

Clear Horizons



UPT

Fall, 1950

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As We Go To Press

NOTE: Readers around the west coast will be very interested in the announcement on Page 44 about the **Healing Advance in California.**

Fall is always the busiest time of the year in the office, and it is always all we can do to get *Clear Horizons* out on time. This year especially the office force has been in somewhat of a dither over the publication of Glenn Clark's new novel, *What Would Jesus Do?* Reading galley proofs, sending out the "Call to Prayer by Glenn Clark," the Fall Catalogue of Books, and it seems a million other things, has made this season "rushing interesting." **Note:** If *Clear Horizons'* readers would like a big, 80 page, catalogue of the most interesting religious books for the layman, just drop a post card to Macalester Park Pub. Co. Bookstore at this address.

You will agree that this is somewhat of an "All-Star" issue with such writers as Glenn Clark, Allan A. Hunter, Grenville Kleiser, Agnes Sanford, Frank C. Laubach and Norman Vincent Peale.

Tension and worry over events in Korea have been quite evident by the size of the mail about it at this office. This was the chief reason for Glenn Clark's "Call to Prayer." His article in this issue (Page 1) is further thoughts on Korea, and war in general. . . . **Allan Hunter** has come up with a most appropriate article on Kagawa (Page 7) who is now on a tour of this country. It would be worth some travelling to get to hear this great Christian when he comes anywhere near your city. He is really without equal in the world. His latest book, *Meditations*, confirms his genius for *Practical* spirituality. . . . **Lois Tewell** (Page 13) has a very interesting article on Glenn Clark and Roland Brown's trip to Hawaii earlier this year. It does seem that the vision of Glenn Clark for taking Jesus at His word and acting upon it is catching fire with everyone. . . . **Agnes Sanford** (Page 27) has a world wide reputation for Christian healing, and her down-to-earth, complete common sense about it all is admirably shown in this article. . . . **Norman Vincent Peale** has a marvelous article in this issue. "It takes a heap of living" as Edgar Guest used to say, and the right kind of living, for one to continually be able to bring the teaching of Jesus out of the clouds down to everyday living such as Dr. Peale does. Would that there were more like him!

CLEAR HORIZONS MAGAZINE

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Clear Horizons

Eleventh Year

Fall, 1950

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☐ Here on this Island Farthest Out, the tragedies of Pearl Harbor and Hiroshima were brought together and all their sin literally washed away.

How To Prevent World War III

Glenn Clark

First, We Can Hold a Vision.

Gandhi was a past master at taking steps on a scale large enough to catch the imagination of a nation. When the vested interests of Britain forbade the manufacture of raw products in India, thus holding her in economic bondage, Gandhi started his famous march to the sea. For ten days the eyes of the world were upon him and when he finally reached the sea and with his bare hands made some salt out of brine and was clamped into prison for breaking the law, that hour the death-knell of Britain's dominance of India was sounded. The symbolic vision of this march planted in the eyes and held in the hearts of millions of people was enough alone to liberate India.

A group of us the past year undertook to furnish a similar symbolic vision for the ending of the war. Robert Gemmer, National Chairman of the American Youth for Political Action, together with

his young wife started east on a journey to circumnavigate the globe. Roland and Marcia Brown and I started westward with the distinct purpose of pulling out the fangs of vengeance and hate engendered by the attack on Pearl Harbor. In Hawaii the Gemmers traveling eastward and we traveling westward met and united our trails to bind this old earth in the bonds of Love. We told them how we had gone to Pearl Harbor with Rev. Gata, pastor of a Japanese church, and there with prayers and repentance and forgiveness for both Japan and America we pulled out the roots of war where the war for us had begun. Robert Gemmer told how he had gone to Hiroshima where the war ended and, after addressing the high school students, they all prayed with tears in their eyes that never again would the world suffer an atomic war.

When you get hold of both ends of an evil thing you can pick it up and cast it into the uttermost parts

of the sea, and that is exactly what we did with war and the memory of war. Here on this Island Farthest Out, midway between America and Asia, the tragedies of Pearl Harbor and Hiroshima were brought together and all their blackness and sin literally washed away. *Hold That Vision With Us, in your heart!*

Second, *We Can Pray.*

Our immediate prayer can be that the poison engendered by the Korean episode can be transmuted from an infection that might spread into a World War, into an anti-toxis that can permanently prevent a World War. Our long term prayer can be that United States and Russia by some mutual compromises in our economic systems build a bridge by which our two ideologies can abide together in a peaceful and prosperous world. If these two nations would transfer the billions of dollars and millions of men now engaged in the sterile production of war instruments into producing instruments of peace, the abundance available for serving the needs of mankind would be beyond computation. From a world of scarcity and fear we would step into a world of abundance and rejoicing.

Third, *We can Act.*

Write your President and your two senators to support the bill of Senators Millard Tydings and

Brian McMahon, which call upon the President and Congress to urge all the United Nations to complete disarmament, with the additional proposition that the United States will for the next five years give billions that we are now spending for armament, in aid for all the less fortunate countries. Many of us feel that if we took the Christ-like step of total disarmament without waiting for the others to follow suit while at the same time we poured ten billions annually into sending aid to friends and foe alike we would find ourselves impervious to outside attack. If for instance concurrent with our act of disarmament we should send one billion dollars worth of medicine and sorely needed medical supplies into Russia, Russia would drop her evil designs on us over night.

Finally, Vision, Pray and Act in any way you can to further the Kingdom of God movement already underway in the United States. The revival meetings of Billy Graham, Bob Jones and scores of others are not mere flashes in the pan. They are signs of a great spiritual upheaval that is on the way. Sam Shoemaker and Norman Vincent Peale say we are in the midst of the greatest spiritual renaissance since the days of Christ.

The whole gist of this movement is to go back to Jesus and attempt, like the disciples of old, to

walk in His steps. When all the other solutions of our pressing world situation have failed we come at last face to face with the challenging—WHAT WOULD JESUS DO?

And it is at this point that God has laid a great opportunity and a great responsibility at our door. Ever since Charles M. Sheldon's *IN HIS STEPS* came out fifty years ago, I have been dreaming of writing a sequel to it, in which the grandchildren of the leading characters in that famous book would again face the challenge raised by that book.

Now the fifty years are up and that dream has been fulfilled. The sequel, under the title, *WHAT WOULD JESUS DO?* will make its official appearance October 15, 1950. The city of Topeka, Kansas, where the scene of the novel is laid has planned a "premier" or "coming out party" for the week of October 15-20, backed up by the churches, the newspapers, the mayor and even the governor of the state. Charles M. Sheldon's former church will be used for the day meetings and the great civic audi-

torium has been engaged for the night meetings. A score of outstanding leaders of the Camps Farthest Out are coming to assist in the day meetings. Evening meetings beginning Sunday night will be addressed consecutively by Edgar Guest, Bishop Richard Raines, Bishop Bromley Oxnam, Dr. Daniel Poling and Starr Daily, and on the final Friday meeting I hope to put the challenge, not only before that audience but before the entire nation, "What Would Jesus Do In a World Crisis Like This?"

Without your prayers this can be just one more series of "meetings." With your prayers behind us it can easily become a lighted torch that will start a conflagration that will sweep across the nation. How wonderful it would be if every reader of this magazine could pack up and come to Topeka for that week.* If you can't come, you can strengthen our hands immeasurably if you will read the book while the meetings are going on and flood us with your prayers. In the winter number we hope to bring you a report on what your prayers have done.

*For reservation, write "Topeka Secretary," 1571 Grand Ave., St. Paul 5, Minn.



Hope is the wisdom of experience.—*Carl E. Holmes.*

Hope springs eternal in the human breast,
Man never is, but always to be blest.

—*Pope.*

☾ I am learning to fan mentally.

Parable of A Simple Fan

Louise Frisbie Black

NOT long ago, I was sitting high in the balcony of a great flower-filled church waiting for a wedding procession to start. The stifling air of the torrid Oklahoma day lay thick and heavy around me. Below, I watched the sweltering congregation stir restlessly.

Seemingly, out of the nowhere, the white coated ushers came down the aisles, scattering small pasteboard fans among the steaming crowd.

Instantly the fans began moving and to my amazement, even as I sat high above them, the air felt cooler, more comfortable and the audience more relaxed.

It was then that an idea came to me. As all of those people were fanning the stale, solid air away, they were bringing new life to it. You learned from your hygiene book that fanning causes the perspiration of the body to evaporate more quickly, thus making you cooler and more comfortable. Why wouldn't it work with the spirit, I asked myself. Still, fanning is just a simple physical thing. I'd been doing it all my life and I'd never

thought about it much. Yes, it is just as simple as a parable, I thought.

That very day I put my newly found idea into practice. If people could fan away the sticky, unwanted air that was making them miserable, why couldn't they fan away the evil thoughts, the fears and anger that persistently creep into their minds?

I did just that. I mean physically, like a little child would do. I actually pretended I had a fan in my hand, and as those thoughts came crowding into my mind, I simply moved my hand back and forth.

Now after several weeks of practice, I find that I no longer have to go through the physical motions as I did at first. I am learning to fan mentally. When a thought possesses me that I know is wrong, I zigzag it back and forth in my mind until it is obliterated—swept away. My mind then becomes an open conduit for the good thoughts that I know are waiting everywhere. Waiting for a chance to come in.



Some people argue for peace as if they were fighting mad.

☾ I am not unhappy when my guidance is to do some homely task instead of something spectacular.

God Is Good

Ruth Millard

AFTER a serious illness, last winter, followed by involved complications, I suddenly found myself in a tailspin from which I could not recover.

A naturally cheerful person, I became morbid and confused. My Christian faith seemed inadequate. I knew all the arguments and advice of my concerned friends were sound and wholesome but they just did not work for me.

I read all the books and articles I could get and I prayed and prayed. I could not live as I was and I did not want to. I could not die so I kept doggedly at the task of trying to find the answer. Under guidance I was led to talk to a new friend who was able to point out a path of light and I started bravely to follow it. But my friend was called away before I was well started and melancholia again had me in its clutches worse than ever it seemed. Then I happened on an article in a current magazine, on a psychological subject, which clicked. A sentence from the lips of E. Stanley Jones was recalled to my mind, "Surrender your subconscious as well as your conscious mind to Christ." I did just that. I

gave God the control in a dedicatory prayer.

From then on everything I read was translated into my own language, and over night I was transformed into an even happier person than I had been before my illness eight long months before, because I was closer to reality, God was a part of me, I was a part of Him, "He had me hooked" to quote Dr. Jones.

I had been by nature an impatient individual and knowing so well the pitfalls caused by my impatience, I am now going slowly. I am not unhappy when my guidance is to do some homely task instead of something spectacular. I think most of us have a tendency to feel "let down" when we are guided to "clean the hall closet," "straighten the garage" or "call on a lonely neighbor," instead of some more worthwhile duty (so we think) to show our great love for our Savior. But I have come to know, after all the chaos caused by haste, that when I obey what seems to be irrelevant guidance, God will know when I am ready for a bigger job and He will guide.

It isn't all rosy even now, but when the dark clouds gather I go

to my knees and pray "Father—you are in charge, please take over." It works.

Here is a helpful suggestion I read some place. I go to my mirror, look myself in the eyes and promise to do all the things I have set out to do, repeating affirmations and bits of beloved scripture, ending with a prayer of gratitude.

One more habit that can not be

stressed too often is the habit of early morning meditation. I start with thanksgiving, then I read from my Bible and some other spiritual literature, ending with prayer and silence. My day is started right so I follow up by praying as I work. My work is so precious when made a prayer.

I now have a song in my heart and a smile for every one. I know
GOD IS GOOD.



Instruction for Prayer

Lillian Rand

I, in Whose Image you were created, am the Only One Who can lead you and your dear ones out of the darkness of trouble into the Light of Perfect Overcoming.

Learn to see Me, with the eyes of your soul, *always with the one for whom you pray*. When you think of John or Mary, or little Peter, or of Nancy, *before you even begin to pray*, make a picture in your mind of that person with Me behind them, overshadowing them, with My Hands upon them—My Hands laid upon them to bless and to heal. See me enveloping them, enfolding them, shining through them in all the Power of My Glorified Presence, and Keep your mind fixed upon this picture until the image of the loved one fades away

and only I am left.

So you will realize that the one you love has been taken up into My Heart, and that *all is well* with him or her; that My perfect Will is NOW being done and will be brought into manifestation as surely and inevitably as day follows night.

"Fear not, little flock, for it is the Father's good pleasure to give you the Kingdom." And My Kingdom is the abundance of all Good.

My mission on earth was to absorb all the sins and troubles of the world—all sickness and sorrow, all lack and limitation—into Myself and so transform them into a *mighty stream of redemptive power*.

Come then with Me into the Silence and feed upon Me in your heart with faith and thanksgiving.

☐ I felt as if I were emerging as a silkworm does from the cocoon, as if a new butterfly of *me* were coming out of my own body.

Kagawa—"Happy River"

Allan A. Hunter

"HAPPY River" is the literal translation of Dr. Toyohiko Kagawa's last name.

It is amazingly apt. The current pouring through him has been gaining momentum and volume these past 62 years.

He is President of the Consumers Cooperatives Federation of Japan, of the Farmers' Association of Japan, and of the National Nutrition Board. He is active on commissions dealing with prison reform and juvenile delinquency. He has initiated and helps maintain not only medical, credit, producers and consumers cooperatives but kindergartens for children of working mothers, an ex-prisoners' home, and an employment agency for girls. Six of the settlement houses he built up in the largest cities were destroyed by our B-29 bombing raids, but the work is continuing. He is also a founder and leader of the International Peace Association.

Several periodicals owe their existence to Dr. Kagawa. When he was arrested a few months before the last war was over and taken to the headquarters of the Army police for days of cross-examination from 8:00 A.M. till 10:00

P.M., he was ordered at night to write out the contents of his books and pamphlets. No easy task! There were 113. Twenty-five of these were volumes of fiction stories including the famous "Crossing the Death Line" which is largely the story of his own life. This book in one edition sold 400,000 copies.

His former gospel schools are training centers for promising young villagers so that they can help people economically and spiritually. The churches he has developed make the Christian Church sing with good works. If you join his Kingdom of God movement you have to read such solid books as *The Imitation of Christ* as well as the Gospels and you are required to do menial labor in behalf of the poor and live a disciplined life of prayer.

Dr. Kagawa's method of preaching is unique. Often he draws pictures for the audience and he makes liberal use of scientific illustrations and of sociological statistics.

In 1931 when he was in Los Angeles, his physician, Dr. Hirata, said that every organ except his brain was ailing and that it would be surprising if he lived more than five years. Dr. Kagawa's answer

is to be too busy for the germs to catch up with him. For example, from July, 1947, to December, 1949, in his "Three Million Souls for Christ" campaign he went 180 nights without lying down in bed, sitting up in trains so crowded that fellow passengers would walk on his shoulders. Through his preaching approximately 200,000 cards were signed by Japanese, many of them young people, stating their willingness to be disciples of Jesus.

Half of the month Dr. Kagawa preaches. The other half he devotes to social service. His integration of the inner and outer life we see in these incidents. During the Big Strike in 1921 when 18,000 laborers were marching down a street on their way to destroy the famous Kawasaki Dock Yard in Kobe, he did a typical thing. Hearing of what was about to happen unless he acted quickly he closed his church service, jumped into a rickshaw and rushed to the bottom of the street in the effort to persuade the strikers to change their mind. Almost a regiment of soldiers was ready at the Dockyard, together with police armed with sabres.

"As the strikers came toward me it was an awful pressure like that of a mountain river," Dr. Kagawa recalls. "When the first row of men reached where I was standing I looked straight into the eyes of each

one, praying 'Let there be peace.' My prayer was answered, for they were checked. So I was at peace in my own soul. After that suddenly I knew I was with God." He was clapped into jail but that did not cramp him. While there, on toilet paper, he wrote some poems which you can now read in SONGS FROM THE SLUMS.

