

# Clear Horizons



**UPT**

Spring, 1950

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## As We Go To Press

We have very good news for all our readers as we go to press. Four new contributing editors have been added to the staff. They are MARGUERITTE HARMON BRO, ALLAN HUNTER, KERMIT OLSEN and AGNES SANFORD. These are four stars of the spiritual life you must admit.

**Mrs. Bro** is the versatile author of *When Children Ask, Everyday a Prayer, More Than We Are*, and *Sarah*. We had the privilege of hearing Mrs. Bro in Minneapolis last fall and can assure you that for humor, inspiration and thoughts that make you sit on the edge of your chair, she has few equals. **Allan Hunter** is the minister of Mount Hollywood Congregational Church in Hollywood, California; the author of *Say Yes To The Light* and *The Audacity of Faith* among others; and a leader of youth and prayer groups throughout the country. **Kermit Olsen** is minister of Third Avenue Baptist Church in Dayton, Ohio, as well as being the author of *First Steps in Prayer*. **Agnes Sanford** is the popular author of *The Healing Light*, summer camp leader and lecturer. Her articles and talks on the healing power of Jesus Christ and her absolute faith in the power of prayer are wonderful.

You will find something about the plans of these new editors in the department "News of Our Editors," with the exception of Mrs. Bro. At the last minute we have the following information on Mrs. Bro and her plans for the next few months. Mrs. Bro's husband left in January for Korea to be Cultural Attache under the State Department, and she expects to join him in May. Their job will be the promotion of all cultural and educational interests in South Korea. The Koreans are very loyal to the church and their churches are 94% self-sufficient. One of their biggest joys will be to cooperate with the churches in Korea. Until she leaves this country, Mrs. Bro is staying with her parents in Cable, Wisconsin, and fulfilling some commitments with the typewriter. We hope to have Mrs. Bro appearing in the columns of *Clear Horizons* very shortly.

With the loyalty and support of all our readers and the guidance of our board of contributing editors, our prayer is that *Clear Horizons* will more and more be of service in the Kingdom of Heaven on earth.

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## CLEAR HORIZONS MAGAZINE

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# Clear Horizons

Tenth Year

SPRING, 1950

Volume 10, No. 4

☐ The truth is not pleasant always but in the last analysis it should be a joyous experience.

## The Truth Shall Make You Free

Austin Pardue

THE art of becoming still so that God will possess our subconscious minds, our bodies, our nerves, our glands, and our blood stream, is the most healing force one can know. But first the short circuits of fear, hate, resentment, and greed, must be faced. When they are forgiven, we will meet this all powerful Presence. Then we will no longer have anything to fear or to hate. We will have all there is in the universe within us. Yet, we can only have God insofar as He has us. The great phrase of the ancient Book of Common Prayer says, "That He may evermore dwell in us, and we in Him."

Once we have realized the power of the Presence of God, we will find that the problems of life have vanished; the illnesses have become unimportant; the disappointments have dissolved. During the last war, before I came to Pittsburgh, I was Dean of the Episcopal Cathedral in Buffalo. It was a

downtown church and I was doing a late evening broadcast. One night after I finished my broadcast, I was leaving on a midnight train for New York and when I got home and was ready to go to the station, I realized that I had left my notebook in the pulpit in the Cathedral. On our way to the station we stopped off at St. Paul's. Everything was black as pitch, outside and inside. I unlocked the great Cathedral door and fumbled my way into the nave and down the center aisle. As the Bible says, "How great was that darkness." It was too complicated to get into the pulpit in the dark, so I fumbled my way further to the large box of light switches. I found the master switch and threw it. Instantaneously the Cathedral was full of light. The darkness disappeared. I walked up into the pulpit, found my notes, and that was that.

The point is this. What became of the blackness in the Cathedral when I threw on the switch? I

don't know what became of it. You see it wasn't an entity in itself so much as it was the absence of light. In the blackness of the Cathedral I could have fallen over pews, tripped over cushions, fallen up stone stairs, if I hadn't had light. The light meant that there was no more darkness. That's what happens to you and to me when we are in the Presence of God. The blackness of the problems of life disappear and the light changes everything. You remember what St. John's Gospel said, "He is that light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world." That is why we go into the silence; to come close to the presence of God.

The presence of light means the presence of truth. I have been studying Gandhi of late and to me he is the most thrilling character of our generation. He was a Hindu, but he received his entire inspiration from the Sermon on the Mount. As I study his life, I think that he was more Christ-like than any Christian I have ever met. The heart of his philosophy was based on two words which are also the heart of the Sermon on the Mount: Love and Truth. To him they were almost synonymous terms. The Bible says that the truth shall make you free and Gandhi believed that literally.

Dean Moor of our Cathedral here, and I, stood one night at midnight with several other clergy on

the main line of a great railroad system and watched the fast trains go through on their way to New York. It almost raises your hair and you hold your breath when these great powerful diesels, with car after car of streamliners, come down the track and then thunder past you and on out of sight into the blackness of the night. Can you imagine what might happen if a wheel came off one of those diesels as it whizzed down the track over 100 miles an hour with hundreds of people being carried behind it? The truth shall keep them free and alive. They test every car of every train as it pulls into the station so you travel without fear.

Apply this to any department of life you want. The truth is not pleasant always but in the last analysis it should be a joyous experience. Supposing you, at the present time, are in the wrong job. Supposing you just don't fit in your work. If your boss is the right kind of a man he will be kindly and understanding and have your best interests at heart, and call you in and talk it over with you. He'll do anything possible to see if he can't find ways and means whereby you can get a job that will be more to your liking. Now if you don't get the right kind of a job, you will hurt yourself and your family; you will become discouraged and everything will turn out wrong. If you get the job at which you like

to work, you will be a success and everybody will be happy. One of the best things that ever happened in my life was to face the truth about an early job that I had, because I wasn't equipped or fitted to do it. If I had stayed at it and hadn't gone into the Ministry, I would probably be a very disappointed and disillusioned man today. The truth shall make you free.

Sometimes people live beyond their means and won't face the truth about their finances. They just take the bills and stack them in the back of a drawer and think that some day they are going to get them out of there and go over them. They keep on buying things on time and accumulating debts, then what happens? The truth has to be faced. Otherwise, the worry of them will drop down in your subconscious mind and it will be terrible. Occasionally you can't do anything about it because you have a sick member of the family. Well, then some agency ought to be of help to you. Then you ought to go to a social agency and talk it over and see if they can't find ways and means of giving you assistance. Don't be too proud. That is an entirely different thing; the accumulation of bills

which result from illness and trouble. That is not in the same category as the accumulation of bills that mean that you have been living beyond your means. In either case, face the truth, and do something about it. Only the truth shall make you free.

And, finally, having faced the truth about every walk of life, you will begin to know what it means to have joy. No man can have joy until he has faced the truth about himself and his outward circumstances. So you see, the practice of the presence of God—the very fact that you allow Him to be with you and to pour the light of his penetrating power through every nook and cranny of your thinking, and of your acting, means that soon you are going to be free from those things that cause you to worry yourself into your grave. One of the reasons people do not like the presence of God is because they have to face reality. My friends, the sooner you face it, the sooner you will be free. Otherwise, you are a slave to the dictatorship of evil forces which absorbs and possesses your subconscious. So sit quietly, seek the Presence, and know the whole joy of the freedom of life.



Whoever would fully and feelingly understand the words of Christ, must endeavor to conform his life wholly to the life of Christ.

—Thomas a Kempis.

He wondered to himself how it would feel to be twenty-two again, to have convictions and live by them.

## Dishwasher Wanted!

By Lida Lisle Molloy

PETER chalked up one on his mental blackboard. Mission practically completed! He had promised himself a trip to the nearest Red Cross blood bank as soon as he changed into civvies. The blood-donating business was about over and here he was, stretched out on a sheet-draped cot, presumably recuperating from what Fuss-Budget called "Shock."

"Shock, eh?" Peter grinned. He wondered what Fuss-Budget would have said about the time the medical corpsman had doped out a transfusion for the Iowa youngster with the half-severed jugular. The medic had vowed the mosquitoes were getting more blood than the marine."

He looked at his watch. Five more minutes. If only he had a pencil he'd do a sketch of Fuss-Budget from memory. Three minutes to go. He ought to be out right now hunting Wellington Forbes of Universal Advertising, Inc. That was number two on the list of things to be done. Peter Quinlan, Civilian, had to have a job.

"Here's a little something for

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that all-gone feeling," the girl in white said.

Coffee! The smell was exciting. Peter had almost forgotten that coffee could taste like anything other than ashes, mud, or kerosene. He swung his feet to the floor.

"Your first visit to the blood bank, Mr. Quinlin?"

Peter nodded slightly, involved with the business of coffee. He ignored a nagging inner reminder that his nod wasn't telling the whole truth. For Peter Quinlin, Civilian, it was a first trip to the blood bank. G. I. Pete was somebody else. Involuntarily his mind ticked off a list of names: Hollandia, Tinian, Manila, Okinawa. He wondered if someday he would be able to forget the reason for the urgency that had forced him to haunt every Army hospital from New Guinea to the Philippines, offering to donate blood for fellows who had to have it. *Bloodhound* his company had called him. But they hadn't been around the unloading docks in Hollandia when the colonel from the hospital came for the plasma he had been promised and found only a mountain of boxes—five hundred boxes of whiskey for the officers' club! It was as much for the colonel as it was

for the guys in bandages that he had been rolling up his sleeve for the transfusion needle ever since.

"That's what comes with choosing ancestors having rock-ribbed New England consciences," he thought ruefully.

"Swell coffee, nurse," he said.

Then the sketch portfolio was under his arm, and Peter Quinlin was just another civilian looking for a job.

Peter hoped there would not be much looking involved. Major Ender was to see to that. Since he was knee-high, Peter had done a good bit of drawing and after he entered the Army his talent began to pay off. He had had a series of cartoons in *Yank Down Under*, and six months ago a pic magazine had given him a four-page spread—sketches he had done while hanging around hospitals.

Before he left for the States the Major, who had been an executive in an advertising firm, had called him into the front office. He said Peter had a flair for the dramatic and would he consider a job with Universal Advertising when he was through as sergeant in the infantry. Would he!

That was where Peter was going, portfolio under his arm. He was to see Wellington Forbes, art editor of the concern. After that, presumably, he would be sitting down at the drawing board and conjuring

up placid babies and pretty ladies for soap and perfume ads.

1108 Lexington. This was the place. With a fine tingle of anticipation he swung through the revolving door and pushed a button beside a long row of elevators. Three minutes later a model receptionist was saying, "Mr. Forbes will see you. The door to your left, please."

Nothing was said about work when Peter went into the inner office. Instead, Mr. Forbes glanced through the sketches in the portfolio and talked about his experiences in the last war. He lingered longest over the black-and-white of the huge Negro, head bandaged, carrying a wounded white youngster pickaback.

"Well, Quinlin," he remarked at last, "there's a desk waiting for you whenever you're ready to dig in."

The salary he named sounded stupendous to an ex-sergeant. Peter blinked. It meant he could bring Mom and Dad to town and settle them in an apartment. He could even figure on money for instructions in oils at the Art Institute.

"Would tomorrow morning be all right?" he asked.

"Make it the first of the week," Forbes suggested. "Have a little fun."

Peter was collecting his sketches

when Forbes swung toward him, a sheaf of papers in his hand.

"By the way, we're working on a magnificently expensive new account."

Copy sheets swirled across the shining desk in a pattern of color. Peter bent over them; his face suddenly tensed. At the bottom of each page was a delicate gilt crown and, in black English lettering, the slogan he had seen on the docks of Hollandia and also a doctor's face turning pinched and gray because of proudly decorated boxes.

"Big boom during the war," Forbes was explaining. "Their sales manager is boosting a gigantic expansion program. They're angling for the ex-serviceman's trade."

Peter interrupted. "I can't take it."

"What's this?" A flash of real bewilderment crossed the executive's face.

"The job, sir. I can't take it."

*Easy does it.* Peter could almost hear Forbes saying to himself. *Another case of war jitters. Kid comes home all keyer up; gets himself a job and finds he's not quite ready for it.*

"Well, now," he was saying carefully, "if it's more time you want to get organized—"

"No, Mr. Forbes," Peter went on. "It's this." He motioned toward the liquor advertising dis-

play across the desk. "I'm not trying to be dramatic, really. It's just that once I saw this stuff make the difference between life and death for hundreds of Marines, and I guess I don't forget easily. Thanks, sir. You've been swell."

He was at the door when Mr. Forbes spoke again.

"What shall I tell Major Enders, Quinlin?"

Peter turned. "Maybe I do owe you more of an explanation. It probably won't make sense to anyone but me. About three years ago I saw a doctor crying on a Hollandia dock because the plasma the office of supply promised turned out to be five hundred cases of this whiskey for the officers' club.

"An unfortunate incident, certainly," the older man admitted.

"That's just it." Peter's voice hardened. "There are an unhealthy lot of unfortunate incidents connected with the stuff: like the soldiers who raided a truck convoy headed for the jungle to get at the medical alcohol; like that mission I saw desecrated by Americans who'd been sampling native liquor; like my best friend who spent a couple of days celebrating in the night spots of San Diego and woke up to find himself with a permanent headache in the form of an allotment wife. As far as I'm concerned, the stuff's no good. I won't help sell it."

All the trite, obvious things the art eritor was thinking were never said. He liked the young man. He wanted to keep him. He wanted to tell Peter Quinlin that a man's private views need not interfere with his business. There was something, however, about the strong young honesty of Peter's face that kept him silent. He wondered to himself how it would feel to be twenty-two again, to have convictions and live by them.

"Well," he held out his hand, "nice to have met you, Peter Quiote Quinlin."

Peter's grin was lopsided. He shifted the portfolio to the other arm.

"Thanks for listening, sir," gripping the older man's hand. "If you ever need a first-class windmill tilter—"

With a half salute he was gone. Behind him, Mr. Forbes sat for a long half hour looking out the window.

Peter's fervor for his decision lasted only as far as the revolving door of 1108 Lexington. By that time he was a deflated as an old football.

"All right, so you had to be a hero!" he jibed at himself. "What are you going to do now for a job? I'ss bet this town needs another Class B pencil pusher like it needs a typhiin."

He was out-of-doors by this

time and halfway down the block. Horatio Alger to the contrary, he knew it didn't always pay, financially, to do the decent, honorable thing. There was Dad with his bum leg. Couldn't sell insurance any more. Mom needed an operation. Reluctantly he began to put aside the thought of lessons in oil. He felt confused and more than a little sorry for himself.

Flash! the sign loomed up before him, blunt and matter-of-fact, in the flapjack window of a corner restaurant. "*Dishwasher wanted. No experience necessary.*"

Peter's sense of humor took the situation in hand. He had washed dishes for his board during his two years at the university. He had K.P.'d in some of the best Army kitchens in the world. He'd try now for something in his line at one of the big dailies or in the advertising division of the department store. If no one wanted Quinlin and his pencil, he could always come back to the flapjack window and the sign. His long experience should make ham a valuable man at any sink!

"Thanks, Doc," he said, mentally saluting the gray-faced colonel on the docks of Hollandia. "Thanks to you, I may be the world's first sketch artist with dishpan hands!"

Peter Quinlin, Civilian, was whistling as he turned the corner.

