUFUS MOSELEY, ALBERT E. DAY

Entered as second class matter September 19, 1940, at the Post Office at St. Paul, Minn., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Published quarterly at 1571 Grand Avenue, St. Paul 5, Minn.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: 1-year subscriptions, \$1.00 each (Foreign \$1.25). 2-year subscriptions, \$2.00 each (Foreign \$2.50). 3-year subscriptions, \$2.50 (Foreign \$3.25). Single copies, \$.25 each.

Clear Horizons

Tenth Year

FALL, 1949

Volume 10, No. 2

☐ It is truly wonderful the way God unfolds His plan for people even when they have little faith in Him.

God Has a Plan for You

Austin Pardue

WE are thinking about God's plans for you. He doesn't allow things to happen by accident, or by chance. They happen according to design and plan. Your life doesn't run, however, along the lines of a blue-print; your life is not predestined to some kind of mystical fatalism; yet God has a wonderful future for you, if you are with Him enough, so that you can begin to realize the way in which He will unfold your future. He will do the most unexpected things imaginable. He will take you on exciting adventures through life. Once in a great while He lets a saint see into the future. He won't allow you to do so, I don't think, yet you can't always be too sure. It won't do much good to go to charlatans and fortune tellers. It doesn't make much difference whether you know about your own future; but it does make a lot of difference whether or not you learn to live each day with faith and courage and love. He has a future plan for you, and the more

you realize His presence, the more you will be able to inwardly know His voice and respond to His will. That will for you is good; it is exciting, and adventurous.

Now it is important for us to realize that within the scope of God's plan for you there are a series of human experiences that will test you. Life here on earth is so constructed that we will experience heartaches, tribulations, trials, temptations, frustrations, and bitter disappointments. But in addition to that it is built so that if you meet them with God, you will experience joys, hopes, aspirations, magnificent surprises, illuminations, and good values that defy descriptions. This is all in store for you and it is well that you realize it. The Christian religion is a faith whereby you are given the courage to go through disappointments, not to evade them. But be sure of this: in the school of life God has plans whereby you will experience most of the problems and the joys in one

way or another. That is part of your spiritual education.

The Christian will take these varied experiences in his stride and if he has faith, every misfortune will be turned into a great good. It was St. Paul who put it very well when he said, "All things work together for good to them that love the Lord; to them that are called according to His purpose." Thus, out of all the suffering we experience, there will come strengthening power to those who love God. Now when we make this way of life a habit, we will begin to love every experience, good or bad. If we don't meet life in that manner, if we spend our time becoming bitter, blaming circumstances, blaming people, we will rapidly deteriorate. We can be young people in years and at the same time old, cynical, and hateful in spirit. On the other hand, we can be old in years and be young and gay in spirit and ready for the next exciting adventure.

So it is important that we try every day to realize the presence of God by a few minutes of quiet. During that time, ask God to make the plans for the day unfold in accordance with His will. Just as He plans for the heavens, the stars, the seas, the tides, the seasons, the grains, and the fruits of the earth, so He makes plans for you. They will remain a mystery in that they aren't a predestined program with a blueprint. He treats you a little differ-

ently than he does a star. His plan for you is fluid and flexible.

It is one that is packed with surprising joys, beauties, and goodness. The unfoldment depends upon the positive attitude toward life that is established in your own state of consciousness.

Let me ask you a question or two. How do you take your misfortunes? Do you accept, do your best, and forget them? When you are going through your troubles, do you stay close to God? Do you examine yourself for the short-circuits of resentment, hate, greed, anger, and fear? When you have faced misfortunes, do you try to go on through them with a joyous heart, or do you become bitter, full of blame, and faithless? If you are the latter, you are doomed to find life darkening and the plan becoming more confused. On the other hand, if you approach your problems with God, life is going to unfold for you beyond anything you can desire, deserve, or dream.

I know of a man who decided to study for the Ministry during the first World War. He was young, and inexperienced, and was serving as an ordinary sailor on a little Navy ship in the Atlantic. When he came home from the war, he went to college. He never graduated from high school, but in those days they made heroes of ex-servicemen and gave them diplomas even when they hadn't earned them. He went away

to college badly prepared. There was no GI Bill of Rights. All he had in his pocket was \$10.00. He got a job with the American Express Company taking trunks on and off trains early in the morning. He was a pretty good athlete and he went out for football. He went on and tried to do his studies, but he wasn't successful. In those days they were beginning to give I. Q. tests and he took one and flunked it miserably. At the end of three months he was flunked out. The President called him in his office and told him that he never should study for the Ministry but that he ought to be a farmer, or a mechanic, or something else. The young man went home and talked to his mother, who said, "Son, maybe that President is smart, but I don't care how long you take to get into the Ministry, if it is God's plan for you, you go ahead if it takes until you are ninety." And so the young man went ahead. He went to day school in Chicago and worked nights, and the next Fall he went back East to this same college again, and after being there ten days they gave him another I. Q. test. He failed it hopelessly. The President called him in again and said, "Once and for all, you are out. You are not college material."

Well, the young man went down East and tried another college, but there they checked on his intellectual record and found that it was

bad so he was asked to leave again. It was the third time he had been fired from college. What little money he had, he used to take himself way out to Wisconsin to a tiny college that was almost unknown. There the people were kind and patient. They nurtured him along, and slowly he progressed. They found that he had real eye trouble and he used to have to get up mornings at four-thirty and study at fifteen-minute intervals so that he could have time to rest his eyes. He finally just barely got into Theological Seminary and there, too, he had a difficult time, but at last he graduated. He started very humbly in the Ministry in the mission field and went on from one parish to the next, each one a little larger, until finally he had one of the greatest parishes in the East. And then the college which had expelled him twice and told him never to go into the Ministry asked him to come to Commencement and they gave him an honorary doctor's degree. Then he was elected to be a Bishop.

It is truly wonderful the way God unfolds His plan for people even when they have a little faith in Him. It is true that "All things work together for good to them that love God; to them that are called according to His purpose."

So one of the most powerful parts of prayer is to learn to be alone with God and to be aware

of His overwhelming Almighty Presence. That awareness may be nothing other than a belief and sometimes a deeper sense of the fact that He is above you, through you, about you, beneath you, and within you. You probably won't see any miracles, you won't see the Heavens open, you won't see visions. You will just have the quiet conviction that you are being visited by His Almighty strength through which all things are possible. Then through that Presence, if you practice it regularly enough, vast net-works of strangely assorted events will seem to blend into one objective. Strange people, happenings, seemingly chance acquaintances will somehow be woven together into a positive pattern and the Christian way of life will become exactly what Christ said it would be, namely, a way of victory for you.



God's Bonfire

Author Unknown

I'm glad that God takes every worn-out day
And burns it up in sunsets:

All mistakes,
The little triumphs, the futile cares
Are gathered into one bonfire that breaks
In flames against the banks of sky.

I think
That God sweeps up the frayed out ends of day
And says: "Poor foolish children—this the spoil
Of all their goods. When will they learn the way?
But since these things are done we might as well
make one great conflagration of it all."

I think He likes to see it burn and stands
Beside it till the last gray ashes fall
And then across the fitful thoroughfares
Over the troubled roofs and petty wars
Out of the lonely heights of the Unknown
A clean wind blows, all tangled up with stars.



I am glad that after the resurrection Jesus kept appearing and disappearing while the doors were shut, stepping into the material world and back into the spiritual world at will. That makes this other world seem strangely close—at one's elbow, within us and all about us, unseen.—*Frank Laubach.*

☞ Sam himself told me the facts, many years later, with tears in his eyes.

The Most Christlike Man I Have Ever Known

Art Foster

I KNEW him only by his last name—Spiegelberg. He was a little dried-up, sad-eyed, middle-aged, consumptive Jew who operated a small, one-horse jewelry store in a certain little town in New York state. Spiegelberg was not married. He lived alone, had no social life, and apparently had no intimate acquaintances. He slept in a small room at the back of his store, and, for all I know, ate his meals there.

Nobody in the town seemed to know much about old "Spiegey," as we called him, except that he always appeared to be preoccupied in mind, and was always good-natured, kindly, quiet-spoken, honest, gentle, sympathetic. He seemed to try to help everybody with whom he came in contact. This is about all that could be said about him.

Spiegelberg had no telephone in his store. Whenever he had occasion to use one he would go down to the drug-store on the corner.

One winter's evening Spiegelberg was just about to lock up his place for the night when a certain young man of the town, whom we shall call Sam, came into the store to ask the price of a bracelet that he saw in the window.

Just as Spiegelberg was about to bring in some bracelets from the window the front door opened again, a clerk from the drug store on the corner announced that a telephone call had just come for Spiegelberg.

As he was alone in the store with Sam, with whom he was only slightly acquainted, Spiegelberg was now compelled to make a quick decision. Should he ask the prospective customer to leave, and then lock the front door while attending to the telephone call, thus possibly losing a sale; or should he excuse himself for a moment, and leave the young man alone in the store with a considerable amount of valuable jewelry? Spiegelberg did some fast thinking, and decided to take a chance. When he returned he found Sam still there, but old Spiegelberg's experienced eye instantly discovered that one of the most expensive bracelets was missing from the show-case. However, he said nothing about it, and gave no indication that he had made the discovery. Sam then talked for a little while, asked the price of a few other pieces of jewelry, without buying anything, and finally left the store. Spiegelberg then locked the door, put out the light,

and went to bed in the little room at the back of his store.

One day, several months later, Spiegelberg met Sam's wife on the street, and noticed that she was wearing the stolen bracelet, and he remarked casually to her that it was a beautiful piece of jewelry. "Yes," replied the lady, "my husband gave it to me on our first wedding anniversary. It must have cost a great deal of money. I do not see how he was able to save so much out of his small earnings. It means that he must have denied himself many comforts and luxuries over a long period of time in order to buy me this lovely present." A great light then came into her eyes as she added, "Do I not have a wonderful husband, Mr. Spiegelberg?"

"I am glad that you are happy," said Spiegelberg.

Several more months went by. One day old Spiegey met Sam on the street. After a few friendly words, Spiegelberg said, "What do you say if we get in out of the cold, Sam. Come on down to the store with me for a little while. I have a nice warm stove in the back room now. Business isn't any too good at present, and we can talk things over down there without getting run over."

"O. K.," said Sam.

After the two men had lit up a couple of cigars, and had leaned back in their chairs, Spiegelberg asked, "Why did you do it, Sam?"

"Why did I do what?"

"Why did you steal the bracelet?"

Sam then broke down and confessed his guilt. He promised to go to his wife at once, get the bracelet, and return it to Spiegelberg, if only Spiegelberg would agree not to send him to jail.

Spiegelberg smiled at this request, and said in a tone that Sam never forgot, "No, my boy. That is not the way to do it. You now have the most precious possession in the world—the love, respect, and gratitude of a good woman. If you go to her now and ask for the bracelet she will be suspicious, and with a woman's intuition she will find out the truth in this matter. That would be tragedy for you, and for her. Let her keep the bracelet, and let us say no more about it. Only you and I know about this thing. Let us keep it that way."

Spiegelberg kept it that way. He never mentioned it to anyone, as far as I know. It was Sam himself who told me the facts, many years later, with tears in his eyes, at Spiegelberg's funeral.



I have read in Plato and Cicero sayings that are very wise and very beautiful; but I have never read in either of them, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden."—*St. Augustine.*

U . . . to that great and glorious Being, who is the Beneficent Author of all the good that was, that is, or that will be . . .

1st National Thanksgiving Day Proclamation

WHEREAS it is the duty of all nations to acknowledge the providence of Almighty God, to obey his will, to be grateful for his benefits, and humbly to implore His protection and favor; and whereas both Houses of Congress have, by their joint Committee, requested me "to recommend to the people of the United States a day of Public Thanksgiving and Prayer, to be observed by acknowledging with grateful hearts the many and signal favors of Almighty God, especially by affording them an opportunity peaceably to establish a form of government for their safety and happiness;"

Now, therefore, I do recommend and assign Thursday, the 26th day of November next, to be devoted by the people of these States to the service of that great and glorious Being, who is the Beneficent Author of all the good that was, that is, or that will be; that we may then all unite in tendering unto Him our sincere and humble thanks for His kind care and protection of the people of this country, previous to their becoming a nation; for the signal and manifold mercies, and the favorable interpositions of His providence, in the course and conclusion of the late war; for the great degree of tran-

quillity, union, and plenty, which we have since enjoyed; for the peaceable and rational manner in which we have been enabled to establish Constitutions of Government for our safety and happiness, and particularly the national one now lately instituted; for the civil and religious liberty with which we are blessed, and the means we have of acquiring and diffusing useful knowledge; and, in general, for all the great and various favors, which He has been pleased to confer upon us.

And, also, that we may then unite in most humbly offering our prayers and supplications to the great Lord and Ruler of Nations, and beseech Him to pardon our national and other transgressions; to enable us all, whether in public or private stations, to perform our several and relative duties properly and punctually; to render our National Government a blessing to all people, by constantly being a government of wise, just, and constitutional laws, discreetly and faithfully executed and obeyed; to protect and guide all sovereigns and nations (especially such as have shown kindness to us), and to bless them with good governments, peace and accord; to promote the knowl-

edge and practice of true religion and virtue, and the increasing of science, among them and us; and, generally, to grant unto all mankind such a degree of temporal

prosperity as He alone knows to be best. Given under my hand at the City of New York, the third day of October, 1789.

(Signed) GEORGE WASHINGTON



A PSALM OF SPACIOUSNESS

Clarence E. Flynn

WHEN I was a child it seemed that the world must be a very vast place. It stretched from our little valley in all directions to distances beyond my comprehension.

I was taken to the nearest town, and the world seemed to shrink a little. I was taken to the city, and it seemed to grow still smaller. I was taken to a neighboring state, then journeyed to farther ones; and each trip made the world seem less vast.

Slow-moving horse-and-buggy transportation went to motor cars, and from railway trains to airplanes and rockets. The grandsons of the first men who operated the telegraph developed the radio, and their great grandsons bounced radar impulses from the moon. Then the world seemed only a little community.



The duty of man is plain and simple, and consists of two points: his duty to do, which every man must feel; and his duty to his neighbor, to do as he would be done by.—*Thomas Paine*

☐ We found a new vitality for Christ throughout Europe.

New Vitality for Christ In Europe

Report of the Second Annual Camp Farthest Out in Europe

Miles Clark

AS the last words of the hymn, "The Church's One Foundation," ended, Pastor Diodato and Rev. Walter Fiscus walked down the aisle of the tiny, historic Waldensian church and into the bright Italian sun. Following them were Italians and Americans exchanging Sunday morning greetings in unfamiliar languages but with Christian joy and comradeship.

The 1949 Camp Farthest Out in Europe had met in worship with the only Protestant denomination in Italy, the Waldensians, and found the hymns, the form of worship and the fellowship were familiar even though the language was not. In the lovely Italian Alps at Prali, the forty-five members of the tour were spending four days meeting informally with Italian Protestants and young people from Africa, England, France, Germany and other Americans helping to build "Agape," a conference grounds for Christian youth of the world. The World Council of Churches gives its moral and financial support as do many friends from various lands. Pastor Tullio Vinay, the director of "Agape," and Pastor Diodato told the story of the Waldensian church since its founding before the time of Luther and

of its past as a victim of intolerance and persecution. And then they told of "Agape," which is the Waldensian vision for the future of Christian youth from all nations sharing selflessly with each other.

After four days of primitive but refreshing living, we had to move on though we longed to stay and help lift more stones for the building of "Agape." But the story is still on our lips as are the stories of the new vitality for Christ we witnessed in England at Lee Abbey; in Holland; in Germany at Pastor Mensching's Friendship Home and the relief work of the churches of America cooperating with the church of Germany; in Switzerland through the work of Prof. and Frau Ernst Staehelin and at the World Council of Churches in Geneva; in Italy wherever the Waldensian church has been; and finally in the Christian relief work of CIMADE in Paris.

