

Clear Horizons



Summer — 1949

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As We Go To Press

Glenn Clark (p. 1), our editor, needs no introduction. Dr. Clark left town toward the end of March and will not be home again until fall. Speaking engagements and the summer Camps Farthest Out claim him. If you have not read *The Third Strike* you should make it "must" reading on your summer reading list. We at this office can hardly wait until fall when Harper and Brothers will publish his autobiography. . . . **Annie S. Greenwood** (p. 8) is a resident of Minneapolis, Minnesota. We think her present article has a message that needs to be brought to the attention of everyone. . . . **Bradford Lambert** (p. 13) is a nationally known portrait painter. He has visited in the homes of, and painted the portraits of, many of America's famous families. . . . The fanciful piece by **Eleanor T. Young** (p. 15) is a good example of why stories are such potent moral forces. . . . **Marie Daily** (p. 17) is the wife of Starr Daily, and a spiritual counselor and leader in her own right. This summer she is one of the leaders at the Southern California Camp Farthest Out. . . . **Douglas Trim** (p. 19) is an Englishman who appeared once before in *Clear Horizons*. . . . **Walter Briggs'** (p. 29) article on an Inland China mission, describes the sort of missionaries who will continue to exist under Communist rule. They lie with the people; are part of them instead of "foreigners." It reminds us of Hudson Taylor, founder of China Inland Mission. In the eighteen fifties, Mr. Taylor adopted the Chinese dress, even to the pig-tail, so he could be one with the people. . . . It is a pleasure to have with us again that grand old master of spiritual gems, **Grenville Kleiser** (p. 37). He is the channel for a stream of articles and stories to magazines and newspapers all over the country. . . . We think the article by **Lou Ormsby** (p. 43) is a splendid example of the old fact that when everyone else gives us up, when we cannot rely on anyone else but God, God *does* take over and miracles begin to happen. . . . "**Your Prayer Counselor**" (p. 58) will be expecting you to make known your wishes and your experiences so she (yes, your counselor is a woman—naturally!) can be of most help to you. Make her your clearing-house for prayer group problems and inspirations.

CLEAR HORIZONS MAGAZINE

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Clear Horizons

Tenth Year

SUMMER, 1949

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☐ The only group working with any real success toward salvaging these lost millions is Alcoholics Anonymous.

The Lost Million

Glenn Clark

OVER fifty million of the people of the United States drink alcoholic beverages, three million to excess—addicts on the danger line—and of these, one million are hopeless alcoholics living in a hell as deep as anything Dante ever described and as dark as anything Doré ever pictured. For this lost million it is hell and it is hell for their families and for all who have anything to do with them.

The only group working with any real success toward salvaging these lost millions is Alcoholics Anonymous. But all the good that the "AA's" accomplish is a mere drop in the bucket. Less than fifty thousand salvaged out of a million is a very small per cent. It is like baling out a tub with a dipper while both faucets are running full speed. When a million lives are overflowing into the hell of alco-

holism, why can't we turn off at least *one* of the faucets?

One faucet is the production of liquor; the other faucet is the advertising of liquor. There is no present hope of turning off both faucets. We tried to do that once and the voters rose up in revolt. As long as a majority want liquor produced the breweries will continue to produce it. But we can turn off the other faucet and those who have studied the problem maintain that this alone would cut the consumption of liquor in half.

The occasion for writing this article is the publication this spring of *The Third Strike** which is selling already in the hundreds of thousands. The young author of this book came to me as a hopeless alcoholic ten years ago. We gave him scholarships to the Camps Farthest Out. Every known means were used to save him. But all to

**The Third Strike*, Abingdon-Cokesbury, Nashville, Tenn., \$1.

no avail. Finally, in desperation he asked to be put in the penitentiary for two years. The way he asked for it was by forging my name to a check, an offense for which he could have been "sent up" for twenty years. I offered to let him off scott-free, but he begged that I let him be admitted to Stillwater Prison in Minnesota for the two years—that prison walls might shut out the hell that his will was not strong enough to confront. I consented on one condition, that he write a book while interned that would warn others from the pitfalls that he had fallen into.

He promised and he kept his promise. Each week he sent me a chapter until the picture of his struggle with the black monster was painted. It was a work of art. It was a classic in its field equal to anything De Quincey or Coleridge or any literary genius of the past ever wrote. I edited it and Starr Daily wrote a foreword to it and then Abingdon-Cokesbury published it.

When the two years were completed Jerry came forth—an author at last. Fame and glory could have been his for the asking. But, alas, old John Barleycorn had too much on the ball. Jerry struck out!

As he said, he was born with two strikes against him. One was heredity, one was environment. Had it stopped there he would have had at best one chance left. He

lived in mortal terror of that third strike. He knew that it would mean the end.

What is the third strike? It is simply this: the commercialized network operating to catch and lure the drinker. No fly in a spider's web is any more helpless than the confirmed drunkard when exposed to this network. Wherever Jerry went he found the tempter at his elbow. He could not open a newspaper or magazine without reading blazing ads of liquor. He could not turn on a radio without hearing the liquor pour. He could not attend a movie without seeing it in its most tempting forms. He could not walk a block through the business section of any city without seeing and smelling the taverns of death.

"Three strikes. You're out!" Is this fair? Is this sporting? In this nation of ours we pride ourselves on playing the game hard but playing it fair. We can't prevent the first strike from coming over the plate—heredity—unless we start a new philosophy of birth control. We may not be able to stop the second strike—home environment. But the third must not be "put over" on one in an unfair way—this public enticement to drink. At least let us give our poor boys a chance!

"The causes of our liquor problem are like the links in a chain," writes Walter O. Cromwell of

Chicago, who has made a thorough, first-hand study of the subject. "One link is the distillers, wine makers, brewers; another is the wholesalers, jobbers and retailers. The manufacturers of bottles, caps, coils, cans, labels, machinery and equipment, without which the liquor makers could not operate, form a strong link; the owners of buildings who rent for the manufacture, sale or storage of alcoholic beverages are an important link; the transportation companies which deliver liquor are a link; the people who drink are another vital link.

"The chain is as strong as its strongest link and none of its links could be held together without the newspapers, magazines, motion pictures, billboards, public carriers, broadcasting companies and federal, state and local public servants who join to forge the link of liquor advertising and propaganda. *The advertising of alcoholic beverages is the strongest link in the liquor problem chain.*

"We can ill afford to dissipate our strength in disconnected attacks on various links of this chain. The time has come to unite our forces, to move as one against the greatest contributing factor in our liquor problem—the liquor ads. It is the huge alcoholic beverage advertising and propaganda program which is teaching old and young in greater and greater numbers to drink.

"The most effective way to combat the liquor ads is the individual expression of citizens in written protests to the editors of magazines and newspapers, operators of radio stations, and to officials responsible for motion picture, billboard and other kinds of liquor advertising.

"Groups of responsible citizens, mothers and fathers, church and temperance organizations must act now against the liquor ads if our country is successfully to stem the rapidly rising tide of juvenile and adult crime, divorce, broken homes, venereal disease and alcoholism.

"State and local groups should start their campaign based on plans best suited to their particular areas. The strategy used effectively by one state may not prove successful in another. Design your own program and gear it to the main objective—to *create a vigorous nation-wide public opposition to the liquor ads.*"

In the last World War when there was a great shortage of ships to carry soldiers and supplies to the seat of conflict fast enough, there was always storage space for liquor. It was a common sight to see great wharves laden with barrels of rum and beer awaiting shipment, while thousands of boys in the burning heat of the Southwest area complained because soft drinks were not available and alcoholic drinks always were. Thousands of boys who had never touched a drop

in their lives before returned from the War confirmed alcoholics. No, all the war casualties did not get into the papers. Hundreds of mothers have said that they would rather that their boys had died on the battle field than returned to the hell which Jerry has so vividly described in this book. Congressmen tell us that no lobby is more powerful than the liquor lobby in Washington, and that no saloon is as active as the Senate Bar. Can't we do something to prevent this continual flaunting of liquor drinking, this glorifying of it before the eyes of our boys and girls? This insidious propaganda backed by men who put profits above lives is the third strike. No chance. Even Alcoholics Anonymous can't always beat that. Perhaps an aroused citizenry of America can.



✓ *Two Spirits*

Leslie A. McRill

When over Bikini the atoms burst,
 And the mushroomed-cloud sought the ether heights,
 Two spirits stood in that awful glare—
 I saw them smile in the blinding lights.
 And one was the smile of the Man of Peace—
 For the world that is to be,
 For a new world born at the Crossroads' port
 Where the sky was wed with the sea.

But the other one smiled in ironic glee
 As he thought of the old world-plan,
 Where greed, and hate, and racial pride
 Still shackle the mind of man.
 The Wise Men followed the guiding star
 In that day of long ago;
 The light of the Crossroads points the way
 To a new world's morning glow.

☾ The beauty of the entire world was so intense
 I could hardly stand it.

I Entered Reality

Naomi W. Smith

AT a time of extreme crisis, two and a half years ago, I, with my whole heart, soul, mind and body sent out a cry to the Universe. I had searched everywhere for God and had failed to find Him. My faith was absolute. I beseeched Him, wherever He was, to take over my life, He could have it all! It was so confused, and every effort seemed more futile than the last. Due to the extremity of my mental bewilderment and my desire for peace, I remained in this state of absolute self abandonment for hours. I reserved nothing for myself—no bad habits, fears, doubts or pet grievances. I wouldn't call this wrestling all night with the angel—it was a releasing of all to God.

With the morning came peace. My whole desire was for good. That was the only part I played in the amazing experience I now relate.

Everything was glorified by brilliant light. The beauty of the entire world was so intense I could hardly stand it. How many of you recall the gorgeous beauty of the circus parades of your childhood? I witnessed a parade at this time, the reds, greens, and golds were

breath-taking in their grandeur. The most marvelous part of all this was the fact that any question I wished answered only had to be thought. Immediately I knew the answer. I wanted only that mankind be benefited. So all questions were to that end. All puzzling circumstances of the past became clear. **BUT SINCE I KNEW, FOR A CERTAINTY, EVERYTHING WAS GOOD AND ALL PEOPLE WERE TRAVELING TO A GOOD END IT SEEMED SCARCELY NECESSARY TO ASK THESE QUESTIONS AND RECEIVE THE ANSWERS.**

"I" didn't matter at all. In fact "I" wasn't there. "I" had become **AWARENESS**. That is all that was left of the ego—**AWARENESS OF GOOD—NOTHING BUT GOOD—EVERYTHING—EVERYONE.**

After a week of this the light gradually began to grow dim. Knowledge began to come only by effort on my part. My body, still filled with peace, was very weak. It was wonderful just to lie tranquil—not knowing whether I'd live or die—not caring—for I knew there was no death—no change that mat-

tered—the body was nothing. I hadn't needed it in this beautiful experience. All good was mentally achieved by a Mind greater than mine. I was only used as an instrument through which this Mind could express itself—like a radio.

Gradually, I became what we call normal again. But I was never to be the same. This phenomena was an actuality. I had stumbled into this state wholly unaware that such an experience could be. I was not mesmerized. I was not delirious. It was truly wonderful. A perfect state! I cannot overexaggerate its *absolute perfection*.

I have given my time to an analysis of how it happened, from then until now. I was so bewildered by the strangeness of it, I had to convince myself beyond a shadow of a doubt, that it was good. That I had not been handled by an evil force. It was my desire to substantiate this. Within a few months I had the good fortune to meet three people who had each gone through a similar experience. They were good—striving to do right. So that helped establish this premise.

I went about this search as a scientist seeks his conclusions. I constantly searched among all people, in books and in my own mind. I seldom mentioned "the light and its accompanying revelation." When I did it didn't make much impression, because it so defied description and was so beyond the

understanding of the human mind.

From time to time I would experience a higher degree of knowing than is ordinary—but never "the light." Then I'd lose it again.

NOW THE ANSWER HAS COME. I have again been able to fulfill the Law—this time knowingly and intentionally. Before I call, the answer is there. I think and my will is achieved or instructions given, step by step, for its attainment (absolute faith must accompany these steps as they are taken). I have found that **WHEN ALL THE DESIRES OF MY HEART AND MIND ARE GOOD** (think of the magnitude that entails) I live and move and have my being in uninterrupted peace—in harmony with everything (everything on earth is working to this end, altho, sometimes we can't understand how this is taking place, we must believe it).

EVERYONE, no matter how negative or out of step with good his life has been, can realize this perfection. The past is of no consequence. When the desire to fulfill the Law is born, rest assured, the ultimate in perfection will be accomplished.

You may call it the Law of the Universe, God's Mind, Cosmic Law, Creative Force, or anything you choose. Since the Law operates to bring forth perfection, the name doesn't matter.

Outline for Morning Meditations

Harry J. Marshall

1. *Meditation*. Think on some phase of God, His character, or work. Such as His glory, creative power, love, forgiveness, redemption greatness, etc. Such a moment lifts us out of our pettiness, our futility and frustrations into His atmosphere of courage, faith, joy and peace. It helps us start the day with a clear eye, confident faith and sure foot.

2. *Thanksgiving*. Gratitude is a mother-virtue that brings forth many others such as humility, peace, a sense of dependence on God, adoration of Him, love, courage, and fellowship. It softens our hearts, brings us closer to the Divine, gives us a feeling of our relation to Him and His universe. It obliterates all selfishness, arrogance, pride and self-seeking.

3. *Confession*. "Nothing in my whole life has helped me more than this morning daily confession. It has helped me to see myself as I never did before," says a veteran Christian worker. It follows naturally after Thanksgiving. It brings out our true dependence on God and a realization of our need of correction and growth. It puts behind us all our failures and mistakes and helps us to begin afresh. It gives us another chance as we couple the prayer for forgiveness with our confession. It draws out

God's love and helps us face the future with courage, hope and joy.

4. *Scripture Reading*. Here is where we get our daily instruction for direction and guidance to carry on. Old scripture comes to us with new appreciation and force. Study and meditate on it as much as you need to give you positive ideas that will be food for thought and inspiration for action. Apply its standards drastically to yourself. Read till the inspiration comes, you may need only a few lines.

