

# Clear Horizons



UPT

Winter, 1950-51

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## As We Go To Press

One of the readers of *Clear Horizons* brought our attention to the article by Celia Cole (Page 1) and said it has done more for her at Christmas than any other article throughout the years. Scrapbooks contain gems that ought not to lie hidden in scrapbooks, and this is one of them. . . . It is time that someone wrote a really good set of Ten Commandments for parents and Henry Hitt Crane (Page 10) has done just that. He is one of the outstanding preachers and pacifists in the country. . . . Bennie Bengtson (Page 17) has come across with another excellent article. He has written many good ones in the past, and has another one ready to go on Billy Sunday. . . . Hubert Shelley (Page 31) is a shut-in himself, and is not talking mere theory. He has practiced himself what he writes of. It is really a prescription for shut-ins. . . . There was great interest in the publication premier of Glenn Clark's novel, *What Would Jesus Do?*, the sequel to *In His Steps*. Many letters have come asking for a report on what happened during the week in Topeka. This is Dr. Clark's (Page 25) own account. Already recommendations are coming in about the book from such well-known people as Norman Vincent Peale, J. C. Penney, Bishop Ralph Spaulding Cushman, and Dr. Pfeiffer of the World Council of Churches. The general reaction seems to be that once a person starts reading *What Would Jesus Do?* they can't lay it down until finished. . . . Marguerite Harmon Bro (Page 37) is now with her husband in Java. Mr. Bro is working on cultural and diplomatic functions for the government there. The climate, according to some reports, is terrible. Heat and humidity take the edge off all that we have been led to believe about Java. . . . Winfred Rhoades (Page 41) after a full life in the ministry and psychiatric work allows himself no rest, but this is not work for him, it is a "way of life." His winters are spent in Lane's End, Sudbury, Massachusetts, and his summers in New Hampshire. . . . Allan A. Hunter (Page 46) did much to make the last issue of *Clear Horizons* such a success, and in our opinion contributes just as much to this issue. The minister of Mount Hollywood Congregational Church in Los Angeles, Allan Hunter is a refreshing practical mystic. . . .

The entire staff wishes all our readers and friends a "Merry Blessed Christmas and a wonderful New Year in which you will be constantly challenged and in which you will continually grow."

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## CLEAR HORIZONS MAGAZINE

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# Clear Horizons

Eleventh Year

Winter, 1950-1951

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It is the "secret place," it is the glory of the cross, it is the star of the wise men, it is the Child that lay in the manger.

## The Wall of Light

Celia Caroline Cole

THERE is a legend in the Holy Land that one could see Jesus more than a mile away because of the light that shone 'round about him.

Artists picture it as a halo; theosophists call it the aura, scientists say that there is such a light, an electro-magnetic area around every living thing; to me, for some reason, perhaps a need of security in this rocking world, it is a wall of light. And yet not really a wall (I don't really like walls)—but a sort of emanation, gentle, and yielding to love and need, but impenetrable to evil. The evil drops outside the wall, and God's will that was in the midst of it comes through.

Jesus walked in light. Even as a baby lying in a manger, there was a little wall of light shining around Him, keeping Him safe. No evil ever could get through, Herod could not kill Him, the Pharisees

could not confound Him, the laws of this world could not catch Him, and when by His own consent He opened the wall and let in the cross, it was turned to deathless beauty and the hope of the world.

"He that dwelleth in the secret place . . ."

Such have we been given. I believe that every one of us walks in light unless by our own thoughts and acts we have made our light darkness. I believe that it is possible for us to make our wall of light so strong that no evil can get through. I believe that the purpose of man in this world is to let his light shine.

"Be ye perfect even as He is perfect."

And I believe that you can generate light as surely as a dynamo can. It is difficult to tell another how to do this thing, but since you and I are not very unlike, for here

From *Pictorial Review* about 15 years ago. No longer printed.



we are, in the same world, at the same time, wanting the same things—to be strong and clear and understanding, to love, to be loved, to work well at something we're keen about, to be kind, to succeed deeply in those things we undertake, to be happy, to give generously of all we have and are, to send out light—so, at this Christmas time, I shall try to tell you the mechanics that send me back into the light, when I find myself in the dark, empty and frightened.

First to remember that we are always generating something, by our thinking, by our dreaming, and that we can generate dimness and darkness as well as light.

Never does the law of being let us off. When we pity ourselves, when we place the blame for our situation anywhere except upon ourselves, when we grieve, when we fear, we are generating darkness.

Next give thanks. No matter what we are facing, we can always do that—give thanks for the things that we have. Even with tears running down our cheeks we can begin slowly, thoughtfully: "I'm grateful for this. Thank You, Father, for that. Thank You for being in this world so that we can find You. Thank You for the light and life of Jesus Christ. Thank You for all that is beautiful anywhere, everywhere." On and on until the hardness is melted out of us.

It puts movement in the emptiness, light, for gratitude is of God, and light is God in action.

Then when light has started, we talk to the Presence within us. Talk it all out in what men call prayer (prayer isn't just an asking; it is the way the life of God within us is nourished). Talk until there comes a sense of His Presence, an inner serenity that we are not alone in this world and with little power, but that there is One who hears, who answers. Talk it out until all the congestion is gone, and we are quiet and clear and empty. And now we listen—open and relaxed—for that Voice that comes out of the heart. And if we haven't yet learned to listen, we keep ourselves empty and very still, seeing the light spread within us, filling it.

And then if we want to make the light strong, flame up like a torch, we'll do something for somebody and do it with generosity and beauty.

Perhaps it was not only service but it was the undisturbedness of Jesus that generated such light. He saw His life stretching before Him, an austere, lonely life, meager in its immediate results, ending in a most shameful mode of death, nailed to a cross between two thieves.

And yet His light never failed, it shone so that it could be seen "more than a mile away." It was His power. And our light is ours. If we had a deep conviction that

no matter what is happening to us, He who is fashioning a perfect thing is making it, we, too, could be undisturbed and send out light.

Nothing in all this world can prevail against us when we know this truth—"Lo, I am with you always even unto the end of the world." It is the "secret place," it is the path up to the Mount of Transfiguration, it is the strength that upholds us when we have come down into the valley, it is the glory of the cross, it is the song of the shepherds, it is the star of the wise men, it is the Child that lay in the manger.

We still do not know what the birth of Christ means because most

of us stand outside on the threshold, bound and choked up with our little desires and the cares of this world. We haven't gone in and knelt before the manger and given the best that we have to Him.

When we do, we shall know that we, also, are bearers of light, that we are light, our understanding is light shining in darkness, our ability to love is a flame.

We have His life, we have His light within us. Let us use them. Let us begin this Christmas day never to carry darkness within us, but light, and more light. Then shall the light in this world "break forth as the morning" and there be peace on earth, good will to men.



### *The Healing Touch*

*Edna P. Neely*

I love to think of Christ's life-giving hands!

They knew the menial task, and knew it well;

I think the oxen yoke the Master planned

Would rest with ease and weariness would quell.

His multiplying hands that fed the crowd!

His hands that gave a blessing rich and rare;

The folk that felt the whip-cord, cringed and bowed,

Knew hands that would defend the right with care.

His tender hands that gave back life in death,

His hands that healed the bodies of mankind,

His loving hands restored the failing breath,

His hands that healed the eyes of helpless blind.

Sometimes I feel the surgeon's hands are blest

Imbued with healing touch from earth's loved guest.



## *Desire Gives Power to Prayer*

*Austin Pardue*

PRAYER is a powerful thing. It can move mountains. As a matter of fact it has no limits except the limits of our own doubts. Our Lord tells of a second key saying, "Whatsoever things ye desire when ye pray believe that ye receive them and ye shall have them." What more wide-open invitation could you want than that? It is a staggering thought, for here He says that you can have anything you want if you have faith. But be sure your desire is based on Jesus' standards!

One of the greatest Christian thinkers of history was St. Thomas Aquinas. He had some pointed things to say about prayer. He wrote, "It is difficult to know for what we ought to pray since it is very difficult to know what we ought to desire." His point is that you had better be careful about what you desire because you might desire the wrong thing and get it. That is the trouble with the world of our day. We have desired a multitude of cheap and materialistic things and we have received war, murder, hatred and death along with them. In contrast to the mistaken values that have brought world chaos, the Lord's Prayer is a series of perfect desires that can bring about world order.

What is desire? "A desire is a conscious impulse or movement toward an object," says Webster. But a desire is not the same thing as a wish. A wish is a desire without any attempt to attain its end. Most people merely wish by sitting down and folding their hands and hoping something will happen. Too many of us pursue this program and therefore we live in a constant state of disappointment, for our wishful dreams never come true and our defeats become an habitual and normal state of experience. A deep-seated, burning desire so dominates the entire personality that it is able to draw from us superior qualities of judgment, determination and intellectual perception, so that we are remarkably fitted for the task that is designated by the desire.

A powerful desire carries you along with its current. So, St. Thomas Aquinas gave us a very wise hint when he stated that "it is difficult to pray because it is difficult to know what we ought to desire." You see, a desire can be terribly dangerous because it is so all-powerful. Professor William McDougall, the famous psychologist, used to explain how a desire would unite the whole personality in one objective. He told how the

brain, the body, the glands, the emotions and everything within a person would be directed toward one cause if only an inner desire were strong enough. He used to tell the story of a boy who lived on a farm and wanted to be a high jumper on his high school track team. The boy practiced out in the barnyard by the hour, trying to jump the old barn gate. He would get back, screw up his courage, grit his teeth and run with all his might toward the fence gate and then balk like a frightened horse before a hurdle. Never once did he clear the objective. One day, however, he was out practicing and he happened to turn around and saw that the bull was loose. He didn't stop to think whether he was a high jumper or not. He took one look at the animal and ran with all his might, clearing the fence with a foot to spare. In a moment he developed a motive and burning desire so intense that it suddenly gave him physical coordination, muscular elasticity, timing and unswerving faith in his ability to accomplish his end.

The prayer of power is based on burning desire. You can obtain nearly everything you want in life, good or bad. That is, if you want to make all the sacrifices that are necessary, you can probably be successful according to the standard that you have adopted. Above everything else remember this:

You had better be sure that the thing you sacrifice for and concentrate on is worth having. I have known many persons and probably you have too, who wanted something very badly and finally received it, only to awaken to the horrible fact that from that moment on they must live with it and like it. After having lived with an attained desire born out of false value, one finds that it is a weighty millstone and will probably spend the rest of his life trying to detach himself from the newly acquired liability. We have all experienced the dilemma of trying to free ourselves from things we have slaved to acquire and, if experience can teach us anything, it ought to awaken us to the fact that discrimination is probably the most important factor in the preparation for prayer.

I once knew a girl who was particularly anxious to have the attention of a tall, dark and handsome young man. She concentrated on him very cleverly and that which she wanted was finally granted her. He thought that he was in love with her, probably because of her flattery, and she certainly believed that she was in love with him. So they were married. The girl who had set her trap so successfully merely desired him because he was tall, dark and handsome. She forgot to evaluate his traits of character, or lack of them, and, after a



few months, she realized that she was doomed to a miserable existence with a man whose weaknesses led him into every kind of self-indulgence. But she married him and marriage is a rather binding law. Is it not true that many of us waken to find that we are bound to a superficial desire for which we have sacrificed our money, our brain and our body, only to discover that the objective is cheap and worthless?

Yes, you can have nearly any-

thing you desire, but you must have the right desire if you want a good life. The importance of the Lord's Prayer is found in the fact that as St. Thomas Aquinas intimates we can be "Bold to Say" it, for it is a series of perfect desires. It interprets them correctly and if, in the name of Jesus, you seek them according to His will, you can have anything in the world you want, providing He wants you to have it, and He wants you to have everything that is good for you.



### *Song of Winter*

*Lulu Walton Quick*

I welcome the snowflakes  
That fly through the air;  
My heart loves the winter,  
For God's joy is there.

When north winds are blowing  
And deep lies the snow,  
God's presence is with me  
Wherever I go.

While out on the highway  
And facing the storm,  
I laugh and go forward;  
God's love keeps me warm.

I treasure His promise  
To never depart,  
And all through the winter  
God's life fills my heart.

☐ Here are a few of those who have looked up and seen the kindly, welcoming face of their Redeemer.

## *Miracles—The Salvation Army and the Alcoholic*

HERE are just a few true stories, taken at random from the files of Salvation Army Corps and institutions in various parts of the country. There are many more like them. Almost every day and night we see the powerful, healing, merciful hand of the Saviour reach down into one of our Bowery or Skid Row Corps or into our Men's Social Service Centers to help some despairing man to his feet. The nightmare of alcohol makes no distinctions; it brings all of its victims to a common level of degradation. Here are a few of those who have looked up and seen the kindly, welcoming face of their Redeemer.

*We then that are strong ought  
to bear the infirmities of the  
weak . . . (ROMANS 15:1)*

Last October, a well-dressed, alert-looking man stood before a Salvation Army meeting in Philadelphia. He is now the head of his own substantial business there—as he had been once before when his earnings were at the \$200,000 level. Then, however, his intense business efforts had been accompanied by

steady drinking and a ceaseless round of amusement. When the drinking became compulsive, his descent was rapid and he went all the way down, losing everything he had. Winding up on Skid Row, exhausted and ill, he came to the Men's Social Service Center of The Salvation Army in Philadelphia, hoping only that the death the doctors had said would soon reach him would find him there, where kindly people ministered to him. There, however, he found not the death he expected, but a new and happy life. Converted, he found in Christ the strength he needed. Today that man is again at the head of large and growing business. He has his own home and is happily married. And at that Salvation Army meeting last October, he gave his thanks to God.

*No soul can be forever banned,  
eternally bereft;  
Whoever falls from God's  
right hand is caught within  
His left.—(EDW. MARKHAM)*

Well educated in New York schools, this woman—let us call her Helen—lived in a small town

Taken from the booklet *The Salvation Army and the Alcoholic*. National headquarters, 120 W. 14th St., New York 11, N. Y.



not far from New York City. There it was that she started drinking—and there it was, too, that she plunged into the abyss which is alcoholism.

With the passing years, as her addiction fixed its hold closer and closer upon her, every restraint vanished. Her drinking was no longer confined to her home, but exposed her to public contempt and degradation. Arrest after arrest followed, until they mounted to the scores. One sentence to the county jail was soon followed by another to the workhouse; the sentences multiplied and lengthened.

Then, one day, in one of the brief periods which this woman spent outside of a cell, she was attracted to a meeting of The Salvation Army. Before long, she and her husband—also a victim of alcohol—started regular attendance at these meetings, and both were converted.

The townspeople and the authorities had sound reason for their skepticism. One day the Officer in charge of The Salvation Army Corps was called in by the local judge and the chief of police who told him that, while they were delighted with the results, if he could keep this woman sober for a year they would pay the rent of The Salvation Army's little citadel for a year. That rent, at the end of a year, was cheerfully given.

Neither Helen nor her husband ever touched liquor again. Both remained faithful to The Salvation Army's confidence in them until they died. Helen served for many years as Treasurer of the local Corps. They bought and paid for a new home where they lived in comfort and with respect of the entire community.

*The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms . . . (DEUTERONOMY 33:27)*

In The Salvation Army's Bowery Corps in Detroit, on May 27, 1945, there shambled a filthy, ragged, sick man. Still shaking from the ravages of his drinking the day before, he had come only in the hope of getting a bowl of soup. It was Sunday; the saloons wouldn't open for two hours anyway. Other Sundays he had gone to church with his wife and children—but all that seemed so very long ago. Now he remembered that he had gone home on Christmas Eve, wracked by the craving for alcohol and the tortured nerves of his last debauch. He hadn't been able to stand it—and had fled the day after. He'd never intended reaching Skid Row—yet here he was. This was, he knew, the end of the line. Suddenly he became aware that a Salvation Army Officer was speaking, telling him that he, too, had been through all this—and had found God and

Salvation. Man after man at the meeting told the same story. Here, they said, the shackles which bound them to this street of forgotten men had been struck off. God had done for them what no man living, much less they themselves, could dream of doing.