The second Camp Farthest Out in Europe, under the leadership of Walter and Rosalind Fiscus, Vincent Evensen and Ernestine Bradley, with others of us helping as needed, assembled in early June at Bradley Field, Connecticut. 12 states, 66 denominations, were represented. We soon found a great spiritual unanimity as we winged

our way north to Newfoundland and on to England in a pleasantly, uneventful airplane ride. Landing near London we sped through the green, hedgerow countryside stopping to see Salisbury Cathedral and Stonehenge, and then on to the Bristol Channel and Lee Abbey, a permanent retreat center in North Devon near Lynton. It was a land of great cliffs overlooking Wales, beautiful beyond imagining, deep in the Lorna Doone country. But in place of the tragedy of Lorna Doone there was the vitality of young English Christian couples on their holiday (vacation to us).

For a week we met with the English for an evening "Galilean" hour and also in the morning to pray and consider the purpose of our trip, the interchange between spiritual seekers on both sides of the Atlantic. But most of the time was free for fellowship with the English. We were delightfully surprised with them as they were with us. We found in England, and in every other country that we visited, that having only seen U. S. soldiers and businessmen it was a great joy to meet Americans with a greater purpose. One English friend said that when they heard forty-five Americans were to descend on them during their holiday, they wished they had not come, but all found the harmony of Lee Abbey was not broken. We learned to love the food, and it was no trouble to love

the scenery. Rev. Roger de Pemberton, warden of Lee Abbey, Leslie Sutton and their wives and the other leaders helped us to adapt ourselves to England and enter the heart of its people.

Another week was spent in and around London—from Stratford on Avon to Windsor Castle, and from hearing the great preacher Leslie Weatherhead to sharing with Norman Grubb and Rev. Sangster, two great church leaders of England. England is working together out of their dark days with a high spirit and purpose.

The night boat from Harwich took us to Holland where we visited some of the interesting sights and met with the Dutch Reformed Church leaders, especially Dr. Emmen and J. ten Have of the Ecumenical Movement. In Amsterdam, four smiling Swedish drivers and two pleasant hostesses met us with two busses that were to take us to Rome and back to Paris. We found it a very pleasant way to travel and see the country.

Through the customs we sang our way into Germany and then divided. One group went to Petzen near Buckeburg where they spent three days with Pastor Mensching, one of the great spiritual men of Germany, at the international home he has begun. With little money but great faith he and others who see the vision of world peace are build-

ing a youth center with the help of volunteers from several countries. Our group helped with washing dishes and cooking.

The other group went on to Duisburg, a good-sized, heavily-bombed, industrial town at the meeting of the Ruhr and Rhine rivers. Here Friedl Heinen of the Church relief agency had a program of five days for us, aided by the International Club of students and workers, and the Christ Church (Evangelical Reformed), and Pastor Immer, Pastor Schmidt and Supt. Vetter. We spoke at their parish house which is being used as the church. We visited their great church, unusable now because of the heavy bombing. We expected to find great reserve in the people, but found hearty welcome and spontaneous fun in singing games and charades. Food is still scarce in parts of Germany.

Each of us lived with a German family and found eager new friends, happy to share their little bit with us. We shared what we had in soap and gifts, but we realized no matter what we were able to give, it was too little to repay the generosity of our German friends. They asked us kind but penetrating questions about American attitudes toward Germany, some we could answer and some we could not. We have returned home with the deep desire to learn more of the relation between our nations—working for peace, but justice, too. The Christ

Church choir was one of the finest we have heard and though there was a language barrier during the few talks we heard, there was none as we listened to our friends play the violin and piano for us and as we joined in singing "A Mighty Fortress is Our God."

We left our friends at Duisburg and drove south along the Rhine, viewing the ancient castles now crumbling, to Heidelberg, unbombed, untouched by the war, but overrun by American soldiers. Frau Hahn, one of the outstanding women leaders in West Germany, arranged for us to hear some of the speakers at the meetings of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom. We were able to gain insight into the more difficult problems of rebuilding Germany and peace. Here we also met with some of the Army chaplains, especially Major Cheatham and his wife. From Heidelberg, we made our way up the Rhine to Basel, Switzerland, in the Jura mountains.

Professor and Frau Staehelin, two great Christian leaders, helped us orient ourselves to the Swiss church work. Prof. Staehelin, two times rector of Basel University, and an outstanding church historian, arranged for a survey of Swiss mission work, a visit to a youth center for Jewish Christians, and a morning with the eminent theologian, Prof. Karl Barth. Prof. Barth's sense of humor led us

quickly through some of the by-paths of theological thought to his present position which he insists America misinterprets. He did admit that some of his early writings emphasized the great chasm between God and man, but he feels that now we must place our emphasis on the bridge of grace. His criticism of American religious thought is that it emphasizes the bridge to the exclusion of the chasm. Prayer, to Prof. Barth, could be considered as the explicit answer of man to the word of God. It includes the whole of a Christian's action—what one does each day, not only on Sunday. While it was not possible to delve into many aspects of theology, we enjoyed the interchange with a great and learned man.

Before leaving Basel we met with the Basel Young Men's Christian Association at an evening meeting and discussed the differences between the Christ-centered YMCA program in Switzerland and the activity-centered program in America. We met with a group of 25 seminary students, 15 from Switzerland and 10 from seven other nations, for an evening of fellowship and sharing.

Frau Staehelin was a most charming and gracious hostess and was persuaded to tell of the aid the Swiss have given to political and religious refugees both during the war and even now. Through her

courageous story of Christian devotion, we learned more about what it means to be a real Christian than almost any other example we met in all Europe.

Passing through the Alpine country we visited many of the famous Swiss cities, saw the great Jungfrau mountain and Heine's picturesque play, "William Tell," all the while drinking in the spirit of freedom of the people and the beauty of the mountains. In Geneva we spent a day at the offices of the World Council of Churches meeting with members of the staff who gave us the background of the work we had seen in action throughout Europe. Our questions about the World Council were answered by Bob Tobias, of the Interchurch Aid division, who had made arrangements for us, and Dr. Kloppenburg of Germany who explained in detail the problems of the DP's. Mr. Miregovsky of Belgium spoke about youth work and a stirring resumé of world evangelism was given by Franie Rordorf, a Swiss. After visits to the Cathedral where Calvin preached and other international offices including the Student Christian Movement and YMCA, we drove on down into Italy. Through the towering Simplon Pass our spirits soared with the mountains. In Prali with the hard-working Waldensians farming the mountainsides and maintaining their hard-won free-

dom of worship, our spirits found a new high; then on to Venice and Perugia where we communed with the beauty of the past. In Assisi, the home of the humble St. Francis, we had a prayer in the great church raised over his tomb. In Rome we paused in the vaulted Catacombs of Calixtus to send our group prayer to the Father in the midst of the atmosphere of those who had lived and died for their faith.

Leaving Rome we travelled on to Siena and visited the Church of St. Catherine, another early Christian whose life was one of complete dedication to Christ. Here a great church almost hides the very simplicity of her example.

On to Rapallo and Nice in France where we enjoyed the resort beaches of the Mediterranean. Down the great avenues of Paris we found religious life running a poor second to political life. The work of CIMADE, the Christian relief group, stood out as a major Christian force in France.

Then home again with our hearts bursting to tell of all the wonderful people we met and the experiences of a rich summer abroad. Most of us returned on the S. S. Samaria to Quebec where we all agreed it had been a challenging and profitable summer of sharing Christ's love—of opening our eyes and of clearing our horizons.



Friend's Meeting

Robert Kimmel Jennings

No granite signpost indicates the sky
 As though to say, "This way to God above!"
 For here they hold the All-pervading Love
 Need not be sought afar, but found close by.
 A sylvan setting, soothing to the eye,
 The harmony of oriole and dove,
 Designs laid on by ivy's lacy glove—
 These are the arts by which the Quakers try
 To lure the soul away from sordid things.
 And, in the meditation silence brings,
 They strive to banish from them, for a space,
 The urgent interests of life's tumbled race.
 Then, when more strident voices all depart,
 God's gentle whisper sounds within the heart.

☐ He took his erstwhile enemy by the hand and under the Divine Spirit, the enemy became a friend.

When Christians Meet

Vincent Edwards

A NUMBER of years ago, when Walter Rauschenbusch first began to write on Christianity as a social Gospel, he outraged many sincere persons who felt that a minister had no business to speak out on such matters as just wages and decent living conditions.

One of his most outspoken critics was Dr. Lasher, editor of the *Journal and Messenger* in Cincinnati. When the good doctor scored him roundly, Rauschenbusch took no notice and did not even bother to reply.

But the next time he was in Cincinnati he looked up the unfriendly editor. Dr. Lasher was taken completely unawares. He could hardly believe that his gentle, kindly caller was the author of so controversial an issue.

Said Dr. Lasher: "I think your experience in New York slums biased your thinking, warped your judgment, and made you a partisan."

To this Walter Rauschenbusch

answered: "That might very well be. Perhaps the fact that you were born and reared in the comforts of a well-to-do New England home has somewhat prejudiced your viewpoint and made you a partisan for the strong and well-to-do. In any case, I want to champion the weak and the poor, since the strong and rich can very well take care of themselves. It may be that this is the reason why Jesus was always on the side of the underdog. Anyhow, I intend to stand with Jesus for the downtrodden."

Dr. Lasher could not help being impressed with Rauschenbusch's sincerity and selflessness. After their long talk the two men knelt together in prayer. Rauschenbusch lifted the whole subject before a wiser Judge and put it into the hands of an all-loving Father.

As his biographer, Dores Robinson Sharpe, says: "He took his erstwhile enemy by the hand and there under the influence of the Divine Spirit, the enemy became a friend. Never again did Dr. Lasher write an unkind word about him."



Christianity wants nothing so much in the world as sunny people, and the old are hungrier for love than for bread; and the oil of joy is very cheap; and, if you can help the poor on with a garment of praise, it will be better for them than blankets.—Henry Drummond.

☐ I have put an end to worry by the use of two plain devices.

How To Win Over Mental Handicaps

Starr Daily

MOST people have mental handicaps, which can be overcome. The main one is worry. It is remarkable how mental lacks are compensated once the worry business has gone into bankruptcy.

This is a message about my own experience with mental deficiencies. The deficiencies haven't been erased by my method, but they are no longer a source of anxiety.

For a long time I've been amused at the things people tell me. Because I've written a few successful books, delivered some popular lectures, and have stumbled into certain positions of leadership, I have been accused of possessing special talents and mental faculties. Some have even imputed wisdom to me. My mind is supposed to be of a good sort, which is porous to knowledge and perception, and even genius.

One hardly knows how to handle such false estimations and still be honest and truthful. Should one remain silent and thus confirm what is untrue? Or should one oppose the imputations and thus deny them? Experience has taught me that to deny these falsehoods is useless. People have their minds made up and will believe what they want to believe.

But I wish to say here that my mind is quite a bit below the average. For one thing my memory, which is one of the big standards by which we judge a good mind, is just as poor as any memory with safety could be. I can't retain the names of people to whom I'm introduced, or even associated with for some time. This used to embarrass me and worry me a great deal. I lack this mental aptitude because of a pernicious kind of selfishness which makes me lack interest in other persons. I can't remember what I read, except in a hazy way. Facts will not register accurately on my mind. What knowledge I have is a chaotic hodge-podge of disconnected and undigested fragments, like dreams. My mental faculties are subnormal, devoid of wisdom, alien to genius, incapable of originality. Figures are impossible for me because of mental indolence. Nor can I stand the simplest demands of research, such as the checking of facts I desire to report. Rather than bother to look up some detail I drop the matter by making a detour around it.

My way of life is no more complex than that of the husband and wife in the Angelus. Any man can follow this path, whether he be a

bright man or a dolt. To put it in the simplest and briefest words, it is a way that replaces the worry habit with a worryless habit.

I have put an end to worry by the use of two plain devices. I call them *closing the cellar and attic doors*. I look upon my body and personality as a house of many rooms. The attic I call *the future*, where is stored the debris of wishful thinking. I call the cellar *the past*, where is buried the junk that no longer matters.

When I see a tense and fretted person I know two things about him right off: he is anxious about the future and he is regretful about the past. He is a man who lives by and for the worry habit.

Having no future any more I have ceased to worry about it. My *past* is passed. I leave it to heaven. If others can stand the consequences of their past so can I. In the meantime the consequences will have to get along without my fearful cooperation. It will be time enough to worry when the sins of the past have caught up with the present. But right now they can't catch up for I have barred the door against them. I honor nothing that has happened or does happen by giving it a worried thought. I live in the present and a day at a time.

I recommend this way to you if you are hounded by fears and anxieties. I'll put it into a little pattern for you. When you go to

bed at night let the last thing you do before retiring be to close the cellar door. Thus you will shut out the past. All the day's little irritations, slurs and slights, ego-wounds and errors, the vanity pricks and lacerated pride, the sins and disappointments, delights and sorrows—leave the whole menagerie in the cellar, say good-night to them and quietly but firmly close and bolt the cellar door. Each night depart from them, trusting them to God and leaving them to oblivion.

When you rise in the morning go promptly to the attic and shut the door securely against the future. Thus will you close off the fears of what might or could happen. You will block the spilling of energy into the future by confining it to the business of the present. You will fulfill Carlyle's famous observation:

"Our main business is not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand."

Your ambitions and aspirations will be conserved if you keep them out of the future and their energies focussed and organized to the present. Bar the attic door to wishful thinking and fearful brooding.

When you go to bed go there to sleep and rest, and not to carry on your habit of preoccupation, self-examination, and self-criticism. When you rise let it be to a new day, a resurrection. When you go to

to bed let it be to an old day, a crucifixion. Thus after the manner of the Apostle Paul, die daily and daily rise again. Crucify the past each night, with all its mistakes and sins. Blot out the future each morning, with all its seductions, promises, allurements, and haunting fears.

Do this and live in the mansion of TODAY. Thus will the old habit of worry soon be replaced by the

habit of an unharried, unhurried, and unworried mind. This much done, though you be mentally deficient and handicapped, the few brain cells you do have working will be quickened to compensate for your other deficiencies, as the work of a dormant kidney will be taken over by the one still active.

Just keep your cellar and attic doors closed, and all will be well with you.



Autumn

Robert K. Jennings

There's a giant who paints the summer sky
By the light of the setting sun,
With dazzling colors that blaze on high—
Speeding to get his masterpiece done
Before Night wipes the canvas clean and dry.

He longs to relieve the monotonous blue
With crimson and gleaming gold,
Blending and shading, as artists do,
He works till his hands grow cold
As twilight grows chill when summer is through.

He blows on his fingers (Just feel that breeze!),
But the paint-pots slip from his hand
As his cold-numbed muscles stiffen and freeze—
And all through the autumn land
The colors of sunsets splatter the trees!

In Business With the Lord

John W. Mullins

“GIVE, and it shall be given unto you, good measure, heaped up, pressed down and running over.”

This command applies to the man in business as well as anyone else. However, it took me several years to learn that it did.

It was not until I had hoarded up a large sum of money and goods that I learned the true meaning of that command. The small fortune which I had accumulated through selfishness and greed dwindled to a mere pittance. Friends and customers deserted me as if I were a leper. At times I thought of suicide as a possible way out. However, when thus attacked something seemed to warn me that it would be foolish to commit such hideous crime as there was a chance for turning about and repentance. I knew nothing about this turning about and how to go about it.

I still had a small stock of merchandise on hand and a limited bank account. What to do with this and how to get started back up the cliff from which I had plunged was a puzzle which I couldn't solve.

While trying to find a way out of this situation a man came into my place of business. He wanted help. His job paid barely enough to keep his family. He had to buy

on credit from one payday to the next. Would I grant him credit? Others had refused him, he said.

“My wife and children need food,” he pleaded. “If you'll let me have something to eat I'll come in every payday and settle with you.”

I turned and looked at my half empty shelves, then at the man long and hard. He was a stranger and I had been in business long enough to know that strangers could hardly be trusted. I knew that if I began crediting and sold what I had left it would be impossible to restock if my customers failed to pay as promised.

I wanted to help the man and I didn't want to. Suddenly there was an explosion in my mind. The words, “Despise not the cries of the poor,” burned their mark on my bewildered mind. I couldn't erase that impression, it was so illuminating I'll never forget it. The turning point had come. I accepted it.

