

Clear Horizons

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Spring 1949

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As We Go To Press

Peter Marshall (p. 1) was a splendid blend of pastor and great preacher. As chaplain of the U. S. Senate he became nationally known even to the unchurched by his pithy, fearless, prayers. Senator Vandenberg said that he often wondered if Dr. Marshall was praying for him, or at him. It seems tragic that he should be taken from us at the early age of 46 years. His "We need Spiritual Researchers" shows the searching mind of a great Christian. . . . "The Deserter" by Bernard Palmer (p. 12) ends with the crack of a whip that left us breathless. . . . Everyone is striving for, or ought to be striving for, the experience of the living Presence of Jesus which J. Rufus Moseley (p. 14) knows. His article is a condensation of a chapter from his new book, *Perfect Everything* (\$2.00). . . . There is something thrilling about old legends, and the one told by Vincent Edwards (p. 27) is not only interesting but also points up a fine lesson. . . . Glenn Clark thinks we ought to let the "cat out of the bag" that since the spring of 1947 "Thoughts Farthest Out" (p. 30) have been written by Norman K. Elliott; before then by himself. . . . C. E. "Stoney" Jackson (p. 35) is the author of *Christianity For Men* (\$.50) which has had remarkable pulling power with the male gender. . . . John Haynes Holmes (p. 37) is a minister and one of the outstanding Christian pacifists in this country. His article on Gandhi has a vital message for everyone. . . . Mary Welch (p. 40) is the author of *Reckoning At Dusk and Bright Captivity* and is in constant demand as a speaker with a first rate Christian message. Her home is Henderson, Texas. . . . Hazel Pickett (p. 43) is a native of Colorado Springs, Colorado. Within the month her book *God's Perfect Way For You* has been published by Macalester Park Pub. Co. (\$1.25). Mrs. Pickett has contributed before to *Clear Horizons*, at times under the pen name of Anne Barrington. . . . Rose H. Anderson (p. 45) has had stories in *Clear Horizons* before. Her home is Clay Center, Kansas. . . . We hope you will like the new department "Prayer Groups." No other magazine to our knowledge is meeting this need. Pray with us about it and help make it the servant of prayer it ought to be.

CLEAR HORIZONS MAGAZINE

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Saint Paul 5, Minnesota

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Clear Horizons

Ninth Year

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☐ No one has ever set out to test God's promises fairly . . . and had to report they don't work.

We Need Spiritual Researchers

Peter Marshall

" . . . prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of Heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it."

—MALACHI 3:10

EVERYONE agrees that we have made far more advances in the scientific world than we have in the world of morals and ethics. Spiritually, we have not kept pace with our progress in the realms of science and invention. If great advances have been made in the realm of the spirit, then either they have not been reported or publicized, or we have chosen to ignore them, else we are forced to the conclusion that they have not been made at all.

Some people have thought that the more science we have, the more religion can be discarded. But that is not so. Rather, the fact is that the more science we have, the more

we need character-building religion.

The human conscience, which had been anesthetized by the mechanical progress of the last fifty years, has been awakened. Perhaps it was Hiroshima and Nagasaki that roused it from slumber. Perhaps it was the horror of the Second World War in a quarter of a century, perhaps the difficulties facing the United Nations, perhaps the shadow of Russia, and the threat of a third World War. Any one or all of these could have done it. But whatever it was, we are now at the place where we see that progress simply must be made in the realm of morals and ethics and character if civilization is to be saved.

Science has its foundation in research. Its discoveries all rest upon the patience, willingness, and open-minded seeking of thousands of men and women who have taken one single proposition and sat down humbly before it to explore and to

test it, a great number of times, under varying conditions, and then to report the results.

Suppose that in this same way, there were a comparable number of young men and women setting out to get their Master's degrees, or to write their Ph.D. theses on their findings after months of careful experiment with such propositions as these:

"Therefore take no thought, saying What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink, or Wherewithal shall we be clothed? . . . for your heavenly Father knoweth that we have need of all these things. But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." (Matthew 6:31-33)

Or, this one:

"Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." (Matthew 7:7)

Or:

"Therefore I say unto you, What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." (Mark 11:24)

Or, this one:

"If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and unbraideth not; and it shall be given him." (James 1:5)

Or, take the text, with God's challenge to research:

"... prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of Heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it."

This sort of research could advance much faster than physical science, which requires special laboratories, perfect conditions, and expensive equipment. For it's the sort of research that anyone can pursue. Any of us here could delve into it where we are, as we are, in our present jobs, and it would make our jobs new and exciting, humdrum no longer.

Did you ever stop to think that most of the world's great men have achieved their true life work not in the course of their needful occupations, but in their spare time? A tired-out rail splitter crouched over his tattered books by candlelight at the day's end, preparing for his future instead of snoring or skylarking like his co-laborers. Lincoln cut out his path to later immortality in his spare time. An under-paid and overworked telegraph clerk stole hours from sleep, or from play, at night, trying to crystallize into realities certain fantastic dreams in which he had faith. Today, the whole world is benefitting by what Edison did, in his spare time.

You, too, have spare time. Why not use it in this kind of research which pays wonderful dividends in this life and the next? Suppose, for example, that this church decided to experiment with the Lord's exhortation to tithe for one year. What do you suppose the results would be? I will tell you.

We would be able to send out to Japan, Korea, China, and India, four more missionaries entirely supported by this church. We would be able to maintain a really efficient settlement house in this neighborhood. Our trustees would have so much money to allocate that they would be embarrassed.

It would seem from history that God often gives individual believers a specific emphasis on some phase of the Christian Gospel. He lays upon the heart of one person—like William Plumer Jacobs, who founded Thornwell Orphanages, in Clinton, South Carolina; or Brother Bryan, of beloved memory, in Birmingham, Alabama, who ran his church, who fed and clothed the poor of the neighborhood; or George Muller, who maintained an orphanage in Bristol, England, to test to the limit His promise to provide material needs. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

*For a complete account, read *Recovery* by Starr Daily. Macalester Park Pub. Co.

These men believed it. They decided to try it out.

Roland Brown,* or "Pastor Brown" as he is widely known, is another who "kept books" on the Lord's daily dealing with him and his church. An obscure Chicago Baptist minister, he was greatly troubled by the physical needs of his congregation. Here was cancer eating away in the body of more than one of his beloved parishioners; heart trouble, neuroses of various types, nervous breakdowns—all things that neither he nor their doctors could help. Deeply troubled as he pored over the promises of God in the Bible, he prayed many years for the spiritual gift of healing.

Suddenly it came. His prayers for the sick began to be answered. To give God all the credit, and to make such glorious findings available to the world, he kept a card file in strict scientific form. These case histories have been and may be examined by any inquirer: "name of patient, disease or disorder, duration of illness, name of attending physician, name of hospital if patient were hospitalized, the exact method of prayer, the date the prayer was made, the date on which healing was completed, doctor's diagnosis after healing." It is all down in black and white.

Mrs. Sanford, the wife of an Episcopal minister in Moorestown, New Jersey, is another who prayed for and received this special gift. She has a great faith in prayer, and she has healing hands.

What a vast field for research lies here. If you are a skeptic, as most of you are in this field, would it not be worth your while to investigate in those cases where doctors can do nothing?

What about the whole field of prayer, so generally misunderstood, so little used, and yet so mighty? Dr. Alexis Carrel, one of our foremost scientists, describes prayer as "the most powerful form of energy that one can generate."

Prayer is plugging in on a current that brings light and power. Consider, if you will, the experiments made by Glenn Clark in his Camp Farthest Out, or by Stanley Jones in his Ashrams, or by Rufus Moseley, or Starr Daily. These men are researchers in this vast unexplored field. Read their findings. Experiment for yourself.

But why are there so few spiritual discoveries to match the progress made by science? The answer lies in a lack of researchers. Men have been willing to let mosquitoes bite them in the interests of science and human welfare. How many are willing to give themselves away to take risks in spiritual research?

No one yet has ever set out to test God's promises fairly, thor-

oughly, and humbly, and had to report that God's promises don't work. On the contrary, given a fair opportunity, God always surprises and overwhelms those who truly seek, with His bounty and His power.

Both scientific and spiritual advances have come about as a result of great need goading men to try anything until they find something that works. Science has now developed so far as to branch out in providing many things we don't really need. Spiritually, however, we are still in the area of dire necessity to keep our very souls alive, lest they die of malnutrition.

We cannot do much for the world until, first of all, we have done something with ourselves. The longer an orchestra plays, the more it needs to be tuned up; the farther an airplane flies, the more it requires ground service to put it into shape again. There is no evading that law in any realm.

But here we are—we have money; we are well-clothed; we are comfortably housed; we have automobiles and radios; and all the latest gadgets in our homes. But we are spiritually undernourished. We have neglected spiritual food. Without spiritual exercise, our souls are soft and flabby. The temptation is powerful to become so obsessed with the urgent, brutal facts of the immediate world that faith in Christ and His way of liv-

ing become like a lovely, impractical dream, a pious hope, a frail illusion.

But remember how that lovely dream started in the first place—in a world mastered by military empire, and filled with the thundering tramp of Caesar's legions, in a little occupied country—a dream shared by a handful of simple folk, ordinary men and women.

This little group, believing in a spiritual message, accepted the ten-

sion of living in two violently antagonistic worlds—Rome's and Christ's—and lo, it was they who in the end survived. The challenge today—pointed and heated by the atomic bomb—is still what it always was—a challenge to spiritual research. The call is desperate to daring souls to take up the challenge of Christ.

"Ask and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you."



Teach Me to Pray

Betty H. Huntress

*"Now I lay me down to sleep
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to
keep;
Thy love be with me through the
night
And bless me with the morning
light."*

That was my childhood prayer at bedtime, and I've always been grateful to my mother for teaching me that version rather than the more common and more frightening one that ends,

*"If I should die before I wake
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to
take."*

According to modern psychology, it is extremely important to give a child a sense of security in his early years, as a basis for a well-balanced

personality later on. Many maladjustments in adults, we know now, can be traced back to childhood fears and insecurity. In the case of this prayer, then, the positive, warm and protective version is far superior to the other, which might very well frighten any sensitive child at bedtime. The rather vague assurance that his soul would be "taken" is not enough to balance the fear of dying in his sleep.

"Thy love be with me through the night," however, sends him off to dreams feeling secure in the Lord's protection, comforted with a divine extension of his own mother's love, which he is well able to understand.

¶ I wished that I were the greatest doctor that I might show my gratitude in the best possible way.

“Love One Another”

Carroll Van Court

IN our barracks ward, there were eight of us. Some were permanently crippled, some temporarily disabled, others waiting treatments for various injuries. I was a new man in the barracks.

They greeted me, a newcomer, with quiet friendliness, and helped me learn the rules. There are certain things we all must know and do, at this hospital, if we want to earn and enjoy the fine privileges offered to those who are eligible.

As I limped around, with my cane, from an injury to my knee, and tried to learn my various duties, I became acquainted with one fellow who was in very bad shape. His neck was pulled over to one side, from constant pain, and I was told he had an incurable cancer, so bad that he had been given up by doctors. For almost a year, now, he has been living on “Borrowed Time.”

We called him the Cancer Man, not in an offensive way, of course.

Sometimes, in the night, his pain was so great, he would cry out, and it hurt us all to know that we could do nothing for him, to lessen his pain.

Friday is Inspection Day, when we clean up, with rags, brooms, mops, etc.

One Friday I dusted my locker, and was trying to mop under my bed, but didn't do so well at it, because my lame knee made me fall over and lose balance.

I went out to try to find a mop with a longer handle, so I could reach under my bed more efficiently.

When I returned, I found out that the Cancer Man, with all his pain, had reached under and mopped my place clean!

I was so surprised and moved by this kindness from a man who was almost a stranger to me, yet, as I had been there only a few days, that I couldn't say anything, for several moments.

Then I realized how beautifully this kindly roommate of mine had lived up to one of the things Our Lord asked us to do, namely, “Love one another.” And I wished, then, that I were the greatest doctor in the world, so that I might show my gratitude in the best way possible.



Surely He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows.—Bible.

¶ If you are guilty of any of these, you were there when they crucified my Lord.

You Were There When They Crucified My Lord

Louis J. Kovar

NICODEMUS was there in all his judicial pride. He neither raised his voice against Jesus nor did he oppose the Master, but he did not openly associate himself with the “Teacher come from God.” Nicodemus had too much to lose—social status, political position, economic privileges and academic respect—so he stood by as Jesus was led forth to die. Pride is a deadly sin that makes us think of ourselves more highly than we ought to think. If you are a victim of this sin, you were there when they crucified my Lord.

I see Judas Iscariot. The grasping sin of greed caused Judas to sell Jesus for 30 pieces of silver, and caused him to cry out against the woman who anointed Jesus.

Greed is the basic cause of most wars. It motivates men to sell liquor, dope and narcotics which destroy millions of lives in every generation. Greed is the sin that makes a man stingy and selfish. Greed is the evil spirit that makes thankless souls. If you are a victim of selfishness in any form, you were represented at the Cross.

I recognize Peter. He was there. Peter denied his Lord. Where was Peter when the crosses were raised on Golgotha? Nobody knows, Peter was not in sight, but Peter was there. Fear represented him at the Cross.

In our own day, Jesus is not hurt so much by skeptics, infidels, and atheists. The cause of Christ is hurt most by professing, unregenerated Christians—church members who neglect their spiritual responsibilities, who do not put God first; members who will not humble themselves in the sight of the Lord and conform to His Commandments. Ah, yes, we have spiritual cowards in every church and community because it is often easier to face gunfire, bombs, and the sword than it is to stand by our spiritual convictions. Peter has many friends today because most people are spiritual cowards in some degree.

Herod Antipas was at the Cross. Herod was a specialist in the great sin of sensuality. He had no regard for the moral and spiritual decencies of life.

Sensuality is found deeply embedded in the heart of modern life.

The alcoholic must drink more and more to get relief; the pleasure seeker must stay longer and later to satisfy his craving for excitement; and the promiscuous must seek new fields of sin to satisfy his lust. If you are guilty of any of these, you were there when they crucified my Lord.

I see a violent mob about the Cross. On Palm Sunday they cried, "Hosanna! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord." Four days later, they cry, "Crucify him! Crucify him!" What a contrast. Does it mean that the people were really indifferent to Jesus on both days?

Yes, the indifferent crowd was there when they crucified my Lord. Nor is it an ancient tragedy. Take a walk about any American city during the hour of worship and you will come back with a heavy heart. You can see what happened in the heart of G. A. Studdert-Kennedy after he took a walk about his city:



In a national, religious survey it was found that 91% of our American women believe in God, 75% believed that children should have definite religious instruction, but it was also discovered that only 47% of these women make any effort to attend church. What a graphic picture of American indif-

*"When Jesus came to Golgotha,
they hanged him on a tree,
They drove great nails through
hands and feet, and made a Calvary;*

*They crowned him with a crown of
thorns, red were his wounds and
deep,*

*For those were crude and cruel
days and human flesh was cheap.*

*When Jesus came to Birmingham,
they simply passed him by,*

*They never hurt a hair of him, they
only let him die;*

*For men had grown more tender,
and they would not give him
pain,*

*They only just passed down the
street, and left him in the rain.*

*Still Jesus cried, "Forgive them
for they know not what they do,"*

*And still it rained the winter rain
that drenched him through and
through,*

*The crowds went home and left the
streets without a soul to see,*

*And Jesus crouched against a wall
and cried for Calvary."*

ference. "Not everyone that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father who is in Heaven." Do you ever find yourself guilty of indifference? If you are guilty, you were there with the crowd when they crucified my Lord!