The end is quickly told—the healing balm of penitential tears, a turning to Christ and strength—all that was three years ago. Today, that man's family is proud of him; he has a new house and money in the bank. Another man to prove that The Salvation Army's Skid Row work is worthwhile—that God's grace is sufficient.

*I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my strength. (PSALM 121)*

Let's call her Irene. Here was a woman with every advantage of background, good looks, education and a fine Christian home. And she had ability. Starting her career in the hotel business, she advanced steadily to an executive position in a large hotel. But with her business

advance, and increasing social demands, her drinking advanced. Her business progress stopped while her addiction grew, with the inevitable and rapid descent to physical, mental and economic collapse. Her employers, still anxious to help her, sent her to one of the Family Service Bureaus of The Salvation Army, which found her a safe haven with its Emergency Lodge for Women. On her arrival this woman, although near the very top of her field, was on the verge of delirium tremens. She was sheltered at the Lodge for about two months and there she found surcease in prayer and rest from her affliction. Emerging from the Lodge recovered, and with new realization that divine resources in strength were now available, she went back to hotel work, taking a position in another city similar to the one she had previously held. Today she is again nearing the top of her field. Mindful of the care and help she received, she keeps in touch with The Salvation Army, and has made generous donations toward its work.



If you can find God in a minute why wait twenty years? That is redemptive loafing. If you begin with the bargain basements of God prices are low but you will get only what you pay for.

—Starr Daily



## ***A Decalogue For Parents***

Henry Hitt Crane

I. Thou shalt give thy child the kind of love that is creative, comprehending, challenging, that thy relationship shall be that not merely of parent and child, but likewise companion, friend, and fellow-adventurer in life.

II. Thou shalt give thy child a home in which he is made to feel secure through a sure sense of belonging, a home that offers a warm and ready welcome to his friends and is the attractive center of his social being.

III. Thou shalt appropriate some special place in thy home, some room, some corner, which thy child shall call his very own, for a sense of ownership is an indispensable part of becoming a person.

IV. Thou shalt assign thy child chores to do and teach him therewith the art of learning to like to do what he ought to do, creating within him a sense of responsibility by enlisting his active cooperation and interest in the management of the home.

V. Thou shalt afford thy child adequate opportunities to give, thus developing as early as possible the joy of sharing.

VI. Thou shalt encourage initia-

tive, affording thy child the opportunity to use his own judgment and therewith thou shalt recognize and praise his feeblest attempts, harping not upon his shortcomings, but respecting his personality and developing in him the feel of independence.

VII. Thou shalt teach thy child to respect his body that he may keep it strong and healthy through physical examinations, self-discipline and joyous training.

VIII. Thou shalt give thy child a healthy mental and emotional life, educating him to his fullest capacity, not ordering and commanding, but explaining, anticipating, and leading him in adventurous explorations.

IX. Thou shalt give thy child the full freedom of a high, courageous, intellectually respectable faith in a good God, a friendly universe, and the triumphant power of righteousness.

X. Above all, thou shalt give thy child a good example, first in thyself as parent, whom he may emulate and in so doing become a person worthy of the name he bears. Secondly and more importantly, the example of the noblest Hero of all, the Living Christ.

From *The Wesley News*, Minneapolis, Minn.

## ***Finding the Freedom to Love and Believe***

Roy A. Burkhart

*Love is very patient, very kind. Love knows no jealousy; love makes no parade, gives itself no airs, is never rude, never selfish, never irritated, never resentful; love is never glad when others go wrong, love is gladdened by goodness, always slow to expose, always eager to believe the best, always hopeful, always patient. Love never disappears.*

*I Corinthians 13 (Moffatt)*

*Now faith is the assurance of things hoped for, a conviction of things not seen.*  
*Hebrews 11:1*

### ***To Love is to be Loving***

After we have once become aware of God and of our sonship, we can really begin to love. At first we may have to plead for love. We may need to force ourselves just to be courteous and thoughtful as a first step to preparing ourselves to love. Of course it is easy to love someone who loves us—"what is special about that?" asks Moffatt, but it is difficult to love those who are cross, unattractive, repulsive. It is easier for some people to love than others but it is a key that all must strive to possess, a gift of God which all must seek to own in the fullest measure.

If we try to understand what lies underneath a person's surliness or hostility—an unhappy home condition or ill health—it will help us to treat him as we would want him to treat us if we were in his place. If

we start out in the morning smiling at those whom we meet, many will return the smile. If we try to make life pleasant for all with whom we come in contact, not because it is part and parcel of a good disposition, but because the love of God is in our hearts, there is every reason that our own awareness of God will increase and we shall be given more love.

A motorist was driving along in a great hurry one day. He passed a truck and at the same time another car squeezed in on him so that he had to cut short on the truck, forcing the driver to step hard on his brakes. A little later the driver of the truck speeded up and passed the motorist and then crowded him, slowing down just to taunt him.

When the truck driver and the

From *The Secret of Life*, Roy A. Burkhart. Harper & Brothers, 1950, \$1.25. By permission.



motorist had to stop at a light, the latter got out of his car and walked over to the truck. The driver bristled, ready for a fight. He was surprised, however, when the man who thought he was in such a hurry said to him, "Will you please forgive me for being in such a hurry I crowded you?"

The attitude of the driver changed instantly and he answered, "Will you forgive me for acting like a child?"

The two shook hands and the motorist returned to his car. He and the truck driver held up traffic for a spell while the truck driver tried to get the motorist to pass him and the motorist tried to get the truck driver to go ahead. Finally,

### ***We Must Put Faith Into Life***

It may be more difficult for some people to banish fear and anxiety from their lives than it is for them to get rid of hate and resentment. If we have grown all our lives in a negative pattern of fear, it will not be easy for us to become free from it and to grow in faith.

Growth in the use of the master key, prayer, puts in our possession the ability to use not only the key of love, but also the key of faith. Just as it is our nature to live by love, so it is our nature to live by faith. Hate in the end means illness of body and mind. Fear and anxiety, likewise, mean illness of body and mind. Love and faith to-

gether mean health of body and soul.

the motorist did pass, waving a farewell, and driving along with a feeling inside which defied description.

Only as men grow into the consciousness that makes them aware of the divine in every man and woman will they really love. If we make up our minds that by the grace of God we will not cherish hate in our hearts, if we seek with all hearts to live by love—the gift of love will be given to us.

If we grow in the life of prayer and in the life of the spirit, then increasingly we shall be loving, increasingly we shall be gentle. If we put love into life, we shall experience God and find fellowship.

together mean health of body and soul.

Faith, like love, is a powerful key to the secret of life. George Washington Carver did not know at first what wonderful secrets the peanut held, but he believed that something of value would be found and amazing results followed.

There are those who have faith that no illness, physical or mental, is necessary. Already there are those who live in excellent health and others who have been cured of seemingly incurable diseases and of limitations from poor heredity by faith in the right use of such healing powers of nature as proper

food, rest and use of the sun's rays and the ability to be receptive to the healing forces of the universe. There are those who in faith have opened their minds and offered up their bodies to God and whose mental and physical health are great factors in their spiritual well-being. They are putting faith into life and finding faith in life.

Our forefathers did not know that our republic would work, but they believed in its democratic ideal. As a result we have within our form of government something valid which may be shared with all the peoples of the world.

Mary did not know what Jesus' special mission in the world would be but she breathed over him that he had a destiny, and later her faith in that destiny was perfected.

Not everyone can grasp the argument and perceive the beauty of PARADISE LOST and PARADISE REGAINED, but everyone can appreciate the marvel of the blind Milton sitting down to compose these masterpieces. We have seen the power of faith in the triumph of Helen Keller, born deaf and blind. Beethoven in faith composed the Ninth Symphony—that great setting for "THE HYMN OF JOY." Faith can bring amazing triumph over adversity, mastery of the seemingly impossible.

Men read the luminous histories of Francis Parkman, some of them without remembering behind the

printed page the original manuscript with its screen of parallel wires along which this great historian who was almost blind ran his pencil in order to write legibly. Kant's philosophy was a turning point in human thought, but few recall his struggle with a broken body. We know of the William Wilberforce who liberated the British slaves, and beside his grave in Westminster Abbey we recall the superb title that he earned, "The Attorney General of the Unprotected, and of the Friendless," but of the William Wilberforce who for twenty years needed opium to keep alive, yet who refused to increase the dosage—who knows of him?

As we look into the lives of those about us, and search the records of the courageous throughout the centuries, we find abundant proof that people's faith measures their life's usefulness. Of those who have found faith, some have said, "They dared beyond their strength, hazarded against their judgment, and in their extremities were of excellent hope."

Faith is a dominant factor in the fabric and tissue of life. Without faith no enterprise would or could be undertaken. Faith that the summer suns will follow spring rains leads the gardener to fling his seeds across the moist brown earth. Experience brings him to faith—faith that what has grown and been harvested before will grow and be



harvested again. By faith men construct their bridges, lift up their skyscrapers, and send their ships through perilous seas. Men have faith that the stars will remain constant in their courses, that the laws of stress and strain will remain constant.

They have faith in the continued coherence of steel and concrete. They stake their lives on faith in God, the author of faith, the creator of a reliable universe, and of man himself who is fearfully and wonderfully made.

Religious faith is most vital when it assumes three attitudes toward life. One of these is to believe that God loved us from the beginning; that as we come to respond in love to God, we may attain union with Him as sons.

A second attitude is that we assume the love of all people. They

should love us because of our Father, because of our true nature.

A third attitude naturally follows and that is the assumption that all persons merit our love because they are children of the heavenly Father, because of their true nature. Consequently, the divine in us responds to the divine in them. Increasingly we find a oneness with every man.

Insofar as we live by faith and by love, we shall find renewal. There will be times, many of them, when hate and anxiety step in and for the moment overpower us, but we shall grow in freedom to love and believe because our security rests in God. With Paul we can say, "I know him whom I have believed, and I am persuaded that he is able to guard that which I have committed unto him against that day" (II Tim. 1:12).



### A Prayer\*

Give me a good digestion, Lord,  
 And give me something to digest,  
 Give me a healthy body, Lord,  
 And a sense to keep it at its best,  
 Give me a healthy mind, dear Lord,  
 That will not whimper, whine, or sigh,  
 Which doesn't worry overmuch,  
 About that fussy thing called I,  
 Give me a sense of humour, Lord,  
 Give me the grace to see a joke,  
 To get some happiness out of life,  
 And pass it on to other folk.

\*From *The Seeker*, 421 Wellington St., Perth, Australia, June, 1950, issue.

☪ "God does not lie nor does he deceive us as we deceive Him."

## The Healing Work of Vignes

G. J. Ferken

IN the south of France and in the department of Gard, lived, during the second half of last century, in a little village of the Cevennes mountains, a peasant by the name of Vignes. He was a descendant of those Huguenots who suffered persecution during the religious wars brought on by the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

A Protestant of the old stock, he loved and read the Bible daily and lived up to it. With little or no education, he retained all his life the habit, the language and the kind of life of the mountaineer.

When still very young, he was deeply affected by a serious illness of his mother, for whom he had a profound veneration. Persuaded that only God could restore her to health, he earnestly entreated Him to spare her. His prayers were heard. From that day on he gave up all medicines. He surrendered himself entirely to God, whom he worshipped henceforth as the Great Physician of body and soul.

Convinced, with great humility, that he was endowed with the gift of healing, he consented to receive in his modest dwelling all such visitors who wished to be benefited by his religious experience and his power of intercession. His fame

son spread beyond his locality and his co-religionists, because of many wonderful cures, whether in his village or at a distance. He continued his work until his death in 1908, after he had reached the good old age of 84.

His method of healing was most peculiar. He laid hands on no one, nor prayed publicly, but would speak with great authority and, as it were, *command*. Often, after inquiring as to the nature of the disease, he would say that the cure *had already taken place*, and it happened to be so, indeed.

He would recite the 103rd Psalm, especially verses 3 and 4, and say, "Everything is here; if you have understood me you are healed. If you are not healed, you have understood nothing."

"What struck me most," said one of the investigating committee, "was the calm, the serenity, the precision with which he spoke. He never prays in the presence of the sick, but in spite of this, one feels as if he were in the Presence of God."

The many wonderful cures witnessed by the Swiss visitors under Vignes' roof were the following: chronic rheumatism, Bright's disease, brain and spinal diseases,

From *The Aquarian Age*. By permission



epilepsy, paralysis, lupus, dumbness, long-standing deafness and blindness, cataract of the eyes, tumors, insomnia, lameness and different kinds of nervous troubles.

His methods of healing were varied. Generally, it was a command, "Go, you are healed."

Sometimes the cure came surprisingly to the patient as a thing that was done: "You are healed."

Occasionally he would use such formulas, "In the name of Jesus Christ, I say to you that you shall obtain full recovery." Or, "in the name of God and of our Lord Jesus Christ, I say to you that you are cured."

"Though he lay no hands upon me, yet I felt, as he spoke, some kind of invisible force pass through my body," said a young girl who had the left arm shorter and much feebler than the right and who was crippled in one leg.

And when one present asked Vignes on what promises we must rely to do cures, he simply quoted the general promise of the Lord Jesus, "What things soever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." Mark XI.v.24.

Commenting on the promise of our Lord, "Ask and ye shall receive," he said, "God does not lie nor does he deceive us as we deceive Him."

Then he demonstrated the power of the *Word of God* in that He ful-

fills what He promises. Then to a girl present, dumb for many years, he asked her: "What is your name?" "Emma," she replied. "How old are you?" "Seventeen." "Where do you hail from?" "From X."

"You see," said Vignes to Mr. S., "This girl is cured, for she now speaks."

Sometimes, healing at a distance, he would say, "See what time it is and you shall know that it was at such an hour that So and So was healed."

To an epileptic he said, "Come forward! You have a disease which no physician can cure, but you are healed in the name of *Him* whom I proclaim unto you. Give up all liquors and strong drinks, tobacco and everything that poisons this generation."

Completing his special report, Mr. Perrin of Berne wrote, "What seems to me important in the manifestation of M. Vignes for the present time is:

1. That it is unique in its kind.
2. That it proves beyond doubt that the promises of God are true.
3. That the promises of God are realized even where there is no great learning nor particular gifts, and where the gift of self to God and faith are the only conditions.
4. Finally, that if the gifts of the Holy Spirit are no more, the cause is lack of faith."

☐ Dickens "Carol" is a great sermon on unselfishness.

## Epistle of Christmas

Bennie Bengtson

CHARLES Dickens has been called the "great apostle of Christmas." And like another apostle, who was the author of the well-known letters of the Bible, Dickens also wrote an epistle we have all read, his famous epistle of the Yuletide, "A Christmas Carol." This heart-warming little story, "the greatest little Christmas book in the world," has been printed and sold in every civilized country on earth, for it has been translated into almost every known tongue.

In the little more than a century since it first appeared, the "Christmas Carol" has become a part of the Christmas ritual in millions of homes. It has doubtless been read aloud more often than any other story. Yet we may not altogether agree with one of Dickens' biographers when he says that "the revival of the observation of Christmas is largely due to Washington Irving and Charles Dickens." Both of them, it is true, have added much to the observance of the Yuletide celebration, but Christmas would, in all likelihood, still be THE holiday of the year even if Irving's charming essays and Dickens' delightful stories had never been written.

For Christmas centers on the Christ Child, and celebrates His coming into the world some two thousand years ago. And that story was written by Matthew, Luke, and Isaiah.

But the "Carol" is a great sermon on unselfishness. Scrooge thought it was all a great fraud, nothing but "humbug." He didn't believe in, or have any use for, Christmas, until he went traveling with the Ghosts of Christmas Past, Present, and Yet-to-come. Then he saw the error of his ways. Morning came and he opened the window—it was the Christmas Morn. It was late, but not too late. There was still time in which to redeem the past. And after that "it was always said of him that he knew how to keep Christmas well."