☐ She had a chance to finish the work started by her son, who lost his life shortly after he entered the ministry.

## Faith Chapel—The Children's Church

Barbara Rogers Blizard

OAK RIDGE, Tennessee, contains many wonders, but its most inspirational sight can be seen only on Sunday afternoons.

Clusters of youngsters, holding tightly to their Bibles, climb the little knoll to their own special church.

The idea began with a need. A need peculiar to some sections of this bubbling community. Churches in the youthful city of Oak Ridge, back in 1946, were sparse and in some areas, residents found it difficult to attend services.

It was in such a neighborhood that Mrs. D. B. Samuel, wife of a plant worker, grieved over the unreached children. She did more than that. She herded about twenty of them into her living room, opened her Bible and taught them to pray.

The children liked the informal atmosphere of Mrs. Samuel's house. To those who attended adult services, it was different. It was a service directed to them personally. They were not merely spectators, required to sit quietly in their seats without wiggling. This "belonging" helped open their little minds and hearts to the Bible messages Mrs. Samuel poured out.

Parents were grateful for Mrs. Samuel's work and encouraged children to attend her classes. Word spread, and soon the youngsters overflowed Mrs. Samuel's living room into her kitchen and bedroom. Her husband taught one roomful, her daughter taught another.

The children became thoroughly absorbed. They studied their Sunday School lessons faithfully, memorized hymns and called the house, "Our Sunday School House."

Mrs. Samuel didn't ask her flock to what faith they belonged. She knew they represented many faiths, but they were welcomed simply as Christians. The Bible was great enough to serve them all, and it did. But more than that, the first seeds of religious harmony were thus sown in fertile young minds.

When the class outgrew her house, Mrs. Samuel envisioned a church. With churches already at a premium, it seemed only a miracle could turn this wish into reality; however, Mrs. Samuel had faith plus determination.

First she discovered she needed a church sponsor. So, she went to her pastor who immediately recognized the importance of Mrs. Samuel's work to the community and

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FAITH CHAPEL

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recommended the group to his church. The church approved affiliation and bought two 16 x 16 surplus hutments from a local contractor for the children.

By now, news of the venture had swept across town and considerable interest was being shown by the townspeople. The two buildings were hauled to an attractive knoll and neighbors went to work with carpenter tools, paint and hearts full of enthusiasm. Soon there emerged a single edifice bright and shining as the faces of the children who pointed to it and said proudly, "Our Church."

The children and Mrs. Samuel decided to call it "Faith Chapel" because faith that it could be done had blazed the way to its erection.

But now the youngsters had only an empty chapel—no chairs, no altar and no money. In childish faith they prayed while Mrs. Samuel set forth to dig up the necessary items. A high school manual training instructor was contacted and offered to build the altar at no cost. A piano company generously provided an organ. An interested couple donated a picture, drapes and altar cloth.

A merchant was asked his price on window sashes and when told it was for the children's church answered simply, "There is no price. It's for the children."

Finally on Mother's Day of 1949,

the little church was dedicated. Mr. Samuel was appointed superintendent, the sponsoring church provided a pastor, and Mrs. Samuel remained in her capacity as program director.

By now the original twenty youngsters had swelled into ninety and the community had benefitted ninety-fold.

Parents in particular benefitted. They expected a better understanding of the Bible from their children, but they found more. Youngsters were more cooperative in their homes—kinder to their playmates.

Partly this resulted from the "Good Deeds Club" instigated by Mrs. Samuel as a down-to-earth application of her teachings.

This extra-curricular club encouraged youngsters to do at least one good deed a day in their homes and among neighbors. The children take great pleasure in reporting their acts of kindness. Actually they are learning the joy of serving others.

This and similar activities are typical of Mrs. Samuel's mode of teaching and accounts largely for the success of the children's church. The Bible is interpreted for them at their level. Its application to their daily life is made clear and workable.

Already Faith Chapel has extended a hand abroad. The chil-

dren are kept aware of the fine work done by foreign missions through their original sponsoring pastor, Rev. R. F. Lundy, who answered a mission call to China and is presently studying the language at Yale University.

This greatly stimulates the youngsters' interest in China missions and on one Sunday a month, collections for the day are sent to China. It's a small gesture but an important one to receptive minds of tomorrow's leaders.

In addition, the children are collecting discarded greeting cards and other materials which Chinese children will work into various

crafts. As a final tribute to China's missions the youngsters include a Chinese version of "Jesus Loves Me," in their hymn repertoire and sound realistic enough to be wearing long-tailed kimonos.

When Mrs. Samuel is asked, as she often is, what moved her to accomplish this near miracle, her first answer is, "It was an opportunity to serve my Lord and of course, the children." But, in addition, if you know her well, she will admit another opportunity. A chance to finish the work started by her son, Rev. Jack Joyeux, who lost his life shortly after he entered the ministry.



### *The Faith of Spring*

*Edith Tatum*

The cold came down on icy wings  
And in my garden, budding things  
Gave up the hope of future blooms  
And sank into deep, snowy tombs.

Then came the sun, with gentle rain . . .  
I saw them slowly rise again,  
The faith of ancient springs so strong  
They could not be imprisoned long.

Why cannot we deny grief's blight,  
Put forth hope's buds with keen delight,  
And blossom forth in loveliness  
To heal earth's sorrow and distress!

It is not a question of "Lo here! or Lo there!" but the clear recognition of the God-given power within ourselves.

## *Peace Comes From Within*

*Mary Eliot Mower*

NOT long ago I heard a lady say that she had sought health by coming to a milder climate only to find that every winter she still suffered from arthritis and despondency. Her mother had told her in her younger days of the great redwood trees, of the strength and might they expressed (perhaps after long and hard struggles), so she determined to go in her car to see them and seek courage to face another winter which, she feared, might bring a return of the painful trouble. Alas! she did not gain the poise and serenity from the marvelous giant trees that she had hoped to.

The telling of this effort to find strength and courage from something in the outer brought clearly to mind the fact that it is not a question of "Lo here! or Lo there!" but the clear recognition of the God-given power within ourselves that enables us to quiet the fear of possible pain and to endeavor to eliminate it from our consciousness. Until we have found inner peace and poise and power we cannot experience the full appreciation of grandeur and beauty and feel ourselves a part of it. Kahlil Gibran expresses the feeling in this way, as Almustafa speaks to his followers in the Garden of The Prophet,

"Yet I would have you know that we are the breath and the fragrance of God. We are God in leaf, in flower and oftentimes in fruit." Fortunate are the rare souls who experience even a flash of this cosmic consciousness, or to put it more simply, who make all expressions of beauty and grandeur their own through awareness of life in everything and through sensitive evaluation. This kind of possession is possible to all without material price but it sometimes requires a long time of searching for realities and a true desire for culture in its best sense.

We have all had the experience of viewing the same scene two different times with utterly different responses, which proves how dependent are our enjoyment and inspiration upon our own state of mind and emotions. We react more harmoniously to everything from a symmetrical vase in a shop window to a gorgeous sunset when our mentality is in tune. We can even develop the "have consciousness" if we learn to revel in the artistic without the selfish craving for actual possession. Charles A. Lindbergh writes in his most stirring book, "Of Flight and Life," "How false material values are, how trivial human problems! Simply to

appreciate is more important than any material accomplishment of man."

So when fear or discord in mind or body threaten to manifest themselves let us not say, if I were here or there I might be healed. Let us know that time and place have little to do with inner peace but that

inner peace has everything to do with the gaining of inspiration and stimulation from outer things.

"The kingdom of God cometh not with observation, neither shall they say, Lo here! or Lo there! for, behold, the kingdom of God is within you." (Luke XVII, 20, 21.)



### Compassion

Carrie C. Taylor

"When He saw the multitudes  
He was moved with compassion;  
They fainted, and were scattered abroad as sheep,  
As sheep, having no shepherd."

His, is the same compassion today,  
But through us alone  
Our Lord's tender care and compassion  
For the multitudes must be shown.

By our gifts must they be healed,  
Our compassion must be their shield;  
By sharing our loaf must they be fed,  
Lovingly, tenderly, must they be led,  
For our dear land is a stranger land;  
So much they do not understand.

He, whose name and sign we bear  
Calls upon us now to share:—  
Healing, for the hurt that war has bred;  
Loaves, that the hungry may be fed;  
To open the door to our way-side inn,  
And bid the war-torn travelers in.  
"As unto the least, it is unto Me."  
He had compassion on them. Have We?

☪ The successful solution of their situations lay in their faith, and that is where you will get the answer.

## How to Make Your Dreams Come True

Dr. Norman Vincent Peale

**M**OST of us have great dreams, great ideals, and great hopes. There is one never-failing source of power which is always available to help us realize these goals.

The mystery is why so few people use it so seldom, And why, having used and proved its potency, they forget, and have to learn all over again the one keystone that never fails.

One day recently, in quick succession, I conferred with three persons who had deep problems. The first, a man about sixty, had lost a position of responsibility which he had held for many years. He was totally unprepared to search in the open employment market for a position.

The second case was of a woman who had discovered the infidelity of her husband, admitted by him. She was dazed, bewildered, oppressed, her whole future was in jeopardy. The third was that of a man who faced one of the most intricate and difficult problems ever laid before me for counseling. If he decided one way he might be right, if he decided the other way he might be right, and if he made a

mistake, it would affect his family in ramified ways that were disastrous.

The wisdom of these people is that they came to the right place. They came to the Church, the source and center of their faith. In coming here they were not coming to a man, they were coming to someone who stands in their thought as a representative of God. They realized, however dimly, that the successful solution of their situations lay in their faith, and that is where you will get the answer.

The secret of meeting any crisis or of achieving any worthwhile goal is a profound, childlike, sincere faith in the fact that Almighty God is with you. If you get that, nothing at any time can defeat you.

Study the New Testament, and scattered through it like nuggets of gold you will find little simple formula which may be applied in given situations.

When an emergency comes up turn to this passage in Matthew 18:19-20, "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of My Father which is in Heaven. For where two or three



*are gathered together in My Name, there am I in the midst of them."*

In a crisis, decide on a good spiritual friend to whom you can go. Ask him not so much for advice, but to pray with you . . . to join his prayers with yours on the basis that where two are gathered God is also present. It is forming a *combine*, it is a three-way spiritual *partnership*.

Just why this is so I am not sure that I know, but we know this spiritual technique works and powerfully too.

A business man who is a trustee of a certain university told me of an eminent professor who "began to slip." His deterioration was remarked upon by both students and colleagues alike.

The Executive Committee of the Board of Trustees granted him a year's leave of absence to rebuild himself. They voted him a stipend by which he could go abroad and study. He said he only wanted six months to go off to the country. He was going to work with his hands, he said.

He went to the country and took with him one book and only one. He took the Bible. He read this Book for six months; he read nothing else. He meditated on what he read. He committed many, many passages to memory. He lived with God for six months. He cut down trees and plowed the earth and communed with nature and the

God behind nature.

At the end of six months he returned to the university. Shortly thereafter the President said, "We have a new man among us; he has been remade. A miracle took place for this professor has become a person of compelling power."

This sort of thing has been happening through nineteen hundred years of history. It is only the working out of a promise made by Jesus Christ long ago to His disciples.

He said just to let God's Spirit come into your life, follow the principles that He had been teaching and this power will come upon you.

An astute and outstanding banker in this city once said to me, "If for two weeks I neglect to read the Bible, my judgment becomes impaired."

"You mean you read the Bible to sharpen your judgment?" I asked.

He said, "Reading the Bible is an intellectual and spiritual practice which gives me perception and insight."

Our judgment is faulty, our view and perception become dull, but the spiritual life sharpens all so you develop this mystic thing known as insight, by which you can see into the essence of things, with intuition, animation and fresh illumination, know what to do and how to do it.

In the Bible it says, "The Kingdom of God is within you." You do

not need to hunt it from the outside, it is within you, just release it. When we attach ourselves to the flow of Divine power, we have power over anything.

It is not necessary to be defeated by anything in this life if we learn the secret of attaching our inner

power to the flow of God's power. We can then work confidently toward the realization of our hopes and dreams.

Keep your dreams in tune with the Highest and know you will be guided to fulfillment.



### *Praying for Those in Pain and Distress*

It is often difficult to pray with utter belief when one is distressed for another in great pain and trouble. The use of Psalm 23 as an *affirmative prayer* will help keep one's mind in that state of perfect peace and trust so essential while the prayer is being answered.

Replace the words of the first person with the *name of the one being prayed for* (except in the line, "I will fear no evil").

Picture in each verse the individual being led hand in hand by Jesus—beside the still waters, through the valley of the shadow of pain, fear and acute need, and end with the picture of his or her arms upraised in a paean of joy and peace.

Suppose we pray for "Mary" in this way:

|   |                                       |
|---|---------------------------------------|
| The Lord is <i>Mary's</i> shepherd; <i>she</i> shall not want.  | SUPPLY                                |
| He maketh <i>Mary</i> to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth <i>Mary</i> beside the still waters.  | GUIDANCE                              |
| He restoreth <i>Mary's</i> soul: he leadeth <i>Mary</i> in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.  | RENEWAL                               |
| Yea, though <i>Mary</i> walks through the valley of the shadow of death, <i>I</i> will fear no evil: for thou art with <i>Mary</i> ; thy rod and thy staff they comfort <i>Mary</i> . | TRUST                                 |
| Thou preparest a table before <i>Mary</i> in the presence of <i>her</i> enemies: thou anointest <i>Mary's</i> head with oil; <i>her</i> cup runneth over.                             | JOY                                   |
| Surely goodness and mercy shall follow <i>Mary</i> all the days of <i>her</i> life: and <i>Mary</i> will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.                                      | PEACE and ASSURANCE forever and ever. |
| AMEN.   |                                       |

Contributed by: Miss Marion J. Mansfield

☐ We can help God's will to be done more easily and save ourselves countless heartaches.

## Positive & Negative Force Equals Power

Frank W. Robertson

A KEY thought in our Sunday School lesson recently reminded us of a lesson we learned at school years ago—a lesson in our study of electricity, our most useful form of earthly power. Let's think about the similarity of these two lessons for a few moments.

As many of us remember, there is a two-way movement of electricity as we understand it, positive and negative. Of course, an electrician will quickly remind us that this is true of alternating current only; that direct current moves in only one direction. But that doesn't destroy this thought. Alternating current, the two-way type of power, is the more commonly used form and has the most far-reaching influence. So let's think about the positive and negative characteristics of power.

This understanding of power is by no means limited to electricity; far from it. For example, our friend, the Physical Scientist, will agree that when he thinks of force he remembers Isaac Newton's law that "For every action there is an opposite reaction,"—both positive and negative force, if you will. And our friend, the Economist, will agree that economic forces follow a cyclical pattern—again, positive

and negative forces. We would continue, but we believe we have said enough to illustrate our point; in both the physical world and the world of human activity, progress moves forward in a combined positive and negative pattern.

Let's continue our line of thought. This positive and negative pattern is with us in the spiritual world, too. For example, the First Psalm reminds us that "Blessed is he that walketh *not* in the way of the ungodly"—and quickly continues with the positive conviction—"But whose delight *is* in the Law of the Lord. . . ." If we substitute the word "successful" or the word "powerful" or the word "satisfied" for the word "Blessed," we get the thought that "satisfied" (or whatever synonym you choose) is the person who rejects the counsel (advice) of the ungodly but whose allegiance to the Law of the Lord is positive. In other words, the thought of the First Psalm and many other Psalms emphasizes the presence of two opposing forces and the Power of the Lord as the successful result getter.