5. *Intercession*. We are now ready to seek in prayer those things in which God wants us to cooperate with Him in accomplishing His will for the good of the world. People to pray for. Causes to strengthen, courage to face the hard as well as the soft things of life, loved ones, His servants, rulers, workers in all kinds of effort for good, etc., etc.

6. *Guidance for the Day*. The practical application of the principles of trust and power. Definite directions for the ordinary doings of the day. He is our manager, and as such he distributes the tasks for the day. For thousands this is a daily experience that saves them from worry, nervous tension and breakdown, and makes the day full of comfort, joy and satisfaction.

☾ Rarely does anyone attain a place of great and worthy usefulness without having passed through his Egypt of suffering.

Apprenticeship In Egypt

Annie S. Greenwood

HAVE you been down in Egypt? Not the country itself but the conditions of restraint, suffering and frustration which the name signifies. Perhaps you are there now. Possibly you belong to the fortunate ones who have come out, Divinely led, instructed at your personal Sinai and have entered the Promised Land.

In his biography of Henry Parsons Crowell, Richard Day in telling of Crowell's years of illness and his superb physical and spiritual conquest makes this comment, "The sons of God seem always to serve their apprenticeship in Egypt."

Rarely does anyone attain a place of great and worthy usefulness without having passed through his Egypt of suffering, disappointment, frustration or a keen struggle of some kind. Henry Crowell spent seven years of his young manhood "in Egypt," his college career sidetracked, his betrothal cancelled, his heart torn with loneliness, while he conquered tuberculosis. BUT—during those years he became so attuned to the Father that the foundation was laid for all his future life. Through the long, happy consecrated and highly successful

business career which followed until he was almost ninety, he could look back on those seven Egyptian years as the pivot on which his whole life turned.

Surely no one can say that the many years of continued disappointment and apparent failure of Abraham Lincoln was wasted. Schooled in adversity, he emerged from them ready for an eminent place in world history.

Do we know of anyone who has reached the sublime heights of selfless service without serving an apprenticeship of suffering? Jesus is our supreme example. In lesser degrees, in all walks of life, we find that those men and women who are most truly bringing the Kingdom of God into manifestation are those whose spirits have been polished in times of physical, emotional or financial hardship.

Some do not recover from the long tragedy of suffering. "Why? Oh why?" is asked. We are not wise enough to answer; but, though physical healing may not come, they triumph spiritually. Serene in spirit, they transmute handicaps into stepping stones and inspire all whom they contact.

Frequently we come face to face with someone who is confined to a

wheelchair and yet carries on successfully and happily. The late Ethelwynne Kingsbury of Monticello, Minnesota, who at ten was crippled for life was a shining example. Facing poverty and permanent invalidism, she finished both grade and high school from her lonely seat at a home window, then earned her first wheelchair, came to Minneapolis, put herself through business college, became secretary to the president of a music school and took the piano and voice lessons which her whole being had always craved. She became one of the most successful and beloved voice teachers of the state, maintained her own studio, inspired her students, did much community and civic work, kept house, was a prominent soloist and a beautiful Christian character who gave joy to the thousands who knew and loved her. Yet she was constantly in her wheelchair until she passed on, the summer of 1947. No Egypt could ever defeat her! Her trust, optimism and joyous spirit overcame every handicap and made her entire life one of radiant accomplishment.

Franklin D. Roosevelt's Egypt was a black one, but it never conquered him; he did the conquering. So did Theodore Roosevelt. So did thousands of others whose names are unknown to us.

Sometimes an individual's Egypt consists of frustration and repeated

disappointment. In heart-breaking succession, one door after another is closed against him, and yet out of the darkness of near despair comes ultimate triumph. Success is sweeter because of the difficulties overcome to attain it. He learns to thank God for each closed door which forced him to go on until the right one swung wide to welcome him.

Among our veterans from both wars we find courage and ingenuity bringing conquest out of disaster and suffering. Regardless of the maimed and mutilated body, the spirit rises triumphant above conditions and bravely faces life again, strong in its God power.

Our Egypt, whatever its nature, is a challenge to the inner spirit, calling us to higher attainments, to spiritual growth, to the unfolding of our potential greatness. If it were not for a sojourn in Egypt we might never discover our finest possibilities. Let us, with "eyes front, head high to the finish, see it through"! We shall emerge from the experience stronger, with broader sympathies and keener understanding and therefore with greater ability to serve our fellowmen.

We may never know the reason for the time of hardship, but we can use it for that spiritual development which fits us for increased usefulness, happiness and final triumph. Looking back we shall see

that it had its place in the ripening of those qualities which are most worthwhile. It challenges us. We accept the challenge and, under the guidance of the cloud and the pillar, we go forth to conquest. We find our Promised Land. Let us thank God for our apprenticeship in Egypt—still more for our emergence from it.



A Prayer

Pearl Carling Campbell

O Father, keep my thoughts on Thee!

.....
When the night and morning meet,
When it is dawn and life is sweet,
When I have life and love and sun,
When I have work and work is fun,
When all my hopes are riding high
And I am sure that Thou art nigh,
O Father, keep my thoughts on Thee!

And should the hours prove disappointing,
Passed on untouched by soul's anointing,
While vagrant thoughts find quick temptation
In sins of the imagination,
In sins of mind which can destroy
So cunningly our spirits' joy,
O Father, keep my thoughts on Thee!

And Father . . . keep our thoughts on Thee,
Our hearts on all humanity,
As Darkness shadows in its sweep
A world where anguished spirits weep,
A world which shows no bright tomorrow
For hungry children clothed in sorrow,
Where nations atone wise proclaim
The right to kill and bruise and maim!

O Father, keep our thoughts on Thee
And on the Promise Thou hast made
That those whose thoughts on Thee are stayed
Thru Faith shall always surely find
Courage and hope and Peace of mind!

.....
O Father, keep our thoughts on Thee!

© My illness proved that God does heal
and that Faith is the answer.

Your Dreams Can Help You

Anonymous

BAD dreams usually disturb one—we think of them as something to be avoided. On the contrary they can be made instruments of good—God's means of bringing healing.

A few years ago when my life seemed to be progressing beautifully, when long-cherished dreams were materialized, and at a time of high hopes and happiness, I became stricken with a severe psychological illness from which I suffered beyond description. I did not know what the cause was, though fear was the only emotion that seemed to function. It broke my happiness, and blocked what could have been great developments in my life. Though my life had always been emotionally blocked, this was the crisis.

I was still emerging out of my atheism, and had no God to turn to. But there was a spark of hope and faith that I could get well because I must get well. It was only after undergoing psychotherapy that I became aware my illness was fear itself. What made me afraid I did not know.

I learned that there is a part of the mind known as the subconscious, and out of the fathomic depths of my subconscious had

come this tremendous upsurge of fear which had upset my life and made me desperately ill. Through spiritual therapy I learned that others had been healed by an awareness and faith in an Omnipresent Infinite or Superconscious Mind which they call God. I learned, too, that I must stop fighting, and, realizing my complete helplessness, surrender myself completely to God.

Then interesting things began to happen. I was slowly but steadily getting well. It took a full two years before I felt up and around again mentally. During the latter part of this period I would sometimes have frightful dreams which brought to my conscious recollection happenings and circumstances in my childhood that had instilled fear within me—incidents that had long since been forgotten. Sometimes these dreams were symbolic, but clearly revealing. Always after awakening from one of these dreams in the agony of fright, a great relief would come over me. Each of these dreams revealed to me something in my childhood that had made me afraid. Instead of being filled with foreboding, fearing these bad dreams were omens of evils ahead, I accepted them with

profound relief as the draining out of old infections of the past. Impressions made through my conscious mind and imbedded deep in my subconscious years ago now coming out, and they came out through dreams. I began to realize that this process of subconscious regurgitation was part of God's method of flowing through me, cleansing and healing my subconscious of these scars which had so long enslaved my life, I became thankful for my suffering, and for every bad dream that revealed further the subconscious causes of my illness, I gave praise and thanks to God for His healing.

My illness proved to me that God's Mind is greater than my mind, that God does heal, and that Faith is the answer. I am no longer an atheist. No one can take this experience away from me. No one

can convince me now that there is no God—a God whose Omnipresent Infinite Mind brings healing to our minds, bodies and affairs just so long as we tune in through the Dial of Faith and surrender ourselves completely to Him. I am now standing at the threshold of a new life, and am already thankful for the countless blessings yet to be born.

Faith is the answer. It is the answer for the hopes of the individual and for the hopes of the World, for "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." Until we learn to have a simple child-like faith, and know beyond any doubt the eternal gifts of God, we will continue to grope in the dark in our own feeble efforts alone, and too often be defeatists because we are not rooted in the Spiritual Soil of the Universe.



My Evening Prayer

Gertrude R. Dugan

If in my task I've failed today
To manifest Thy love;
If light of mine has failed to shine,
Thy power, O Christ, to prove;
I now Thy pardoning grace would seek,
Surrendering all to Thee;
That Thou, O Christ, henceforth be seen,
And magnified in me.

☞ As sons of the Heavenly Father in fellowship with Jesus we are beyond the reach of all earthly evil.

By Love and Prayer Comes Power

Bradford Lambert

THE greatest Living Force known to man comes through love and prayer. Awareness of this transforms the weakling into a power for good, and endows the invalid with more strength than the ruler of a great nation.

By love and by prayer man is working with God, and God never fails or betrays him. When he works by force, laws, bargains and contracts, he is working with the world and the world inevitably betrays him.

If you want to help someone who is suffering, someone who is physically or spiritually ill, love him and pray for him. By this means you reach God, and God is the only power that is of any use to him.

Do not set out to reform your fellowman because it will mean that you have already sat in judgment on your brother. As in the case of the woman taken in adultery, only he who is without sin may punish the sinner and remove the sin. This can be done only by the Father and the Son.

When we depend upon man to remove sin or evil, we are leaning on the wind. The powers of this world cannot remove the sins of this world. There is a Power that

can do these things and it is openly and freely given to us in abundance through love and prayer. There is no other way.

If we strive to promote worldly laws to compel our fellowmen, we are calling him before the law and in calling him we call ourselves before the law. As Jesus has told us, we will then pay to the last penny and our sins are many.

If, through love and prayer, we place our brother in the hands of the Father and the Son we thereby place ourselves in the hands of the Father and the Son. If we love our brother, God will love us; and if we compel our brother, God will compel us.

Of ourselves alone we are nothing but when we accept God as a part of ourselves and ourselves as a part of God, we are everything. Of ourselves alone we are meek and humble, but as sons of the living God we are glorious. No man can serve two masters and no man can put his faith and trust in both God and the world. He must choose either God or the world.

Man has striven for ages to regulate the world through plans, agreements and arrangements of his own devising and has failed miserably.

When he releases all these things into the hands of the Father and the Son he will succeed gloriously.

By ourselves alone we are easy prey to every fear, danger and

evil thing. As sons of the Heavenly Father in fellowship with Jesus we are beyond the reach of all earthly evil—heirs of the Heavenly Kingdom and the Heavenly King.



Take off the Brakes When You Pray

Elizabeth Searle Lamb

SOMETIMES I start the car, try to go, and “phooey,” nothing happens! I’ve left the brakes on again. Stupid? Yes, indeed! But I make a worse blunder every time I pray for help on a certain problem and then remain tensed up, doubtful, afraid to act on faith.

Relaxing in perfect faith, releasing completely all mental and spiritual tension corresponds to removing the brakes. It lets the power of God reach full expression through me; it lets the solution to the problem reach immediate manifestation.

Pray and then relax. Prayer has been widely recognized, though somewhat less widely practiced, as the method for problem solution. I like to get away by myself to pray—but when in need I have prayed successfully on a busy street corner, in a crowded classroom, and high in an airplane over the blue

Caribbean. The silent inner place may be reached at any time, in any place.

When contact has been made with the Supreme Power, then the brakes must come off. One must mentally relax and cease worrying as one comes again into the affairs of the outer world. This is as vital as the prayer itself which has set in motion the power to bring the perfect solution. But tension can block the channel, barring God-given help. Mental relaxation must be cultivated.

Pray sincerely and deeply. Let go of every previous conception of how your problem will be answered. Just know the perfect solution will come; act on that faithful assumption. And keep mentally, spiritually, and physically relaxed, so that the channel will be free for perfect and immediate expression of the answer to the problem.

☐ The frown looked and saw the sunniest smile that was ever born.

The Unhappy Frown

Eleanor T. Young

ONCE in a very great while a frown creeps into Fairyland. This time, though, there was a tiny little frown that was so unhappy that he walked right into Fairyland and rang the Bluebell that fairies use when something important comes up. After he had rung the bell he was frightened so he hid under a clover leaf. The fairies all came flying to see what was needed and, of course, they didn’t see anyone at all.

“Who rang for us?” asked Queen Charlotte.

Then the little frown crawled out and said, “I did,” in a very scared voice.

Many of the fairies had never seen a frown but they knew by his looks that he didn’t belong in Fairyland. Queen Charlotte looked at the frown and spoke quite sternly. “What are you doing here? Don’t you know that we don’t have frowns in Fairyland?”

“That’s just why I came,” he sobbed. “I’m tired of being a frown. I want to be a sunny smile. Can’t you help me?”

Now there’s nothing that fairies like better than to help people so they all agreed to help.

“All right,” said Queen Char-

lotte. “Step on this toad stool so we can see you.”

The frown obeyed.

“Hmm,” she continued. “This shouldn’t be too hard. There’s a lump of selfishness sticking out of your right shoulder. You can remove that with a little service for others— Turn around a little more—I want to be sure. Yes. There’s a bulge of greediness on your stomach. We can change that, I think. Now let’s see—Why here are some very unpleasant looking worry warts right on your nose. A little common sense would take care of those—I guess that is most of your problem now—Here are our directions.”

“Go back home and spend two weeks doing everything you can think of to help someone else. Take care that someone else gets the biggest piece of cake and the largest lamb chop. Make a point of noticing at least 10 really happy things each day. Report back here at the end of that time.”

As she finished speaking Queen Charlotte waved her fairy wand and the frown found himself back home.