The story is much more than a sermon against selfishness, however, for it vividly portrays the joys of Christmas. There is the unforgettable picture of the Christmas dinner at the Cratchit's, and the regenerated Scrooge at the window, planning how to bring happiness to others. The message of the book touches all hearts, young and old alike, the older folk looking back at bygone Yuletides, and the children eagerly awaiting the com-



ing holidays. "A Christmas Carol" is as much appreciated in a mansion as in a cottage, wherever hearts are open to welcome the spirit of Christmas. But it has been, perhaps, pre-eminently a book of the common people, with an appeal especially for them.

The idea for the "Carol" came to Dickens early in October, 1843, while in Manchester, England, where he had gone to preside at the opening of the Athenaeum. It is said the plot developed suddenly in his mind as he was walking down the street, as clearly and distinctly as if it had been a vision, and so gripped his imagination that he hurried back to London to write it out at once.

Published just before Christmas the same year, 1843, the beautiful story so impressed Raphael Tuck, Dickens' publisher, that he planned a format that would appeal to the eye even as the tale itself touched the heart. There was a decorative binding, an attractive type face, some handsome woodcuts and four-color illustrations. When we consider that printing in those days had not by far reached the technique we have today, that each print, for instance, had to be hand colored, we can better appreciate the effort put forth.

The book sold for the equivalent of one dollar in American money, the first edition of six thousand copies being taken the first day. A

second and then a third edition were printed and fifteen thousand copies were disposed of within a few weeks. Later Dickens included the "Carol" in a Christmas number of his magazine that sold over two hundred and fifty thousand copies. This was a phenomenal sale in the 1840's, for there were no book clubs to skyrocket book sales into the hundreds of thousands in those days.

In Dickens' own heart there was always a warm spot for the "little Carol," as he affectionately referred to it. He had gathered the material on the streets of the city, and among the people, he knew and loved best. In sending a copy to his friend Professor Felton, in Boston, he wrote: "Over which 'Christmas Carol' Charles Dickens wept and laughed and wept again, and excited himself in a most extraordinary manner in the composition; and thinking whereof he walked about the back streets of London, fifteen and twenty miles many a night when all the sober folks had gone to bed. To keep the 'Chuzzlewit' going, and do this little book, the 'Carol,' in the odd times was, as you may suppose, pretty tight work."

He was hard at work on "Martin Chuzzlewit" at the time, and even though his publisher was waiting for copy he laid it aside to write the Christmas story. The lat-

ter was in his heart and demanded writing, for he felt it would give a new and deeper meaning to Christmas.

Dickens often gave public readings from his books throughout England, Scotland, and Ireland, and after its publication made it a practice to read the "Carol" around Christmas time. As a rule he memorized these public selections and gave them with telling effect for he had a vibrant voice and was an excellent elocutionist. On one tour of Great Britain he averaged better than eight hundred dollars per night for these entertainments. Often he read for charitable institutions, on one occasion a reading given for a children's hospital in Edinburgh, Scotland, bringing them over three thousand pounds.

When Dickens visited America for the second time, in 1868, he had the "Carol" with him. It had already become pretty much a part and parcel of Christmas and appealed greatly to his audiences. In a letter dated April 28th he wrote: "Tomorrow fortnight we purpose being at the Falls of Niagara, and then we shall come back and really begin to wind up. I have got to know the 'Carol' so well that I can't remember it, and occasionally go dodging about in the wildest manner, to pick up lost pieces. They took it so tremendously last night that I was stopped every five

minutes. One poor young girl in mourning burst into a passion of grief about Tiny Tim, and was taken out."

On a previous tour, made in 1863, and which lasted six months, the creator of Scrooge, Sairey Gamp, and Wilkins Micawber also entertained American audiences with readings from his works. Admission prices were high, yet much of the time the "Standing Room Only" signs were out. The gross receipts of these readings have been given as \$229,000; the expense as \$39,000; leaving a net profit of \$190,000.

Dickens became one of the most popular authors the world has ever known, and few writers of books have had so great a number of readers, or so large financial returns. He turned out a prodigious amount of work—his collected works fill forty volumes—and for many years he earned from eight to twenty-five thousand dollars a year in royalties. Once, after he had become famous, the New York Ledger paid him ten thousand dollars for a story which he wrote in two weeks.

But if his books brought him a great deal of money later in life, his boyhood and youth were lived in extreme poverty and penury. His father, John Dickens, was in financial difficulties much of the time, and for the most part the family lived in a wretched part of



the city. Charles was born in Portsmouth, but the family soon moved to London and he grew up there. When his father was imprisoned for debt Charles, still little more than a child, had to go to work to support the family. It was a rigorous and miserable life for a young boy, but excellent apprenticeship for the future novelist. For Dickens later made liberal use of his early experiences in his books, his purpose being also to improve conditions in the London slums, and to secure reforms in the prisons and workhouses.

His portrayal of life among the lower classes of London during his time was never surpassed. His characters are legend, a gallery peopled especially by humorous figures, for Dickens was a master of caricature. The portrait of Scrooge on the early pages of the "Carol" is an incisive one. "Oh! but he was a tight-fisted hand at the grindstone, Scrooge! a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous, old sinner. Hard and sharp as flint, from which no steel had ever struck out generous fire; secret, self-contained, and solitary as an oyster. The cold within him froze his old features. \* \* \* He carried his own low temperature always about with him; he iced his office in the dog-days; and didn't thaw it one degree at Christmas."

The "Carol" was not the only Christmas story to come from the pen of Dickens. Like Paul, he wrote several epistles. There was also "The Chimes," written a year later (1844) in Italy, and in which he swings a militant cudgel for the right of the poor to be happy. And "The Cricket on the Hearth," published in 1845, which lacks the crusading spirit of the first two, but is a cozy little story that stays close to the fireplace, an excellent place to be on Christmas Eve.

John Forster, Dickens' biographer, tells us that "throughout the Christmas season the author of the 'Carol' received letters from complete strangers, of which the general burden was to tell him, amid many confidences about their homes, how the 'Carol' had come to be read aloud there, and was to be kept on a little shelf by itself, and was to do them no end of good. Anything more to be said of it will not add much to this."

The manuscript copy of the "Carol" has had some interesting adventures. Soon after publication Dickens gave the manuscript to an old friend and former schoolmate, Thomas Milton. A London bookseller obtained it in 1875, paying fifty pounds for it. He sold it again to a Mr. Churchill who in 1882 disposed of it to a Birmingham bookseller. The latter sold it to Sir Stuart Samuel, who later found a

buyer on this side of the ocean for the manuscript in J. P. Morgan of New York City.

For over a hundred years now "A Christmas Carol" has been read in homes throughout the world during the Christmas holidays. With the coming of the phonograph and the radio it gained more variety in presentation. Special adaptations of it have been recorded and have become very popular. Dramatized versions pour from the loud speakers of our radios, readers give it at public entertainments, newspapers

and magazines feature it attractively illustrated in color.

If anything, it appears probable that the story of Scrooge and his conversion to Christmas will increase in popularity during the next century. For, as Stephen Leacock once said: "Literature has no finer picture than the redeemed Scrooge at his window in the frosty Christmas morning, waking to the ringing bells of a new world. It is a new world that is open to each of us at any moment, if we but open the windows of the soul."



### *Giver of Gifts*

*Marie Henderson Wood*

He gives the crimson clouds that pass too soon;  
The beauty of a snow-bound earth, blue-white  
Beneath his jewelled stars and silver moon.  
He gives the lark that stirs the hush of night;  
The lambent glow of clinging autumn leaves;  
A baby's smile; the clasp of friendly hands  
When loss has left a lonely heart that grieves;  
The quiet faith of one who understands.  
He gives the power of silent prayer that lifts  
The questing soul above earth's pointless strife;  
And to the spilling cup he adds these gifts:  
Forgiveness through His Love; Eternal Life.



Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of his world.  
—Bible.



Who will not mercy unto others show, how can he mercy ever hope to have?—*Edmund Spencer.*



## Life Can Be Trusted

Marjorie S. Watts

SO you're shaken to the core of your being by the terrifying aspects of 1950? "What's the use of planning," you argue, "when life can be snuffed out in one great flash?" Maybe you do still pray for some miracle to rid men's hearts of their preoccupation with death, to restore their faith in life. But against the odds that men themselves have piled up, you doubt if even God can swing it. The fact is, He can only if you get in there pitching along with Him. We commonly stress our need of Him. Have you given thought to His need of us? With our unwavering human cooperation He can and will answer the desperate prayers that go up to Him from all over the world. But this means that you as an individual must break through your own gloom by taking certain definite action.

1. Begin by reassessing your work. Has it become a dull routine? Maybe you've been blaming this on the job itself. The trouble is in your own distorted outlook. Remember back when each day opened up like an adventure? You knew you had what it took and at night you felt *good* because you'd fully exercised that power. Nowadays you feel like a deflated bal-

loon morning, noon, and night. A mere wage slave. Life isn't to blame. Neither is your job. Maybe in these more complicated days it demands even more of you than ever but you've been blind to the challenge. In your confusion you've let your best talents rust with disuse.

A young woman I know made herself actually ill this way. She hated her boss in the office of the bank, resented her duties, considered her office associates inferior. She was vainly looking for another job. Then with the help of some counseling she began to (1) develop new and interesting angles on her work; (2) smile at the boss when he barked at her, realizing that he was an unhappy man taking it out on whoever was handy; (3) discover ways in which her associates were superior to herself. She is today—quote—"The happiest I've ever been in my life." She didn't need another job; she didn't need to escape from the age she lives in. All she needed was to renew the vigorous use of the abilities God had given her.

2. Put your thinking and talking emphasis on whatsoever things are good. It'll take a little doing at first to buck the current of gloom. Newspapers, radio, movies, gen-

eral conversation, all dwell morbidly on gruesome variations of death and taxes. Without playing Pollyanna, simply by insisting that the more cheerful activities of life haven't come to a halt, you can start a trend in your own circle. A man of my acquaintance has been plugging away at this for several months and made it into an amusing game. At the very outset he threw out the conventional theory that to change a subject abruptly is rude. He noticed that only abruptness could shock himself and most of his friends out of their doldrums, so he made a deliberate practice of swift switches. He'd break in on a tirade about "our lousy congress" with inquiries about "that garden of yours upstate." He'd catch himself groaning about "those infernal taxes" and change in the middle of a sentence to "our neighborhood dance orchestra." His friends couldn't miss the hint. They caught on, especially to making a point of people who *can* be trusted. They know for a fact that a certain councilman is a rascal. But there's that new candidate for mayor who's an honest man, admired regardless of party lines. Every morning on the commuters' train, a kind of humorous rivalry has sprung up to produce good news. The half-hour trip puts a spring in each man's step as he gets off the train and heads for the office. Anybody knows that a day started like this is pretty sure

to bring adequate satisfactions.

3. Make at least one sacrifice a day for another person. Nothing so deeply reassures us that we're in control of our lives as *choosing* to do for others. And this is true regardless of circumstances. Wasn't it during the dangers of war that we profoundly experienced self-giving and its unifying human warmth? Yet all around us people waging daily personal battles are in as great need as then of thoughtfulness. The lonely old lady who would remember a Sunday afternoon drive for months; the distant friend who is convinced he's losing you because you "haven't time to write"; the displaced person with no place to go on Thanksgiving unless you take him into your home; that acquaintance who is both hospitalized and "broke." "Some day," you say. Or you mail a check. Only when you deliberately share your time, mind, and heart will you regain the conviction that you're in charge of your life.

4. Become as a child in simple enjoyments. Fundamentally this means to cut out keeping up with the Joneses' pastimes and rediscover God's. You can't afford a trip to Bermuda or even a television set? You're miserable about this because you think they'd take your mind off your troubles. You've given radio, movies, cocktail parties a grand whirl. Have



they done the trick? Take time out to analyze your unsatisfied hungers. Maybe for a fishing trip with your son, who has been growing away from you; or for the triumph of your first real tune on a saxophone; or pride in the inch high tomato plants that you have produced in what was plain dirt before; or the sheer steadying power of "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help." We try too hard and spend too much to be entertained by gadgets. We've hypnotized ourselves into sneering at any recrea-

tion that hasn't a price tag. But to make a place in our lives for the great free gifts—companionship, music, the responsive earth, the changeless hills—this is to satisfy our hunger for a sense of the permanent.

William James, the famed psychologist, said: "Action seems to follow feeling but really action and feeling go together." Or put it this way: as soon as you do something definite about those insecurity blues, they'll fade. You'll regain the faith that along with God, you're in charge of your life.



### *I Am a Compass*

*Theobel Wing Alleeson*

I am a compass firmly fixed and strong,  
One point set fast on Christ is anchored there,  
The other sweeps the world as far, as long  
As it can stretch from Christ to everywhere.

All I can touch of beauty I may take,  
All love—all truth—all knowledge—all are mine,  
I hold this privilege—my world I make  
After His own most glorious design.

No thing however precious, holds me fast  
Save Christ alone. I move forever free—  
I am a compass reaching where the vast  
Potential universe belongs to me!



Let us impart all the blessings we possess, or ask for ourselves, to the whole family of mankind.—*George Washington.*

☞ Dreams came true at Topeka, and greater dreams were born.

## *We Reach the Top at Topeka*

*Glenn Clark*

FOR months it had been announced that the Premier of *What Would Jesus Do?* would be held October 15-21 at Topeka. Now October 15 had come. I found myself sitting on the platform of the great civic auditorium between Governor Carlson of Kansas and Edgar Guest, poet laureat of the American home; Justice Wedell of the supreme court was presiding. Streams of people were filling the upper galleries; outside hundreds were being turned away.

Suddenly the great auditorium became still. Then the pipe organ burst forth in a great pean of triumph and the procession of vested choirs, preceded by flag bearers and trumpeters, marched in.

What happened the rest of the evening was like a dream. I pinched myself several times to make sure that I was actually sitting there—that it was not a dream from which I would awake. And then I *knew* it was a dream—a dream come true. Something within this dream was real, was tremendously real. These people were not coming to listen to Edgar Guest but were coming to listen to the Holy Spirit; they were not coming to honor me but to honor Christ.

For one moment I sat that night

as an actor in a great drama—in a technicolor film—that could easily serve as the climax of a man's life. One of those vagrant thoughts came to me that are so human and yet so childish that we are ashamed of them the moment they come; "What a perfect final chapter for my autobiography, *A Man's Reach*, this would have been!"

And then a big thing happened. That book as the story of a man's life came to a close. Yes, a *Man's Reach* ended and *God's Reach* began. From that moment and all through the week that followed, I faded completely out of the picture and a heavenly power entered in that God, and God only, can direct. Seeds were sown that week that may grow into a Kingdom of God movement for America and for the world.

Monday night Bishop Richard Raines stepped into the stream of it so completely that I felt him pulling my talk out of the ethers that I was going to give next Friday. After it was over he told a friend, "That was the strangest audience. I felt them pulling out of me ideas I never planned to give. It was inspiring." Then I realized that my talk was not my talk and his talk was not his talk—that God, in short, was furnishing the talks for



all of us.

Two nights later at dinner with Daniel Poling, God again took over and did the conversing through us. He had just come from inspiring visits with James and Lillian Dickson, the outstanding missionaries of Formosa, former students of mine. When I told him the story of how Lillian was the channel for bringing the gymnasium to Macalester he was so thrilled he exclaimed, "I will write her tomorrow!"

After a great evening with Daniel Poling and a stimulating evening with Bishop Oxnam and a wonderful one with Starr Daily, I found myself again sitting on the platform, hearing Dr. Charles Helsley, successor to Charles Sheldon, introducing me to the immense audience. When I rose to speak the entire audience rose and an inner voice said to me, "Only God's reach can do what must be done tonight."

The audience gave rapt attention throughout, and I wondered how many in that vast throng, most of them strangers to me and my message, would respond to the appeal that I intended to make at the close.

"Help me, Charles Sheldon," I whispered, looking upward, "I need your help right now, even more than when I wrote the book"; and then turning to the audience: "How many of you will make the pledge here tonight that during this com-

ing year whenever you undertake anything, you will ask the question, What Would Jesus Do?" I waited in silence for a moment and then the hands began to go up all over the hall.