After this I was no longer skeptical or doubtful. I was beginning a new life,—a life based not on greed and selfishness, but one based on a spiritual foundation.

I smiled at the man—the first smile in years. He almost dropped to the floor.

“Sure I'll let you have food, or anything else such as I have,” I

told him. “I can't lose much even if you never pay me, for I don't have much left as it is.”

His drawn face beamed with delight. For once in my life I was experiencing the joy of serving humanity.

He kept his promise to pay and became a trusted customer.

The news spread rapidly. Soon I had all the bad paying individuals of the community coming to my door, men who were made honest by the working of Divine Power in my dealings with them.

My business began to grow slowly. However I wasn't sure as yet just where I stood. This new kind of life and faith was hard to understand. It took prodding by the Lord to make me see things as they should be. He did this by sending the most dishonest people to me for help, thereby testing my faith.

The severest testing came when a man with a large family moved into our community. He came with a long string of bad debts behind him, and the name of being a professional dead-beat. His plea was the same as others, couldn't get credit.

“Go over to the bad debt merchant,” they told him. “He takes on all comers.”

He needed one hundred dollars credit each month, and couldn't pay me until fall when he sold his crops. This was a staggering amount to

hand over to a stranger for whom no one had a good word. Surely the Lord didn't expect me to do a thing like that, I thought. However, I soon learned that what appears to be a mountain to the eye of man, is nothing more than a grain of sand in the eyes of the Lord.

If this was divine guidance and I failed to obey I would be worse off than ever. With fear and trembling I stepped out on faith.

“Yes, I'll take you on,” I told him. “I'll do the best I can to supply your needs.”

Once again I was filled with joy unspeakable. I knew now that I was doing the right thing.

This man came in the fall as promised and paid his account. What made an honest fellow out of this man may seem mysterious to many, but to me it was the application of Christian principles as taught by Christ.

I was so taken up with this new life that I hardly ever thought of bad debts. Not because I was making money again, but because I was serving humanity as the Lord has taught us.

My customers were being blessed as well as myself through operation of my business on Christian principles.

My bright aspirations were darkened once more when the clouds of doubt hovered around me. Everything came to a sudden standstill. The ones whom I had be-

friended were not buying as heavy as usual. Wholesale men seldom called any more, but began to hound me for what I owed.

Why should this come upon me? I thought. Hadn't I done what I thought was right in the Lord's sight? Of course I had. Then why not continue to trust in him who had started me back in business. It was all too much for me to grapple with. Gloom settled over me.

It took the Lord's prodding once again to bring me out of my stupor. I received a letter from a widow woman several miles away. She wanted food and clothing for herself and children. I was stunned at such a request from a stranger. For several days I remained stubborn, refusing to make the gift. As I whirled the problem around in my mind, my conscience was seared with the words of our Lord. "Give unto them that hath not, as I have

given unto you," he seemed to say.

With that I gave and gave quickly. Soon the things requested were on their way. I received no letter of thanks for this deed, and expected none. What I did receive was a heartfelt joy that few ever experience. The Lord was prospering and blessing me, every time I stepped out on his leadings. A great peace and satisfaction now settled over me. I was sure now that my testings were over with. Business boomed, customers paid. I was back at the top.

After this I never failed to recognize the Lord as a partner in my business. One-tenth of all my profits went for tithes, while I gave heartily to other human causes.

All the bad customers who came to me became honest men. None ever failed to pay what they owed me.



Victorious Living

Alfred G. Walton

To carry on from day to day in peace and calm serenity—to face the world with courage and certain hope, accepting joy with gladness and pain without complaint—to be tolerant in spirit, charitable in judgment, broad in understanding—to think little of self and much of others—to trust in God at noonday, or in midnight's darkest hour, to see life as a daring adventure in which the soul must never yield defeat—and finally to approach the end with firm step, uplifted glance, with face turned toward the stars: this is *victorious living*.—Reprinted from *Lyrics for Living*.

☪ I am the answer! I love you and you respond to My love.

The Way of the Healing Christ

John Gaynor Banks

(Dr. John Gaynor Banks of the Fellowship of St. Luke is one of the most outstanding missionaries of healing in the United States today. The following is a meditation which reveals the way he lets go and lets the Spirit of Christ speak through him, and use him as a healing channel.)

Disciple: "It is the Spirit which quickeneth, the flesh profiteth nothing. The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life." (John 6:63-64.) That I too may speak these words with power and assurance, give me inward quickening and show me the deeper truth of these words above quoted?

Master: There is a deep place in your consciousness where you *know* already the profound Truth here stated. Your request for more truth will be granted if and when you will dwell at greater length on this truth. Learn to feel at home with My sayings, for you will find Me in them. Let My words *abide* in you! My very Spirit breathes out to you in such words as these. Your progress seems slow because you try to comprehend Me with your intellect. My wisdom often appears foolishness to man's intellect. Only My Spirit in you can search out the deep things of God. Therefore ponder these words. Dwell upon them. Let your soul be saturated in them. You cannot make yourself "alive"; it is the

Spirit which quickeneth! You don't achieve physical healing nor do you promote physical health. You simply believe my words as Mary did when she said, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord; *be it unto me according to Thy word!*" You can't heal anybody. God heals them. But the thing happens when you say, "Speak the word only and my servant shall be made whole!"

Perhaps you *say* nothing. You *act* these words by your response to the faith which is in you. The results will be equally beneficial. So now My child, be quiet. Shut your eyes to your material surroundings. Realize My presence beside you. The true life in you is My life. The words of the Gospel are My words. I speak them afresh to you. Let them sink into that level of your being where their truth is perceived. It is the Spirit which quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing. So be less concerned with your body. You don't need to pamper it. It is but a useful vehicle for manifesting Spirit. It is devoid of power in itself, even as James wrote, "The body without the

From *Sharing*, Vol. VX, No. 6, June, 1945, St. Luke's Press, 2243 Front St., San Diego, Calif.

spirit is dead." (Jas. 2:26.) Now listen again to My life-giving words:

I AM your adequacy today; I AM your security for tomorrow.

I AM the substance by which you live richly this very moment.

I AM the resource for lack of which you were afraid yesterday. The "lack" was only in your own mind.

I AM the effectual rebuke to every fear.

I AM the knowledge which leads you to wise decisions today. Cast a look towards Me first, and then let your Yea be Yea and your Nay, Nay.

I AM your peace because you can rest in Me. In Me you find balance and equilibrium. Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.

Disciple: Good Master, show me how to pray effectually for one who is sick and confined in a hospital in need of Thy word of power?

Master: (1) Identify yourself with My perfect will for the sick one and give forth Your love for him, and the circuit will be com-

plete through which healing comes. I still come to reveal the Father's will and to show how beneficent is that will. But to demonstrate this for the patient I need your love and faith. Your faith and love are links in the chain of intercession. When your faith in Me is strong and your love for the one you would help is wholehearted, then the way is open. Then in silence you send up your prayer of faith (just where you are) and I can answer (just where the sick one is) because the way is completely open.

Disciple: How does the answer come to such a prayer?

Master: I am the answer! I love you and you respond to My love. But I love those for whom you pray, and when you look to Me and send out love to them, the whole process is centered in Me and I can finish the work. I speak my Word of Power (for the sick one) through you. I touch him for you because I am the larger, higher and more perfect part of your own self. "All power is given unto Me in heaven and earth!"



To my mind life is love, and love is life. Love is not sentimental affection, simply the readiness to die for a person. But love is the laying down of life for a person, absolutely renouncing your life for another. It means living the best life you can conceive of for the sake of the one you love; knowing for certain that your life is flowing into that other person, though you may never see him again in this world. Love is purifying yourself that another may be pure. Love for one person, if it be true love, leads you at once to God, for "God is Love." As we love, God is there; we see God, we are in God.—*Forbes Robinson.*

☐ The strength of a prayer group depends first of all on the amount of faith of the individual members.

Prayer Group: The Protoplasm of the Spiritual Life

Glenn Clark

"I arrived there early one morning. It was cold, there were flurries of snow on the ground and as I stepped from the train on the platform I noticed that the baggageman and the red caps were warmly dressed in heavy coats and gloves, but, oddly enough, they wore no shoes. My first impulse was to ask the reason for this odd practice, but repressing it, I passed into the station, and inquired the way to the hotel. My curiosity, however, was immediately enhanced by the discovery that no one in the station wore any shoes. Boarding the street car, I saw that my fellow travelers were likewise barefoot, and upon arriving at the hotel, I found the bellhop, the clerk and all the people had on no shoes.

"Unable to restrain myself any longer, I asked the ingratiating manager what the practice meant.

"What practice?" said he. "Why," said I, pointing to his bare feet, "why don't you wear shoes in this town?"

"Ah," said he, "that is just it. Why don't we?"

"But what is the matter? Don't you believe in shoes?"

"Believe in shoes, my friend? I should say we do. That is the first article of our creed, shoes. They are indispensable to the well-being of humanity. Such cuts, sores and suffering as shoes prevent. It is wonderful!"

"Well, then, why don't you wear them?" I asked, bewildered.

"Ah," said he, "that is just it. Why don't we?"

"Though considerably nonplussed, I checked in, secured my room, and went directly to the coffee shop, and deliberately sat down by a friendly looking man who likewise conformed to the convention of wearing no shoes. The first thing we noticed upon walking out of the hotel was a huge brick building. To this he pointed with pride.

"You see that?" said he. "That is one of our outstanding shoe manufacturing establishments."

"A what?" I asked in amazement. "You mean you make shoes there?"

"Well, not exactly," said he, a bit ashamed, "we talk about making shoes there, and believe me, we have got one of the best and most brilliant speakers you have ever heard. He talks most thrillingly and convincingly every week on this great subject of shoes. He has a most persuasive and appealing way. Just yesterday he moved the people profoundly with his sermon on the necessity of shoe-wearing. It was really wonderful."

"But why don't they wear them?" said I, insistently.

"Ah," said he, putting his hand upon my arm and looking wistfully

into my eyes, 'that is just it. Why don't we?'

"Just then, as we turned down a side street, I saw through a cellar window, a cobbler actually making a pair of shoes. Excusing myself from my friend, I burst into the little shop and asked the shoemaker how it happened that his shop was not overrun with customers. Said he, 'Nobody wants my shoes. They just talk about them.'

"Give me what pairs you have ready,' said I, eagerly, and paid him thrice the amount he modestly asked. Hurriedly I returned to my friend and said to him, 'Here, my friend, one of these pairs will surely fit you. Take them; put them on. They will save you untold suffering.'

"But he looked embarrassed, in fact he was well-nigh overcome with chagrin. 'Thank you, 'he said politely, 'but you don't understand. It just isn't being done. The front families, well, I—I—'

"But why don't you wear them?' said I, dumbfounded.

"Aha,' said he, smiling with his accustomed ingratiating touch of practical wisdom, 'that is just it. Why don't we?'

"And coming out of the 'City of Everywhere' into the 'Here,' over and over that question rang in my ears: 'Why don't we? Why don't we? Why don't we?'"¹

This parable by Hugh Price Hughes introduces my subject.

Why don't we pray *more*?

Why do we talk so much *about* prayer and not do more about it?

Why do we spend hundreds of thousands of dollars erecting immense cathedrals and huge temples and then use them so little as places of prayer?

The permanence of any species depends upon the strength of its heart. The dinosaur became extinct because its heart was not adequate to keep pace with the changing world. The wild duck, on the other hand, which flies without pause for a thousand miles, will never become extinct.

The heart of the church is prayer. As the lights go out on the *old-fashioned mid-week prayer meetings*, coronary thrombosis and anemic circulation is threatening the life of the church. The old-time prayer meeting has become as outmoded as the one-hoss shay, I am told. That is true, but when the one-hoss shay went out the need for transportation did not go out with it. It was replaced by the streamlined automobile.

Is there such a thing as a streamlined prayer-meeting? The most perfectly streamlined thing ever created is the cell of the human body. There are 94,000 brain cells, for instance, and every one of them comes into perfectly streamlined activity every time a new idea is born.

Imagine, if you will, 94,000 little prayer cells scattered all over this wide nation, all working in perfect

accord and in perfect harmony (with absolute conviction and positive faith that prayers could be answered)—imagine them all joining in one streamlined prayer, for instance for Russia and the United States, to both repent of their sins and establish world peace. Would it be possible for that prayer to be answered?

The strength of a prayer group depends first of all on the amount of faith of the individual members, *second*, upon the love and harmony within the group.

Prayer itself has an entirely different meaning in the eyes of praying people. One view is that it is a lovely ritual, a beautiful conversation between a man and his heavenly Father, but *nothing* ever happens because one prays. It is descending into the field of magic, or getting lost in the labyrinth of superstition to assume that anyone is *ever* cured by prayer, or that a church's debt was ever reduced by prayer. The other view of prayer is that God actually hears and *answers* prayers, that actual cures *do* take place because someone has prayed, and a church debt actually *is* erased because a congregation asked, sought and knocked at the threshold of God.

The chief purpose of the Camps Farthest Out and the Camps Farthest Out centers springing up in many cities is in the interest of establishing prayer groups all over this country.

Here are some methods that we have tried and found effective:

First, who should form these prayer groups?

1. The most spontaneous and organic selection is where a group of spiritually minded people, whose friendship has been true and tried for years, are drawn together by natural affinity.

2. Another happy arrangement is where three to six married couples who are very fond of each other and who have a sincere interest in the spiritual life come together. This is like turning a bridge club into a prayer club.

3. Another natural and easily arranged type of group is where busy housewives come together with their sewing and one reads or talks while the others ply their needles. A Dorcas Club is merely a sewing society becoming a praying society.

4. Another combination is that of businessmen who wish to share their problems and find the way that Jesus would run their businesses. A luncheon hour is usually the most convenient for active businessmen. I have known of executives of various companies forming in this way a "board of Spiritual Directors" to function in problems of all the diverse businesses represented in the meetings.

5. Another type might be called the neighborhood group. For several weeks each winter neighbors might meet in different homes for a little fellowship and prayer to-

¹"The City of Everywhere," Hugh Price Hughes, July, 1943, *Clear Horizons*.

gether. Such meetings would go far toward making the whole year a happy time for all.

The most effective groups are often very small; sometimes no more than three produce the greatest power. When they grow to the size of twelve, they are usually better subdivided. I have, however, known of very large groups of over fifty, functioning very successfully, but this cannot happen unless the leader is greatly inspired and is versed in some gifts and skills that few people are versed in. It might be said that the smaller the group the less technique is appropriate, and the more pure inspiration can be depended upon; the larger the group the greater the strain upon the leadership and the greater the demands both spiritually and mentally placed upon the leader.

During the minutes while the group is gathering there should be as little idle conversation as possible. The time should be used to relax and what conversation is necessary should be pitched on a quiet, meditative key. When the group has convened the first step to take should be to draw the thoughts of all together and bind their souls and hearts in Oneness so that the hour will be as truly spontaneous and inspired as possible. This can effectively be done by a prayer and a quiet time, followed by reading from some book.

If there is one who has had a profound spiritual experience especially one who carries great quiet spaces in his soul, the group might dispense with the reading from the book and let this one speak for ten or twelve minutes on whatever theme the spirit leads him to speak upon.

Another way is for all to repeat from memory together some Psalm such as Psalm 23 or Psalm 121. Or have them all open their Bibles and read some passage in unison, such as Psalm 91, or Psalm 103, or Psalm 146, or the 14th chapter of John, or the 13th chapter of First Corinthians. Any of the great classical passages from the Psalms, the Proverbs or the New Testament would serve this purpose well. Warn people not to put on the "leading" voice but to read quietly, in a low tone, and fairly slow. Do not let your own voice lead others, but trust to common sense and the rhythm in all God's children. Another way would be to ask the group to open their Bible to a chapter and all read it silently. After absorbing and pondering upon it for a silent period with the Bible still open before them, let each in turn read aloud the verse which seems to him most vital and true, and explain why.

Or one may use the hymnbook as a prayer book. Read one hymn as a prayer with a silence after each stanza. The pianist may play

the chord of the last stanza and all sing, still quietly.