Let's go a step further in Biblical thought guidance. Did you ever count the negative directions in the Ten Commandments? If you have not, do it. Then look at the Golden

Rule. You'll agree, we believe, that the Golden Rule includes every thought we get from the Ten Commandments; and does it in as *positive* a manner as was ever uttered. And it does it in *31 words!* Powerful force and practical? We who have tried it know that *it works!* The Golden Rule doesn't replace the Ten Commandments; it translates them into our everyday thoughts and makes the Ten Commandments indelibly positive. The two thought-leaders complement each other.

Again, if we go back to our lessons in Physics we remember quite a lot about a condition we know as *harmony*. Looking back, we remember "harmony" as a condition of agreement in motion—or, in other words, a condition of working together. We can bring that thought into our ordinary dealings with our God, our World, our Country, and our Fellow Man. We agree right away that God is the

Supreme Ruler of the Universe and that His Will is going to be done. We can help it to be done more easily and save ourselves countless heartaches, however, if we accomplish harmony with our Fellow Man, whether our Fellow Man is our employer, our boss, our sources of supply, our customers, our personal neighbors, or our National neighbors.

Remember, Jesus Christ didn't *ask* us to love our neighbors as ourselves; He *told* us to do it.

The job isn't easy. No job worth doing is easy. It is a "command performance" though; and if we look ahead, it's a winner in terms of doing a world-saving task (active peace). It's a job, too, of building up friendship among our neighbors, whoever they are—bosses, employees, customers, sources of stock, personal neighbors, political neighbors, and National neighbors.

Is the job worth doing? We think so.



The Spiritual Glow is a priceless heavenly gift. Horace Bushnell said: "The soul of improvement is the improvement of the soul." He who opens to God the windows of his own soul and permits the heavenly fires to burn through his own spirit will find the secret of victorious living. It is beautifully related that when an old Scotch saint lay dying, his daughter approached his bed and said: "Will I read a chapter to ye, Father?" "Na, na, lassie," he said. "The storm's up noo; I theekit (thatched) ma house in calm weather." The storms are raging but God still lives.—Fred R. Chenault.

☐ "All right, Father, if You don't want me to write,  
I shall find some other way to serve You."

## *It Pays to "Let Go"*

*Annie S. Greenwood*

THE faith which is so released that it is willing *not* to receive what is desired is so Christlike that it is much more powerful than even that faith which importunes with Jacob's I-will-not-let-Thee-go insistence. It is the Thy-will-be-done prayer which prevails.

This is a lesson we all need to learn. Sometimes it seems that relinquishment of the desired objective is the condition necessary to the receiving. It has been seen again and again that the mother, agonizing over a desperately sick child, who can completely give the loved one into the Father's care is the one to whom the child is restored. This must have been the supreme faith with which George Mueller prayed through all the years for his orphanage, to a God Who never failed him.

Even though we moderns revolt at the thought of Abraham's willingness to sacrifice his only son—the God-sent boy in whom all his highest hopes were centered—still we cannot but stand in awe at the magnificence of a faith which so fully trusted that it could sidetrack all human fatherly longings in order to obey the Divine command.

The Jacob type of prayer which declares, "I will not let Thee go"

is often considered the effective one; I believe the greater prayer is that which follows the advice, "Let go and let God."

This is particularly applicable to the excellent position we hold, and feel that it must be retained, or the one we hope to receive. In either case we have done all we could to meet requirements. We have given, or we stand ready to give, our best service, loyally and consistently. We see how under such circumstances we can do a worthy work, of high value to others as well as ourselves. That may be the very occasion which most needs our willingness to release, if necessary, the hoped for condition, achievement or result. Something far better may be awaiting us in the unseen realm, something which cannot make its appearance until we have cleared the pathway by letting go of what now seems so dear and indispensable.

Probably no man or woman goes through life without at some time or other meeting an apparent injustice which thrusts him or her out of a position or other set of circumstances with a suddenness which is appalling. Let us not take such an event too greatly to heart. To have even a very attractive door closed in one's face is almost al-

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ways a signal that a better one is waiting to be entered. To brood over it, with resentment and undue depression, does us far more harm than was done by the event over which we grieve. At best we can see only superficially. We need to learn to trust so completely that we can let go and know that our highest good is being worked out for us. The lesson in relinquishment may be the very experience we need at the time. It is sure to bring its own rich reward. The wisdom we have gained through our lost position, for instance, is an asset which can never be taken from us. We can apply it elsewhere, even though under different circumstances. Life is a training school; it may be that, without our knowing it, we are now ready for the next grade and must move along into it. To cling too desperately to anything proves that we feel dependent upon it. That is a tacit admission that we are not yet actually depending upon the strength and resources of GOD IN US.

To have the courage and persistence which keeps on keeping on, regardless of temporary defeats and disappointments, is extremely valuable. Still more priceless is the perfect faith which so completely trusts that it can and does release the desired objective to the Father's will, to be handled in His way. This is one of the greatest lessons the Master gave us—"Neverthe-

less, not my will but Thine be done."

Many years ago, following an accident which had incapacitated me for months, leaving me in desperate need for money and still with almost no strength, I had an experience of such relinquishment. In whatever free hours I could find through an especially busy life, I had for years tried to write for publication, faithfully studying rules and techniques and developing material which I hoped would carry worthy messages to the world. Like all beginners, I met with nothing but disappointment. The longing to express myself in helpful articles had become such an obsession as actually to be a physical pain but I constantly failed in finding an editor who wanted anything I sent. During those long months of suffering, as I tried to recover from the injury, I used my limited strength in further writing, and day by day I watched the mailbox with a feverish hope which always dropped into sickening disappointment.

Daily I followed a definite prayer regime in which this burning desire was committed to the Father's care for fulfillment. By late July that summer everything I sent out had been returned except a few manuscripts, long gone, which had apparently been lost. The morning of August first, as I spent the regular hour in prayer, my thoughts

turned as always to that special longing. I was alone, audibly talking things over with God. Suddenly, as I turned from other topics to that of my writing, I heard myself saying, almost unconsciously, for I certainly had not for a moment entertained any such thought, "All right, Father, if You don't want me to write, I shall find some other way to serve You."

I was amazed at my own statement; still further amazed to realize that the intensity of longing was gone! The pain of years of frustration had left me. I was at peace. If I couldn't succeed in my beloved writing, it was too bad, but I would find other methods of worthy self-expression. Almost never in my life have I experienced such perfect release. Everything was all right!

I gave glad thanks. Then I turned my thoughts to wherever any manuscript might be and earnestly blessed anyone who in any way touched it. I had let go

and was letting God. It was a complete victory and I was very happy. The intense longing of a lifetime had been taken care of in some indescribable way.

Three days later in the cool of the evening I stepped out on the porch and suddenly realized that all day long I had forgotten even to look for my mail. There, as the quiet shadows of the summer night closed softly around me, I withdrew from the mailbox a letter of kindly appreciation from an editor, with his check for thirty dollars. It was like bread from heaven! Scarce believing my eyes, I slipped both back into the envelope and reverently thanked God. Then I took the check out and looked at it again. Yes, it was dated August first—the very day I had released my whole program of writing. Needless to say, I have been writing ever since, but free from the emotional strain which had bound me for years. It pays to relinquish!



Anger is the punishment you inflict on yourself for the wrong doing of another.—*Otto Mallery.*



My life was like a patch of weeds, a patch of weeds without an end,  
Until by happy circumstance, I had the luck to make a friend,  
And then a garden it became, A garden fair 'neath skies of blue,  
With paths of pleasantness and peace, Because that friend was Y O U.

—*Loraine Bell.*

☐ People were astonished when Mrs. Hurley gave birth to a little boy when she was 59.

## Answers To Prayer

*Harold Helfer*

IN Atlanta, Ga., when a baby girl was born to Mrs. W. L. Cash, the mother's first question was, "Can she see?"

She was told that the baby was normal in every respect.

Mrs. Cash smiled happily as the tensions of past months dropped away. She and her husband, a piano tuner, have been blind since birth—and they had been told by physicians that it would be unwise to have a child, that it was apt to be born blind.

"But I had faith and I just couldn't believe the doctor was right," the mother said.

So it would seem that even in this world, this atomic age of streaking jets and magic drugs, there is still a place for prayer.

There is the case of Master Sgt. James P. Hendrix, a hard-boiled paratrooper. He was in a plane high above Fort Benning, Ga., on a routine training flight.

His time came to jump. He plunged himself out of the open door—and, to his horror, his main chute became caught in the backwash of the prop and blew against him, the chute shrouds becoming entangled in his boot buckles.

At 500 feet, he jerked the emergency chute rip cord. It opened for

a moment, then became entangled with the other chute and the sergeant plummeted earthward with nothing above him but flapping silk and tangled lines.

Death seemed inevitable, but an instant before he hit the ground he found enough strength to pull his body into a V-shape, head and feet high. That permitted him to roll when he hit the ground.

He couldn't move for a few minutes after striking the earth but after the initial shock had passed his faculties returned.

He had suffered only minor bruises.

The whole thing seemed almost like a miracle. How did Sgt. Hendrix explain it?

"I don't know," he said. "I just screamed to God for help as I fell helpless."

Mrs. Mary B. Davidson, of Atlanta, is another who can attest to the wonder of faith.

Mrs. Davidson had an alarm clock, which, after serving her long and faithfully, suddenly stopped dead. No amount of winding, knocking or slapping would start it. She finally gave up on it and the long habit of waking at the same time in the morning kept her from oversleeping.

One day one of her children became very ill and required regular doses of medicine during the night. Knowing that she would never wake up every three hours, she grabbed the old clock, shook it soundly and said to it, "You've just got to run!"

And, there and then, it began ticking away again, as regularly and staunchly as ever.

People at Helena, Ark., were rather astonished when Mrs. Fred J. Hurley give birth to a little boy. Mrs. Turley is 59.

But Mrs. Turley, whose husband is 65, took the event calmly enough.

"It's just an answer to a prayer," she explained.

And, in England's southern counties recently, two weeks after prayers for rain were offered, 250 tons of rain to the acre had fallen.

Now it is considered rather old-fashioned today to believe in out-and-out miracles. But Dr. and Mrs. Robert T. McMahan, of Oakland, Calif., could not eliminate from their hearts the hope that Lourdes, France, the celebrated miracle shrine of France, might still generate some great power not given to man to understand.

They were thinking of their six-year-old daughter, Mary Ann, who had not walked unassisted since birth. She had been born without

the lower leg bones and was encased in casts when still an infant in her playpen.

And so the McMahons took Mary on a pilgrimage to Lourdes.

A month after their return from the French shrine, her father reported that the casts were removed and Mary Ann could walk. "She was a little knock-kneed at first," he said, "but before long she was playing and swimming and riding her tricycle just like the rest of the kids."

Mrs. Robert E. Slater, of Windsor, Canada, prayed for 19 years to assume the affliction of her son Joseph, who was left completely paralyzed as a result of an operation. Doctors had called his case hopeless. But Mrs. Slater never abandoned hope and "kept praying all the time . . . and in my prayer I asked Him to visit an affliction on me if that would make Joseph walk again."

A few months ago Mrs. Slater fell, suffered a spinal injury and became partly paralyzed. Joseph suddenly began to recover the use of his limbs. Today he is able to push his mother around in her wheelchair.

Mrs. Slater says: "There are some things prayers can do even after doctors fail."



In His love and in His pity, He redeemed them.—Bible.

☞ "Lord, if you need another dumb donkey, here I am. I've quit pulling back on the rope."

## The Donkey

WHEN Jesus approached Jerusalem for His triumphal entry He sent two of His disciples to a nearby village to bring a small donkey which they would find tied at a certain corner, waiting. (Mark 11:1-10)

If the donkey could have reasoned and talked he would probably have said, "You've made a mistake. I am not the one to carry Jesus in the parade. Go get a big, fine horse, a gold trimmed saddle, and bridle. I'm not worthy or able. I'm not trained to the bridle, and not broken to the saddle. No one has ever ridden me, and I don't even know the way to Jerusalem. I'm just a donkey. No, get someone else."

The disciples untied the donkey from the roadside post and led him to Jesus.

Jesus calls mediocre people like you and me to do some special task. We often excuse ourselves and say, "No, get someone better qualified." The donkey didn't realize that it wasn't necessary for him to know the way to Jerusalem or to be trained to the bridle. If he obeyed the gentle pressure of the rider's knee he could not go astray. The rider knew the way!

Neither did the donkey realize that if Jesus had chosen a prancing

steed that day, with flowing mane and waving tail, the crowd would have said, "See what a pretty horse he's riding!" But who would give a second glance at a donkey? It was "Behold the man!" (John 19:5)

God revealed to me in this story of the donkey the entire obligation of my life. How often had I, like the donkey, said, "No, get somebody else. I'm not properly educated, not big enough or wise enough. I can't do it." Then I read Paul's words again, "For ye see your calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called; but God hath chosen the weak things of the world, to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are; that no flesh should glory in his presence." (Cor. 1:26-29)

It dawned on me that Christ didn't need wise men to serve Him. He had all the wisdom necessary. All He needs are men who will obey. He knows the way; He can give all the orders necessary, but He has a terrible shortage of help who will obey without talking back or trying to do the job some other way.

If I were hiring a gardener or store clerk I would hardly pick a college professor or theologian. They would have ideas of their own, and would soon be telling me how I ought to run my business. If I knew the business I would want someone who would do, cheerfully and loyally, just what I told him to do.

Perhaps that is why Jesus, in choosing men for the twelve most important positions in the world, that of being His disciples, passed up the lawyers and theologians of His day, the ministers and the professors, to pick simple, unlearned men who could take orders and obey them, believing humbly that the "Boss must know best."

The I realized that the donkey couldn't be led to serve Jesus until he was untied, and if he pulled back on the rope it was difficult for anyone to get him loose. And I saw that I, like that other donkey, and perhaps like some of you, had been pulling back on the rope. Jesus had sent His messenger, the Holy Spirit, to untie ME from myself, from my doubts and fears and inferiority complexes. That He didn't need, nor could He successfully use learned men who were wise in their own conceit, but desperately needed some men who didn't know any more than to trust Him and believe every word He said.

I said, "Lord, all my life I've

tried to think of myself as a prancing, handsome steed that you would be proud to have lead the parade. I see now you could not use me while I had that idea. I realize now I'm just a donkey, like that one you chose, with no college education, no great eloquence, no fine clothes, no dashing appearance. But if you need another dumb donkey, Lord, here I am. I've quit pulling back on the rope!"

Since then I've found He has a job for me wherever I go. It may be keeping books for some business, or working as attendant in a hospital, or "feeding the multitude" in a resaurant or grocery, or holding a revival meeting, or cheering up a fellow traveller, or writing or praying. There is usually some vacant pulpit to fill on Sundays. And I find that the jobs He leads me to are just the kind of jobs that I can do, and the kind needed to better fit me for His service.

In short, I have found to my surprise and chagrin that Jesus knew more about what was good for me and what I could do than I did myself; that He knew more about how to spread the Kingdom than all my bright ideas of former years. He has a job for you if you are willing to be a donkey, and will quit pulling back on the rope!