The second incident was in 1940 when because of his protest against the Japanese war in China and his emphasis on peace he was thrown into a military prison for eighteen days. The mosquitoes were a problem. He solved it by putting his coat over his head leaving only the nose exposed and covering his hands. Sitting cross legged with his back to the wall he had "a good time just sitting quiet." For two days he never laid down. "I just sat there meditating, my backbone stiff, the body not slopped over but erect. During the next 48 hours—perhaps that was the length of time—I had ecstasy, as if I were in the womb of God. Yes, that is a strange expression. But that is exactly how it was. The soldiers came into the room and said 'Lie down!' But I did not lie down. I preferred to sit up, and meditate. I came in disappointed not about myself and my personal situation but about civilization and what was going to happen to the world. Then I heard a voice saying to me 'Jesus is raised.

The body of the resurrection is embodied in you.' I felt as if I were emerging as a silkworm does from the cocoon, as if a new butterfly of *me* were coming out of my own body. From that moment I stopped weeping about the destruction of civilization. I felt the new power of Christ dwelling in me."

The following year Dr. Kagawa preached in many cities in this country in behalf of the full Christian life that is deeply personal and at the same time widely social. Upon his return he threw himself into trying to prevent the war. When it broke, he voluntarily went into exile. With his own hands he kept care of fifteen or so tubercular patients in Teshima Island in the Inland Sea. Ordered out by the marines, he worked as a farmer at a Farmer's Gospel School near Kobe. He was not allowed to preach extensively. He could, however, pray without ceasing.

Several months before the war was over, fanatical nationalists became enraged over American broadcasts implying that when Japan was conquered and the new Japanese Republic established, Kagawa would be the President. As the war fever mounted, there was a noisy demand: "Assassinate Kagawa!" Friends in the Social Welfare Department of the government persuaded him to hide in the forest a hundred miles or so north

of Tokyo. All this time his wife, Haruko, kept the caterpillar house going on the outskirts of Tokyo. The home of his secretary, Rev. K. Ogawa, a short distance away was destroyed by our incendiary bombs. Dr. Kagawa's own house was not hit.

Before many of our soldiers had landed in Japan, Kagawa was initiating a "National Repentance Society." His reply when it was suggested that he become premier of Japan was "Throughout the land I go to preach." He did, however, assist Premier Higashi Kuni as advisor.

He does not speak of hardship but admits that before the war was over he had to do with mulberry leaves mixed with barley or soya bean meal. No audience can resist breaking out laughing when he mimics himself struggling to chew and swallow that "daily bread."

The leading newspaper of Tokyo refers to him as "The Apostle of Emancipation." He used to be known as "The St. Francis of Japan." It is because he is the channel for so much deep personal religion expressed in far-reaching collective movements that the World Council of Churches has sponsored his recent preaching tour in Norway where in Bergen 20,000 heard him July 7 (in Nuremberg in April, 1,500 Germans stood outside trying to hear the

man whom the National Council of Churches in Germany looked to for inspiration). Dr. Kagawa is heart and soul an ecumenical man. That is why the Federal Council of Churches is back of him in this country.

Once he shared his rice bowl and tiny six by nine foot room in the slums with a gangster who demanded money for liquor. Kagawa refused. In anger the guest knocked out four of his host's front teeth. "The dentist," he now grins, "put in Japanese teeth. They don't pronounce English words exactly. That is why I say I belong to the Presbyterian damnation."

For nearly fourteen years, Kagawa as a young man lived in the slums of Kobe surrounded with murderers, prostitutes, pickpockets, chronic beggars, unwanted children, deserted old folks. In 1931 in the Mt. Hollywood Congregational Church he told some of the story. "My real experience of religion came when I entered the Kobe slums, Everything in the slums was ugly: the people, the houses, the clothes, the streets—everything was ugly and full of disease. If I had not carried God inside me, I should not have been able to stay. But because I believed in God, and in the Holy Spirit, I

had a different view of life, and I assure you that I enjoyed living in the slums. With active love and the love-motive, every moment was full of joy. Because I felt that the Holy Spirit of the Heavenly Father was living inside me, I was not afraid of anything—not of the many repeated threats from pistols, swords, ruffians, nor even from the infectious diseases which infested the slums. My job was to help these people. I had free access to their homes, and so knew even more about them than did the doctors. For me prayer is very real. If you pray with selfishness it will never be answered, but prayer for the sake of God and for the love of your fellowmen will surely be answered. A gambler, dying, said to me that he was going back to his Heavenly Father. Then for the first time, like a flash, I was convinced that any man, even the most depraved, is able to grasp the idea of Jesus Christ, 'When I die,' said this man, 'Christ will receive me to God.' That poor man, his body shot through with disease, got the assurance of the immortality of the soul and of being forgiven his sins, and the disgrace of the past."

Increasingly Kagawa has found that God reveals Himself in the will that loves.



Beauty is an inner vitality, breaking through the flesh.—*Rodin*.

☪ Let us sow the compassion and good cheer of Christ who is our peace.

A Litany of Repentance and Dedication *

MINISTER: In the blazing light of Thy presence, Father, we Thy children face our plight and our responsibility. Within our hands we now grasp power that can shatter and unloose the very binding force Thou hast hidden in the heart of things.

CONGREGATION: Before it is too late, awaken and enlighten us.

MINISTER: For our reliance upon weapons of death rather than upon the power of Love and Truth; for the suspicion, enmity and craven fear which are in our hearts,

CONGREGATION: We pray for Thy forgiveness.

MINISTER: From blindness to the issues of good and evil in our day; from silence when one ought to speak; from acquiescence when we could stand as in Thy strength,

CONGREGATION: Through such temptations, lead us, Lord.

MINISTER: Lest we serve Death not Life; lest we defy Thee, whose nature we are here to share; lest we destroy Thy image in men who walk with us upon the earth;

CONGREGATION: Deliver us, Lord.

MINISTER: For gratitude to those who came before, and for service to those who will come after; for grace to follow our Master in humility and with His will for good toward all, in spite of the darkness of the present hour,

CONGREGATION: We beseech Thee, O God.

MINISTER: Lord, make us an instrument of Thy peace. Where there is hatred,

CONGREGATION: Let us sow love.

MINISTER: Where there is hunger,

CONGREGATION: Let us sow our daily bread.

MINISTER: Where there is injury,

CONGREGATION: Let us sow pardon.

MINISTER: Where there is doubt,

CONGREGATION: Let us sow faith.

MINISTER: Where there is guilt,

CONGREGATION: Let us sow the compassion and good cheer of Christ who is our peace.

*This Litany was used at a Communion Service led by Kagawa in Mt. Hollywood Congregational Church, Los Angeles, California. Allan Hunter is the minister there.

☾ Complete surrender, utter trust, and love great enough to put Him first at all times.

A Parable of The Kingdom

Vivian Lawson

ONCE there was a little girl to whom God was very real. He talked to her and she could feel the wonder and glory of His Presence. But as she grew older she became infected with the doubts, fears, prejudices, and indifference of her elders. For years she wandered through the desert places seeking peace for the soul. Though she attended church and was accounted a good member still her heart remained a stranger there and her soul was very homesick for dimly remembered joys.

Then one day in a distant city she met one who lived in another world it seemed, for he had a peace and joy seldom found in men. And she longed to know the secret, too. On returning home, through a little child, she was led to a church, and though she was a total stranger to the members, still she felt no strangeness there. The homesickness vanished like dew in the sun and she heard the voice of God whisper, "Here you've always belonged; here you'll find the answer to your quest." Each service seemed to lift her a little nearer the goal; each sermon seemed to fill her deepest need. As the minister spoke it seemed another spoke, too; a voice of loving compassion that yearned o'er sinful men; a voice

remembered from long ago; the voice of God. Then she knew that he too knew the secret entrance into the land of reborn men. So she went to Him and learned of Him the secret: complete surrender, utter trust, and love great enough to put Him first at all times. Then she too walked in the light.

And though the path was strange and she stumbled often, still the minister always lifted, guided and inspired her. And she came to know the depth, height, and breadth of his soul and the Great Beauty hidden there. And she went her way rejoicing for she knew she had had the rare privilege of knowing one who was a very faithful likeness of the Son of God, Jesus Christ.

"If ye love me keep my commandments."

"Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, He will give it you."

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

"Strive to enter in at the strait gate."

And note: *"The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord."*

☾ Here Christ's teaching of love for all men everywhere would take strong root.

The Rainbow Farthest Out

Lois Christy Tewell

THERE was a rainbow arching the Church of the Crossroads in Honolulu when I turned for a last glimpse of that lovely spot. In the church, for the past three days, Glenn Clark and Roland Brown had been sharing their experiences in the power of prayer with an eager group of Americans of varied racial strains, and I had had the good fortune to be one of them.

Now the time for the flight of the plane that was to carry me back to the Mainland was at hand. I was a little sad to be leaving.

The warm Hawaiian sunshine glowed on the cream colored church as it nestled in its setting of coconut palms, hibiscus shrubs, and exotic flowers. Beyond the church, the deep-cut sides of the mountain range up which Honolulu's newer residential section climbs were veiled by a sudden tropical rain, making a misty backdrop against which the maroon colored columns of the circular terrace of the church appeared part of the multicolored rainbow.

I thought of God's promise to Noah and his seed after him that never again would all flesh be cut off by the waters of the flood. God had said, "I do set my bow in the

cloud, and it shall be a covenant between me and the earth."

I thought of the covenant that Glenn Clark and Roland Brown had made to bring to Hawaii their messages on love and prayer—that through prayer never again would flesh be cut off by the flood of war.

I thought of Glenn Clark telling his audience, "We have come to these beautiful islands where the first dastardly blow of the Pacific war was struck to help to pull out by the roots the poisoned fangs of hate and fear and race prejudice that lead to war."

He had said, "We are here to talk about the only power that can do this: prayer. Prayer that rises from the hearts of men who obey Christ's two greatest commandments that you love God with all your hearts and your neighbor as yourselves." The homely stories which Glenn used to carry his meanings into the consciousness of his audience, and his incomparable interpretation of the spiritual depths of the Parable of the Prodigal Son were more potent than the most elaborate sermons.

I thought of Roland Brown's inspired talks on the "secret place of prayer" and on "agreement in prayer when two or three are

gathered together in Christ's name." His illustrations from his own experiences carried over to listeners and I saw many faces light up with new understanding as they caught the spirit behind his words.

The young man—a Japanese-American—who was chairman of the meeting on the second day will long be remembered. In substance he said when he was introducing Glenn Clark, "Yesterday, these visitors who have come to us from the Mainland talked to us of love and prayer. They told us how it was necessary to remove all resentment against everybody from our hearts before we can pray with power. Last night I could not sleep because there was one man against whom I have held a strong resentment for a long time.

"So I rose early this morning and went to my pastor and told him of my resentment. Together we prayed that I might remove the feeling from my heart. I resolved to do what Rev. Brown had said he did. He had prayed faithfully every day for a month that resentment be wiped from his heart against a certain man. At the end of the month Rev. Brown said that both he and the man he had prayed for were changed for the better. If prayer can make both the man I resent and me better men, it is

wonderful. All day I have felt happy. I hope I can make this man happy, too."

I thought of Glenn Clark's saying, "We must be color blind. Here on these Pacific Islands where natural beauty is beyond all telling, where for many years you have demonstrated that many races can live together in harmony, here Christ's teaching of love for all men everywhere should take strong, healthy root."

As I left the church Glenn was speaking of the Camps Farthest Out on the Mainland. He was presenting his plans for a Camp Farthest Out on these U. S. Islands farthest out in the Pacific.

I was thinking of his words as I turned and saw the rainbow bending over the Church of the Crossroads where he was still speaking. What could it be but the Rainbow Farthest Out set in the cloud to remind us of new reaches in this colorful "Paradise of the Pacific" for new Campers Farthest Out?

And as the great stratocruiser winged its way at three hundred miles an hour, twenty-five thousand feet above the blue Pacific, carrying me to my home on the Mainland, I too had new reaches of thought that bore me farther, farther out than I had ever known before.

☐ A contented mind is a hidden treasure,
and trouble findeth it not.

Words of Wisdom

Grenville Kleiser

TWO hundred years ago, a little book, *The Economy of Life*, by Robert Dodsley, was published in London, England. The following extracts are taken from it, and are equally applicable today:

Bow down your head unto the dust, O ye inhabitants of the earth! Be silent and receive, with reverence, instruction from on high.

Wheresoever the sun doth shine, wheresoever the wind doth blow, wheresoever there is an ear to hear, and a mind to conceive, there let the precepts of life be known, let the maxims of truth be honored and obeyed.

All things proceed from God. His power is unbounded, his wisdom is from eternity, and his goodness endureth forever.

The breath of his mouth giveth life to the world.

He toucheth the stars with his finger, and they run their course rejoicing.

Order, and grace, and bounty, spring from his hand.

The voice of wisdom speaketh in all his works.

He it is, O man! who hath created thee.

Hear then his voice, for it is gracious; and he that obeyeth shall establish his soul in peace.

Commune with thyself, O man! and consider wherefore thou wast made.

Proceed not to speak or to act before thou hast weighed thy words.

The thoughtless man bridleth not his tongue; he speaketh at random, and is entangled in the foolishness of his own words.

Hearken unto the voice of Consideration; her words are the words of wisdom, and her paths shall lead thee to truth and safety.

The speech of a modest man giveth lustre to truth. He turneth away his ear from his own praise, and believeth it not.

The hand of diligence defeateth want; prosperity and success are the industrious man's attendants.

Hear the words of Prudence, give heed unto her counsels, and store them in thy heart: her maxims are universal, and all the virtues lean upon her.

A man of a noble spirit disdaineth the malice of fortune; his greatness of soul is not to be cast down.

Under the pressure of misfortunes, his calmness alleviates their weight, and his constancy shall surmount them.

To be satisfied with a little is the greatest wisdom; and he that

increaseth his riches, increaseth his cares: but a contented mind is a hidden treasure, and trouble findeth it not.

Happy is the man who hath sown in his breast the seeds of benevolence; the produce thereof shall be charity and love.

He promoteth in his neighborhood peace and good-will, and his name is repeated with praise and benedictions.

There is but one God, the author, the creator, the governor of the world, almighty, eternal, and in-

comprehensible.

To the One who is supreme, most wise and beneficent, and to him alone belong worship, adoration, thanksgiving, and praise.

The providence of God is over all his works; he ruleth and directeth with infinite wisdom.

Wonderful he is in all his ways; his counsels are inscrutable; the manner of his knowledge transcendeth thy conception.

Bow down thyself in humble and submissive obedience to his supreme direction.



Do I Dread . . . ?

Lilla Kitto Billings

Do I dread the end as it draws more near?—
Do we dread the sunlight when soft beams appear?
Or see we the promise of skies made clear,
The breaking through of a heavenly sphere;
Something to make us understand
The powerful working of God's right hand?

Then stay we the thoughts that would interfere
And make it hard for the Lord to appear.



When Faith in God Goes

When faith in God goes, man, the thinker, loses his greatest thought.
When faith in God goes, man, the worker, loses his greatest motive.
When faith in God goes, man, the sinner, loses his greatest help.
When faith in God goes, man, the sufferer, loses his securest refuge.
When faith in God goes, man, the lover, loses his fairest vision.
When faith in God goes, man, the mortal, loses his only hope.

—Harry Emerson Fosdick, in *Epworth Euclid Outlook*.

☐ Both David and Ted became known as the boys who literally prayed themselves out of jail.

Prayer Experiences in Prison

Vera Vandever

MY introduction to our parish jail was through the church. Our local Council of Church Women was trying to establish a weekday religious service, which rotated weekly with each participating church.

On the day of my first service I was admitted to the "bull pen," a large, barren inadequate room with men of all ages and some with long prison records. Among the inmates were two boys, one barely nineteen, the other twenty.

Following our devotional service, I talked to them on prayer. I recited a few of the many stories that came out during the war of answers to prayer and also shared a few of my own personal experiences. In closing I reminded them of their mother's prayers and then—I DARED them to pray.

Five weeks later I conducted my second service. The officials had caught a vision of the work and had arranged benches in a large hall for our services. It was then I borrowed an idea of prayer, which proved to be one of the inspirational highlights thereafter. I employed Dr. Norman Vincent Peale's period of "creative silence." A full sixty seconds, sometimes

longer of complete silence. Silence in which the soul seeks the Divine Presence, which is promised to all who will, "Be still and know that I am God."