☞ "I thank God I lived to see the day," said the leader of a leper colony when he received a number of goats.

Milk Goats from American Christians Save Japanese Tots

J. J. Handsaker

"KAGAWA has been ill for a month, unable to work in his beloved 'Three Million Souls in Three Years Campaign.' His doctors reluctantly permitting him to go on the road again, provided he has penicillin for emergency use. I have borrowed some, exhausting a small hospital's limited supply. Please do not start a campaign for 'Penicillin for Kagawa,' that would embarrass him, but if you can send us penicillin to replace our borrowing, please do so." So wrote Rev. Kenneth Hendricks of Tokyo to Oregon Heifers for Relief. The penicillin was immediately sent by a member of the Committee and shortly a second letter came. "Your penicillin reached us just in time to save the life of a medical student, daughter of one of our pastors. While she was visiting in the country, robbers killed her hosts and seriously wounded her. Her wounds were suppurating when she reached us. Our prayers and your penicillin turned the tide from death to life."

It is a joy to report this as one of many by-products of Heifers for Relief, through which agency many

readers of *Clear Horizons Magazine* are gratifying their Christ-like desire to minister for Him.

In an earlier issue, *Clear Horizons Magazine* told the story of Dr. Kagawa's appeal for milk goats by the thousands to feed millions of hungry babies, to help him preach the gospel and to make more effective his efforts to build a new Japan of peace. One illustration only must suffice. Four goats of the first assignment of goats reached the Yorii orphanage near Tokyo just as they were despairing of the life of the abandoned G.I. baby, Aiko (glory child). Almost from her first drink of goat milk she began to improve and today she is the centre of attraction among the many foundlings there.

Aiko's story in all its phases is being duplicated daily in Japan. As long as a foreign army is stationed in any occupied country there will be many unwanted babies and desperate mothers will abandon them. Babies, born in or out of wedlock, are being changed from pitiful scarecrows to happy, healthy children because of the milk goat program.

A Quaker Missionary, Esther

Rhoads, insists that the spiritual results to the children from having a baby goat to own, to play with, to love, and to keep are in no case second in importance to the fat put on their emaciated bodies by the mother goat's milk.

"I have the only agricultural-horticultural school for girls in the Orient," writes Michi Kawai, former General Secretary, Young Women's Christian Association of Japan. "As a member of a committee on prison reform, I visit the women's prisons where there is not a drop of milk for young mothers and their tiny babies. Give us goats for these."

Thomasine Allen is a Baptist Missionary in a Japanese district of 100,000 persons where the death rate among babies is one out of two (in some places two out of three). "I could cut that death rate with goat milk," she begs. So great was the demand for the 2,000 goats sent to Japan in 1948 that Miss Allen's allotment was but four.

The success of the experimental shipment of 198 goats to Okinawa in 1947 has led the U. S. Army to offer transportation for 2,750 goats in 1949. The first shipment is scheduled for March and will be followed by others as fast as funds and transportation are available.

"I thank God I lived to see this day," said the leader of the leper colony on Okinawa when he and his people received a number of

goats in 1947. One Okinawa island of 30,000 population received but one goat, yet 3,000 people returned public thanks to Rev. H. V. Nicholson, the missionary, when he told them that American people inspired by the love of God had sent the goats to Okinawa.

Okinawa Christians suffered much at the hands of the Japanese before and during the war. Every city and village and nearly every house was destroyed by the American bombardment. Their goats were cut from 100,000 to 5,000. Yet, the Okinawans have kept the faith. Baptists, Methodists and Presbyterians have organized a United Church on Okinawa, and the Foreign Missions Conference has asked the three denominations to send missionaries at once to strengthen this effort for Christian union, as well as to confirm the faith of those who suffered and still suffer for their faith. Says T. T. Brumbaugh, Associate Secretary Methodist Missions, "The need is for a united Protestant approach. If you can help us find some young missionaries for Okinawa they will certainly be given a grand welcome and opportunity there."

If, as Kagawa wirelessly from Japan, "your goats (then only 200) are not only bringing health, happiness and even life itself to many, but they are illuminating the missionary message," what may we expect in blessings from the 2,000

goats shipped to Japan in 1948, and the 2,750 to be sent Okinawa in 1949?

Space will but permit me to mention the fifty thousand displaced persons in Venezuela who are to receive 150 heifers to help them start life all over again; of heroic Andre Tracme and his school of 300 students in France to whom go heifers bought in Switzerland; of Vilbel, Germany, being rebuilt by American hands and funds to which go goats from Switzerland; of Poland and its heifers from Denmark; of the pathetic gratitude of the Italian people for 750 heifers sent in 1948 and more to go in 1949.

But let me tell you finally of our yet-to-be-realized dream. "Will not America out of its abundance send more goats to Japan," plead Kagawa, missionaries and others. "You could do nothing better for Korea than to send us thousands of milk goats" urges 74 year old Christian Statesman Syngman Rhee, President of Korea, pledging cooperation of his government. "Join us in prayer for goats for India," comes from that land of ever present hunger.

Answers to these countries and to others will depend in part on the fulfilling of commitments described above. Readers of *Clear Horizons Magazine* and its Editors, and those connected with Glenn Clark's *Camps Farthest Out* have been great factors in the success of the milk goat program. Those who wish details of the 1949 projects, reports on the 1948 projects, or other information and those who desire to support the program may address any of the following.

National Heifer Project Committee
New Windsor, Md.

Evangelical and Reformed Church
Commission on World Service
1720 Chouteau Avenue,
St. Louis 3, Mo.

Heifers for Relief
509 Dekum Bldg.,
Portland 4, Oregon

Heifers for Relief
No. Calif. Office
P.O. Box 395
Empire, California

Heifers for Relief
So. Calif.-Arizona Office
30 No. Marion Avenue
Pasadena 4, Calif.

Therefore, come what may, hold fast to love. Though men should rend your heart, let them not embitter or harden it. We win by tenderness; we conquer by forgiveness.—*W. Robertson.*

The Deserter (A Story)

Bernard Palmer

YOU wonder at me, a Roman soldier, so far from Jerusalem alone? My friend, you wonder no more than I, myself. The happenings of the past few days have been enough to water the courage of any man. There's the dust of the road upon you and you came down from the hills. You were not in Jerusalem, so you do not know, of course, but the world has turned upside down.

No, I haven't lost my senses, though it would be no great surprise if I had. I was there. I saw it with my eyes. I saw the darkness settle like the coming of night though the sun rode high in the heavens. I heard the thunder and felt the earth quake beneath my feet.

I was in the company that took this Jesus in. You may have heard of him, a queer fellow who called himself the King of the Jews. Oh, we had great sport. I plaited a crown of thorns on his head and another threw a robe of scarlet about his shoulders. When the mob began to clamor for him we brought him out clad in his kingly garments.

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shining and the next it was so dark I could scarcely make out the dying figure on the cross. My stomach crawled within me.

There was a small group of men and women standing off to one side, looking at him with longing eyes as they wept quietly. They must have been his relatives . . . if he had any . . . and a few of his followers. But that blood-thirsty mob continued to taunt and rail at him.

"Save yourself!" they shouted. "Come down from there!" I'd scarcely have been surprised had he stepped down from that cross and killed them all with his bare hands. His hands! I can still feel the cold sweat upon them, the tendons tightening in his wrists as the spikes tore through his flesh.

Forgive me, friend, if I seem to ramble now and then. My mind is jumbled and twisted until I scarcely know what I am saying.

I've seen brave men die before. I've heard their bitter cursing, their screams of terror. But never have I seen another like this! His face was twisted with pain and yet he did not so much as lift his voice, excepting near the end. And then he raised his head with almost superhuman effort and loudly called, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!"

That stopped them. That struck them dumb. For his voice carried the tone of authority. They stood

there, looking silently at one another . . . wondering. And then the shout went up again.

Don't ask me what happened after that. I only know that I was standing guard when the earthquake came. I tell you, sir, the ground shook beneath our feet. There was thunder and the rocks on Golgotha were torn apart. Cracks opened in the ground and buildings trembled on their foundations.

Frightened? I was so frightened at the moment that I realized I had never known fear before. So frightened that I could not reason. I was suddenly overwhelmed with a mad desire to flee. I forgot all training, all loyalty. I wanted only to get as far from that cursed spot as possible.

Don't ask me how I came to be here, or how long since these things have taken place. It may have been yesterday . . . the day before . . . a week ago. I do not know. How can one measure the length of the hours when one's very soul is burning? I know for a truth that this Jesus was the Son of the Living God.

You smile, sir. There is nothing in this story about which to smile. There can be no joy in the crucifixion of God, Himself. . . .

Your hands, kind sir. Your hands! They're pierced . . . *Oh, Merciful God!*

The Perfect Guide and His Guidance

J. Rufus Moseley

JESUS is our perfect guide and guidance. His guidance is clear to the degree of our union with Him, to the measure of our dedication to do His will, to obey His Spirit and to walk according to His light and teaching.

Where there is uncertainty as to your guidance turn to the Guide, desiring and asking for His highest will and wisdom for what is best for Him and for all. As you do this, you will find He never fails to guide you aright.

Where the need is extreme He intervenes directly and tells exactly what to do, as He did in the case of Saul of Tarsus, Sundar Sighn, "Sammy Morris" and a blessed company of others. He has even intervened directly for me with such certainty and authority at times that there was nothing left for me but to obey. It would have been tragic to have disobeyed.

He is always guiding by His light of love, conscience and reason that lights every life coming into the world. Where there is no other guidance that we are aware of, if we follow His light within, if we do the most sensible and most lov-

ing thing open to us, we find we have done His will.

In union with Him, guidance is not only clear but supernaturally natural and spontaneous. We do His will unconsciously for the most part and see later how wisely and well we have been guided. In this union with Him we are aware that everything is working together for good. We meet the people we need to meet; we find the right books when we are ready for them, and we make all our contacts at the right time in the right way. If we find doors closing to us, we have the assurance it is because better doors are ready to open.

Confusion and uncertainty come because we have yielded to the temptation to worry instead of to pray, and to try to solve our problems and to improve our condition while away from home. When we repent and return, the guidance is clear again. The Prodigal Son wisely came to himself and made a "bee line" for home.

The happiest type of guidance comes when we choose and invite Him to write His law in our hearts and upon our minds, and to

make us happily willing to do His will. The Old Covenant failed because it sought to get obedience to commandments coming from without, before there was a love to obey them within. The New Covenant succeeds because in the new birth, and in the new life given from Above we love to do what we should do. Here every one delights in doing the very thing he is created to do and he will do it better than it has ever been done before.

The birds go South with the weather and they move with the wisdom that could only be from Him. Even in the cells of our body, His presence and almost unbelievable wisdom are manifest.

The highest guidance is the guidance which comes through a happy union of our spirits, minds and wills with His. Here when we best please ourselves we best please Him, and when we best please Him, we best please ourselves.

On the way to this high and happy guidance He is caring for us and guiding us even better than He is the birds, and far better than the best of fathers and mothers care for their children. He is educating us and guiding us, not only directly which is His best of all for us, but He is also educating and guiding us through the total of our experience, and through the best experience He has attained through all others.

The reason we prize our Bibles so highly is that they record so much of the best that He has given and achieved in the past.

No experience is in vain. If we have gone the wrong road, we find it out not only for ourselves but also for others and we can make it easier and happier for them and for all who come after us.

There is no limit to the way He teaches. He will sometimes let us have what we think we want, to teach us that we do not want it. He gives us much rope but not enough to hang ourselves. When the Prodigal Son leaves home, He furnishes the health and the means for the journey, but does not furnish enough so that he can remain away long without returning Home.

If necessary, He will perform all kinds of miracles in our behalf, not enough to make us lazy but enough to deliver us.

Socrates found he was given a free course unless he was about to make a mistake, and then he was warned. Emerson found when he proposed a journey or an enterprise and too many obstacles were encountered that the obstacles were God's way of teaching him that he was on the wrong path. Emerson said he did not call these hindrances laws or commandments, but grains of mustard seed, as it were, but he "obeyed them as against the combined opinion of mankind."

His signals are everywhere. If we are on the right road witnesses on the right hand and on the left and in front of us and behind us are telling us so. A sure witness that we are going right is the witness of His peace and assurance; a sure witness that we are missing the highest is disturbance and confusion.

As Evelyn Underhill puts it, "Look for the signals of God." They are all around you whether you see them or not. If you are too blind to see them always do the most loving and Christlike thing that you can conceive of and that the situation admits of and you

will find later that you have done the will of God and that you have pleased yourself as well as Him.

Jesus Christ as God-with-us is Love and all the more loving because of our need and lack of love. He guides all the more perfectly because of our great need of guidance.

I find in Him everything is always getting better and better, and the whole wisdom of life is to be Jesus centered, love radiating, happy on the Way and dedicated to His best for me and for all. There is nothing lacking in His Guidance. It is Perfect.



Rendezvous

Malcolm Hyatt

I have flung my dreams to a million stars,
And cast all doubts to the sea;
For now I have a rendezvous
With the Host of Divinity.

I have clipped the thorns and paved the road
Across this brittle sod,
And folded neatly in my heart
Are the blessings of my God.

I have closed the door of my abode
Where earthly things are stored;
Oh, I won't fail my rendezvous
With Jesus Christ, My Lord!

☐ Once we awaken to the abundance of God's love
fear can never return.

God Freed Me From Fear

Anne Howard Waters

WEBSTER defines fear as "painful emotion marked by alarm, extreme awe, or anticipation of danger." Actually fear is much more than this. It is a destroyer of health and peace of mind, a thief of inspiration, a pitiless master driving one deeper into the quicksand of desperation. Fear is habit-forming, and once it has become entrenched in the consciousness it paralyzes the spirit, prevents manifestation of the Christ Spirit within. I know; I lived with fear for two long, tortured years.

My daughter was seven when it all started. Never a robust child, she became increasingly listless. Consultation at a pediatric clinic resulted in spinal X rays. A few days later the doctor telephoned me. Sally's plates had been developed. He wished to discuss them with me.

"Before I show you these pictures," the doctor warned, "I feel I should tell you they may be something of a shock."

The word "shock" was totally inadequate to describe my reaction as I stared with mounting horror at the film in the lighted square

before me. My child's spine was a grotesque series of erratic curves. Several vertebrae had fused, or grown together, an inch or two below her skull. The portion of the spinal column between her hips arched in another direction from the curvature above. Even to my untrained eye the situation was clear; I knew what a healthy, normal backbone looked like.

My voice sounded flat and foreign as I framed the question I dreaded to ask: "What can be done for her?"

The man in the white coat looked away for several minutes before he answered. "I'm afraid there isn't much we can do except hope." He stood beside me with a hand on my shoulder. "Miracles do happen, you know," he said softly. "She's young yet. Perhaps with proper posture treatment she can get by. Later maybe this can be partially corrected by surgery. Her spine will never be normal however."