For two weeks he did exactly what the fairy queen had told him.

Then, instead of creeping into fairyland he danced. To his surprise the fairies were all waiting for him. He rang the Bluebell anyway, just for fun. Then he did have a surprise.

"Look," cried Queen Charlotte. "Did you ever see such a happy

smile? Why he looks as if he were covered with sunshine."

"Come! See yourself!" called a tiny fairy holding up a bluebell mirror. The frown looked and looked and what he saw was the very sunniest smile that was ever born.



Recipe for Sleep

Dorothy Martin Agee

AS I LAY in bed the other night with my husband sleeping soundly beside me, I began to feel sorry for myself. It did not seem fair that I should have to play nursemaid to my year-old daughter all day and then spend the evenings my husband was home waiting on him and sympathizing with his trials and tribulations as an intern at the city charity hospital. I felt an overwhelming need for someone to share the responsibility of caring for our child and managing our domestic affairs. Of course, my daughter was oblivious to my needs and equally as incapable of adult action. I realized that my husband had all on his shoulders that he

could physically bear and was in vital need of relaxation and cheering encouragement during his rare time away from hospital duties. And yet I in my turn needed help in keeping my "chin up."

As my tired thoughts kept me from releasing into sleep, I came into a realization of the perfect One to whom I could take my troubles and leave them. I found a soul-satisfying peace knowing that God was always ready with comfort and understanding for anyone who would meet Him halfway. I awoke the next morning with the hope in my heart that the beauty of that moment would always be with me and that I could thereby enrich the lives of my family and my friends.

☐ Far too few of us are willing to just BE a blessing where we are.

Talents Used and Abused

Marie Daily

GOD has given us hands and feet wherewith we may really DO SOMETHING to lift a burden from the shoulders of another, to "go the second mile," to share and to bear, as one of a team, the loads along the way. He has given us facial muscles to use or abuse, and we have the mental, emotional and physical power to exercise these as we will. It is said that it takes the USE of more muscles to make a frown than it does to make a smile. A SMILE, then, is truly a talent, for who has not felt the benediction of a fine spirit, in the light of a smile?

We all have buried talents, which doesn't mean the ability to write, or to sing, or to do some wonderful act which becomes a part of the genius of the world, but He has given us all hearts with which to love, and minds that we may be "mindful of another's need."

I am convinced that far too many are seeking to be of "renown," to become "known of men," and far too few of us are willing to just BE a blessing where we are, whether in the King's Court, or in the humble cottage of an inn keeper, whether the simple wife and mother of a small family, or the

owner of millions of USELESS dollars.

I knew a woman once who fell ill from a disease which was yet unconquered by man's skill. She knew nothing of the doctor's verdict, until one day she heard whispers and learned that she could only live a few months. Prior to this time she had really been an invalid. She had been a real trial to her entire family, but on hearing that "whisper," she realized that her life must bear SOME FRUIT, so she took herself in hand, and with deep and earnest prayer she gained control of her feelings of anxiety and all that formerly beset her, and became such a blessing to her family and to her friends. She was the wife of a jeweler, with all that money could possess, but without health she had felt that there was nothing she could do about the social life in which she had moved for many years, and to which she was fully attached, as by an umbilicus. This new freedom which she found gave her release; whereas she had been busy about Clubs and Card Parties, now she suddenly became interested in SOULS and Sharing. She arranged for the money she had been spending on gowns and

gadding about to flow into channels of usefulness. Her home became a mecca for those who had need of courage, and without knowing how it happened, the woman began to feel well again. She gained her feet, and went about *doing good*. If I should name her, many of you would know of her, for she was one who, in seeking to GIVE her life for others, found it eternal and abundant. Her gift of love was not flaunted or advertised from billboards, she lived humbly, won her complete family to this great new adventure in selfless living, and when the time came for her to make the transition, it was discovered that in a short period of

ten months, she had done more of good than many do in an entire lifetime.

This experience shows us plainly that a life that is surrendered to be used of God, must be *really surrendered*. We must all come to the place, as did St. Paul when he said, "I no longer live, but Christ liveth IN me." It must be a complete GIVING UP OF SELF. The element of striving then goes out and the new birth in freedom comes rushing in, claiming the WHOLE of life. Every act, however humble, then becomes charged with a "plus," and blessings beyond measure result in the most common acts of kindness and of thoughtfulness.



To Overcome the World

Gene Moore

Give me, dear Lord,
At each day's start,
A joyously receptive heart.

By noon, I need
Your priceless well
Within the soul's bright citadel.

When day departs
I cast each care
Into the sea of evening prayer.

I recognize
No pain or lack;
I reach to You, and You reach back.

☐ The spiritual forces of God, undefinable but real, are at work.

A New World Is Coming

Douglas Trim

THERE are two ways of looking at the very troubled world in which we live today. One way is to see it superficially and to be worried and depressed by its chaotic condition. The other is to seek for the hidden significance of these stressful times and, having found the clue, to be an interested witness and a willing participant in a very wonderful process of change.

To arrive at an understanding of the changes taking place about us we need to know this: either that life is a cosmic accident or that every single thing is innately spiritual and has spiritual significance. If the first thesis is true then life itself is futile. But the very life within us urges the truth of the second thesis: that all things have spiritual significance. If this is so, what is the significance of present world change? No less than this:

*A new world is being born.
The old order is changing, the
old world is dying; we are at
a bend upon the long road of
progress. A new world is in
process of becoming!*

Humanity is fast coming to maturity. At last men are beginning to know that the old world of sel-

fish values cannot continue. At last they are beginning to realize that Humanity must co-operate—or perish. With great suffering and sometimes pitiful inadequacy we are striving to be better than our old-world selves.

The test of our quality lies in the way we face up to this transforming process. We need more courage than we have ever needed in human history if we are to survive and grow to a stature never before reached by Humanity. We have to carve our new and better world out of suffering. The way of the Cross, the way of sacrifice still remains the high road to a heaven.

If we are discerning enough we may see the new world dawning; we may see amid the dark clouds of these times rays of promise to lighten our days and make glad our hearts. The signs are many to the seeing eye. Think upon these and rejoice in their significance:—

1. *The understanding of universal brotherhood slowly and painfully being born in the Council Chambers of Governments. Some there may be more ready than others to acknowledge that brotherhood. But the all-important*

thing is that such recognition DOES emerge.

2. *The recognition of men's equal rights growing to be an accepted principle and, moreover, freedom being given to or won by subject peoples the world over.*
3. *Material science advancing to the very borders of the spiritual, so that matter comes to be known as a manifestation of energy, and energy is admitted to be an inexplicable cosmic force. The questing spirit reaching out for a deeper and wider understanding of life and religion. Even the agnostic tendencies of the times are but the rejection of narrow doctrine and a preliminary step for many who will find God in their own*

hearts. The signs of a broader charity manifest everywhere.

4. *The growth of tolerance, individual and national.*

The spiritual forces of God, undefinable but real, are at work. Like yeast they work within the souls of men. We are destined to live at a point of time which, in the vast Plan of God, is also a point of crisis. It is our destiny to unfold another portion of that Plan. For some reason best known to an inscrutable but all-wise Providence we are considered worthy to bear the stresses and strain of such a world. Because we are human we may smile wryly or deprecate our ability. But because we are imbued with a spark of the Divine creative ability we shall build that world to the greater glory of God.



Hands

Irma Shotwell

Hands, oh God, give me hands to use—
 Hands that are busy with nails and screws ;
 Hands that love flowers and help them grow—
 Hands that are friendly and not too slow ;
 Hands that are helpful where there is need ;
 Hands that give and hands that plead ;
 Hands that grow stronger day by day ;
 Doing the duties You send my way.

Hands, dear Father, no man may see—
 Hands, dear Father—not mine—but of Thee.

Three Meditations

Mildred Long

I. FRIENDSHIP

FRIENDSHIP partakes of the nature of dawn when the world is fresh and still and vibrant with new creation.

It is warm and refreshing as the south wind that wakes the flowers to blooming.

It is uplifting and exalting as the song of the meadow lark over the morning meadow.

Friendship is not only a luxury. It is a necessity. No man can fulfill himself except he finds another to whom he can give himself. No man can truly love himself until he renounces that love to serve his friend.

As we find friends here on earth we can begin to realize what bliss is in store for us in the next life when we shall all be in perfect harmony, with perfect understanding, open and free, and loving with a divine love such as God bears toward all His children.

Friendship begun on earth will be consummated in Heaven and will receive the blessing of our Heavenly Father.

II. THE WAY

To walk in the Way is like the

airplane pilot's keeping "on the beam."

It is like awakening to the dawn, crystal clear and full of promise.

It is like living in the rainbow of God's eternal Love and Grace.

Or like the exuberance of Spring budding and blossoming into fruit or flower.

When clouds sweep across our sight, the glow within turns them luminous-white or lines them with silver or gold.

The Way always leads to Joy and Peace, but sometimes it leads us through the valley or over the mountain peak.

But the true Way-farer never loses sight of the guiding Light by day or by night.

To walk always in the Way means to have humility of heart, absence of self-will, willingness to let God control and direct.

It also means to obey the Voice and follow the Light, for one small deviation into a self-chosen path may bring us to harm.

To walk in the Way means an ever increasing glory on the path, an ever widening horizon, an ever more radiant uplook and outlook, an ever closer approach to that perfect attainment of oneness with the Father.

III. MEEKNESS

One day I read these words in the Holy Scriptures: "But the meek shall inherit the earth and shall delight themselves in the abundance of peace."

And I said, "Who are the meek? Where shall I find meakness?"

And as I pondered the Voice out of the Inner Silence spoke this parable:

Mother Earth was covered with snow and ice. She was cold and hard, and felt confined and frustrated. She must find a way of release.

So she called upon the winds to blow a gale and drive the ice away.

The north wind blew and the east wind howled, but the ice only became more closely packed.

Then Mother Earth summoned the powers of the thunder and lightning and commanded them to split asunder this barrier of ice and snow.

So the thunder roared and the lightning flashed and the rain fell, and then everything was frozen together harder than ever.

In desperation Mother Earth said: "I will call upon the power of fire within me to melt this snow."

And so the molten mass within the Earth began to move and shake, and there was a great earthquake.

And the heart of Mother Earth was split wide open in a great, gaping wound.

But the ice and snow were all oblivious of the forces hurled against them.

And poor Mother Earth, now mortally wounded, was sick and discouraged and wondered what to do next.

Then a merry sunbeam danced about and, seeing Mother Earth's despair, cried out, "I can drive the ice away. May I?"

And Mother Earth, weak and defeated, and willing to try anything, looked up at the merry face of the sunbeam and said: "I don't see how so small a thing as you can do anything. But if you want to, you may."

"Oh," laughed the sunbeam, "I will not do this all alone. I have millions of brothers and sisters to help me." And away she dashed to begin her joyful task.

So Mother Earth relaxed and went to sleep and the sunbeams went to work.

Slowly but surely the ice began to melt, and the water trickled down and soaked into the Earth, and the Earth warmed and softened, and soon flowers began to grow and make a beautiful carpet where before had been that stubborn coat of ice.

And out of the Silence I heard again the voice of Immortal Truth:

"Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord."

"Not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many

noble are called.

"But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; . . .

"That he that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord."

"Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth."

"Except ye become as little children ye shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven."



Inner Truth

Mary Elsnau

THERE comes a time when most of us have an apprehension of truth beyond our understanding. We realize without knowing how, with no basic reason, that certain things will transpire, or we have a sudden fear for a dear one and later find we were right in our apprehension.

Believe in these warnings and high dreams that come to you. Believe in them!

This is not easy. You will find that your personal self will try to talk you out of it. It will try to tell you how silly you are to believe such rot. Listen to this voice and fail and see how you let down! See how you stop reaching and striving as soon as you follow what your ego tells you. It is the habit of a lifetime pulling you back from this sudden new exuberance . . . this belief in yourself, in what you can do.

It takes magnificent courage to

keep on believing when your faith is based on the fragile stuff from which dreams are made. But proof in the value of striving will be found in this: Which way of life is the one that follows your ideals . . . the way of the fierce belief that you have, or the way of indifference? That fierce belief demands that you cease chasing empty vanities because you have found a worthwhile objective; it demands that you strive and struggle to attain the goal. The other way you know is mere laziness . . . idly drifting and getting nowhere.

Believe in what you know you can be, believe in what you know you can accomplish, and don't let down! That firm, unshakable, inner knowledge will sustain you in the long, dark hours before your light begins to shine. The time may be long, it may be sudden, but with an inner conviction it hardly matters for you know you are on your way.

❏ I thought of the comparatively simple problems that confronted my wife and me, and I felt deeply ashamed.

The Courageous Ones

Edwin M. Hunt

HEARING other people tell their troubles may make your own seem easier to bear, but only for a little while. But when you hear about someone who has shown unusual courage in facing life, a quiet courage that accepts what life has to offer without grumbling protest, you somehow gain a little of that courage and serenity yourself, and your own problems seen easier to solve.

I recently heard of such a person. I was a veteran going to the university. My wife and I were unable to find adequate housing and finally ended up in a worn-out dirty, little cottage with almost no plumbing. My checks had been delayed. A baby was on the way. It seemed to me that we were as miserable as we could get. My courses were stiff, but between classes I tried to find a more livable apartment.

Martha had always had a large, luxurious home; it was hard for her to live in poverty. Often she was fretful, and in spite of myself I would get into stupid arguments with her.

It was after a particularly silly argument one morning that I went to the veteran's advisor and told

him that I had decided to drop out of school and get a job.

"You've got less than a year to go for your degree," he told me.

"I know it, but we can't go on this way any longer," I said irritably.

He listened attentively and sympathetically while I explained my problems—griped about the housing situation, high cost of living and the other problems that beset a veteran trying to finish his schooling.

I noticed that his glance often went to a picture on his desk as he listened to my outpourings, and a little later when the phone rang and he was called out of the office, I took a look at the picture. It was a picture of a girl with great, dark eyes and a tranquil smile.

"He's a lucky guy," I muttered. "Nice wife, good job, probably got a big home. . ." I didn't mean to envy him, but suddenly it didn't seem fair.