Before Jesus left this earth He promised His disciples a helper, and a comforter, the Holy Spirit.

(John 16:7) For years I had sought and prayed that I might know the joy that some claimed who had "gotten the Spirit." Then I saw that when I had quit pulling back on the rope the Messenger had been able to untie me from my old self and lead me to Jesus. And I knew it was the Holy Spirit when I had tested its fruits—love, joy, and peace.

—*Just a Donkey.*



### **Easter**

*Lulu Walton Quick*

We thank Thee, Lord, for summer  
With the sunshine and the flowers,  
When birds and bees and butterflies  
Fill all the golden hours.

We thank Thee for the autumn  
With all its sheaves of ripened grain,  
The glory of the harvest  
On meadow, hill and plain.

We thank Thee for the winter  
With its snow and fireside cheer,  
The coming of the Christ-Child  
The crowning of the year.

But we thank Thee most for springtime  
That brings us Easter Day,  
When, in a lonely garden,  
A stone was rolled away

From a grave where Life lay waiting  
To blossom forth again  
In Christ, our blessed Savior,  
Who gave His life for men.

Our hearts are filled with gladness  
Because we hear Him say  
That Christ our Savior rose for us  
That first glad Easter Day.

☐ He would play the man still,  
and do it eagerly and heartily! And he did.

## *He Wouldn't Be Beaten By Life*

*Winifred Rhoades*

THE other day I told your aunt," he wrote to his niece, "that I thought the happiest years of my life had been the twenty years since my back collapsed. Never before had she been so near to me or so good to me. Never before have I been so keen, on waking in the morning, to be at work, however badly I may be doing it.

"This summer your brother Robert," he continued, "by clearing away underbrush on this place has opened my eyes to the valiance of handicapped nature. For eighty years I have preserved a little wild cherry tree, blown over in a hurricane when I was a boy. It still lies flat on the ground but it has put forth two enormous branches standing almost straight-up and thus growing into two trees."

John F. Moors is an example of the valiance a handicapped personality can show, though he did not have that in mind when he penned those words. At the height of his usefulness as a business man and a public-minded citizen, he found himself a victim of tuberculosis of the spine and was put into a plaster cast, sent to bed, and obliged to lie on his back in the cast day and night. He was senior partner of an

important brokerage concern in Boston, president of the Family Welfare Society, and one of the trustees of Radcliffe College. As a very prominent graduate of Harvard he also had been for thirteen years a member of the Corporation of the University. In addition to that service he had been for nine years a lecturer on Investment in the Harvard School of Business Administration. But now, with the oncoming of his physical disablement and confinement in bed he must surrender such activities.

In past years his service had been requisitioned in one place and another when catastrophe and emergencies occurred.

When the San Francisco earthquake and fire produced panic conditions amid the ruins of what had been the centre of activities on the Pacific Coast it was John F. Moors who was immediately despatched to the scene of the disaster to bring order out of chaos and to provide the necessities of life for the homeless crowds. Almost a million dollars had been subscribed by sympathetic people in Massachusetts for giving relief to the stricken people; and to prevent the corrupt, or merely unwise, expenditure of this vast sum demanded wisdom and

also resoluteness of no small kind.

When the terrible explosion of munitions occurred in Halifax during the first World War it was John F. Moors who was sent by the American Red Cross to the scene of disaster to organize and direct the relief work. Here again his task called for the judicious and efficient administration of funds amounting to a million dollars in co-operation with local officials and the Red Cross.

When the great Chelsea fire occurred it was this same man who was called upon to give his wise-headed and great-hearted services; and when fire devastated a large section of the city of Salem it was once more he who was delegated to do what could be done for the relief of the homeless and suffering. A task of a somewhat different kind which he set himself was the effort to raise money to be sent to Germany at the close of the first World War for food for the under-nourished children.

But now no longer could he spring to the rescue when great and terrible crises arose. All he could do was to lie flat on his back. All he could do was to think about the great things to which he had given the strength of his heart and mind and body, and be thankful for what he had been empowered to do. This, too: he could send out his vigorous thought into all the

earth and so keep himself vividly alive in those realms of mind and spirit where it is most important to be alive.

He had been in demand as a speaker for many causes, as when he journeyed to Hampton Institute and talked about folk who are in one way or another handicapped by life. The public work to which he gave most time and thought was in behalf of improvements in the government of Boston. And they were greatly needed! For twenty-three years he was an active member first of the original Boston Finance Commission of seven members, and then of the present body. He worked annually, also, to bring about the election of really worthy candidates to the Boston School Committee. With all those other things to occupy his mind and draw upon his time his connection of fifty-two years with the Family Welfare Society constituted a record of interest and loyalty that is of rare occurrence.

But now beloved services such as these were no longer possible. Under such circumstances a man's thoughts can become a torture. "Here I am, at the height of my powers and able to be most largely of use in the world—here I am, confined to my bed! Beaten by life!"

But this man would not let his thoughts become a torture. He

would not let himself talk in that fashion. He would not suffer himself to be beaten. He would not permit bitterness to drag his soul into a ditch. Whichever the limitations of his body he would not allow his mind and spirit to know limits. He would keep his mind in touch with the world's great concerns! He would keep his spirit responsive to humanity's great needs! He would take the whole world into his heart! He would keep himself vividly and vigorously alive inwardly, even if he couldn't do so outwardly! He would not permit himself to be sorry for himself, nor to think thoughts of frustration and rebellion. He would play the man still, and do it eagerly and heartily!

And he did.

He lived victoriously. And to live victoriously is the greatest glory a man can give to his life. Out of acquiescence to the limitations imposed upon him came a new life, with new compensations and new joys, rich and rewarding in a new way, as the letter quoted at the beginning testifies.

Over and over again that brave word, "acquiescence," which Dr. Trudeau said contained the most important lesson life had taught him, comes back to my mind. John Farwell Moors didn't denounce the fates. He acquiesced. He didn't fill the air with lamentations. "If I

can't come at the joy of life in the old ways I will come at it in new ways!" That was his attitude. And so he could write that he thought the happiest years of his life had been the twenty years since his back collapsed.

It was just at that time that his wife wrote to a friend of the "wonderful way in which my John accepted the tremendous blow which cut him off from all activity when he was in the prime of life, and full of energy and ambition to be of service. . . . Many have said that in all his very useful life he had never been of greater service than he was in his enforced idleness—a real inspiration to all who saw him or knew about him. He could easily have rebelled against a cruel fate! But he resolved at once never to have a grievance. And the way in which he tried to obey all the obnoxious rules not only made it infinitely easier for me, but was largely the reason why he slowly but surely regained his strength so that now he can lead a fairly normal life for an old man."

That fairly normal life for a man now in his eighties came only step by step. At the beginning it was two and a half years before he was permitted to leave his bed. For seventeen years after that he was obliged to sleep on a board laid on top of the mattress. When somewhat more of freedom was per-

mitted he began by taking short walks, and then gradually extended them to three miles a day on the streets near his home. Once or twice a week he made trips to his office and kept a hand upon its affairs. He made a point of attending the Harvard commencement and marching in the procession. He attended Radcliffe trustee meetings. In past years he had written many editorials for the Boston newspapers, and sent in many letters of comment upon one important matter or another, and had done in addition some other bits of writing; now he had further writing on hand which kept both his mind and his hand busy. And then the crowning act of his long service to Radcliffe came when, at the laying of the cornerstone of the dormitory he was giving, he made an address to the students and special guests which was filled with his characteristic wit as well as wisdom.

And the wit and wisdom at his lunch table! That is something not to be forgotten by those who from time to time have the privilege of sitting with him there. He comes down from the upstairs room in which he spends the greater part of his time, greets his guests with a hearty welcome, and then gives those guests a stirring hour as he pours forth anecdotes of famous men and events of large significance, all spiced with the wit and humor that never fail, all vivid and lively with a vividness and liveliness that few younger men are able to approach. Then, when the meal is over, "Well, I must go upstairs. Come again!"—and off he goes to spend the rest of the day in quietness.

Let it be said again. That is victorious living. That is heroism of the soul, and heroism of the soul is what all of us are called to by life, though they are not too many who hear and heed the call.



Think of—  
 Stepping on shore, and finding it Heaven!  
 Of taking hold of a hand, and finding it God's hand.  
 Of breathing a new air, and finding it celestial air.  
 Of feeling invigorated, and finding it immortality.  
 Of passing from storm and tempest to an unbroken calm.  
 Of waking up, and finding it HOME.

—*Author Unknown.*



☐ It is hard to sing in the midnight of some trial,  
but the love of God can make us conquerors even here.

## Three R's of the Spirit

Emma Canby

ALL of us want to live triumphantly, to make our lives an expression of Christ's teaching—and sometimes we succeed. But days come when we are mortified and puzzled by our failures. In wondering how to conquer these failures, it has come to me slowly that there are three R's I must work on as a child at school works on his three R's.

*My first R is:* "Resist not evil." This, I've learned, means more than not slapping back, even verbally. It means not to let evil (accidents, misfortunes, sickness, a hurt) provoke or irritate me, not let it make me resentful.

Some people go to their day's work with a tale of irritation over something that has gone wrong—some slight, some injustice. The tone of the day is spoiled because they allowed annoyance to build up inside themselves and they passed their annoyance on to others.

To learn this R, we must work as steadily at it as a child learning the multiplication tables. We must practice it daily, hourly. Of course we cannot learn by ourselves, we must have the Teacher's aid, the Master's help. His help and our will to learn will give us victory.

"Resist not evil" . . . "Fret not"

. . . "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good."

*My second R is:* "Rest." How much trouble comes from weariness, overwrought nerves, tenseness! Some day I believe we shall recognize that pushing on when we are exhausted is a *sin* which hurts ourselves and all around us.

Rest? Rest when the day's work is clamoring to be done? Better let it go undone, if we are exhausted, than to make a mess of the whole day; or say a sharp word for which we shall later have to spend hours trying to make amends. Rest? How?

Christ said: "Come unto me . . . and I will give you rest." Let us try relaxing mind, nerves, muscles and thinking of Christ's goodness and love till goodness and love fill our being. Quietness and peace will come pouring in, washing away weariness, putting in its place purpose, initiative, decision. The more expert we become in relaxing and receiving Christ's Spirit, the more quickly and fully the transition will take place. We find ourselves buoyed up, eager to tackle what seemed a short time before a terrible snarl or an insurmountable mountain.

*My third R is:* "Rejoice." Do

we take time all through the day to *rejoice in Christ's love?* Rejoice in His goodness to us. Rejoice that He is our Counselor, Physician, Friend. Dr. Frank Laubach trained his mind to pray once every hour, then once every half hour, then a part of every minute. How wonderful our days would be if we took time every hour to give thanks for Christ's love! Even the pagan Cicero said: "A thankful heart is not only the greatest virtue, but the parent of all other virtues."

Do we feel our circumstances, our trials are too great to warrant rejoicing? Not if we remember we deserve nothing—and that God has given us *Himself*. Paul and Silas in prison might have done what we are tempted to call the normal thing: resisted, and worried. Instead they prayed and sang praises to God at midnight, in prison—and saved the jailer, his family and all his household.

It is hard to sing in the midnight of some trial we cannot understand, some long, weary unhappy situation, but the love of God can make us conquerors even here. Several times I have prayed with a simple woman whose life has been one of continuous manual labor. But her prayers begin with: "Thank you, Lord, thank you, thank you"; and all through her prayers, between requests, she pours out her thanks—and never have I felt more sure of the presence of the Spirit.

"Resist not evil"—"Relax and Rest"—"Rejoice." So much for our three R's and the discipline of our spirits. To what end? For our own peace and joy? Yes, but far more. It is that we may become released from self and enabled to help others know this peace and joy, know the illimitable riches of God waiting, waiting—waiting—for humanity to reach out and accept.



George Fox and others, from a Declaration presented to Charles II in 1660:

"We utterly deny all outward wars and strife, and fightings with outward weapons, for any end, or under any pretense whatever; this is our testimony to the whole world. The spirit of Christ, by which we are guided, is not changeable, so as once to command us from a thing of evil, and again to move us into it; and we certainly know and testify to the world, that the Spirit of Christ, which leads us unto all truth will never move us to fight and war against any man with outward weapons."

## Thoughts Farthest Out. . . . . Norman K. Elliott

### GLENN CLARK AND THE CAMPS FARTHEST OUT

"If a man love me, he will keep my words: and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him."—John 14:23.

**D**URING the month of March, Glenn Clark conducted meetings in Hawaii. When he returns home, he will leave again in two weeks and be gone until fall. The Camps Farthest Out start in May and end in October.

When you stop to think of it, the growth of the work of Dr. Clark has been amazing. In less than twenty years, from a small Bible Class in Minneapolis, his influence now stretches over most of the world. And all of this has not come about through any high pressure advertising campaign. It grew naturally. A talk here and there touched people, and they spread the word. Other invitations to talk came, and then more.

The first camp was held in 1930 at Lake Koronis in Minnesota, and this year there are twenty-four of them. It all started out as a part-time activity by Glenn Clark. He sandwiched it into his college teaching schedule. Now it demands his full time and he is home only two or three months of the year.

If there is a reason for it at all, it is that one man believed with all his might in prayer. He took Jesus at His word, and Jesus took him at his word. When that happens there is no sense in planning anything for then "the Father doeth the work."

D. L. Moody said there was only one way to have a revival in your church and that was to announce your desire and have those interested pray with you. It may only start with two or three, but when there is enough prayer behind the wish, the revival will come! And, all the money and organization in the world will fail without prayer. Glenn Clark never undertakes anything without prayer. Where he goes people are praying, and those at home are also praying.

If you do not receive the 1950 Camp Farthest Out Announcement by the middle of April, drop a card to 1571 Grand Avenue, St. Paul 5, Minnesota. You will also be interested in the 32-page booklet "The Pastor Takes a Holiday—The Camps Farthest Out and the Church." The booklet costs 5c, 25 for \$1.00.

Read: *My God and I*, Miles Clark. \$1.00.

### THE INDIVIDUAL APPEAL OF THE GOSPEL

"And he saith unto them, Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men. And they straightway left their nets, and followed him."—Matthew 4:19-20.

**I**F THE successful revivals of Billy Graham in different cities of the country mean anything, they mean that people are hungry for God. In eighteen days in Boston, Billy Graham had as many converts as there was in eight weeks in Los Angeles. The last night 16,000 jammed into Boston Garden, and 10,000 more were turned away. No matter how you feel toward Billy Graham, or what you think of his Biblical position, you cannot get away from the fact that he is meeting a great soul hunger in many, many people. Thousands are being stirred out of their spiritual apathy, and that is a sign of the Holy Spirit working.

With the social emphasis of the last few decades, we almost thought that the old individual appeal of the Gospel was outdated. Now with our sad experiences of broken treaties, laws overthrown or re-interpreted with apparent ease, and with the growth of isms that make a man's word good only as long as he feels it is of benefit to him, we are drawn back to the wisdom of the individual appeal of the Gospel. Jesus did not go around trying to bring about the Kingdom of God by social legislation, or by trying to change the mass of people as a group. He appealed to the individual conscience of individual men and women. It was, "Follow THOU me," and with the events of the last few years we see more clearly than ever before that the Kingdom will come only by means of individuals won and then winning others.