A few days later one of the boys, whom I had met at my first service, was sentenced to a federal institution but before he left he wrote, "I want to express my appreciation of the services held here in the jail. I was nearer to God while here than I have ever been in my life."

That card opened up new opportunities. The warden felt I might be able to help the morale of the younger men and boys so he arranged an appointment with David, the other youth present at my first service.

In the course of our conversation I was to learn that this was David's first offense. A bit shyly he told me that he had been praying.

"When did you start praying?" I questioned.

"After your first visit here, when you dared us to pray."

Of course he wanted a favor. He asked me to check into his sentence, which I promised to do on one condition, that he must get over his bitterness.

"God can't do much for you until you overcome your resentment and I won't even try to help you unless you do," I told him.

David's bitterness was centered on the warden. The warden represented "the law" to David.

"I want you to pray for the warden," I said.

"Pray for the warden?" he gasped.

"Yes, exactly that. Today and hereafter, every time you see or think of him, I want you to say, God bless you, Mr. _____."

He stared at me in utter bewilderment, so I hastened to add, "Oh, I know you won't mean it at first, perhaps not for days, but if you will use the prayer of blessing faithfully, eventually you will use it sincerely."

Just one week later the warden called me for a special conference. The subject was David. Upon inquiring about his sentence I learned that the two months prior to his sentence would be applied against his time.

"But," said the warden, "we will let him go tomorrow if you say so." Then he added that the boy was not well and the jail was not conducive to good health.

"I am sorry but I don't believe the boy is ready to leave," I answered. "There is more at stake than his physical health. It is a matter of mental health. He must

overcome his bitterness before I will have any part in his release."

Later when the warden sent for David he came bounding down the stairs, smiling radiantly and seemingly as carefree as a college boy. It was he who extended his hand first (I was too bewildered) and his hand clasp was firm and vital.

"Something wonderful happened to me during prayer today," he exclaimed.

"I can see that," I assured him, "but what happened?"

"Well—well," he stammered and hastily I interrupted, "Don't bother to tell me, David. Some things are too sacred to put into words and I am sure this is one of them." Then I added, "David, you have only six more weeks to serve."

Still radiant he said, "Oh, what is another month or so, I am free already."

The following Tuesday David was released. In recounting the events of the past week, David said, "Two days after our first talk, the warden talked with me. Thursday they moved me into a private cell to help care for a sick patient. I used the prayer just as you told me to do. Then he added, 'I like the warden, he is really a great guy, isn't he?'"

"But what happened Sunday?" I questioned.

He hesitated for a time and then said, "I hope you will understand,

I believe you will. I heard a voice, honestly I did. It was clear as a bell. The voice said, 'David, you are free.'"

Recalling the events of the day I did understand. On Sunday a young folks group conducts a service which had coincided within the exact hour that the warden had suggested David's release. In that same hour the still small voice assured him of his release before it became a reality. Yet the release of David's spirit from the bonds of hatred and resentment was the miracle that opened the iron doors.

In bidding me good-bye David said, "Be sure and talk with Ted. I know he is praying."

Ted was a young soldier lad of eighteen. On the eve of his departure for home on his Christmas furlough, in the company of a questionable civilian, he was arrested. The holidays were spent in a dingy parish jail waiting for trial.

I gave Ted the same simple prayer of "God bless you," but in his case it was to be applied to the lawyers and the judge. I added a prayer of affirmation, which was to be used for himself. "Divine Love and justice is floating through me toward all people and through all people toward me."

With the naive faith of a child Ted used the prayers and later I was to learn from some of the other men that every night he

would kneel by his bunk and pray.

Early one morning just a week later he said, "I am going out of here today."

"How do you know you are?" quizzed the other inmates. "You haven't had your trial yet."

"Well, I just know, wait and see," he said confidently.

Shortly after noon of the same day Ted was brought before the court. He was given a six-month sentence, which was suspended and Ted walked out of jail a free person just as he said he would. The following day he received orders from a remote state to report at an air base there, immediately.

Both David and Ted became known as the boys who literally prayed themselves out of jail, and so faith in prayer increased.

One of our cases became an inmate of a federal reformatory. Having been the baby of a good family he found prison life extremely difficult. In one of his letters he wrote that he had always been able to get along fine with girls and women but had never been able to make friends with boys.

In my answer I reminded him that this was a man's world and that he was in a position where he might concentrate upon that fact and adjust himself to reality. I suggested that he try prayer. "Choose some of the young men

you would like to have for friends," I wrote, "also a few you think you don't like, then bless each one of them several times a day by repeating, 'God bless you, _____.'"

About ten days later he wrote, "I have tried your suggestion and they seemed to have helped me already. Especially the one about being a friend. The boys seem to like me more and they are friendly to me. I have prayed a lot."

Continuing he said, "You know, I never realized before that I was so self-centered, self-conscious and selfish. But now things are beginning to turn my way."

Once a very wise man said, "Know thyself." To pray is to switch on the inner Light within oneself. Then the shadows of fear, lust, selfishness and ignorance are revealed by the light of the Spirit, which in turn dispels the shadows and kindles the virtues of courage, faith, gentleness, humility and truth. Prayer synchronizes the mortal and spiritual nature of man.

David was the forerunner of our spiritual adventures and his experience as with others who dared to pray, reveal the depth and breadth of the eternal principle, "The truth shall make you free."



Youth Prayer

Clarence Edwin Flynn

I ask Thee, God, to take the gleams
Of deathless truth that are Thy thought,
In one eternal purpose caught,
And with it hallow all my dreams.

I ask Thee, as I scale the slopes,
To take the wonder of Thy will,
Perfect, and true, and lovely still,
And with it motivate my hopes.

I ask that Thou wilt take Thy truth,
Enduring through all ages past,
Foundation of life's meanings vast,
And bless with it my days of youth.

I ask Thee, God, to take the glow
Of Thy divine and living light,
Than star, or moon, or sun more bright,
And with it flood the path I go.

☐ We miss a lot of joy by waiting until we are discouraged to go to Him.

Prayer, Faith and Consistent Tithing

Cozette Holmes Mott

THERE are many Christian teachings that we do not heed until we have had the experience. Then they come home to us, so to speak. I am thinking of the teaching of tithing. I have always wanted to tithe, and sometimes our family has given more than a tithe of our income. But we did not do it consistently. We never knew whether we were tithing or not.

I secured a small position, on a farm newspaper, writing a farm woman's column. I did not tithe the money I received for these articles. There were so many things I wanted to buy for the children. Due to a shortage of paper, my column did not last long. The urge to write would not let me rest, however. I took a writing aptitude test and was told that I had talent in several different fields of writing. I didn't have the large amount the school was asking for the course. I felt very discouraged until one night we were visiting my husband's sister and her husband. He had found an ad about another writing course and gave it to me. I wrote in about it, and it was at a price I could afford to pay. I took the course and worked hard. I received so many rejections I thought I could soon paper a room with

them. I had one handicap, a financial handicap. I needed a typewriter desperately. I had to sell some of my work before I could buy one. I read an article in a Christian Family magazine about a woman writer who was paralyzed from the waist down. At times her hands became paralyzed so that she had to type by the hunt and peck system. I was encouraged by her article. I took my problem to God. I think we miss a lot of joy by sometimes waiting until we are discouraged to go to Him. He is our Friend. If any earthly friend had done great things for us, we would not fail to praise this friend to others. God is a personal Friend. Why do we sometimes hesitate to call upon God? Anything that makes us unhappy is not too small to take to God.

I was interested in Farm Journalism, so I began to send in some of my poems to a Farm magazine. They were rejected. Since I lived on a farm I decided to write "The Diary of a Farmer's Wife." I sent in some cartoons that probably made the editors laugh. I didn't hear from my "Diary," so I decided to send in some articles I had done for another farm publication as a sample of my work.

It was a happy day when I re-

ceived my first encouraging letter from an editor. The Home Department Editor was considering my "Diary." She wanted me to combine the type of material used in the articles and the "Diary." She even sent me an outline to go by. She was so helpful I decided that editors were human after all. I wrote three columns for speculation. I decided that if I ever received any more money for my work that I would tithe it. My articles were accepted.

I had one of my poems set to music by one of my friends. I received a letter asking permission to set another one to music. One day my friend came by and gave me one dollar for it. As little as it may seem, I paid my tithe. Maybe it was a mite, but it was mine.

I still needed a typewriter desperately. My husband had been going to G. I. School and his schooling was out. Our pay was stopped. The only way I could hope for a typewriter was to make the money myself.

One day, out of the blue, I received my first check. My first reaction was to thank God. I remembered my tithe. The check was so much more than I thought it would be that I thought perhaps that was all I'd receive for three columns. A newspaper man had offered to sell me a typewriter on time. I had explained to the editor of the maga-

zine I am writing for, the need of a typewriter. I seemed no nearer getting one, until one night in my prayer I asked God to help me and let me hear good news about my writing if it was His will. The next day I received two more checks.

I thought of my editor friend for whom I had worked for almost a year. He had wished me success and said if there was anything he could do to help me in any way to call on him. I went to see him about a typewriter. He was out of town, but his secretary was very kind, and placed a long-distance call to him to ask him about selling me a typewriter. My brother-in-law was with me. He had taught typing and knew typewriters. He thought I would like a Standard typewriter better than I would a portable. He tried out a good second hand one for me.

I climbed the high stairs three times to see what the secretary had found out. The last time she had been in touch with the editor and he said, "If that girl wants that typewriter tell her to pay for it and take it home with her. If she doesn't have the money, tell her to take it anyway and pay for it when she can." He gave me a big discount on it and said it was because he wanted to help me make a go of it in the writing field.

Out of the money for my columns, I paid in full for my type-

writer, bought a typing book, two bill folds, purchased a book on "How to Construct Poetry" and one on writing fillers, and bought enough writing paper, envelopes and stamps to last a month.

I was telling one of my dear Methodist friends, she is a Methodist, I am a Baptist, but we have been mighty close through telling our experiences with God. I find her Faith strong. When I told her of all the things I had purchased with the money I received, the tears streamed down her cheeks as she related an experience she had had through prayer. I told her I believed I did all of the things I did with my money because I paid my tithe. She referred me to this beloved Scripture: Malachi 3:10: "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me here-

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

That verse seems to have more beauty for me now. I feel that because I do trust in God for Guidance that I will make a success in the writing field. I am learning to type, though I had never typed before. After reading about the paralyzed woman who typed the hunt and peck system because she could do so no other way, surely I, who am blessed with a well physical body can type by the touch system.

This experience proves to me that by prayer, Faith and consistent giving of our means, whether they be great or small, we can find happiness that "passeth all understanding."



Teach Me To Pray
Mrs. Pearl C. Campbell

O Father, teach me how to Pray!

I thought my Cup
Was filled to happy brim,
But now I find
A New Horizon
Has become its rim!
From slow beginning,
Thru selfish, seeking way,
I now behold

A Larger Vision
Gloriously unfold!
O Father, teach me how to Pray!

☐ Why wait? You aren't a calendar.

Happy New Year!

William J. Murdoch

IT MAY seem silly—wishing you a Happy New Year in the midst of bathing suit weather, when the ice and snow of January 1 are months away.

But I wish you Happy New Year just the same. And not simply to make sure my greetings reach you in time for the start of 1951.

For the Happy New Year I wish you starts right now. This second. The instant you read this word.

Certainly, the calendar year starts on January 1. But actually a new year may start any day, any hour, any minute, any second. Take any moment in time, add 12 full months, and you've got a year.

Look back over 1950 to date. Have you lived it the way you planned? Back in January you may have promised yourself you'd be kinder, more thoughtful and considerate: you were going to be of greater help to others, put them to the fore of your mind and retire yourself to the background.

If you are achieving your high aims, you deserve heartiest compliments! A full 12 months of continued success to you—a brand new Happy New Year!

But perhaps 1950 isn't going quite the way you wanted it to. There were so many acts of charity

and forgiveness and kindness and goodness you were going to do, but somehow January slipped into February before you even started to wait until 1951 and start all over to get around to them; and by the time you thought you should be doing something, March had turned into April. So in May you decided again.

Why wait? You aren't a calendar. You needn't delay until the end of December to start a new year. Start now.

Just tell your heart the many things you want to accomplish to make your life richer and bigger and more worthwhile. Make it a quiet, honest, sincere talk. Don't gather a crowd around you and make a fancy speech, as many people seem to think they must do on New Year's eve. Speak to God. Tell Him you are starting a new year of better living. Ask His help in making it a happy and successful one.

Then begin living it. At home. At work. With your friends. Keep going, until it's as natural for you to live a bigger and better and finer life as it is for you to live at all.

This may be the greatest moment in your entire life. Happy New Year!

☐ If you want to change your world, sing a new song!

Sing a New Song!

Russell N. Case

ARE you weary, sick, lonely, discouraged? Does life seem without hope, an endless drudgery of dull hours, meaningless days? Then sing a new song!

Are you lonely, a stranger in an unfamiliar city? Put on your best clothes plus a smile and walk down the street and silently bless each person you meet. Say to them: "God blesses you this day and always. God loves you. I love you."

This may be difficult to do at first. You have been accustomed to seeing people impersonally as fat housewives with squalling children, shiftless drunks, snobbish matrons, prim old maids, careless teen-agers, etc. Now you will begin to see each one as an individual who at some time in his or her life has had every hope and dream of mankind.

If you sincerely and conscientiously continue using silent blessings, loneliness will disappear. Never again will you be without love.

The people you bless will not specifically realize you are blessing them but they will surely know something has happened. They may turn, without knowing the reason, to glance at you. They may have been struggling with a discouraging problem and suddenly,

as though a ray of sunlight pierced their heart, your blessing may cause them to see a way out, a good solution.

You may never see these people again but for a brief moment your life has touched their lives and you have recognized the relationship—that we are all sons of God; one.

Suddenly a great joy will sweep over you. There will be a new interest in people, a desire to give even more than you have been giving—money; good wishes; extra services; more love.

"As you give so shall you receive." Things will begin to happen to you. You will make new acquaintances — people previously judged as not having any common interest. Offers of jobs may be presented and club memberships suggested. If single, romance may suddenly enter your life. Love will surely come without effort and a new peace will abide in your heart. Loneliness will have vanished.

Are you ill, confined to a bed day in and day out? Then sing a new song! Begin to cheer up the friends who come to cheer you up. Instead of enumerating every private ache and pain, begin to take an interest in your friends' problems. Perhaps these people have come out of duty, dreading the or-

deal of being with a sick person, visiting only because they think they should.

So instead of dwelling upon illness, dwell upon health. Instead of the negative, react to the positive. Turn the tables. Change illness into a new song of radiant health.

Are you in need of money?

A tight grip on your pocketbook makes it just that much more difficult for extra money to enter. Constantly saying: "I can't afford . . ." impresses on your mind a picture of lack and God's inadequacy.

Release that grip on your pocketbook! Release those envy thoughts that are handicapping you. Live with a prayer on your lips—"Thank you, Father, for giving me your kingdom in which to live, surrounded by every good and perfect thing." Live according to law. "As you give so shall you receive."

If you are faithful in these things, money will flow to you from channels you never suspected. Flow in and out; unobstructed; free. You will be prosperous in the true sense of the word.

If you want to change your world, sing a new song!



Autumn Road

Lulu Walton Quick

My road through the woods this morning
Is covered with yellow gold;
Each step of the way shows beauty
Far more than my heart can hold.

This road, alive with God's presence,
Leads on through a shady wood,
Where His loving care surrounds me
Paving my way with all-good.

And while autumn leaves are falling
And winter is drawing near,
I'm filling my soul with gladness
To last me through all the year.

☪ Let us make full use of the remedial value of suffering.

The Value of Suffering

Agnes Sanford

THE Bible from first to last pictures suffering as the punishment of sin (Psalm 107:17-21). Usually illness is pictured as the result of the wrongdoing of the individual (Psalm 32:1-6 and Matthew 9:5).