Thus the first quarter or third of the hour should be used to bring the entire group into one place and into one state of consciousness, "that all might be of one mind in Christ Jesus."

The second step should be the bringing in of the individual contributions such as any experience of answered prayer in the past week, any Bible promise that served as a rock of strength, or any discovery that was of value. Then the group could go into a silence again and one by one give over their problems to God. These problems could be mentioned one by one and dropped quietly into the heart of God. As quickly as a sense of peace comes to a group they should pass on to the next problem and then the next. Sometimes a group prefers to give these personal problems in perfect silence without even mentioning them. It is well to close the round of personal prayers by giving to the Lord each member of the group one by one. If anyone stands in special need of prayer let the silence that follows mention of his name continue a little longer.

After the personal prayers are given it is well to mention the larger problems of the world one by one, not from any prepared list, but as they spontaneously come to the mind of members of the group. If anything is omitted it may be that

the need for that problem for that time is not so great. Here are some larger problems to be given over to God: graft in the great cities, capital and labor relations; racial adjustments; liquor problem; unemployment; forgotten men in prisons; the underprivileged; the sick confined in hospitals; the churches; the radio and the press; the government; our international problems; justice and peace for all nations; and finally, a prayer for a great spiritual awakening in the entire world.

The reason why uranium is the essential material out of which atomic energy is released is because uranium possesses a great cohesive quality—the atoms in it are so close together that one cannot be split without hitting another—the chain-reaction thus set up creating the tremendous world-shaking power.

A similar power is created by the small prayer cell. When each member is so closely in tune with every other member, that every thought, every wish, every prayer of one is instantly "agreed with" by all the others the power is tremendous, yes, earth-shaking.

Jesus gave the perfect formula for releasing spiritual atomic energy in his great earth-shaking prescription: "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven." (Matt. 18:19.)

¶ I went away after I saw in his eyes that once again the words of Jesus Christ had filled a need.

How To Master Your Nerves

Dr. Norman Vincent Peale

Minister, Marble Collegiate Church, New York City
Author of "A Guide to Confident Living"

LET me give you some of the most beautiful sentences ever uttered. They fall upon the mind like light and with a benediction in their touch:

"Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." (John 14:27)

A prominent businessman has stored up in his mind great healing words from the Bible and some spiritual thoughts that have helped him. He calls it his "spiritual medicine chest." He draws them out as needed while sitting by the shore of Mobile Bay at a spot he drives to when he's jangled with nerves. He reaches into his mind for example, and brings out: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee." Lovely words from Isaiah.

Thus he meditates for half an hour feeling the quieting touch of God on his nerves, on his mind and on his heart. Then he goes back to his business strengthened and refreshed.

I visited a man recently whose doctor had told me that he was

killing himself with nervous pressure. His office was like a hot live wire of activity. He himself was obviously a tormented man strained beyond any sense. Yet outside his windows I saw fleecy clouds and a sparkling river. Urged by an Invisible Presence I began quoting Scripture passages, slowly reciting, cutting through his talk and smiling until he listened. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee . . . Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid . . . He leadeth me beside the still waters."

A pathetic expression like the look of a small boy came over his face so that you could not help but love him. He looked as though he needed his mother. But even she could not help him fully in this deep crisis. He needed Somebody Else.

I went away after I saw in his eyes that once again the words of Jesus Christ had filled a need.

In spiritual values as well as in other skills you only get proficiency by practice. We must also practice the peace of God. One reason why you are nervous or lacking in control is because for a long time you

have been practicing nervousness and tension, not consciously of course, but actually just the same.

Roger Babson says that he practices breathing in the peace of God and breathing out tension and worry. Try that—six times a minute, deeply and prayerfully, meanwhile conceiving of yourself as taking in God's peace. Let God calm your nerves.

Then there is this final thing. What is it that causes men's nerves to become agitated? It is *not* the confusion of this life. It is the wrong things that men do; it is the guilt they have in their natures. Therefore, in order to have God's peace you may have to quit something—or correct and readjust something.

I talked to a psychiatrist recently about a woman patient who was

stricken with a severe heart attack.

"She'll come out of it all right as soon as she gets things straightened up," he said.

"What do you mean 'straightened up'?" I asked.

"Why, her mind is a mess of lies. She told one lie, then in order to get out of that lie she had to tell another lie, and to cover up for two she had to tell lie number three. Then she couldn't remember what she said and was completely tangled up in lies. She had so many lies in her mind that it just could not hold them, so her heart acted up and she had to go to bed."

I know he's right.

To have calmness, get rid of the impediments in your mind and ask God to transform you by His healing touch.



Thy Way

Gail M. Kurtz

Show me Thy Way
O Lord of Love and Light
Reach out Thy hand
And guide me through the night.

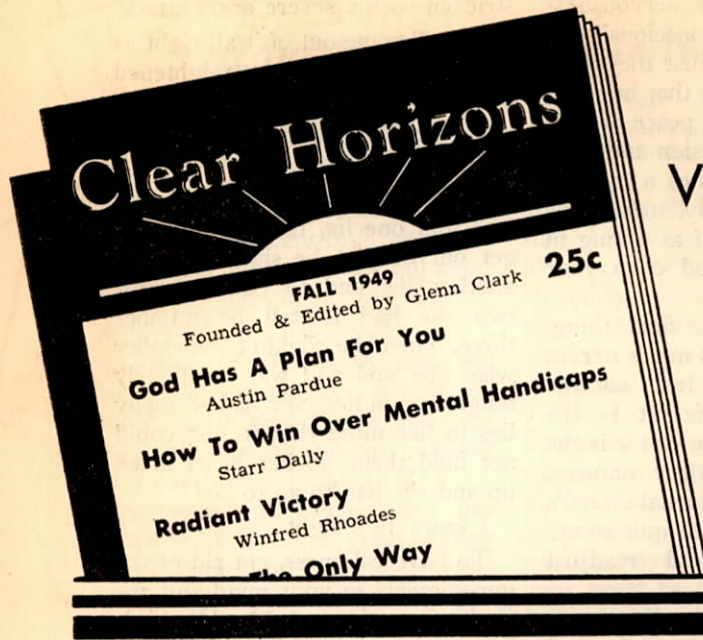
Touch Thou my eyes
As with the morn I wake
That I may better see
Thy way to take.

Speak Thou to me
That I may know Thy will
Strength give, that I
Thy purpose may fulfill.

One certain step
O help me take today
Confident, Lord,
That I am in Thy way.

From *Guideposts*, Pawling, New York, Subscription \$1.50 a year. By permission.

A Christmas Gift Subscription Will



Make
Someone
Very Happy
For A
Whole
Year—

1 yr. subscription
for only \$1.00

CHRISTMAS ORDER FORM

My Name _____ Street _____
Town _____ Zone _____ State _____

I. Send a Christmas Gift Subscription of *Clear Horizons* @ \$1.00 to:

Name _____ Street _____
Town _____ Zone _____ State _____

(A gift card will be sent with your name on it)

II. Christmas Cards (\$1.00 a box):—Send me _____ boxes of No. G8549;
_____ boxes of No. G8649; _____ boxes of No. G8739; _____ boxes
of G8839.

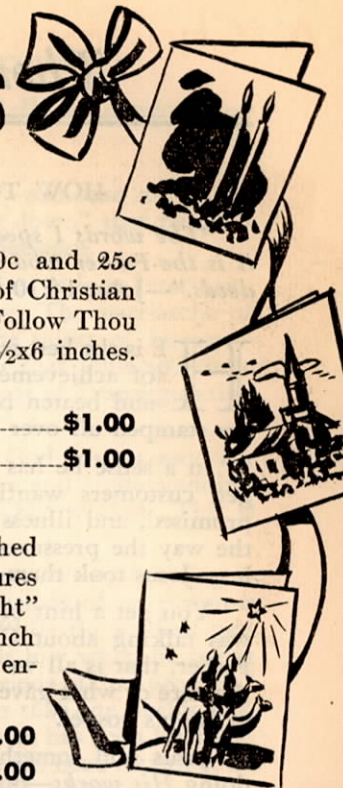
III. Send me the following Bound Volumes of *Clear Horizons* @ \$1.25 (check):

_____ No. 3, _____ No. 4, _____ No. 5, _____ No. 6, _____ No. 7.

I enclose \$ _____ Bill me _____

Clear Horizons — 1571 Grand Avenue, St. Paul 5 — Minnesota

QUALITY CHRISTMAS CARDS



1949 DeLuxe Assortment

21 lovely Christmas folders, each one of 10c and 25c quality. Colorful designs and Christmas themes of Christian friendship and cheer. Sallman's picture of Christ "Follow Thou Me" is a featured six-color insert. Large size—4½x6 inches. Comes boxed with envelopes.

No. G8549 (With Scripture Texts) _____ \$1.00

No. G8649 (Without Scripture) _____ \$1.00

1949 Special Assortment

31 beautifully embossed and expertly lithographed Christmas folders. Each one in full color. Features Sallman's "Boy Christ." Has a greeting "just right" to express your friendly wishes. Ten large 5x5 inch folders; 21 large 4½x6 inch folders. Boxed with envelopes. A \$2.25 value.

No. G8739 (With Scripture Texts) _____ \$1.00

No. G8839 (Without Scripture) _____ \$1.00

**Limited Number of Bound Volumes
of *Clear Horizons* Available**

Bound Volumes 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7 of *Clear Horizons* make wonderful Christmas gifts, and a good addition to your library. Each volume begins with a summer issue and ends with the following spring issue. The supply is limited to 32 copies of Volume 3 (1942-43); 460 copies of Volume 4 (1943-44); 450 copies of Volume 5 (1944-45); 200 copies of Volume 6 (1945-46); and 220 copies of Volume 7 (1946-47). Volume 7 is the last bound volume. Each bound volume is really a 272 page book of spiritual gems. Readers often want back copies. We do not have any. This is your only chance to catch up on the past issues of *Clear Horizons* **\$1.25 per volume**

Thoughts Farthest Out

HOW TO BEAT THE STRAINS OF LIFE

"The words I speak to you all I do not speak of my own accord; it is the Father who remains ever in me, who is performing his own deeds."—John 14:10 (Moffatt).

HE is the best salesman in his firm with all the earnings and sense of achievement that it means, and yet he is a man haunted and beaten by the pressures of life. Nervousness and tension are stamped all over him.

In a sense he has plenty to be worried about with jobs harder to get, customers wanting their work done sooner than it had been promised, and illness at home. But, I could not help thinking about the way the pressures of life had made him prisoner, and then about how Jesus took them all in his stride.

You get a hint of Jesus' secret in a talk he had with Philip. Jesus was talking about God the Father and Philip said, "Let us see the Father, that is all we want." Jesus' answer comes pretty close to being the core of what gave him power. Read it all in the fourteenth chapter of John's gospel.

Jesus said something like this, "Look Philip, God is within me doing *His works*—doing the things that ought to be done wherever I am. In a human world God needs human beings to do His works—He needs human hands, arms, legs, brains to express Himself to human minds. So I let Him do His works through me. Don't you see, I couldn't do it by myself. It would be too big for me. The things I do are so out of the ordinary that you ought to believe God is in me because of the very works. No man could do them alone."

And there is the secret of living without tension. Wherever you are, whatever you are doing, simply say, "Father, My God, do your works through me. I'm human; I don't know all the answers. Many of the things I want likely wouldn't be good for me. You take over. Do your works through my hands, brain, legs, etc."

Now step out on faith and thank God for whatever happens to you knowing that God is overseeing everything, and knowing that He can take the worst messes you get yourself into and make of them something to glorify Himself.

Read: *A Guide To Confident Living*, Norman Vincent Peale (\$2.75).

SPIRITUAL DEPRESSION IS WORTHWHILE

Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.—Matthew 5:4.

"WHY does this have to happen to me?" someone asked not long ago. She was referring to the "let-down" that happens so often after a thrilling religious experience.

No one can be sure about the reasons for it, but it is at least comforting to know that it is a common experience. The patriarchs of ancient Israel, the prophets, the disciples and the saints of history—they all went through it in some form. Remember that Jesus and three intimate disciples had to come down from the Mount of Transfiguration and continue the ordinary tasks of daily living.

The very fact that is so common tells us that God has a reason for letting it come upon us. If God is the God of Love and Understanding we say He is, then there is good reason for it in His wisdom. This is the first and basic article of faith on the subject.

The psychology of learning shows us that the *curve of learning* is a series of spurts upward interrupted by short periods of no progress at all (and even short times of getting worse). While the student gets a thrill out of the spurts of achievement, and feels low when he is not making headway, psychologists tell us that the periods of "no progress" are the more important. It is during these periods that one builds into his being—his mind and body and soul—the skills he has been learning. Without these times of "making his own" what he has been learning, no real progress is possible.

Now look upon your periods of "let-down" as God keeping you from going too far too fast on the emotional merry-go-round. This is the period when you must throw away what is not meant for you, and make part of you what is meant for you. It is training in a step that will lead to a "knowing" beyond the "feeling" stage.

A woman said to me, "I had been to a summer camp and had a wonderful experience. Then the darkness closed in. I became desperately sick. It was a terrible time. But, when I look back on it, if it hadn't been for the camp experience I would never have pulled through. It put steel in my spiritual skeleton."

Even though you don't "feel" right, thank God for this experience. Say, "Father, My God, glorify Thyself in me. I thank You that even now You are leading me and guiding me for my own good. Thank you. Amen."

Read: *The Dark Night of the Soul*, Georgia Harkness (\$1.50).

HAVE YOU ANY BETTER IDEAS?

Then said Jesus unto the twelve, Will ye also go away? Then Simon Peter answered him, Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life.—John 6:67.

IT is the nature of boys and girls to scoff at the firm faith of their parents—a faith that is beyond reason. Youngsters are apt to consider it superstition. That is all right because the fires of life will eventually forge out the faith for them as they get older.

Sadly enough, however, we find men and women so taken up by the mistakes and shortcomings of the church that they never get the heart of the matter. They never grow up. They keep on the sidelines.

It is not a matter of waiting for a perfect church, and that would hardly be possible with everyone having his own idea as to what was perfect. It is a question of what are you going to put in place of the church? . . . of the historic faith?

Jesus had a lot of followers. They liked his healings and they undoubtedly liked a lot of the things he said. But when he said he was the bread that came down from heaven, and that one must eat his flesh and drink his blood, etc., most of the hail-fellow-well-met friends left him. Jesus then turned to the twelve and asked them if they too would leave him.

I doubt if Peter understood all that Jesus had been saying, but there was something about his Lord that did something to Peter; something that was so good he could not possibly think of going back to his old way of life.

I imagine there were some things about Jesus that shocked Peter and rubbed him the wrong way at times, but the overall picture was such that Peter could only ask in amazement, "To whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life."

The next time someone on the sidelines starts on a tirade against the church and all its faults, remember it is the only thing in the world that has kept alive the priceless message of Jesus Christ. Then think to yourself, "To whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life!" Do not stand on the sidelines. Go to church.

Read: *Revive Thy Church Beginning With Me*, Samuel Shoemaker (\$1.50).

Books of Interest

Norman K. Elliott

PRAYERS AND MEDITATIONS, Evelyn Underhill. Longmans Green, \$1.00, 66 pages. This is a small book of six meditations with short prayers ending each. They were written by Miss Underhill for the retreats she led at Pleshey in England. She says that meditation in itself is not prayer but is a technique that leads to prayer and makes prayer have sincerity and depth. In one meditation she takes the story of the Rich Young Ruler and lets her mind wander about the implications of parts of the story. After probing the meaning, she is then more able to offer up her prayer. Some would insist that all communion with God is prayer, but nonetheless these are interesting.

TIME TO SPARE, Douglas V. Steere. Harper, \$2.00, 187 pages. This is an important book in that to the best of my knowledge it is the first book by a large publisher on the purpose, and practice of religious retreats. It is a practical book. The first part tells of the physical setting of retreats, the things to be thought of, what others are doing, and the purpose of holding a retreat. Part II gives excerpts from the religious classics that are especially applicable for retreat readings. In this way you have a full program fully planned for you as an example of what can be done. There is an excellent appendix on "Material for Reading at Meals," one for "Books on Retreat Practice," one on "Literature on Cell Culture," and one on "Addresses of Communities and Movements Mentioned in Section I." There is a growing sense of the need for Protestant Retreats, and I am convinced that this book will play a practical part in the growth and development of that important program.