There are signs that a new reformation is in the making. The increase of small prayer groups everywhere, laymen's movements for a Christian world, the Christopher Movement, Christian Frontier Movement in England, the Zoe Movement in Greece, and the more general acceptance of laymen in the pulpit periodically are part of the stirring. There is a grass roots striving after God, and it finds its strength in dedicated individuals winning other individuals. Let's roll up our sleeves and pitch into the great opportunity. Billy Graham is doing his job well, and let each of us vow before Christ to do ours equally well.

Read: *Signs of Hope*, Elton Trueblood, \$1.00; or, *Fishers of Men*, Glenn Clark. \$1.25.

## NEW LIFE THROUGH CHRIST

"... and the bread that I will give is my flesh, which I will give for the life of the world."—John 6:51.

SADHU SUNDAR SINGH told an incident that happened during one of his many missionary journies into the mountainous country of Tibet. He had been preaching about the new life that was available to everyone through the sacrifice of Jesus Christ. There was one man in the crowd who kept nodding his head as Singh talked, and the Sadhu assumed he was a Christian. After the meeting he asked the man if he were a Christian and he said he was not. "Then," said the Sadhu, "what did you mean by nodding your head as I talked?" "Oh," said the man, "it is perfectly plain to me how the death of Jesus Christ brought new life into the world. When I was a young man I fell into a deep ravine. The doctor said I could not live as I had lost so much blood. My father begged the doctor if there was not something—anything—that could be done. The doctor said there was a chance if someone would give his blood to me—but then, he added, there was no use of talking about that as no one would do such a thing because it would likely mean the death of that person. My father said he loved me more than he loved himself and that he would give me his blood. He did and I lived, but my father died. I can see how the sacrifice of Jesus saves others."

Jesus gave and is still giving men and women a Transfusion whenever they want to take it. This Transfusion does not come about by discussing it and by arguing various points of doctrine concerning the crucifixion. You get it by taking it, and if you want proof that it works than try it, and if you are a little hesitant about trying it then take heart by looking at the miracles of New Life that happen to those who come to Him in simple faith.

We Americans pride ourselves in being open-minded and practical. Yet, when it comes to the claims of Jesus we are like the Jews who murmured, "Is not this the son of Joseph? Do we not know his father and his mother?" But these were not the ones who were transformed. The New Life came to those who said, "What He says is wonderful. I'm going to try it." Test the claims of Jesus. Claim the New Life. It works!

Read: *The Atoning Life*, Henry S. Nash. \$1.00.

## Books of Interest

SIGNS OF HOPE IN A CENTURY OF DESPAIR, *Elton Trueblood*. Harper, \$1.00. 125 pages. This book is worth reading. We have become so stunned by the prophets of doom that it is time someone looked for the signs of hope and told us the glad tidings, and that is the message of this good book. He points out to us the closer cooperation between denominations, nationally and internationally; the interest in theology and the number of great men of theology we have in our time—more perhaps than in any other era; the new vitality of laymen as leaders of Christianity; and the growth of small societies, here and abroad, that indicate a deeper dedication to Christ than we have had for a long time. It's a good book.

HELP AND COMFORT FROM THE BIBLE, *Edited by Leonard M. Leonard*. Doubleday, \$2.50. 223 pages. This book grew from a poll of ministers as to the most helpful and comforting verses in the Bible. There is a short explanation of the verse, or a story connected with the verse, written by a minister. They are divided into groups that make chapters. Some of the chapters are: Fear and Anxiety; Melancholy Moods; Money and Success; Loneliness; Health Problems; Love and Marriage; Old Age; Dread and Death; and Restlessness. I cannot think of anyone who could not get a lot of benefit from this book. It is also good for before bed reading and meditations.

WHAT ARE YOU LIVING FOR? *John Sutherland Bonnell*. Abingdon-Cokesbury, \$2.00. 188 pages. A book of sermons by one of the great preachers of America. They are packed full of human interest illustrations. They are interesting reading, and you leave each sermon feeling much better and stronger. They are divided into four main parts: "Invitation to Adventure"; "From Doubt into Faith"; "Courage to Overcome"; and "The Challenge of Responsibility." Dr. Bonnell answers the query of the title of the book in the Person of Jesus Christ and does so in terms that are both commanding and beautiful.

THE FIELD OF HONOR, *Archer Wallace*. Abingdon-Cokesbury, \$1.75. 157 pages. The title adds "and 99 other stories for boys." These stories will appeal to boys, but why limit them to that. They appeal to anyone. And, they are excellent for anyone who has to speak, teach or write.

THE GOSPEL IN HYMNS, *Backgrounds and Interpretations, Albert Edward Bailey*. Scribner's, \$6.00. 620 pages. The author tells the background, meaning and something of the author of hymns that were found in six hymnals of ten different denominations. This is the story of English hymns (and American) dating from about 1600 till today. For speakers, ministers, writers, etc., it is a good reference book to have handy.

MY GOD AND I, *Compiled by Miles Clark*. Macalester Park, \$1.00. 96 pages. This collection was made possible by the different writers writing in answer to the question, "What is your favorite meditation?" The result is a series of meditations that do "deepen the spiritual life." Each meditation has a Bible text, the meditation, an affirmation, something for the reader to do, and a closing prayer. Readers of *Clear Horizons* and those who have attended The Camps Farthest Out will feel at home immediately with such authors as Glenn Clark, Frank Laubach, Starr Daily, Glenn Harding, Mary Welch, Roland Brown, Louise Eggleston, Agnes Sanford, Harold Tassell, Paul Wilkinson, Rufus Moseley, Walter Fiscus, and Frank Olmstead. It's good!

PRAYER WORKS, *Austin Pardue*. Morehouse-Gorham, \$2.00. 127 pages. Every once in a while you get a book that is just right, and this is one of them. Bishop Pardue believes in prayer and he does not hedge about it, and at the same time he does not make the fantastic claims and statements that discredit so many books. He is warm and sympathetic, and more than anything else he is a man of faith. His faith shines through every page

of the book. He presents prayer as a perfectly normal and natural thing, and then step by step he shows that it works. It works for people like you and me, ordinary people with needs, wishes, hopes and wants. Here are some of the chapters: "Prove It"; "Be Still and Know"; "The

Presence of God"; "The Law of the Heart"; "Spiritual Short-Circuits"; "God Has a Plan for You"; and "The Invisibles." I am sure it is a book that every reader of *Clear Horizons* will love and read over and over again to gain power and comfort and clear sight.



### **A Mother's Meditation**

*Sylvia Fisk Stoddard*

I put my child to bed each night,  
In a soft and downy nest;  
While other children roam the earth,  
And have no place to rest.

I call my child thrice every day  
To a table amply spread;  
While other children stretch their hands  
For a scanty crust of bread.

I sew my daughter's dainty dress,  
And put ribbons in her hair;  
While other children ragged go,  
Nor know a mother's care.

How can I tend my little one,  
Whom Thou hast given me,  
Unless I first have nurtured those,  
To serve whom succors thee.

From out the face of every child,  
Grown gaunt from hunger's strain,  
The Christ-child's eyes look back at me  
Full of reproach and pain.

God, never let me peaceful be,  
While little ones have need,  
Let bread be bitter in my mouth,  
Till hungry ones I feed!

Take from my soul indifference,  
And every selfish sin.  
May my heart open wide its door,  
And let the Christ-child in!

☐ A helpful discipline is to train oneself to recognize persons as living letters of God.

## ***Aids To Practicing The Presence of God***

*Kirby Page*

ALL THAT is needed to make our lives joyous, relaxed, released, and powerful is our constant abiding with the Father. Our remembering Him and walking ever with Him is a delightful experience, but like learning any new habits, requires discipline at first if we are to practice the presence of God so faithfully that we are ever responsive to His guidance.

Pictures may be used as reminders of God and as a challenge to pray often. Photographs of loved ones may prompt moments of intercession. The likeness of a friend on the desk may likewise call forth a brief prayer at frequent intervals. A picture of some especially Christ-like individual watching one at work increases sensitivity and responsiveness. Best of all is to do one's work in the presence of the living Christ prompted by an artist's conception of Christ.

Another helpful procedure is to place a card where it will be seen often. On the card may be written or typed or printed a passage of Scripture, a prayer, a verse of a familiar hymn, a quotation from a devotional book, or a religious

poem. But more effective than cards and pictures in experiencing the presence of God are the glorious manifestations of Him in the beauties of nature.

The surpassing beauty of a sunset should not only be enjoyed, it should be recognized as the handiwork of God. A person can train himself to such a degree that sensitivity to the glories of nature automatically brings God into mind. Nature reflects the wisdom and power and concern of God in such manifold forms that alert recognition brings a continuing series of reminders. This is indeed our Father's world and to listening ears nature sings the Creator's praise. Many times a day we can be reminded of the Eternal, and as we think about Him our desires are changed. Consider the endless variety of reminders of God:

The awe-inspiring beauty of the starry firmament on a dark night.

The glow of the full moon over a sleeping city.

The indescribable blending of color from earliest dawn to the rising of the sun.

Sparkling jewels of dew on

From *The Will of God for These Days*, Kirby Page. Published by Kirby Page, LaHabra, California. By permission.

green leaves and red roses.  
Snow-white clouds floating leisurely through the blue heaven.

The flash of forked lightning and the roll of celestial drums during a storm.

The patter of rain on the roof and against the windows of a happy home.

The harmony of colors in a rainbow through the mist.

The silhouette of trees through dense fog.

Clinging snow on bushes and vines and trees.

The intricate and delicate symmetry of snowflakes.

The sinking of a flaming ball of fire into the sea of the horizon at sunset.

The deepening of shadows from twilight to dark.

The austerity and majesty of high mountains in the west.

Roll upon roll of whitecaps on the blue sea.

The breaking of mighty waves on the rocks.

The pitch darkness of the beach at midnight.

Silvery reflections on a calm lake lined with green trees.

The raging torrent of a mountain stream.

But the most vivid reminders of God are presented by the men and women, the youth and children, we meet. Through practice we may learn to recognize each

individual as a dwelling place of God, a sacred shrine within which is an altar of the Holy One. Long ago Clement of Alexandria exclaimed: "The Lord made man a beautiful breathing instrument of music, whereupon the spirit of life makes melody to God." A helpful discipline is to train oneself to recognize persons as living letters of God.

Day by day we should recognize God at work in the people about us:

Children at play, for such is the kingdom of heaven.

A sleeping baby who is ever breathed upon by the breath of God.

A mother nursing her child as God yearneth over his children.

A family at the table partaking of the bounty of the Lord.

A father teaching his son as God teaches his sons.

Parents and children radiantly singing together in the sanctuary.

A carpenter on his way to work as our God ever works.

A man across the desk with his triumphs and tragedies.

A nearby neighbor in bereavement and sorrows.

Newlyweds across the street with their joyous laughter.

Of such is the Kingdom of God, and in it we live and move and have our being.

☐ It is a tremendous truth that we can possess only that which we give away.

## Joyous Living

Grace Wittenberger

WHEN I was a student and enrolled in a course called "The Literary Study of the Bible," I kept running across certain verses that caught my attention and intrigued me with the challenge they held. I read that Moses, speaking unto Israel, our spiritual ancestors, said, "Ye shall rejoice in all that ye put your hand unto." I found Jesus saying to His disciples after giving them the teachings on the night He was betrayed, "These things have I spoken unto you that my joy might remain in you and that your joy might be full." And I discovered that Paul, writing a letter to the new Christians at Thessalonica, said very simply, with qualifications neither before nor after, "Rejoice always."

And I thought, joyous living? In *this* world? What a silly, Pollyannish ideal!

But an honest and fair study of the lives of the men who so spoke revealed that *they* were not Pollyannas, nor were their lives always set in pleasant places! Yet Joy was a keynote in their message. So I became convinced that Joy is one of our spiritual birthrights.

My next question was, How do I achieve it, and how do I keep it?"

The answer to that question is an ever-unfolding one. I find the answer in two phrases: union with God, and love of man.

Now, "Union with God" is a rather mysterious phrase. It raises perplexing questions like What or Who Is God? The scientist has one answer; the theologian another. And everyone who ever has thought on the subject has his answer, coming out of his own study, reflection and experience.

But all agree that there *is* a Power outside the reaches of man's mind. A vast number call that it God, and find with it an intimate, warm sense of fellowship, which in turn gives them courage in times of deep challenges, renewed hope in despair—and a curious thing called Faith, that keeps them forever working toward and expecting "something better."

Down through the ages there have been teachers who have said, "This is the way to experience fellowship with that Power." Buddha said, "*This* is the Way"; Confucius said, "*This* is the way"; but Christ said, "*I* am the Way." And it is a thrilling thing to discover, in following Him, that the way upon which one is led is uniquely one's own. Such is the love of Christ the

Shepherd, that He *knows* His sheep, each one, and guides them to the Father's fold on the way that uniquely fits each one's personality and temperament. There is no vain "keeping up with the Joneses" in the spiritual life! To trace, each day, through the happenings of one's life the pattern that God is weaving is an absorbing and exciting "continued story" that spreads an atmosphere of joyous expectancy over each new day. Living is fun! And Joy abounds as one senses his partnership with that Universal Power called God!

The second—necessity, we might call it—for the life of joy is love for one's fellowman. Our keeping of the joy attained through an awareness of God working through our lives depends upon the outlet we give it. To hold it to ourselves is to be full cups of what will eventually be stagnant waters.

There are lots of people who say, "Yes, I knew that joy when I first entered the Christian life. But it didn't last."

A gardener filled a watering can with fresh spring water and set it on a bench, expecting his young son to pour it out on the flower beds. A few minutes later, thinking the boy would need more water, he returned. He found the lad sitting beside the still-full can. On inquiring why the boy had not

poured the water on the flower beds, he received this answer:

"Oh, the water was so fresh and clear! I enjoyed watching it sparkle in the sun! I thought I would lose it forever if I poured it out. I didn't know you would return to refill the can! But now the water has become still, and stagnant, and its only sparkle is in my memory."

Such is the lament of so many Christians, who in their zest for loving God, hoard their joy and love for Him and fail to pour it out on their neighbors—forgetting that Christ always replaces that which is spent in loving service for others.

It is a tremendous truth that we can possess only that which we give away. This was brought home with never-to-be-forgotten severity to a group of students. With the utmost sincerity and faith and devotion, they sought to follow the Great Commandment, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy mind and with all thy strength." Somehow they forgot there was a second command like unto it, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Ralph reminded them of that.

Ralph was a member of their group—and held a place of leadership with the whole student body. He was a letterman in basketball, and the president of the Debating

Society. Everyone knew and liked Ralph.

And then, one day he was stricken with a crippling disease. He fought it—and a year later was back on the campus—with braces on his legs and a crutch under each arm. He returned once or twice to the little group, but now he was bitter and cynical. He argued against Love and Faith, and when he finally dropped out, no one went after him.

Then there came the Sunday afternoon when some of the young people went for a walk along the river. The snow was deep. One of the girls stumbled—and her falling uncovered the frozen body of Ralph. The news was carried to the campus, and students were shocked and stunned. Then came a second shock. There was clear evidence that Ralph committed suicide. Everyone was asking, *Why?*

Then it was the little group remembered that second commandment and expressed its discovery in a poem—a poem to Ralph.