Sometimes, however, Jesus Christ spoke of illness as the oppression of Satan, or the result of the power of evil acting through the world (Mark 1:25-28). This being so, illness and suffering are regarded as part of that kingdom of Satan that Jesus Christ came to destroy. And the actions of Jesus Himself, and of every holy man pictured in the Bible, show us that the overcoming of illness and suffering through the power of God is the natural duty and right of every one of us who follows in the footsteps of the overcoming Lord. The first value of suffering is, therefore, its use as *experimental material*—as an assignment, as a laboratory in which we learn the power and the laws of God.

If all our illnesses were instantaneously and miraculously healed without teaching us the lesson in repentance and in faith that they were meant to teach, we would lose rather than gain. This is one reason

why our Heavenly Father, who knows how we are made and recognizes the needs of our souls, does not always answer the prayer of faith by an immediate healing. If He does not, we would be wise to set aside temporarily the prayer for healing and to pray for guidance: "Show me what I am meant to learn; help me to hear the voice of the Holy Spirit!"

The word of God that comes to us is not necessarily a rebuke of sin but may be, instead, a wise and kindly word of guidance as to the ordering of our lives. If we listen in quietness for His Holy Spirit, we may be told to forgive a cantankerous relative, or to return to the Lord money that we are unjustly or unkindly holding. Or we may be told to rest our striving spirits by playing a bit, or by writing poetry, or through painting. Or it may be that we do not hear the voice at all and can only trust Him and continue in the prayer of faith.

HEALED PERSONALITY

As we continue, we receive His light in our spirits every time that we ask for His healing power; so it may be that, even though we do not ourselves see the change

that takes place in us, we are nevertheless changed, becoming gradually less self-centered and narrow, less domineering and conceited, and rising more and more into that Christ-centered and open-minded and humble person whom we were meant to be. So, as we become healed in body, we can also be healed in personality; and as we become healed in personality, we can also be healed in body, according to God's infinite wisdom. For what shall it profit us if, through the prayer of someone else with the laying-on of hands, we are instantly healed of arthritis, or stomach ulcers, if the pain of the memories, or the tension of nerves, that causes such things remains unhealed?

STIRRED TO FRESH EFFORT

This means that we should pray the more earnestly for healing and for all good gifts of mental release and forgiveness and the quickening of the spirit that naturally accompany God's healing power. Jesus Christ came to give us life and that more abundantly, and every effort that we make to learn His laws and to receive His life helps to bring in His Kingdom on this earth. So then the first value in suffering is that it calls to our attention our faults and deficiencies and stirs us up to a greater effort.

In other words, the first value of suffering is *remedial*. God has so made us that the breaking of His

laws either by ourselves or by the world in which we live reduces within us the free flow of His love and so makes us liable to the ills of the flesh. In this sense God chastens us, as a loving father corrects a son by permitting him to suffer from his own mistakes.

One reason why we have not made as much good use of this law of the overcoming of evil by good as we should have made is that we have confused the remedial value of suffering with a secondary value which is *redemptive*. There is a very profound and real sense in which suffering can be used for the redemption of the world. This redemptive suffering was undertaken by Jesus Christ in a way that we can never undertake it (Isaiah 53:5). It is possible however for us to enter into His suffering and to turn it into the flow of His redemptive love (Romans 8:17 and II Timothy 2:12).

In the very beginning, when Our Lord undertook in the Garden of Gethsemane that great work that we call the Redemption, He asked Peter and James and John to watch with Him one hour. He desires that we shall enter with Him into His great work of sending forth a sacrificial love into an unworthy world. This is the highest work of prayer that we can undertake.

But to confuse this redemptive value of suffering with the remedial value that is our first concern

is to make a tragic mistake. Jesus Christ did not redeem the world by patiently enduring bursitis, or grippe! He did not say to Peter's wife's mother, "My higher will for you is that you shall endure this illness for the sake of the world." There is not a single word in Holy Writ to indicate any redemptive value whatsoever merely in being sick.

Redemptive work for the world is that form of prayer that is accompanied by acts of self-sacrifice, such as Jesus indicated by the word "fasting" (Matthew 17:21) and such as He Himself transcendently accomplished by the complete giving of Himself upon the cross. There are many ways in which we can add power to our prayer by acts of self-giving. Actual fasting is a method which to some people has significance and adds force to prayer. This can be so if the one who prays has a real and deep sense of the spiritual significance of fasting, and such a real love of Our Lord that he can feel the redemptive flow of that love through him to others.

Prayer with fasting can also mean prayer accompanied by sacrificial action, such as St. Paul undertook when he endured shipwreck and beating and every form of hardship and privation for the sake of carrying the Gospel to others. This demanded such tremendous use of his energies that

the amazing saint, whose virility surpassed that of the ordinary man, needed the grace of God renewed in him every day to give him the strength to go on. So he could truthfully speak of the fellowship of the sufferings of Christ. (Philippians 3:10.)

GET A NEW DISPOSITION

Both experience and the testimony of the Bible, however, show us that this redemptive suffering cannot be undertaken until one has made full use of remedial suffering and has overcome illness by *correcting those illnesses of disposition* that to a greater or less extent have caused the illnesses. The life of sacrificial effort demands physical and spiritual strength; the power of spirit is hampered by illness.

So if we want to serve Our Lord to the very fullest of our abilities, let us make full use of the remedial value of suffering and rise to conquer it in whatever way is best so that we can undertake the more difficult work of sharing in His own self-sacrificial love. And if any of our sufferings are the results not of our own sins but of the sins of the world, and if there is a way in which we can offer those very things to Him as prayer-levers for the world, let us glory in our afflictions and turn them into triumph as did St. Paul.

Foursomes

Wilbur Ross Appleman

THE door bell rings. Bob Rogers finds himself facing a strange couple. "Our name is Matthews," the man states. "Are you Mr. Rogers?"

"Right! Come in, but forget the mister. My name is Bob and this is my wife, Marie. Meet Fran and Rus Ketchum, and Tom and Betty Wright. What are your first names?"

The above scene is typical of that taking place at many a new "Foursome" of the Roberts Class at The Westminster Church of Dayton, Ohio. This married couples' class of over three hundred members was faced with the problem of keeping its ever-increasing membership *personally acquainted* with each other.

The popular lessons taught by Masson Roberts, General Manager of the Frigidaire Division of The General Motors Corporation, had attracted new members at an increasing rate.

The class had grown so large that discussion was impossible. As a result many members walked in, sat down, listened attentively to the lesson and hurried out again.

Facing criticism that the class was cold, the co-chairman (all officers are married couples) searched for a good way to remove the chill.

The "Foursome" idea was introduced by them in January, 1948, and proved highly successful from the start. All interested members were included. A committee placed four couples, preferably comparative strangers, into each "Foursome." After meeting one night a month for four months, once at each home, the groups were reshuffled.

Now let's return to the "Foursome" meeting.

"Now that we've gotten acquainted," says the host, "let's go downstairs to the game room. Four of us will play ping pong first and the other four can play quoits. Who does what?"

"I'll take the horseshoes," shouts our recent stranger, Don Matthews.

"Been six years since I've had a ping pong paddle in my hands," laughs Fran Ketchum. "I used to be pretty good in high school. I even beat Rus after we were going together."

The most fun is with those who have never played before.

Marie Rogers brings in soft drinks while they play. About midnight or a little earlier, dessert and coffee are served. Each couple contributes a quarter for the Ada Dodds Pounce Foundation, to as-

sist those in the local church who will study for a life of religious service.

After a friendly and informal visit the date for the next party at the home of the Wrights is set.

Next Sunday when these couples

meet in class it will be "Hi, Bob, Hello, Fran." There will be a friendly chat before or after the lesson.

The Roberts Class is now known for the warm friendliness that pervades it!



A True Story

Vena Blakemore Wehl

One of the hottest nights last summer I very carefully pinned back the curtains from our two north bedroom windows. It didn't seem to make much difference and the night was almost too hot for sleeping. About 5:30 in the morning I awakened, with my hair wet upon my pillow. I arose and as it was broad daylight, my first observance was that the two windows, from which I had so carefully pinned back the curtains, were closed and had been all night. I had simply failed to open them before going to bed. It was most amusing and as I flung open the one on my side of the bed the cool air poured in and made such a difference in the comfort of the room. Finally, I could contain my mirth no longer and burst out laughing, an unusual thing early in the morning, at what I thought was a good joke. When my husband arose and I told him he didn't think it was nearly so funny as I did, but seemed disgusted that we were so dumb.

Later that morning as I sat meditating, this incident suddenly struck me as a good sermon. The cool air being shut out all night while we rolled and tossed in our discomfort and all we would have had to do was open wide the windows. My thought was—why that is the way we treat God! We shut Him out and simply fail to accept what is rightfully ours—right at our finger tips all the time, waiting to be accepted and we don't use our common sense and do the easiest and most natural thing in the world. Open the windows of our souls and let Jesus Christ come in! What a difference it makes in our daily lives.

CHRIST AND PRACTICAL LIVING

"For I was hungered and ye gave me meat, etc. . . ."—Matt. 25:31-46

ANOTHER summer of the Camps Farthest Out camps has ended and we are about to begin another "work year." If we can carry over one thing from the camps and put it to work throughout the year, we shall find that we shall be more as businessmen, as parents, and as citizens.

"You people put Christianity to work," said a man to me at one of the Camps Farthest Out. "You do more than talk about it. I really never knew it could be so practical and thrilling."

If you can go back to your kitchen, your office, your shop or factory, and consciously remind yourself that the Holy Spirit is working with you, and that He is as interested in your making a good week's salary as you are, you will find a plus quality entering your thinking, your emotions, your senses and your physical body.

Keep in mind that Jesus was intensely interested in the physical, social, economic and political well-being of people. In fact, the Gospel says just as plainly as it says anything else that unless we are interested in such things we cannot worship God. Remember his story of the Great Judge who sent those away who had not clothed the naked, fed the hungry and visited those in prison. Even though they were probably good enough people, perhaps regular church members, and even though they knew the common religious phrases, they had fallen down on *applying* their father's will to the practical affairs of daily living.

It can be said, with much justification, that had the church practiced these practical aspects of the Gospel, Communism would never have taken root. There would have been no need for it. Communism, or any other ism for that matter, is but the judgment of God in history, on a watered-down version of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

If the Lord had not intended us to be concerned with eating, working, clothing, and equality before the law, he would have created a different kind of a world. He is interested in such things, and we can make a mighty discovery by opening all these areas to Him and find that He does come into them and help us to achieve as we have never done before.

Read: *Meditations*, Toyohiko Kagawa. \$1.25.

"... they were all with one accord in one place."—Acts 2:1.

IF ONE makes a habit of reading he is continually rewarded with a paragraph here and a phrase there that clarifies a problem he has been thinking about. Here is a gem from *Treasury of the Christian Faith* (Association Press, \$5.00):

"The world today is a jungle. The nations are prowling through it, snarling and baring their teeth at each other. At any moment a mistaken gesture, a misunderstood arrangement may make them spring at each other's throats. Mankind has gone into the morass of self-indulgence, materialism, or false emotionalism. It is the great preachers alone that can make an appeal that will bring them back. When the chariot of humanity gets stuck, as it has done now, nothing will lift it out except great preaching that goes straight to the mind and heart. It is time the Christian churches should act together and act promptly in the name of God and humanity. There is nothing in this case that will save the world but what was once called 'the foolishness of preaching.'"—(David Lloyd George)

There is only one place to hear great preaching, and that is in church. We do not always hear it there. Often we wonder if the zeal and courage of the prophets died with them. Sometimes we sit through a service and wonder where we lost the art of the great preacher. Just when we are about to give up, our minister becomes transformed and meets a situation head on, and we can almost hear him say, "Thus saith the Lord." It is thrilling, it is commanding, and it strikes at the roots of not only the problem but also at the roots of our own indifference. We do not hear it all the time, but the *only place* we do hear it is in church.

A Communist once burst into the room of Dr. Macleod of the Iona Community and said, "You folks have it! If only you knew you had it, and if only you knew how to begin to say it."

The church has got it, and if the day comes when it is overrun by some pagan force we shall have no one but ourselves to thank for it. If we do not support the church now, the place of "great preaching," we may find ourselves one day being forced to support something that will enslave us.

You are the church, the body of Christ. Give your support and encouragement to the church in your community as it starts its fall program.

Read: *A Mighty Fortress*, Ernest F. Tittle. \$2.50.

A GOAL OF YOUR OWN

"No man can serve two masters; . . ."—Matthew 6:24.

THE LONGER you meditate on the principles of Jesus the more you discover that Jesus anticipated the discoveries that science is making about living a full and happy life.

One of these truths is the advice, *yes the command*, to resist not evil. A woman said not so long ago, "I get so angry at some of the things my husband does that it is spoiling our married life." A Republican says, "I get so mad at the Democrats I am unable to think straight for hours afterward." The Democrat says the same thing of the Republican. The same attitude takes many forms. A woman feels inferior in the presence of a friend, and takes it out by going on a shopping spree that puts the family budget "behind the eight-ball." A little girl feels rejected by playmates of her own age and takes it out on her little brother by hitting him for no apparent reason. You can think of many more examples by letting the faces of your friends pass through your mind.

Psychologists and psychiatrists realize that such people are immature. They are immature in that they are letting everyone else dictate their standards of conduct for them. Each person has different standards to some extent, and a magician could not satisfy the different standards of everyone. The only way out of such a jungle is for one to decide upon a goal of his own; a goal for his job, his leisure time, his family life, his intellectual life, and more than these, an over-all goal that will give a pattern to all aspects of his life. If one is single-minded he will not worry, feel inferior, or be angry with those who are different. He will be so positive in his own endeavors to achieve his goal that he will have no time to be "against" something else.

Jesus knew all this. His life was single and his goal was single. He knew that "to resist evil" one had to concentrate upon evil, and the time one spends concentrating on evil is time wasted in achieving one's own purpose in life. Resist not evil in any form: be so full of striving after God's will for you and working at it, that you have no time to "resist evil." It was true 1900 years ago; it's true today; it will always be true for it is universal.

Read: *The Secret of Life*, Roy A. Burkhardt. \$1.25.

Books of Interest

Norman K. Elliott

MEDITATIONS, *Toyohiko Kagawa*. Harpers, \$1.25. 111 pages. A new book by Kagawa ought to be good news for everyone. This one IS good news for it is an excellent book. There are 101 one-page meditations in all. There is no central theme, except as Kagawa himself is a central theme of total love and total work for his Master. He might be called the perfect combination of the mystic and the practical worker. He brings the Gospel out of the clouds and yet destroys none of its mysterious beauty. Some of the meditations are "Suffering and Faith," "A Fearless Religious Life," "Christ's Specialty," and "The Power Working Behind History." I cannot imagine anyone not liking it.

A MIGHTY FORTRESS, *Ernest Fremont Tittle*. Harpers, \$2.50. 223 pages. Has a foreword "Portrait of a Preacher" by Paul Hutchinson. Ernest Fremont Tittle was recognized across the country (he died in 1949) as one of the "great preachers" in the country. While the present volume was still in production someone said that this might be THE BOOK OF SERMONS OF 1950, and I think it is. The sermons are often fascinating, always interesting and examples of good clear thinking. They are the kind of sermons you wish you could hear Sunday after Sunday, but that is asking too much for they are the "best" of Tittle. Some of the sermons are "The Communion of Saints," "What Is God Doing?" "A Man and His Job," and a series on "What Had Jesus to Say" about such things as "When You Pray," "What God Hath Joined Together," etc. It's a good book.

PARSONAGE DOORWAY, *Anna Laura Genhard*. Abingdon-Cokesbury, \$1.75. 144 pages. This is another winsome book of memories by the author of *Rural Parish!* It is the story of the early years when their children were being born and growing up, about Duane whose "head was broke" by falling out of the car, the Christmas when the parents were shut

out of the parsonage because the children had a contagious disease, the warm, human duties of the minister and his wife to friends and strangers alike, and running beneath the surface like a deep channel flows God's love. You will feel better and be better from having read it.