Near the back of the great hall sat two stalwart working men, clad in clean overalls, magnificent specimens of manhood each over six feet tall with weatherbeaten faces. When this challenge was put to them they turned and looked each other straight in the eye, their profiles revealing that they were father and son. They remained thus without moving for some time, and then the father gave a slight nod and they both raised their hands. This spirit swept the hall. In that hour those thousands of people gathered from many states, representing all walks of life, were one big *family of God*.

"But these evening meetings," a physician said to me, "were mere 'window dressing' as compared with the meetings during the day." Yes, the real spade work, the real ploughing and harrowing and planting took place during the daytime. Starr Daily began it every morning with his rugged messages to two hundred outstanding men at the breakfast hour. This was followed by Roland Brown and Rebecca Beard's healing mission every morning at ten o'clock before a packed throng at the magnificent Grace Cathedral. Immediately fol-

lowing this at eleven o'clock came the inspiration hour addressed on consecutive mornings by Starr Daily, Ethel Dow, Roland Brown, Carl Menninger and Roberta Fletcher.

At three o'clock in Central Congregational Church behind the same pulpit where Charles M. Sheldon addressed his congregations I gave talks on What Would Jesus Do in a World Like This, before an audience that well nigh filled the historic church.

Following the talks the people were divided into twelve large prayer groups according to the months in which they were born. Whether the stars of the zodiac shape our destiny I do not know, but this I do know, the music of the spheres sang through those prayer groups during those five fateful days in no uncertain terms. At the Camps Farthest Out it is a common saying that when the prayer groups get to going, power flows in and that was certainly true there. The leaders of the prayer groups were: Marie Daily, *California*; Roberta Fletcher, *Texas*; Ethel Dow, *Minnesota*; Marcia Brown, *Illinois*; Vivian Osborne, *Iowa*; E. B. Simpson, *Arkansas*; Genevieve Parkhurst, *Oklahoma*; George McCausland, *Ohio*; Rebecca and Wally Beard, *Vermont*; Roland Brown, *Illinois*; Grace Curry, *Nebraska*, and myself.

The Crusade was booked to close

Friday night, but you can't stop a hurricane and you can't stop an avalanche, and you can't stop a Kingdom of God movement that takes its rise in heaven. Dr. Sheldon must have leaned over the celestial parapets and smiled down upon us when a great throng overflowed the church Saturday morning to hear my final message and an even greater throng filled the church in the afternoon to hear Starr's final message.

Following my morning talk came a sharing hour when people poured out from their hearts what this week had meant for them; and following Starr's magnificent address on prayer the throng was divided into three large prayer groups under Rebecca Beard, Starr Daily and myself.

That night Marcia Brown gave an illustrated lecture on the 1950 Spiritual Odyssey to Europe. And on that note the week ended. This movement is not to be confined to one city, of Topeka, or to one state, of Kansas, or to one continent, of America, but is to flow out to all nations and all continents to the uttermost parts of the world.

"You must come back again next year," was the unanimous wish of the thirty-one churches that had sponsored these meetings for deepening the spiritual life of Topeka.

Yes, I should like to go back to this city or any city after people all over the nation have had time



to read and accept and practice the message of this book. Wherever the churches will unite and wherever the people are sincerely hungry for a crusade for the deepening of the spiritual life, I should love to send a team for three days or a week to present this challenge that Charles M. Sheldon presented fifty years ago. What Would Jesus Do in a Time Like This?

I cannot close this report without paying tribute to two devoted bands of people whose combined efforts made all this possible. If the three hundred Gideonites had combined with the one hundred and twenty who met at Pentecost the result couldn't have been any greater. Scientists tell us that everything that exists consists merely of protons that stand still and electrons that encircle them.

One hundred and twenty and more consecrated folks in Topeka stood still and kept up a continuous stream of prayer night and day for weeks and months preceding the meetings; and three hundred Gideonites came in with pitchers lighted with love and with trumpets of prayer and praise, in the form of the three hundred C.F.O.'ers who arrived from 21 states and undergirded every meeting with love and prayer. Rarely have I ever seen such a gathering of outstanding redemptive souls assembled in one place at one time on this earth. And greatest of all were the

prayers of thousands of people all over this land that were rising constantly for God's presence to be with us.

And what came out of these meetings?

First; a new impetus to spreading prayer groups throughout the nation. Ethel Dow, prayer group coordinator, was there and made many vital contacts with scores that came from Texas, California and states far and near. If interested in spreading prayer groups or working with Fanner Bees get in touch with her through this office.

Second; a new impetus to inaugurate on a somewhat smaller scale, similar crusades in other cities. A replica of the Topeka experience is scheduled for Chicago, December 28-30; Washington, D. C., January 3-5; New York, January 12-14; Philadelphia, January 16-18; Virginia Beach, Virginia, January 21-24; Raleigh, N. C., January 28-31; and Los Angeles, March 18-24. For details of these meetings write my office.

Third; a new impetus was given to the spreading of this movement over the world through a revival of the Odyssey Tours in a way that cannot fail. A Camp Farthest Out is being planned for Honolulu for March, leaving the "mainland" by plane around March 18th and returning three weeks later, so all can get in the sight-seeing they wish.

A group of ten may go on with me to the Philippines, Formosa and Japan.

Rebecca and Wally Beard will go to England with a party in April and May. While they are lecturing there the party will make a thorough sight-seeing tour of the British Isles. Following this the party will take a glimpse into Europe, Rome, Paris and the Alps.

Another party will take a trip to Europe similar to last summer's

Odyssey, as Oberammergau will repeat the Passion Play this year. Another party is going to Sweden and the Scandinavian countries; still another in September and October is being planned for Spain, Egypt and the Holy Land.

For information and details of all these tours, including the one to Hawaii and Japan write the Briarhurst Travel Service, 6320 La Vista, Dallas, Texas.



### *Christmas Lullaby*

*Solveig Paulson Russell*

Sleep, my babe, the silver light  
Gleams like the star on another night,  
When another Babe, sweet like you,  
Closed his tiny eyelids, too,  
And another mother bent her head  
In tender love by her small one's bed.

Sleep, my babe, a glory lies  
On earth and sea, and star-lit skies,  
And reaches deep to the hearts of men  
Remembering that Little One's birth again,  
That Little One, soft and small and new,  
Dimpled and darling, and loved, like you.

Sleep, my babe, the angels sing,  
And guard your rest with shining wing;  
The Child who was born in the star's bright ray  
And cradled so gently on the hay,  
Will cover you softly with His love  
While His peace descends from heaven above.



☐ For I live in the Kingdom of Heaven and at peace.

## Testing the Promises of Jesus

PUTTING the promises of Jesus to the actual test makes me KNOW that central verse in the Sermon on the Mount is true; "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God, and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." (Matt. 6:33)

Having no money, I am rich; owning nothing I have everything. Having given up a home of my own, I am invited into many finer ones; having given up my automobile, I am invited to ride in better ones; having given up the pleasures of a beautiful garden, all men's gardens and the city parks are mine.

Whenever I need a suit my Father has it in one of His stores, waiting for me. When I need a job, He has one ready in one of His many businesses. When I need to go anywhere I merely say the word and up rolls one of His taxis, or busses, or trains. If in an emergency I need to get some place in a hurry, He has a plane at the airport waiting for me.

When I need a friend, He sends

one by. When I need an idea, He hands me one, or shows me where to go to find it. When I need forgiveness He has it available. When I need guidance He has it ready in His word or in my heart. (Isa. 30-21)

When I need humbling, He has a block over which I stumble. When I need strengthening, He has a hill before me for me to climb. Now that I know the happiness of living in the Kingdom of Heaven, I wonder why I was content to live so long in hell.

For me there is no money problem, for money no longer is my goal or trust. There is no "division," for I am equally at home in any church, and I can worship in an open field or pray in a crowded bus, for God is everywhere. For me there is no "race problem" for all men are my brothers, and I ride or work or worship with them all. No matter what other men or other nations or my own may do, for me there can be no war.

For I live in the Kingdom of Heaven and at peace.

—Just a Donkey



"Personalize your sympathies; depersonalize your antipathies."  
—Dean Inge.

☐ God has great work for you.

## God Has Work For "Shut-Ins"

Hubert Shelley

"I exhort, therefore, that, first of all, supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks, be made for all men."—I TIM. 2:1

SO YOU think that since you no longer lead an active life in the workaday world, you can do little or nothing to help those about you, let alone the larger world with all its needs? If you think this you have made a serious mistake in thinking, for God has a great work for you. It is an essential work if the Kingdom of God is to come on earth. God is looking everywhere for those who will seriously take up the work of praying for others and for the needs of the world. Our prayers for others will often make them receptive to the will and to the blessings of God. God depends on our prayers to help Him reach people and win them to His way. If we pray in faith and love great things shall be accomplished.

Here are just a few suggested people and things to pray for. You will be able to think of many others.

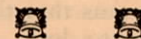
Our President  
Race Relations  
United Nations  
Christian homes  
Peace

All who have specific needs  
Labor and management  
Church workers, Bible teachers,  
pastors, missionaries, laymen  
Spiritual reawakening, or revival

That more will give their lives to  
Christian Services  
Senators and Congressmen  
(mention by name)

An end to the liquor traffic  
Ambassadors and diplomats of  
all nations

All over the country shut-ins have agreed to spend at least one-half hour a day for needs outside themselves. Those in our time zone like to keep prayer times at 10:00 in the morning and at 3:00 in the afternoon for they know that many will be praying at these times. Be sure to read Glenn Clark's *The Lord's Prayer* and learn how to become a "fanner bee."



He who loves praise, loves temptation.

—Thomas Wilson



IN THE FULNESS OF TIME

"But when the fulness of time was come, God sent forth his Son . . ."—Galatians 4:4.

THESE are some things in life that capture the mind and woo the imagination by their mysterious depth. Sometimes it is a picture, sometimes it is a phrase, and sometimes it is the expression in someone's eyes. One of these things for me is the phrase of St. Paul, "In the fulness of time . . ."

At first I was satisfied with the explanation that it meant the world was politically unified by Rome, culturally unified by Greece, and that Judaism was ripe religiously for the Messiah. But something deeper teased my mind. The deeper things of life are not satisfied by obvious explanations, and I have come to be suspicious of them.

Some of the light that has come to me from years of thinking about "the fulness of time" is that it means, nothing in life is haphazard, that the universe is not run by chance, and neither are individuals. The details of why Jesus was born in the fulness of time no longer seem so important to me. It is enough that when the time was ripe, when God saw that the time had come, then, He sent his Son.

If we really believe that the universe is not the result of chance, then I think we can logically say that each one of us was born "in the fulness of time." There is a job for each of us to do that no one else can do. When we were born the whole universe had to make room for us, or else we let the confusion of "chance" enter the picture. Abraham Lincoln was born in the fulness of time. Had he been born at any other time in history he would not have been "Abraham Lincoln." There would have been another job for him to do. Helen Hull was born in the fulness of time for it was her sympathy and energy and work that brought forth Hull House in Chicago for the underprivileged. In God's plan the person and the opportunity and the situation always come together at the right time. The opportunity for the manifestation of God is always here, and it is always the "fulness of time" for someone, somewhere, right now. What holds back the Kingdom are people not willing to submit themselves to the rule of the Almighty.

The "fulness of time" means that there is a divine plan for you, and a unique work for you to do.

Read: *What Would Jesus Do?* Glenn Clark. \$2.25.

VOW TO LIVE THE GOSPEL

"... and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"—Micah 6:8

MICHAEL Scott is an Anglican minister in South Africa, and a somewhat shy and ordinary person according to some news reports. Yet Mr. Scott is becoming well known throughout the world, and especially before the United Nations Assembly. The Union of South Africa wishes it could keep Mr. Scott at home, for he is publicly championing the rights and privileges of the natives of South Africa that are being so rigorously suppressed by the present government there. The heartening thing about Mr. Scott is not his political astuteness (apparently he is somewhat of an amateur in this realm), but his simple Christian zeal. He has no organization except as he happens to be a member of the Christian Church. The Church as a whole has shown no tendency to emulate him, part of it is openly opposed to him, but at least his bishop had the foresight to give him a general license to preach. Thus, the Union of South Africa is being embarrassed by one Christian who will not compromise his faith.

It was one person, an ordinary housewife, who really freed Madame Kasenkina from the Russian consulate in New York City. Mrs. David McKeon lived on a farm in Connecticut with her husband and children. She had been thrilled and captivated by the book, *You Can Change the World* by Father Keller (Longmans, Green, \$3.00). When she read about the kidnapping of the Russian schoolteacher her Christian sense of justice was violated and shocked. Her story is very briefly this: she influenced her husband, who influenced a recent graduate of law school, who brought the court action that eventually ended with the escape of Madame Kasenkina. You can read the entire story in *Why I Know There Is a God* by Fulton Oursler (Doubleday, \$2.00). The point I want to make is that here was an ordinary Christian housewife who did something rather than sit back and feel helpless.

Not many of us will appear before the U.N., or help to free a prisoner from the clutches of a foreign power, but these are not the important things. The important thing is that we can all live our lives day by day in such a way that we shall act for personal and social justice and mercy whenever we see them violated. These actions will spring from an inner spiritual conviction. Had we been as zealous in living the gospel as we ought to have been, the "isms" that flourish on the misery and discontent of vast groups of people would never have been conceived.

Let us vow to live the gospel, and not merely talk about it.

Read: *Start Where You Are*, Arnold Lowe. \$2.00



## THE EVIL FACT . . .

"Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good."—Romans 12:21.

EACH one of us has an untold capacity for good and an untold capacity for evil. Some people say that man is infinitely good, but in doing so they are refusing to face the facts of history. Other people say that man is incurably evil, and this, too, does not account for the facts of history.

*Life Magazine*, not very long ago, printed a series of pictures of a "bear hunt" in Arizona. The five or six people who participated in it were good, upright citizens of a good and upright community. One was a physician. The "Hopalong Cassidys," as *Life* reports them, captured a young bear. They pronounced the animal "dangerous," but it was not too dangerous to lasso and then be trussed up. Then these good citizens, making sure that the bear could not do any possible harm, turned their dogs loose to worry it. Perhaps the whimpering (*Life's* own description) of the poor animal made these courageous and good citizens feel not like the great adventurers they thought they were. At any rate, they prepared for the final coup. They tied a rope around its neck. The bear was so dangerous that though now its mouth and claws were not tied, it tried to struggle free and escape instead of attacking them. The physician then set himself on one knee and shot the animal from about eight feet. Thus the good citizens of a good community had their fun.

This sort of thing outrages the feelings of anyone with an ounce of moral sensitivity, but it is not too unusual. A few years ago I remember an article with photographs about a rabbit hunt in one of the mountain states. The rabbits had become a nuisance and the community rounded up what appeared to be thousands of them. With the rabbits trapped in the center of the town's people, the youngsters had the "sport" of clubbing the rabbits to death. No one questions that the rabbits had become a threat to crops, etc., but one can not but shudder at the warped human nature that made a Roman Holiday out of it all.

It is well to be reminded of such instances once in a while, for we too often tend to ignore the evil in us. German physicians sold their souls as well as their science to experiment on human beings during the last war. Our treatment of the Negro and conditions in some of our local prisons are symptoms of a deeper evil.

Only as we recognize our sins, the something that is basically wrong in our very nature, and repent of them can we grow redemptively as we ought to grow, and overcome evil with good.

Read: *Mr. Jones Meet the Master*, Peter Marshall. \$2.50.

## Books of Interest

Norman K. Elliott

BOOTH THE BELOVED, *J. Evan Smith*. Oxford, \$1.75. 144 pages. This is one of the most interesting and inspiring books I have read in a long time. Commissioner Smith was private secretary to the founder of The Salvation Army during the last busy years of his life. The portrait he writes of the General is a life and blood account of one of the greatest souls of our era. He was obsessed with only one thing, and that was souls. He was a stout believer in prayer and often prayed with casual acquaintances he met on his innumerable journeys. General Booth was possessed of great energy and few personal wants. As with most great men, to those who really knew him day in and day out, he was a simple person who wondered why people fussed over him. His greatness came from his 100 per cent dedication to God. God, the bringing of God to men, and the bringing of men to God was all that interested him in life.