He returned while I was staring at the picture.

"Your wife?" I asked, startled at his entrance.

"Yes." I noticed that his eyes became a little misty.

1949

THE COURAGEOUS ONES

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"Well, you sure picked yourself a honey."

"She was a wonderful girl," he replied, sitting down and lighting his pipe. His voice was suddenly husky.

I sank back into my chair; I felt all at once like a heel.

"She died last year," he continued.

"I'm sorry," I muttered.

"That's all right." His voice was quiet. "Perhaps it might help you to hear about her. She was a wonderful person."

He told me that they had married during the war and she worked in Washington while he was overseas. Not having a strong constitution, overworking in her job and helping community organizations she contracted tuberculosis.

"She went out west to a sanatorium until I came back on leave. She had improved and I was sure that she would get well. After thirty days I had to return to my station in Europe. It was our last goodbye. I think she must have known that we would not meet again on earth, because there was something angelic about her, an ethereal softness, when I left her.

"Before I went she asked me whether I would object if she gave her eyes to some blind person when she died. She had heard about a plan which allowed a person to sign a paper. At death the cornea of

your eyes would then be transplanted to another. It was just like her," he continued. "She was always thinking of a way to help others, although always unobtrusively."

He cleared his throat.

"Well, when I was on my way back home, she died," he said quietly. "And upon her death, a blind man was operated on and given sight with her cornea."

There wasn't anything for me to say. I thought of the comparatively simple problems that confronted my wife and me, and I felt deeply ashamed that I had let them get me down.

"She must have been a brave woman," I got out finally.

"She was one of the courageous ones," he replied. "Now and then it helps us to know that people can face life so bravely."

"It certainly does," I answered, then rose to leave.

"Just stick with it, things will work out," the advisor told me.

"Thank you sir," I said, then quickly left the office. As I shut the door, I glanced at him. He was looking at the picture of his wife, and on his face was a sad but serene expression that told of the strength of his spirit.

"Another of the courageous ones," I thought as I went toward my classes.

Streamlining the Soul

Anonymous

THESE are the words of a "defeated" man who gloriously won "God out of knowledge, and good out of infinite pain, and sight out of darkness, and purity out of a stain." They are words that would not sound strange on the lips of a young man; but coming from an old man, chained in a windowless dungeon, on trial before Nero, in the shadow of a violent death, they are nevertheless the words of a man who is eternally young and free and greater than the court that was trying him, and already living the life that cannot be destroyed.

Marvelous words. The words of a man who had already lived an immortal life that was to shape the thought of the western world for at least 2,000 years—through Augustine, Dante, Milton, Calvin, Luther, Karl Barth, and many another, and who still shapes our thought and rules our lives.

And yet! In answer to his beloved Philippians, who had sent Epaphroditus to him with a generous gift out of their poverty, he could write like this:

"Forgetting the things that are behind, and stretching forward

"I count not myself to have attained

"I would know Him, and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings, be transformed in my nature—to die as he died

"To see if I can attain unto the resurrection of the dead

"Forgetting the things that are behind, and stretching, straining forward to the things that lie before, I press on to the mark of the high calling of God."

And then, that they may not miss the point that is for them, he adds: "This must be the point of view of every mature Christian." For them, it will mean throwing overboard every weight, everything that makes them sit or stand but not go. This is what Paul calls the race of the spiritual athlete; but which I call STREAMLINING THE SOUL—the first process involved in spiritual growth.

By streamlining, I mean the process of promoting progress so that the winds that impede shall be turned into power. By it, machines carry greater loads, carry them with greater ease, and with less strain. I suggest even a greater thing—that we streamline the soul, the spirit, the personality, that which is us.

We begin with the basic proposi-

tion that the central purpose in life is not happiness but GROWTH, that the purpose of God is to grow SOUL. This alone explains the pain the cost. For if this be the main objective, then almost anything good or bad can be used as means.

*"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
While the swift seasons roll,"
"Forgetting the things that are behind
"Forward
"The goal."*

The first step in the process of spiritual growth is FORGETTING.

FORGET OLD FAILURES.

We who would grow must forget old failures, defeats, mistakes, sins, blunders. We must not brood. We must not waste energy on vain regrets. We suppose that we would have been happier had we chosen a different wife, or career, or town, but the chances are that, being what we are, we would repeat the same choices. They were the best that we could make at the time, being what we were, and where we were. Not only the saddest but the most futile words of tongue or pen are the words, "It might have been."

Think what Paul had to forget. He had blood on his hands. He had the haunting memory of the face of Stephen, and of men,

women and children, whom he had hounded to death or prison for the crime of being Christians, of being members of the church which it had become his life-work to build.

If Paul could forget, then we more.

FORGET OLD VICTORIES.

Except on gray days for purposes of morale, it is best to forget old triumphs—old battles won. It took me ten years to forget an oratorical victory in college. I feel sorry for the recent winner of the state beauty contest. She has a handicap not to be easily overcome. To the college teacher, the most hopeless boy or girl who comes to college is the one who has been tops in the small high school. The greatest fact about Charles Lindbergh is his power to forget his victories, and press on to greater ones—in Paris to forget the ocean flight; now to forget aviation in the interests of scientific exploration in the realm of the heart.

*"If you can meet with triumph
or disaster
And treat those two imposters
just the same."*

Paul was able. What of it if he had external advantages of race, birth and education? What of it if he had a most remarkable religious experience? What of it if he had founded churches, saved souls? "I count all things but loss for the excellency that is in Christ." With

our so meager accomplishments, shall we not also forget our little victories and press on?

FORGET OLD HURTS AND HATES.

What a release we would enjoy, what inner freedom, if we could forget old hurts, and hates, and wrongs! Who does not covet for himself oblivion for the wrong that he has done? Each needs forgiveness. We cannot carry along the burden of unforgiven wrongs. That is true; but greater still the need that our souls shall be stripped clean of memories of others' wrongs! How fortunate those who have just come to town! They can see us as we are. How wonderful it would be if we could wash our souls as clean of old memories—in church, community, homes, friendships!

Perhaps you say, "I will forgive, but I cannot forget." It is a lie, for true forgiving IS forgetting—remembering it no more against our brothers. Giving them a clean sheet on which to write the story of their

relations to you. That is forgiveness—forgetting.

This was the joy of Jesus and of Paul. Jesus said: "Do not go to church until you have forgiven." Paul said a stronger thing, "Do not go to bed until you have forgiven."

Suppose we symbolically gather up, then, all the old failures, victories and hates and hurts, and throw them out the window. Now, it is done. We are free. Now you are released—free, ready to go forward. I was with a group for a week last summer, in which there was not one criticism of anybody for anything. The result was creative power due to lost inhibitions. I saw people paint lovely pictures, who had never had a brush in their hands; write poems, who had never dreamed they could dance with some grace, who had not danced since they were children. This is religion. This is life. This is youth—eternal, invincible. This was the secret of the untroubled soul of Jesus and of Paul. This is streamlining the soul!



Hope is like the wings of an angel, soaring up to Heaven, and bearing our prayers to the throne of God.—*Jeremy Taylor.*



I shall try to correct errors where shown to be errors; and I shall adopt new views as fast as they shall appear to be true views.

Abraham Lincoln.

☞ A Taoist temple recently became the home of a new God.

An Old Temple for a New God

Walter Briggs

Paosham, Yunnan, China

Deep in China's southwest an ancient Taoist temple recently became a home for a new God, an arrival from the West, who breathes new life into those who pass through its portals.

Unlike the gaudy idols which peer down from the temple walls, this God demonstrably affects the lame, the halt and the blind. And He asks for Himself neither the burning of candles and incense nor incantation, nor even adherence, although his ministers here welcome all who would to follow him.

Now known throughout this walled city of 300,000 as the Holy Light Clinic, the temple a few months ago not only attracted Taoist worshippers, but served as a courthouse and prison. The city fathers were so anxious, however, to bring modern medicine here that overnight they relieved the temple of all its tenants except the images. "Please leave them here," they asked members of the China Inland Mission. "A few old women may want to come and bow before them."

The community leaders believed that far more persons would benefit from the temple as a clinic than before. And they were right. Dur-

ing the few days of preparation scores of curious peered over the compound wall and through the ornate gate. On opening day scores more invaded the temple for medical attention.

The chief driving force behind the clinic is Dr. Jessie McDonald, of 1901 West Fourth Place, Los Angeles. Although 60, Dr. McDonald, a graduate of Toronto University, is as active as a woman half her age. She first came to China 35 years ago.

Working with her are Dr. John K. Toop, 33, China-born missionary's son, of 22 Wendover Road, Bromley, Kent, England; Miss Dorothy W. Burrows, of 11 Durban Road, Peverell, Plymouth, England, and Miss Dorothea M. Foucar, of 484 Waterloo Street, London, Ontario.

The CIM, which supports them, is the largest mission in China, with widespread work in the interior. Its headquarters in London and Philadelphia, CIM is represented by many different nationalities.

Arriving in a truck atop piles of baggage, they brought four Chinese nurses and one dispenser. The Chinese had been evacuated from Kaifeng when the Honan city came under Communist threat.

Medicines reach the clinic up the 400 miles of railroad and almost 400 miles of Burma Road from seaport Rangoon.

Opening day was a nightmare, almost a week ahead of the scheduled date. Someone had placed announcements of the earlier date in the local newspapers. The staff felt that it had to go ahead, with the crowd pressing for attention. While carpenters hammered at the walls and coolies cleaned out former cells, the staff, their medicine only partially unpacked, began demonstrating the service that comes with the new God.

Dr. McDonald has lived through much fighting in China. She once treated rugged Marshal Feng Yushiang, the "Christian general." She became his good friend, and persuaded him to supply one hospital with expensive X-ray equipment.

Although an old hand at hospital work out here, she still winces when some patients come to her. On opening day a thin, sickly soldier entered her office. He was obviously suffering from malnutrition and tuberculosis. There was nothing she could do.

"Why don't you leave the army?" she asked. "Why don't you go home?" Immediately she realized that she shouldn't have spoken.

"My home is far away," the soldier replied. "Besides, the Army

won't let me go." He burst into tears.

"I felt like crying, too," she said. "And I felt angry. The soldiers get so little, not even enough to eat. And their officers and the officials glut themselves. When you ask them about the soldiers, they shrug their shoulders as if to say, 'Let them die.'"

Westerners, especially those running hospitals, are apt to meet perplexing problems in China's interior. Dr. McDonald is lucky to have Paoshan's magistrate firmly on her side. In fact, he is such a keen supporter that he visits the clinic almost daily. One reason may be that Dr. McDonald saved his life during an attack of acute appendicitis at Tali, further up the Burma Road.

The clinic staff must guard against deaths at the clinic. If a person dies there, especially before the clinic is well-established, it is definitely jinxed. Patients leaving the clinic of course must avoid the evil spirits, and often take a long way home. Mothers must avoid at all costs bearing babies in rented houses.

Dr. McDonald thinks that such beliefs may gradually disappear as the old temple housing the new God expands its influence in Paoshan. Meanwhile, Holy Light will have brought a healing light to the community.

☾ Through the long nights I thought of all the lovely things I could call to mind.

Whatever Things Are Pure

Mabel Pump

A STAY in a hospital can be a time of testing as I found out not very long ago. After a serious operation my recuperation was slow. The nature of my illness made me to magnify the many irritations, and these were multiplied by the fact that no private room was available. The one other bed was occupied by first one and then another patient just as ill and just as temperamental as I.

When my doctor ordered the sleeping tablets discontinued I found myself unable to sleep either night or day. At that point life did not appear so very valuable to me; but I had a loving husband and a small son who both still needed my companionship and care. I knew I had to make every effort to live and to keep sane.

Then the words from St. Paul came to me, "Whatever things are pure—think on these things." Determined not to let anything upset me further, I began to pray as

I had never prayed before.

Through the long nights I prayed and thought of all the lovely things I could call to mind. As I was too weak to read, I recited to myself verses of scripture, beautiful and inspiring poetry, and songs, of which fortunately I have a large store in my memory. And soon the "gentle sleep from heaven—slid into my soul."

There were still many days of weakness, but I continued to apply St. Paul's therapy. I called to mind the love of my father and mother and many happy incidents of my childhood; and the even happier days when my own children were small. I thought of the always dependable love of my husband.

My recovery soon became assured and the good doctor was well pleased. But he did not know that his words urging me to take courage were augmented by an unseen Doctor; and by the words in a Book, "Whatever things are lovely—think on these things."



If we would listen intently, we might hear the divine Voice within, assuring us that God is our life; that spirit is the only substantial entity and that life is the only law.—Wood

✓ *Thoughts Farthest Out*

THE SECRET OF SERENITY

"In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths."—Proverbs 3:6.

THE secret of serenity (and all the other fruits of the Spirit) is to give everything over to God. That includes giving yourself over to God, and it means giving yourself over *completely* to God.

Hudson Taylor opened inland China to Christian missionaries around the middle of the last century. The burden of personal evangelism was a heavy enough task, but the responsibility of arranging for and supervising other missionaries brought his health to the breaking point. It was then that he learned the secret of the greatest missionary the world has ever known—Paul of Tarsus. Paul's secret was, "For me to live is Christ, nevertheless *not I liveth, but Christ liveth in me.*" What this really means is that Paul did his work day by day, and let Christ take the responsibility for seeing that the overall pattern worked to His glory. Taylor found that he, like others before and after him, had to "resign as prime minister of the universe under God." God can take care of Himself. His will shall be done. We help Him most when we do our job day by day and not worry about the responsibility of end results.

Whenever you have something particularly distasteful to do, something that would ordinarily tax your emotions to the limit, let go. Simply say, "My Father, this sort of thing ruins me emotionally. I feel entirely inadequate to handle the situation. To be frank with you, I'm stumped. I don't know what to do. I'm simply giving the whole thing over to you. I'm merely going to be your instrument. It's your responsibility. Everything I am, or wish to be, or can be, is yours. It's all to your glory. Thank you." Feel the burden slip away! And watch the wonder of God take over. In all thy ways acknowledge Him!