THE ART OF THE RHYTHMIC CHOIR, *Margaret Palmer Fisk*. Harpers, \$2.50. 222 pages. The subject is "worship through symbolic movement." Those who have been to the Camps Farthest Out and have had rhythms under Alice Kraft and others will like to know that it is really "Alice Kraft's" in formal attire. This is not only the only book of its kind I know of, but it is a good one, a complete one on the subject, and a practical one. The author illustrates some of her points by referring to The Camps Farthest Out, Glenn Clark, Walter Fiscus, etc. I began the book with some reservations, fearing it might be an enthusiast's plea to make too much of only one aspect of worship. Instead, it is a fine, a very sane book. She knows the history of the religious dance from the beginning; she actually shows you how to dramatize with body movements some of the great psalms and passages of Scripture; she tells you its benefits for adults and for children; describes groups that use it; gives a good bibliography; does not make claims she cannot support; and demonstrates that worship in this form can be even more sincere and honest than talking. Every leader at summer camps, church schools and adult religious groups ought to read this book. Leaders at the Camps Farthest Out can learn a lot from it. There is enough suggestive material here to please the most demanding.

TODAY IS MINE, *Thomas Curtis Clark*. Harpers, \$1.50. 384 pages. Day by day devotional reading for every day in the year. Special attention is given to national and church holidays. Each devotional consists of a thought for the day, a scripture passage, a short poem, and a prayer. If you are looking for such a

book, this one is good and it is a lot of book for the price.

HERE I STAND, *Roland Bainton*. Abingdon-Cokesbury, \$4.75. 422 pages. This is the very complete life of Martin Luther that received the Abingdon-Cokesbury Award for 1950. While it is not the popularly written kind of book, it ought to find an audience among those intelligent laymen who want more than a general life of Luther. It not only tells what Luther did, but by a careful analysis of his background and theological training it builds an admirable rationale as to why he acted as he did. The book does not gloss over Luther's weaknesses, and seems a particularly fair estimate of a great and controversial figure.

THE SECRET OF LIFE, *Roy A. Burkhardt*. Harpers, \$1.25. 118 pages. Man is above all else a seeker after the meaning of life. His goal is the attainment of true happiness. "Happiness is that harmony of life that comes from the proper orchestration of all the instincts and desires and outreaches of the human spirit. It does not come from superficial self-expression but rather from deep self-realization." The first part of the book defines and names the chief adventure of life. Part II gives specific suggestions on how to go about it and how others, individuals and churches and groups, have gone about it. There is excellent material here for prayer groups, how to start them, directions for study and prayer, projects to work on in the community. There is an excellent bibliography of devotional classics and books on prayer. It's a good book to clarify the goal of your life, and it gives you something definite to go on. Highly recommended.

AMERICAN FREEDOM AND CATHOLIC POWER, *Paul Blanshard*. Beacon, \$3.50. 356 pages. This is the book that, in spite of one of the strongest campaigns in the history of bookselling to suppress it, has become a best seller. I did not read it myself for sometime because I fell prey to propaganda that it was merely a book attacking the Roman Catholic Church. It is not that kind of a book at all. It does not in any manner

question or slur the personal beliefs of the individual Roman Catholic. It confines itself wholly and rigidly to the Roman Catholic Church as an organ of social and political power. Mr. Blanshard says, "When a church enters the arena of controversial social policy and attempts to control the judgment of its own people (and of other people) on foreign affairs, social hygiene, public education and modern science, it must be reckoned with as an organ of political and cultural power."

This is not a ranting and raging sort of book, but its effect is much more powerful than if it were. Blanshard is a skillful, sharp-minded lawyer who documents every point of any importance with quotations from official Roman Catholic documents, encyclicals, priests' manuals, etc. It is the cool objectivity of the book, its superb documentation, and clarity of logic that has stirred such a tempest of reaction from the Roman Catholic Church.

A recent article in a nationally known magazine tells how pressure was brought to bear so that Macy's and Gimbel's in New York refused to stock the book. The *New York Times* refused to accept advertising for the book. Booksellers have been called on by Roman Catholic lay groups, nuns, priests and by non-Catholics who feared reprisals in the form of loss trade, etc. You cannot buy the book in all stores even now.

There are chapters on "How the Hierarchy Works," "Church, State and Democracy," "Education and the Catholic Mind," "Marriage, Divorce and Annulment," and many more chapters concerned with medicine, censorship, boycott, science, scholarship, fascism, communism, labor, etc. I cannot recommend this book too highly. Silence on matters of social and political importance such as this book deals with is poor religion and worse citizenship. I wish it were possible for every home in the country to own a copy of this book; I hope that at least groups of interested individuals will get together to read and discuss it.

☪ Then He told us how to have our bank account in heaven.

Jesus and Money

Frank C. Laubach

FOR a long time I have had it on my conscience to write a circular letter to all people with more than an average income. I would quote what Jesus said about money and rich people. He said more about the misuse of money than about any other ethical question. "Don't hoard it, and don't use it for your own pleasure; use it to help people." This is his command in a nutshell, told mostly with parables.

We miss this often, as we miss so much he said, because it is not written in our modern English. Like parrots we repeat him without knowing what he means. When, for example, he says: "Lay up treasures in heaven, do not lay them up on this earth," that means very little until we translate it into our modern form of treasures—stocks, bonds, bank accounts. Then he says: "Lay up your bank account in heaven, invest in stocks and bonds in heaven; do not make your investments on earth. If you accumulate stocks and bonds here they may lose their value. If you have bank accounts here, you may lose them with income tax or the banks may fail. One of two things is sure to happen, either your money will be taken from *you*, or you will be taken from *it*—on your

death bed. You can't take a cent with you. But you CAN send it on ahead of you, and it will be waiting for you in heaven—if and when you get there. And where your treasure is, there you will be." This is the modern meaning of what Jesus said.

Then he told us how to have our bank account in heaven. Every dollar we invest in *meeting human need* of any kind is an investment in heaven. What we do for people who are hungry, sick, poorly clothed, in prison, or strangers we do for Christ, and he puts it in our heavenly bank account. A rich young man wanted to know how to inherit eternal life. Jesus said: "Go and sell what you have and use it to meet human need and you will have a bank account in heaven."

On the other hand every dollar we refuse to give to help human need is deposited in hell. Jesus put it a little more starkly even than that: "Inasmuch as you did it not to the least of these you did it not to me—and these," he says, "shall go away to everlasting punishment."

You may deny that Jesus was right about this, but you can't deny that this is what he said. There is not a line of his teaching about

money that does not fit this position exactly.

I believe it is true, and certainly it is just. I believe that every man and woman in our prosperous country ought to be confronted with this alternative so plainly that he will have to say, "Jesus was right, and I am doing wrong," or "Jesus was wrong and I am doing right." Every man and woman should be brought up sharply to the need of taking an inventory of his investments in heaven or in hell.

But if one faces people with this disquieting accusation one makes some people repent, but he makes

many more people furiously angry. For it makes sinners and fools of us all, if it is true. We have been investing in a bank that is sure to bust. We have been penny wise and pound foolish. And it makes all of us angry to be exposed as a fool. So I am sticking my neck out, writing a very unpopular truth. But not to write it when I believe it to be true, would be the worst sin of all. "He saved others, himself he cannot save."

So to those with surplus resources, this is sound advice. "Transfer your bank account where it is safe, by investing in some God-blessed cause. And great is your reward in heaven."



Lift Your Eyes

Gwynn McLendon Day

O never think, when life is hard,
When pain is bitter, grief is deep,
That God is lacking in his love
Or that his power is couched in sleep!

Though understanding may be hid
And joy appear a dying spark,
Faith may stand, a gleaming spire,
A beacon cutting through the dark:—

For God will often bless us most
When paths are painful, rough, and dim,
If walking not by human sight
We lift our trusting eyes to him.

☐ It has been in my working meditation that hymns have meant most to me.

Hymns As Prayer

Mrs. N. D. Issos

FAMILIAR hymns have been wonderful help in my own spiritual growth. It is with the thought that someone else may be encouraged to more intensive use of this familiar means of grace and growth that this witness is given.

The message of a hymn has saved wandering sinners, where preaching might have failed. Testimony to this is given by the redeemed. They came within hearing of a church or mission from which floated out the strains of a hymn which stirred childhood memories. In that instant the Shepherd spoke to the wandering sheep, who heeded His voice and was gathered into the fold, or returned after straying.

But it is from my own experience of the devotional and dedicatory use of hymns I now witness. I too was a sheep strayed from the fold in past years, and reclaimed by the Shepherd more recently. After my vow of rededication to God I endured great conflict through months before I won through to glorious restoration and anointing for service. Through hours of storm I would cling to God's promises. *Rock of Ages* was one hymn that came to mean much to me then. To sing its lines softly carried me victoriously through

trial. These lines somehow connected with an evoked picture from childhood entitled "Rock of Ages." The pictured scene was a cross, rising above stormy waters. A woman's figure was clinging desperately to it, above the dashing hungry waves, but clinging safely.

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,

Let me hide myself in Thee.

.....
"In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling."
Over and over, for hours in repeated trials, I too clung victoriously. One can thus softly sing, even hum, pray or praise with the words silently, when one cannot escape to the prayer closet.

The first year of my spiritual restoration I approached prayer periods with this scripture promise: "If ye abide in me and my words abide in you, ask whatsoever ye will and it shall be done unto you." By the next year these opening lines from a hymn seemed to fit, especially for problems and emergencies requiring unexpected prayer:

"I look to Thee in every need,
And never look in vain."

This expressed my recent experience; promise and unfulfillment.

And in exploring this hymn fur-

ther I began to discover the value of hymns as rich means of grace. Different lines fitted different moods, different needs, and were inspiring food for meditation. I began to learn also it was often better not even to sing or hum the line, which could be distracting, as I became more quiet within or was in the presence of others, but to feed on it in my heart. The second couplet of this hymn was:

*"I feel Thy strong and tender love,
And all is well again."*

But perhaps the hymn's richest thought, as an aid to quiet serenity, was:

*"Thy calmness bends serene above,
My restlessness to still."*

In fact, this is one of the finest of devotional hymns. . . .

"Discouraged in the work of life . . .

*I sink beside the road;
But let me only think of Thee
And then new heart springs up in me."*

A thought in it that strengthened me unflinchingly in trouble was:

*"The thought of Thee is mightier far
Than sin and pain and sorrow are."*

Hymns of course cannot supplant scripture in spiritual cultivation but they supplement in rich variety, and the richer the store in our memory the greater aid they

are. Too, this is a sweet form of communion with the saints, who going before us have poured out their prayer and praise for our blessed refreshment. It has been in my working meditation, while busy between prayer periods, that hymns have meant most to me. Their music and rhythm evoke—even in our unsung but felt thought—simple, deep, elemental response within us, almost as natural as breathing. Hence we especially love the hymns our mothers sang in our childhood.

Then as we progress in our spiritual life, other hymns with other messages can become part of our devotional life. When I began to experience rapturous prayer, adoration without petition, this emerged as an approach:

*"Here O my Lord I see Thee face to face;
Here would I touch and handle things unseen."*

Then as God led me further and let the cross press harder, I discovered new meaning in *Nearer My God to Thee*, completely dissociated from funerals:—

*"E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be
Nearer my God to Thee."*

And so too with George Matheson's *O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go*, and Fanny Crosby's *Thou, My Everlasting Portion*:—

"Close to Thee, close to Thee;

*Gladly will I toil and suffer,
Only let me walk with Thee."*

With time, as hymns and lines become more and more one's devotional expression to Him, He speaks more and more to our spirit through them. In this is unending variety. Countless times I have been warned of Satan's nearness or approaching wrath by:

*"Christian, dost thou see them
On the holy ground,
How the powers of darkness
Rage thy steps around?"*

Finally only the first word in my consciousness alerted me: "Christian . . ."

Repeatedly the Spirit would call me to deeper self-surrender:

*"Here Lord I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do."*

Or with one task accomplished, He would express marching orders, new goals:

"Lead on, O King Eternal . . ."

With time, such messages were not too obvious. I had to dig for hidden treasure. I had to look up the hymn, when the Spirit suggested the first line, to discover the intended message. Too, the suggestion was sometimes given repeatedly before I grasped it. Thus over and over *I Love to Tell the Story* came to me. I was mystified. Finally I felt I must begin intensively studying Jesus' life in the four gospels collaterally. I then recognized what the repeated admonition about the story of Jesus signified. Later

still I realized it meant more zealous witness to others concerning Him.

I have found, too, as a mother of children that simple hymn verses enrich the devotional time with them. I am trying to teach my children verses from lovely hymns, along with some scripture, by repeating, not singing, at prayer time, using them over and over until memorized.

*"Happy the home when God is there,
And love fills every breast;
When one their wish, and one their prayer,
And one their heavenly rest."*

Every succeeding verse of *Now the Day is Over* is beautiful prayer poetry. Also beautiful is *Sun of My Soul, Thou Savior Dear; Savior Like a Shepherd Lead Us; How Gentle God's Commands*, and many others.

One of the loveliest expressions with which to begin our waking day is this:

*"When morning gilds the skies,
My heart awakening cries,
May Jesus Christ be praised!"*

Also it is a lovely thought to begin our children's short morning prayer, as we stand over their beds, to commit the sleepy beginning of their day to Him:

*"Alike at work and prayer,
To Jesus I repair;
May Jesus Christ be praised!"*

Stewardship

Eva L. Spangler

Lord, unto Thee I'll give my tenth,
And that's not all, when that is spent
I'll tithe my time, my talents, too,
This Lord, is my pledge to You.

I'll help feed the poor, read to the blind,
To those unloved I'll be exceedingly kind.
Then even the glory I'll offer, too,
This Lord, is my pledge to You.

Your faithful steward I would be,
For freely Thou hast given me,
This Lord, is my pledge to You.
A life of Love and Service, too,



Gifts

Gail M. Kurtz

Another gift, O Father, Thou hast given
When with the dawn a new day spreads from Heaven.
A precious day for man to waste or use,
A string of golden hours to save or lose.

Dear Lord, what boundless love is in Thy hand
Stretched forth to us each day without demand.
Show us the way to use Thy gifts so free,
That each day's work may be our gift to Thee.

There can be no regrets over the yesterdays
nor fear for the tomorrows.

God is Always on Time

Ruth M. Stowe

"GOD'S clock strikes on the sixtieth second!" I heard it many years ago in a religious fellowship meeting, and was impressed at the time with its terseness. It had great significance.

It means that *timing* is done for us in the spiritual realm. Events can never be too soon or too late—but on the sixtieth second. If our lives are God-controlled nothing can be brought to pass out of time—but on the sixtieth second.

The years that followed proved the truth of the statement to me both in major issues and in minor details. At the time I was staying in England caring for an elderly aunt. Circumstances made me feel that perhaps I should be returning to America which was really my home. But as I wished to be where God wanted me, and fearing my own desires might be influencing me, I prayed to be guided by circumstances if I could not know otherwise. In a few days my aunt was found to be suffering from high blood pressure and the doctor warned me against causing her any emotional shock. I knew the clock had not struck.

Yet we need have no fear of not hearing it strike. Two years later my family sent for me. My aunt

was stronger, able to stand the parting and my sister offered to take my place with her. Events clicked into place.

Some years afterward when I was married, my husband, who was a doctor, had heart trouble. We both knew he might pass on suddenly at any time. He was a man of great faith and calmness and did not let it trouble him but, loving him as I did, I could not seem to be free from fear which was spoiling life for both of us. Then I made it a special subject of prayer. The thought of the clock came to me and I knew that nothing could part us till the right time came; and when it did come I had to put my signature to my faith by *knowing* it was the right time and best for both of us, for some stage of our development, to go on alone in separate worlds—though I have never felt that we are far apart—till it was in God's plan to reunite us.

God's clock is a precision instrument. If we believe this there can be "no regrets over the yesterdays nor fear for the tomorrows." We shall live as children resting in the assurance of our Father's care and so enter into the Kingdom.

Fall Healing Advance

The first CALIFORNIA HEALING ADVANCE will be held this fall at Forest Home, California, from November 5th—19th under the auspices of the California Camp Farthest Out. This is the result of many requests and prayers for a west coast "Bynden Wood."

The leaders will be Agnes Sanford, Ethel and John Gaynor Banks, Wally and Rebecca Beard, Marcia and Roland Brown.

I—SCHOOL OF HEALING AND CLINIC

November 5th to 19th, 1950

Only full time reservations can be accepted.