WHY I KNOW THERE IS A GOD, *Fulton Oursler*. Doubleday, \$2.00. 192 pages. The answer to the title of the book is contained in the first chapter. It amounts to saying, "By experience." Mr. Oursler had arrived at the place in life where life held no meaning for him. He was tired of it. One day he stepped into a church and there, casting doubts and reasoning aside, gave himself to God. I think it unfortunate that he does not go into this critical period in more detail. The rest of the book is full of good illustrations from the lives of people who have taken God into their lives—Albert Schweitzer, Mary of Druid Hill who delivered groceries to his childhood home and left a lasting impression on him, and the minister who is pastor to factory workers only. All these interesting episodes are embedded in the content of Oursler's message that God is real, that we must give ourselves to Him wholeheartedly, and that we must show ourselves Christians by our actions. Good reading.

WINDOWS TOWARD GOD, *Charles H. Schmitz*. Abingdon-Cokesbury, \$1.25. 192 pages. Eighty-six brief meditations that can be used for private devotions or for group meditations. They are good and highly suggestive. The author offers them as "windows toward God" that will throw light on our relationship with God and our spiritual growth. For those who lead group devotions every so often, for Sunday School teachers, and for those looking for a new book of private devotions it is a good buy.

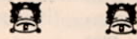
FRIENDS OF GOD, *Costen J. Harrell*. Abingdon-Cokesbury. \$1.25. 158 pages. This is an intimate little book of meditations that will bring the reader closer to God. We are friends of God, or can be, and friendship means three things: we believe in each other; friendship grows through fellowship; and we become like our friends. There are 43 meditations altogether, each one ending with a short prayer, and they are all good.

THE ART OF REAL HAPPINESS, *Norman Vincent Peale & Smiley Blanton*. Prentice-Hall, \$2.75. 247 pages. The clinic at Norman Vincent Peale's church, Marble Collegiate Church in New York City, was founded on the faith that religion and psychiatry could do more together than separately. This faith, or theory, has been proven, the authors claim. Dr. Peale heads the religious element of the clinic and Dr. Blanton, a psychiatrist, is in charge of the psychiatry. An earlier book, *Faith Is the Answer*, came out of this relationship, but this one is a better book. Anyone unable to get all he hopes for out of life, anyone whose religion does not seem to be doing what it ought to do for him, and any leader who does counseling in any form ought to have this book and read it until it becomes part of him. Some of the chapters are "Doorways to a New Life for You"; "Relax and Enjoy Joyous Power"; "How to Treat Depression and Anxiety"; "A Solution for Problem Drinking"; and "How to Grow Old Happily."



START WHERE YOU ARE, *Arnold Lowe*. Harper, \$2.00. 179 pages. This is a good book. It contains good religion, good Christianity, and good common sense. All of these elements are not easy to find in a book, that is also well written. Dr. Lowe is a man of deep convictions on which he stands fast, and a man of deep compassions that lead him on. The theme of the book is that if we would be great, if we would be good Christians, if we would do something to manifest the Kingdom

of God on earth, we must begin with ourselves. Traveling to the ends of the earth, the attraction of greener pastures abroad, are temptations that sap our strength and usefulness. We must begin with ourselves, in our own little spheres of living. Some chapters are: "The Testing Time of Faith"; "Five Ways to Make a Man"; "Making the Most of Our Possibilities"; and "Laymen Are My Saints." You will like this book; it will do a lot for you if you take it to heart.



## Courage

*Calvin Malefyt*

SOME years ago a large fleet of Alaskan fishing vessels was caught in a howling hurricane. So fierce was the November gale that it was feared they would all be lost. Two days and nights the storm raged and no word came from the fishing vessels. On the third day inconspicuous headlines carried the thrilling news, "Alaskan fishing fleet rides out the storm." No ship was lost. The men of the sea knew what to do and had the courage to do it.

When the gale struck, the fishermen had the choice of running before the wind and in a matter of hours reaching the safety of a harbor, or, perhaps, being wrecked on the rocky shore, or of facing into the storm and fighting it out. With superb courage characteristic of

"them that go down to the sea" they had decided that their only chance of survival lay in boldly accepting the challenge of wind and waves. In the wide open sea they braved the storm and won.

Many of life's vital battles are won in just that way. He who tries to escape or run away from those things which try men's souls, whether they be hardships and privations or spiritual testings, usually is engulfed. On the contrary, he who faces the difficulties in life's path, whether moral or material, and does so in the strength which God's grace supplies, generally goes on to ultimate and glorious victory. "Trust in the Lord and He shall strengthen your heart," is the foundation of a Christian's courage, his assurance of victory.

There is fundamental, unpleted Being, and it is as personal in its response as an individual's own need.

## What Is The Power?

*Marguerite Harmon Bro*

SOME persons claim to have discovered the power of God and put it to work in their lives. They step forth from all faiths and sects. They are not fanatics or wierd culturists, but sane going-concern people; their lives prove that they really have laid hold on something which ordinary people miss out on. Some power makes them more than they used to be. What is this power?

Ask ten individuals who feel they have found it and we receive ten answers, all different. Or are they different?

An insurance man says, "The power? It's a sudden knowing. Now with me, it came all at once. I was sick in a hospital and not very good prospects of ever getting out. My money was gone and we were in debt. At home there was one boy down with scarlet fever and a new baby coming. We had a sudden cold spell and some of the hospital pipes froze and my room got like ice. I looked out my window at the brick wall of another building and all at once I said, 'Look, God, I can't see up. I lost or alone. You are made strong for anything because it isn't the ordinary you who is strong, but some enduring core of you. You

know this power of yours by divine right because it is so much a part of you, once you've found it; but also it is yours by divine gift, something you are not worthy of, and for which you feel unspeakably grateful."

"The power?" An executive smiles as he answers; he has known the answer now for many years. "It's peace, a sense of abiding in God's care. Sometimes I think peace is the strongest word in our language. It means complete absence of any fear or anxiety but it isn't a negative experience. It's altogether positive, the way a strong chord is positive, or a dynamo, or a river. To abide in God's care is a compelling experience. Mostly we just dip into the love of God and drink up one day's little sustenance and then forget about it. But that's as foolish as dipping the roots of a tree into the earth and then letting the tree roll around like a weed-ball blown by the wind until it chances upon another hour's rooting. When one abides, then the taproot takes hold and the powerful sap rises and one feels as un-anxious but as filled with vitality as a thriving oak. I call it peace; you call it power. It's all the same. 'As the branch cannot bear fruit



of itself except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in me.'"

"The power is love—doing, giving, creating. Continually flowing in as fast as it is needed to flow out. The power is love in circulation, nourishing as it flows."

A physicist answers. "Spiritual power—and that is the acme of all power—is a raising of the vibrations. The transformer is faith."

A biologist answers. "The power that comes through faith is the gravitational pull of God."

Paul talked about "the power of God unto salvation" and apparently by salvation he meant wholeness. Wholeness is a power in itself, a thing few of us ever feel after we leave childhood behind. We seldom know what it is to be *all here*, nothing of us left out, one-directional. Our days and responsibilities, even our loves, break us apart. Not to be fragmented—that is wholeness, the word from which we get the term *holiness*. Certainly an attribute of God.

The psalmist says:

*"I was hard pressed, I called to the Eternal;  
the Eternal answered and he set me free."*

There it is, the feeling of being sustained, made mighty, invincible.

In the Bhagavad Gita, greatest of the Hindu scriptures, Krishna, "the Blessed Lord," quotes from the Upanishads as Jesus so often

quoted the Hebrew writers who spoke forth in behalf of God. "I am the source of the forthgoing of the whole universe. They verily who worship me with devotion, they are in me, and I also in them." Jesus said, "But the father who dwelleth in me, he doeth the works." He was forever dwelling on the fact that no one can accomplish great things in himself, except as he frees this power within. The Tibetan doctrine, based on the teaching of Asvaghosha, stresses the all-including whole upon which the soul can draw as it becomes aware of its true nature.

*A drop of water is a little thing,  
But when will it dry away if  
united to a lake?*

No matter how adroit with words or how inarticulate, those who feel they know this power seem to be trying to express the same basic fact: that there is fundamental, undepleted Being which sustains the universe and animates all life at all levels, and that it is as personal in its response as an individual's own need. It can be caught up in experience but not in words. The Taoist scriptures, among the most profound and the most simple of the world's bibles, open with the guess I always believed in You but I never thought it through and now I can't. But if you can work things out, I'm your man. I don't ask to have anything my way. You take over. Just give me a hint and I'll

tag along.' Well, sir, I just leaned back on my pillow. I felt so light, I was pretty near dizzy. I meant to start thinking about God but instead I fell asleep and I slept for hours, hard, like a kid. When I woke up the nurse said, 'You've got a fever; now what started that?' I said, 'If I've got a fever, it's a fever to burn me out and get me going.' I laughed right out. I couldn't tell her, 'This fever's God's business.' At least, I thought then I couldn't. Now I would tell her fast enough. All that day things got—you think I'm going to say better? They got worse. But I knew He had to shake us down in order to get clean to the bottom and start over. The little boy nearly died and they took him to a quarantine hospital. That was good because it gave my wife a rest and besides he got fine care. The new baby came too soon but that was good, too; my wife was home from the hospital by the time I was home. All the time things were getting worse, I was feeling grateful. I'd lie there and say, 'Thanks, God. You're running this show.' I felt so grateful I could have busted into singing. I didn't have any doubts about Him knowing what He was doing. I felt so blamed cheerful that the nurses started coming in to crack jokes. When the doctor came around he laughed at me and ordered up more food. I got better fast. I felt like I couldn't do enough

for the world, beginning right there in the hospital. Everybody was important. Whenever I saw somebody downhearted, I wanted to shake them and say, 'Look! You can have the power, too.' But they might ask me how I knew and all I could say was, 'I know! All at once I found out.'"

Another who is a master-mechanic says, "The power's a kind of quickening. All five senses are stepped up; they shift into gear, into high gear. Everything meshes right. Eight cylinders, sixteen, sixty-four, as many as you need. You feel the power take hold."

"It's a kind of understanding," says another. "All around you, people look gloomy, downcast, as if they had lost their memory of who they are. And that's just it. Every day you're more and more sure that they are really sons of God and as you begin to treat them with respect, it seems as if you're able to do the work of ten and take on the responsibilities of twenty. The more you understand, the more you can do until every day you're surprised at yourself. And yet you know it really isn't you at all—except as you're part of *it*."

"The power? I think it lies in an increased awareness," a woman replies, a woman with a strong humorous face. "Nothing seems ordinary after you catch on. Alone at night in our cabin in the woods, I lie and ponder His way with the



small wild things in the woods, even the insects, and the worms in the earth. All working toward some meaning but only we humans who can catch on to the meaning. And then give ourselves to it! That's the thing. The power flows free when you put yourself in line with the meaning you see. And then the more power, the more meaning. Life takes on a dimension you never knew before. You have more vitality, more stability, more constancy. Your life has inner nourishment."

This time a young man answers, a young man with deep pain-lines etched around his mouth. "This power we're talking about, it's an inner grace sufficient for every need. The greater the need, the more freely the grace is poured into us. That's a good word, isn't it?—*grace*. It's felicitous well-being far beneath the pain-level. The power wells up continuously always as

much as you can take, so that you never feel drained or weak, never words:

*The Tao (Way) that can be expressed is not the eternal Tao; The name that can be defined is not the unchanging name.*

Each person who discovers the power seems bowled over to think he had found it—and so near at hand. As if, Curie fashion, he had himself drawn forth from the pitchblende of daily life a high-powered element known as spiritual radium. Radioactivity existing within reach, and he hadn't reached!

Most people call this power, God.

On one fact all who feel they have found the power seem to agree: at the Bank of the Universe this Power is available in unlimited quantity, cash on demand, for a sight draft of faith personally signed.

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### GLENN CLARK'S WINTER ITINERARY—1950-1951

Chicago Retreat .....	Dec. 28-30	Twin Cities	
Washington .....	Jan. 3-5	Retreat .....	Feb. 15-18
Koinonia .....	Jan. 6-11		
New York .....	Jan. 12-14	Tentative Dates for Island Tours	
Philadelphia .....	Jan. 16-18	Hawaii .....	March 25-April 6
Virginia Beach .....	Jan. 21-24	Philippines .....	April 8-20
Norfolk .....	Jan. 25	Formosa .....	April 22-28
Raleigh .....	Jan. 28-31	Japan .....	April 29-May 19

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☐ Do not be afraid to "astonish" the world in a spiritual way.

## Our Business Is To Astonish

Winifred Rhoades

OUR failure as Christians is that we no longer surprise the world except by our failure to surprise it. In an exciting book about a new religious awakening in France,\* Claire Huchet Bishop quotes the French people as saying that "Christians must become scandalous," and that "To be a Christian is to astonish." St. Paul, at the beginning of Christian history, had already expressed the thought when he told his converts at Rome that they must be transformed by the renewing of their minds. And Jesus Christ had given the root of the matter in an even more radical way when he told a man high in religious standing among the people that he must be born again.

To be born again is to begin to live consciously as an expression of the Being of God, instead of thinking of oneself as a being entirely distinct from God. To be transformed by the renewing of the mind is to have every thought of the mind, and every action that results from the thoughts of the mind, inspired by the indwelling Spirit of God.

We pray for mental power. We pray for wisdom. We pray that we may have light and leading in daily

life. We pray for strength to do our daily work and enjoy our needed pleasures. We pray for our friends, for their happiness and health and welfare. For all these things we pray, and it is good. But we must pray for more than such things. We must make it our daily prayer, if we are to realize God's purpose for us, that the Spirit of God will take possession of us so completely that we shall become transformed men and women and rise up to the manner of thinking and speaking and living that befits the offspring of God.

We must learn to astonish the world both by the things we do and by the things we refuse to do. We must astonish the world by the nature and magnitude of our faith. We must astonish the world by the perpetual manifestation of the Spirit of God within us. We must astonish the world by the unmistakable evidence of our union with God.

We have been taught to think of ourselves as distinct and separate from God, but if we are the offspring of God as Paul said in his address to the people at Athens, if we were created in the image of God as the glorious expression at the beginning of Genesis tells us,

\**France Alive*, Declan H. McMullen Co., N. Y., pp. 55, 13.



we must share, at least in the creative intention of God and to some degree even if but slightly developed, in the spiritual nature of God. The grave question that confronts the human race is whether it will forfeit that sharing of the nature of God or whether it will bring its spiritual development to the high degree that God desires. It is also the question that confronts every individual of us.

A life of some achievement and much failure, some pleasure and much unhappiness, some right-doing and much wrong-doing, some wisdom and much ignorance, some satisfaction and much dissatisfaction—that is not enough for any man to look forward to.

A higher and happier kind of life is possible than that which is our present experience. That higher and happier life will come in proportion to the degree in which we open ourselves to the indwelling of the Spirit of God. Then no longer will feelings and impulses be the controlling powers in our lives. No longer will itchings and passions lead us to do this or to do that. Not even Mind, with its marvelous potencies, will be the guiding force of life. The influence that will guide, the power that will make us worthy to move forward into the future with God, will be the divine Spirit of love, of truth, of wisdom, of light, of power, the Spirit of the

eternal God with which we have become filled to overflowing.

That must be the next step in human evolution. Unless it takes place man will perish off the face of the earth by his own evil doings, or else become so degenerate that he will sink into a condition lower than that of any of the beasts.