I could not look at the plates again. "Could you operate now? Wouldn't that be better?"

The doctor looked tired and beaten. "We could in an emergency

From *Unity* for January, 1949, 917 Tracy Ave., Kansas City 6, Mo. By permission.

possibly, but Sally would have such a slim chance, about one in five hundred. In a few years she may have built up more stamina, and the odds against her would not be so great."

I nodded dumbly as the specialist continued. "Meanwhile she won't be able to run or skate or do anything that might result in a fall or even wrenching of the back."

"But how about school?" I protested. "I can't be with her there. She could slip on the stairs or get into a rough game. I'll take her out tomorrow."

"You're going to have to face that, I'm afraid," the doctor replied. "It would harm Sally more to keep her at home. I don't want her to be frightened. The more tense she becomes the more likely she is to be awkward and uncoordinated."

I never knew a moment's peace in the months that followed this interview. Each morning I kissed Sally good-by wondering if it would be the last time. There were swings at school. What if one broke with Sally in it or even near it? There were jump ropes, slides, games of tag and tug of war. Each time the telephone rang I rushed for it, only to stop frozen for a moment before I could lift the receiver.

At length I became so numb with terror, so sunk in despondency that I literally imprisoned myself. I refused to leave the house

when Sally was away lest the telephone ring with bad news. I declined all invitations; I could not leave Sally in the care of someone who might permit her to get hurt. I did not want to see my friends. I tried sporadically to pray, but I could not. I was a frozen thing, though able to move about and conscious of what was going on around me.

Sally's condition remained static; she was no worse nor better at the end of two years. One afternoon a neighbor dropped in for a visit. The purpose of her call, it developed, was to ask me to join a garden club.

I declined the invitation, explaining that I could not leave Sally. The woman's interest and understanding attitude warmed me somehow, and I told her the whole story. During the next few weeks she visited me frequently, bringing books and small gifts for Sally or some freshly baked delicacy for the two of us. As our friendship grew I found myself looking forward to her visits. There was about her an aura of peace and sureness that I could not define.

"You're terribly frightened for Sally, aren't you?" she asked one day.

"Of course, I am," I replied. "Wouldn't you be?"

"I don't believe I would," was her startling rejoinder. "Don't misunderstand me," she hurried to

add. "I've come to love Sally very much. It's just that I would try to replace fear with faith for her sake as well as my own."

"I've tried to pray, if that's what you're talking about," I answered. "I don't want to be afraid."

My friend and I talked for over an hour at the end of which time she had helped me work out at least the start of a program for ridding myself of fear. "Each time you picture someone carrying Sally to you hurt, turn your back on the picture and replace it with one of Sally skating with the other children. Shut your eyes and picture her in a bright, swirling skating costume, gliding effortlessly, rhythmically over the paving, with her curls dancing in the sunshine! Hold that picture as long as you can."

I nodded wordlessly. It was a beautiful picture.

"And each time the thought of the X ray plates comes to you," my neighbor continued, "turn your back on that too and see only a fine, straight spine."

It was difficult at first. The habit of fear was deeply rooted. There were many "slip-ups" when my mind took the worn, beaten path of least resistance, but each time I would make a greater effort until after a bit the effort was no longer necessary. The fear habit was waning.

I told my neighbor about it. "I feel better," I admitted. "I'm sleeping and eating much better; I'm more relaxed. But what about Sally? How is all this going to help her?"

"Any child will be benefited by a peaceful, harmonious atmosphere," she smiled. "But you're ready now for the next step. Sally's going to be well," she announced confidently.

A small flicker of hope struggled within me, an emotion completely absent for so long! "How?" I asked. "What's this 'next step'?"

"When you send Sally off to school or out to play I want you to say to yourself: 'God walks beside Sally. He keeps her safe, well, and happy,'" she explained. "You'll not only commend Sally to the care of our Father but you'll be going a step further to erase the negative, apprehensive attitude that has caused you so much misery in the past."

What a wonderful, beautiful thought! "God walks beside Sally," I said softly, and in that moment I knew beyond a doubt the truth of the statement I had just repeated.

"I believe you're ready for the other half of our 'next step,'" my friend continued. "At least three times a day, or as often as you feel impelled to do it, be very still and let the Christ Spirit within you

speak to you. It will guide you more surely than I or anyone else ever can."

I followed her advice on both counts, at first with some awkwardness and hesitation, and then joyously, confidently. I learned in the silent periods to pray assured of the outcome. Each morning and evening, at times during the day I would say, "The Christ Spirit within Sally manifests itself in perfect, abundant health."

Sally is eleven now. My "skating scene" has come true, even down to the flared skating skirt.

Her doctor has termed her recovery miraculous, for X rays taken at six-month intervals the past three years have shown steady improvement until now Sally's spine is straight and strong.

Fear is a little like a nightmare. Once we awaken however to the overwhelming abundance of God's love, to the ever-presence of the Christ Spirit within us, it can never return. By widening and deepening the channel through which God's abundant blessings flow through us and out from us we banish all fear!



White Carnation for My Mother

Jessie Wilmore Murton

Each busy day you thought you would find time
To write the quaint soft-singing little rhyme
Within your heart . . . But ah, so much to do:
A tear to dry, a broken heart to mend,
A book, a nosegay, or a card to send,
A child's dream you, alone, could make come true.

And letters . . . always letters . . . short, or long—
Yourself, on paper. So the little song
Must wait that hour of leisure, which fate sends
So seldom for the heart's desire. And yet,
You wrote your poems—where none can forget
Their lovely measures—in the hearts of friends.

☞ If we pray for world peace, let us pray for the roots—the economic base.

A Basis for Praying for World Peace

Glenn Clark

LAST summer I took a trip through western Europe. My journey convinced me that the one effective way to pray for world peace is to pray for the two conflicting ideologies (Communism and Capitalism) to step off their pedestals and let God and Love be enthroned instead. And according to the law of the paradoxes which never fails, the one that steps off first will win.

The inside supporters of both of these ideologies consider them as sacrosanct as the Sermon on the Mount and as ancient as the book of Genesis. As a matter of fact both are comparatively new. One is not fifty years old and the other is just past one hundred and fifty.

"Capitalism began as a revolutionary, radical movement," writes E. Stanley Jones in *Christ's Alternative to Communism*. "It was part of the French Revolution and stood in opposition to the vested interests of the nobles with their numerous monopolies of rights to trade. It stood for a wider opportunity for the ordinary man. It was the Red Terror of those days, and the devotees of the *status quo* thought that the foundations of society would go to pieces with the rise of capitalism with its radicalism."

For one hundred years, from 1790 to 1890, the capitalistic system was the system most perfectly adapted to fit our country's needs. Whenever the production of industry had out-run distribution, and we faced inflation and a serious unemployment problem, the problems faded into thin air in the presence of our vast frontier. The unemployed climbed into covered wagons and sought new homesteads of their own.

"These land pioneers in satisfying their own spiritual needs by colonizing less inhabited areas," writes Lewis Mumford, "provided raw material and opened new markets for satisfying the spiritual drives of manufacturers to serve. During this period capitalism was a creative, spiritual force because it served as a means for the inner impulses of society to balance perfectly. Rarely has there been a social situation which has proven so satisfactory to so many different types of personality and so many varieties of human effort. With the closing of the frontier this perfect allocation of parts was completely dislocated."

After the frontier was officially closed, a great army of jobless men, in 1893, instead of marching

through the Cumberland Gap seeking new frontiers which now no longer existed, joined together and under a leader dubbed "General" Coxey, marched on Washington.

Twenty years later in 1914 the unemployed men in Germany and Austria, finding their road from Berlin to Bagdad closed through British influence and finding Africa and Asia were already appropriated as "frontier material" by Britain, France, Belgium and Holland, started on a migration that only by a prodigal out-pouring of blood and treasure was finally halted at the Marne.

Twenty years later Germany and Japan and Italy, the three have-not nations, suffering from an attack of claustrophobia, because they had no frontiers to immigrate to, plunged the world into another blood bath from which mankind has emerged bankrupt in money, in nerves and in common sense generally. And with the proverbial blindness of a moth that continually returns to the flame, we find ourselves preparing to plunge into a third world war.

Therefore, if we would pray for world peace, let us pray for the roots. Every form of American life but the economic one has grown and altered and adapted itself to the changes of the times. The World Council of Churches at Amsterdam may not have been far wrong in their conclusion that the

old laissez faire capitalism with its reliance upon the automatic self-regulation by the old laws of supply and demand was outmoded in this streamlined machine age. We have left the "one-hoss-shay" for the automobile and we have left the single track "choo-choo" train for the double track diesel engine in every field but the economic. Remember how when trains crossing the continent on single tracks met another train, they were switched onto a siding where they were forced to wait until the other train passed them? That seems to be where the economic system advanced to and then stopped. Production runs one way and distribution runs the other, and when production comes down the track too fast as it does every ten years, it has to be sidetracked in what is called a "depression-siding" until distribution can come along and pass it.

The only thing required to end all our economic problems would be to build a double track so distribution can go ahead just as fast as production, and production need never stop and wait for distribution. But how can that be done, we ask? We might take a lesson from our great railroad companies. They appoint a planning board to watch the schedules and see that all trains are run in perfect relationship to all the rest with no collisions on the one hand and no stops on the other.

With that arrangement we would never have another economic depression.

All authorities agree that a big depression is on the way. The question is no longer *if* but *when*. Business leaders, reports *Kiplinger Weekly*, have given no indication that they are making plans to meet it. Labor through the C.I.O. has a definite plan they think is good and they are going to push it economically, politically and almost religiously.

What is the plan? Simply this. A national production board composed of representatives of management, labor, farmers and consumers will work out proper "train" schedules. This board will decide how many refrigerators, shoes, dresses, suits and automobiles people will need in a given year and will allocate sufficient working hours for everyone to work, and no one to overwork and get all that everyone needs produced in time. "The pieces fit together," comments the *Kiplinger Weekly*. Yes, with no unemployment on the one hand and no lack on the other. But isn't that regimentation, some may ask? Yes, after a fashion, but isn't it regimentation that requires the locomotive engineer to leave St. Paul at 11:00 p.m. in order to deliver his passengers on schedule at 8 a.m. in Chicago the next morning? Suppose he would prefer to use free enterprise for once and wait till morning before he climbs

into his locomotive? Of course, it is regimentation but his passengers are made happy. It is regimentation for the kindergarten teacher to be required to be at school at 9:00 o'clock when her kiddies arrive, but we all know it is both necessary and good.

A major depression will deliver this nation, and without a doubt all of Europe, hook, line and sinker, into the hands of Communism. One doesn't have to take a trip to Europe to see that. But my trip brought home to me the fact that those nations which are installing this "double track" system are positively the only ones that are safe and secure against the inroads of Communism. It might be worth some sacrifice of personal freedom such as this may seem to require to prevent such a cataclysm.

This undoubtedly smacks of regimentation—a sort of NRA or AAA but it is *not* government ownership. It may give more "elbow room" for actual "free enterprise" than our present almost confiscatory high taxes.

If it can save us from the tragedies and catastrophies of a major depression, it might be worth trying. If it could relieve us of the tragedies of unemployment, and the housing shortage—and bring an end to our incubus of taxation and, above all, if it brings an end to all danger of Communism, it

might be worth carrying on for awhile after the depression is actually over.

From what I saw in Europe, and from events that are transpiring today in China (a nation that comprises *one-fourth of the population of the globe!*), it may be later than we think. Had this double track system been installed in Russia and China a few decades

ago there would not be any such thing as Communism in the world today.

It gives us a definite solution to pray about at least. Let us ask the good Lord to bless the idea, or, if He has a better solution, and here is where all of us can join in wholeheartedly, let us pray that He wastes no time in showing it to us.

Special Announcement

The spring announcement of the Camps Farthest Out has been mailed. There will be sixteen regular camps this summer, two Healing Camps and the European Tour. It looks like a glorious summer for all. The dates are as follows:

Texas, May 20-30; Arkansas, June 3-9; Kansas, June 10-17; Southern California, June 25-July 3; Montana, June 22-29; Northern California, July 2-10; Oregon, July 11-18; Ohio, July 17-24; Michigan, July 24-30; Minnesota, Aug. 1-14; Pennsylvania, Aug. 4-14; Star Island, N. H., Aug. 13-22; Winnepesaukee, N. H., Aug. 22-31; Minnesota Youth Camp, Sept. 2-5; North Carolina, Sept. 7-14. At Bynden Wood, Pennsylvania, there will be a Healing Advance, Oct. 6-11 and a Retreat from Oct. 11-20. The European Tour, the *Youth Crusade*, will leave New York on June 9, returning Aug. 9.

For further information, if you did not receive a Camp Folder, drop a postcard to Camp Folder, 1571 Grand Ave., St. Paul 5, Minnesota.

☐ For what seemed an eternity,
I stayed there on my knees and prayed.

How God Helped Me Find Myself

Victoria North

FOR years nothing ever seemed to go right. My carefully made plans *always* fell through. Each night, I lay awake in the darkness, engulfed in tears of self-pity and indignation at the cruel blows that fate was dealing me. I was convinced that an evil power was supervising my every move. Unhappiness was my lot.

I lost my job. Next, my marriage failed. For weeks, I brooded in my room. I didn't want to talk to anyone. I refused to seek out my friends, of which there were very few.

I sought solace in the temporary relief of alcohol in the daytime, and sleeping pills at night. Daily, I contemplated suicide but lacked the last minute nerve to go through with it. Tomorrow—I thought. But each tomorrow was the same as the day before.

In the labyrinth of discouragement and disillusionment, I had lost all contact with God. It had been years since I last prayed—and then it had been to ask for something material and superficial.

And then one day, when it seemed that I could bear the futility of life no longer, I found my-

self in front of a church in a neighborhood unfamiliar to me. Something within me compelled me to hesitate by the stone steps. Some unseen force made me climb the stairs—and I found myself inside. As in a trance, I walked in the dimness down the aisle to the altar. Some powerful urge brought me crumbling to my knees. I began to cry. "Father, help me—I am lost," I sobbed. For what seemed an eternity, I stayed there on my knees and prayed. I prayed, not for material things, but for guidance, and for forgiveness for all the bitterness which I had carried within me for years.

When I had finished, I felt as though a yoke had been lifted from my shoulders and I was free at last. Then I went home.

That night, I needed no sleeping pills—I experienced the first normal, restful sleep I had ever had. When I awoke the next morning I felt refreshed and exhilarated. "Today I am going to look for a job—and I'm going to GET one," I told myself. And I got one.

Each day my outlook on life was brighter. I made new friends and for the first time in my life I really took an interest in others. And

what was most important—the world seemed a good place to live in!

Every night, before I creep into bed now, I get down on my knees and say "Thank You, God, for showing me the way!"

I know now that it was He, in

whom I had lost faith for awhile, Who helped me to find myself again. And now that I have found myself I shall not fail Him ever. I know there can be no peace of mind or love or happiness in this world without implicit faith and trust in God.