*Was it very dark in your soul and heart*

*When you went to the river that day?*

*Had you come to feel there was no part*

*In the scheme of Life you could play?*

*Did the doubts crush in on your tired brain,  
Squeezing out the light of reason?  
Filling with gall and biting pain  
Your cup of life, for a season?*

*So many around you knew the light  
That shines in a God-guided day!  
And had learned of the consecrated  
might  
In a life given full to the Way!*

*How did we fail to hear your need  
Ring out through your cynical  
cries?  
Why was it we were too blind to  
read  
The plea of your soul through your  
eyes?*

*Forgive us for prayers that were  
not prayed,  
For love that was not given,  
That might have released you,  
might have made  
Of your hell, a peace-filled heaven.*

*Our brother's keeper! You've  
taught us this,  
We cannot forsake another!  
The gate to the Father's house we'll  
miss  
Unless we walk with our brother!*

And the gate to joyous living on the way to the Father's house we'll miss—unless we walk with our brother!

## God's View Is the Long View

Hazel Pickett

**A**MONG the baffling problems we face are those of the shortness of life, the seeming inequalities of humanity and a sense of futility in much that we do. Like the philosophers, who wander in a maze of conflicting opinions, we are seeing only small bits of the whole pattern while the answers lie in the long view.

We forget that God has created us to express Him, to know Him, to come into Divine Union with Him and that life is a training school for becoming aware of Him and learning to live in His finished Kingdom. We see only the bud, or the blossom, not the ripened fruit, only the potentials of His perfection, and we defer His Kingdom to the future, limiting ourselves by our concept of Time. But now is the accepted time, and as we learn to live in the Now-moment with Him, we shall be free from our chains, our problems, our fears.

I live in the Rockies and when I take a day off and climb high along the favorite trail, I come to a bend in the path, where I can look out over the plains to the east, and down on the town at the foot of the mountains. I can more or less, spot the location of my small bungalow. It is so small and insignificant, it looks like a doll's

house, or the roof of one. All the problems connected with it seem to shrink to nothingness, the hours spent, cleaning it, the taxes, the repairs, the yard care. It is just a speck on the horizon, and today I am free of it, on a high peak, with My dear-lovely Lord. Why do I stew and fret about a little shoe-box of a house? The universe is my dwelling place.

We wonder why we have to face certain problems, the length or brevity of life, but we may rest assured that whatever length of time it takes to learn a given lesson, just so long shall we remain here. We may turn to God, our Father, and let Him guide us into paths of pleasantness and peace, leading us by the pressure of His hand on ours, or we may find the answer by the trial and error method, breaking our hearts on the rock of His law. That is not the way He wants us to learn, for He is love and would pick us up in His arms, holding us close, sheltering us from storms, from the stony trail. Whether our earthly trail is long or short, the real meaning is that it must bring us nearer to God, closer to Reality, and eventually into Oneness with Him.

We look around us and see people who have so much more

than we do, those who are beautiful, or wise, or gifted or rich, and often they do not seem to merit all this good. But I think that God would tell us that they have earned the right to their present place, or they would not be there. In the larger pattern and the longer view, they have merited these things, and their present problem is one of wise stewardship of the talents given them.

The lesson we must learn is that when we seek His Kingdom, His indwelling Spirit, all these things will be added to us, and that our desire for good is God's desire in us, telling us that His good is omnipresent, and instantly available to us. We must seek Him, identify with Him, appropriate His Kingdom now. Then we shall be in our own rightful place also.

If we are wise, we shall learn that there is an easy way of acquiring this knowledge. We may learn from another's hard school of experience, just as a horticulturist grafts onto a growing tree, a superior and unusual grafting, that produces a new fruit. Or as the scientist does, who avails himself of all the accumulated scientific knowledge of the ages and goes on from there.

Spiritually, we may do the same, learning from the saints, the mystics, the many messengers of God, and from Jesus, the One who, more than any other, manifested God on

this planet, and in His glorified body is still manifesting the Father towards us.

The shortness of life baffles us when we are faced with the loss of a loved one. All that we can really do is to place them in God's dear hands, knowing they are safe with Him, dwelling in one of His many mansions, in a new and radiant body, never absorbed but as an individual, brought into a place of greater awareness, intensified individuality, with a more complete consciousness than ever before. Someone has said that man is a spiritually integrated being, or God, consciously experiencing Himself. Can He be less on a higher plane?

Death has been likened to a bridge and one does not build a permanent home on a bridge. I believe there will be loved ones and friends to greet us, and of course, our omnipresent Father, God, will still be there. Nothing could separate us from His love and Presence. We cannot know His judgments and I believe that even those who have sinned deeply against Him and humanity are taken to a very stern school, where they will eventually learn lesson of love. No one is wholly evil and nothing that is good in the human soul can be lost.

There is no such thing as futility in life for life refutes it at every turn. The tiniest spark of color on

the wing of an insect, the tinkling cymbals on his feet, proclaim a purpose of some kind in the world. A bit of floating, opalescent cloud in the blue sky, gives vision of the vast interstellar spaces. There is meaning and purpose in all things and as we respond to the universe, we discover God and life becomes full of glory and goodness and wonder.

The balance of God's created universe is so delicately adjusted that every creature is needed, every bit of beauty, every event in time, to make His perfect pattern. Not a sparrow falls to the ground without His knowledge and the very hairs of our head are numbered.

How can we say that life is a futile thing?

He bids us come up higher and catch a glimpse of the long view. The infinitude of His creation will leave us gasping, when we comprehend it, ever so little. The handcuffs of time and space will fall from us and we will begin to know Him as the One, Infinite God, the Absolute. The problems of this life will take their proper place in relation to the whole. Then shall we come in complete surrender, complete obedience to Him, and He shall live His life in us and through us. We, too, can say with Paul, "Not I, but Christ, liveth in me." We shall know "I am God, and beside me, there is no other."



*Spring Song*  
*Agnes Sanford*

I thank Thee for the gift of daffodils  
With tears of dew.  
I thank Thee that upon the frozen hills  
Spring comes anew.

I thank Thee for the rush of winter wheat  
That follows rain.  
And for returning joy that comes to greet  
The heart in pain.



Many persons have a wrong idea about what constitutes true happiness. It is not attained through self gratification, but through fidelity to a worthy purpose.

—Helen Keller

☞ Prayer should be preventive or preparatory, conditioning our spirits to God's will for us.

## *Lord, Teach Us To Pray*

*Robert Appleton*

WE live in two worlds, the physical and the spiritual. The more we can bring the spiritual into control of our physical living, the happier and more Christian we will be. The physical world we cannot escape but we must reach for the spiritual world. That seems definitely to be God's plan. He is always near, always ready, but we must seek Him, must ask Him in. The decision must be ours. For most of us and for all of us at the start this seems to be difficult. Because, as Dean Inge has said, "If we spend sixteen hours a day dealing with tangible things and fifteen minutes trying to find God, it is no wonder that tangible things are two hundred times as real to us as God is."

We reach for the spiritual world through study and meditation but more actively and directly through prayer. But how effective is our praying? Do we really pray as God would have us pray? Many people complain that their prayers are not answered. But they do not stop to realize that their prayers are mere petitions to God to grant them specific things—in effect they are directing God with their finite wisdom, or lack of it, how to help them. So many prayers are merely routine and repetitive recitations.

Some one has said that too many people use prayer as they would a fire extinguisher, something resorted to in emergencies while at all other times they are quite self-sufficient. True prayer is the very opposite of the fire extinguisher variety. It is more like fire-proofing. Prayer should be preventive or preparatory, conditioning our spirits to God's will for us. Preparatory prayer gives us the peace of mind that comes from walking with God day by day.

"Lord, teach us to pray," asked the disciple and in reply Jesus gave them our Lord's prayer—a prayer pattern for us as well as for the disciples. Have you ever stopped to think about it? In effect Jesus says, "Clear your minds of all earthly cares, draw close to God as your Heavenly Father whose name is holy." That is how to start, with the great thought of the holiness of our heavenly father. It cannot be quickly disposed of. Prayer cannot be hurried. Time is nothing in God's realm of the spiritual. Really meditating on that opening sentence will crowd out all lesser thoughts. Spoken or mental words will not be necessary unless they help you to concentrate your wandering mind. As you lose yourself in God's realm of the spirit think



about His will being done here on earth as it is in heaven. Fully using the Lord's prayer will condition our minds and spirits to God's spiritual world so that He may enter in with peace and power. That is preparatory prayer and the first very real and helpful answer to it.

Glenn Clark, in his *Soul's Sincere Desire*, calls this first stage of our prayer pattern "tuning in on God." We tune in on our radios with a twist of a dial as a matter of course not stopping to think that this is so only because through the slow ages man has come to know something of God's plan for the operation of His universe. Our tuning in on God seems more difficult only because we have no handy dial but must do it by our personal contact with Him, and this unfortunately we do not do as a matter of course. If to you it seems too difficult remember what Dean Inge said and remember also any other skill or technique you ever tried to master, swimming, music, skating, etc. Were you not awkward almost to despair in your early efforts? Yet you persisted and mastered them. How much more worth the effort is communion with

God. Words are not necessary save as they may help you hold your wandering mind in concentration. Indeed, when you let go all worldly thoughts, and fully relaxed try to know God's will for you, believing, with your faith strong and clear it will seem more like God tuning in on you. Be still, he says and know that I am God. For God is a spirit and those who worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth. You will find a new outlook in which your worldly cares will seem less important and more and more you will seek to know what God would have you do, what should be your attitude toward your earthly situation.

God's subjective answer to your preparatory prayer will bring you strength and peace of mind and lead you out triumphant in your daily living so that you may truly walk with God. And, lastly, remember what God has emphasized as a requisite to receiving what we pray for, faith. Jesus tells us, "Whatever things you desire, when you pray believe that you receive them and you shall have them." Faith without works and prayer without faith are both alike in vain.



The absence of sentimentalism in Christ's relations with men is what makes His tenderness so exquisitely touching.—*Phillips Brooks*.

His "reverence for life" imposes on you a terrifying responsibility.

## Schweitzer At Aspen

Allan A. Hunter

"THE LION who laughs," is the way Romain Rolland described Albert Schweitzer. Here at Aspen in the Colorado Rockies, the tired visitor from equatorial Africa impresses us as the simplest, most human of men. Some are ready to call him "the thirteenth disciple."

His wife, we discover, is also a saint. She has need of saintliness. Even at a Goethic bicentennial the crowd is not always considerate. Efforts to protect her husband from well meaning admirers are vain. At every meal something like this happens: The Schweitzers come into the cafeteria a half-hour late and sit down for food. Within two minutes a student approaches the famous man's table to ask him to autograph one of his books. Emory Ross, Africa secretary of the Foreign Missions Conference, mutely implores the intruder to let his guest have a few bites in peace. Doesn't the young man realize that through the war years and for nearly four years after this 74-year-old scholar hasn't had a single day's vacation?

It's no use. Dr. Schweitzer jumps up, takes the student firmly

by the arm and leads him to an empty table. After meticulously inscribing the coveted name, adding as always the date and place, he says: "One must always write every word carefully." Others crowd around and another unauthorized seminar is under way. Mrs. Schweitzer and Dr. Ross shake their heads.

But for all his generosity Dr. Schweitzer is nobody's fool, except Christ's. One newspaper reporter sought too persistently for just one more illustration of the principle of reverence for life. The doctor's ready smile did not fail, but he took the interviewer's arm and said: "Even I am a part of the life to be revered. Suppose you have a little reverence for me now. I am very tired." The cross-examination suddenly ended. Another correspondent said: "This is one assignment I sought on my own initiative. I came here because I wanted to meet one man who is both great and good. I have met him."

Schweitzer has a genius for being at home and for making everybody around him feel at home. But there is a reserve back of those

From *The Christian Century*, July 27, 1949. Used by permission.

discriminating, compassionate eyes that warns interrogators not to go too far and to do some thinking for themselves. One man who flew and motored across a third of the continent went away with two questions he had intended to put unasked and yet not unanswered. The first question was: How could a humanitarian who is unwilling to tear a branch from a tree, a man who stops when hurrying to a train to rescue an earthworm from a rain puddle in the road, a sensitive follower of Jesus, refuse to come out unequivocally against war as a Christian pacifist? The second question was: Is not relaxed, loving attention to God terribly important? What then, Dr. Schweitzer, is your method of praying?

Those queries were not put. They did not need to be. As you face this spiritual giant who reconciles fellow Africans with fellow Europeans and worships God through huge responsive fingers that are equally expert at sewing up incisions, repairing a leak in the roof, resurrecting Bach on the organ or setting down what Goethe could mean to our decaying civilization, it comes to you that his "reverence for life" imposes on you a terrifying responsibility.

This artist at living will not deliver the answers you look for. Instead, points to a new dimension of being which you must explore

for yourself, in terms of your own integrity, not his. Above Schweitzer's hard-headed scholarship and diversity of manual skills is a tenderness that is the opposite of sentimentality. There is only one way to know Schweitzer, and that is to be exposed, as he is exposed, to the desperate need of human beings and then to make your own answer to that need.

Mrs. Schweitzer has learned that. She doesn't sleep as easily as her husband does. That is why on this his first and possibly last trip to America he makes only one demand, that there be two rooms, so that he can do his stint of writing late at night without disturbing his wife. In Africa once, Mrs. Schweitzer told me, she complained about the rats. They kept her awake at night. So she set a trap (you can be sure it was calculated to do no violence to any creature). Seeing the catch next morning Mrs. Schweitzer was pleased. She asked a servant to get a boat, take the whole lot far out on the Ogowe river in a sack, and if necessary tie something heavy to it so that the rats would sink forever from sight.

The servant shortly returned. Mrs. Schweitzer was puzzled. How could he have done the job so quickly? "I was carrying the rats to the river," he explained sheepishly, "but the doctor saw me. He

said, 'Give them to me.' I did. Then he let them all out."

The rats came back, of course. Later in the day Mrs. Schweitzer stated the issue as clearly as she could. "My husband," she said, trying not to be exasperated, "I ask you: Which do you value more, those rats or my sleep?" The doctor's answer was silence, complete, devastating silence. Yes, Mrs. Schweitzer is a saint. She has to be.

In the tent out in an open field a thousand people listened to the hour-long lecture in German on "Goethe: His Personality and His Work." Goethe, he said, was dominated by the need to serve. He evaded no duty or responsibility that devolved or seemed to devolve upon him. Always he committed himself to the very limit of his powers. Those concluding sentences were more autobiographical than the speaker seemed to realize. Not once did he mention himself, until the very end, when he acknowledged "with joy" his gratitude for Goethe's "ethical and religious wisdom, so simple and so deep."

There was no striving for effect, hardly any use of the expressive hands; only integration, balance, humanity, simplicity, sheer presence—man as he has it in him to become, abandoned to the Eternal Now. Goethe had said, "Ersteness alone makes life eternal."

Schweitzer, as he stood quietly before us, was unconsciously demonstrating what life eternal is. There he was, like the mountain river rushing down from the snow-streaked peak that broods over this Colorado valley, too alive for frustration or self-pity, comfort or prestige; intent only on going forward without inhibition, to whatever may lie ahead.

Last night, while a recording of his lecture was being made in German, I sat in his room watching the massive face. He should not have been there, perhaps. An altitude of a mile and a half was too much of a strain for that weary heart. But he had given his word to Robert Hutchins that he would come to Aspen, under the impression that Aspen was on a level with Chicago; and after all the two million or more francs promised for the hospital at Lambaréné were not to be despised.