When Mind developed it was a major achievement on the part of Nature. According to the teachings that we used to receive, development had come about only by the working of "blind law" upon "dead matter" before Mind was evolved. That may have been so. It may not have been so. When one considers the unimaginable speed with which electrons dart around their orbit, the way in which they sometimes dart away from one orbit and make new combinations to produce new forms of material existence, the way in which sentient life ultimately appeared out of those whirling electrons, and the way in which ever more developed forms of life have been appearing continually through the long ages of the world's history, it would seem that the idea of "nothing more" than deadness in the originating substances of the world may not be so true after all. It would seem that at least the essence of life may perhaps be inherent even in "mere matter," and that the incipience of mind may be inherent in plant life a little farther along in

the story of existence. Certainly a good deal of mind and a marked degree of self-consciousness are to be found in the higher developments of animal life.

It was long, very long, before the course of evolution produced a creature that was able to puzzle out the mysteries of creation, to cause new forms of life to come into existence as the result of his own deliberate planning, to trace out the history of the universe by the study of the heavens above him and of the earth beneath his feet, to make conscious (and not merely instinctive) use of the gifts with which creation has endowed him, to think out marvelous inventions, to shape his own way of life wittingly, to think out great philosophies of life and of the way life should be lived.

But Mind thinks out evil as well as good. Mind thinks out policies of hate as well as policies of goodwill and salvation. Mind thinks in crooked and errant ways as well as in straight and constructive ways. If human existence is even to continue upon the earth, and much more if it is to become the great thing it is capable of becoming, a further evolution must take place. That is an evolution beyond Mind into Spirit.

How is the ascent from the mere-

ly mental level of life into the spiritual to be brought about? It is to be brought about by each individual man's conscious and definite reaching out and up and laying hold upon the Spirit. We must be dissatisfied with what we are now. We must realize that there is something vastly more and vastly greater and vastly more godlike that we can become. We must therefore make it our daily prayer to be filled more completely, taken hold of more powerfully, by the Spirit of God, the Christ Spirit, the Spirit that was in Jesus, and to be used day by day in what fashion that Spirit desires to use us. We must pray that the Spirit of God may work in us the transformation that is needed, and make us into what we need to become.

Do not be afraid of the changes the Spirit will make in your thoughts and words and feelings and actions. Do not be afraid to "astonish" the world in a spiritual way. Do not be afraid to "become scandalous" in the sense intended by that French Christian. It is just that kind of manifestation of the divine Spirit that the world needs at this present time.

Will you let yourself be the agent and instrument of the Spirit of God?



Kindness lives by something outward expressing something inward; kindness is a sacrament.—George E. Buttrick.



## Healing By Spiritual Means

Grenville Kleiser

IT was at the Hotel Brighton, in Paris, France, several years ago. One morning the manager of the hotel came to me in great distress. He was nervously excited and pleaded with me to tell him what to do. I reasoned with him, but in vain.

I went to my room and wrote a few lines on paper just as they came to my mind, and sent them to him. Two or three days later he came to me, his face radiantly happy.

He had read the lines over and over again until they were memorized. They had banished from his mind the discordant thoughts that had filled him with fear. We had typewritten copies made to send to some of his friends whom he thought would be benefited.

Here are the lines:

*Does the path seem rough and steep?*

*Leave it to God.*

*Do you sow, but fail to reap?*

*Leave it to God.*

*Yield to Him your human will,*

*Listen childlike, and be still,*

*Know that Love your mind can fill,*

*Leave it to God.*

*Is your life an up-hill fight?*

*Leave it to God.*

*Do you struggle for the right?*

*Leave it to God.*

*Though the way be drear and long,*

*Sorrow will give place to song,*

*God must triumph over wrong,*

*Leave it to God.*

*If in doubt just what to do,*

*Leave it to God.*

*He will make it plain to you,*

*Leave it to God.*

*Serve Him faithfully today,*

*He will guide you all the way,*

*Simply trust Him, watch and pray,*

*Leave it to God.*

An eminent neurologist has a plan whereby, in many cases of nervous breakdown, he is getting his patients to divert their minds from introspection.

He gives the patient a printed card bearing these words:

"Trust in the Lord with all thine heart and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge him and he shall direct thy paths."

The patient is asked to memorize this passage from Proverbs, and to repeat it several times a

day until it is deeply impressed upon the subconscious mind. The results of this simple formula have been most gratifying.

We would do well to remember that beyond all the plans of nations and of men, richer by far than all the spurious wealth of artificial times, gold is being refined in the human heart. Men are learning that above man's will there is the will of God, eternal and indestructible.

Today let go of your fears, worries, and disappointments. Give God a chance to heal you.

Let go of your resentments, prejudices and discouragements, and let God help you to build a happier and better life for you.

Start now. Make a definite program for yourself. Lift your mind out of the rut of wrong thinking by sheer conviction that God can and will heal you.



## How To Solve a Problem

Dr. Norman Vincent Peale

First: Believe that for every problem there is a solution.

Second: Keep calm. Avoid panic. You cannot think well under emotion. Tension blocks the flow of power.

Third: Don't try to force an answer. Keep your mind relaxed. The solution will open up and become clear.

Fourth: Pray about your problem affirming that God will flash illumination into your mind.

Fifth: Assemble and study all the facts impartially, impersonally and judicially.

Sixth: Believe in and seek God's guidance on the promise of the 73rd Psalm, "Thou wilt guide me by thy counsel."

Seventh: List on paper every factor in the problem. This clarifies your thinking, bringing the various elements into orderly system. You see as well as think. The problem becomes objective, not subjective.

Eighth: Trust in faculty of insight and intuition.

Ninth: Go to church and let your subconscious work on the problem as you attune to the mood of worship. Creative spiritual thinking has amazing power to give "right" answers.

Tenth: Do your best with information you have, then put the matter into God's hand for final solution.



## *Forgiveness Is a New Way*

Allan A. Hunter

WHEN man learned how to tame wild sheep, and teach a wolf cub to protect instead of destroy them; when he found a way to put grass seeds into the ground and manipulate fire to turn the harvest into bread, he started something. But it wasn't nearly as important as a later discovery—the power to forgive.

Joseph experimented with this power when he forgave his brothers. It is Hosea, however, who developed the implications. He went the limit. Throwing pride to the winds and forgiving his disloyal wife, there was revealed to him an idea that will change this world from a jungle into a home if ever that idea is given the right of way. The idea is this: the Almighty is also the Supreme Forgiver of men.

Forgiveness pours from the nature of God as light radiates from the sun. What then do those words of Paul mean, "Vengeance is mine . . . saith the Lord"? Certainly not that the Eternal gets angry as some of his children sometimes do, crushing and hating those who oppose him. No! God's vengeance is more like that which his chosen Son al-

ways sought: the conversion of an enemy into a friend, the transformation of a Saul breathing threatenings into a saint urging love that never fails.

Once we sense what divine "vengeance" is, our relationships with fellow human beings begin to emit this same energy or binding-force.

Consider Elizabeth Caraman in a hospital in the Near East. It was during the First World War. She suddenly felt a weird sensation up and down her back. The eyes of the Turkish soldier whose wound she was dressing were strangely fixed on her. He had murdered her father and here he was facing a possible avenger. He told her what he had done. She went on cleansing his wound. Her outside actions betrayed no hatred or terror. Her heart within, however, was ice. Then he added, "This killing business has sickened me."

### *Why Forgiveness Is Possible*

Elizabeth felt bitterness and sorrow. Then she heard herself murmuring, "Christ says we must forgive our enemies. I forgive you." The face of her patient showed incredulity, then amazement.

Day after day Elizabeth attended to his wound. Then one day the man exclaimed, "Your Christ must be greater even than Mohammed. His teachings really live in your heart and life. They are more than just remembered phrases."

But is it possible in the world as it is today, actually to forgive? Few seem to believe it is. That is because we are all more or less shocked, hypnotized by the unspeakable things we human beings have been doing to one another.

Yet we can forgive. The good news we get from Jesus is that God's forgiving power can work even through us. His will that wrongdoers be given another chance can flood through our little wills as the tide fills a creek that opens on the sea.

Two members of Mount Hollywood Congregational Church indicate some of the possibilities. One of them before the Second World War was our boys' leader at a week-end camp. There he took aside one of the youngsters and said, "Bill, something has to be done about your habit of throwing stones at the other fellows. If you can't think of a better plan we'll try this. Late this afternoon you tell me how many times you threw stones to hurt. Then you take this board and hit me hard over the palm of my hand." The boy couldn't think of a better plan. When later he was called over to

report where nobody could overhear, he confessed to seven counts against him. The leader held out his hand. The first three blows were so halfhearted he shook his head. "You'll have to hit harder. Seven times." The boy cried, but the leader made him finish his part of the agreement. Later, that young man flying gasoline over China was shot down by a Zero.

Shortly after the war his grandfather spoke from his heart to a group of re-evacuated Nisei and Issei being entertained at supper in our church. "People ask me," he confided, "'Aren't you bitter against the Japanese now that you know one of them killed your boy?' I answer, 'No, that Japanese boy was sent out by his government just as mine was sent out by ours. Both were victims.'"

### *In the Right Direction*

Sunday, November 27, 1949, at a crowded afternoon service where perhaps two hundred Japanese were present, that eighty-three-year-old grandfather tried to share his vision of what the cross could mean for us. We were to forgive our neighbors across the Pacific for what they did to us; we were to ask their forgiveness for what we did to them before and during the war; together we were to attempt a new way of living in God's truth and love.

The occasion for us was historic.



The whole front of the sanctuary at Mount Hollywood had been made over. The pulpit was put to one side, so that the new cross from then on could be the focus of attention. What initiated these alterations was the gift of a neighboring Japanese church. The young man already mentioned, before going into the army, had taken care of their lawn during part of the time the members of the church were in concentration camp. After he left, our church continued to care for their property. In appreciation they presented us with a gift of money. That generosity led to our making an altar and putting upon it a new cross. This symbol of forgiveness, simple but beautiful, was made of wood from a blasted and once radio-active camphor tree in the garden of the Reverend Kiyoshi Tanimoto's church in Hiroshima. On its base were the words HE IS OUR PEACE. At this service the Reverend Kiyoshi Tanimoto (hero of Hersey's Hiroshima), described the miracle he saw taking place in the hearts of many victims of the atomic bomb: they feel no resentment toward us who were responsible for that bomb.

After a few moments of silent prayer we read together the fol-

lowing commitment: "There is a right direction—the Christian alternative to war—and toward it we can turn. We believe it is not too late to save our children, our country, and the people of this earth from the atomic and biological war toward which we have been moving, if we turn toward the alternative way.

"This way requires initiative and courage. Negatively, it means leaving behind all methods of mass destruction. As a first step, we urge that our government without delay stop making atomic bombs and preparing deadly germs as weapons; putting our installations into the hands of a neutral commission of statesmen and scientists of the smaller nations who will guarantee that this has been done. Positively, this new way means sharing our resources and our skills with people where hunger stalks, in place of struggling for power. It calls us to build above our little sovereignties agencies through which law instead of violence may prevail. The same energy that poured through Jesus on the cross can pour through our opponents as well as us. We urge those in power to join with us in this venture."



Prayerful action: "I would pray for the safety of the pilot about to drop bombs."—*Gandhi*.

☐ This blessing and companionship goes on forever!

## A Meditation on the Twenty-third Psalm

Folke Ferre

- "The Lord is my shepherd;"—He is only my shepherd when I am *willing* to be His sheep.
- "I shall not want."—If I didn't *have* any wants, I wouldn't *need* any shepherd.
- "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures;"—There is no lack of food for my hungry soul; I am *surrounded* with nourishment.
- "He leadeth me beside the still waters."—His destination for me is *calm* and *peace*. He suggests *quiet* to my soul.
- "He restoreth my soul;"—He *goes after me* when I wander off His path. He will not *let* me go eternally astray.
- "He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake."—Only in the paths of righteousness are *green pastures* and *still waters* to be found; there alone is *nourishment* and *rest* for my soul.
- "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,"—It is *inescapable* that I shall have to walk that way. The shepherd can not *spare* me this experience.
- "I will fear no evil;"—It isn't the evil that disturbs me; but the *fear* of the evil.
- "For Thou art with me;"—When I am conscious of *His presence*, I am not conscious of *any fear*.
- "Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me."—He has the *means of defense* in His hand, and knows how to use them. If I need a little *nudge*, I know I'll get that, too.
- "Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies:"—Those who scoff at me are *forced to see* how good He is. *In their very eyes*, He does me good.
- "Thou anointest my head with oil;"—He is even *richly extravagant* with me! I live above my means because of His goodness.
- "My cup runneth over."—He is so good to me that I can not *retain* it all. I haven't *measure* enough to receive it.
- "Surely, goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life;"—*His* kind of goodness and *His* kind of mercy; not necessarily what *the world* thinks is good.
- "And I shall dwell in the house of the Lord for ever."—Best of all, there is *no end* to it. This blessing and companionship goes on *for ever!*



## *The Right Slant*

*Cy Lance*

ONCE at an art gallery in Washington, D. C., I was studying some pictures by James McNeill Whistler, the American painter. Close up, they seemed indefinable smudges, weird patches of color. But when I moved off to examine the pictures in perspective, trees and plants and men and women came to glowing life in them.

Perspective here enabled me to see beauty where there seemed none. At close range, I could not see the pictures for the paint, to paraphrase an old saying. By standing off and viewing the pictures objectively, by taking the long view, I was able to see the pictures in true proportion and to see all their various aspects.

As a small boy I had a similar experience. A famous artist was painting the portrait of one of my playmates, a lad with much native character in his face. Several of us boys hovered closely about the artist, the subject, and the picture during most of the project.

Among ourselves we giggled much to think that the daubs of paint on the artist's canvas were supposed to represent our friend. We thought the artist must be playing; surely he couldn't be serious. It never occurred to us, and the

artist was too preoccupied to tell us, that all we had to do was step off to the proper distance and Johnny would come to life on the canvas very much as we knew him, with the serious eyes, the rich black hair, and the high cheek bones. As we saw the picture it was completely meaningless and not worth doing or seeing. We thought Johnny and the artist were both wasting their time.

In New York City people often stand in front of the Empire State Building, towering more than a hundred stories in the air, and they crane their necks in an effort to see the top of the building. They quickly learn that this is an impossibility.

The only way anyone might see the top of the Empire State Building from directly in front of it would be to lie on one's back on the sidewalk and look straight up, and even this might not work. But from a block or two away you can see the entire building in all its imposing majesty without any difficulty at all. And a marvellously thrilling sight it is.

Good perspective enables us to see objects in their full entirety with absolute clarity. Achieving such perspective is not difficult; it is soon acquired with a bit of ex-

perimentation. We even learn to use mechanical or material aids. The artist may sight with his maulstick. The architect may use a square frame. We may do it by closing one eye. But we readily learn ways of obtaining true perspective in viewing material objects.

Perspective is also the most efficacious antidote in many cases for the vexatious problems which plague our everydays; often it is the only cure needed. Good perspective helps us to see all angles of a problem, all sides of a question. And usually we find that the problem or the question in true perspective is not so serious or so unsolvable as it at first seemed at close hand.

One of my high school teachers told of his fondness for long walks by himself in the woods outside of town. He spoke of it as "going out to take a look at myself."

Now I know what my teacher meant; though at the time I found it mildly puzzling. He wanted to try to see himself and whatever problems were annoying him at the moment objectively. He wanted to get himself into good perspective. And going off by himself this way provided a good means of accomplishing this end.

When seen in true perspective, when we get the right slant on things, people and problems usually

tend to come crystal clear to our view; walls of doubt and confusion disappear; rivers of uncertainty dry up and are no more. And this frees us to go on to important things.

There may not be a friendly woods nearby to welcome us into its divine solitude. But we can still hold silent communion with the Father right in the inner temple of our own heart. And prayer, as we call such communion, is the best way to find perspective for the problems of mind and spirit which we all experience from time to time. Prayer is an effective way of stepping off from ourselves and getting to see things in their own true light. When we forget this fact we suffer needlessly.

Studied from the quiet vantage point of prayer and in the clear perspective prayer brings questions of right and wrong and all other problems show up in their proper colors, disbelief is transformed into assurance, and thought is translated into action. Prayer is the answer, the one answer, the best answer to all questions and problems.