Read: *God's Perfect Way For You*, Hazel Pickett (\$1.25).

ON PRAYER GROUPS

"Pray without ceasing."—I Thessalonians 5:17.

ALMOST every prayer group of power started because of a need. If you feel a need, if you feel a lack somewhere, get someone else to pray with you and you will have started a prayer group of your own. God is the best problem-solver you ever dreamed of, and you contact Him through prayer.

Someone wants to know how to grow after you get a praying partner. The answer is that if you are starting with the idea of growing into a large group, do not begin at all. Begin because prayer is important, and because there is something about praying with someone else which you do not get praying alone. Begin because prayer is all important. Have no plans beyond that.

If you begin this way, there is all the possibility in the world you will grow. After you have experienced in your own life what prayer has done for you, and for others, you will not be able to keep it to yourself.

Louise Eggleston tells about how after she started her prayer group with a few people, she and they would go and visit those who were sick and in need of help. Oftentimes they would have no idea as to what the individual ought to do, but they would say something like this, "We do not know the answer to your problem, but we do know that God is a faithful God, that He knows what ought to be done, and that He wants to help you if you will let Him. So we are praying for God to do what ought to be done, and for you to let Him." Do not feel you have to have all the answers to every problem before you can call on people. Your main opportunity is to take God to them, and to make them aware of a caring God. He takes over from there. This is the only valid way a prayer group can grow.

A group that grows in this way is powerful because each member knows from personal experience what prayer can do.

Read: *First Steps In Prayer*, Kermit Olsen (\$1.25).

THE GOOD NEWS

"God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself."—
II Corinthians 5:19.

THE Gospel means "good news" and it is good news. It was good news 1900 years ago and it is good news now.

The sacred-legal structure of Judaism had become so mountainous in Jesus' day that keeping the Law was impossible. Someone has said there were over 600 rules a Hebrew had to keep everyday. It was the only salvation which the Hebrew possessed, and Judaism had more to recommend itself than other religions.

The "good news" was liberation from the Law. From the burden of "impossibility" Christ offered "life and offered it more abundantly" than man had ever dreamed of. For the Hebrew, Christ struck off the shackles of the Law; and for the victim of Karma, the teaching of the East, Christ broke the wheel and offered a Heavenly Father who loved each man and woman and child of His creation. Christ taught that man was able to push his head above the clouds of human impossibility to the freedom and liberty of "all things being possible with God." No wonder a small sect conquered the western world in such a short time.

Christ spoke of the "new birth" and Saint Paul continually refers to the "new man" and the "new life." They made it plain that when Christ is welcomed into a person's life, something takes place. A new man with a new way of life is born. We become heirs with Christ just as an adopted child becomes heir in a human family. This implies the Christian doctrine of Grace. It means that God reaches down to help us and make us his children, not because we have earned it, but because he loves us. The "good news" is that life is not a matter of pulling oneself up by the bootstraps; God has adopted us into His own family. We are not alone—ever.

Read: *Perfect Everything*, Rufus Moseley (\$2.00).

Books of Interest

Norman K. Elliott

THE PSALMS, Elmer A. Leslie. Abingdon-Cokesbury, \$5.00. A fresh, modern and complete translation and interpretation of the Psalms. There is a need of such a book in our library for likely no part of the Bible contains more spiritual wealth and is less understood. This volume will not take the place of the traditional translation of the Psalms, but as a companion volume to the Bible it will throw fresh light and give new meaning to the Psalms. The Psalms are divided into groups such as "Hymns of the Revelation of God," "Psalm Liturgies," "Prayers of the Falsely Accused," "Songs of Personal Thanksgiving," and "The New Year Festival in Israel." Each individual psalm is interpreted in detail, historical and spiritual allusions are brought to mind, and the spiritual message is pointed up. It is a good book to have for ready reference. Contains an Index to Biblical References, and Index to Subjects and Persons, and a complete Bibliography. 448 pages.

THE LONELIEST JOURNEY, Frances I. Jackson. Westminster, \$1.50. There are some books which impress you with their genuineness from the first page, and this is one of them. It is the author's account of her journey from life as a busy society woman wrapped up in social projects to that of a Christian. Her account is its own authority in that what she went through, what she thought about, how she felt, what happened to her, and what she did so perfectly mirrors the inner life of everyone as to bring to mind the reflection, "Why, that is exactly how I felt." I do not know as this book is *great* literature, but it is the sort of a book that I turn to now and then to re-read passages which particularly appeal to me. It is a modern Pilgrim's Progress. I particularly like its reserved language—the absence of unusual claims which discredit so many books.

LINCOLN AND THE BIBLE, Clarence E. Macartney. Abingdon-Cokesbury, \$1.25. All of us are interested in Lincoln, some of us more and some of us less, but all of us are interested. I think that for most of us this little volume fits our needs perfectly. It is short, it is scholarly, and it is unbiased. The record shows Lincoln sometimes doubting, sometimes lauding, but always seeking for truth and giving the Bible greater respect in that search the older he got. It is well written, the quotations selected are to the point, and total effect is of great interest.

OF FLIGHT AND LIFE, Charles A. Lindbergh. Scribners, \$1.50. I enjoyed this book very much. It is the story of a young American who made science his religion and found, as he grew older, that science as a God would ultimately destroy mankind. It is one of the most serious appeals for a return to religion I have ever read. Take some of these phrases: ". . . while God cannot be seen as tangibly as I had demanded as a child, His presence can be sensed in every sight and act and incident. I know that when man loses this sense, he misses the true quality of life. . . . He loses the infinite strength without which no people can survive through time—the element which war cannot defeat or peace corrupt." ". . . spiritual truth is more essential to a nation than the mortar in its cities' walls." "When we worship God and live by His spiritual values, the knowledge and infinite complexity of science are channeled by a wisdom beyond human capability." "Our salvation, and our only salvation, lies in controlling the arm of western science by the mind of a western philosophy guided by the eternal truths of God."

STOP LOOKING AND LISTEN, Chad Walsh. Harper, \$1.25. The sub-title is "An Invitation to the Christian Life." I found the book stimulating. The author is a recent convert to Christianity after being an outspoken atheist for some years. He is an Episcopalian and has been much influenced by C. S. Lewis. His analysis of modern philosophies and trends is penetrating, and his judgment as to their ultimate decay seems just. His interpretation of historic Christianity and its meaning for the seeker of today shows both the enthusiasm and aggressiveness of the new convert as well as the deep study of one who knows whereof he believes. His position is that of historic orthodoxy. I found the book very stimulating. I think it would be well placed in the hands of so-

called intellectuals, college students and those seeking some authority.

LIVE, LOVE AND LEARN, Joseph Fort Newton. Harper, \$2.00. Here are 202 one-page stories and anecdotes and sermons on "the great business of living." I have found them particularly rewarding as an aid for private devotions. They will also be worthwhile for anyone who leads in group devotions, and for all speakers and writers as a source of illustrations. Each page has a title of its own. Some of them are: "Thus We Are Men," "The New Bishop," "Everyday Prayer," and "Learn to be Alone." I like to read one or two pages before turning out the light at night.

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☐ Death is the golden key that opens the palace of eternity.

Door To Immortality

Grenville Kleiser

THE inevitability of death is generally acknowledged, but there are widely divergent opinions as to what takes place after death. This subject has challenged theologians and philosophers throughout the ages. Some persons quietly accept death in submissive faith; others regard it as merely an incident in an endless life.

Obviously anything so natural and universal as death must have divine sanction. "Death is the golden key that opens the palace of eternity," said Milton, and Bunyan described it as a passage into a palace, out of a sea of troubles into a haven of rest.

The Bible gives frequent promise of life after death, of mercence into a condition of peace, rest, and happiness. The consecrated Christian, when bereaved, finds spiritual solace in such words as: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee," "The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms," "Death is swallowed up in victory."

This convincing statement about immortality is from Henry Ward Beecher:

"Men feel an intrinsic sense of personality and personal worth. They have self-esteem, which is the only central, spinal, manly faculty which gives them a sense of personal identity and personal value, and which is an auxiliary counselor of conscience itself.

"This sense of 'I' demands something more than a short round of physical life, to be followed by extinction. I am too valuable to perish so; and every step in life has been training me in the direction of greater value. As men grow broader, and stronger, and finer, and deeper, and sweeter, they become more and more conscious of the intrinsic value of their being, and demand for themselves a harbor in order that they may not be wrecked or foundered."

The story of the resurrection has brought consolation and assurance to many in doubt and distress. Christ comforted his disciples with these words that have since given comfort to mourning millions:

"I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me."

And this:

"Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me."

"In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you."

"If we are to suffer," says Hamilton Wright Mabie, "let us suffer as He did, in sublime silence. Such a bearing plucks the bitterness out of sorrow and makes death a revelation of immortality."

Dr. L. M. Zimmerman, a saintly man, now in his eighty-fourth year, gives us this beautiful prayer about immortality:

"Thou King eternal, immortal, we rejoice that we have a faith founded on Thy ageless promises.

"We thank Thee that death is but the turning of another page in the Book of Life, the passing into another room of the Father's house of many mansions. We rejoice that when this mortal shall have put on immortality, death will be swallowed up in victory.

"We thank Thee for the courage this assurance gives us as we face life's tasks and tribulations. In Thee, O God, do we put our trust."



Outside the Spectrum

Bess Hagaman Tefft

Our Heavenly Father must have loved
The colors . . . every one:
For he scattered them upon the earth
From pastel rainbows spun
Across the dome of Heaven
To the sea's deep changing hue.
He made the brown earth; trees of green;
The summer sky of blue;
The sunset blaze; the after-glow;
The dawn diffused in rising mist;
The mountain's purple aureole;
The morning glories, dew-drop kissed.
But when He looks on man, I think,
He sees but Soul and Mind;
And where His children are concerned,
Our Father's color-blind!

☐ Her voice was trembling, humble. "Thanks to reading your Bible, Jimmy's father listened and believed what I told him."

"And A Little Child . . ."

Dorothy Banker

THIS afternoon Jimmy came from next door and told me, "My daddy is going to take us home in a little while." He smiled his sweet, half-past-five-years-old smile, and went on seriously, "And my daddy said something funny to my mama. What do you think he meant?"

"What did he say?"

"*'And a little child shall lead them.'* Who do you s'pose he meant? Not me, because I'm a big boy."

"I think he meant a little child in the Bible, Jimmy."

"Of course." He smiled again, said, "Good-bye," and ran home to his father and mother. I could only thank God over and over again for the events of the past month.

* * *

It was a dreary morning last month when Jimmy's mother came to our door, a stranger asking a favor. Her eyes were sunken into a thin, drawn face that spoke vividly of bitterness and unhappiness. She was shaking with more than the chill of the morning as she asked hesitatingly, "I wonder if you would please take care of my little boy for a few hours while I try to find work. I'll be glad to

pay . . ."

As I brought her into the living room she looked more hopeful.

"I'll be glad to take care of him."

"I don't know that I'll find work, for I'm a stranger here and not qualified to do anything." As if she had said too much she rose. "I'll get Jimmy. He's a good child."

Jimmy was a good child, and also a little lost child who looked as if his world had been shaken under him. He sat far too quietly in a chair, and I wished I had toys for his amusement. The telephone rang and when I returned I discovered Jimmy looking into the big family Bible that is seldom opened. He was studying the pictures.

"Please read to me," he asked. Then, as if remembering his mother had said he must not be troublesome, he added, "But you're too busy."

I sat on the sofa and took the Bible into my lap. He looked at the picture while I read about Jesus blessing little children. As I finished I looked into Jimmy's troubled face and quoted, "But Jesus said, 'Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me: for of such is the kingdom of heaven.'"

Later, as I went about my work,

I heard him saying over and over, "Little children is the kingdom of heaven."

When his mother came, her eyes were more tragic, if possible, than they had been in the morning. I wished I might read to her from the Bible, but her quiet thanks and reticence made that impossible.

The next morning she came, alone, and said, "Jimmy told me about little children being the kingdom of heaven and about your reading to him from the Bible. I wondered if you could help me. I'm at the end of my rope, ran away from my husband because—because he is going to divorce me and ask for Jimmy's custody and—"

What could I say? What help could I give? Hopelessly I looked into her face and wondered. Then I remembered Jimmy poring over the picture in the big Bible. I could not give her that, with its family records, but I could give her another, well-worn and well-marked. I gave it to her and said, humbly, "I cannot help you. But God can. Say the Lord's prayer over and over and think about each word. Say 'Thy will be done' and mean it."

Amazement was in her face as she left. Amazement and new hope.

I wanted to call on her, but what could I say? What could I do? Except to say the Lord's prayer for her.

Late the next afternoon she came

to our door and looked like a new person, one who has discovered serenity. Jimmy was with her. He went directly to the big Bible and searched for the picture of Jesus blessing the children.

She said, "I want to thank you. At first I was lost, but I said the Lord's prayer and read in your Bible until nearly midnight. Then I slept, for the first time in weeks. Early in the morning I awakened and Something told me what to do. I wrote Jimmy's father, saying that he might have Jimmy because he can give him better care than I can, and that I will ask nothing. I told him I had asked God what to do and that was my answer. When Jimmy and I went to town to mail it, I saw in a window a sign, 'Cashier wanted.' I have the job and I wonder if you could take care of Jimmy until his father comes for him."

Jimmy was playing on my lawn the next afternoon when a big car stopped in front of the house next door. He ran, shouted, "Daddy!" and threw himself into a man's arms. He brought him to my door, explaining, "Mama's downtown working."

Never have I seen two faces as akin to bitterness and sadness as were this man's and his wife's when first I saw her. He said, "When will Jimmy's mother come home?"

After I answered and asked him to wait, I said to Jimmy, "Will you

entertain your father while I peel the potatoes?"

I hoped, but hardly dared believe, that Jimmy would ask his father to read from the big Bible. But he did! There followed a pause, a throat-clearing, a half-refusal, and then his father's voice, beginning unsurely, "The Prodigal Son—This story has been well called 'The Pearl of Parables.'"

When it was time for Jimmy's mother to come from work I went into the room and surprised an embarrassed and yet hopeful look on his father's face. That look prompted me to make an unexpected trip to the store and give the invitation, "If you're not here when I return, simply close the door. It locks automatically."