The German was incomprehensible to me. Anyway, the translation would be available next day. So I allowed imagination to flash back from scene to scene of this monolithic life. The boy is aiming his slingshot at a bird. The church bell tolls. The weapon is flung into the bushes. . . . The famous operation in the chicken house is over. "I have no more pain! I have no more pain!" the black man keeps repeating in surprise. The physi-

cian from Europe tries to explain why he has come to Africa. But he cannot quite make it clear to the patient. Something becomes very clear to the surgeon, however. It is as if for the first time he heard the words of Jesus: "And all ye are brethren." . . . It is early in the First World War. He is seated on a log beside a sorrowing black woman as the river boat takes her man downstream to almost certain death. The empathy is too holy for speech. The drama of that life, is discipline, its release! Goethe once said that the miracle of a sunset ceases to be a miracle after the first fifteen minutes. That is not so as you watch Albert Schweitzer.

The recording is finished. It is

10:30 p.m. I start for the door—the man who next morning is to deliver what will be a permanently important lecture has had enough for one day. But no: he seizes my arm and forces me to sit beside him as he reclines on the couch. For several minutes he speaks in easy French. To think—and he grins spontaneously as a boy—that anyone should come all the way from California just to meet him! At last at the door, I am called back. Am I sure I can find the way to my lodging? He must be certain, before we grip hands to say good-bye. Had there been any doubt he would have escorted me, in spite of his exhaustion, back to my room a mile distant.



### *The Singing of Angels*

There must be always remaining in every man's life some place for the singing of angels—some place for that which in itself is breathlessly beautiful and by an inherent prerogative, throwing all the rest of life into a new and creative relatedness—something that gathers up in itself all the freshets of experience from drab and commonplace areas of living and glows in one bright white light of penetrating beauty and meaning—then passes. The commonplace is shot through with new glory—old burdens become lighter, deep and ancient wounds lose much of their old, old hurting. A crown is placed over our heads that for the rest of our lives we are trying to grow tall enough to wear. Despite all the crassness of life, despite all the hardness of life, despite all of the harsh discords of life, life is saved by the singing of angels.

—Howard Thurman.

☐ Christ shows us how to live, to endure, to sacrifice, to triumph.

## *What Does Christ Mean To You?*

*Grenville Kleiser*

“**V**ERILY, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on Him that sent me, hath everlasting life.”

What do these words mean to you?

Christianity is civilization's guide to eternal life. It gives dignity to labor, sanctity to marriage, and brotherhood to man.

It feeds the hungry, clothes the naked, visits and heals the sick, and saves the sinful. It teaches, serves, and uplifts mankind. It is the only system of faith that combines religious beliefs with corresponding principles of morality.

Christ, the Son of God, came to the world to make manifest the Father. He declared His mission to be to heal the sick and set the sinner free. He went about doing good. His work gave evidence of His divine power. Love, mercy, and compassion were revealed in His every act. Said He, "I came not to be ministered unto, but to minister."

Life is incomprehensible without Christ. Reject Him and the world is an inexplicable riddle. Believe in Him implicitly, faithfully follow in His steps, and your life will become wholesome and fruitful.

Dwight L. Moody once said, "I

would rather a thousand times be five minutes at the feet of Christ than listen a lifetime to all the wise men in the world." That was the high tribute of one who had spent many years in the study and service of the Master.

St. John's deep sense of the redemptive purpose of Christ's mission led him to say, with an assured and rejoicing hope:

"Now are we the sons of God." "That we should believe on the name of his Son Jesus Christ, and love one another, as he gave us commandment."

St. Paul was a spiritual optimist. Beset by innumerable difficulties, he moved with the mien of a conqueror. He recognized the redemptive work of Christ and followed loyally in His steps. His most inspiring words were, "Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Christ shows us how to live, to endure, to sacrifice, to triumph.

To be a Christian is to believe what Christ teaches and do as He directs. Ponder again these immortal words of Christ:

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on Him that sent me, hath everlasting life."

"I seek not mine own will, but

the will of the Father which hath sent me."

"Search the Scriptures, for in them you have eternal life."

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled."

"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in Heaven."

"Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you."

"I am the light of the world."

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

"All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do even so to them."

"If ye love me, keep my commandments."

"Every idle word that men shall

speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment."

"Heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead, cast out devils: freely ye have received, freely give."

"Be of good cheer; it is I: be not afraid."

"Labor not for the meat which perisheth, but for the meat which endureth unto everlasting life, which the Son of man shall give unto you."

"Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father."

"If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me."

Never was Christ's teaching and guidance more needed than now. Heed these wise words:

"Whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock."

"According to your faith be it unto you."

"I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou wilt go."



When the servant of the Lord is a prey to sadness he ought at once to have recourse to prayer, and remain in all humility before his Father and Lord until he restores to him the joy of his salvation.

—St. Francis of Assisi.

## 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 and through which others may find help, send them to this department.

**QUESTION:** When little Betty Jane Marbury appealed through the newspapers for people to pray that her hand would not have to be amputated, why were not the thousands of prayers of those who responded to that appeal answered?

**ANSWER:** Cures rarely come for anything pronounced incurable by physicians when made a matter of public prayer. A humble woman asked me to pray for a husband, pronounced incurably ill by every doctor who examined him. I invited three or four people in our Prayer Tower who have absolute faith in the power of prayer and the husband recovered. Another woman asked me to pray for her husband in a similar situation. "Everyone in our big church is praying for him," she said proudly. Later I met a leading elder in that church who verified what the woman has said. "Yes, our church is praying for him." And then with a long face he added, "Isn't it too bad a man in his prime like him has to die." The power of a prayer lies not in the words you use but in the faith in your heart.

Better have two or three who agree together that a person can be cured pray

together in an inner room with the door closed, than two or three thousand pray who agree that a person is awfully sick and merely *hope* that he can be cured.

**QUESTION:** I find it very easy to hate a person I love. Is it true that love and hate are just opposite sides of the same thing?

**ANSWER:** True love, real love, never, never turns to hate. True love and real hate are a million miles apart. On the other hand, possessive love and hate *are* very close together because possessive love is not love at all—it is just the other side of hate. That kind of love is a counterfeit of the real thing. It *always* loses. Real love always wins. The love I described in the "Parable Miracle in *I Will Lift Up Mine Eyes*" which enabled the boy to give up his sweetheart for a love that could make her happier won his sweetheart. Don't ever let resentment and bitterness creep into your loves. Always draw a circle big enough to take in your loved ones forever. It pains me to see anyone confuse the highest and most celestial thing that God has made with the lowest and most hellish poison that man has devised.

## On Prayer Groups

from your  
Prayer Counselor

*"Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a tribute far too small;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my life, my soul, my all."*

"Lord, teach me to pray," to contact Thee, to know Thy Will and Way." As the Easter Season comes, the church bells will be singing, and all the people will be singing,

*"He is risen,  
My Lord is risen today."*

And it really seems, in spite of all the fears of today, that the people of this world are not only conscious of their Immortality, but want to live in the Kingdom now. We want to have our lives transformed. We have a positive desire to give of ourselves for Him. How can we so understand the reality of Prayer that it can become effective in the very fabric of our lives and be used by Him? How can we be so energized by Divine Power that we will not faint, but that our wills will be captive to His Will?

As we learn more about prayer, we know that meditation alone is not prayer, that the ecstasy of a union with something far beyond ourselves is not Prayer; but a meditation on the work I should do in the world, and a deep sense of union with Him and with those with whom I have to work, asking His help and seeing His Spirit at work—that is Prayer. And the experience is exalted and is prayer when we step into the Presence that brings Peace, Forgiveness of sins, the Joy of communion with a friend, by petition or realization of His Presence, and that "He doeth the work."

Prayer creates a new environment within and without. We are discontented with ourselves, and looking at our weakness. With His help, we give it all over and come to know our better selves. We empty our minds of the trash and replace it with new thoughts. We move in a new direction, with faith in His guiding Hand.

The churches are feeling the influence of a revived belief in Prayer, a hunger in the people to pray for others

and with others, a need to be used, a faith beyond experience that can say, "Father, glorify Thyself in me."

At the end of December, a Retreat was held at the Austin Baptist Church in Chicago, sponsored by the Camp Farthest Out. It was a glorious Retreat, with Alice Kraft and Ruby Russell, Marcia and Roland Brown, Glenn Harding, Dr. Lustig, our Glenn Clark and his son, Miles, and Virginia Sanford Clark, Miles's wife. There were many others who gave of their experience, but for those who are especially interested in Miles and Virginia, because of their Mission Farthest Out in Europe last summer (Fall edition, *Clear Horizons* under "Prayer Groups"), we want you to know that the pictures were beautiful, and their talks inspiring. "The real task," they said, "was to give to Europe something real and lasting, to share with others something more than money, more than force. Man alone cannot rebuild Italy or solve problems. The people in Europe want to be part of something greater than themselves and part of a world-fellowship."

The prayer groups were very much dedicated to the idea of going home and putting into practice in their churches the thing they could approve of, but had not tried; all of their acts a dedication—in business, in hospitals, in homes, in teaching, in choir directing, in all of life's activities.

In February, another Retreat was held in St. Paul, at the Lutheran Church of the Reformation, sponsored by the Camp Farthest Out group in this area. The church sanctuary was so beautiful, and the minister, Rev. Alfred Frank, and his people so kind, it was a truly devotional experience. Glenn Clark, Agnes Sanford, and Glenn Harding were the leaders, while the meditations and prayer groups were led by local people. Frank Sanderson, B. B. Houser, Norman Elliott, Miles and Virginia Clark, Paul Wilkinson, Alma Fisher, Ethel Dow, Elsa Jache, and others helped in the services, and again a group was leavened by Prayer, as the prayer

groups met each afternoon. Prayer was the center, and Agnes Sanford made of each Prayer time in the sanctuary a healing experience.

\* \* \* \* \*

Another World Day of Prayer has vitalized this world of ours, and made us more conscious of our dependency on each other. How we need each other! And how we need His guiding Hand!

Glenn Clark, at the time this is being written is on his way, with Rev. Roland Brown, bound for Hawaii on a Mission Farthest Out.

There is no limit to the kinds or quality of our love, and here are some of our friends, sharing their experiences, so that we can all know about what the others are doing to help Prayer Groups bring a bit of the Kingdom of Heaven on Earth.

\* \* \* \* \*

From letters:

### OKLAHOMA

A letter from a college campus, "Could you send us some material you think most valuable for beginners in Glenn Clark's ideal way to search for God. I tell you, some are really hungry, and will grow much with us in Camp. Oh my, if you could only have been here when Pastor Brown was here! You will be happy to know that Mrs. .... has opened her home to our prayer group, and that each Wednesday night is a high spot for us. Every day, I eat with nine foreign students, just like brother and sister, so close, and sometimes the girls come to my room for chat and rest."

### NORTH DAKOTA

"For the past few years, through the Lenten Season on Wednesday mornings at 9:45, there were from six to sixteen in attendance, which we thought pretty good for our little church. Then on Wednesday evening, two from the group and a couple of Doctor's wives, had an hour's worship session in one of the wards at the State Mental Hospital.

"We also have had a weekly Bible study group meeting in the evening with our Pastor. These have been interest-

ing, and helped us understand and dig out the meaning in these books.

"Then, during Lent, after our weekly Fellowship supper, family affairs, at seven we go upstairs to the sanctuary for an hour's worship period. These have been well attended, and our Pastor is much encouraged by them."

### NEW YORK STATE

"During the winter of 1948, a few friends and I felt that we would like to have a study and Prayer group, and so it started. We were rather at sea as to how to start, but I chose a chapter from "In Tune with the Infinite" as a feeler, as some were orthodox and others not. However, changes came, and now three of us, of different viewpoints, are using Glenn Clark's "I Will Lift up Mine Eyes," and we decided to really put it into practice, and so we have spent many happy and profitable hours alone and together, studying and applying this splendid course of work. We find many different viewpoints, from our varied angles, but it all ties into practice the thing we understand."

### PENNSYLVANIA

"We have 95 women in our church group, and we are meeting next month (February) to discuss ways of being more effective. A number of us have read "I Will Lift up Mine Eyes" and also "The Healing Light," and we want to talk about techniques of Prayer. We feel, too, that there should be small groups that meet regularly to pray together. We will greatly appreciate any information you will give us."

### INDIANA

"Our Prayer group is not open to just anyone who might think they would enjoy being in a group, but is made up of those who saw the benefit and the power of Prayer at the Camps Farthest Out. We will meet each week in the home of one of the members, and conduct the meetings very informally, sometimes reading from our Bibles, or giving our experiences in answered prayers. We have found that reading a bit

of Scripture and having a few sacred songs is very uplifting, and creates an atmosphere that is conducive to silent prayer.

"We join hands, forming a circle, and call the names of those people or classes or conditions we wish to pray for, and lift them all up, as we raise our arms, placing them in the Hands of the Father for solution. We have been greatly blessed with increased faith, as we see our prayers being answered in ways far beyond our expectations, and what a joy it is to serve and witness the power of God working all about us, and being confident that we can be and are channels for the spirit of the living God to flow through, to lift, bless, and heal the ways of the world.

"We, of this Prayer-cell, are rejoicing continually that we are so attuned to each other that results are obtained, sealing our friendship as nothing else has ever done. May the Father richly bless you."

#### OKLAHOMA

"We are a group of women who meet at the church every Wednesday afternoon at 2:30 for prayer and Bible study. We are called Union Bible Study Group, for these are women from Baptist, Church of Christ, Presbyterian, Nazarene, Methodist, and First Christian churches, who come regularly. Our general plan is to take the Bible, verse by verse, read it, and discuss it. Sometimes one will have an experience to give, or in some way have something to share. Our desire is to share with Prayer Groups."

#### MICHIGAN

Another writer says, "We have a prayer-group—and I think the time has

come to start another. I don't know now just how it will begin, but through prayer, I will be shown the way. I know that Prayer works. Everywhere I go, I see people needing some sort of healing, if only a word, or smile of encouragement. I have done a lot of reading and study, and I have had demonstrations of healing that could not come about any other way than through Prayer. What wonderful plans the Missions Farthest Out and the Camps are planning."

#### INDIANA

"I have organized a Prayer Fellowship in my circle of the Woman's Society, and we all get together in spirit at 10 A.M. and 10 P.M. to pray for Peace and the work of the church throughout the world." And referring to her husband. "He gave a really fine and stirring appeal for prayers for World Peace in his World Day of Prayer sermon last Friday. He asked each one in the congregation to raise his hand, who would pray daily and would ask three friends to pray, they in turn asking three others." These are great and challenging days.

In sharing parts of these letters, this department feels that you are being helped by the experiences of others.

The human mind is often confused, but illumination comes through the Spirit of God at work. Have faith.

Part of a beautiful old hymn seems to gather up our thoughts this month:

*O Thou, by whom we come to God,  
The life, the truth, the way,  
The path of Prayer, Thyself hast trod;  
Lord teach us how to pray.*

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

ETHEL DOW

3124 W. Calhoun Boulevard, Minneapolis, Minn. (16)

or

Clear Horizons Magazine, 1571 Grand Ave., St. Paul (5), Minnesota.