The Lesson of the Luminous Cross

Josephine Mathers Cook

THE plastic cross in my hand was hard, stiff and cold. I placed it on my dresser and turned off the light. All was dark. I could see nothing. I was disappointed, as it had been advertised "a luminous cross that shines in the dark."

I snapped on the electricity and read the directions, "expose cross to the light for a few minutes and then it shines in the dark."

Ah, that was different! Following the instructions, I soon found myself looking at a glowing cross. This inanimate object had suddenly become a beautiful and living thing. A feeling of peace and assurance stole over me. My troubles of the day vanished. I felt uplifted and refreshed.

As I stepped closer to the cross it shone brighter; it was as if a miracle had taken place. I seemed

to sense my Lord's presence in the room. The warmth of His love encircled me.

Portions of Fanny Crosby's great hymn came to my mind—

*"Jesus, keep me near the Cross!
There a precious fountain,
Free to all—a healing stream,
Flows from Calvary's mountain."*

The little cross had taught me a wonderful lesson.

Then I thought of man—he is more or less a selfish, hard and cold individual until he exposes himself to "Jesus, the Light of the World." Then he becomes a living, glowing and pulsating being—obedient to his Lord, forgetful of self and ever mindful of the welfare of his fellow-man.

Then and then only, is he a complete personality.

☞ As the day wore along, Jacob seemed to feel a strange lightness of heart.

The Legend of Brother Jacob's Preaching Lesson

A LEGEND OF LONG AGO

Vincent Edwards

NO neophyte in the abbey burned with a fiercer zeal for learning than young Jacob. Most of his time was spent among ancient black-lettered tomes, and he would become so deeply absorbed in their contents that he scarcely heard the passing footsteps of the brothers.

Young Jacob cherished one overwhelming ambition.

Full of youthful ardor, he hoped some day to become one of the world-famous scholars and preachers of the order. Day by day and night by night, he strove by prayer and vigil and all the study of which he was capable to prepare for this all-important future. If only he could be freed of his earth-bound connections and be removed from human contacts—Such were the thoughts with which the young neophyte's mind was filled as he delved among all the classic works with which he was surrounded.

Jacob regularly knelt and prayed that such grace might fall upon him that he would be qualified to teach erring souls their guilt and mortal danger. Above all, he longed for the day when he would be able to

preach the century-old doctrines of the Church.

Sometimes, when he let his imagination run, he saw himself in the pulpit of a vast cathedral. He was robed and tonsured with all the trappings of his lofty station. Then, suddenly, amid the great chancel's gloom, his voice was heard rising in measured accents, pronouncing words of solemn warning to the vast congregation.

Among the older brothers in the abbey, one loved the studious youth as if he had been his own son. This was Clement, the aged monk, whose name was known and honored through all the country roundabout.

The truth was, that he was able to read Jacob's heart as if it were an open book. He understood the boy's high ambition, and how he yearned for the office of a preacher of the Church.

So strong was the spirit of love and sympathy that flowed from Clement to the youth that Jacob made the aged monk his confidant. He often discussed the things he read, and always he would end up by telling of how he hoped some

day to be heard in the pulpit.

One morning Clement presented himself earlier than usual at the young neophyte's cell. It was hardly dawn, yet already he could hear Jacob murmuring the stately phrases of an ancient work over and over. It was plain that the young man wished to fix firmly in his mind those solemn words of wisdom and truth.

Jacob could hardly believe that he heard correctly when Clement spoke:

"My son, I want you to go out and preach with me today!"

The youth's face flushed and paled in his excitement. So, at last, the opportunity had come! In his happy surprise his heart pounded so hard that he was all out of breath by the time he was ready to set forth with Clement.

They followed a beaten path along which fared many toilers and travelers. Jacob was surprised at how unhurried was Clement's progress. He did not seem in any haste at all, but, instead stopped many times to smile and speak words of cheer to the wayfarers. All seemed to welcome the aged monk's greetings, and it was not long before Jacob was taking part in these salutations.

At length they came to where a little girl was weeping over a broken pitcher. Clement did not hesitate, but immediately reached down into his purse and brought

out a coin that would pay for its replacement, whereupon Jacob saw the child's tears turned into grateful smiles.

A little farther on they paused beside a poor tired beast that had been forced to halt because of its heavy load. Jacob followed in Clement's footsteps, and together they went to a nearby field and gathered grass to minister to the weary creature's hunger.

At last the morning had turned to midday. The brothers stopped beside a roadside spring to eat their lunch of oaten cakes. There were a number of persons gathered about, and Jacob thought his companion might seize this opportunity to preach to the travelers, but, instead, Clement sought out a forlorn vagabond boy who had nothing at all to eat and shared with him part of the cakes they had brought from the convent.

They set forth again, but had not gone far before Clement led Jacob up a side-path to a small cottage on a hill. Within, they found the bed-ridden wife of a poor laborer, but after the brothers had knelt and prayed and then ministered to her comfort, a new light of hope seemed to come into her thin, sad face.

So they continued their journey through the rest of the day. Always Jacob thought they must come to the place where they were to preach, but, instead, they were busy

with other duties—comforting the bereaved, cheering the lonely, bringing hope to the despairing. They carried wood for those who had no fuel for their hearths; they took pity on the weak and helped them carry their burdens part of the way, and they even gave words of cheer to despised beggars.

Somehow, as the day wore along, Jacob seemed to feel a strange lightness of heart. He had forgotten all about those precious Greek and Hebrew phrases that he had prepared so carefully, yet, as he beheld all the joy that Clement and he brought to so many poor folk, he felt a great peace.

At sundown the brothers stood

again within the cooling shadows of the abbey.

Not until then did Jacob address Clement with the question that he had been burning all day to ask. There was no note of disappointment as he spoke:

"Good father, did you not say we were to spend this day in preaching?"

Clement answered with a face aglow, "And did we not do so, my son?"

With a tranquil smile Jacob nodded his head in agreement. And so, wiser for the experience, the younger brother followed in the old monk's footsteps as he went indoors.



At Dawn

Isabel Ambler Gilman

Earth has its songs of triumph,
Cycles of change, decay,
Dirges of human sorrow,
Memories of "yesterday,"
But ever Life's boundless ocean,
Lapping Earth's crumbling shore
Sings of the vast Eternal,
Shouts of the Evermore.

Stories of human triumphs
Sages and children tell—
Struggle and death and terror,
Darkness and mortal hell.
But ever the song of Spirit
Rises to God at Dawn—
"I am the resurrection,
I am the soul reborn."

Thoughts Farthest Out

PRAYER IS ALWAYS ANSWERED

"And all things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive."—Matthew 21:22

"I PRAYED for the healing of Ethel, but she died," said someone dejectedly. She had prayed with faith, and her prayer had not been answered.

This is a situation which we must face up to sooner or later if we take prayer seriously. What is wrong? Must we compromise our faith and confidence in God's willingness to answer prayer?

No, of course not. We must still continue to pray with confidence and conviction. God does answer prayer and He answers it in the most perfect way imaginable.

First, we must recognize the fact that we are finite. We do not know everything. Even with all the information we can possibly gather, we can never be absolutely sure that what we pray for is best. God is infinite. He knows all the facts and all the answers. Let us admit that immediately.

Next, if we are really Christian we must always pray against the backdrop of "nevertheless, not my will but Thine be done." This must be the climate of our prayer. This does not mean that we believe God sends disease, deformity and misfortune. It means that God (in His infinite wisdom and love) can take disease, deformity and misfortune and make of them something strong, beautiful and wonderful. God does not send them, but He uses them.

Lying underneath our convictions, and holding them together, is the basic faith in the perfection and perfect goodness of God. If we believe this about God, then "nevertheless, not my will but Thine be done" becomes a song of victory and praise of thanksgiving. If our prayer is "not answered," our faith demands and we KNOW that God is answering it in some better way. God would not be God if this were not so.

Prayer is always answered when we pray in faith and in love. It is always answered in the most perfect way imaginable because God is doing the answering. This is the faith by which we live.

Read: *The Adventure of Prayer*, Donald J. Campbell.

THE PRIESTHOOD OF ALL BELIEVERS

"Then Jesus uttered another loud cry, and yielded up His spirit. Immediately the curtain of the Sanctuary was torn in two from top to bottom . . ."—Matthew 27:50-51

THOSE in the Protestant tradition ought to be very conscious of the meaning of the rending of the veil of the temple from top to bottom. It symbolizes one of the great imperatives of early Christianity and of the Protestant Reformation.

In the temple at Jerusalem, a curtain separated the outer temple from the Holy Place, and another curtain the Holy Place from the Holy of Holies. Only the priesthood were permitted to go through the curtain into the holy places. Only the priesthood were permitted to meet God face to face. The priesthood was the intermediary between God and the people.

The rending of the veil symbolizes that through the sacrifice of Jesus the need of the priesthood was ended. From then on every man and woman on the face of the earth had access to God's presence. Mankind entered into what Martin Luther called "the priesthood of all believers."

It seems almost unbelievable that the average Protestant has almost revived the priesthood by his religious indifference, but it is true. The worship of God has become a weekly one or two hours on a Sunday morning. The calling of the ministry is viewed as more sacred than the jobs of other people. Religion has been confined to a building called a church.

This whole attitude is completely opposed to the Christian teaching. We are all called to the ministry, regardless of how we earn a living. We are as responsible for the bringing of the reign of God on earth as is our clergyman. Everytime we set aside something as "the minister's job," we are asking for the return of the ancient priesthood. Spreading the good news, healing the sick, fighting for social justice and comforting the bereaved are our job as surely as they are the minister's job.

When the curtain of the sanctuary was torn from top to bottom, the sunlight of God's love flooded men's hearts and the daylight of His wisdom broke into men's mind. Like the brilliance of the sun sweeping the earth after being hidden by dark clouds, so God's spirit swept men's hearts with the brilliance of His presence when the curtain was torn in two. Let us never permit it to be sewed up again.

Read: *Perfect Everything*, J. Rufus Moseley.

ATTEND A RELIGIOUS CAMP THIS SUMMER

"Six days later, Jesus took with Him Peter and the brothers James and John, and brought them up a high mountain to a solitary place."—Matthew 17:1

ANNOUNCEMENTS of summer religious camps are beginning to come in the mail. One of these camps ought to be on your schedule.

What impresses us more than anything else is the steady flow of thankful letters from campers throughout the winter months. People remember camp and the inspiration of camp all during the rest of the year. It is this abiding thankfulness for the camp experience, rather than the momentary flush of joy during camptime, that convinces us of the lasting value of it.

Some say that camps are illusionary in that we cannot hold to the high point of inspiration after we get home. However, the mere fact that it can be done during camptime is invincible evidence which will not let us be satisfied when we slip to a lower level of living. If it can be done once, it can be done anytime. The inspiration and the love is still there to be tapped whether it is July or January.

Go to a camp this summer. There are plenty to choose from. The Camps Farthest Out, founded and sponsored by Glenn Clark, offer 19 camps to choose from. Stanley Jones' Ashrams will be held. Every denomination has camps. They are opportunities to impress upon yourself that life is more than working for bread and butter. Life has a purpose, and your life will be poverty stricken if you forget that purpose. Man not only does not, but can not successfully live by bread alone.

Spend part of your vacation in company with those who are seeking the spiritual values of life. Search together with them. Instead of getting away from it all, get into it all—get into the spirit of God. We may not be able to spend "40 days in the wilderness" sharpening our spiritual sights, but 7 or 10 or 14 days of rededication and inspiration at a religious summer camp is a good substitute. It is more than a vacation. It is partnership with God. Read: *God's Perfect Way for You*, Hazel Pickett.

Books of Interest

Norman K. Elliott

MORE HILLTOP VERSES AND PRAYERS. Ralph Spaulding Cushman & Robert E. Cushman. Abingdon-Cokesbury, \$1.00. Each meditation consists of a poem by Bishop Cushman; then, by his son, a passage of scripture for meditation, a text of scripture, and a prayer. For personal or group devotions, or frameworks for larger messages, they are all good. Divided into groups such as "Singing Through the Rain" and "O, It is Lovely Lord."

THE ADVENTURE OF PRAYER, Donald J. Campbell. Abingdon-Cokesbury, \$1.25. An excellent book on the power, methods and results of prayer. The author possesses keen insight, and brings the discipline of the historic church into the subject without stifling the creative aspects of the subject. Discusses environment, what to seek, the when and the how, etc.

GUIDEPOSTS, edited by Norman Vincent Peale. Prentice-Hall, \$1.95. A book of personal inspirational messages selected from *Guideposts Magazine*. As casual reading before going to bed at night, or before getting out of bed in the morning, they are wonderful. Some are written by famous people, and others by the unknown. They are divided into categories—"Throwing Off Your Fears," "Sorrows Needn't Get You Down," "Home-Centered Happiness," etc. Every writer has had a vital, living religious experience which will help you.

LIFE VICTORIOUS, Joseph Fort Newton. Revell, \$1.25. The content was originally a series of articles on "What Have the Saints to Teach Us?" Everyone can read these short essays with much spiritual benefit not only for what they say but for what they suggest for further study.

THE THIRD STRIKE, Jerry Gray. Abingdon-Cokesbury, \$1.00. Foreword by Starr Daily. Jerry Gray tells of his losing battle with alcohol. A person with obvious intellect and talent, it is a tragedy that he should commit suicide. His story is raw, but it is awfully important. One can never look again on alcohol with tolerance after reading *The Third Strike*. The only lack in the book is a program of action to fight the evil it describes.

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING OURSELVES, Arnold H. Lowe. Harper, \$2.00. I found a vigor and a Christian authority in these sermons that meant much to me. The authority is not the author, but rather the messages which are scripturally sound and yet as modern as the latest psychiatric theory. The messages will give you the strength and perception to lead a better life.

THINGS THAT MATTER, Bishop Brent. Harper, \$1.50. The presiding bishop's book for Lent; edited with a biographical sketch by Frederick W. Kates. Once in a while you come across a modern book that in depth and wisdom and Christian love reminds you of the older classics. This is one of them. The spirit that shines through these writings indicates one who loved his Lord above all else. The contents include a superb article on "Things That Matter," selections of his prayers and meditations and the life of prayer, and excerpts from letters to those in bereavement.

THE AUDACITY OF FAITH, Allan Hunter. Harper, \$1.75. A very stimulating book on the fact and the how of turning one's back on both cynicism and pleasure as philosophies of life, and living on the third level—the level of spiritual faith. The reasons for the life of faith are excellent, but better are the suggestions on

how to go about it. Our faith must be audacious for unless we go all the way with Christ we shall fail.

TEACH US TO PRAY, Charles F. Whiston. Pilgrim, \$2.50. This is about as complete a manual of prayer as I have ever read. He clarifies your ideas about God, because until we get a clear conception of the God of Christianity we cannot pray rightly. Then he treats the kinds of prayer, relates prayer to sin, forgiveness, etc., and finally shows the value of prayer schools and retreats. The book is good basic training because it gives a comprehensive foundation for future courses of prayer action. There is an excellent chapter on devotional reading.