Try to find for yourself a quiet corner in every day where you can view yourself in prayerful perspective. This will give you the right slant on yourself and on all the problems which rise up to confront you.



## From the Desk of Glenn Clark

Every day letters come to my desk that are so urgent and of such universal interest that I have wanted to give my answers on a wider scale. We are therefore inaugurating a new department in *Clear Horizons* in which I will answer questions of personal but wide-spread interest. If you have problems for which an answer is needed and through which others may find help, send them to this department.

**QUESTION:** Is it all right to use telepathy to reach our friends? Is there any danger in resorting to the psychic powers to change people's lives?

**ANSWER:** There are four levels by which we can reach and help another:

*First:* We can talk to him face to face. There can be hate or love in that talk. If love is in it, talk can be a good channel and bring only blessing.

*Second:* We can reach another through telephone or radio. It is still talk but from a far distance. There can be hate or love again which determines the good or evil in this method.

*Third:* We can reach another through telepathy. Here we enter the level of the subconscious, so mysterious and unknown a realm that many confuse it with the spiritual. Here again there may be hate or love in the telepathic message, upon which depends its value—good or bad.

*Fourth:* We can reach another by giving the other to God, by asking that God's plan, whatever it is, be fulfilled in the other's life; or we can actually ask God to do a specific thing for the other, provided we *always* end by releasing the wish for the Father to grant a better thing than we had asked if He wishes. This level of releasing one's friend is *always* good—the *only* level that is always safe.

Are the other levels wrong to use?

No, if they are always used as little handmaidens of the fourth. For instance,

prayer alone can help one's sick friend, but the prayer will have more effect if the way is paved for the prayer by a loving conversation with the invalid face to face—or if one is too far away, by phone—or, if one cannot reach him through oral conversation, try a loving "telepathic conversation" if you wish. But to be perfectly effective each one of these methods should be followed immediately by a loving prayer.

Of the four methods, the third is the most dangerous and the most often mis-used.

Why is this third way—the method of the subconscious—so dangerous, you ask. I can sum up this point of danger in three ways:

1. The subtle element of personality is so easy to creep in, trying to force one's will upon the other. I describe that danger in my contrast of John the Baptist's and Jesus' forms of prayer in I WILL LIFT UP MINE EYES.

2. There is a danger of outlining a definite course that one thinks is best when only God knows what is best. This is especially damaging if another well meaning friend, a third person, is concentrating on still another course for that friend. The two "good" ideas then short circuit one another and nothing happens.

3. The greatest danger of all is that this method of "suggested therapeutics" is so easily mistaken for, and substituted for true prayer. There is so much wonder

and magic about it that one can think he is growing spiritually, when he is only growing psychically; and doing harm when he thinks he is doing good.

This confusion never occurs in the first two methods of reaching others mentioned above. And the fourth method always brings a blessing no matter what the seeming results may be.

**QUESTION:** Will you give some suggestions for Family Worship?

**ANSWER:** I believe in family worship but it must come from within. I have seen too many young people whose parents required morning or evening prayers turn out to be scoffers or at least indifferent towards religion as soon as they left the restrictions of the family circle. To all outward appearance they had appeared to be perfect paragons of piety when they were children.

I believe in grace before meals in which the children can have a share. "Who would like to say the grace this evening?" Sometimes one child would volunteer, sometimes all, sometimes they would demand that each in turn from Daddy down.

My wife required the children to attend two church services a month, the child to choose which days she was in the mood. The result was they gradually formed the habit of attending every Sunday, and of their own free will, a habit that will stay with them now they are grown.

Actual family prayer and worship was made a sacred, and a rather thrilling affair by reserving it for rather thrilling occasions. We never had a family picnic without closing it by each in turn giving a prayer of gratitude from the littlest four-year-old to the oldest grandpa as we sat around the glowing camp fire. On Christmas Eve and New Year's and even Fourth of July, or on birthdays, a joyous communion with God.

If any one was sick at home or in the neighborhood, we might all join in prayer.

If a family wishes to join in family worship each day it should be short, and genuine and happy, with a Bible passage a child could understand, alternated on other days with such readings as "Patterns of Devotion" which are especially inspiring for young as well as old.



### Prayer for the Kind Ones

Belle Bishop

O, Lord, bless those who have been kind,  
The precious ones who came our way  
With tender hearts and courtesy  
And love to brighten all the day.

Give to their lives Thy joy and peace,  
And rest whenever they are worn,  
And may Thy Presence give them hope  
As each new shining hour is born.

O, Lord, bless those who have been kind,  
Who asked for nothing, gave so much,  
And passing by with words of cheer  
Lent to our lives that golden touch.



## On Prayer Groups

By Ethel Dow

*"Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy,*

*Which shall be to all people.*

*For unto you is born this day, in the City of David*

*A Savior which is Christ the Lord."*

—Luke 2:10-11

*"His name was called Jesus."*

—Luke 2:21

Down through the years the search has been to know more about Jesus, to expand our narrow present, to know the will of God; how to be open and receptive to the Spirit, how to love so that we can create conditions under which the Divine energies may operate.

We know that whether there are two or three or more, we must be in agreement, there must be love and harmony. We must ask and expect Him to be there. We asked and expected Him to be in Topeka the week we were together there. The verse of a hymn we sang expresses the reason for our great togetherness:

*"Turn your eyes upon Jesus,*

*Look full in His wonderful Face.*

*And the things of earth will grow strangely dim*

*In the light of His glory and grace."*

We expanded our narrow present; we entered a new dimension.

*"Prayer is surrender;*

*Prayer is adventure.*

*The miracle starts from within.*

*We are re-charged."*

And so, at the great closing meeting at Topeka, when Glenn Clark asked those to raise their hands, who for one year would ask themselves, "What would Jesus do?" we knew that they were on the great adventure, and a miracle was beginning

in their lives. The mark of Jesus was upon them. The test was about to begin. The constant requirement is to open the door to Him, sometimes with a psalm, a hymn, a book, that we may be ever captive to His vision, willing, when we pray for a project, to support it with our prayer, our vision, our time, our money, and our personal contact, so that there can be no barrier to His outgoing Love.

### THE PRAYER GROUP

To work as a group, we must first of all be of *one mind, one will*, and have a *great outgoing love for each other*. We must *invite Him* to be with us, especially within our natures, to heal us in all our parts. Then ask Him to use us; to give us in the silence, calmness and peace; to purify us; to give us that mighty Love which carries out into activity. In seeking help on a special problem, how shall we pray? Do we see the picture in fragments, or whole, as Jesus would? Thank Him for the need at your door, your city, your state. Thank Him for the already open door into the Mission fields in all lands. *The Word can become flesh through us*. We are truly "His Group" when God can create His Prayer through us. The world is really being carpeted by Prayer. A Divine Pattern is being perfected. Prayer-partners, prayer-cells, neighborhood prayer-groups, study and prayer groups are forming. Shut-ins join in at specified times. Prayer mobilization, through the churches and their Spiritual Life Movements, is growing. Groups for World Peace are naturally springing up, after hearing the message of Dr. Frank Laubach. Added to these other groups is the steady, year by year work of the Camps Farthest Out, where laymen

and ministers get a laboratory knowledge of how to bring diversified thinking into one dedicated channel of Prayer.

\* \* \* \* \*

Following the Camps, and with Topeka both anticipated and now an experience, the letters have been flowing in. Such a group fellowship! The letters say, "I will be there in spirit." "I meet you in prayer each day." "The women of our church are forming prayer groups for the needs of the church, the individuals, and for peace." "The prayer groups in our church are proving to be most worthwhile as a nucleus for other cells in the city." "We have prayer groups interested in shut-ins." "We have in our church daily prayers for our boys in Service."

We are quoting from a marvelous letter sent to us from the Kansas C. F. O. before the Topeka meetings. With a state so dedicated to His Will, what a Power Center in our United States of America! This Department is truly grateful for this report from the Kansas Prayer Groups:

Challenged by the article, "Needed Spiritual Researchers," by Peter Marshall, in last year's *Clear Horizons*, our local prayer group agreed to do some spiritual research. Psalms 37:5, although not our favorite verse, was the one we were directed to use: "Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass."

We took our challenge to the Kansas C. F. O., saying that there has been a mountain of scientific knowledge derived from experimentation in material things, but that there was in comparison only a mole-hill of research in things of the spirit. Meeting a different prayer group each day, this situation was placed before them: probably most of our lives we have believed the promises in the Bible are true, but how many can say, "I know they are true, because I have proved them over and over again"?

The groups were admonished to use the Bible as their textbook, to let their own hearts within their own beings be their laboratories, and to take their homes, their places of work, and the universe for their fields of research. Then we began committing things at Camp—some perplexing

situations, some difficult problems. Right there and then the Lord began to "bring things to pass." But that was only the beginning.

Many of those who accepted the challenge did not wait until we met at Camp this year to give proof of their research. They began writing in, and calling. Great, joyful, triumphant, victorious letters and calls. "It works!" they would say, "Oh, isn't it wonderful how it works!" From the smallest to the greatest test it works! From one of the campers in Kansas City came a copy of "The Prayer of Committal," published by Jno. Lindsay of London, Ont., Canada. It was a wonderfully helpful little booklet in our research of Psalms 37:5.

The Kansas City C. F. O. Council Ring began putting Psalms 37:5 to the test. The 1950 Camp was committed to the Lord. From the selection of the leaders to the smallest detail pertaining to the smooth running of the camp, we committed their fulfillment to the Father; and with peaceful minds we trusted that He would bring all to pass in His way, which, of course, would be the best way. We found the Council Ring working as one. We hardly needed to vote on a question, because we always agreed before the vote was taken.

At Camp, the Lord gave us proof—pressed down and running-over proof—that He was bringing our committals to pass. Day by day, hour by hour, a need would no sooner be expressed than the supply was immediately evident. A question or problem would be presented, and the answer would walk right up to us. The right persons were sent to us to fill the right needs. The speakers were given just the message that searching listeners needed to hear. With such breath-taking rapidity did our Father manifest Himself to us in our committal that we often stood agasp, looking at one another at the wonder of it.

In the prayer groups, of which there were six this year, the spontaneity and radiance of Spirit manifested were noticed by all leaders. The Camp grew to such heights of joy and such depths of love that the burdens, the questions, the illnesses, and the sorrows dissolved in this love-joy mixture; and we were lifted to heights such

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

ETHEL DOW

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or

1571 Grand Ave., St. Paul 5, Minnesota



as we have not before known in any Kansas Camp.

Two young couples, who are standing on and *proving* the words, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness" were living witnesses of their faith. There was a responsiveness in every group when a report was called for on research done the past year on Psalms 37:5. The challenge we are taking for research in the coming year is Matt. 18:19, "That if two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven." We are praying that out of this research will come the formation of more prayer partnerships, the deep searching into the Father's will concerning the things about which we agree, and the ultimate *knowing* that no good thing will our Heavenly Father withhold from them that love Him.

The Council Ring met for a half hour each day before morning meditation. We were led in prayer and meditation by the Ring's Chaplain, Dr. Charles Law. At this time we were enabled to commit the day, ourselves, our energies, the leaders, and the entire camp, into the Father's Hands. This was not the Council Ring's daily business meeting with the leaders; this

was strictly a prayer group. We feel that the power and the blessing derived from this early morning time together set the pulse beat for our Heart of the Nation Camp; and that it turned the Kansas Camp into a great booster station to send the Spirit surging on to the other Camps Farthest Out held this summer. We pray that the surge of Spirit may find its complete circulation back to the nation's heart in Topeka, Kansas, when we meet at the culmination of all the Camps in October for the Golden Anniversary of "In His Steps," and the introduction of that great book's sequel, "What Would Jesus Do?"

• • • • •

To us who were at Topeka, the prayer groups at the end of the day were looked forward to, not as a re-assembling of our ideas, but as a re-dedication to following "In His Steps." An article by Glenn Clark will give us a picture of events at the Topeka premier of "What Would Jesus Do?" It is our feeling that the power of this inspired book, and the influence of the prayer surrounding its introduction, will be of eternal significance.

"Help us, O Lord, to be a Christmas message for Thee."



### For Thy Benediction

Father, in Thy hands and keeping, now I place all my affairs, every little situation, all my little tasks and cares, all my loved ones, fully knowing they can neither fail nor fall. They are in Thy sure protection while Thy love encircles all. In such utter resignation, I relinquish worry thought. From my shoulders loads are lifted. I accept Thy Truth as taught, just to cast on Thee the burden and no longer be afraid, to behold Thy prompt salvation, to depend upon Thy aid. Take my loved ones in Thy keeping; they Thy blessing will receive. Let Thy holy benediction be outpoured as I believe! As my faith in Thee increases give them back, then, one by one, steadied in their thought and vision, when Thy work in them is done. Amen.—*Anonymous.*

## NEWS OF OUR EDITORS

### FRANK C. LAUBACH

About two months ago Mr. Warren Austin, American delegate to the Security Council and Assembly of the United Nations, invited Mr. Weyman Huckabee and me to visit him in his office. He said in essence:

"I want first to thank you of the Laymen's Movement for asking people in the United States to pray for me and for the United Nations. I personally am leaning on those prayers daily. I receive thousands of letters now from people who say they are praying for me, and I answer them all because I believe they are so important.

"I hope that all Christians will pray for the other delegates of the United Nations and write to tell them they are praying, as they write to me. The coming Assembly may be the most crucial in all history. Prayer will surround the United Nations with an atmosphere in which they can together find the way to peace if anything in the world can do it."

Then we prayed together and at the end Mr. Austin was so deeply moved that my heart went out to him. I saw that our delegate desired with all his soul that the Christians of America would help him in his effort to save the peace.

Since I was with him I am writing to each of the delegates whose names are printed on the card on Prayer issued by the Laymen. I write one letter a morning before breakfast telling the delegate that I am praying for him that he may receive the wisdom and love of God which alone will enable them to find the way to a just and lasting peace. I never write two letters alike, and I never criticize even by insinuation. I have written these letters to both Malik and Vishinsky of Russia. Thus in two months

it will be possible to write to every delegate.

I have no illusions that a few letters will change history, but I believe that a million such letters would weigh the balance so heavily in favor of peace and love that they would be decisive. It gives me a sense of the smile of Christ when I have thus done what I could.

Frances Eshelman was present on the day when the Assembly opened with a minute of silent prayer on September 19. She wrote me about it in these moving words:

"General Romulo, President of the Assembly, said:

"Let us pray Almighty God to grant us the vision and courage to discharge this awesome responsibility which is ours.

"I invite the delegations of the United Nations and all those present to rise and observe one minute of silence in prayer and meditation."

"With that the entire multitude rose with one accord and stood in silent prayer for sixty seconds. It was the most impressive experience I have ever known. Following this two laymen with whom I sat turned and greatly moved said, 'THANK GOD!'"

Then Frances added: "We are asking that the people of the United States continue their prayers for the delegates throughout the meeting of the General Assembly."

During the next months we will visit the following countries working in them with missions and governments:

Algiers, Tunis, Egypt, Iraq, Iran, Afghanistan, Pakistan, India, Burma, Indonesian Republic, Korea.

Conditions in the world may necessitate our changing some of this schedule. We hope to be back in America about the end of June, and



to get back the radiant overflowing Spirit of Christ in at least two of the Camps Farthest Out next Summer. There will be about five or six of us in this tour, including Mrs. Laubach, Bob, Phil Gray, and probably Dr. Rex, formerly of UNESCO and now in our office.

Every month convinces me that America must place about 100,000 of the finest, lovingest Christian technical experts, men and women, all over the world just as fast as they can be found and sent, in order to lift the desperately hungry masses out of their dangerous desperation. Otherwise they will follow the way of violence, for they are determined to come up the love way or the revolution way. EVERY American should go or help send one of these saviours of our age. I have just finished a little book which may be called "Lift the World or Lose It" and Revell's will have it out in a few months. In this case we know what Jesus would do.