Requirements: Persons who have gifts of healing and students of spiritual therapy, especially ministers and physicians. Write to the Secretary by October first if possible.

II—CLINIC FOR CHRISTIAN HEALING

November 12th to 19th, 1950

For those in need of healing—spiritual, mental and physical. The healing laboratory will be preceded by a seven day school for those who are actively serving and want to serve more effectively. The leaders and students of this school will remain to inspire and help those who come to the Camp for healing.

Rates for School and Clinic—14 days, \$63.00—\$77.00—\$84.00

Rates for Clinic—8 days, \$32.00—\$39.00—\$43.00

A REGISTRATION FEE of \$25.00 is required with application, the remainder on arrival. Make checks payable to California Camp Farthest Out. No refunds after November 1, 1950.

We suggest that local Camp Farthest Out groups sponsor scholarships for the school or clinic.

SECRETARY—Miriam Gilmore (Mrs. E. S.)
Palos Verdes Estates, California

After November 10th,
Forest Home Conference Center
Forest Home, California

☐ She would say, "Lord, I hate to put these two little fellows away off up here in this bedroom, . . ."

How to Say Your Prayers

Norman Vincent Peale

NEARLY everybody today is praying. I presume it is safe to say that scarcely ever in our history, and surely not in our lifetime, has there been such a unanimous turning of people's minds to God. Yet, there seems to be a lack of skill in prayer. The art apparently has eluded many people. They want to pray, they believe in it, but they do not know how to do it. And to know how is important, for prayer follows laws.

I like to think of prayer as a science. Prayer is not a vague sort of thing that is merely mixed up with theology, philosophy, metaphysics, and so on. Prayer is plain, simple, factual, and responding to laws just as any science responds to laws. If one will learn these laws and practice them, he will inevitably get a definite, concrete result.

Our fathers, or at least our grandfathers, knew the art of prayer. They were not gifted in psychology; it was not necessary that they should be. But they had been men of prayer for so long that they had learned these simple rules. Our generation seems to have lost this art to a great extent.

How can we recover it? An incident in the New Testament suggests the method. One day Jesus was with His disciples and He was in prayer. They were watching Him. They saw His face light up. They listened to His words as He prayed. The melody of His voice calmed their fears. The deep tone of His faith warmed their hearts. As they listened they began to understand how He could meet every difficulty; why He never grew nervous, how He always exercised a masterful self-control.

And so we read, "And as He was praying in a certain place, when He had finished, one of His disciples said, 'Lord teach us how to pray.'" You can almost see the eagerness in the face of this man. He knew that here was an art or science, and he wanted to learn the simple rules of it. "Lord, teach us how to pray."

People ask: "How shall I say my prayers? What are the rules? What is the simple procedure?" The best answer is found in the way Jesus practiced prayer. You can read it for yourself in the Gospels. It is clearly given. If you want this power of prayer which Alexis Car-

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rel says "is the greatest energizing force in the world," study the New Testament to find how Jesus did it, and then apply it to yourself.

You will discover that the first rule is this: make it simple; make it natural. It is not necessary to use stereotyped phrases and words. talk to God as to your friend. Our prayers are cluttered up with "Thee's" and "Thou's." I believe that Divinity should be approached with dignity and humility. But one wonders why we use "Thee" and "Thou," especially in personal prayer. I can imagine God saying, "My son, just talk to me in plain English. I understand."

One of the most unusual persons I have known was my grandmother. She lived in a little town in the central West, in one of those old-fashioned houses. I am fortunate to have known a house like that. There was a romance about the old-fashioned house. She had no heating plant; just a wood-burning stove, and one side of you was warm, and the other side freezing. Never in her lifetime did she have any modern refrigeration. Her butter and her eggs were put in a crock outside the door. She was a simple, old-fashioned woman. I can see her yet. My brother and I used to spend our summers with her.

I remember many things about my grandmother, particularly our evenings with her. After supper she would sit down by a lamp, a

kerosene lamp. I used to watch it—how it would smoke the sides as it gave off that curious odor. She had glasses with concave lenses which sat rather down on her nose, as she read to us.

Then she would take us upstairs to bed. There was a great high poster bed laid with old handmade quilts. There was a featherbed mattress, too, and we would sink down in it so far that only our ears protruded. She would put the lamp on a stand and kneel down by our bed. My brother and I always slept together in this bed. There on her knees she would talk to the Lord, and she spoke to Him as one she knew.

She would say, "Lord, I hate to put these two little fellows away off up here in this bedroom, because when I take this light away, it is going to be very dark, and they are little. They may be scared, but they do not need to be because You are here, and You are going to watch over them all night long. You are going to watch over them all their life long, if they are good boys. Now Lord, I ask You to look down upon the pillows of these little fellows all through the night, and when it is time for them to get up again bring the daylight into here."

Then she would take the lamp and I could see the glow upon the wall as she passed out of the room. I could hear her soft footfalls, as she went down the steps.

On stormy nights, especially when the wind would howl around the little house, my brother and I would huddle together in that big bed. I used to look up in the darkness and see a great kindly face up there, looking down on my pillow. I always thought that there was something beautiful about that ". . . look down upon the pillows of these little fellows."

My grandmother was one of the greatest spiritual personalities I ever knew. She gave us truth by precept and example. "Remember that God is not some great Oriental potentate sitting upon a throne who makes you bow and scrape before you approach Him in great awe." She said, "He is your friend, right by your side. Just talk to Him in simple, unadorned, plain language, telling Him what is on your heart ---and He will listen to you."

That was the method Jesus used. He used the simplest little parables out of common everyday life to illustrate his point.

How say your prayers? First of all, make them simple. If you are sitting at your desk tomorrow, and you do not know what to do, do not call your partner, because he may not know either; but call in a greater Partner. Just say, "Lord, I am stuck with this business problem and You know more about this business than I do; tell me what to do, Lord." And if tomorrow you cannot handle your child, you

mothers; if your child evidences the idea that he seems to have a greater knowledge than his parents, and you do not seem to impress the child with the truth that you want to give to him, just say: "Lord, You know more about children than I. Help me, won't You, with this child of mine?" Simple, isn't it? But it works.

The second rule is akin to the first. Jesus always was relaxed and peaceful in His prayers. There was no tension in Him. I have a feeling that many of our prayers are defeated because we are so panicky. We get frantic so easily. You know what happens to your mind when you become frantic: the mind is not clear, it will not flow, it is not coordinated. It does not have the subtleness necessary for meeting a problem when it becomes frantic. A heavy blow comes to you, some great sorrow, some tremendous anxiety, and you begin in desperate panic to cry out: "O God, please God, help me. God help me." It is the natural thing to do, but it defeats its purpose. God wants to help you, but He can't help you, because you are all tied up in your mind.

Well do I remember walking one day down Broad Street in Philadelphia. I was terribly worried about something. I had almost come to the point where I was panicky. I really didn't know what to do. I wanted to go and get somebody on a long-distance telephone, but I

didn't know whom to get. I thought of my father, but I didn't know where he was. I thought of my wife, but knew she was at a meeting. I had a momentary feeling of a child who was lost in the dark. I had been dwelling on something that had driven me into bewilderment. I became a bit frightened and can remember yet the spot.

I stopped dead-still on busy Broad Street and said: "Lord, what is the matter with me? I am in Your hands, the whole thing is in Your hands, and I am just going to let You have it." I put it right where it belonged, in God's hands. I had to stop physically in order to make that prayer. I could not have made that prayer while I was walking. So I stopped. Physical quietness induced a relaxing of the mind. A drop in tension followed and God could then get through to me on the prayer channel.

This is an illustration of the fact that it is a wise thing for people to go into the silence—just to stop, be quiet, retire into silence. Go into a quiet room, at least go into a quiet place in your mind. Stop and say: "Here I am, and Lord, here You are; You are all around me. I cannot do anything about this problem, so I put it in your hands, and I know You will take care of me." Rest your burden on the Lord.

One day I received a hurry call that my little son John, aged seven,

had been hurt and was immediately to be taken to the hospital. I did not know how serious it was, but I realized it was serious enough that he had to go to the hospital. So I took the little fellow up to the hospital. He was only seven years old, but a brave little soldier, and he had a bad cut. He said to me, "Are they going to give me that stuff that puts you to sleep, Daddy?"

And I said, "Yes, because it will make it so much easier for you."

He said, "I don't want that."

"Well," I said, "you had better have it. It will do you good. You have a fine doctor. Put yourself trustingly in his hands. God is with you. Besides," I said, "I am here."

It didn't seem to impress him too much that I was there, but he looked at me with a feeling of confidence. As I helped to undress him and get him ready for the operation, it really broke me up to see the things that dropped out of his pocket, a little boy's pocket that had to be emptied because he was going to be operated on. Marbles, nails, pieces of candy, licorice, everything you could think of. I picked them up and held them in my hand. I held his hand. Then he went under the anesthetic.

I saw his little hand lying there as dirty as it could be, for the accident had come as he was at play. We had been having a time with him, trying to get him to wash his

hands before he came to dinner. On occasion I had sent him back two or three times before he could finally get them clean. But there were his little dirty hands lying so limp on the operating table. I began to condemn myself for making him go from the table to wash his hands. I went outside in the hall to his mother. We were both very much broken up, and about ready to burst into tears, and I said, "I am telling you right now, I will never again ask him to wash his hands again!"

Well, he reminded me of that later on, after he was well again. His mother tried to get him to wash his hands, and he said, "Daddy said that I would never have to wash my hands again." Well, as far as I am concerned, it is all right.

But I began to think the thoughts that anybody thinks when a little child lies ill. How precious he is! I went out into the other room, and I was anxious, very anxious. Then I began to think of these things that I have tried to teach and I said: "Lord, I put him in Your

hands. I know You will take care of him. I affirm that You are now pouring Your strength and power through him, that You are now throwing Your love around him. You will see him through." Suddenly I began to feel peaceful within myself.

What have I said? Two things about how to say your prayers. Make them simple, talk to God as to a friend. Take every problem to Him, however far removed it may seem to be, and have the repose, the spiritual and mental relaxation by which you can put it in His hands.

Think now of the thing that is bothering you the most, that is worrying you the most. Lift up your problem or your worry or your loved ones to God, and just say something like this to Him: "You are here, Lord. You love me, and I love you. And just now, I put this problem in Your hands and place my loved ones in Your loving care, and ask You to guide me as you will. Thank you, Lord, for I feel your peace coming into my heart!"



"Live so near to God that all earthly things will appear to you as little in comparison with the eternal verities."—*Robert McCheyne*.

"A man is not hurt so much by what happens as by his opinion of what happens."—*Montaigne*.

The Grace of Gratitude

Viola Merritt Lyle

WILLIAM STIDGER tells this legend, that Zaccheus, old and dearly loved, still lived in Jericho. Every morning he went for a walk and came back his eyes shining with happiness.

His wife wondered where he went, and followed him one morning. He walked straight along the Jericho road until he came to the gnarled old sycamore tree that he had climbed on that wonderful day when Jesus called him down and went home with him. He stood a while looking up into the branches, then several times he went to a roadside spring, filled an urn with water and poured it around the roots of the tree, and went home content. In his gratitude to Jesus he would keep the tree alive where he first met his Lord.

Thankfulness is a wonderfully warm and profoundly decent thing. Real gratitude brings happiness. Let us not wait for some amazing gift. Let us be thankful for what we have, say thank you for the everyday blessings. We can see, and hear, and think. Do we thank God that he has given us a strong body and a sound mind?

In his delightful little book, "Life's Extras," Archibald Rut-

ledge leads us into a shining way of gratitude. He points out that only two kinds of things are given us in the world, necessities and extras. He counts the necessities on the fingers of one hand: "sunshine, air, water, food, shelter." These sustain life.

But who can number the extras, the things God has added to make us happy because he loves us? To name a few, there is love—"the love that from our birth over and around us lies," and laughter to sweeten our days. There is music, the tinkle of a brook, the ecstasy of a bird-song, the soft night-noises. And color, blue skies, green trees, the flash of a cardinal or an oriole, the gold of wheat fields, the scarlet of poppies.

And beauty. Emerson admonishes us, "never lose an opportunity of seeing anything that is beautiful, for beauty is God's handwriting, a wayside sacrament." Yes, God has put beauty everywhere. In fragrant velvet flower-petals, color of sunsets reflected on quiet waters, in the new-created world of spring-time or the red and gold of autumn.

Each of us must count God's gifts for himself as they come to him, and doing so let him cry with David "Bless the Lord, O my soul,

and forget not all his benefits!" (Psalm 103:2)

King David gives us a striking array of blessings in this psalm, but what impresses me most in reading it is the difference between the Psalmist's attitude and my own when coming to God. I come asking God to bless me. David blesses God! When I come to worship God I think of myself—my weakness, my need, my sinfulness. David, coming into God's presence thinks only of the Lord, of his lov-

ing-kindness and mercy, of his majesty and holiness, of his patience and pity—enough to meet every man's need! Feeling this joyous certainty he cries out to all creation: "Bless the Lord ye his angels . . . all ye his hosts . . . ye ministers of his . . . all his works," and finishes the psalm as he begins it, "Bless the Lord, O my soul!" Let us cultivate the grace of gratitude by watching every day for our extras, and thanking God for them.



He Prayed for Me

Edna P. Neely

"I do not pray for these only, but also for those who are to believe in me through their word."—John 17:20.

This thought has filled my wondering heart with awe;
That looking down the years He prayed for me!
My introspective heart, the Master saw
He knew my need for deep humility.
He saw my busy days go hurrying by
He knew that I would try to do my best;
Yet knew my crowded hours would still belie
My uttered words by hurried lips professed.
He prayed for me while burdened for the men
Who saw His smile and heard His vibrant voice;
He saw my little shadowdoubts and then
He asked that God would help me make my choice.

Of His low voice I would become aware;
Oh Father make me worthy of that prayer!

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 widespread interest. If you have problems for which an answer is needed and through which others may find help, send them to this department.

QUESTION: "I believe in God, but I find it hard to relinquish my problem into His hands. Can you help me 'let go and let God take over?'"

ANSWER: This is the commonest problem of all who pray. Faith in the loving hands of God is only one-half the prerequisite of prayer. The biggest half is the capacity to release the problem into those loving hands.

Many are the devices I have resorted to for helping folks "let go." One is to open the Bible and say, "Lay your problems on the promises of God, but don't lay them there if you are going to take them up again." Amazing answers have come when people have laid their problems in perfect trust upon the precious promises in that Book, and gone off and left them. When you take a pair of shoes to the shoemaker to be half-soled you go off and leave them, don't you? How otherwise would the shoemaker be able to mend them? Likewise, how can God get at our problems if we continue to hug them to ourselves? Yes, the biggest problem in prayer is how to "let go and let God."

A friend of mine, George V. McCausland, when faced with a particularly difficult problem, writes it down and closes it between the pages of his immense old family Bible, and leaves it there. That gave me a brilliant idea. Listen to it carefully, for I believe if you follow the directions faithfully you will get some wonderful results.

When I was a boy raising chickens I

had one old hen whom I called "Mrs. Speckle," whose batting average when it came to hatching eggs was better than Babe Ruth's in knocking home runs. I would place thirteen eggs under her, and twenty-one days later, twelve would be transformed into lively, happy little chirping chickens. I didn't have to do anything about it. I turned the entire job over to Mrs. Speckle. Here is where my brilliant idea came in: Why can't we put as much trust in God as I put in an old hen?

Now to elaborate the idea. With a pair of scissors cut out a model drawing of a real life-sized egg. Lay it on a sheet of blank paper and trace out twelve similar eggs. Cut them out neatly and write upon each one the name of some person you want to pray for, or some problem you want to pray for. Then open your old family Bible to chapter 91 of the Psalms or chapter 13 of Luke, and lay the entire setting of "prayer eggs" between its pages. Then place the Bible back upon the shelf and leave it there for twenty-one days. Mark the date on the calendar to which you can look forward expectantly and joyously for the hatching of your brood. Don't strain your ears to listen for a peep until the twenty-one days are completely up. Put as much trust in God and His assuring promises as you do in the old hen and her sheltering wings.