THE ANGEL STANDING, Archibald Rutledge. Revell, \$.75. The sub-title is "Faith Alone Gives Poise." The title comes from Revelation, "And I saw a mighty angel standing, with his right foot in the sea, and his left foot on the shore." This, says Mr. Rutledge, is a cameo of having one foot in the practical affairs of life and the other in the spiritual riches of the universe. Filled with anecdotes about those who have lived the blended life and found God. It is as good and inspirational as his earlier *Life's Extras*.

HUMAN ADVENTURES IN HAPPY LIVING, William L. Stidger. Revell, \$2.00. Twenty-one stories about people who revealed God to the author, or at least some facet of God. There is the story

of his mother who denied herself for her children, the discoverer of insulin, the couple who gave everything back to God, etc. Much better than sermons.

PERFECT EVERYTHING, J. Rufus Moseley. Macalester Park, \$2.00. Introduction by E. Stanley Jones. These are all the revelations which Moseley has had concerning Jesus since his earlier book. His highest revelation is that Jesus is "perfect Everything," enabling perfect everything, commanding perfect everything and inspiring perfect everything. He also builds upon and simplifies parts of *Manifest Victory*. Some of the chapters deal with health, prayer, guidance, baptism, peace, marriage, etc. Moseley's best book.

GOD'S PERFECT WAY FOR YOU, Hazel Pickett, Macalester Park, \$1.25. Hazel Pickett is a mystic, and being one has found God in everything she has touched. Everything is a "way" to God if we will but use it so. Thus, she finds God in and through the ways of prayer, love, light, beauty, simplicity, wisdom, adoration, joy, union, etc. But much more than this, she finds that God is all of these—and more. The book is written in the first person so that God is speaking directly to the reader. It lends power to the book. For moods of reverie, for the times when you want to get by yourself and read slowly, absorbing something very good, this is a grand book. You will feel very close to God.



Do not pray for easy lives. Pray to be stronger men. Do not pray for tasks equal to your powers. Pray for powers equal to your tasks. Then the doing of your work shall be no miracle. But you shall be a miracle. Every day you shall wonder at yourself, at the richness of life which has come to you by the grace of God.—*Phillips Brooks*.

☪ It is a message of life eternal and unconquerable.

It Is Finished—Christ's Triumph

C. E. "Stoney" Jackson

I'M amazed at the many lessons to be gained from one short verse of scripture when it is meditated upon with an earnest prayer for enlightenment.

Last year the local Ministers' Association held a union three-hour Good Friday service and asked me to deliver a 15-minute meditation on the sixth word, "It Is Finished." I almost refused, but decided to meditate upon it first. The words had always brought cold chills when I ran across them.

I sat down with my Bible and uttered a prayer for enlightenment in the least faith possible. I turned to St. John 19:30. For minutes the words just mocked me.

Suddenly the light broke. Why, there is nothing of discouragement there! Quite the contrary. . . It is a message of great fulfillment, hope and promise. Even in its punctuation it gives encouragement!

When Jesus uttered the words "It is finished," He did not mean that His work had been suddenly cut off and defeated. He used "finished" to indicate *fulfillment*, not frustration. He might have said "It is fulfilled!" In other words, a specific portion of His everlasting work had been accomplished.

But that isn't all of the lesson, nor is it the greater part. The

greatest and most profound messages sometimes come from the most insignificant things, and that is true here.

These words of Jesus are punctuated with a colon. Remember your study of punctuation in school. A colon does not signify a complete break in thought. No, it indicates THERE IS MORE TO FOLLOW! That's the message of Good Friday. It is not a message of death. . . . It is a message of life eternal and unconquerable.

There was surely more to come when Jesus spoke those words. Easter followed in three days. There came the everlasting message of the empty tomb which says to all men of all time, "If you follow me, death is no longer a formidable enemy, for I have conquered it. Choose to be a member of my kingdom and you shall never die."

But the colon meant . . . and means . . . there is yet more to come, and always will be wherever and whenever hearts and minds are dedicated to Him.

Jesus told His Apostles He would not leave them comfortless. He promised to send His Holy Spirit to them, and He did. But the promise was not only to them. It was and is to all who call on

Him and surrender to Him today. That promise was not dated.

Inspiration is yet present in the souls of great surrendered Christians. Today many people are accomplishing great things in the face of adverse conditions because the Christ is with them and in them. And they will accomplish great things. Jesus must have meant it when He said, "Greater things than I do shall ye do."

How do I know these things are being accomplished? I have SEEN them happen! I have attended CFO and seen people of all denominations, conditions and opinions molded into one great unit of LOVE AND HAPPINESS. I have seen Agnes Sanford heal. I have seen Glenn Clark prophesy, enlighten and comfort. I have seen

his great love unify discordant personalities. I have seen Roland Brown inspire and bring forth repentance. I sang as never before . . . and before a group, a thing that always terrified me. I have seen folk stay up all night to pray together and I never saw it in a church during my father's pastorates or mine. But I will. I have seen and felt Rufus Moseley's "overflowing love" and a thousand more things.

It's too new to me . . . raised on external Christianity . . . to absorb it all at once. I've got a long way to go. If you, too, have more travelling to do, join me in the certainty that changed "Black Friday" to "Good Friday" and assures us THERE IS MORE TO FOLLOW for all who will follow Him!



NOTICE TO BOOK-LOVERS

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More exciting than the campaigns of Napoleon are the campaigns of Gandhi on the plane of his exalted spirit.

The Meaning of Gandhi

John Haynes Holmes

A MEASURE of Gandhi's greatness may be found in the fact of his irreplaceability. Not among all the four hundred millions of people in India is there a man to serve as his successor. "The greatest Indian since Gautama Buddha," says the correspondent of *The New York Times*. The greatest man since Jesus, is my fixed judgment.

Another measure of Gandhi is the range and power of his influence. History has no parallel to his leadership in his own lifetime of vast multitudes of men to high and noble ends. Others have gathered about them bands of loyal disciples, or headed widespread movements of reform among the people. But Gandhi commanded the allegiance of an entire nation. He saturated with his spirit a whole people. Hindus, Moslems, Sikhs, Parsees, Christians, men of all religions, races, and castes, waited upon his word, and sought to follow his example. Conquerors, appealing to the lowest lusts of the flesh, have been insignificant as compared with the influence of Gandhi, appealing to the loftiest ideals of the soul.

To pacifists, the Mahatma is supreme not so much for the principles he espoused and taught as for the use which he made of these principles. He had the vision to discover, the intellect to understand, and the courage to adopt those laws of the spirit which he called *Ahimsa*. But great souls of every age, the spiritual geniuses of history, have proclaimed this truth. Gandhi was the last man in the world to boast originality. He confessed frankly that he got his ideas of non-violence from the Sermon on the Mount, of non-cooperation from Tolstoi, of civil disobedience from Thoreau. And over all was the influence of the Bhagavad-Gita and of Buddha. Gandhi was only one of that select company of souls who have led the spiritual march of humankind.

Where Gandhi was unique was in his practical application of non-resistant principles to the widest range of human affairs. Up to the time that this Indian got to work, it was possible to argue that these principles were all very lovely, but utterly impracticable. "Resist not evil," "turn the other cheek," "love

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your enemies," "forgive not seven times but seventy times seven"—these are all very well as laws of an ideal or utopian society, but they will never do in this wicked present-day world.

Then Gandhi came along and proved them not only possible, but unconquerable. Never again, so long as men remember anything, can it be said that non-violence, or "Soul Force," to use Gandhi's own phrase, won't work. It *will* work, for Gandhi made it work. Thus, he organized on non-violent principles a rebellion of coolie outcasts in South Africa, and in twenty years, without striking a blow or shedding a drop of blood, with long-suffering sacrifice and enduring patience as his only weapons, freed these wretched people from injustice and oppression. In India he dared to challenge the might of the greatest empire the world has known since the decline and fall of Rome, and in a quarter of a century won independence for his country—and he held no office, commanded no armies, fought no battles, gained no so-called victories of arms! In these last few months, when a people, new to liberty, broke out into mad violence and slaughter, he stilled the storm by the mere beneficence of his presence, and single-handed brought order out of chaos. "In Calcutta," said Lord Mountbatten, "I have 55,000 soldiers, and riots; in New

Delhi I have one man (Gandhi), and peace."

This was Gandhi's triumph. The triumph of the non-violent, i.e., the loving life, not for one man, or group of men, but for the whole great body of mankind! How did he do it?

First, by discipline—the discipline of himself. He must in his own person be the perfect non-resistant. Not until he had himself mastered the inner life of the spirit, could he ask others to try it. So he subdued his own body and mind to the inexorable rigor of *Satyagraha*. "When that fineness and rarity of spirit, which I had longed for, has become perfectly natural to me; when I have become incapable of evil; when nothing harsh or haughty occupies, be it momentarily, my thought-world; then, and not till then, will my non-resistance, my non-violence, my firmness in truth, move the hearts of the world."

Having thus disciplined himself, he was ready to take the next step, which was to discipline in the same way those who would be his followers. Here was a stupendous task, but he was equal to it. He learned his first lesson and wrought his first great achievement in South Africa, where he trained thousands of ignorant and downtrodden coolies to eschew all aggression, all retaliation, all violence, and to stand steadfast and

united in the ordeal of suffering, imprisonment and death. A vaster task was the discipline of All-India for the fight for liberty. The discipline not of a few thousands but of millions of human beings to the supreme test of the ideal! It would seem as though this were a task beyond even the capacity of the Mahatma—the subduing of a vast poverty-stricken, illiterate population to the highest attainments of the spirit. But this Gandhi did, with infinite patience and matchless skill. Not all at once, or at one perfect stroke. His first non-violent non-cooperative campaign against the British Raj was ended by a savage outbreak of violence. But in the end, Gandhi fashioned a whole people after the pattern of his will.

Then came the third and last step, which was the program of non-violence. What to do, and how to do it! For pacifism in this case is not passivism. Non-violence in the Gandhian sense is no mere negative endurance of ill. It is a positive and active expression of love. It is overcoming evil, not with evil, to be sure, but with good. But this demands a plan of campaign, just as definite and all-embracing

as any plan for a military campaign. And it is the supreme glory of Gandhi that he conceived and formulated this plan. Here Gandhi was more than a saint and seer—he was also a statesman. The supreme statesman of the spirit! Henceforward, non-resistance was to be more than a sentiment, an ideal, a religious precept. It was to be a plan of operations. Here were the things we could do to win the victory. More exciting than the campaigns of Napoleon are the campaigns of Gandhi on the plane of his exalted spirit. Here Gandhi was unique—the first man in history to organize and implement the pure religious life!

Now and again we are tempted to believe that pacifism is easy.

It exacts the whole service of life; it demands brain as well as heart, and resourcefulness as well as courage. It means the discipline of all our personal and social forces, the making over both of personality and society, and then the directing of the whole to the attainment of the highest ends.

But when it is done—this pacifism that Britain found in India!—it is a thing more terrible than an army with banners.



All that happens in the whole world happens through hope. No husbandman would sow a grain of corn if he did not hope it would spring up and bring forth the ear. How much more are we helped on by hope in the way of eternal life!—*Luther*.

☪ Lord, I am listening in the quiet dawn or the tranquil evening,
and I hear Thy Voice wooing me . . .

You Can Love Your Enemies

Mary Welch

JESUS Christ is a *realist*. When he says, "Love your enemies," he means exactly that. He describes the nature and the behavior of the enemies so as to leave no doubt as to the object of that love; and He reveals the nature and activity of the love that is required.

In the first place, Jesus describes the enemy as one who might "curse you," "hate you," "despitefully use you and persecute you." Let us hold to that picture while we examine some substitutes which men have been given for it.

Jesus does not say, "Love your enemy not for what he is but for what he may become." Saint Augustine said that, and other lesser saints have taken his word against the "hard saying" of Jesus Christ. Jesus says, "Bless those that are cursing you *now*," not those who may become incapable of cursing you. "Do good to them that hate you," not to those who are projected by your imagination as "becoming" persons who will love you. Jesus says that the Father "maketh the sun to rise on the evil"—not on that which "may become good"; that He "sendeth rain on the just and unjust alike," not on the obvious just and the "becom-

ing-just." Jesus does not demand us to be reconciled to what is *not*, but to what *is*.

Neither does Jesus say: "Love your enemy by *seeing him as a perfect child of God*." He asks us to love our enemies whose behavior is most alien to the character of perfect children of God.

Jesus is asking what the ego is incapable of doing. He is drawing upon that likeness to the Father which is manifested in the children who do love their enemies. Any egotist could easily project a faint shadow of his own self-righteousness into the "becoming" of an enemy and come to terms with that projection. But he will have loved only a projection of himself.

God's love for us is not based upon any such rationalization. He does not close his eyes of omniscience to our own stark unworthiness, our enmity against Him and his Spirit, and "see" us as "perfect children" of His and love us in that light. No. God so *loved* and loves that He reconciles His enemies unto Himself through Christ. That is the action of the Father which Jesus calls upon us to duplicate.

Then, granted that Jesus actually demands us to love our enemies as they *are*, what does He mean then

by *love*? Just what is the nature and character of that kind of love which "maketh the sun to rise on the evil" as well as the good?

Again we may find light by seeing what Jesus does *not* say. He does not say, "Take a disinterested attitude of good-will toward your enemies. Wish them no harm. Do not hope that 'Their chickens will all come home to roost.' Be altruistic. Be humanitarian instead of cannibalistic."

Jesus does not say, "Take a creative *mental* attitude toward your enemies." Neither does he say, "*Forgive* your enemies." Forgiveness is the increment of love as fragrance is of perfume. Forgiveness is the spontaneous activity of love. We cannot forgive until we love.

Love is an *integral* word. It emanates from the total personality. It is a word of feeling as well as of intellect and of will. It has eyes to see the worst, and feeling to suffer the consequences of the worst, and to drown those consequences in the flood of grace that issues only from the heart of God. Love *so loved the world that it gave!* It suffers long. It is so impassioned that it weeps over Jerusalem which stoned the prophets and is at the moment making a cross for its King. It is not a moral response of the will; it is a divine initiative that weeps over the self-invoked doom of its enemies.

Jesus does not say that the Father in heaven in his "creative mental attitude" of good will *permits* the sun to rise on the evil, but that he *maketh* it to do so; not that he *allows* the rain to fall on the unjust, but that he *sendeth* it. *Maketh* and *sendeth* express purposeful initiative, characteristic of the Maker and the Sender. They are activities born of a concern which is independent of likeness or merit.

Jesus demands that we exercise a felt compassion for our enemies which flows like a river "covering a multitude of sins." He demands a love that abides after Faith has been utterly lost, after Hope has given up her last sane basis. Its activity is the expression of love's one necessity: *to give itself*.

All human love and affinities are qualified by two basic demands: the demand for *identification* and the demand for *merit*. Human incentives to love are loaded with self-reference. We naturally love people who have something in common with us. The demand for mutuality is a craving for mirrors in which we may recognize and admire our own images. It is more a demand for multiplicity of our own egos than a quest for comradeship. "Something in common" is the cry and condition for compatibility.

"Something praiseworthy and trustworthy" is the cry of the ego seeking something it can respect

and devote itself to. It refuses to give except for value received. It hews to the law of "measure for measure." Something that merits our attention and promises a "gilt-edged security" on our investment of our concern, we can love.