THE MAN FROM NAZARETH AS HIS CONTEMPORARIES SAW HIM, Harry Emerson Fosdick. Harper, \$3.00, 282 pages. I cannot recall ever having read a book that gave me such a real picture of the 1st century "Man from Nazareth"

as this book has done. It takes no imagination to see that the book is the result of a lifetime of study of primary first century sources, and above this a lifetime of living with the Master. I honestly believe that good and all as Fosdick's earlier books are, this is the one he will be remembered by. You see Jesus through the eyes of the crowds, the scribes and Pharisees, the self-complacent, the religious and moral outcasts, the women and children, the first disciples, the militant nationalists, and the Jews with a world outlook. By showing the people whom Jesus came in touch with, and learning a lot about them, and the political and religious and social and economic trends and conditions of his day, the flesh and blood Jesus of Nazareth comes to life in a thrilling manner. In writing the book Dr. Fosdick strikes a happy tone between scholarship and popularity. You ought to read it.

THE DREAM GATE, Marcus Bach. Bobbs Merrill, \$3.00, 318 pages. It is not very often I read novels, but this one is well worth it. It is the story of a Hutterite colony in North Dakota. The Hutterites came to this country from European persecution. They live in colonies where everything is owned by all—a Christian communism. Outside the colony is "the world" and the world is the evils told of in the Bible—the kingdom of the Devil. Only the Town Man goes through the commune gate to town for necessities once in a while. Sometimes one decides to leave "God's people" and enter the world, and Joshua Volkner was one of them. The story opens with an account of a visit to the colony of Joshua who has since become well-to-do. Most of the story is told through the eyes of Little Mike Neumann. Even though Joshua represents the "world" the youngsters are attracted to him, and the "world" beckons them to think of things beyond the commune gate. As Volkner says, "In every life there is a dream gate through which one ought to go with all his wishes, soon or late, and take the free road where it leads."

The story ends with the colony intact but there is little doubt that it cannot much longer withstand the attraction of "the world," especially in the minds of the young people. The true descriptions of the customs and ideas of the Hutterites make for absorbing reading, and the story of Little Mike is lovable.

LESSONS IN LIVING, *Albert E. Cliffe*. Published by the author, \$2.00, 120 pages. The sub-title is "practical faith in practice." Dr. Cliffe is a chemist. When his clergyman (Episcopal) asked him to take a Bible class he begged off as not prepared. But three years later he was prepared. Starting with about 30 people, it grew to around 1,000 members of all denominations. There are 21 chapters that tell of the "practicality" of the Christian life. He tells of such things as "Spiritual

Healing" (he has had much success with it), "Tithing," "Express Yourself—Express God," "The Church of God," "Visible and Invisible," and "The Technique of Healing." It is a good book that ties to the true source, Jesus Christ, what others are too apt to tie to metaphysics.

THE LOST GOSPEL, Robert E. Luccock. Harper, \$1.75, 183 pages. Jesus used short stories, such as the story of the good Samaritan, to point up his spiritual message in a manner the message could not have achieved alone. Dr. Luccock takes sixteen short stories, from "Johnny Applesseed" by Eleanor Atkinson, to "Where Love Is" by Leo Tolstoy, and uses them to etch a spiritual message in the mind. A novel approach that is very effective.



Faith

R. A. Roessel

There is no rain, without its golden rainbow,
There is no cloud, but has its brighter side,
There is no grief, but finds a glad tomorrow,
There is no ebb, without a waxing tide.

So, though we doubt, let this be proof of Heaven;
That, though the night be dark, so will the dawn
Flame through the skies anew, with glowing splendor,
And, though we weep, our tears will soon be gone.

Let us, then, put aside our care and trouble.
Let us but know that, though tonight we tread
The paths of pain, a better day is coming,
When all our sorrows shall be comforted.

Let us be wholly sure that, though we travel
A road that seems to endlessly ascend,
If we but keep our faith, nor cease our striving,
We'll find contentment at our journey's end.

☐ Then can you rise above the catastrophes that come,
whatever they may be.

Radiant Victory

Winifred Rhoades

"WHAT were your feelings when you found you were going blind?" I asked my cousin Martha when I saw her again for the first time after many years.

"Well, I'll tell you," she said. "One day as I walked up Fourth Avenue I saw two elderly women who had lost their sight. Their clothes didn't fit and were all out of style, they looked messy and dowdy, and I said to myself: 'Oh, have I got to look like those two old women!'—That was one of the first things that came to my mind."

Far from looking messy and dowdy Martha was both neatly and tastefully dressed, her skirt was of the right length for that particular moment of fashion, and my masculine eyes saw nothing to criticize. But she laughed one of her gay little laughs. "Did you or your wife notice that brown button on my dress when you saw me the other day? That morning I found that a button had come off the front of my dress, and I got Mac to thread the needle and then sewed one on to take its place. But I didn't ask Mac to pick out the button, and the one I put on was brown and all the others were white!" Then again the gay little laugh.

Does a dress need to be let down so as to follow the current mode? She lets it down and then hems it, and all her husband does is thread the needle. She is very sensitive about her personal appearance, and it is a special hardship not to be able to go to the store and pick out things for herself, for always she has "those two old women" in mind. "But," she says, "Mac reads fashion books to me, and the mail-order catalogues, and I get along."

During the years when her field of vision was slowly but steadily growing smaller and smaller, and sight was becoming more and more uncertain, she had continued to make shopping trips into the city alone until one day she entered the wrong subway and got lost. "Eventually I found my way home," she said, "but after that Mac put his foot down and said I mustn't go down town alone any more."

Those were hard years. She was only fifty, and she came of a long-lived family. One specialist after another was consulted, and nobody was able to stop the progress of the disorder. "It doesn't make any difference what I do," she said to herself, and discouragement stretched out its claws and tried to hold her in its grip. Then came a day when

the oculist who had final oversight of her disorder said to her: "We've put up a good fight, and we're licked! But you've got to take it, and you've got your braille."

But my cousin Martha had a different idea. "I'm not licked!" she said to herself. "I won't give in!"

And she didn't give in. Another woman whose sight was also going said to her: "Doesn't it make you mad?" "Mad?" said Martha; "what is there to be mad about?" She was resolved to make her spirit victorious. She made up her mind that she would be happy. She would live, too, in as independent a fashion as possible. She knew that the thoughts she encouraged herself to think, and the feelings she permitted herself to indulge, would make a vast difference in all her future, and she would not let herself be shabby in spirit any more than she would let herself be shabby in dress. She accepted her fate, and prepared herself for it. When the winter months were past she would leave the city and go to the little house in the tiny hilltop village where she had been born, and live there alone for six or seven months while her husband remained behind to work at his job. She lugged in wood from the woodshed and cooked over the old wood stove. She familiarized herself anew with every angle of the house: the position of every door, the location

of every table and chair, the whereabouts of the holes and hillocks in the yard, the disposition of knives and forks and dishes on the shelves, of sheets and pillow cases and blankets in the closets, and of everything else that she needed to use. She taught herself new ways of doing things, so that she might be able to live usefully and happily when complete blindness should have come.

Did she get burned when working over the stove? That was part of the adventure of learning to see with hands alone, and with no help from the eyes at all. In course of time a gas range replaced the old wood stove, and finally, when total blindness at last had come, an electric range was installed, and she learned to use those. But you can burn yourself even with gas and electricity. She had burned her forehead the very morning of the day I saw her.

To be self-reliant and happy—that was her compact with herself. She must be self-reliant to the limit if she was to live at all, in any way that might be really called living. And she must be happy both for the sake of other people and for her own soul's sake. Even when her sight had at last entirely gone she continued to spend half the year alone in the old house while her husband earned their living in the city and came up only for week-ends. She cooked her own meals.

"Of course my meals were simple," she says; and then she adds: "The one thing I had to give up was frying. But nobody fries things nowadays anyway!" She did bits of washing for herself. She swept and dusted. Because of the trailing cord a vacuum cleaner proved to be impracticable, but she could use the old-fashioned carpet-sweeper with success, could use the common broom a little, and could even manage dry and wet mops. "But I'm afraid I didn't do such things very well," she says. She certainly didn't do them without danger. Still, one has to be willing to be burned and bumped if one desires to live without hanging upon other people!

My cousin Martha was between the ages of fifty and sixty when she trained herself to independence of this kind, both in her winter apartment in the city and in the old farmhouse when summer arrived. All the while her sight was growing more and more dim and uncertain. Then one day, as she walked down the city street in the winter, she found that she couldn't see anything in the shop windows. "And that *was* something of a shock!" was her only comment as she told the story. Even then she went to live in the country alone when summer came. Then, one morning, she discovered that she couldn't see anything at all in the kitchen. The last pin-point of light was gone. "And that *was* some-

thing serious!" she said. But that was all she had to say about it. Her courageously developed habit of self-reliance stood by her. So did her habit of drollery. "I could always see a joke," she remarked, "and I had a sense of humor, and that was what saved me from despair—and from the lunatic asylum!" And her ready smile appeared as she said the words "lunatic asylum." Not until darkness had been her lot for something like nine years was her husband able to take up life in the little village and live with her all the year round in the old farmhouse of her childhood. Friends old and young would come to see her and no doubt helped in various ways, but nevertheless she lived alone.

The habit of living self-reliantly and gallantly had begun early in life. After some initial experimentings she had begun to practice self-reliance in a really constructive way. She had gone to a professional school and fitted herself for creative work. She had taught in colleges and increased her significance as a worker by post-graduate studies. Before her rather late marriage she had also had some successful business experience. In middle life a bad attack of phlebitis which followed an operation made walking so difficult that for some years she had to use a cane even for getting about in the kitchen. Then began the slow deterioration

of her eyesight until at last, when she was about sixty, complete atrophy of the optic nerve had made her totally blind. But that determination "not to be licked and not to give in," fired her soul, and from that time forward she made her life an increasing victory. Now at the age of eighty-two she does not look within ten years of her age. There is the same old toss of the head when she talks; there is the same old whimsical smile; there are the same old fascinating ways; there is the same old charm of personality. Her eyes are as blue and clear as in the old days, and they turn naturally from this person to that as she addresses one or another.

When she was asked how she had managed to keep her mind active and alert she replied: "I can only say I have always been interested in things and people. While reading was my life, and it was hard to give it up, I have been surprised to find how much of it I can do without and still be happy." She was critical of the radio apart from the news broadcasts and a few musical programs. There were braille magazines on the table, but the intense concentration that the reading of braille demands is very exhausting. A friend used to drop in from time to time to read to her for an hour, "but this is a small place, and our friends pass on or move away, so just at present I feel rather isolated." Mac also used

to read to her, and one winter they took a course in psychology together, "but he, too, has grown old, and his glasses don't fit him, so I seldom ask him now to read aloud." Could she visualize, and get pleasure from memories of what once she had seen? That power was of great value, and by it she could still enjoy the beauty of trees and hills and sunsets. The typewriter, which she had learned to use by "touch," gave her the power of keeping in touch with friends in a personal way, and that was a consolation. She had kept her mind active and vivid, and had a large interest in world affairs.

"Well," I said, "I think you have done wonders with yourself!" But she discounted her achievements: "I haven't done anything unusual. You speak of a victory. I do not know that I have attained any. I have learned a little patience, a little tolerance, I hope. Many things have clarified during these years of darkness. My viewpoint has changed, and I often wonder whether it is the result of my blindness or whether I would have felt the same if I had arrived at eighty-two with all my faculties intact. Of course, being thrown on my own resources, I have had more time to think things out."

One great fact was apparent in all that my cousin Martha said. She had taught herself to live as a soul, and not a mere agglomera-

tion of bone and flesh and blood. She had kept her spirit in touch with the ultimate Spirit of Life. "As I look back," she said, "there has always been a Presence, an Influence, which has protected me. Over and over I have been kept from disaster—sometimes physical, sometimes mental, sometimes moral—but always I have felt this care. I suppose this power is God, and I am eternally grateful for what he has done for me, although I have not deserved such protection."

The religion that gives power for the sturdy living of life is an inward transaction. It is a definite giving of the finite spirit to association with the Infinite Spirit. That is not something extraordinary, which only a specially endowed person can do. It is the practice of an entirely reasonable idea. If God is the infinite ocean of life in which every man lives and moves and has his being, if he is all-enfolding Life and Mind and Spirit, if his Presence is round about us all the while, then can he be experienced in all places, at all times. He whose adventures in life force him to think with all the profundity and honesty of which he is capable finds himself, as life advances, caring less for names and

attempts at definition than in his youth he deemed important. That the human spirit should reach up to lay hold on the Highest that can be conceived of, and then enter into vital relations with that Highest—that is the matter of consequence. Wherever you are you can say: "God is with me; I am with God." It is not necessary to have an accompaniment of feeling. Not feeling, but fact, is what matters.

If the power to live valiantly is contingent upon good health and worldly security it is no power at all. Take God into your consciousness in the great way. Make it your habit to think of God as desiring a great fulfillment of life for you. Invite unceasingly into yourself what Saint Paul, in one of his superb outbursts, speaks of as "all the fullness of God." Realize that you are surrounded by the sustaining life, the invigorating energy, the directive mind, the enfolding Presence, the empowering Spirit, of the Infinite and Eternal. Do these things and you add to your struggling Selfhood a great *plus* of power for the sturdy living of life. Then can you rise above the catastrophes that come, whatever they may be.



Behold, each wish that you wish in Love, is a flower before my feet.—*W. S. Shaw*

☐ The prayer tower is now a Trust, and approved by Uncle Sam.

Uncle Sam Approves Prayer Tower

AS more and more people all over the world were helped by the prayer tower, the question asked time and again was, "If I give something to the prayer tower, may I deduct it in figuring my income tax?"

Those who started the prayer tower had no idea of it ever becoming an "organization," but growth made that necessary. The United Prayer Tower is now a trust, and the trustees are Glenn Clark, Ethel Dow, Norman Elliott and Alma Fisher.

After filling out a lot of forms, and undoubtedly being investigated, the office of the U. S. Commissioner of Internal Revenue gave its approval and effective January 1, 1949, all contributions to the prayer tower "are deductible by the donors in arriving at their taxable net income, etc."

The letter also states, "Bequests, legacies, devises or transfers, to or for the use of the trust are deductible in arriving at the value of the net estate of a decedent for estate

tax purposes, etc."

The purpose of the prayer tower is "to organize, supervise, and aid in every way possible the formation of groups of praying people into 'prayer cells' or 'prayer groups'; to aid and stimulate individuals to seek the aid of prayer for the complete fulfillment of their lives; and to print, manufacture and distribute any materials which may aid individuals and groups to more effectively pray and to publicize and advertise in any manner deemed appropriate the efficacy of prayer."

To insure that the trust keeps true to its purpose it is stated, "No part of the income shall inure to the benefit of any private shareholder, trustee, or other individual, but all of the net profits shall be devoted exclusively to the purpose specified in the trust indenture."

If at any time the prayer tower should cease to exist, then all profits must be given to a government approved charitable or educational organization.



The steps we leave behind us on our upward way become a beautiful cascade for the Waters of Life once *we* have tapped their Source.

—Frances Brewer

☐ Thousands of Christian men have demonstrated the practical value of a close alliance with God.

Christ the Only Way

Grenville Kleiser

MANY persons are today asking, "How am I to make the surrender to Christ?" Turning to the Bible they have been profoundly impressed by these words of the Master, "I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by me."

First, there must be a definite conviction regarding Christ. The question of the ages is, "What think ye of Christ?" Upon your answer depends your acceptance of the Son of God as your personal Redeemer.

Dr. Robert S. MacArthur once said, "There are those who think of Christ as a dreamy, sentimental, and poetic character. They are charmed by the commendable characteristics of His remarkable life. They refer to Him in terms of soothing speech and of dreamy affection."