They were not there and I wondered quickly about the meeting between Jimmy's father and mother. Much later she came. "I

want to thank you—for everything—" Her voice was trembling, humble, more communicative than her words. "Jimmy's father thought the letter was a trap and came prepared for a bitter battle. But thanks to reading in your Bible, he listened and believed what I told him." Her eyes glowed with hope and new faith. "And he's going to stay here at a hotel for a few days while we decide what to do."

* * *

And now Jimmy said, "Good-bye," and then came back again and said, "These are for you, from Daddy and Mama and me, with thanks."

"These" were three gifts. One of the gifts is a Bible, more handsomely bound than the one I gave Jimmy's mother. But the words in it are the same!



Prayer

Florence Alberta Wales

Lord Jesus be our guest today
 And bless our lives with love we pray.
 Give us grace to meet our need
 And food of faith for goodly deed.
 Ever may we in thy might
 Walk with steady steps the night
 And may our days in thy good care
 Be happy in the love we share.

☐ Opening up channels for God's power to flow through.

Love, Judge Not, Forgive

Mary H. Ryan

OH God, how can we help people? How can we teach them that these are the laws of the spiritual kingdom? Everywhere we turn we hear it: man condemning or judging another, criticizing the other person for his actions, but not realizing or recognizing his own defects.

It was Jesus who taught us to pray:

"And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."

And He followed this immediately by the statement: *"For if you forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father also will forgive you; but if you do not forgive men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses."*

Surely one of the worst temptations is to be constantly criticizing, belittling, judging, another person. How different the world would be if every person looked upon each one whom he met with love, wishing for him the best God has in store for him. Even if he is particularly obnoxious, or one of the world's derelicts, or just a person seeming to you to be shiftless, lacking in ambition, instead of dwelling on those thoughts about him, look upon him as not having yet found

his great purpose in life, and say a little flash prayer, as you meet him, "God, open up his heart so that he can learn to love other people. Help him to find the one purpose for his being here—to serve Thee."

True, we might not be around to see the change in him, but our thoughts sent to God for him would be registered, somehow, in his being. Given enough such thoughts, mankind could be changed.

As we Love, Judge Not, and Forgive, we are opening up channels for God's power to flow through.

"Love, Judge not, forgive—

Three simple laws—

Obedied—will make a heaven on earth

Come true.

Break them, and even God in all His mercy

Cannot prevent the consequences.

God's Laws are irrevocable.

God does not punish us.

We break ourselves

When we so obstinately

Refuse to live

By Heaven's own Laws.

☐ The "Borrowed Timers" explored the vast, unfathomable power of prayer.

From Death Unto Life

Lou M. Ormsby

THE operation had not been successful. The end drew near. They told Guyer Thomas that he would die—and the doctors' decree had all the grimness of finality. Guyer Thomas had been a civil engineer, a man who had no desire to wait passively for death. But he would accept the inevitable, and spend his last days visiting the Green's dairy farm in Washington.

The country freshness of Green-acres and the Greens' hospitality were pleasant. So were the comfort and company of Mrs. Green and Lucile Bolling. Mrs. Green suffered from a critical stomach condition—doctors gave her virtually no chance to live—and Lucile was a hopeless victim of arthritis, beyond medical aid. They labeled themselves the "Borrowed Timers"; their law was optimism, humor, and hope.

Their simple optimistic philosophy soon gave way to a deeper realization of Truth. Into the nearly-drained veins of their group flowed the life-blood of the power and love of Christ. The results were miraculous. No longer was the doctors' warning a fatal threat.

Together the Borrowed Timers explored the vast, unfathomable power of prayer; together they discovered and demonstrated that power. Their key to the door of well-being was simple: no complaining of ailments, no self-centered brooding; daily thanksgiving in the spirit of joy; and unceasing prayer.

Starting in 1936 with the medically doomed three, the Borrowed Timers grew to include more than twenty "living dead"—even a "fatally" burned girl and a sleeping sickness victim.

Today—eleven years later—*not one of them is dead!*

This story is indeed a testimony to the power of God in overcoming problems. As Guyer Thomas himself tells it, "One of the hardest obstacles to overcome was a periodic lagging of spirits and a tendency to 'give up.' We used to smile at little children who started to Sunday-school just a couple of weeks before Christmas. But then—our doctors told us to prepare to meet our Maker . . . we never felt so cheap in our lives as when we began to cram on our Bible study and prayers!"

From *Life-Stream Magazine*, 2337 Grant St., Berkeley 3, Calif. October-November, 1948.

Time elapsed, and death seemed still further away. The Borrowed Timers began to really understand and appreciate the blessings of daily communion and prayer. It made each moment count. They grew and expanded. And death seemed further still away . . .

Constructive and self-supporting *work* was the next step. Says Guyer Thomas: "One of the sweetest personal experiences of our entire history was a 'vision' I had; but it wasn't a vision—it was the real thing! The children had had such an exciting evening among themselves that they went to bed without saying their prayers. It was after the adults had retired and put out the lights . . . I sat alone before our fireplace in the darkened room and watched the dying embers. I was trying to figure out how the children could so lightly pass up their prayers, a factor that meant their very lives; because these youngsters, like ourselves, had been considered doomed by their respective physicians. As I pondered the subject, grey ash began to form and creep down the smoldering log in the fireplace. Suddenly I realized that all the log had been darkened except a central portion that continued to glow—in the form of a *perfect cross*. It was at this moment that the idea for a prayer reminder was born, and with it, a means for our self-support! Instantly I realized that

if Jesus came to me at that hour of the night, who was I to postpone the response until tomorrow? I didn't.

"One of our little boys was failing fast. His greatest interest was in an experimental chemistry outfit which we had bought him from our meager finances. I knew there were chemicals in the set that would glow in the dark, so I ignored the hour and produced the first *prayer reminder*—a glowing cross to hang on the bedroom wall. Since then we have made them in the millions. Our blue crusader shield with the luminous cross, mounted on cards with religious pictures, are now known all over the world."

The luminous cross project grew and prospered; the Borrowed Timers grew stronger—physically, financially, spiritually. Their wonderful story is one of great hope and cheer for invalids everywhere. Certainly it is a "prayer reminder" for able-bodied Christians who feel too hurried to really *live* with Christ. Listen again to Guyer Thomas: "We have received so many blessings that visitors are attracted from all over the nation; there are times when we receive a thousand letters in one day. Some want to know our magic remedy; some have personal problems that they think we might help solve. We need more room. We are asking for a place where we may enlarge on

the work to be done by members of our group; where we could have a health spring of some kind, and set up an assembly room for the making of prayer reminders, and continue to make needy folk know the *source* of our borrowed time and health."

The Borrowed Timers have dreams of a world-wide organization of invalids who have passed the required test for membership: living ninety days beyond the date of death set by an accredited doctor—or, as someone said, "You have to be dead three months be-

fore you can join the Borrowed Timers."

The Borrowed Timers discovered the secret of "getting the most out of life"—living from day to day in fellowship, communion and prayer; not dramatizing difficulties, but looking to the hope beyond. It is life sustained by the power and love of Christ. It is life worth living. Bodily healing was an important experience; but the greatest gift was *far more* than the physical life they first sought—it was that spiritual life that shall not pass away. It is life that endures.



I Shall Not Go Alone

Mary Lucretia Barker

When I go down to death, I shall not go alone.

There will be with me a company

Of the friends who have gone on before me.

Kind hands will clasp mine—

Hands which clasped mine and loosened their hold

Will re-clasp them in power

Of absent years.

Bright faces will smile on me

And warmly surround me.

Voices will sing to me—

Voices that sang and were silenced,

Leaving the ear's *now*

For the heart's *forever*.

Their singing will roll back clouds

From the Eternal Glory,

And we shall straightway enter within,

My heart singing mightily

In a strange, new key.

☐ Those who attempt to do healing should do it in the name of Jesus.

Healing In the Name of Jesus

Henry Thomas Hamblin

WHEN the apostles healed the sick they did not do it in their own strength or on their own authority. They did it in the name of Jesus. They remembered His promise that whatever they might ask in His name (Jesus) would be granted them.

Consequently, when Peter and John went up to the Temple, and they saw a poor man who had never walked, lying outside the gate called Beautiful, they stopped when the impotent man asked for alms. In response to the man's request, Peter said: "Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have, give I unto thee. In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, rise up and walk." Then Peter took the man by the right hand and lifted him up: and immediately his feet and ankle bones received strength. And he leaping up stood, and walked, and entered with them into the Temple, walking, leaping and praising God.

I want to point out that Peter had no metaphysical or theological knowledge. He had not taken a course of training, neither had he won a certificate. Consequently, he

could not put any letters after his name. He was just plain Peter. If he lived in these days he would probably be denounced as a quack.

But Peter knew the power of the name of Jesus. He did not attempt to heal the man himself, but commanded him to be healed in the name of Jesus. If he had thought that he, Peter, was doing the healing, then no healing would have taken place. But he used the name JESUS, and depended wholly upon the power of the name which is above every name.

I have heard of well-meaning people who have worn themselves out and had breakdowns through trying to heal others. This was because they tried to do it themselves, instead of relying upon the power of the Name. They identified themselves with the sufferer instead of invoking the all-powerful Name.

Therefore, those who attempt to do healing should do it in the Name of JESUS, at the same time disassociating themselves and their own efforts from the act of healing, leaving it entirely to the Power of the Name. Then they will suffer from no depletion.

☐ It is because we minimize ourselves that we do not accomplish.

You Are Important To God

Viola Merritt Lyle

SEVERAL years before his death Edward Bok wrote something like this: If timid people could only understand how much possible power is implanted in each one of us—singly—how much one person can do! We have the urge to do some much-needed thing, but we belittle ourselves. We say what can I do, I am not a leader, I am just one person. And we do nothing.

Florence Nightingale was just one person, a timid girl. When she told her friends and family that she was going to the Crimea to help wounded men dying neglected on the battlefield, they cried out in horror. "Nice girls" did not do such things. And anyway she could only serve a handful of the wounded. Hundreds would still go untended.

"I know that I cannot help them all," she answered, "I will just save as many as I can." She went to the Crimea, and the Red Cross of today grew out of her humble effort to help the suffering ones.

Emerson says, "It is because we minimize ourselves that we do not accomplish." *We do not realize the power of the positions in which we are placed.* I am reminded of a fable told some years ago by Joseph

Fort Newton. This is the tale as I remember it.

When God made the world he gave to everything he created, an angel to watch over it. Not even the smallest thing was left to get along alone. The trees had an angel, the winds and the birds, the cattle and sheep in the fields, the beasts of the forest, and the vegetables and flowers. He even gave an angel to the common grass that forms a carpet under our feet.

But the angel of the common grass was very angry.

"The Lord God has given to my brothers beautiful things to watch over—the swift deer, the majestic trees, the beautiful flowers. And to me he has given only the common grass! I will not tend it. It can grow of itself." And grumbling he walked the streets of heaven, paying no attention to his charge.

Then the angel of the trees came before God, saying that the trees were dying in fields and forests because the grass which had made the ground mellow and kept it moist was dried up and the earth had grown brown and hard. The angel of the flowers drew near, crying that the flowers could not grow because there was no grass to hold the dew any more.

From *Science of Thought Review*, Sept., 1948.

Last of all, man came weeping to kneel before the throne, "O Lord," he prayed, "the deer die in the woodlands and the cattle in the fields because there is no grass to nourish them. Take me away for my world that was so beautiful is fast becoming a desert place."

And God said, "Was it a great task or a small that I gave you, O angel of the common grass?" And the angel of the grass fell down before the throne crying out, "O Lord God, it was a great task,

greater far than I deserved. Forgive me now, and I will gladly do my part in making thy world beautiful again." And the grass grew once more, the trees flourished, the flowers bloomed and the beasts were fed, and God's world was lovely again.

How can we know what part our daily task may have in God's carefully balanced world? Truly, you and I cannot realize the power of the positions in which we are placed.



Morning Prayer

Abraham Vereide

LORD JESUS, I praise Thee for the dawn of a new day, for the night's rest and restoration.

Thank you, Lord, for a new beginning, a new day. Thank you, Lord, for the promise that "as thy days are, so shall thy strength be." Thank you for Thy strength for me for this day's tasks. Thank you for new life from above flowing into every cell of my being, into every area of my life, cleansing and renewing me.

O, Thou Almighty God—Thou art my Father—Thy resources are mine. May I glorify Thy name by adequately appropriating Thy resources, and in the power of Thy might, live victoriously, radiating health, holiness, wholeness and wholesomeness.

Lord Jesus, one with the Father, my Saviour and the King of my life, reign and rule in me and through me. Grant me the fullness of Thy Holy Spirit—that I may perfectly love Thee and worthily magnify Thy Holy name. *Amen.*

☪ God longs to give his creation a sense of His presence.

A Sense of the Holy

Anonymous

THE great discovery of our day for some is the realization that there are *levels* of prayer, that there are prayers out beyond words—that the warmest prayers offered by really devoted men and women are not requests for things or even for blessings for people, but acts of devotion, repeated dedication of bits of one's will, perhaps always praying people and their experiences into such acts of worship.

But most of us can't be experts, certainly not until we have gone far beyond where we are now. We will have to rely on words and they can be helpful to those of us who are undisciplined. Words at least can offer our minds focal points from which we can move toward God.

One sixteenth century writer on prayer indicates how insecure our prayer practice is by saying, "When we consider the manifold weakness of the strongest devotions in time of prayer, it is a sad consideration. I throw myself down in my chamber, and I call in and invite God and His angels thither, and when they are there I neglect God and His angels for the noise of a fly,

for the rustling of a coach, for the whining of a door; I talk on—knees bowed down as though I prayed to God; and if God and His angels should ask me when I thought of God last in that prayer, I cannot tell."

A great physiologist says, "The most ignored mental activity which gives strength to personality is the sense of the Holy—this God, so approachable to him who knows how to love, is hidden from him who knows only how to understand."