Man has four avenues for expressing love: love for that which is identical, which is only self-love; love for that which is similar,

which includes the *neighbor*; love for that which is alien, the enemy; and love for that which is transcendent, which is God.

Only by fulfilling the Great Law of love for God Who is transcendent, are we able to love the enemy. For this love must transcend identity and similarity, and this requires something beyond human nature. It requires God.



I Need Not Ask

Pearl Carling Campbell

O God, forgive
The long unyielding years
When You walked lonely by my side
And I, unheeding,
Hurried on, my pride
Denying that I needed One
To Love or Guide.

O God, forgive
Those vain and empty years
When with an aching Heart You yearned
To show me riches undiscerned,
While to Your tender urge I turned
Unlistening ears!
O God, forget those years!

And yet . . . I know
I need not ask forgiveness, God!
No spirit lost could ever feel so light,
Could have with You a Comradeship
So bright . . .
So full . . . so free . . .
That just to breathe Your Name is Ecstasy!

O God, I need not ask . . . I KNOW!

☐ Only by fulfilling the Great Law of love for God
Who is transcendent are we able to love the enemy.

"Lord, I Am Listening"

Hazel Pickett

INTO the darkness and confusion of my mind, Thou, O Lord, hast spoken, "Know therefore this day, and consider it in thine heart, that the Lord, He is God in heaven above, and upon the earth beneath; there is none else." And again, "My name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace." But I have forgotten Thy truth and again and again have given my allegiance to another, to the power of negativity, of denial of Thy Love, Thy nearness and dearness. Then I have cried out, in my distress and Thou hast answered, "Be still and know that I am God."

Then as I grow quiet in contemplation of Thy glory and holiness, I find peace within, and joy like a still light burning in the sanctuary. No longer do I depend on the world of manifestation, or on loved ones, however dear, for I have found Thee my fortress and my defense, a rock in a weary land. I desired truth and Thou hast made me to know wisdom. I too have gone through fire and through water and with David of old, Thou hast brought me out into a wealthy place. I continually prove Thy word and realize the consciousness of my oneness with Thee.

No longer do I need to be concerned with creed or dogma, with forms and ceremonies. I need but to know Thee. No longer do I puzzle my finite brain with the place of Jesus, the Master, or Christ the Logos, or even Thy Holy Spirit, with regard to the order of their rank in the Heavenly Hierarchy. For we are all of one Spirit, Thy precious, dear worthy Lord, in whom we live, move and have our being.

Lord, I listen closely when Thou sayest to me "Thy Maker is thine husband" and I lose my sense of fear and separateness that has hindered me in finding Thee. My relation to Thee now is that of a beloved wife, guarded, honored, held dear and precious above all others. Thou hast sought me out and bestowed upon me, Thy great Love, Thy Name, Thy Divine nature, and endowed me with all Thy worldly goods. Could I be more largely blessed or greatly honored? Could I ask for more?

I come into Thy Presence, Lord, daily, hourly, and partake of Thy goodness. My body, I present to Thee, a living sacrifice, a pure temple for Thy use and indwelling. Again I wonder, "How can this be?" I am Thy bride and still I am Thy Child. Could it be that if I

listen carefully, Thou wilt say to me "I am all things to thee, My love"? Or this, "I will be Father and Mother, Husband, Lover, Physician, Guide, Counsellor and even a Son to thee. For I am all things and in all things and this is to manifest Myself in My created Universe." Then I see that it seems a paradox, yet is quite clear in its simplicity. Whatever I need, He is That I Am.

My Lord, Thou dost not call upon me for heroic deeds or sacrifice. Thy Way is the little Way of Love, a fleeting caress, a light touch on the hand, a warm glow in my heart, as I go about my daily tasks. There is no withdrawal from the world, no monastery for the spirit, but rather that the doors of our dwelling place are flung wide to welcome all the sick and weary, storm-tossed and lost, into the infinite warmth and safety of our Oneness. And as they share with Us in the glory and Light of Thy Presence, they learn that they too, may possess the Kingdom of Heaven, may find Thee, to be their own Indwelling Lord. For each one alone must seek and find or is it that Thou seekest out each one individually?



Bless all who worship Thee, from the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same. Of Thy goodness, give us. With Thy love, inspire us. By Thy Spirit, guide us. By Thy power, protect us. In Thy mercy, receive us now and always. Amen.

—An ancient Collect, Circa A. D. 440.

Dost Thou play this game of Love that in each soul Thou may find Thyself again?

Lord, I am listening in the quiet dawn or the tranquil evening, and I hear Thy Voice wooing me to Thyself, that Thou mayest give me the glory which was mine with Thee before the world was, that Thou might speak the word of creativeness through me, and I shall express Thee in beauty, in art, in music, in words that bring joy and light to dark places. "Not I, but the Father doeth the work." I am but a channel of Thy expression. The responsibility of the work is Thine and Thou dost furnish the tools I need. Thus I become co-creator with Thee.

After awhile the night may come, but I have found the Divine Union with Thee. Thy manifested Universe begins to drop away from me, and I glimpse the brightness of Thine Eternal Morning, but I know the way into the radiance of Eternal Life in Thee and as I listen, Thou dost whisper once again, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee! Lo, I am with thee unto the end of the world." Lord, I am listening now.

☞ "Whenever I have spoken my son's name, those others would shrink from my touch, as though I were unclean."

Tears of the Night

(A Story)

Rose H. Anderson

DARK as hate was the night in the land of Abraham, while the fearsome wind moaned through the olive trees as the two old ones walked alone. Such bitter anguish these two shared that the villagers passed them by and asked not their name. Newcomers to the village their wants were few so scarcely in the sunlight ventured they forth. The darkness of the night seemed kinder.

Brokenly the woman spoke in a voice dipped in tears: "You behold? Always on the anniversary of the night he died, the stars hide and the winds howl!" As she listened to the rustling of the leaves, she shuddered: "Even the tree remembers and shares in our grief."

The old tentmaker's voice trembled as he asked: "Can we not leave this grief with the years? Must we always be reminded of that night of utter darkness?"

As they walked she twisted her old hands together as if to ease the pain in her heart. Trying to find some comfort, she asked: "Do you recall how beautiful he was as a babe? So many came with gifts at his birth, and what a fine looking man he became, so many coming to

him for wisdom in handling their affairs."

He gazed up at the black heavens as he all but whispered: "Remember the night he was born? How brilliant the sky, as if the Father of Abraham blessed his birth, for it was the night of a thousand stars! Then when his enemies came to me speaking of betrayal, I could not believe them, for I knew many were so jealous of him, our clever son!" Tears were running unheeded down his wrinkled cheeks, for he knew she could not see them. "Then his friends, those whom he had helped, forsaking him, leaving our son alone to die such a bitter death!"

She tried to ease the anguish of his thoughts by saying: "He was so good to us, we could not have asked for a better son." As the gates of the day opened, she brushed the tears from her cheeks as she looked upon the rising sun; timidly she spoke: "Beloved, each new sunrise promises a new beginning. Could we not seek for peace here for no one here knows?"

Softly in his grief he spoke: "My heart longs for peace."

Whispers began creeping amongst the people in the little vil-

lage about the strangers in their midst; whispers about the one-eyed woman and how the tears were forever dripping from the empty socket; how surly the old man, not seeming to care if others passed him by and spoke not to him; how he spoke shortly to any child that dared speak to him. Whispers that came to the ears of one known as the little Mother.

So at dusk the little Mother came to the door of the two old ones and softly spoke to the old woman: "We wish to make you feel welcome in our village. Will you let me help you?"

The old woman muttered: "There is no one can help us; we are all alone, for we have no friends, no one to care about us."

"I would be your friend, for I also am much alone."

"Then will you come in so I may talk? I need to share my thoughts with a stranger, perhaps this will ease my heart."

"Let me share your grief, and your burden will grow lighter."

After they were seated, the old one fixed her good eye on the little Mother as she haltingly began: "If only I could go back to those wondrous years when our son was a lad! My only son! He died a terrible death, for his friends deserted him, so he was all alone when he died! Had I known, I would have been by his side! He was so good to us; once he brought me a shawl

of breathless beauty from a strange land; I placed it away with his baby things. Wait, let me show you." Bringing forth a small chest she tenderly lifted each tiny garment as though in fear it would fall to pieces. The little Mother noted with a growing interest the small delicate J embroidered on the better pieces. Then lifting the shawl, the old one beamed: "Is this not a creation of strange beauty?"

"Your son was indeed kind to bring you a shawl of such rare coloring and texture. He must have been a clever son."

"Clever? He was so clever with money that he could argue with any merchant and get the best of the bargain. And now, I have no son!"

"Believe in goodness of our Father God. Death does not separate us from those we love; believe in this great truth and take comfort to your heart."

The old woman continued to muse as though she had not heard the little Mother's words: "I felt my son was born for great things, but so many were jealous of him! Memories rob me of peace for I cannot forget his terrible death! Perhaps the fault lies with me, for I dreamed great dreams for him; had he learned his father's trade, which I did not feel was good enough for him, he might have been here to comfort us in our old age! And now we are alone—so alone,

and the nights are filled with tears."

"Can you not find faith in the love of our Father God? He will bring you healing and peace if you will look unto Him."

"It is easy to speak thus when the years have been kind! I and my Beloved have known nothing but heartbreak and bitter grief for so many years that it has grown a part of us. For such as we, there is no peace." Pitifully she wept.

A strange thought was beginning to form in the little Mother's mind, although she tried to deny it an entrance. Taking a deep breath she asked: "You had only one son?"

"Only one son! He should have been the joy and pride of our old age, and now he is counted among the dead. If you knew the meaning of bitter grief, you would understand why I cannot find peace, and why the night is so dark."

Softly the little Mother gave answer: "My son did not live to see manhood, so I have never known the joy of beholding him thus. Surely you can be grateful for so much of joy. I have tried to mother the other children when their mothers are busy, so thus they call me by the wondrous name of little Mother. Yet I have none of my own."

"It were better had I never borne my son, for he died such a terrible

death alone! On the anniversary night of his death, the stars hide, while the winds howl in mockery as they did on the night he died! How can we ever forget?"

Pain crept into the little Mother's eyes as she tried to fight away the suggestion the words of the old one portended. With an effort she asked: "Where did your son die?"

As if not seeming to understand, the old one asked: "With your son dead, you and your husband are alone?"

Patiently the little Mother explained, while anxiety ate at her heart. Why did this pitiful old woman bring such terrible thoughts? She explained: "My Beloved has also gone on into that far Country. Where lies the tomb of your son?"

"My son? My lovely babe? He died the death of deaths in the old City; all alone he died."

"You say he was clever with money?" The little Mother closed her eyes so the old one would not behold the horror in her thoughts.

"There was no one as clever as he in money dealings. Once he journeyed to strange places with a group of men, he told of how poor and ignorant most of the men were so he took care of the money bag. And then these whom he had served so faithfully, they left him alone to die!"

Her face white with intense emo-

tions as memories came to her, the little Mother demanded: "What was the name of your son?"

Seemingly afraid to speak the name aloud as if the night wind might carry it afar, the old woman whispered a name that brought a gasp from the little Mother; a name that brought back a picture of heartbreak upon a storm-tossed hill so vividly that the little Mother looked with loathing upon the woman who had borne the hated one. Sobbing, the old woman looked at her with reproach: "You look with hate upon me because of my son? He was all we had—"

Remembering the words of an old friend who had thus spoken: "Let us find pity for him, for they found his body hanging from a tree. Pity the blindness of this hated one who sold his soul for thirty pieces of silver!" So looking upon the weeping, broken old woman, pity came to the little Mother. Placing her arms about the old woman, she soothed: "Let me be your friend; lean on me and let my strength uphold you. Forget all that lies in the past, and think only of the great goodness of our Father God, for in looking unto Him, you will find peace and healing."

With astonishment, the old woman gasped: "I am not loathing to your touch? Whenever I have spoken my son's name, those others

would shrink from my presence, as though I were unclean."

The little Mother gently asked: "You have not spoken this name elsewhere in this village?"

"There has no one spoken to us and we are lonely."

"Then let it ever be thus: let the past die with your son. Speak to no one concerning him and I shall let it become known how lonely is your lot among strangers, and soon the time will come when you will no more be a stranger, but one of us. For our people desire to be friendly and if you will accept us as your friends, we shall share the same friendly road."

A new interest began to appear in the old woman's face as she asked: "We can live here in peace? There will be no stones thrown at us? We find friends here?"

"Thus shall it be, if you will promise not to say your son's name nor his manner of death. Should any ask, tell them your son died with the years."

"Our son was so good to us! It is good to think that we may at last find peace in our old age! My husband will thank you deeply for your great kindness to us, for he also is weary of grief and the tears of the night." Then softly she added: "If our son Judas were here, he also would thank you for your kindness."

☐ This one solitary Life . . . is the one remaining and sustaining hope of future years.

The Influence of One Life

Ernest R. Chamberlain
as suggested by Clifford E. Clinton

Millions have perished in war and terror.

We survive.

Millions are homeless.

We are sheltered.

This night in all the world, for every man well nourished, three are hungry.

We are fed.

The world's abundance should have blessed mankind with homes, health, and competence. Instead, it has been used to destroy all these—to breed pestilence, misery, and poverty.

The finger of the bitter past points to a bloody page . . . "and we shall meanly lose or nobly save the last best hope of earth."

Each life is tested by its answer to the question first asked in the world's beginning:—"Am I my brother's keeper?"

One Life was lived in answer. By all the formal measurements of greatness and willing to help, is the truest power in the world . . .

such: follow through prayer with lives, we are then irresistible.

No one open UP to Him; open the non-er of ourselves OUT to Him

ly b: if we open ourselves down and

to the world, then we let Him through. Then and then only we become CHANNELS.

dom, He had but meager education. None, therefore, need despair for lack of schooling. No wife, no child—He showed each lonely heart its deepest need.

For thirty years, near the village of His birth, He grew and learned His simple trade, shaping the native wood to serve the wants of home and craft.

Three years He wandered, teaching, shaping the native hearts to service of truth and love. He was never more than a few hundred miles from His birthplace.

He held no earthly rank or office, wrote no book, no song; painted no picture, builded no monument.

His native land was ruled by conquerors and foreign legions. While still in the flush of youth, His own people turned against this Man who strangely taught that evil can only be overcome by good.

other is *unlocking* millions of dark minds to Literacy. They are both purporting to be improving the status of Mankind. One by closing doors; the other by opening doors. "But," says Dr. Laubach, "with tens of thousands of Bibles going into Russia constantly, I believe one of the greatest Revivals on

enemies, was tried and condemned in mockery, spat upon and lashed, nailed to a cross between two thieves.

He died asking forgiveness for His persecutors while His executioners gambled for his only earthly possession—His robe.

He was laid in a borrowed tomb. Nearly two thousand years have passed and none has reigned or wrought, or served, or dreamed who has so touched and moulded human life. He is the ideal—the example—who has inspired the noblest and the humblest lives—the great unalterable, wholesome, growing influence in a world of blood and tears.

He who was friendless would be Friend of all. Homeless, He dwells in countless homes. Books on His life fill libraries. His Gospels cover the earth. Song and music in His praise fill the heavens. Pictures, spires and monuments proclaim His influence. Scholars, illiterates, rich men, beggars, rulers and slaves . . . all are measured by His life.