But how can we account for the perfection of Christ's humanity if we do not acknowledge the reality of His divinity?

Jesus Christ is in the noblest and most perfect sense the realized ideal of humanity.

Dr. Simon Blocker, in his en-

lightening book *When Christ Takes Over*, gives these assuring words:

"Man's highest happiness and constructive attainments are sphered in the will of God. All one has to do to get started on a career of genuine well-doing and well-being is to let Christ take over, to do as He says, to live by every word that came out of His mouth and to ground life on that incarnate Word which was constituted by the eternal Christ's assumption of human nature and those saving deeds which give the world Redeemer and redemption."

Every thinking man and especially the Christian knows how the intrusiveness of self often impairs his desire to surrender completely to Christ. But when one does make the complete surrender, he is to be judged for his sincerity and earnestness by his subsequent decisions.

He will often stop, possibly many times a day, when confronted by a difficult problem, and ask, "What would Christ do?" And his response to the answer will determine his degree of spiritual loyalty and understanding.

Immortal Tennyson wrote:
*"Strong Son of God, immortal
 love,
 Whom we, that have not seen
 Thy face,
 By faith, and faith alone, em-
 brace,
 Believing where we can not
 prove.*

*"Thou seemest human and di-
 vine,
 The highest, holiest manhood
 Thou;
 Our wills are ours, we know not
 how,
 Our wills are ours to make
 them Thine."*

What should a man chiefly seek in his progress through life, to sustain him under trials and enable him to face his difficulties with faith and courage?

Gladstone, great and noble statesman, gives the answer;

"The older I grow, the more con-

firmed I am in the belief that Jesus Christ is the only hope of humanity."

When a man has a clear and vital realization of his eternal alliance with God, his daily life will be filled with uplifted thought, earnest work, and high ideals. He will carry with him an indescribable sense of confidence and happiness, and an unwavering faith equal to every opportunity, emergency, and obligation.

The privilege of knowing God, of sharing in his love and truth, of communing with him anywhere at any time, belongs to every man. Hence it is that every man chooses for himself whether or not he will take God into intimate partnership in his daily thoughts and affairs.

Thousands of Christian men have demonstrated the practical value of a close alliance with God, and of looking solely to him for guidance and wisdom.



How to Solve a Problem

George V. McCausland

1. Decide what you want _____ (from Starr Daily)
2. Decide why you want it _____ (from Starr Daily)
3. Pray for the best God has for you and be willing to give up your plan for His plan _____ (from Rufus Mosely)
4. Don't be surprised if God tests you to see if you mean business _____ (from Starr Daily)
5. Spend the rest of your life showing your gratitude to God for His goodness to you _____ (from Rollin Walker)

☐ A sketch of Moody—a layman filled with the love of Christ.

Prince of Evangelists—Dwight L. Moody

Bennie Bengtson

ONE of the great religious leaders of the nineteenth century was Dwight L. Moody. When he went to Great Britain in 1873 he told his famous co-worker, Sankey: "I am going to England to win ten thousand souls to Christ." When they left two years later Sankey estimated that ten times that number—100,000—would be nearer correct.

Yet Moody was not an ordained minister, was without any "Rev." to his name, did not have a college education, did not possess a diploma from any theological school. He did have a tremendous zeal as a Christian worker and as an evangelist, and a notable talent for organizing campaigns on a large scale. His intimate knowledge of the Bible and his ability to make its truths plain to people in all walks of life, and his genius for selecting able co-workers also had much to do with the success of his work.

Dwight L. Moody was born at Northfield, Massachusetts, in 1837. Though the greater part of his work was done in Chicago, he returned to live in Northfield, and died there on December 22, 1899. When he was only four his father died leaving the mother to bring up the large family alone.

When he was seventeen Dwight

got a job in his uncle's shoe store in Boston. The uncle, Samuel Holton, a brother of Mrs. Moody, gave his nephew work on the condition he would promise to attend church and Sunday School regularly, and "not to go anywhere at night or any other time which you wouldn't want me or your mother to know about." Up to this time Dwight had shown but little interest in school or books, preferring to work on the farm. He was a high-spirited lad, impatient of discipline, and inclined to be headstrong.

Through his Sunday School teacher he was converted and soon after applied for membership in the church, the Mount Vernon Congregational Church. When he attempted to take part in Sunday School work, however, his lack of schooling handicapped him, and he was often unable to express himself so that anyone could understand him. Even his teacher thought he was "unlikely to become a Christian of clear and decided views of Gospel truth, still less to fill any extended sphere of public usefulness."

In 1856 he went to Chicago where he worked as a shoe salesman. There he joined the Plymouth Congregational Church and rented

four pews which he kept filled with young men and boys he brought in from the streets. He wished to teach a class in the Sunday School but was told there was no opening. Undaunted, young Moody gathered up half a dozen street urchins, marched them down to the lakeshore, and there taught them from his Bible.

Once more Moody requested permission to teach in the Sunday School, where no one knew of the class that met on the beach. He was again told there was no vacancy, but that if he wished to start a new class of his own he could do so. The following Sunday he led his eighteen ragged boys into the church, a little to the consternation of some of the members.

A little later he started a mission school for underprivileged boys in a vacant tavern in North Chicago. Before very long the school had outgrown its quarters, but in the meantime its founder had made the acquaintance of a man who was to be of much aid to him in his later work—John V. Farwell. Farwell now supplied a hall, benches and equipment, and also became superintendent of the new school. It is said that Abraham Lincoln once visited the hall. "If you listen to what is taught you here," Lincoln told the boys, "and obey the teachings, you will become good men. One of you may become President of the United

States."

By 1860 there were one thousand students and Moody gave up his work as a shoe salesman to devote his full time to religious work. He became a city missionary and in 1862 married Emma C. Revell, one of the teachers in his mission school. He was now becoming a forceful speaker and his preaching was attracting attention throughout Chicago. A church was built for him at Illinois Street, and Farwell Hall was dedicated for his use. He spoke at the church during Sunday morning services and at Farwell Hall on Sunday evenings.

For a time during the Civil War he did war work, serving as a sort of chaplain-at-large to the Union armies. He worked in the hospitals, nursing and preaching, and was at the battles of Shiloh, Pittsburg Landing, Murfreesboro, and also at Richmond at the close of the war.

It was at a YMCA convention at Indianapolis in 1870 that Moody met Ira D. Sankey, who became the other half of the Gospel team that during the next two decades gained worldwide fame. Sankey had been asked to lead the singing at a meeting at which Moody spoke. After the service Moody told him: "You are just the man I have been looking for for a long time. I want you to come with me. You can do the singing and I'll do the talking."

Sankey held a Government position at the time which paid a good

salary. He had a wife and child to support, so he was undecided what to do. He spent a week working with Moody, then resigned his job with the Internal Revenue Service.

In 1871 came the great fire that destroyed so much of Chicago. Moody's church and Farwell Hall both burned. Going to New York, Philadelphia, and Washington, Moody raised the money needed to rebuild. While the new church was being erected Moody and Sankey visited Great Britain.

It was while they were having meetings in Scotland that Sankey found the hymn which will be associated with his name throughout all time—"The Ninety and Nine." He saw it in the corner of a newspaper, printed as a poem, the words appealed to him and he set them to music and sang them.

Returning from England, Moody and Sankey conducted revival campaigns in many parts of the United States. The one in Philadelphia, during the winter of 1875-76 was especially successful. John Wanamaker, the well-known merchant, had just bought the old Pennsylvania Railroad freight depot, and he made this huge building available to Moody. It was fitted up to seat some thirteen thousand persons, and so great was the interest in the meetings that even this immense building was filled three times a day every day of the week. At the close of this cam-

paign a collection was lifted for the purpose of paying off the debt on the YMCA building in Philadelphia. It amounted to \$125,000, twenty-five thousand dollars being contributed by Wanamaker.

A great many people were converted, and churches throughout the Philadelphia area experienced a large increase in membership. President Grant came over from Washington and attended one service. Two hundred ushers were required to seat people and handle the crowds at each meeting.

Though most of his time was occupied with preaching Moody found time to write several books, and many of his sermons were compiled and issued as books and pamphlets. In collaboration with Sankey and P. P. Bliss he published "Gospel Hymns and Sacred Songs," containing the "Moody and Sankey tunes." It was tremendously popular, selling an estimated twenty million copies, and earning well over a million dollars in royalties. Moody used all of this money for Christian work, much of it going to the Chicago Avenue Church and the Moody Bible Institute, which he established in 1889.

My mother, then a young girl, heard Moody speak at Farwell Hall in 1884, and again in the early nineties. She remembers him as a large heavy man with a full beard which at that time was well sprinkled with gray. His voice was

clear and resonant, and carried to all parts of the large auditorium. She recalls one incident distinctly. Hymn sheets had been distributed throughout the building. Just before he began speaking he asked the audience to stand up. "Will everyone," he then asked, "who has a hymn sheet hold it up?" The flimsy sheets rose into the air with a great rustling. "Now place them on your seats and sit down on them," he instructed. The crowd did, and after this precaution against noise, Moody began his sermon.

He was not the polished orator with flawless rhetoric and flowing phrases. He used simple words and short sentences—his appeal was direct and homely. He employed frequent anecdotes to illustrate his points, and he told them well. Unlike many other revivalists of his time he did not attempt to frighten sinners into repentance by holding forth on eternal punishment in lurid terms. His emphasis was on the love that God had for man, and on His great goodness and mercy.

Moody's favorite text may be found in the 91st Psalm, the 14th

and 15th verses: "Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him: I will set him on high, because he hath known my name. He shall call upon me, and I will answer him: I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him and honor him." He used it over and over again, applying and illustrating it in many different ways. His favorite hymns were "The Ninety and Nine," and "When the Mists Have Cleared Away."

He often told young people to apply the maxim "Be good and you will be happy" to their lives. It was his own and he lived up to it. In 1893 he gave this advice to the people of Chicago—it is equally pertinent today and to people everywhere. "First of all, seek the kingdom of God and His righteousness; believe in His promise, which I have never known to fail, that all things will be added unto them; second, to pray to God for work; third, to be as patient as possible during times of hardship; fourth, to look earnestly for work; fifth, take any honest employment that offers itself; sixth, study economy."



There is nothing that so satisfies the heart of man, nothing that so kills the roots of evil in our nature, that so renews and perfects all our virtues, that fills us with so much love, goodness and good wishes to every creature, as this faith that God is always present in us with His Light and His Holy Spirit.—*William Law.*

☐ "We have already done too much unless we do a great deal more."

Wanted: Writers to Make Goodness Interesting

Frank C. Laubach

ONE of our greatest needs across the world is for writers *who can make goodness interesting!*

I am afraid that the fast moving wave of literacy is being followed by more harmful and even dangerous literature than the little trickle of good literature which we are preparing. The devil has captured the newsstands, and the pulp paper magazine and book racks, which greet the new literate's eyes all over the world. As Dr. John R. Mott once said: "We have already done too much unless we do a great deal more."

There are good books which are away above the heads of new literates. There are children's books which are simple enough for adult new literates, but they do not want to read children's books. And there are some other books, but as a rule they are stupid and uninteresting. They do not hold the attention of an adult illiterate.

We need Christ-centered writers to make goodness as fascinating as Nick Carter—as daring as the most exciting murder mystery—as irresistible as our best comic strips!

For a long while, the World Literacy committee has been wres-

tling with that problem. Now we believe we must bring it back to America—that in *this country* we must find people with talent in writing, who know how to say things sharply and irresistibly and fascinatingly.

We must train these talented people in the finest techniques of modern journalism. And we must send them when trained, all over the planet in search of talented natives whom they in turn will train to write in their own languages, more fascinatingly than the devil can write.

Then we must get these fascinating articles printed in newspapers, books, magazines—with attractive pictures—and then sold and read, by the millions who are learning to read.

If we do this, literacy will be a blessing. If, on the other hand, a *river* of evil reading matter and only a small *trickle* of good reading matter flows in behind literacy, then our campaign will not be a blessing to mankind, but a curse.

There is no use saying, "Why don't you stop literacy?" For nothing can stop it now! Every illiterate is determined and every nation is

determined. With our power has come our responsibility. The world waits on us for good literature. We must choose what they will read.

We are having no trouble in finding hundreds of young men and women who are willing to be trained and to go out and teach the world. And we are finding hundreds of others who have talent in writing and who are willing to write and to go across the world to help.

But to both groups we have to say: "Thus far we do not have the resources with which to train you and send you, and to get the books printed." And yet there is plenty of money in the United States, and there are plenty of big hearts in the United States. The trouble is, the people do not *know!*

The question that we wish every *Clear Horizons* reader would help us answer is: How to get these facts sharply and irresistibly in the minds of the people in the United States?—and how to get them there soon enough!

There is a wide open door to 3/5 of the human race if we will only teach them to read! They wait

for us pathetically. The nations invite us to come and teach and write.

And it is as easy to win a man for Christ as it is to teach him to read. For in those first few days and weeks he believes everything he is told, and he memorizes everything he reads. And when he asks you, "Why are you willing to teach me?" you can tell him of the wondrous love of Jesus—"I learned it from Jesus."

So in many respects this coming half century is the most wonderful opportunity in the history of the world to plant right ideas in the minds of half the human race.

But this wide open door will last only 40 to 50 years. Literacy is on the march. Every illiterate nation and people are determined to learn. It is too late to stop it now! The only question we must decide is: Shall we teach them, or shall they learn from other sources, without Jesus?

What kind of world do we want? The answer is up to us.

Tell people about this—write people about it! We will send you literature if you want it.



Pass the day before God in review:

- Has the day been lived with joyous enthusiasm?
- Have I been kind and generous and true?
- Have I sinned against or with someone?
- Have I neglected a God-sent opportunity for service?

—Harold Chance.

☞ The New Testament has a word for the Holy Spirit which has great significance and value for us.

What About the Holy Spirit?

Malcolm S. Taylor

WE may not be as ignorant regarding the Holy Spirit as were those of the first century who said to St. Paul, "We have never even heard that there is a Holy Spirit"; but the difference is only in degree, isn't it! We almost never speak of Him and very few of us, so far as I have been able to discover, consciously take Him into partnership in our daily living by addressing prayers to Him. We pray to God the Father, yes; and to God the Son; but seldom if ever to God the Holy Spirit. We do not even think of Him as a Person, calling Him "It."

Yet Christ invariably referred to Him as a Person, as did the leaders of the Church of the first century and of all later centuries, including our own. To the Apostles God the Holy Spirit was so vividly real and immanent that they could say, "It seemed good to the Holy Spirit and to us," and "the Holy Spirit said." To them the Holy Spirit was the personal, living Divine Bond connecting them with the Father and His Son their Lord and so keeping them, in mind, heart and will, in constant contact with God. Their unequalled and miraculous success in establishing the Christian Church was due indeed to their utter devotion to God in

Christ; but the practical focussing point of this devotion was their sense of the reality of God the Holy Spirit as the living link between their ascended Lord and themselves. On Him they depended literally and constantly for their contact and union with the God-head.

This was exactly what Christ had commanded them to do. Just before His Ascension He had promised that the Holy Spirit would come to them, as He did most vividly in a mighty wind and tongues of flame at Pentecost. God the Holy Spirit had been the bond of union between Christ and His Apostles while He was visibly present with them. Now, with their Lord no longer available in bodily presence, they were to look consciously and directly to the Holy Spirit for the leadership, direction and control which Jesus had been giving them face to face.

Which brings us to our question: what about the Holy Spirit—for us today? The answer is clear. God being the same yesterday, today and forever and the Holy Spirit being God, His particular activity or mode of expression, as distinct from that of God the Father and that of God the Son, is today exactly what it has always

been: He is the connecting link between God and man. It is through Him that all God's gifts come to us; directly in the case of our spiritual blessings, such as love (Divine and human), peace and power of mind, heart and will; indirectly in the case of our material blessings, such as our food, the chemistry and functioning of our bodies and all the *things* that enrich our lives. In the final analysis, all good things come from God and they come to us through the Holy Spirit. We might well call Him "the Uniter."