The simplest prayer I know being prayed repeatedly by someone is "God help me to help." One cannot repeat this in sincerity twenty-five times a day without a new sense of well being, a new hope of occasionally doing something approaching the will of God.

Another act of devotion may be demonstrated by offering little gifts to God. Little self-denials, things we want, small or large, not in order to enjoy self-pity but out of joy that God will graciously accept them—God is a gentleman. We can depend on that. In like manner we can give situations over

From *Christian Laymen*, December, 1948. Address: Room 1402, 347 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

to God—not that we will be able to withdraw completely from them. We can't in our present state of Christian immaturity, but we will learn by offering to Him our experiences of success and failure as if they were prized gifts for a beloved friend.

We can learn to give people to God. Not just ourselves and members of our family, not, on the other hand, just "stinkers" whom we can't handle. But strangers, people in places of high responsibility, tired people, sick people, commuters, farmers, merchants, soldiers, workers, employers and on and on and on.

We can learn to be silent in prayer. This is very hard to do. One of the advices of *The Imitation* is, *never to speak until you are first willing to be silent*. This must mean not only being silent in word but in thought. You can't be silent in thought, you say—but you can try to be as far as things and people and self are concerned. Many men and women who have preceded us have learned the strength which comes from silence before God.

We can learn to pray repeatedly. Prayers at set times have their value; so do often repeated prayers in all kinds of places and under all kinds of circumstances. Why can't we pray anywhere a man can smoke? Just think how numerous these opportunities are. One writer

on prayer says, "Very brief thoughts or mental invocations can hold a man in the presence of God. All conduct is then inspired by prayer. Thus understood, prayer becomes a way of life. *The Imitation* again says, "Blessed are those who are glad to have time to spare for God."

We can learn to pray with others. He who decides to grow alone in his prayer experience is likely to become a "queer." It is to become strange enough to grow under the most favorable circumstances in one's prayer life. Strange in the sense of the possibility of the loss of tastes for gossip, criticizing others, wasting time, harmful habits and the like. Many people don't like the man or woman who denies himself or herself the pleasure of these human frailties. Don't add to the burden of your friends the appearance of saintliness out beyond your spiritual depth. A friend in prayer development is indispensable. He can laugh at you when you think you have arrived and take yourself too seriously. There will be times when he is near God and you seem to be so far from His presence, and the reverse may be true. He can get you off of *one* book, *one* man, or *one* idea before you find a dead end and completely dry up. God just doesn't speak the same language to us all. The bare tree in winter showed God to Brother Lawrence. Steere, Heard,

Fenelon, Laubach, Carrel, Kelly and many others have stirred some latter day would-be saints to a deepening devotion.

To meet once a week, twice a month with two, four or six agreeable people can telescope time in spiritual growth. All you need in common is to have been stung by the same bee of desire to improve your devotion to God through Christ. You meet, you discipline yourselves in silence, then read a few passages from "A Testament of Devotion," "Letters of The Scattered Brotherhood," "Brother Lawrence" or "Doors Into Life" or some other book which speaks to your condition. Talk about what you read—don't criticize what you read, accept what helps and ignore what seems irrelevant or unimportant. Try this eight weeks and then consider the value of this time as compared with eight hours spent anywhere else, doing anything else. If you are excited you may know that you are about to become a beginner. If your response is cold and indifferent, just know with what a hard shell your neglect of God and His presence for all these years has surrounded you and work the harder at the release of the spark of the divine which you know is deeply imbedded in your inmost self.

We can learn to pray for others. Not to tell God in our prayer what to do but to offer to love Him in

their stead, to assume responsibility for their failure, for their indifference to divine forgiveness and love, to suffer because of their self-centeredness, even to try to do God's will for them. We know in prayer, distance is no handicap. We can pray one instant for our child at home, then for our business associate in the adjoining office, the cleaning woman, the President of the United States and the U. N. delegates in fifty-eight countries—this we can do all within the span of five minutes. We can't know absolutely that it helps—these flashes of prayer that flit across our conscious mind. But no matter how infinitesimally small the wave of good will is which prompts the prayer for God's gifts for another, the sensitive God who knows absolute value can use it to influence those who are the recipients of our concern and affections.

We can learn to maintain a silence about some of our responses from God. He who has no untold secrets of how and when and where he met God, has given up the leaven of his prayer life. There was wisdom in Jesus' advice to some he blessed—"Don't tell." To him in whom prayer has become a secret habit, words become less and less effective or necessary. Just *being* is all that is needed. How subtle the temptation to talk about *our* spiritual life in order to talk about *ourselves*.

We can learn to guard against a prayer routine which has lost its power to inspire. There are many, many doors through which we individually and as a group can enter God's presence. None seems always open. Today it is attributes of God, tomorrow a particular experience of Christ, later, the petitions of the Lord's Prayer, and again a personal failure or achievement, or a tragic world situation.

God longs to give his creation a sense of His presence which, if enough of us become aware of, He then can overcome all that is evil in men. We in turn can experience

the joy of having been used by the Almighty, even in a very small way, to help make a better world for those who will follow in our steps, to live in our houses, take our jobs, sustain our churches, care for the poor and to provide love and forgiveness which men and women in our world will always need.

"Blessed is that man whom the Lord findeth waiting when he comes"—into that man's consciousness.

(This is written by a member of the Laymen's Movement who wishes to remain anonymous.)



My Light

Mavis Wooten

The once dark night for me is gone,
And in its place shines Light Divine,
Because, O Christ, I now have placed
My hand securely into Thine.

No matter what the future holds—
If darkness and despair return
To seek my soul—still, Lord, Thy Light
Shall in my heart so brightly burn

That it shall change my blackest night
To day, and I will no more fear;
For with my hand in Thine I'll walk,
And feel Thy Presence ever near.

And when my night of Death is come,
Still Thou will shed Thy Light o'er me;
My heart will know that Dawn soon came
After Thine own dark Calvary.

☐ I am persuaded that this menace of war is God seeking to compel our lukewarm Christians to fall on their knees and do better.

Excerpts from Frank Laubach's Letters

I

THE chief sin of the world is small self-centeredness, or little clan-centeredness, and in this, Christian people are as wicked as the rest, as a rule. We have sanctified selfishness, plus "holier-than-thouness" which makes us doubly dreadful in the eyes of Christ. "He that loseth his life shall find it"—we must burst out of the self-centered little ugly thing into a vast love of humanity.

Since working on CIHU and intercessory prayer I have suddenly come to see that this is what Jesus meant by breaking out of our small selves, and by the rebirth of the soul. He illustrated it by dying on the cross and then coming back in everybody who receives him. He became too big for one body, big enough for the human race.

Something like this is what I think God is driving us to accept. Over us hangs doom if we refuse. We need to be able to see this, first, and then say it clearly enough so that the world cannot fail to hear and choose.

In this light, both our selfish capitalism and selfish ruthless communism stand condemned. There is a higher thing, and it must be inner, voluntary. There must be so that people will *think* about

others, *work* for others, and even *pray* for others.

II

I am persuaded that this menace of war is God seeking to compel our miserable lukewarm Christians to fall on their knees and do better for themselves and for the world. If we escape war, this dilemma will be the best thing that ever came to us. If we refuse to repent, we do not deserve to survive. This is our judgment day. That is the message I am going to preach. . . . The Lord God is demanding a more uncompromising Christianity than we ever dreamed of.

The Marshall plan may be Christian. It is being neutralized largely by hate and bullying—bread in one hand and a bomb in the other. A balloon to lift us and lead to pull us down. I want America to trust GOD, not God AND Mars. Perhaps that does not sound Christlike. But as I read His Life and words, it sounds 100% like he spoke and died. The French Revolution was horrid and atheistic just like Russia. It turned for the better after thirty years. I for one pray that Russia may become an atomic explosion of the spirit, Christian, Stalin and all. If all

America prayed that, it would happen. He who prays for the destruction of another gets the measure he uses. I seem to have read something like that in Jesus. It sounds just.

III

"The joy of helping God is that our efforts succeed because God helps us. He will not allow his vital issues to fail. We who are sincerely trying to find and do God's will are constantly astonished to find how easy it is. Walls of difficulty melt away. Impossible things happen. This is in part because people know our efforts for them are sincere and unselfish and people work *with* us. If our efforts were mercenary or self seeking, people would suspect us and be indifferent or hostile. But when we

seek their welfare, people take us to their hearts and we live in a sense of loving everybody and being loved by everybody. That is doubtless part of the reason all we undertake seems easy. But there is another larger reason. God helps because He desires what we desire.

"There is a certain peril in this experience. Woe to us if we imagine that our superior ability or wisdom is the reason for our success. If we give God all the credit we are safe. Perhaps this is the reason we are allowed to suffer at times, to keep us from being conceited. If, as often happens when we try to do God's will and pray, we surprise ourselves, it is inspiration of the holy spirit. The joy we feel is a part of God's joy because his desires are being fulfilled."



The Quiet Spot

Marie Wolf

There is a spot of quiet rest within my soul
Where peace abides, where love resides,
And God is all.

Unto that quiet spot I now repair,
Knowing the God of love is active there.
Not once a day but frequently
I pause and listen silently
As God reveals Himself in me.

Enough love will make a paradise
of this old earth of ours.

Perfect Love

J. Rufus Moseley

PERFECT Love, because it wills and works no evil to anyone, but all possible good to everyone, is the fulfilment of the Law and the very essence of the Gospel.

Love is highest impersonal Good and works with such intelligence, wisdom, and grace it seems also to be the highest Personality. Katherine of Genoa said, "Love is God." John says, and we know this is true, "God is love" and "Love is of God." As Tolstoy put it, "Where love is there God is also." Mrs. Grace Munsey to whom I dictated much of the first draft of *Manifest Victory* said, "Everything done in love is done by God Himself."

When you follow love, the kind of love St. Paul writes of so well in the 13th chapter of 1st Corinthians, you are really following God whether you are aware of it at the time or not.

Love best defines God, and Jesus Christ best defines love. He defines perfect Love by being perfect Love.

All and more that St. Paul, St. John, St. Peter, the Love poets and all the rest say of love is true and more than true of Jesus Christ.

Jesus suffers long and is kind. As Kagawa put it, "He went" (and we might add is always going) to the "utmost limits and possibilities of love in our behalf and behalf of all."

Jesus bore all things, suffered all things, endured all things. He was always humble, He was always rejoicing. Facing the crucifixion, He kept His joy and peace and willed both to His disciples. He never failed or fails anyone. He not only fulfills the Law but brings everything to perfect attainment and to perfect union.

When everything else fails, Jesus and His love have their best opportunity to succeed.

If there seems to be failure in terms of your present degree of union with Him and of love, increase the union and increase the love. If the small dose that you have been giving have not brought the triumph, increase the dose and keep on increasing until love triumphs.

As a Methodist minister in the tobacco growing section of North Carolina put it, "You know if one of these tobacco barns were on fire a few buckets of water would not extinguish the fire but would help

some. You also know that enough water would put the fire out. Likewise we know a little love will not put out a world on fire with hate and fear, but even a little helps.

We do know enough love would put out these fires." "Enough love," as Emerson put it, "will make a paradise of this old earth of ours."



The End of the Way

Miriam B. Randles

MY friend said: "I had the strangest dream this afternoon.

"It seemed that I was looking down a long, barren road. The road stretched on endlessly. Nowhere could I find Tim on that white ribbon of space.

"That dream symbolizes the way my life has looked to me ever since Tim's death—a long, barren road stretching ahead endlessly and emptyly."

My friend paused. I wanted to say something. I wanted to utter words of comfort. But no words came. I was seeing that dream as clearly as if I had dreamed it myself. To me the picture was dazzlingly beautiful and illumined with light. I was too fascinated by what I saw there to be able to speak. Now I know the words of comfort which I might have said.

"My friend, your dream is the most beautiful vision of hope that I have ever heard. The key that unlocks the meaning of your dream lies in the one word, 'endless.' You could not find Tim on that road because you could not see the end of the road. Life to you now seems a solitary sojourn down a lonely way. But beyond your power of earthly vision, at the end of that endless road, Tim is waiting for you.

"Look at your dream again. Do you see it now? A great white Light shining far down that endless road! Walk toward that Light. Keep your eyes steadfastly focused on that light. Some day the power of that Light will transform your earthly sight to heavenly vision. Then you will find the end of that endless road. Then you will find Tim."

Peoples gathered together to pray for a cause must be in harmony with their Heavenly Father and with each other.

Prayer Can Hasten the Kingdom

Anonymous

TODAY prayer appears to be a greatly underestimated power. Though there is no gainsaying it was power in the past.

Prayer is the symbol of simple heartedness and faith, the strength of the weary, the heavy-laden, the persecuted and the martyr, last but not least of the refugee and the exiled. It was a tower and a rock to the Pilgrim fathers; the strength of kings and presidents. What must have prayer meant to Abraham Lincoln and many of his successors! It has also been the armor of admirals and generals (Dobbie of Malta, General MacArthur, General Foch, to name a few). High and lowly all meet on equal terms at the feet of Jesus.

To pray effectually there must be harmony of purpose; "where two or three are gathered together in my name." Peoples gathered together to pray for a cause must be in harmony with their Heavenly Father and with each other. If part of the world prayed for peace, another part for victory over aggressors, the aggressors for victory for themselves, what chaotic prayers would reach our Father!

Christ prayed, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me, nevertheless, not my will, but

Thine be done." The cup was not withdrawn, but the power to witness before Pilate, to endure trial and scourging and mockery, the courage to endure the cross with all its shame and agony were given in ample measure. The dying thief was impressed that Christ was and is the Son of God. The crowning answer was given in victory over death, resurrection and ascension.

We mortals depend so much on visible accomplishment. Many happenings are taking place that we can not see. Prayer meetings, once the backbone of our Christian life are now given small place in the scheme of life by the majority. The Psalmist's words, "be still and know that I am God" are often ignored.

The great revival in Wales was not brought about by great activity or organization. A Welsh farmer and his wife were inspired to go daily to a small chapel and pray for their neighbors, naming them aloud. Gradually those neighbors came to join in the prayer meetings and confess Christ, or *profess*. In this way the whole Welsh revival came about. If prayer groups were formed this way in all Christian lands, could we not do much to "hasten the Kingdom"?