Oh, oh, oh, I'm still tingling with Glenn Clark's "What Would Jesus Do?"

## BISHOP PARDUE

Bishop Pardue has just started a series of radio broadcasts over Station WCAE, Pittsburgh, on Monday evenings from 9:30 to 9:45 P.M. The theme of this series is "Born to Create."

He will attend a meeting of the House of Bishops in El Paso, Texas, from January 9-12, 1951. During Lent Bishop Pardue will preach at St. Bartholomew's Church, New York, February 14-16; at Roanoke, Virginia, February 26-27; at St. James' Church, New York, March 6-9 and at St. Paul's Cathedral, Buffalo, March 14-16.

## WINFRED RHOADES

It is a privilege, when one is no longer subject to the exacting demands of a regular job, to have time for carrying on regular study and

also for doing some of that "reading for pleasure," or "Unrequired Reading," of which Professor Irwin Edman has recently written so delightfully. That doesn't necessarily mean what is called light reading, for hard and close reading can give pleasure of the intensest kind. I have just finished, for example, "*Jesus and the Gospel of Love*," after having had the privilege of a call from Canon Raven during his recent visit to this country. The book is a mine of rich and ripe and challenging thought. Then one asks himself: "Am I—are all of us Christians—really practicing the gospel of love to the degree that present world conditions demand?" The war to prevent war only led to more war. Ever since the phrase was uttered we have been living in fear of more war. What the present war in Korea may lead to we know not. To transform men would seem to be better, as well as more humane, than to kill them. Love in the great sense is not weakness: it is creative thought, creative feeling, creative action, creative strength.

## J. RUFUS MOSELEY

Rufus Moseley writes from Bloomington, Ill., where he is conducting a retreat, in the Second Presbyterian Church. He says he expects to attend retreats for the next three months, which will include the eastern states from Connecticut to Florida.

He writes:

"We must become partners of Jesus in making all things in His likeness. The creation itself must be delivered from its bondage of fear, hate and corruption, and brought to the friendliness, innocence, release and glory of the sons of God.

"There must be joint action of all the children of God and all of the friends of men to bring about the new order or the Kingdom of God in the interest of everybody. And the

Kingdom of God, being the Kingdom of Goodwill and Good Sense, can only be brought about in the spirit and techniques of Jesus Christ. While Communism has the enthusiasm and zeal of religion, it fails to include all. Worst of all, it is using the weapons of hell in an effort to make one class, and particularly the leaders of this class, dominant. It cannot succeed long. Even the devil is in a jam these days, having brought about an order whereby he cannot destroy without being de-

stroyed. Our problem is to join with the glorious leader, the glorified Jesus, in bringing His kingdom with the greatest possible amount of joy and with as little suffering as possible. As individuals we do not have to have heaven on the outside of us in order to be in heaven, but as partners with Jesus Christ, the external order must be in the love and wisdom and wonder of the heavenly order. God and man, heaven and earth, soul and body, and all of the things of value must become ONE."



Men who neglect Christ, and try to win heaven through moralities, are like sailors at sea in a storm, who pull, some at the bowsprit and some at the mainmast, but never touch the helm.—*Beecher*.



### STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (39 U.S.C. 233)

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5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is \_\_\_\_\_ (This information is required from daily, weekly, semiweekly, and triweekly newspapers only.)

C. O. Dunham

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1949.  
(SEAL)

C. R. Youngren  
Notary Public, Ramsey County, Minn.  
(My commission expires June 6, 1955.)



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# The World Needs Prayer

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Miles Clark

**LIVING WITH RUSSIA.** As the Korean conflict enters a new phase with the onset of a bitterly cold winter, we are once more faced with new Russian tactics in Europe, Asia and even America. Christian folks wanting to find love in their hearts for the Russian people, face a real problem in "how to think about war and peace" with the Soviet. But the U.S.S.R. tries the patience of the world.

Several techniques they are now using:

1. "Take to the streets," a plan used in Germany to cause as much confusion as possible. Street demonstrations, flash general strikes, marches on local police stations all attempt to disrupt order in West Germany, Austria, France and Italy. They seized a post office in Austria briefly recently.

2. Peace offensives. With neutral sounding phrases and petitions, the Soviet Union sets up a barrage of propaganda which falls softly on the ears of peace-loving Americans and others. These are highlighted by "peace conferences" where orators talk only of peace and insist that Russia is the only supporter of peace. Russian influence in fomenting the Korean war is evaded.

3. "Small wars" is another way to drain the strength of non-Communist countries. Russia has skillfully refrained from letting her own soldiers fight, but rather has prodded her satellites to do her fighting for her. We note movements into Indo-China, Tibet, Korea and threats in Yugoslavia and maybe west Germany. Communists know they will fail in many of these, but they think we will weary of the irritations and want to rest.

To deal with this kind of threat requires firmness, imaginative lead-

ership, patience, plus Christian love and prayer within non-Communist countries. We can do all things through the Father, but our faith must be constant in Him.

**WHY CAN'T PROTESTANTS GET TOGETHER?** Well, they can. The prayers of church people of North America are finding an answer in the November 29 Constituting Convention in Cleveland, Ohio, where, in the greatest moment in Protestant church history, the new National Council of Churches of Christ in America is founded. The well beloved Federal Council of Churches together with the International Council of Religious Education and six other interdenominational service agencies merge in a remarkable demonstration of the churches' desire for united action. Their identity will be lost, unfortunately, but out of their great service has grown an even greater agency to assist in the bringing of the word of the Father into the hearts of millions of Americans.

The National Council is not a union of churches but rather a cooperative effort for more integrated action and efficiency. The fine vitality of the Federal Council will surely remain and to it will be added the devotion and energies given by the other merging groups. More than 150,000 local churches with membership totalling over 31,000,000 will be represented. Twenty-five Protestant and four Eastern orthodox communions have joined in this powerful demonstration of the fact that Protestants can work together.

**ELECTION AFTERMATH.** Some won, some lost, but this last election was a credit to the voters of America that it was the highest vote in

a non-Presidential election year in history. We, the voter, spoke. But here in Washington, the politicians are still trying to sort out what we did. It was a combination of native caution, some hysteria about Communism and a great yearning in every heart for peace.

One aspect of the election was that according to some observers certain candidates, some in his own party, were beaten indirectly by a tall Tennessee Democratic Senator, Estes Kefauver, who is out beating the bushes, looking for the roots of crime. It is reported that the quiet spoken Senator, who campaigned in 1948 wearing a coonskin cap, could be called partly responsible for inadvertently defeating one Senator and three or four Congressmen, due to his outstanding conduct of the Senate Crime Investigation Committee of which he is chairman. He and his committee are travelling from city to city interviewing people on local crime and attempting to get the national picture of the interlocking controls which seem to link gang operations from New York to California. Already unsavory data has been compiled in Washington and Chicago as they head west.

I talked to Senator Alexander Wiley, Republican of Wisconsin, yesterday and he said he was on his way to meet the committee in the west. Congress won't have much to do in the short session before the new year, but these committee members will find their hands full.

The Church Federation of Greater Chicago has already taken a vital and specific lead in their campaign to take politics out of law enforcement agencies. In a statement they said, "The long range objective of the community should be to divorce all offices associated with law enforcement from party and partisan politics." As a first step in that direction they suggested that a civic screening committee be set up to assist in selecting the chief of the Illinois highway police and the Cook

County (Chicago) sheriff's force. This is an excellent example of the "good" people of a community taking an aggressive part in clean government. Sen. Kefauver has now said that he has evidence concerning the overall central control of crime in America. Crime took over \$15 billion last year, enough to pay last year's armament bill. Let us not rest from our efforts too soon. Our prayers and our deeds in stamping out this threat to our country should join together. Alone we cannot stem this tide. With the goodness of the Father and the armor of faith, how can we fail?

**CAN CHRISTMAS BE CHRISTIAN?** How many times have you and I deplored Christmas time as commercial and lacking in the central theme of Christ in Christmas? A large campaign is now under way to increase the number of Christmas cards carrying Christian messages. Over one billion, five hundred million Christmas cards will be exchanged this yuletide season. Five years ago, one card in every ten carried a religious message. This year, it is predicted that one in five will spread the Christian word. Dr. Jesse M. Bader of the department of evangelism of the Federal Council of Churches urges all members of the churches to purchase and send only Christian Christmas greeting cards. He has approached publishers of greeting cards asking them to make more cards available. They have been delighted to cooperate in making more and better cards if there is sufficient demand for them. So it is up to us to make that demand felt now. We all buy a number of cards anyway, so let's make this Christmas a Christian time of joy and blessing.

**FOOTNOTES OF FAITH.** Japan is awakening to Christianity as never before. The Church of Christ in Japan, formed by the union of most of the Protestant communions, has 1,307 congregations and 133,057 members. Total Christians in Japan



number 324,734 with 213,000 Protestants in all churches. Eight evangelistic centers will be set up in the islands during the time from December 11, to March 1, when Dr. H. H. McConnell, field secretary of the Federal Council's department of evangelism, will be there briefing ministers and lay leaders on spiritual objectives. More than 2,000 Japanese attended the Japanese National Convention last year.

—Over 200 Negroes were admitted this fall to twenty-one Southern colleges and universities from which they were formerly barred by segregation laws. State universities and private colleges in Oklahoma, Texas, Arkansas, Kentucky, Missouri and Virginia noted the largest enrollment of Negroes. In all, eleven out of the seventeen segregation states have dropped the bars. One authority says, "Perhaps the most surprising aspect is that it has been effected without a single untoward incident reported." With evidence such as this the United States delegation to the United Nations is less vulnerable

in its talks with Russia than ever before. We are brothers.

—The Universal Week of Prayer will be January 7-14 during which time we will all want to especially join with others throughout the world in prayers for peace. This is the 105th year for this fellowship of prayer among the churches of the world.

—Visualize the warmth of 1,984,770 pounds of clothing and the nourishment of 7,701,784 pounds of food and vitamins plus the Christian love behind it and over it all, as this is the total amount sent by us through Church World Service to Europe, Asia and Africa in the first ten months of 1950. You contributed through your own church, but with the advent of cold weather, it is time to think about sending individual C.A.R.E. packages, too.

—Faith in the world's newest and oldest nation is expressed by the Kaiser-Fraser Automobile company as they open a new factory in the state of Israel to build their cars in the center of the vital Middle East.



### Sonnet to God

Author Unknown

To see Thy wonder born each day anew,  
To find Thee in the Stars and drifting snow,  
To feel Thee in the wind and sunset glow,  
To drink Thee with the rose with welcome dew,  
To hear Thy mighty music throbbing through  
A storm, and breathe Thy clean perfumes that blow  
From the abode of Springtime, is to know  
Thy countenance unveiled for all to view.

To enter one's own inner heart and find  
Thee there is profound peace, serene and sweet,  
A peace that was before the world began.  
But deeper is the peace the human mind  
May reach by knowing surely that we meet  
Thine eyes in those of every fellow man.

## Prayer Works!

"I have been intending to write to you for some time and thank you for the prayers offered for us. We wrote to you last Spring some time. I have been feeling much better, in fact have been working steadily for six months, which would have not been possible if God had not answered our prayers. Other problems have also been solved, my husband has found a position he likes and that seems to be just the right one. Thank you again."—*Minnesota*

"I am writing to thank you for your prayers for my sister and to ask you to rejoice with me in that God has answered our prayers. My sister wrote a few days ago saying her home has been transformed, that the past has been blotted out, that they have started life anew. Words cannot express my thanks to you for your prayers. God has been merciful and His loving kindness is beyond expectations, for which I would offer my deepest thanksgiving."—*Canada*

"A very noticeable improvement is steadily growing on me, for which I am extremely grateful to my God and my Redeemer. Please do not let me down now in your prayers. I thank you, one and all."—*Washington*

"I want to thank you for your prayers in answer to my call for your help last May. My sister was helped, so that her condition improved during that last hard week of school when it normally would have been at its worst. Also my mother's condition has improved remarkably. She is better than she has been for five years with new spirit, outlook and a hopeful returning to service, though she will soon be eighty years old."—*California*

"I have written to you before and received answers to your prayers. I want to thank you for your interest and saintly help. I have been healed from pernicious anemia through God only—I never took a drop of medicine. Enclosed you will find a love offering. Thank you for your spiritual help and God bless all of you."—*Arizona*

"Mission accomplished. Thank you for the inspiration of your prayers. A dream in reality."—*Florida*

"I am sending a small amount for an aid to further the help of the Prayer Tower. Thank God and thank you for your aid and interest. I do feel lots better. I do believe in prayer."—*Florida*

#### THE UNITED PRAYER TOWER

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

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

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



"I want to thank you for your love and prayers and to tell you that what has taken place as far as my outlook and the new illumination that has come to me is nothing short of a miracle. My faith has grown and I have been able to accept so many of the blessings that seemed impossible before. I just thank the Father over and over for all these marvelous blessings, and want to tell you how grateful I am for your prayers. May God's richest blessings be upon each of you and your work."—*Michigan*

"I want to thank you for your prayers. I want to tell you one simply can feel the Power. Again I thank you."—*Kansas*

"My sister has written to you in the past about my illness and operation. I am writing now to tell you that I am going back to work tomorrow. I am progressing steadily. The most amazing thing throughout my confinement has been my attitude. I have been very peaceful and confident at all times. Your healing thoughts have indeed entered my mind and set me at rest. My words can't express my deep appreciation for all the help you've given me."—*Ohio*

"I wrote you over a year ago and asked you to pray for my husband who drank and our prayers have been answered. He hasn't touched it in over a year. I've continually prayed for you, for Glenn Clark, for all those whose names are in the prayer box and for those who are praying. Your literature has helped me so much in my prayer life. May God's Presence be felt in the hearts of you good people at all times. May God bless you."—*Texas*

"I want to tell you how happy I am about the great improvement of my daughter's health. I wrote you in June of her hospitalization and

need for surgery. She has had two more trips to the hospital and is recovering so wonderfully. As yet no surgery. Doctors are really surprised. I want you to know how much we appreciate your loving interest in her behalf. She felt the help that gave her courage to endure the suffering and pain."—*South Dakota*

"Some time ago I wrote you about my granddaughter and asked your prayers. She has been practically healed. It is wonderful and my own faith has been stimulated."—*Indiana*

"Thank you so much for your dear letter. You gave us great pleasure with it, and we would be happy if we could remain in correspondence with you. We shall always be mindful that in our great need you gave us help, and we shall always be thankful for it. When our need was the greatest, God was at our side and in one way or another brought us help. Even though we received no recompense for our demolished houses, yet we daily thank God that we are in fairly good health and no longer need to go hungry."—*Germany*

"It is with deep gratitude that I write to you to tell you of the wonderful answers to prayer I have had. Thank you again for your consecrated prayers."—*Minnesota*

"I wish to thank you again for your many kindnesses and I think you are a wonderful organization. Dr. Clark has truly accomplished great things. My cousin, for whom I asked your prayers after she had a stroke, has made splendid progress toward recovery. She writes, 'I can almost see the steps in the healing process take place.' The doctor said she could resume teaching next semester, but she thinks she will be able to in November. She says he does not know the power of prayer."—*Michigan*

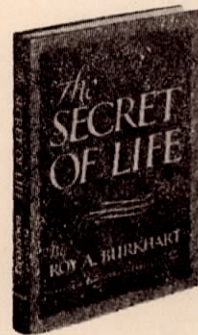
A primer on the spiritual life written for the earnest seeker.

# The SECRET of LIFE

by ROY A. BURKHART

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book concludes with a plan for individual and group research and training.

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"The reading of it gave me a profound-

ly moving experience. In a strange way I found myself becoming deeply reassured by the heights and depths of the wisdom and the sheer spiritual power that God has made manifest in the writer. Oh, how I needed what your book brought to me. Thank you and thank God for so glorious a witness."—HOWARD THURMAN

"It's a good book to clarify the goal of your life, and it gives you something definite to go on. Highly recommended."—NORMAN K. ELLIOTT

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(See Page 11—for condensation of Chapter VI)



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