When we apply this truth about the distinctive work of God the Holy Spirit to different aspects of our lives the force of its implications is very impressive. The more thoughtfully and critically we test this idea of the Holy Spirit as the Uniter the more we see the great practical value of it. At last we begin to use it, as God wants us to do, in our private, family and social living.

For instance, we all have inner conflicts, since life is a warfare having many battles. More than half a million of our citizens are in mental hospitals today chiefly because of these inner conflicts. The Christian believer in the presence and power of the Holy Spirit is sure that if these poor sufferers had, in the large majority of cases, been able to put and hold themselves completely at His disposal

He would have resolved these conflicts for them by connecting them with the harmonizing power of God. As the Divine Uniter He would have integrated the forces of their respective personalities and given them strength to hold these forces steadily fixed on attaining the peace which God wants all His children to enjoy. Many prodigal sons and daughters, having gone into a far country of mental illness, have been mysteriously moved to come to themselves and rise and return to their Heavenly Father. Really, the moving cause was not mysterious at all. In every case it was just one more beautiful instance of the Holy Spirit resolving the inner conflicts of God's children and reuniting them with their loving Father coming to meet them.

For us who are not mental patients but who have our times of depression, ill-temper, conflict of motives, feelings of insecurity or futility, anxieties and worries one course is clearly indicated: we should begin at once to put ourselves and all our interests at the disposal of the Holy Spirit, co-operating with Him by habitually addressing some of our prayers to Him in order that He may draw us more and more nearly into actual union with God's loving omnipotence.

Or, going beyond our private inner lives, we see the Holy Spirit

at work in friendship. Its quality ranges all the way from a slight, pleasant association with someone to that communion of love which Christ spoke of when He said, "Greater love hath no man than this: that a man lay down his life for his friends." And which He later exemplified by giving His life for us whom He called His friends.

The connection between the Holy Spirit and love at its best,—the sacrificial love here spoken of by our Lord,—is so real and close that the two are identical. Great teachers of the past such as Augustine and Thomas Aquinas insist that the Holy Spirit *is* love; Nicolas of Cusa called Him "the Love-Bond" and in our day the late William Temple, Archbishop of Canterbury, said, "The love wherewith man loves his brother *is the Holy Ghost* at work in his heart."

Speaking of the Holy Spirit as love leads us to consider His part in the love of husband and wife. When this relationship is truly Christian it is the nearest thing to perfect love that can be found in purely human relations. For if it is truly Christian it is a One-Life-Together-for-God, made such by God the Holy Spirit "the Love-Bond." The two lives are fused into a true union by Him. Even the union of their bodies is exalted above the animal plane, ennobled and made a sacred sign of the pres-

ence and power in human life of the Holy Spirit the Uniter, who is Love. A rule for a happy married life, sure and never-failing if consistently kept through the years, calls for definite, daily dependence upon the Holy Spirit. The husband and wife who begin each day by praying, "Use us, Lord, now, for Thy glory and may Thy Holy Spirit control and strengthen us," will find their marriage craft passing safely through the rocky shallows and holding triumphantly to the true channels, no matter how tortuous.

That which is true of the Holy Spirit's activity as the bond of union of husband and wife is just as convincingly true in the relations of parents and children and in the mutual relations of all the members of a family. Personality clashes are inevitable; but a family trained to cooperate with God the Holy Spirit will always find the faithful following of His leadership sufficient for restoring harmony.

The integrating work of the Holy Spirit is equally visible in the larger family,—the community. Every fraternal organization, service club and Community Chest find that in union there is strength, strength which is a spiritual quality, the direct gift of God the Holy Spirit for the furthering of the organization's good purposes. This is true of a Church above all

other groups, for the Church has well been called "the home of the Holy Spirit." Ideally, it is an organism animated by the Holy Spirit. In its earliest days it was called the "koinonia," the "fellowship," made such by the coordinating power of the Holy Spirit.

In the matter of our national Government, what a wonderful step forward it would be if all its members who profess a Christian's belief in God the Holy Spirit, would make a consistent, continuing effort to let Him control them! He stands ready to inspire, incite, and restrain the leaders of our civil government as He so evidently did those governing the infant Christian Church. All that is lacking is their will to cooperate and even that He is waiting to give them if they keep asking Him for it.

Finally, it is on a world scale, in the family of nations, that the functioning of the Holy Spirit, the uniting of the souls of men with

one another and with God for the hastening of His Kingdom, is most conspicuously indicated. Of course forces are at work to defeat His efforts; but every move to strengthen the United Nations, every generous act by any nation towards another nation, every international pact or treaty designed to bind nation to nation for the good of each and all, such as the North Atlantic Treaty, is a glorious manifestation of the activity of God, the Holy Spirit, in our life today.

The New Testament has a word for the Holy Spirit which has great significance and value for us. In the Greek it refers to Him as "paraclete," "one called to the side of." If more and more of us would begin now to pray to Him, calling Him to be near us to bind us closer to one another and to God's will for this His world and really working with the Holy Spirit as the Uniter, what a peaceful, happy, blessed world it would begin to be!



How then, can we pursue happiness and find it? Not in looking for happiness, but in looking for places of helpfulness. Not by protecting ourselves, but by throwing ourselves into noble causes. Not by pretending, but by showing a genuine concern for others, by forgiving others, even those who have no notion of forgiving us. Not by asking "What's in it for me?" but by asking "What can I do to help?" Not in waiting for people to understand us, but in understanding them. Not by waiting for people to overlook our faults but by overlooking theirs, even as Christ overlooks ours.

"For whosoever will save his life shall lose it, and whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it."

—D. B. Watermulder in *The Councillor*.

It Is Tough to Be a Protestant

V. M. Huggett

FRANK Laubach said in a recent meeting, "Some persons are too good toward God and not good enough toward man. He challenges us to open more channels. The greatest piety is done in deeds."

Last Sunday our pastor gave the most challenging sermon I have heard. He spoke to us as though he were the voice of a Protestant Displaced Person waiting in a camp in Europe—hoping, praying and saying, "It's tough to be a Protestant. The Catholics have accepted 33% of us to aid and help, the Jewish, 34%, but the Protestants, less than 10%."

After the sermon the board of this church decided to adopt three families instead of one, as the churches are asked to do. At the close of the service, one man came forward to say, "I have a home for one family." The offers began to come in.

One member, an ex-GI, went to the minister in private and said, "I do not want my name known to a single person beyond yourself. I was in Europe. I know the hell of the Displaced Persons. I have a

good job and have saved \$3,000. Take this money and bring over five more families, for I am grateful for my blessings."

This is the spirit that Frank Laubach meant when he said, "One hand lifted to God, the other to man."

Our government officials have informed us that the Displaced Persons will make the finest of citizens. They have been thoroughly screened by government authorities, such as the Federal Bureau of Investigation (30 operations). They have been checked for health, loyalty to the democratic way of life, their ability to earn and support themselves. They have the finest qualifications for becoming a part of our way of life. They have no country because they have the fortitude to stand up for what they believe to be right. They have burned with the fire of oppression, suffered hunger, longed for a normal life—a home in a land where they can become a part of an active community in their service toward God and man.

It's tough to be a Protestant. What are you doing about it?

Ed. note: For further information about Displaced Persons and what you can do, write for the booklet, "You Wanted to Know," Church World Service, 214 E. 21st Street, New York 10, New York.

On Prayer Groups

from your
Prayer Counselor

*"As the hart panteth after the water
brooks,
so panteth my Soul after
Thee O God."*

This was said long ago, but as a group interested in Prayer we are finding that this great need, this great cry to God, is even more vital today.

Let us take a sweeping glance at only a few of the vital things that are happening.

Louise Eggelston, author of the two little books recently published, "Christ Heals Today" and "My Prayer Experience," attended the Oklahoma City Retreat and reported that she "had never seen anything like the way Oklahoma City opened to receive God."

This was a real army of invasion.

* * *

From Texas comes a sheet called "Good News." The thrilling news was that in one of the towns they had an all-church Prayer Group. Their purpose being to reach as many people as possible in all the churches in town. They hoped to stimulate and encourage private and group praying. The effort began in the hearts of several women in different denominational groups. The women started out with a week's study on Prayer with Alta Starnes as discussion leader.

This is truly a pioneer venture.

* * *

After the Wisconsin Council of Church Women met last May, "Billy" Quimby and Rachel Olson felt that there

was a need for a Pattern for a Prayer Group—that it should be a natural consequence of the morning that was devoted to the importance of Prayer in our Church Groups. Women from every Church represented at the Conference were called and asked if they would like to know a little about how to start and carry on a Prayer Group. After these two women explained how much a Group meant to them, they discussed all the ways a Group could be started, discussing the idea that "the greatest response came by getting people together each of whom had a great need. The possibility that each might bring something to share, how to keep their sights on Community and World problems and the value of praying over the most insignificant and intimate things in a little intimate group."

And they prayed together. Jesus took the initiative and shared His experiences. He recognized those who were seeking spiritual help and He loved and healed all who reached out to Him.

* * *

From the Friends in Massachusetts this message comes, "We sit in silence for a while and then each one tells what has helped them most. Each week we take turns as the leader and after the helpful thoughts are given we settle into silence again during which many prayers are offered. We feel the liberty of the Spirit." One woman told Agnes Harrison, "That is the first time I have prayed in public for a long time but this was without preparation and right from my heart." And this is how it all started.

This is your department. Will you share your experience with us? Write

ETHEL DOW

3124 W. Calhoun Blvd., Minneapolis, Minn.

or

Macalester Park Publishing Co., 1571 Grand Ave., St. Paul 5, Minn.

A member of a Congregational Church came to a Friend in the Quaker Church asking her why she did not start a Prayer Group, then a member of a Presbyterian Church and another Friend wanted to join with them and so the four met together. Now there are twelve and they look forward eagerly to each Thursday.

* * *

A letter from Louisiana says, "How glad I am that *Clear Horizons* has established the Prayer Counselor, so many things need answering all along." Ruby Cochran adds, "We have met twice, fifteen strong, since a Camp Farthest Out and we will meet regularly for we must hold to the Oneness achieved at Camp."

You might be interested to know some of the needs of those in prayer groups and how your prayer and interest are helping to solve them.

Here are some of the requests:

A church is at a low point and wants Prayer support. Is it yours? A Mother needs Spiritual help with her young family. Your love is there? Who can I pray with and who for? How do you start a group? Do you study the Bible or some devotional book? Do you try to meet a need? Do you confess one to the other? "We find that when people tell of their experiences they rather lower than lift the consciousness of the group." How do you pray for a vision of Peace for the World? Teach me to Pray. Should Prayer be a Meditation or a Silence? What is silent Prayer? I go to sleep. I know I have always told God what to do. How do you listen? How do you train yourself to an active listening silence?

We must all go to school and learn. Is there a better place to learn this great lesson of Love and helpfulness than in your own Prayer Group? If we can learn it, as Marguerite Harmon Bro suggests by the title of her book, we might become "more than we are."

The silent army that shall conquer the World. Glenn Clark writes about them in his little book, "The Lord's Prayer."

He has named them the "Fanner Bees." Some of the Groups with the greatest Power have started by a bedside. Some of the most timid souls have found a Prayer Partner behind a closed door. One of the deepest desires that seemed to emerge out of the Prayer Groups at the Camps Farthest Out this Summer was to go back home and find a Prayer Partner and find "that quietness which is All."

* * *

Our Mission Farthest Out.

Two young Prayer Partners from the Minneapolis-St. Paul area went on a Mission to Europe and England this Summer. They were truly our Ambassadors. They were Miles and Virginia Sanford Clark. Here is a letter from Virginia I would like to share:

"People everywhere throughout Europe and England want to feel united with the Praying and believing people of the United States. We have a deep and basic obligation and responsibility to them and ourselves in stretching one hand to God and the other across the sea, in our prayers and in our living faith. The Christians of these nations look forward with longing in their hearts, all for Peace, many anxious for harmony with other Nations, but always there is that great need of lifting the sorrow and sometimes despairing burdens from their Countrymen who have suffered so much from the last War. The answer for them is not simple and their wistful questions are deep and soul searching. Here almost all the active prayer life is centered in the Church. We found Prayer life in England and on the Continent quite different from America in its expression and strength. In England there is a great wave of Evangelism, as known to America through the teaching of Brian Green, Norman Grubb, Dr. Martin Lloyd Jones and others. Personal conversion to Christ is the emphasis in the Church of England from what we could gather. While at Lee Abbey we were deeply moved by the messages of Church of England leaders, Leslie Sutton and Roger de Pemberton, who believe so strongly in the rockbottom necessity of placing one's whole faith and trust in Jesus Christ. There is much activity in the Churches of England and also a strong growth of Prayer Groups. A young pre-Theological student gave us an excellent example in the description of a Prayer team begun by his Mother and himself. He said his Mother felt the need of a Prayer Group

in their home and wanted to have two or three meetings and see what resulted. They called it a team because it had a fresh sound. They didn't like the 'tea and cakes' sort of thing but found that such a social fifteen minutes was a good way to start while waiting for any latecomers to arrive. They gathered more interesting acquaintances as they progressed. Opening the meeting with prayer they followed it with a twenty minute talk by an outside speaker, a short discussion period and sharing of ideas with prayers for the team, the country and the World. One Theological student from Bristol University described his Prayer Group which meets for prayer and medita-

tion one evening a week at five o'clock. Lee Abbey itself provides a wonderful stimulus and inspiration for people of all ages and walks of life, who come there for two week periods 'holidays' to relax and renew in an atmosphere similar to the Camps Farthest Out. The leaders of the Abbey meet with those of the visiting conferences every morning after breakfast for a half hour that is dedicated to God and filled with the power of Christ's Presence."

O World
How beautiful thou art
O God
Help me to do my part
Thy World to win



Goals

Charles Britt

What though through darkening night,
Or over storm-vexed sea,
Journeys this soul of mine?
It moves, O Lord, to Thee.

It moves, O Lord, to Thee;
Thou art its only goal.
In joy or sorrow's thrall
It finds in Thee its all.

It finds in Thee its all;
In Thee its perfect peace;
Finds, in Thy Presence, rest,
And joys that never cease.

Finds joys that never cease,
Knows love that changeth not!
Knows thus it e'er shall be
Through Thine eternity.

NEWS OF OUR EDITORS

FRANK LAUBACH

On September 11, Dr. Laubach flew to England where he is touring Great Britain for a month under the auspices of the Conference of British Societies of Great Britain and Ireland. On returning he begins a tour on October 14 through the East and Midwest with Mrs. Laubach and Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Shrader, speaking to church and college groups. This tour is sponsored by the Committee on World Literacy and Christian Literature, the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, the Student Volunteer Movement and Agricultural Missions.

January 7 and 8, he will attend a retreat of the Laymen's Movement for a Christian World in Bernardsville, New Jersey. Shortly after he leaves for another literacy campaign. This time he goes to British and Portuguese Africa with Bob Laubach, the Phillip Grays, and Dr. J. M. Hohlfeld.

WINFRED RHOADES

"A violent bronchial attack knocked out all writing for the summer, but gave a splendid chance to read. Claude G. Bowers' *Jefferson and Hamilton* threw light upon the struggle that has to be made everlastingly by Democracy in order that it may find and stick to its real meaning and message. *Cry, the Beloved Country*, by Alan Paton, brought forth vividly the problem of the white man's arrogance and the black man's struggle for life in South Africa. A truly great book it is. After that Rupert Croft-Cooke's *Another Sun, Another Home* gave a heartbreaking picture, if it is a really just one, of the physical and moral crisis in post-war England. On the

other hand *France Alive*, by Claire Hucket Bishop, is the most encouraging thing I have seen with regard to the possibility of a genuine awakening to vital Christianity in the present-day ultra-scientific, ultra-mechanistic world. *It should have a very wide reading*. Other things need not be mentioned except to name *Tom Jones* (I delight in those older books), and *The Amazing Marriage*, which, in spite of the Meredithian obscurities, is also a very great story. Along with this reading there were blissful weeks of resting and napping in the sun on the lawn of a lovely old manse in the highest village in Massachusetts (and one of the smallest) with a glorious outlook into valleys and fold on fold of receding hills. It has been a good summer. And now my head is full of things that burn to be done."