The reason why I suggested Luke 13 is that it was there that Jesus resorted to the same analogy that I have resorted to, that of the broody hen: "Oh Jerusalem, Jeru-

salem, which killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee; how often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen doth gather her brood under her wings, and ye would not!" Luke 13:34

The reason why I suggested Psalm 91 was that there the psalmist used the analogy of the mother eagle hatching and caring for her young: "He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler." Psalm 91:4

Just dwell upon some of the precious promises in this greatest of all the Psalms in the Old Testament:

"Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the most High, thy habitation; There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling." Psalm 91:9, 10

"He shall call upon me, and I will answer him: I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and honour him. With long life will I satisfy him, and shew him my salvation." Psalm 91:15, 16

He will hear and answer you.

In my childhood chicken business, I made it a point not to disturb Mrs. Speckle during those twenty-one days. I knew that by some strange instinct known only to God, she was far more capable of doing the job than I was. Now that I have become a man, I have discovered that I can trust God and the precious promises in the big Bible to do this job far better than we could.



I do not know when I have had happier times in my soul, than when I have been sitting at work, with nothing before me but a candle and a white cloth, and hearing no sound but that of my own breath, with God in my soul and heaven in my eye. . . . I rejoice in being exactly what I am,—a creature capable of loving God, and who, as long as God lives, must be happy. I get up and look for a while out of the window, and gaze at the moon and stars, and work of an almighty hand. I think of the grandeur of the universe, and then sit down, and think myself one of the happiest beings in it. —*A Poor Methodist Woman*, 18th Century

When the twenty-one days are up at last, then, and not till then, start counting the answers to your prayers. You may find one or two are not answered. The reason for these failures may be traced back to the same two causes that prevented eggs from being hatched. One is that the egg was rotten in the first place. When a prayer has a taint of ego, vanity, jealousy, greed, or escape from reality, it is not a sound prayer. The other reason eggs don't hatch is that they slip out from under the wings and become exposed to the cold air outside. When a person keeps pulling his prayers out from the Secret Place of the Most High and worries about them, he is preventing the warm love of a Heavenly Father from getting in its full work.

Finally, when the downy little creatures do appear, don't be disappointed if they don't crow and cackle and lay eggs the very first day. Give them time to grow and mature and feel their wings. When a prayer is answered, it often requires years of growth before it is experienced in all its power and beauty.

I am exceedingly curious to see how this plan works out in your life. I really believe we have hit upon a lever of prayer that can work miracles. Give it a try and then write the Prayer Tower of the results obtained.

We don't need more people in the chicken business, but we do need more people in the prayer business.

On Prayer Groups

By Ethel Dow

*"Narrow is the mansion of my soul;
Enlarge Thou it, that Thou Mayest
enter in."*

St. Augustine, A.D. 353

This could have been the Prayer of all the Camps Farthest Out this summer, for each Camp has been enveloped in Prayer. Koronis had her twenty-first birthday, and with Glenn Clark, the founder, there, also Frank Laubach, with his great love for the world, it was a memorable Camp. At the service preceding the All Night of Prayer, Glenn Clark had everyone write a letter to God, enclosing it in a stamped envelope, to be mailed back to the person writing it in six months. These were taken to the altar and left, as each person knelt in Prayer during the night. The last scene in the Chapel was Frank Laubach, kneeling and praying over the dreams and souls' sincere desires expressed in the Camps' letters to God."

There were many states and many countries represented, and many races. That night, as your Prayer Counselor knelt before the altar and before the large Sallman's picture of "Jesus with the Lambs," she knew that as never before, we are going to be used—you and I, in group fellowship.

*"Humanity a-kneeling
In each place;
I thank Him that just loving
Sends prejudice a-moving
From each race."*

* * * * *

Sue Phillips, Prayer Group Secretary, sends a letter on the Koronis Groups:

"With God's Love as the keynote of

the C. F. O. gathering at Koronis this summer, it was indeed a knot of love which bound together the morning message of Glenn Clark to the evening talk by Frank Laubach.

"This knot was tied by the prayer groups gathering each day at 4:30 P.M., made up of praying men and women, conscious of His Presence, who with hands clasped in Silence until the Spirit, finding its way through all hearts, sweeping out all pettiness, all fears, and all doubts, wove a strong thread of fellowship, which through the coming year, will bind all close to the Loving Heart of Christ. His love bound all together, so that the Power of His Healing Love will flow through those consecrated pray-ers into the world and touch many lives, ready and wanting to receive it.

"They know they have become God's agents of Power, and that His Strength and Love will flow through them to others, and that a lesson learned was the value of the *Silence*, when all ears were attuned to the voice of God's Spirit.

May the pledge of each member of the various groups, to increase the flow of God's Love to all people, through the forming of new prayer groups on their return, bring joy to our Father in Heaven, and His Kingdom on Earth."

* * * * *

*"And he shall find all that he can ask,
and that as deep as the mind of man is
able to reach."*

Boehme

We strain to bring the Goodness of God to one point, our point:

When we ask, we want what *we* want;
when we seek, we want to find what

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

ETHEL DOW

3124 W. Calhoun Boulevard, Minneapolis 16, Minn.

or

1571 Grand Ave., St. Paul 5, Minnesota

we expect; and when we knock, we want to find on the other side what *we* were looking for.

Just for ten minutes, sit quietly and let the implication of the words, "I am the Vine, ye are the branches," sink deep, deep within. How tightly connected do you feel with the Love, the Energy, the Power, the Life coming from the Vine? Ask yourself, "What kind of a branch am I? Am I expressing the fullness I ought to express? Am I a blessing to humanity, or a drag on humanity?" Now pray, just you, to your Heavenly Father, and Source of every blessing. Tomorrow, perhaps, some other yearning soul joins you. You two feel as one. A third wants to rest in quietness with you; you ask for guidance, and you receive it. A little Prayer Cell is born, ready to function with love, release; to talk with God, to listen to God. Everything comes from God. You know it, you believe it. You pray, in counseling others, for wisdom, for understanding, for joy and happiness for others.

We have free-will to believe in good or evil. We are careful of our thought-images, not to let a bad one stay a minute. We choose to live above the line, not down in the mud. Once asked what God's "Grace" meant, I said that it was to me, "the over and above anything that we could ask or think" for forgiveness, for healing. So let us always Pray, and keep close to the Source.

* * * * *

Prayer experiences from other Countries, and the various States:

FRANCE

"The great need of a Spiritual Mobilization! How we need prayer!"

HAWAII

"We have a great backlog of Christian workers, and our group represents many types and denominations; it particularly represents those who wish to work with Glenn Clark in his prayers for Peace, and to join with others the world over, asking that humanity may be helped."

"In the agenda, we notice that Study and Prayer Groups are to be started in various districts, and under different leaders. The prayer-time has four specific objectives: Health, Education, Hawaii's Future, and World Peace."

SIAM

"If it were only possible to be able to bring education and ways of praying to our people, with the same amount of money sent to us for other protective measures. Pray for us."

PHILIPPINES

"Join with us in Prayer. . . . Your loving concern means so much to the group here assembled."

ARIZONA

"We are prayer-partners, having worked together for three years. We are increasingly grateful that the Father uses us more and more. We have a great deal to learn in all areas of prayer, and particularly in praying for *strangers at a distance*. We will be truly grateful for any help the Father gives you for us."

MINNESOTA

(This letter is in regard to a new experience of living on a farm.) "My chief prayer was that God show me the creative activity in which He would have me engage. Simply and interestingly enough, *prayer is the revelation*. After a report I gave to the Women's Society on 'The Healing Light,' closing with a reference to 'Where Two or Three Are Gathered Together,' the Society is sponsoring a prayer band, which at present seems to fall naturally into five groups. We 'guides,' with the Pastor as advisor, are starting with ourselves and meeting each week to listen to the direction of the Spirit. God is practical, and He needs must get His aids first. We 'guides' pray with the prayer band each morning from nine to ten o'clock. Somehow or other, I felt you, and perhaps others, would be only too happy to tune in and add to the power of this most wonderful adventure of a lifetime."

CONNECTICUT

(A challenge) "Sometimes the mills of God seem to turn slowly. Maybe this is a period when lives must be tightened; at least I can testify to a deepening of my own spiritual awareness, and the way for this to find expression and experience in the community will surely work out. I did so appreciate the help."

* * *

"How can one overcome shyness in the first place, that feeling of hesitating because we feel unworthy? At present, there are three of us who would start such a circle now if we knew how to begin. I read the letters in your department in *Clear Horizons*, but still can't seem to make a start."

SOUTH DAKOTA

"I am so thankful for the Prayer Group department in *Clear Horizons*. I fully believe that the right kind of Prayer is the only solution for ours and the world's ills, but I need further instruction."

TEXAS

"The Upper Room Prayer Group of Dallas, Texas, meets each Sunday afternoon at the Y.M.C.A. in the Chapel from 4 to 5:30 P.M. (5 to 6:30 in the summer months). Other little prayer cells grow out of it and meet from time to time, but this is the large group, consisting of about 25 members. There is no organization, but Lella Whiteman is chairman, by mutual consent. There are three thirty-minute periods—first a lesson, then a sharing period open to all, and thirty minutes devoted exclusively to prayer. Sometimes the sharing and prayer-time are blended, and each

is led by various members of the group. We always begin and end on time, and contribute to a Love Fund, which always seems sufficient for any undertaking. Often we vote fifty dollars for some individual or cause which seems worthy. This also is done informally.

"Other activities include frequent meetings of All Day of Prayer. Roberta Fletcher is our beloved 'roving ambassador of love,' and we always have such a day to send her off and to welcome her home on her return from her many journeys. Much healing ministry is being done, and when a call comes by long distance or mail or wire, members are quickly contacted for prayer or possible meeting.

"New people are constantly joining the group. Once they come, they are considered members and are left entirely free to come or be absent as they desire. There is carefulness not to take the new recruits too fast at first, but we dare to take Jesus at His word. 'If ye ask anything in my name, I will do it,' and marvelous 'miracles' are always taking place in this group. Love and harmony reign supreme, and the togetherness we experience is the most cherished possession of our lives. When in Dallas, come and join us; thereafter you will always be a member of the Dallas Prayer Group."

—Mrs. E. E. Stovall

GEORGIA

"Can you give me a little help in teaching a Bible class? Our purpose is to learn more about prayer, and skill in praying, from the study of Bible Prayers."



There is a remarkable passage in the *Diary* of Josiah Royce's mother, amid the perils of her pioneer journey across the continent. Face to face with an appalling danger she suddenly found herself environed by invisible forces. She says: "Whence this calm strength which guided me round so surely? I had known what it was to believe in God and to pray that He would never leave us. Now He came so near that I no longer simply believed in Him, but knew His presence there, giving strength for whatever might come. That calm strength, that certainty of One near and all-sufficient hushed and cheered me." —Rufus Jones

NEWS OF OUR EDITORS

RUFUS MOSELEY

Some of Mr. Moseley's fall speaking dates are:

September 15-17—Tenth Annual Laymen's Retreat at Baldwin-Wallace College, Berea, Ohio.

September 20-24—Ministerial Retreat at Norfolk, Virginia, c/o Pastor A. P. Bailey, Oak Grove Methodist Church, Norfolk 6, Virginia.

September 25 through most of October in churches at retreats in North Carolina. This is under the general direction of Methodist Pastor Kay Taylor, Walstonburg, N. C. May spend part of November in Macon, Ga. May also spend some time in Ohio, Illinois and Indiana.

December 4-8—A Minister's school at Fruitland, N. C.—R. D. Hendersonville, N. C.

December 10-15—A Minister's Retreat at Olar, S. C. c/o Pastor J. H. Lockett, Baptist Church.

December 17 until after Christmas at Macon, Ga. c/o Macon Telegraph.

"The urges of the Spirit are to pray for complete triumph of Jesus in Korea and everywhere, for all aggressors to surrender and all victors to show mercy and use their victories in the interest of all, for the triumph of His good will and good sense among all nations, for this shaping of human history, in the interest of human welfare and His coming kingdom.

"For the individual the urge is for fruit-bearing union with Jesus, for us to be led by the spirit and to be perpetually giving His love, Light, and Healing to all; meeting all darkness with His light, all hate with His love and all evil with good. No mat-

ter what happens on the outside we are safe in Him. In Him it will always be better and better and safer and safer.

FRANK C. LAUBACH

Frank C. Laubach's fall speaking schedule includes:

For September 27-28—Oklahoma Associates; September 29, Dallas—Meeting at East Dallas Christian Church.

For October 1—Shreveport, First Methodist Church; Oct. 3—New Orleans, Council of Churches in charge of program; Oct. 8—Winston-Salem, N. C., Foreign Missionary Society, Moravian Church South; Oct. 10-11—Richmond, Va., on the 10th the First Baptist Church, Theodore F. Adams, Pastor, and on the 11th the Foreign Mission Board, Southern Baptist Convention; Oct. 12-13—Indianapolis, Quadrennial meeting, Women's Society of World Service, United Brethren; Oct. 15-16—Columbus; Oct. 17—St. Louis, Congregational meeting; Oct. 18—Zanesville, Ohio, Central Presbyterian Church, Oct. 20—Toledo, Congregational Church, Dr. John Walker; Oct. 22-23—Buffalo, Rev. Olin Tracy; Oct. 27—United Congregational Church; Oct. 28-29—Syracuse, University Chapel and on the 30th—Utica, Plymouth Congregational Church, Dr. Cornelius; Oct. 31—Pittsfield, First Church of Christ, Congregational.

For November—all November appointments at Congregational Churches with the exception of the appointments at Cincinnati.

November first will be at Greenfield, Mass., and the third of November will be at Springfield, Vt. November 5th will be at Manchester and

the 8th will be at Portland, State St. Congregational Church, W. W. Anderson. The 9th—New Bowdoin College and the 10th Auburn, Maine, or Portsmouth, N. H.

For November 12—Fitchburg and the 15th—Cincinnati, United Council of Church Women Convention.

For November 17-18—Bridgeport, Conn.; Nov. 19—Danbury, Conn.; Nov. 20-21—Greenwich, Conn.; Nov. 23—Springfield, Mass., Faith Congregational Church; Nov. 26—Montclair.

For December 4-7—Toronto; Dec. 8—New York, Washington Square Methodist Church; Dec. 10-17—Chatham, N. J.

NORMAN VINCENT PEALE

"At the present time, I am preparing a 'Spiritual Therapy Booklet.' I am taking forty Scripture passages which in my personal experience and counselling activities have proved most helpful in healing human personalities of fear, resentment, physical ills and other human problems. We are making the booklet into a form which will be usable each day.

"I am also working on a new book in which I hope to bring together medical science and spiritual science as the formula for healing the maladies of the mental, emotional and spiritual life. I shall also emphasize the twin application of the above sciences in physical healing.

"I have a number of speaking engagements for the Fall which include the following:

For October 3—Starr Commonwealth, Albion, Michigan, Battle Creek Lecture Series; Oct. 4—Illinois State Chamber of Commerce; Oct. 14—Ohioana Library Association, Columbus, Ohio; Oct. 18-19—Two days in a downtown church, Pittsburgh, Penn.; Oct. 26—Teachers' Association, South Bend, Indiana.

For November 10—New Jersey Education Association, Atlantic City, New Jersey; Nov. 15—

Adult Education Council, Springfield, Mass.; Nov. 16—United Church Dinner, Salem, Mass."

WINFRED RHODES

"Again summer finds me in the highest village in Massachusetts, with a glorious view spread out before me. This morning all is covered with cloud, but when the mists are thinner and there is only the summer haze to soften all the landscape I look to the southwest and count six folds of hills with the valleys between, and off at the southeast other vales and hills hiding the little towns and the railroads and all the business of life. Here is peace, utter peace. We meet our friends, and talk about our personal interests, and have our simple pleasures, but over us also is a cloud—the cloud of war and of not knowing what lies in store for us. I am finding strength in that ancient word which tells us that 'God said, "Behold I make all things new."' All life is in the hands of the Eternal God, and he is forever making all things new. There also is peace—in that conviction."