The names of Pharaohs, Caesars, get all that lies in the past, and think only of the great goodness of our Father God, for in looking unto Him, you will find peace and healing.”

With astonishment, the old woman gasped: “I am not loathing to your touch? Whenever I have spoken my son’s name, those others

emperors, and kings of all the ages that have come and gone are but ghosts upon a printed page. All their combined legions and military might are dust upon the land; their proud sea-borne armadas rust upon an ocean floor.

But this one solitary Life surpasses all in power. Its influence is the one remaining and sustaining hope of future years.

Where does such power dwell?

“Be ye not therefore anxious saying: ‘What shall we eat?’ or ‘Wherewithal shall we be clothed?’ But seek ye first His kingdom and His righteousness—and all these things shall be added unto you.”

In a Roman court nearly twenty centuries ago, Pontius Pilate asked of the multitude demanding the death of this young Galilean:

“I find no evil in Him. What shall I do with this Man?”

Today each troubled heart must meet the challenge when the Pilate-within asks:

“What shall I do?”

is good to think that we may find peace in our old age! My band will thank you deeply for great kindness to us, for he a weary of grief and the tears of night.” Then softly she added our son Judas were here, he would thank you for your kindness.”

☐ Within and above and around and all about me was that lovely, lovely Light.

My Prayer Experience with Dr. Laubach

Nelle Cook

AS I watched Dr. Laubach before the service opened and during the few minutes of formality at the beginning, I wondered what he *would* do with the atmosphere he was creating so far as I personally was concerned.

Leaning intimately across the pulpit with hands folded, he spoke so softly . . . “I’ve been hungry for the last few days to get with a small group. This will be a Prayer Cell. Our Lord has so few to follow His thoughts through with Him. If we become more *like Him in size*, then the circle will reach around the world. The greatest failure of the Christian church is that, ‘we try to save our own souls at all costs.’ The further out the needs of Humanity are the less concerned we are! Make us bigger (he prayed) in the circle of our praying, love, interest and thought. We have an ever growing confidence through experience, for prayer, when we are honest and willing to help, is the mightiest power in the world . . . If we follow through prayer with our lives, we are then irresistible. If we open UP to Him; open the center of ourselves OUT to Him and if we open ourselves down and out to the world, then we let Him flow through. Then and then only do we become CHANNELS.

Otherwise we are mere trickles of power of service.”

It was good to be praying with him again, I watched him use the back of his large hand to wipe away the tears surreptitiously. I shared his heart-break for the moment. He tried to talk; found it laborious and just quit and began to pray again. He made this point that gives us pause for thinking . . . that if in prayer we ask for anything lower than God’s Will, it will not be answered. If we ask UP TO HIS WILL, then it will be answered above what we ask.

Then Dr. Laubach went on to say that he is praying for Stalin to be converted. And he goes further. He writes to Mr. Stalin *every week*. They are both busy men. But there is that contact. Both great men too. Both before the World. One holds the destiny of Russia, *enslaved* in ignorance through political machinery. The other is *unlocking* millions of dark minds to Literacy. They are both purporting to be improving the status of Mankind. One by closing doors; the other by opening doors. “But,” says Dr. Laubach, “with tens of thousands of Bibles going into Russia constantly, I believe one of the greatest Revivals on

earth has begun right there, underground.

"The Missionaries are the bulwark against disaster in the world. Don't, oh don't, send Missionaries out into the world and forget them."

All about me the atmosphere was rarefied. I was wrapped as in a chrysalis with an air so cool and so pure that I knew the Breath of God was the only Air. Within and above and around and all about me was that lovely, lovely LIGHT.



Prayer Is A Trio

B. Coursin Black

IN a little Southern town an old Negro eked out a precarious living doing odd jobs. One night at a revival he "got religion." He was very happy about it, but in a few months he was down in the depths of despair. Every night, faithfully, he had prayed "for a thousand big dollars" so that his family could be safe and comfortable. Nothing at all had happened.

Then something happened. One of his customers offered him a steady job on the plantation and converted an old stable into living quarters for him and his family. His prayers, whether he realized it or not, had been answered according to his needs and capacities.

Harry Emerson Fosdick wrote, "Our petitions seem to us to be denied and we give up praying in discouragement, when the fact may be that God is suggesting to

us all the time ways in which we could answer our own requests. Many a man asks for a thing, and God's answer is wisdom sufficient to get the thing."

One of the members of a writer's club I attend wrote fifteen consecutive stories without an acceptance. He needed income desperately. But he did not pray for sales. Quietly he asked for faith in his work and himself, and the ability to judge his writings. One day, going over the manuscripts, he felt the characters would fit into a book. They were rewritten, submitted, and appeared this Summer in book form. It won't be a best-seller, but it has brought steady royalties, and given John renewed faith in his business.

True prayer is prayer, thought and work. Together, they insure happiness and knowledge and success.

☞ In the rich soil of good working conditions . . . the seeds of good labor relations will take hold.

Sow Seeds of Good Labor Relations

Ralph B. Bryan

LET me recommend the parable of the sower as a lesson in labor relations. You recall that the good husbandman of the story scattered seeds that were presumably good, and that some fell by the wayside where they failed to take root and were snatched away by birds, some fell upon rocky soil where they quickly died for lack of strengthening moisture, some fell among thorns which choked their growth, while those that fell upon good ground grew strong and brought forth fruit a hundredfold.

There are so many employers who, like the sower of the parable, diligently scatter seeds of high wages, attractive hours, paternalistic kindness, and upright justice in the fields of their endeavor and who, like the sower, must view with some dismay the frustration of those seeds which sought root in soil whose condition failed to nourish their growth.

"Conditions" is one of the biggest words in the lexicon of labor relationships, for the factor of conditions under which men and women spend their working hours is often the most important in any intelligently planned labor relations program. For no man or

woman will work happily and efficiently at his daily tasks unless the physical, mental, and spiritual conditions with which he is surrounded are conducive to happiness and efficiency.

I can cite many examples to prove my point, out of the notebook of three decades of business journalism. A few will suffice. If you seek others, look about you anywhere.

I recall the rejoicing in a small Southern town when a sizable manufacturing enterprise was moved from the northern city where it had been long and honorably operated. The owners were feted and lauded in the new community, for they brought the promise of quick and profitable employment for many citizens. The seeds these employers had stored through the years of previous operations were good and they were generously scattered in the company's new field.

So generously and so widely were the seeds strewn, in fact, that before they had opportunity to take root they were plucked away by greedy little birds. The plaudits of an impatient Chamber of Commerce turned to diatribes when unavoidable delays in setting up a

new factory resulted in slower job opportunities than had been intended. Irresponsible applicants for work delayed production and disregarded quality requirements. Union organizers hardly waited for the factory doors to open before they were exhorting employes to strike. Disappointed and disgusted, the company quietly shut down the plant and liquidated a business that had thrived for several decades.

There is another manufacturer of my acquaintance whose name you would well know if I told it, for he is reverently regarded by Christian businessmen because of his widely publicized piety and generosity in the treatment of his thousands of employes. Less widely known, and carefully concealed from all except those who are most intimate with his business, is the fact that he is a bigot and a despot who will tolerate no opinion but his own and to whom his employes are constantly placed in the role of serfs. The seeds which he sows with an open hand for all the world to see fall certainly on rocky soil.

Physical conditions have also much to do with the quality of the soil in which the seeds of labor relations are planted.

A New York manufacturer is wondering why for many years he has been plagued with excessive turnover in a small but very important department of his plant.

Workers in this department need

elbow room for handling their work. When the factory layout was planned, bench space in this department was cut to a minimum, inadequate for freedom of movement. There are ten men in the department, each of whom needs an extra foot of bench space so he can work comfortably and efficiently—just ten feet of extra bench space, for which there is ample room, would remove the cause of grumbling and quitting. But this manufacturer, a wise and just employer in so many ways, has failed to recognize the choking, killing power of the tiny sharp thorns among which he has planted his labor relations seed.

The soil of working conditions is sometimes rich with spiritual values, like that of a Rhode Island shoe manufacturer who drafted a minister to become a vice-president of his concern, entrusted with a new and unique department of Christian Relations, organized for the sole purpose of representing the concern in an effort to "get business and religion pulling together to make the world a better place in which to live."

Sometimes it is the warmth of human kindness that permeates the soil, like that of a Massachusetts mill owner who knows the faces and the pleasures and perplexities of his thousand or more employes as well as his grandfather, who founded the business, knew those

of his half-dozen hired hands.

Sometimes the seed takes root in a soil that is strong with the vital elements of simple justice. An Ohio tannery, after years of uninterrupted labor peace, was emptied by a strike of dissatisfied workers. Workers and management failed to get together on a single point after weeks of discussion.

Finally, the union leaders delivered an ultimatum. They would no longer discuss the issues. They insisted the whole matter be placed before an arbiter, with the provision that each side would present its case, and that both would abide absolutely by his decision. They even named in their ultimatum the one man that would be acceptable to them as an arbiter.

And whom did these union leaders name as the only acceptable judge of their claims? None other than the founder and chairman of the company against which they were striking! Seeds that are

planted in a just soil are hard to uproot.

Sincerity is nourishing soil. I have often heard voluble preachers of tolerance assail the Jewish New York manufacturer who had neither time nor interest for the committees struggling for the great cause of tolerance. This man employs over a thousand workers, all of whom are well paid. They include a generous representation of Jews and Gentiles, whites and negroes, Protestants, Catholics, and free thinkers, and men and women with hard-to-pronounce names that indicate a proud heritage from across the seas. Such an employer needs neither creed of tolerance nor avowal of sincerity.

In the rich soil of good working conditions—physical, mental and spiritual—the seeds of good labor relations will take hold and produce such sturdy plants that neither time nor malice can destroy them, and they will produce fruit in their season a full hundredfold and more.



"Superiority"

Ollie James Robertson

I never long to be free like a bird
To sail o'er the towering hill,
For I can lift my thoughts to God
And rise far higher still.
Why should I roam o'er land and sea,
The lovely things to find,
When I have peace and beauty
In the garden of my mind?

Sobrepena—Filipino Bishop

E. K. Higdon

TWO weeks before his college graduation (Macalester College, St. Paul, Minnesota), Enrique C. Sobrepena, now a bishop of the United Church of Christ in the Philippines, found himself at the forking of the ways. He was haunted by the question: "Why enter the law profession when there are already so many lawyers in the Philippines and the great need in your country is for ministers of the gospel to preach and provide leadership in the Christian way of life?" The result was his decision to study for the Christian ministry at Princeton Theological Seminary. That was twenty-five years ago.

From that day to this, the life of Enrique C. Sobrepena has been a series of fascinating, at times dramatic, events in Christian service and leadership. During his seminary days, he organized and was first head of the Filipino Students' Christian Movement in America, and of the first organized Filipino church in the United States, located in Brooklyn. Today, he is a bishop and chairman of the Executive Committee of the United Church of Christ in the Philippines, minister-in-charge of the United Church of Manila, and general over-seer of a chain of twelve

schools and colleges, known by the name Union and Pacifican which he has established at various points in Luzon, the largest island in the Philippine Archipelago. He has served not only in many important positions in the Philippine Protestant Church but also in places of influence in the affairs of his own country. He has been the Executive Secretary of the Philippine Federation of Evangelical Churches, Editor of *Christian Advance*, Moderator of the General Assembly of United Evangelical Church, delegate to the Philippine constitution of the Republic of the Philippines, member of the National Council of Education of the Philippines, and chaplain in the Philippine Army during the war. For gallantry in action in Bataan, he was awarded by order of General MacArthur, the Silver Star Medal.

Dr. Sobrepena's ministry has been particularly outstanding in the field of church unity and cooperation.

"For centuries the Christian Churches mistakenly supposed that 'unity' spells 'uniformity.' But uniformity is impossible where minds are growing. Now the Christian Church is discovering that the best ideal is 'united diversity'—interest-

ing variety with 'beautiful toleration.' This pours rich, full-blooded vitality into Christian Fellowship. The one bond of union—Christ,—and within that union, freedom of conscience."

It is this theory carried into action that constitutes the secret of success of his own United Church of Manila and of the United Church of Christ in the Philippines.

Bishop Sobrepena has had a very rich spiritual background, not only from a father and mother who are exceptionally devout and among the very first to embrace the Protestant faith in the Philippines approximately fifty years ago, but from his close association with American spiritual leaders, particularly Frank C. Laubach and Glenn Clark (whose student he was at Macalester College).

This Filipino Christian is presently in the United States, en-

deavoring to secure the investment of free Christian money in the completion of the expanded United Church of Manila building. This is filled every Sunday to capacity with all standing space occupied by communicants who are largely students. The sanctuary proposed will cost sixty thousand dollars and will be a memorial to the sixty thousand American and Filipino soldiers who died in the Philippines during the War.

The Tower of Prayer will cost fifteen thousand dollars and will be dedicated to Sobrepena's friends and former teachers—Frank Laubach and Glenn Clark, two outstanding apostles of prayer.

Gifts for these splendid projects in Manila may be sent in check, money order, etc., to: Enrique C. Sobrepena, Box "R", Hyde Park Station, Los Angeles 43, California.



Humility

Nancy Agnes Cunningham

"Casting lots for His Garments!

How can we be so shocked

When we in our striving

Have torn and mocked

The fine Robe of Spirit

He dared to wear?

'Forgive them, Father'

His last loving prayer."

Prayer Groups

Millions of women last month in seventy different countries knelt at the altar of God—to pray on the World Day of Prayer.

The prologue of prayer was spoken by women of the Fiji Islands who lived near the International Date Line. The murmuring prayers continued westward following the sun until after many hours the Great Amen was sung in the cold Arctic and at the same moment in the tropical Tongas where Queen Salote led the kneeling hosts in benediction.

In a thousand differing tongues these prayers rose but the Lord of Life heard them all. His spirit hovered above those who prayed under the shade of His trees; it warmed the hearts of those who worshipped in cold, barren rooms; it moved up and down the aisles of high cathedrals; and the Presence was real in thatch-roofed chapels and brought a glow to mud-walled huts. God preceded His worshippers into hospitals and factories and radio stations.

Some prayed for bread and some for clothing. All prayed for peace and a deeper communion with God. All this happened on what is known as the World Day of Prayer.

There was power in that prayer.

But why limit it to one day? *Clear Horizons* is keeping track of hundreds of prayer groups that meet regularly. Because we consider this prayer group movement the most important movement in America, we have decided to devote a special department in this magazine to it in the future.

In hundreds of these groups are folks who received their training in prayer at the Camps Farthest Out.

There are cases of city-wide groups springing up all over the country known as C.F.O. groups. In addition to these larger city-wide interdenominational groups there are thousands of smaller prayer groups unknown except to those who attend them. We should welcome word from these that we can tie them to our blessed network of friends of God.

Six years ago the Interdenominational School of Prayer in Washington, D. C., was started by E. Stanley Jones, Glenn Clark and Starr Daily and it has continued ever since. This year the group accepted the challenge presented by Mrs. Lois Owings of each one choosing one senator or congressman to pray for, until each lawmaker now has one or more prayer-partners "holding up his hands."