NORMAN VINCENT PEALE

Dr. Peale has spent the summer at Pawling, New York, "curtailing his activities" as he says, but hard at work on a new book with Dr. Smiley Blanton, his psychiatric associate. He begins his strenuous schedule at Marble Collegiate Church in New York City, September 18, preaching twice each Sunday besides fulfilling speaking engagements in seventeen eastern and midwestern cities up to December 15. Some of them are: Atlanta, Washington, D. C., Pittsburgh, Detroit, Cleveland, Fort Wayne, Kansas City, Chicago, Birmingham, Knoxville, Dayton and Youngstown, Ohio.

We were pleased to see the write-up of Dr. Peale in the June issue of the *American Magazine*. It is called *God's Salesman* and is a compelling article about a vital man.

J. RUFUS MOSELEY

Brother Rufus sends these words: "The things continually urged are— (1) Our only responsibility is that of fruit-bearing union with the Glorified Jesus. (2) To be perpetually giving His love and light to all in every way possible. (3) To bring all our problems and needs and all the problems and needs of everybody else, to Him. (4) He longs for us to be wholly His as He is wholly ours. We can only be aware that He is ours as we choose in every way to be His."

He is finishing a mission with Starr Daily at the Trinity United Church in Toronto, Canada. From there he goes to North Carolina for two or three weeks. Then home to Macon, Georgia, about the middle of December. During the Christmas week he goes to Washington to be with the annual meeting of the Twelve there.

GLENN CLARK

After a long and busy summer in the Camps Farthest Out in eleven states, Dr. Clark returns to St. Paul in late September where he will remain until Christmas time, except for two weeks at Bynden Wood Camp, Pennsylvania, in October.

Returning to St. Paul he will have spoken in Louisville, Kentucky, for one week and in Dayton and Cincinnati, Ohio, Indianapolis, Bloomington and Greenwood, Indiana. September 24 he spoke at the Promontory at Chicago.

A *Man's Reach* is the title of Glenn Clark's new autobiography to

be published, Oct. 5, by Harpers. Price is \$3.00.

The Minneapolis-St. Paul Retreat was held September 29, 30, October 1 and 2 at which he was one of the leaders.

AUSTIN PARDUE

Bishop Austin Pardue spent a month in England this summer. He conducted a week's Preaching Mission at St. Martin-in-the-Fields concluding with the sermon on Sunday. He preached also at St. Paul's Cathedral in London.

He has just now concluded a three day Conference for the Clergy of his diocese. From September 26 to October 7 he will be attending the General Convention of the Episcopal Church in San Francisco.

We hear that he has completed a new book which is now on the press, published by Morehouse-Gorham Company, New York.

RALPH SPAULDING CUSHMAN

Bishop Cushman will spend most of the month of October in a series of Mass Meetings which the Bishops of the Methodist Church are sponsoring for the General Conference "Advance for Christ and His Church" movement. He will have part in mass meetings in Sioux Falls, South Dakota; Minneapolis, Minnesota; Fort Worth, Texas; Lubbock, Texas; Houston, Texas; Lincoln, Nebraska; and Hutchinson, Kansas.

The "Advance for Christ and His Church" movement is the main emphasis of the Methodist Church during the present quadrennium, 1948-1952.



The greatest asset in the world at the moment is its praying men and women. The enemy knows this and therefore he fights to hinder us from meeting in twos and threes and larger companies to lay hold upon God for an outpouring of His Spirit upon all flesh.—*J. D. Drysdale.*

The World Needs Prayer

Miles Clark

ATLANTIC PACT. The United States was committed to its first European military alliance on July 21st when the Atlantic Pact was ratified by the Senate, 82-13. It has now become effective as its seven original sponsors have ratified it. As with any act among nations conceived in fear, the future of the Pact is uncertain. Most of anti-Communist Europe welcomes the Pact as demonstration of solidarity against Russia, but there is an uneasiness about it all over the world.

First of all, it bypasses, thereby weakening, the United Nations. However, many feel that Russia has been able to block Western nations in the U. N. so effectively that they must go outside of it to speed the unity of Europe.

Secondly, as the Pact implies, not only arms for the U. S., but arms aid to many nations, the spiral of armament is beginning to rise again. The U. S. supporters of the Pact insisted it did not commit our country to an arms race, and yet on the eve of the French National Assembly's debate on the Pact, General de Gaulle's supporters (right wing) said that "The supply of armaments to France is the primary question and the Pact itself secondary."

The *New York Times* says, "(The Pact) will have to become a living and functioning reality, ready and able not only to repeal aggression . . . but to prevent aggression by making the alliance so strong that not even the most reckless power will dare to attack it." History has shown that this power theory is an uneasy way of

forcing peace. Russia can only feel obliged now to make a desperate showing in an arms race.

In the Frankfurt (Germany) *Rundschau*, "The American people have recognized that there is no more room for isolation because a large part of the responsibility for the world order of today and tomorrow rests upon the U. S." While the *New York Herald Tribune* editorializes, "The Pact is intended to defend more than territory; it is essentially a compact to sustain the ideals of a civilization." The more sanguine *Paris L'Humanite* says, "If the Pact was not aggressive, it would have mentioned the reconstruction of Europe, reparations, and the German peril. But the Pact does just the opposite by implying the rebuilding of a military and reactionary Germany along with the Western European nations."

Christians and non-Christians all over the world are praying for peace and freedom from fear. A great and seemingly justified fear of Russia has resulted in the Pact. It is only through love in our prayers that this instrument of fear can be prevented from giving birth to retaliatory consequences, equally fear based.

GERMAN RECONSTRUCTION.

After a visit in the German Ruhr this past summer, talking to many people, living in German homes, and inspecting schools and factories, we found German people very poor but hard-working even though unable to understand what their future is to be. The Ruhr River area is one of Germany's greatest industrial areas, devastated by Allied heavy bombing raids. Since

the end of the war, four years ago, people have begun to rebuild many of the smashed industries and are now beginning to export goods. We found the people friendly and eager to discuss their problems in relation to the world, but discouraged about the slow progress of reconstruction and the indecisiveness of the Allies in forming a policy for Germany. One of the problems the Germans feel most bitterly about is that of dismantling industrial plants now in operation.

We were asked many questions about dismantling and the reasons for the Allied attitude in allowing over three years to pass before beginning dismantling of potential war material plants. Shortly after we left Germany the dismantling program began to meet with active opposition by German workers. At least one German contractor engaged in dismantling for the Allies was severely beaten and many were threatened. All of Germany wants a united country for the industrial west needs the food from eastern Germany now under Russian control. And to add to the difficulties of west Germany under the British, French, and United States control, thousands of refugees slip across the border from the Russian zone each month, meaning more unemployment, more mouths to feed. There are now 400 to 500 thousand displaced persons in Germany that must emigrate if countries will have them or be assimilated in an overcrowded country.

English Foreign Secretary Ernest Bevin insists it was the inability of the several Allied committees to once and for all make up their minds about German industry that has kept the problems in flux.

Germany has recovered fast and is almost ready to compete in world

markets. They have great grounds for dissatisfaction with the hesitant way of the Allies in the lack of plan for rebuilding and the inability of Russia and the Allies to agree on a plan for a unified Germany. Although Germany has been the aggressor in five major wars in the last seventy years, which fact makes an equitable solution more difficult, our experience with the German people makes us realize that Germans desire to be accepted in the family of nations and want peace with all their hearts. Our prayers are that in any solution God's guidance will be earnestly sought after and followed.

CATHOLICISM VERSUS COMMUNISM. The recent Papal edict instructing all priests of the Catholic Church to excommunicate all Communist parish members has struck a strong blow at Communism, especially in the Balkans. The Czechoslovakian Communist government has set up an organization called Catholic Action which hopes to take over the present Roman Catholic hierarchy and "will enter into international relations with progressive Catholics the world over." It seems evident that the government will be able to take over the Church, for all power is in its hands. At the present time, however, Catholics report that greater numbers of Czech people are going to church than ever before. One committee of the World Council of Churches has already come out in opposition to the edict as being too aggressively reactionary. Protestants agree wholeheartedly that Communism is a dangerous threat to all churches but after spending a week with a tiny Protestant denomination in Italy, the Waldensians, we found that the Catholic Church itself has little tolerance of other faiths when it is the official re-

ligion. The Waldensians feel they have a great mission to help point the way between these two extremes and Protestants throughout the world may well take their lead.

A MISSION FARTHEST OUT.

Government officials have been hurrying to start a program for underdeveloped areas of the world as recommended by President Truman to Congress in early summer. The President said, in part: "The grinding poverty and lack of economic opportunity for millions of people in the economically underdeveloped parts of Africa, the Near and Far East, and certain regions of Central and South America, constitute one of the greatest challenges of the world today."

According to the State Department this is the first time a major nation has made it a national concern to facilitate the development of lesser developed countries, a plan that looks beyond the immediate political alarms and crises to a long range program extending over many decades. "This proposal is a demonstration of confidence in the possibility of achieving world peace."

In the Camps Farthest Out this summer Starr Daily, Frank Laubach, Glenn Clark and others began to work out a new mission program which would work with the President's program but go much farther. Already plans are under way to establish a Clearing House to connect consecrated

young people with service opportunities. All candidates would be asked first to offer themselves to their Mission Boards, but if as engineers or other trained specialists, there was no place for them the Clearing House would help locate them with (1) Foreign governments needing trained men; (2) U. S. industries, reaching overseas under the government program; (3) our own government agencies, needing selfless, dependable men for foreign service.

These young people would train for six months in specialized work, three months of a Washington practicum, and attendance at a few Camps Farthest Out.

Sources: The President's Point Four Program as reprinted in the Department of State Bulletin; World News Sheet for Those Who Pray, Sept., 1949.

PRAYER FOR THE WORLD.

Our Father, in this time of confusion and fear, we earnestly pray for divine guidance that we as individuals may be remade in Thy image and that Thy eternal wisdom will lead us as Thou seest fit to do in our small way all that we can to ease the suffering of Thy children. Keep us from pride and intolerance and help us to understand that what we have been given us in trust by Thee to be used in aiding those who are in greater need. And through Thy guidance we pray that we can achieve a real and lasting peace. In His Name, Amen.

FREE BOOK CATALOGUE. The new 1950 religious book catalogue is yours for the asking. Write to Macalester Park Publishing Company, 1571 Grand Avenue, St. Paul 5, Minn.

Prayer Works!

"It was through your prayers that I feel I can say joyously that I am perfectly well now. I am enclosing a small offering. Thank you."—*W.M.T., North Carolina.*

"My wife came through her operation with flying colors. We want to thank you for the great work that you have done for us. It is just one more proof that "more things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of."—*E.E.R., Massachusetts.*

"Thank you very much for your prayers for me. I have followed your instructions to me, and doubt and fear are being replaced by faith and hope."—*E.K., New Jersey.*

"I want to thank you for your prayers for my sons and husband. My husband's health is better; he can walk anywhere without his cane."—*J.M.B., Florida.*

"I can never tell you how wonderfully I have been helped by your undergirding prayers. I've found a

wonderful job and I'm happy there, as I know it is my right work. My outlook has changed for the better and I am more settled in my affairs . . . enclosing a small token of my love to you for this blessed work you are in."—*M.B., Illinois.*

"As you know I suffered very much from sciatica and now it is gone completely. Your prayers, I am sure, helped my doctor to cure my illness, and I want to say thanks to you and your noble work for helping me."—*G.B., Germany.*

"I can scarcely begin to tell you how greatly God has helped me since I wrote you about 6 weeks ago. And a definite turning point seemed to come about the time I received your letter. I have gained faith and peace, and a confidence which I had not felt in a long time."—*S.T., Wisconsin.*

"Your letter came as a strengthening angel. I was struggling along on the flats of the valley, but you lifted me."—*M.S., Ohio.*

THE UNITED PRAYER TOWER

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

This work is supported entirely by freewill offerings. We wish to thank those whose contributions make this work possible. Free booklet about the prayer tower on request.

Address: The United Prayer Tower, 1571 Grand Avenue, St. Paul 5, Minnesota. Telephone: DEsota 5036; after 5 P.M., Saturday afternoon and Sunday, call Mrs. Fisher at DUpont 4983, Minneapolis, Minnesota.



Glenn Clark's Autobiography

The autobiography of Glenn Clark, the editor of *Clear Horizons Magazine*, has just been published by Harper & Brothers of New York City. Here is the inner mind of the leading advocate of prayer in America. The author of books and pamphlets read by more than a million people, Glenn Clark's life has been one long laboratory of practicing the great spiritual laws of the universe. This is the gripping story of his family life, school days, college years, teaching generation after generation of college students, the athletic coaching period, the founding of prayer groups across the country, and the spread of the Camps Farthest Out. In some ways the most inspirational piece of writing he has ever done. . . . Price \$3.00

SPECIAL OFFER

Clear Horizons at Half-Price!

TWO NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR THE PRICE OF ONE! For \$1.00 you may send *Clear Horizons* to two new people (renewals not accepted). This is a saving of \$1.00 to you as the regular cost for two subscriptions is \$2.00.

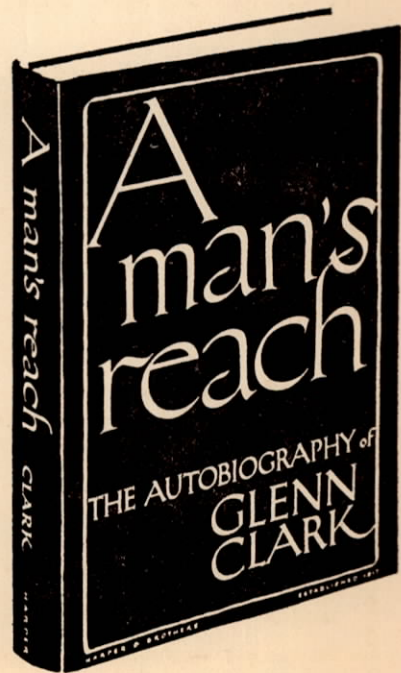
Thus your check for \$4.00 is really worth \$5.00 (\$3.00 for the book and two one-year subscriptions worth \$2.00).

This is your opportunity to do three things you want to do anyway.

1. Read your editor's autobiography.
2. Make two people very happy.
3. Spread the influence of *Clear Horizons*.

Drop your order in the mail today. This offer is good until November 15, 1949, only.

MACALESTER PARK PUB. CO.
1571 Grand Ave., St. Paul 5, Minn.



CONTENTS

	<i>Page</i>
God Has a Plan For You <i>Austin Pardue</i>	1
The Most Christlike Man I Have Ever Known <i>Art Foster</i>	5
The First National Thanksgiving Day Proclamation <i>George Washington</i>	7
A Psalm of Spaciousness <i>Clarence E. Flynn</i>	8
New Vitality for Christ in Europe <i>Miles Clark</i>	9
When Christians Meet <i>Vincent Edwards</i>	14
How To Win Over Mental Handicaps <i>Starr Daily</i>	15
In Business With the Lord <i>John W. Mullins</i>	18
The Way of the Healing Christ <i>John Gaynor Banks</i>	21
Prayer Group: Protoplasm of the Spiritual Life <i>Glenn Clark</i>	23
How To Master Your Nerves <i>Norman Vincent Peale</i>	28
The Thoughts Farthest Out <i>Norman K. Elliott</i>	32
Books of Interest " " "	35
Radiant Victory <i>Winfred Rhoades</i>	37
Uncle Sam Approves Prayer Tower <i>Staff</i>	42
Christ, The Only Way <i>Grenville Kleiser</i>	43
Prince of Evangelists—Dwight L. Moody <i>Bennie Bengtson</i>	45
Wanted: Writers to Make Good- ness Interesting <i>Frank C. Laubach</i>	49
What About the Holy Spirit? <i>Malcolm S. Taylor</i>	51
It Is Tough to Be a Protestant! <i>V. M. Huggett</i>	55
Prayer Groups <i>Your Prayer Counselor</i>	56
News of Our Editors	59
The World Needs Prayer <i>Miles Clark</i>	61
Prayer Works! <i>The Prayer Tower</i>	64