AGNES SANFORD

Agnes Sanford expects to attend the Healing Camp in Bynden Wood in September and early October. Then she and Mr. Sanford will hold a five-day mission beginning October 8 at St. James' Church, Syracuse, New York. The last week in October the Sanford team will hold another such mission in Springfield, Illinois, in the Episcopal Church. The missions that they held together last winter in Austin, Texas, and Birmingham, Alabama, were so successful that the Bishop has given Rev. Sanford permission to be away from his parish two months this coming season for this work.

From Springfield, Agnes Sanford will travel to Grand Junction, Colorado, for one day; then to Phoenix for a three-day mission in the Cathed-

ral, then to Tucson for a week. She hopes after that to be able to spend about five days (Nov. 13-18) in the new Healing Advance of the C.F.O. group in Southern California and to lecture for a day or two in Dallas, Texas, on the way home.

She will be at home during December and January.

On January 3, Lippincott's is bringing out her novel, "*Oh Watchman*." This is a new venture for it is selling not as a religious book but as a straight novel, yet the teaching of healing and of faith in it is very real and straightforward. She hopes by it to interest many new people in the work of the Spirit.

AUSTIN PARDUE

Being a Bishop calls for unusual things which most Clergymen are not expected to do. He is the chief pastor in his Diocese so is required to visit each church in his Diocese at least once every three years. Most churches expect him to come every year, and some oftener than that. This visitation is for a general examination of the church, to see its physical, financial, and spiritual state. He is also expected to confirm and preach in each church when he makes his annual visit. To many people this is all they ever see of

their Bishop, unless he is very active in civic and church affairs.

For over six years the Right Rev. Austin Pardue, Bishop of Pittsburgh, has been doing that and more. He has been so successful that in about twenty different ways the Diocese of Pittsburgh is in a more favorable position than it has ever been in the eighty-five years of existence.

Due to a popular request Bishop Pardue went on the air last winter and gave a series of addresses on the Lord's Prayer. He is a very popular radio speaker, and frequently through the year he is asked to broadcast.

Bishop Pardue is so busy inside the Diocese of Pittsburgh, and occasionally going to New York on business, such as for a meeting of the Board of Trustees of General Theological Seminary, that he has little time for other affairs, but he was not too busy to accept an invitation from the C.I.O. to address them at their annual International Convention held at Atlantic City this year. Being the Bishop of a Diocese, which is sometimes known as "the workshop of the nation," Bishop Pardue has long been friendly both with management and with labor leaders. One of the greatest tributes paid him was when he was asked to be one of the principal speakers at their Convention this last May.



Triumphant Song

Roxie Leona Beare

"To keep serene amid life's ups and downs;
To laugh and smile despite opposing frowns;
To give to God one's thanks while ever glad;
To see the good in all and not the bad;
To love yet on and on through right and wrong;
This is the essence of triumphant song!"

The World Needs Prayer

Miles Clark

KOREA: The outbreak of war in Korea only serves to emphasize the need for a general understanding being reached between the United States and Russia.

The Past: But first, what are the facts in regard to aid which we have sent South Korea? What did we do for them before the outbreak of the U. N. "police action" on June 25?

Contrary to reports that only \$200 worth of arms had been sent, we actually left in South Korea over \$110 million worth of weapons and equipment. This seems like a great deal. However, our non-military aid is even more important. Since the war ended, up to July 5, 1950, food, fertilizer and equipment for peace totalled over \$463 million including over 130,000 tons of wheat and rice.

This would indicate we are attempting to aid the people of Korea without exploitation that Communists accuse us of. Also it is probably the first time we have sent a country more food than guns.

The Present: Look at your headlines.

The Future: The Quaker publication, **THE FRIEND**, has this to say:

"The Korean situation points out clearly the importance of appreciating the situation in Asia. The peoples of every eastern nation desire true national independence. In the Far East, we have backed governments in Korea, China and Indo-China that do not have the sympathy and support of their peoples. While the peoples themselves are probably anti-Communist, we have offered them no acceptable alternative to Communism.

"Consequently, a total revision of our Far Eastern policy is urgent. If we are genuinely to express a democratic concern for the peoples of

the world, our program must include the following two items:

- (a) Support of liberal, democratic governments which have the genuine support of the peoples of the countries.
- (b) A broad program of economic and technical assistance designed substantially to raise the standard of living of the common people of the areas."

Here is a plan for action.

WORLD GOVERNMENT—WHEN? A reader of this column sends a copy of *World Government News**, a monthly devoted to the cause of world government. World government and its hope for peace hinges on one thing: We must lose our (lives) to find them. The issue before all nations is sovereignty—shall give up a little of it and gain a peaceful world—or hang on to all we have and lose our entire world.

The Community Church in New York City recently kept a week long vigil for world federation and peace. A *Book of World Citizens* was signed by the worshippers under this statement, "Proud to be a citizen of the United States of America, I wish also to become a citizen of the world."

*World Government News, 215 3rd Avenue, New York 3, New York—\$1.50 per year.

"LOVE" IN THE SENATE: Senator Flanders rose on the floor of the Senate the other day and gave a speech called **WHY NOT TRY GOD.** Senator Flanders in his speech quoted from Matthew 32, 36, 39, and then went on to say: "So we have arrived at this word 'Love.' In our day it has been given power. As a matter of fact, it is the strongest thing in the world. We must put it to the test. How shall we do it?" He suggested getting our message to

the Russian people, a message of good will and love. He also said that it is only necessary that the foreign policies of our country be *established and directed in accordance with the laws of God.* It is only necessary that our love and good will by any means, conventional or unconventional, known or unknown, be poured upon the people of Russia. He who does so through the power and authority vested in him will be a righteous man. If we find in the President of the U. S. and in the Secretary of State of the U. S. two righteous men in this sense of the word "righteous," the world can be saved. We await the outcome. This is where our prayers can do so much.

PLOWSHARES AND PEACE. Plows can now be sent to India and the Far East through C.A.R.E. "The best form of relief is to help others to help themselves," explains Paul Comly French, director of C.A.R.E., the international cooperative relief organization. The plow has been designed carefully to resemble the plow the Eastern farmer has used, in some cases for thousands of years and will help greatly in these countries where the birth rate outruns the food supply. The single wheel handplow weighs fifteen pounds and costs ten dollars. C.A.R.E. now has over twenty food and textile packages. Orders for the plow may be sent through your local C.A.R.E. office or directly to C.A.R.E., 20 Broad Street, New York 5, New York.

KAGAWA IN THE U. S. "Very little will be done in the creation of world peace until people's minds are changed," Toyohiko Kagawa, Japanese religious and cooperative leader, told 150 American churchmen and civic leaders.

He said the "most important immediate international need is to build the United Nations into a powerful world federation of governments."

Kagawa reported a great awakening of Christianity in Japan. He said that cooperatives also have grown rapidly since World War II.

If the war continues in Korea, he predicted, 40,000,000 Chinese, now faced with the greatest famine in a decade, will perish this coming year.

During October and November, Dr. Kagawa will travel in the U. S. A. under the auspices of the Federal Council's United Evangelistic Advance.

NO STRIKES HERE. Profit-sharing plans are increasing by leaps and bounds in industry, reports the Christian Century. Eight years ago 728 companies had such plans; now more than 12,000 are in use. They have been cropping up at the rate of 100 a month. Main idea behind most of the plans is to improve upon the old method of paying workers by the hour, to close the gap between management and labor, to achieve true teamwork between employer and employee and to stress continuous production. In the midst of large headlines concerning a few strikes, it is encouraging to see this evidence of harmony between business and labor.

"FROM WHERE WE TREMBLE"—is another way of saying, "The way the world looks to us we're scared," according to the *Christian Herald.* We don't think most firm Christian people want to accept that phrase. It makes us think that we don't stand a chance as an individual.

"We firmly stand on the belief that an individual *can* take part in world affairs.

Much more important than we seem to think is our vote. November 7 is the day for all citizens to take themselves down to the polls and exercise their right which is also a Christian duty. Incidentally, so many people wonder who to vote for and even neglect voting because they

don't know who to vote for. We suggest that you ask someone who knows. An impartial group that often has information on the candidates is the local League of Women Voters. You might even ask the local CIO or other unions what they feel about the candidates, and the Chamber of Commerce may be able to give you information from the other point of view. All such groups have their own bias, *remember*. But a fair minded person will want to collect these different opinions for it will be helpful to make your own decisions.

After a sincere study of the candidates—be sure to vote!

FOOTNOTES OF FAITH—American Mother of 1950 is Mrs. Henry Roe Cloud of West Finn, Oregon, churchwoman, missionary and educator. We don't know how the American Mother is selected, but the committee who does it must be commended for choosing Mrs. Roe Cloud. It is heartening to see an Indian recognized in this way, but Mrs. Cloud's activities with the Oregon Federation of Women's Clubs, National Grange, Presbyterian Home Missionaries, National Council of Social Workers and raising four children make it easy to

see why she was chosen. This year the committee also honored Mothers from forty-three of the United Nations Countries. Mrs. Roe Cloud is convinced women of all nations through mutual understanding, can bring about peace.

—While bazookas and bombs roar in Korea, a wonderful example of Christian faith and hope for the future of Korea is the printing of a union hymnal for Korean Presbyterian, Holiness and Methodist churches which is now in progress.

—Frederick Rex, United Nations Educational, Scientific, and Cultural Organization representative, now acting as consultant to Dr. Frank Laubach's Committee on Literacy, reports the largest literacy campaign in the Western Hemisphere now under way in Brazil. It has been made effective by the methods and inspiration of the missionary. Dr. Laubach reports more requests for help than he can fill, about half of them from governments.

—Church women in thousands of communities will observe World Community Day on November 3, this year, with special programs and projects based on the theme, "Love Thy Neighbor."



Sleep Song

Edith Tatum

O go to sleep, all little seed
Of vine and flower and humble weed,
Bitter winds are sadly sighing
Above the place where you are lying;
O leaves at peace within the earth
The dawn will come for your re-birth,
Snow covers you so safe and warm
You know that there is naught to harm.
And all so dear, beneath the sod,
In faith await the call of God!

(Excerpts from letters to the prayer tower.

Prayer Works!

"Glad tidings! The young man for whom I asked prayers was granted life by the Board of Pardons. This all seems so miraculous to me that I am awed! But through it all I have felt His presence and His guidance, and this is an answer to prayers."—*Connecticut*.

"Sometime ago I wrote, asking for prayers for my brother whose health was bad and he had been drinking so much that his home had been broken up. I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart for your prayers and help.—They have gone back together and he has gotten work.—May God bless everyone in the Prayer Tower and the great work you are doing. This has been one of the happiest experiences of my life."—*Virginia*.

"Sometime ago when I asked for your prayers, I was very ill with virus pneumonia, which I had had for two months. Today, I want to thank you all for your prayers and your letter which I read every night before going to bed. I am enclosing a small donation for your wonderful work."—*California*.

"Sometime ago I wrote you concerning the condition of our daughter, and your prayers were answered.

She is much improved. Enclosed find a small expression of appreciation."—*Indiana*.

"It is a happy consolation to know you, to have your wonderful prayers. How much do I appreciate you, your help—I cannot tell—my thanks are lifted to Him and you are blessed abundantly, especially in spiritual insight. Accept this wee offering—but a heap of love."—*South Carolina*.

"Thank you very much for your wonderful letter. I want you to know that the operation was a success and that I have completely recovered from my illness at this writing, and am in very good health—friends are amazed at my excellent recovery and well-being, since I understand I underwent a major operation. I am indeed grateful to God and to you for such mercy and goodness to one of his humble creatures, and I have pledged to dedicate my life in service to my fellowman and to glorify God in such service. God bless you for your fine work."—*New York*

"A few weeks ago I made a request for prayers for healing of my husband. So I wish to send my thanks to you and praises to God that now he is well."—*Minnesota*.

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.

"Enclosed find a small love gift. With it I am sending a prayer for God's continual blessings upon you and the work you are doing to help others."—*Alabama*.

"Our little girl's tonsillectomy turned out perfectly and she is already noticeably better. Thank you ever so much for remembering her and us in your prayers. It means so much to have God's children share our thoughts and prayers through difficult times. With a grateful heart."—*Tennessee*

"We have been so grateful for your prayers—and have had many wonderful answers. We do thank you sincerely."—*Kentucky*

"I received your wonderful letter with enclosures and have received wonderful help within the last five days. I know I shall make a complete and perfect recovery. Many thanks for your kindness."—*Wisconsin*

"God seemed to immediately bring to our prayer group one after another who desperately needed prayer. A nurse who knew from seeing her X-rays that she had cancer, found after her operation that it was not cancer but a tumor which they could remove. The family of an alcoholic for whom we have been praying say that it is a miracle, and they use that word, the way he has changed for the better."—*Pennsylvania*

"It would take too long to tell you all the good that has come to me through your prayers for my husband, several weeks ago, but your prayers have been answered in marvelous ways. If you will, please say a special thanksgiving prayer for me and my family. I cannot tell you how deeply grateful I am to you and to God. You can use my experience to help others if you like. There

are probably others who have family troubles, too, and I'd like those people to know that God *can* and *will* change a person to what he ought to be. Thank you again."—*Alabama*

"I am sorry I delayed this letter so long. I am most happy to write I am so much better and begin to feel like a new person. I shall never cease to be grateful to God and to you dear friends, who have been praying for me. Thanking you again with all my heart. I am enclosing a love gift to help others."—*Montana*

"Last year you were so helpful to us as we prayed for a friend who had leukemia. Your prayers joined with ours—we believe—together with an unusual doctor have made her able to walk again. She is so bright and cheerful it is a pleasure to visit her."—*Arkansas*

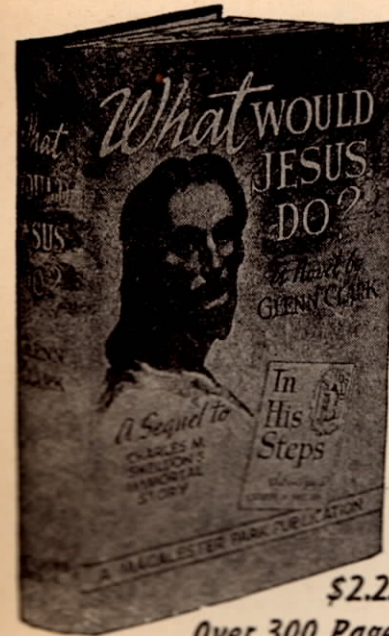
"Sometime ago I wrote, requesting prayer that I might be healed of severe headaches and a pain in my chest. I am glad to report that I am at last beginning to get well. Gratefully and enthusiastically yours."—*Georgia*

"This is my first opportunity in writing you, but I have had the assurance that you knew I was coming along to expectations. I can never express to you the joy and peace your telegram gave to me. Thank you so much. It came the evening before surgery. I had a wonderful night, not always asleep, but praying much, not in asking things of God, but in thanksgiving for the wonderful things he has and is continually doing for me. I am enclosing a small enclosure and will, when I can, send more. Your work is such a wonderful work I pray for you continuously—that others will be helped as I have been."—*California*

The Answer to Our Present Needs!

What Would Jesus Do?

by Glenn Clark



Read the modern answer to this centuries' old question in this "Authorized" sequel to Charles M. Sheldon's immortal "In His Steps."

In this exciting, new story by Glenn Clark you will once again love the people, their trials and victories, the aspirations of the city of Raymond, as a city asks itself, "What would Jesus do?"—and acts upon it!

You will love:—Charles Maxwell, crusading young minister, who said, "That's it! Just do whatever Jesus would do, that's all! It's so simple—and so complicated! We'll start it here, in this little town, in our little church—we can get others to help—it could grow and grow if we had the faith!" . . . Frances Page, the girl his heart said YES to . . . "It would be marvelous, if we could get even a small group working together, living in that way—it would change everything!" . . . Andrew Marsh, dynamic lawyer and political leader, who accepted a new, vital challenge on faith. . . . Sandy MacIntosh, church caretaker, who cared for the troubles of everyone. . . . Bill Peters, who always knew how to play the "angles" until a higher force lifted him into a new way of life. . . . Richard Norman, newspaper editor, who felt the fury of opposition when he said, "I feel that this is—what Jesus would do." . . . And Rachel Page, Frances' grandmother, who touched the hearts of all in the city of Raymond with her powerful prayers of faith.

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