Now the Chicago C.F.O. group announces they are responding to this challenge of the Washington group by accepting the responsibility of praying for the senators and representatives of the state of Illinois. Miss Dorothy Troutman will head up the local work of this vital project.

The School of Prayer is the largest of the prayer groups in the Washington area, but numbers of smaller groups are meeting regularly in different parts of the District. These smaller groups, all interdenominational or non-sectarian, meet at the follow times and places:

Mondays, 8 p.m., St. Stephens and Incarnation Church.

Tuesdays, 10:30 a.m., St. Stephens and Incarnation Church.

Tuesdays, 8 p.m., Chevy Chase Baptist Church.

Wednesdays, 5:30 p.m., New York Avenue Presbyterian Church.

Wednesday afternoons every other week, Bethesda Church.

Wednesday evenings, alternate weeks, Bethesda Church.

Wednesdays, 8 p.m., Brookland Baptist Church.

Wednesdays, 8 p.m., Georgetown Lutheran Church.

Thursdays, 10 a.m., St. Stephens and Incarnation Church.

Thursdays, 7:45 p.m., Chevy Chase Methodist Church.

The Philadelphia C.F.O. group is stressing "homework" among its members. Its chairman, James Ashbrook, has sent out a call: "In this connection will you be willing to meet with CFOers in your immediate locality to study *I Will Lift Up Mine Eyes*, and carry out the course prescribed in the book? This is a wonderful opportunity to make CFO a real power in the Philadelphia metropolitan area."

The Twin Cities (St. Paul-Minneapolis) C.F.O. group meets the first Saturday of each month 100 strong in the home of Ralph Graber, 3228 Keewaydin Place, Minneapolis. After a pot luck supper and a meditation period led by one of the members there follows a spiritual ad-

dress by Glenn Clark or others. One outgrowth of this vital group is a Minneapolis men's prayer group that meets at the Y.M.C.A. every Wednesday noon, and a St. Paul men's group that meets in the St. Paul Y.M. every other Monday noon. Besides these there are a score of women's prayer groups that meet every week.

The last Washington C.F.O. group was featured by a panel discussion on "The Value of Humor in Prayer" participated in by six members with Frank Olmstead as moderator. The last twenty minutes all present were invited to participate.

In a later issue we shall give the time and place of meetings and name of the secretary or chairman of all the C.F.O. groups in the nation. Will the secretaries see that this information gets into our hands?

We welcome letters from any and all groups, large and small, along with information of general interest to the readers of this magazine, the following news would be vital:

1. Time and place of meetings.
2. Methods of prayer that you found effective.
3. Unique cases of answered prayer.

Address all communications to Counsellor of Prayer Groups, 1571 Grand Avenue, St. Paul 5, Minn.

"The Silence"

Margaret B. Feehan

No prison is my single cell—
That quiet place wherein to go
And find new grace to meet the world,
Not on its terms, but by a law
That I must learn in solitude.
In such a place, truth surely dwells.

The World Needs Prayer

Edited by Miles Clark

In the second issue carrying this department, I would like to go into some of the news concerning Japan and Communism. Both of these fronts are urgently demanding our prayers.

JAPAN. Dr. Herrick Young, secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church has returned from a tour of Japan, Korea and China, and says that Japan needs at least 1,000 new Christian missionaries. General Douglas MacArthur told him that Japan is a spiritual vacuum which will be filled either by communism or by Christianity, and pleaded with Dr. Young that many more missionaries be sent. Keep Japan in your prayers.

As we pray, remember that we also can help by sending them food through C.A.R.E. and Heifers for Relief. A young couple I know are in Kyoto teaching in the church schools and Y.M.C.A. They have said that the ration the average Japanese is allowed is barely enough to keep him alive. One American who tried it, died of starvation.

Word has come from the World Council of Churches that nine Protestant churches in America have pledged themselves to contribute \$1,000,000 in 1949 for a Christian university in Japan. It is planned for a 350 acre location at Mitaka, fifteen miles west of Tokyo, and will be chiefly a graduate school in law, education, social service. Perhaps the Japanese will come to know the U. S.

as not just an agent of destruction through the atomic bomb over Hiroshima, but as bringing the fruit of the knowledge of the Christian world. This may have as great an influence on good will between our countries as did the Boxer Indemnity scholarships in China.

ENGLAND. A local newspaper carried the following Associated Press dispatch which is probably one of the few of its kind ever printed. Former labor minister, Ernest Brown, told a church conference at Hastings to pray for the conversion of Premier Stalin to Christianity. He said, "It would do more good than the United Nations."

UNITED STATES. The usually cool *Time* magazine warmed up over a story several weeks ago. It was about Mrs. Ruth Kerr, under whose direction the Kerr Glass Manufacturing Company sold over 100 million glass canning jars last year. Mrs. Kerr says, "Anything I've done was accomplished because of what God has done." God has been a partner of the company since 1902 when Mrs. Kerr's husband took the tithing vow while encumbered with debt. Since then the story of the Kerr's company has been one of hard work and trusting the Father to provide. When Ruth Kerr's husband died in 1925, she took over the company and has been president ever since. She still has time for choir practice and prayer meetings. Whenever a Kerr glass fur-

nace is relit after a shutdown, a minister is called to ask a blessing. In her way of life, *Time* says, religion and business are inextricably mixed. We are certainly happy to see this witness even in such a public place as *Time* magazine.

WASHINGTON. On January 2, 1949, Dr. Peter Marshall told his congregation at the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church that the next day he would begin giving the daily Senate prayers. He told his audience, "I'm supposed to pray that God will guide these men in what they do. But I'm too late. I think I'm going to start praying for miracles. I think I'll ask God to upset some political appercarts in this Congress." And he added, "I may not be Senate chaplain very long."

On January 25, the forty-six year-old Dr. Marshall died of a heart attack. Leaders of the church and the

nation sent words of condolence and sympathy. Although Dr. Marshall had been Senate Chaplain in the previous session, in the first few weeks of this session thousands had come to hear of his prayers of purpose. In the few moments given to him in the Senate, Dr. Marshall was able to give new spiritual life to the lawmakers of our nation.

TIBET. Reports have come from Lhasa, high up in the cloud-covered Himalayas that in this holy Buddhist city the three thousand priests and students are meeting the terrorism of the Communists with a unique method. A three-day anti-communist prayer has been held to combat communism. As Bernardine Kielty says, "The Germans combat (it) by street fights, the English have their Hyde Park orators and we monkey around with congressional investigating committees, but the Tibetans pray."



Triumph

Eva L. Spangler

I wrestled with an Angel today;
I was striding along on Life's Highway
When suddenly the Angel stepped forth, And Lo!
We wrestled, and I could not let Him go.
We struggled for hours, neither making a gain,
Then I shuddered, for a swift sharp pain
Seemed all at once to envelop me,
The Angel had won the victory.
Weak and spent, but completely at peace
I clung to Him, and would not cease
Till with His blessing I bowed my head,
Christ lived in me, self will was dead.

NEWS OF OUR EDITORS

J. RUFUS MOSELEY

I may spend the month of April, or much of it, in California. My meeting in Los Angeles shall be at Holcomb's Church (Presbyterian). I have several other standing invitations in California. Late in April I shall speak at the College of Divine Science in Denver. The last of April I shall be in Oklahoma City. Starting with June 10th, I shall be with the Camps Farthest Out—the camp bulletin will give the dates and places. Early in September, Starr Daily and I shall spend two weeks with Quintin Warner in Canada.

It seems without question that Glenn Clark and his associates at Macalester Park Publishing Company were His choice for the publication of *Perfect Everything*, my latest book. I am very happy about it all.

NORMAN VINCENT PEALE

I have several speaking engagements in the middle west, the chief ones are listed on the enclosed (a partial list gives over 26 engagements in reply to our request!—Ed.). I do not know if the readers of *Clear Horizons* would be admitted, but I am sure if they said they were people with whom I am associated in one way or another, they would be asked to come.

(Some of Mr. Peale's spring engagements: April 11th at Ilion, N. Y.; April 27-28 at New Orleans, La.; May 6 at Chicago, Ill.; May 9 at Philadelphia, Pa.; May 11 at Cleveland, Ohio; May 17 at St. Louis, Mo.; May 20 at Altoona, Pa.; and May 24 at Haddonfield, N. J.)

I am finishing a book in collaboration with a psychiatrist, Dr. Smiley Blanton. It will be published by

Prentice-Hall, Inc., and will deal with a religion-psychiatric approach to personal problems. It grows out of our case histories at the Church Clinic in dealing with the important concerns of people's lives.

WINFRED RHOADES

I have been working hard at a new book to be called (probably) *The First Business of Life*, and am now very busy at the final copy. The work has been interrupted by a trip to the lovely New Hampshire hills.

This winter I have been wanting to clarify my thought as to how God is to be thought of ultimately, and have been re-reading, with great profit, Rudolf Otto's book, *The Idea of the Holy*. We talk about God as if we knew a great deal about Him, but when we send our minds beyond, and beyond, and still beyond, we become conscious of our ignorance and want whatever light the mind of man has been able to arrive at. This book of Otto's is a help.

AUSTIN PARDUE

Bishop Pardue has been giving a series of weekly broadcasts on "How to Build a Personal Faith" each Tuesday evening over station WCAE in Pittsburgh. Requests for the talks have been so numerous they shall likely come out in book form. By speaking and writing, Bishop Pardue has earned the reputation of being able to show how religion can bring peace of mind and relief from tension in modern life.

Bishop Pardue may be heard at the following places: April 6-8 at St. Paul's Cathedral, Buffalo, N. Y.; and April 11-15 at Trinity Cathedral, Pittsburgh.

STARR DAILY

This information will interest you from Starr's letter:—

"Between now and June I'm 'holed in' on my New Era Penology book.

"After that my schedule is in the Camp Farthest Out announcement.

"Another letter from publisher in England urging my visit there this fall. (Starr's *Recovery* sold 5,000 copies in one month in England we are told.—Ed.) . . . Quintin Warner wrote wanting me to head up a campaign in Canada in Sept. May take that one on."

RALPH SPAULDING CUSHMAN

Bishop Cushman was chosen to represent the Methodist Church in this country at the celebration of the Fiftieth Anniversary of the founding of the Methodist Church in the Philippine Islands. He arrived there on February 7th and will sail for home on March 30th. While in that part of the world he attended three annual conferences in Malaya and Sumatra. Some quotes from his letter from the Philippines are: ". . . within view of the havoc made by the Japanese . . . and the destruction made by the Americans in

driving the Japs from the Islands. Reconstruction . . . is going on . . . but it will take a generation to repair the damage. War is no picnic. It seems like wicked insanity."

"While priests still burn Bibles in remote places in these islands . . . many of the most respected leaders in the government in law, education and business, are evangelical Christians."

"The door is wide open. We need more missionaries to give counsel to the nationals and the latter welcome them eagerly. . . . The Filipino people are hungry for education."

GLENN CLARK

Glenn Clark will spend the summer traveling from Camp Farthest Out to Camp Farthest Out. This begins with the Texas camp on May 20th. Some of his speaking dates prior to the camps are:—

April 7-8 in Grand Rapids; April 1-16 at Memphis; April 24-26 at Alexandria, Virginia, c/o Dr. Chenaunt; May 1-May 6 in Oklahoma City.

Harper and Brothers are going to publish Glenn Clark's autobiography this fall. Just before this goes to press he was putting the finishing polish on the revision.

A DAY TO REMEMBER

There is a place in the world where the sun is warm, and the water blue, a place for quietness and restful remembering. I was there once on a clear blue day when sky and mountain met and I saw white clouds hovering like the wings of Angels.

On the shore the water met the rocks, washing them over and over as fast as the sun dried them. The sun and the water met, the sky and mountain met, it was a meeting day, a day for remembering.

The peace of eternity covered every tree and every grain of sand. It covered me until I was small and unworthy, but thankful and deeply glad. And ever since I have searched for this Day on every windswept hill and in the valleys, hoping to find it somewhere in the passing years.

—Louise Mani.

Prayer Works!

"Thank you for your prayers. There were delays before we finally went to court. I was surprised it was all as easy as it was and I know it was your prayers that made it so easy for me."—*R. H. W., Montana.*

"My sister was up and dressed and had taken a walk by herself. This was a definite answer to prayer after my telegram telling you that she was hemorrhaging. I do not know how to thank you. God bless you and I will send a love offering soon."—*G. W. A., Mississippi.*

"I wrote the letter (to the Prayer Tower) . . . I expected great things and I was not disappointed. God revealed the power of unselfish prayer to me that day in the most wonderful relaxation I had ever experienced. Gone is the desperate feeling, but my need for God . . . is still great. God bless you as you continue to pray for me."—*H. R. D., California.*

"I . . . wish to report good news to you . . . my son has stopped drinking and he has never even wanted to before. Please pray that God will give him strength to live up to his promise. The love offering is small but sent with my deepest thanks."—*N. W. F., Iowa.*

"I telephoned you . . . about my grandson who had polio . . . he has made a complete recovery, is gain-

ing rapidly in weight, and we are a grateful, happy group. Many people have been blessed by his marvellous recovery."—*Mrs. E., Indiana.*

"Our baby arrived safely . . . God has been very near and very dear and my husband and children also had the same uplifting feeling . . . I want this (love offering) to be used in extending your prayer tower services."—*R. G. H., Pennsylvania.*

"It gives me great pleasure to inform you that all of my physical deficiencies have completely disappeared. I never have an ache or pain and sleep well every night. I appreciate your prayers."—*M. R., Georgia.*

"It is good news I have about our little son's progress. His report card . . . shows wonderful improvement. When . . . physicians have said his mentality would not exceed 3 years, we KNOW this is a miracle. God's plan for him is unfolding and we thank Him and you."—*F. M., Michigan.*

"I cannot even find words to tell you how wonderful your prayers have helped me. I see everything in a different light now. I feel better and I am so glad that in my life I have Jesus to guide me. Thank you for giving me the spiritual help I needed."—*Mrs. A., D. C.*

THE UNITED PRAYER TOWER

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

This work is supported entirely by freewill love offerings. 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.

Let There Be No Mourning

Mabel Lawrence Evans

"As you love me, let there be
No mourning when I go
No tearful eyes
No hopeless sighs
No woe, nor even sadness.
Indeed, I would not have you sad,
For I, myself will be full glad
With the high triumph of gladness
Of a soul made free
Of God's sweet liberty.
No windows darkened
For my own
Will be flung wide as ne'er before
To catch the radiant inpour
Of love that shall in full store
For all the ills that I have done
And the good things left undone.

No voices hushed,
My own full flushed
With an immortal hope will rise
In ecstasies of new born bliss
And joyful melodies.

Rather of your sweet courtesy
Rejoice with me
Grant me serenity—deep repose
And the perfect sleep that a garden knows.
Wish me bon voyage
As you do a friend
When joyous visit finds its happy end
And let me both "adieu" and "au revoir"
Since though I come no more
I shall be waiting there to greet you
At His door.

And as the feet of the Bearers tread
The ways I trod,
Think not of me as dead
But rather
"Happy, thrice happy he whose course is sped!
He has gone home to God, His Father."

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