On Prayer Groups

from your
Prayer Counselor

"Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on Earth as it is in Heaven."

We are finding that in our Prayer groups and through our togetherness some wonderful things are happening.

When two or three or more gather with perfect love and harmony we can expect Him to be there and to answer our greatest craving and need. All of the areas of our being are made stronger, we become transformed, made new.

Each morning as we stand and say:

*Tell me, O Holy Spirit
I make myself ready
I thrill with expectation*

we have crossed over on the bridge of Faith and the healing Power of Love and Faith is within us. Vicariously we do this for each other every day.

Glenn Clark expresses it as "one hand in God's and the other in my fellowman's," and Rufus Moseley expresses it as "union with Jesus and each other."

This union supplies us with what we need in order that the Holy Spirit can perform His perfect work.

Our "togetherness in groups," our multiplied love creates the conditions for answered prayer. "Prayer," says Alexis Carrel, "is the most powerful form of energy that one can generate." Are we helping to bring people together? After Pentecost it was the togetherness of the Disciples that kept their faith. The Presence of Jesus was a reality. They con-

tinued their meeting together at the same place. They were of one mind and accord. They knew they had work to do for the Kingdom. They waited nine days after Jesus' going, then with His Power they went about doing good.

A group of leaders (seventy of them), willing to experience this togetherness, met in Oklahoma City for a three-day retreat. One day seventy from the city itself met the other group at the Ramsey Estate for an orchestration in prayer. Glenn Clark, Rufus Moseley, Louise Eggleston, Paul Wilkinson, Starr Daily, Roland Brown were the speakers, and following the retreat and joined by Norman Elliott, they spoke in the churches in Oklahoma City and Kansas City, Missouri.

The last night of the Oklahoma retreat, the Twin City group of St. Paul and Minneapolis, led by Ethel Dow, joined with them though "invisibly in an orchestration." A meeting together to be infilled and guided in His way. There were other groups tuning in also, we may have news of them in our next issue.

★ ★ ★

This month we have heard from San Diego, California, and quote, "We like the idea of reports about prayer groups for it gives us an opportunity to call attention to these groups in other cities where we have friends."

From Claremont, California, a letter says, "I think these pages on prayer groups in *Clear Horizons* will

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PRAYER GROUPS

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bring us all into closer fellowship and we thank you for them, our particular interest and subject of prayer at present is for Guidance in connection with. . . . We are starting a group in our vicinity."

From Dallas, Texas, "We are having wonderful results with Prayer. Our method is in Union. We think there is more power in members."

★ ★ ★

On May 18th and 19th the Wisconsin Council of Church Women met in Racine, Wisconsin. These women are doing mighty things by prayer. Mrs. William Tonkin of Milwaukee gave a beautiful meditation on prayer; Mrs. Leran Cacknell of Madison gave a highly spiritual "Pattern for Prayer"; and Mrs. Samuel Morse gave a joyful meditation on "And the Glory." The outside speakers were Mrs. Ethel Dow of St. Paul, Minnesota, on the "Power of Unity in Prayer," and Mrs. Marguerite Harmon Bro, prominent lecturer on prayer and the author of *Everyday a*

Prayer and More Than We Are. One could not attend this conference without being more aware that God is a "Revealer" with and without.

*I will walk in you
I will talk in you*

and that the church, "The body of Christ," was seeking as never before through these women, to be in communion with God. The purpose of these women was to be united spiritually, to be His expression, to represent that Spirit of Brotherhood Jesus exemplified, and to aid in any way the creation of Christian leaders, and to move into these areas where love and understanding and Peace should be.

*I hold that He who from the
Clay
A Lily's Springtime beauty
brings
Is building ever to the day
Of Peace and Right and better
things.*

May we hear from some others this month?

☉ ☉ ☉

✓ **More Like Thee**

Alberta C. Armstrong

Make me a channel, Lord, to do Thy will
No task to be too hard; my spirit fill
So full of love for Thee
I'll have no time for selfish thoughts—
So full of Thee, I'll be.

I'll be so happy, Lord, if I can say
When evening comes, I've helped a friend
Along to find the way
To God, in thought and word and deed.
So let me be
Less like the one folks know
And more like Thee.

The World Needs Prayer

Edited by Miles Clark

Last issue we promised news on Communism so let us go over some of the advances in the Far East. In many backward countries real agrarian revolutions are underway fanned by the war, goaded by Communists, but more like the American Revolution than world domination that Communism aims at.

However, Communists are busy in the following countries:

KOREA. Soviet puppet government in North claims to represent entire country, is backed by Communist supported army.

JAPAN. Communists are restrained by U. S. occupation, but are building power among peasants and labor.

INDO-CHINA. Moscow trained Communists hold high positions in Viet Nam independence movement.

MALAYA. Communists carry on terrorist raids disrupting country.

INDONESIA. Communists strong. Probably the force that caused the illegal Dutch attempt to take over new Republic. But are surely gaining strength from ill-advised Dutch invasion.

SIAM. Communists weak now.

BURMA. Pro-Soviet guerillas control parts of central Burma, are trying to seize power.

INDIA. Strong government action is holding Communists in check, but influence is growing with peasants and workers.

CHINA. Over half of China controlled by Communists with daily gains. They have won their war for now, but China's 467 million are not used to outside control and Russia

has up to now handled even the Chinese Communists with kid gloves.

Communism is a great dynamic force in the world today. It is safer to divert a force than bottle it up, so let us pray that this may be converted to Christian force from sheer materialism and anarchy.

★ ★ ★ ★

BERLIN, GERMANY. The chess game of West Europe and Germany goes on with the following moves:

The Atlantic Pact, approved by many of the signatory countries, is actually an anti-U.S.S.R. pact. This was a *successful* bit of coercion that made Russia think twice and set the date for the Berlin blockade, May 12, to be lifted provided the Big Four sit down to talk over control of Western Europe, May 23. The Allies scurried around to get a West German state constitution approved, May 8, so that they would hold an edge on Russia when the Big Four get together.

Russia seems to be behind in the moves now, but the May 23 talks are proving almost as difficult as usual. Gain: Russia has begun to show a desire to cooperate which if reflected by the U. S., may result in the May 23 talks being what Ernest Bevin, British foreign minister, said could begin a work for peace that will last 200 years.

★ ★ ★ ★

LAKE SUCCESS, NEW YORK. A "declaration of human rights" for all the people of the world has been passed by the United Nations Assembly. Of course, all human beings

will not get all the rights immediately. Not even in the United States are all these rights yet fully recognized. Nevertheless, this is as great a step as was the Bill of Rights to the American constitution. When they are put into effect, all will have:

1. The right to life, liberty and security.
2. The right to a fair trial.
3. The right to freedom from interference in their homes.
4. The right to freedom of movement and to leave any country.
5. The right to equal pay for equal work.
6. Equal rights of marriage and divorce.
7. The right to own property.
8. The right to freedom of thought, conscience, *religion*, opinion and expression.
9. The right to freedom of peaceful assembly.
10. The right to social security, adequate standards of living, education, leisure and holidays with pay.

These were approved by a world group representing Christian, Hindu, Mohammedan, Buddhist, even some that frown on religion like Russia. It is the document of freedom for the world written in the halls of the greatest assembly in the world.

Our prayers are for all to be able to take advantage, before too long, of all these promises of being free to live life in His way.

★ ★ ★ ★

CLEVELAND, OHIO. At a recent conference of the Federal Council of Churches the stand for peace by the delegates was not highlighted as one would expect. At a time when the Atlantic Pact talks were going on, committing us to arming of many countries, little has been heard of the possibility of getting along with Rus-

sia. However, the 400 delegates to the meetings, representing 35 million Protestants, issued the following statement: "We reaffirm our firm conviction that war with the Soviet Union is not inevitable, and we believe that it is improbable, given proper use by the U. S. of its powerful influence. . . . Contradictory ideologies can co-exist without armed conflict if propagated by methods of tolerance."

★ ★ ★ ★

NEW YORK. Secretary-General Trygve Lie has ordered plans made for an all-faiths prayer and meditation room for the permanent United Nations headquarters now under construction on Manhattan Island. It is possible that the U.N. will start a world campaign for suggestions on the design of the chapel, which will "do violence to no man's faith." The main intention of the "prayer and meditation room" will be to show that the United Nations recognizes that man, regardless of individual religious beliefs, is dependent on a supreme being.

★ ★ ★ ★

EVERYWHERE, U. S. The New York *Times* reports in its headlines, "Cigarettes Linked to Cancer in Lungs." "Study of 200 Male Sufferers Shows 95.5% Were Heavy Smokers Twenty Years." The same paper four days later, the headlines read, "American Tobacco Company Reports Good Year. Net Profit Up to \$43,912,204 or \$7.58 a Share."

Take this in prayers.

★ ★ ★ ★

NOTE: If you have special people and places, urgent situations and conditions of the nation and world on your heart to which we could direct our prayers in this department, send them to Miles Clark, 1571 Grand Ave., St. Paul 5, Minnesota.

NEWS OF OUR EDITORS

NORMAN VINCENT PEALE

The following quote is from a recent letter from Dr. Peale:

"During the summer season of 1949 I am heeding the admonition and even demands of my wife that I curtail my speaking activities. During the fall, winter and spring season I preach twice in my church on Sunday and have given from five to seven lectures and addresses each week in addition.

"On Sunday evening, June 12, I am speaking at the International Convention of Rotary at Madison Square Garden in New York City, and after that have no engagements until I address the convention of the National Selected Morticians at Poland Spring, Maine, on September 30 . . . in the interval . . . I expect to give myself to the beginning of a new book at my farm at Pawling, New York."

WINFRED RHOADES

The summer news from Winfred Rhoades came in a letter as follows:

"I wish I could expect to be at one of the Camps this summer . . . but circumstances forbid. . . Instead I shall be most of the time at home; but shall have August in a lovely Berkshire village which is the highest (in altitude) in Massachusetts, and a possible trip to Washington, Connecticut (the part of the state in which I was born), in October.

"The outstanding event in my recent life was that I, bearing Congregational ordination, conducted the entire service and preached in an Episcopal Church a few weeks ago. . . Every such event helps—or hinders—the bringing together of the churches. I hope this particular service helped toward the breaking down of prejudices. The denominations

must learn to manifest and emphasize their fundamental unity in Christ."

RALPH SPAULDING CUSHMAN

Bishop Cushman will head the Minnesota Methodist Conference at Hamline Church in Saint Paul June 15-19. Before the conference, on the 12th, he will commission Rev. and Mrs. George Wilson of Minneapolis as missionaries to the Philippine Islands.

Outstanding speaking dates for the summer months are: August 7—he will preach at his old church, Asbury-First, in Rochester, New York; August 8 and 9—Christian Laymens Association Summer Camp at Caledon, Pennsylvania; August 21 to 26—the address at the Institute of World Missions at Lake Chautauqua, N. Y.; September 4—the Labor Day sermon at Hennepin Avenue Church in Minneapolis, Minnesota; September 6 to 9—conducting the Saint Paul Area Leadership Training Conference at Mission Farm, Medicine Lake, Minnesota.

AUSTIN PARDUE

Bishop Pardue, Episcopal Bishop of Pittsburgh, expects to fly to England on June 27th to give a series of lectures on "Personal Religion" during the week of July 4th through the 8th at St. Martins-in-the-Fields, London, England. He will also speak at St. Martin's High School for Girls on July 15th; and at St. Paul's Cathedral, London, on the 17th. The first three Sundays of August he will preach at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York City. From September 26 to October he will attend the General Convention of the Episcopal Church in San Francisco.

J. RUFUS MOSELEY

The summer news from Rufus can be summed up in the following two paragraphs:

"From the Kansas Camp Farthest Out (June 10-17) I go to Montana Camp (June 22-29), and from the Montana Camp to Spokane, Washington. From Spokane I am due to stop at Denver and from Denver, with stops on the way, I go to the Ohio Camp (July 17-24). I hope to be with Stanley Jones at the Ashram at Blue Ridge, North Carolina, which starts August 6th.

"I am to be with Starr Daily in a Mission in Canada with Quinten Warner in September. From there I am due to go to North Carolina for a conference and retreat.

"Everywhere the hunger increases and the increasing emphasis of the Spirit is upon ineffable union and Marriage with the Glorified Jesus and a life of limitless love and goodwill and good sense."

FRANK LAUBACH

Dr. Laubach is in the Orient at this writing, but his office supplies the three following speaking dates. There will be more, but these are all we are sure of until he returns.

The Oregon Camp Farthest Out, July 11 to 18—held at Camp Wyeth, Cascade Locks, Oregon.

Pennsylvania Camp Farthest Out, August 4-14, at Rhodes Grove Camp, Chambersburg, Pa.

Chautauqua Lake on August 25th.

GLENN CLARK

Glenn Clark will spend the summer going from Camp Farthest Out to Camp Farthest Out. If you do not have a camp folder with schedule, write to 1571 Grand Avenue, Saint Paul 5, Minnesota, for one.

STARR DAILY

Starr Daily will attend six Camps Farthest Out this summer—in Southern California, Colorado, Ohio, two in New Hampshire, and Pennsylvania. This is all the information we have at this time.



The House on Cedar Street has a new home. It is 1720 Massachusetts Ave. N.W., Washington 6, D.C. They can't move in yet, but it won't be long.

For the last several months, some of the neighbors have objected to the use of this residential house for the meetings of small Camps Farthest Out group meetings, visitors staying over night and the interracial aspect of the groups. The U.N. has asked them at various times to take their Fellowship men coming from other countries.

Much prayer has gone towards those who felt encroached upon in this case. The House on Cedar Street was in a Class "A" zone restricted to residences but they thought as long as visitors were never charged anything to stay, the restriction would not apply.

For a time it looked as though they would have no place to go, until after giving it the Father, this new home has opened up and they are in the process of raising the money to buy it.

So now the work of making a place for all people to come to when they wish to pray for and work with Congress can go on.

July
Dr. Bernice Harker

1246 North Hayworth Ave.
Hollywood 46, Calif.

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