## NEWS OF OUR EDITORS

### GLENN CLARK

"The Lord turned on, not one, but a dozen red lights not to go to Japan and the Philippines this year, so we postponed the trip till He turns the green light on next year. In the meantime Roland Brown and I plan to hold a miniature Camp Farthest Out in Hawaii, and let our thoughts and prayers (together with the prayers all of you friends are sending with us) go on ahead to Japan, Formosa, and the Philippines with Jesus. We visioned Him accompanying us on the journey we are now relinquishing, and we know *nothing can stop Him*. By turning it over entirely to Him, we know He can penetrate into hidden recesses of the souls that we could never penetrate. So we ask you all to vision Jesus working miracles in those Pacific Islands in April and remaining there in control all the rest of the year. Never did Asia need Jesus as she does right now."

### RALPH SPAULDING CUSHMAN

Most of Bishop Cushman's time will be taken up with administrative conferences. The main ones are at Huron, Devils Lake, and at Hamline University in Saint Paul.

On March 26th, Bishop Cushman will dedicate Hobart Methodist Church in Minneapolis; and another great event will be when he lays the cornerstone of the Cleveland Methodist Church in Saint Paul on April 16th. As we go to press, Dr. Cushman is still on a mission speaking tour through the South.

### AGNES SANFORD

Agnes Sanford has had the great joy of participating in healing mis-

sions conducted by her husband, Edgar L. Sanford. He secured a leave of absence from his church and the traveling Sanfords lectured in St. David's Church, Austin Texas, and in St.-Mary's-on-the-Highlands, Birmingham, Alabama. The missions were most successful, and point the way toward a new field of service in the future.

After these meetings, Agnes Sanford lectured for a week in Daytona Beach, Florida, then assisted in the C. F. O. Retreat in Saint Paul, where she had the joy of visiting her children, Virginia and Miles Clark.

She is now returning from lecturing in Tucson, Arizona, and Los Angeles. Her spring will be spent largely at home, except for a visit to Ottawa, May 2nd to 6th.

In June she expects to go to Seattle to lecture in the Federated Churches and from there to the Colorado Camp Farthest Out. She will also assist at the Ohio Camp and at Bynden Wood in the fall.

Her great joy is to carry the message of the living and present power of Christ into the churches, and she has an ever-increasing number of invitations, most of which she must refuse due to the pressure of other duties.

Her novel on the theme of healing has been accepted for publication and will probably be out by July.

### STARR DAILY

"The summer season with me will begin April 23rd at which time I'll begin a seven days' spiritual life retreat in Seattle.

On May 1st I move on to Spokane to participate in a city-wide speaking mission sponsored by all the major churches. This, too, is a seven-day mission.

I then take a plane for Oklahoma, arriving a few days late for the opening of their Camp Farthest Out.

The rest of the summer, and on through October I shall alternate between Camps and spiritual life retreats from Coast to Coast."

### AUSTIN PARDUE

Bishop Pardue's new book, *Prayer Works*, which is his radio series of last spring, came out in November. The publisher is Morehouse-Gorham. The Bishop is doing another radio series based on his book, *Bold to Say*, over Station WCAE, Pittsburgh. This series is on The Lord's Prayer.

Bishop Pardue's Lenten schedule has included preaching at the Asbury First Methodist Church, Rochester, New York; St. James', New York; Christ Church Cathedral, Houston, Texas; and St. Paul's Cathedral, Buffalo, New York.

### ALLAN A. HUNTER

"What I feel most deeply in answer to the Hate-bomb is our responsibility to make this as clear as possible: The issue is not what happens to our bodies; it is what happens to our souls. But we show only contempt for our souls if we aim at the bodies of other human beings the blasphemy which our ingenuity is packing into present-day weapons of annihilation. No conceivable end justifies such means as those we are now manufacturing. Such means as the bacteriological, atomic and hydrogen techniques of slaughter as we are aiming at millions of innocent human beings cannot defend Christianity or democracy. If we rely on them to protect what we value we are only confessing atheism not faith.

The time has come for us unequivocally to bear witness to the way of Jesus applied boldly to international affairs. There is no blueprint but there is this direction: disarmament, the sharing of light and

bread around the world and definite steps toward world government through the United Nations, putting law in place of anarchy. This direction does not guarantee safety. We must choose it simply because it is right. Incidentally, however, the results of following Jesus instead of Mars may be less hard to bear than the inevitable catastrophe to which our present armaments race will lead. NOT WHAT POLITICIANS THINK WILL HAPPEN BUT WHAT GOD WILLS right now is the all-important factor. This factor readers of *Clear Horizons* can help to spotlight in prayer and virtues."

### WINFRED RHOADES

"Two things are at the present time taking up all the time I can command. One is the writing, as usual in my life; and this time I am working at a story! May it be of help to many who are seeking light upon the problems—the deeper problems—of life! The other is the reading of the profoundest, and also most difficult, book I ever tackled upon the subject of religion: almost a thousand pages of it, with many oriental words in it, and with very close argument. It is called "The Life Divine," and in it Sri Aurobindo endeavors to get at the very essence of the mystery of God and to show the relation between God, who is Spirit, and creation, which consists of matter; between God who contains all things, and Nature which seems so often contrary to anything that we can call divine. Philosophy and religion at their most difficult and also their most profound! It's a great book. If you want to be forced to think deeper than you ever thought before, get hold of it. But it may take you months to read it."

### KERMIT R. OLSEN

"I shall attend the Northern Baptist Convention at Boston this year

in May (May 22-27) and I am eagerly awaiting to hear the latest there on the proposal of the Disciples and the Northern Baptist merger.

"Then from July 22 to 27 I shall attend the Baptist World Alliance held in Cleveland. They are expecting 50,000 to 70,000 people to attend, especially on Saturday and Sunday. The baseball stadium will be used. On Saturday night President Truman will speak and they hope also to have Marian Anderson to sing that night. They are expecting a choir of 5,000 from the different Baptist churches, also to sing that evening. The choir from our church will be going as a group to become a part of the 5,000-voice choir.

Now regarding the local work in our church, one of the most satisfying things this year is the program we offer to children in the neighborhood. Feeling that our church was not serving the community as it should, we decided to give Saturday afternoons from 2:00 p.m. to 4:00 p.m. to the children of the neighborhood. We provided them with good and wholesome movies such as "Five Little Peppers," "Swiss Family Robinson," etcetera. We begin with singing hymns that really swing along and then a brief saying of Jesus and how we can apply it to our daily lives. At the conclusion of the program we remind them to attend the church of their own choice on Sunday morning. We limit the age from six to twelve because of the inadequate space in our basement but even so last Saturday we had a little over 185 crowding into our church basement. What surprised us with the enthusiastic sup-

port we received from the two grade school principals of the public schools in our community and the grateful appreciation of parents.

The Christian ministry is a thrilling work. The minister, in a sense, is supported by his church to do good and help others. From morning until evening that is his privilege and it is the personal pastoral work that is so gratifying. It makes up for the necessary "headaches" that invariably accompany the ministry. Rediscovering God in new and different ways and then being in position to help others find God in a deep and profound way in their own lives, is the greatest thrill in life and I thank my people for giving me that privilege.

### J. RUFUS MOSELEY

"I am due to be in Texas and Oklahoma for the first half of April, and in McPherson, Kansas, on the 18th and 19th, and in Denver on the 20th. I do not know how long I will remain in Denver. I have a standing invitation for California in May.

"The urge of the Spirit is for the nations to pray and repent, as their only hope for preventing catastrophe, and to enter into the only place of safety, namely, into Jesus Christ and His Heart and Mind."

Rufus Moseley will be at the following Camps Farthest Out: Kansas from June 9-16; Southern California from June 27-July 4; Michigan from July 16-23; Rhoades Grove from August 4-14; and Winnepesaukee from August 22-September 1st. Between camps, Mr. Moseley will be filling in time with appointments.



Whenever I get down, I shut off my mind from decision—no decisions until I am on top of things. All decision moments, then should be faith moments, not fear moments. Wait until you can act on faith.

—E. Stanley Jones.

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## The World Needs Prayer

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Miles Clark

PEACE AND THE WAR-MAKERS. Once upon a time a great nation discovered a great weapon of war. They kept it hidden, which no one blamed them for. But they didn't use their advantage over the rest of the nations to promote peace, but kept to themselves. Other nations thought they were too proud, or at least too busy to get together and discuss plans for a peaceful world. One day another great nation discovered they could make the great weapon of war. Then the first great nation woke up to find that they were too late to try for peace, or so they thought. But at least all nations seemed back on the same level again—an uneasy state of *cold war*.

It isn't that simple, of course, as the little fable makes it, but that is something the feeling President Truman seems to have. Reports from Washington indicates that the President thinks our latest national hope for peace is due to newspapermen who have stirred the people up to call for a new Stalin-Truman meeting. He sees the victory of Russia in China and the reports of the Russian armament—twice as many soldiers, one-fourth as many submarines, slightly more airplanes than we have—and then says he will never visit Moscow while he is president. It is well known that he feels he was "out-traded" at Potsdam by the Russians and this must come hard to a Missourian from a shrewd mule trading state.

However, Mr. Truman's friends and critics acknowledge him to have a keen nose for votes. Winston Churchill's call for a meeting with Russia at the top level during his recent and fruitful campaign is said to have been one of the large factors

in his relative success. Observers say that if he had said that two weeks earlier the Conservative party would have won. There is no doubt that the people of all nations want peace. And we, the leaders of the world, must have more than a policy of quaranting Russia which seems to be faltering even now. Mr. Truman could do worse than make overtures to Russia if only to win votes.

There are straws in the wind that Mr. Truman is being affected by the hopes and prayers of the people. He has now stated that his order to end the Lend Lease program four days after the defeat of Germany, was a mistake which cost us much friendship with Russia, who considered it a move on our part to "soften" them up. The Russians say that if they had been approached frankly and on a friendly basis much could be accomplished, otherwise, reprisals would be made. A pattern of reprisal on one side has brought reprisal on the other. It is only through God working in these men and nations that the circle of ever-growing reprisals can be broken, and permanent peace be achieved.

BUILDING FOR PEACE. Doors are opening all over our country this summer to young people from other countries who will be coming to visit us as many of us visit them. PEACE-BUILDERS is a small but earnest organization that is asking our hospitality in providing a few nights' lodging for accredited young persons so that they might learn more of the United States. My wife and I lived in the homes of Christian Germans, Italians and English folks last summer and realize how valuable it was to see life there through the eyes of friends rather than tourist

guides. Here is an opportunity for you to give expression to that urge to help towards peace in the world, by taking in young Europeans who will be making their way here on student ships, travelling as cheaply as possible, learning something of our hopes and ways of working for brotherhood and peace to counteract some of the acts of our government whose armament program strikes fear in the peoples of the world. It is a thrilling plan. Write PEACE-BUILDERS, 1109 Sterling Avenue, Berkeley 8, California, for more information how you can help.

CULT OF DOOM. One man determined to work for constructive use of atomic power, David E. Lillenthal, former chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, said he "wants no part of the new cult of doom" he sees rising as a result of the atomic bomb. Atomic energy, he said, represents a great advance for mankind. "I look upon atomic energy as one of the greatest advances in all man's long search for new knowledge. True, it has its dark and somber side, I know in detail how destructive the A-bomb is. I know how destructive the H-bomb can be if it is built." He goes on to say that it is a great challenge to use for the benefit of mankind.

The Atomic bomb is with us. Let us use the intelligence God gave us for harnessing it to the solution of our problems of disease and peaceful power uses.

THE U. N. AT WORK. One great United Nations project raises our estimates of man's ability to work for good in these days of fear and destruction. The International Refugee Organization has directed the greatest peacetime migration in the history of humanity. Using thirty-six ships, planes and trains IRO has transported 688,900 fathers and mothers and children, families to-

gether, to eighty-one countries.

At the end of the war, Central Europe swarmed with some 8 million displaced persons—slave laborers, chiefly. Many of these people wanted to return home and almost 7 million were able to return to familiar surroundings. But more than a million remained. It is with these that the IRO has worked. However, there is still a "hard core" of severely handicapped, chronically ill and aged persons to be cared for. A few countries have come forward—Norway, Israel and France. This is one great unsolved problem.

March, 1951, the IRO program ends, leaving hundreds of thousands in Germany, who were not eligible for IRO help, and in Asia. The greatest job is almost over and yet there is much to be done. Assurances by groups in the United States are lagging and the DP program itself ends in the summer. There is still time to bring over DP's now.

The greatness of the International Refugee Organization stands in history but the work of caring for the displaced, the homeless and confused still goes on.

YOU AND POLITICS. Several readers have written about problems of going into politics. One was from a young minister in New Jersey who is wrestling with the question of whether he should run for the State Legislature. His friends say he shouldn't sully his hands with it. Yet he feels it is his duty to take part in getting good government.

The problem of the relation of Christian duty to politics is pressing today more than ever. One definition of politics is: "... the machinery by which society makes its moral decisions." If this is true, shouldn't an honest, courageous Christian be encouraged to step in to help make the "moral decisions?"

Minnesota's Governor Luther W. Youngdahl, speaking at Capital Uni-



versity in Columbus, Ohio, said: "Church colleges should train America's young people for political leadership as well, as for teaching, missionary work, and the like. Today, youth seems to spurn opportunities for politics. There seems to be a stigma attached to politics, despite the fact that politics determines our future to a great degree. Too many citizens take pride in being cynical about candidates and politics unwilling to acknowledge that blame for graft and bossism, rests on their own shoulders as a result of their failure to take part in public life."

What is your feeling? This de-

partment is deeply interested in helping others in this regard and would appreciate your feelings on Christians and politics.

OUR DEAR HEAVENLY FATHER. Touch us with Thy faith, lift us with Thy strength for the work we must do. We pray for Thy love to touch the heart of Stalin and the leaders of the world and that they may be softened. Keep us from fear, secure in Thine Eternal Plan. Hearten all the weary ones, especially those who wander in search of a home, love and happiness. Give us peace, our Father. In His Name, Amen.



### Who Is God?

Florence Sommer

"Who is God?" he asked me, that little lad of four,  
As he came in from playing and stood in the open door.  
I could only pray for guidance, as I looked in his trusting eyes,  
And the words that came to my lips, then, were to me a great surprise.

"We cannot see Him, darling, any more than we can love;  
But we hear and know and feel Him, tho' this we cannot prove,  
We hear Him in the bird's song, we see Him in the flowers,  
We feel Him when you're in my arms, in life's most precious hours."



### Your Half

A little thought will show you how vastly your own happiness depends on the way other people bear themselves toward you. The looks and tones at your breakfast table, the faithful or unreliable men you deal with, what people say to you on the street, the letters you get—these things make up most of the pleasure or misery of your day. Turn the thing around and remember that just so much are you adding to the pleasure or misery of other people's days. This is the half of the matter which you control. Whether any day shall bring you more happiness or suffering is beyond your power to determine. Whether each day of your life shall give happiness or suffering rests with yourself.—Geo. S. Merriam.

☞ Excerpts from letters to the prayer tower.

## Prayer Works!

"Some time ago I wrote asking for prayers for my niece and her husband, as he had left her with a young child. He was gone for six months, but when the new baby came, he went to the hospital to see her and later they were together again. We are all very happy concerning this and wish to send our grateful thanks."—J.B., Oregon.

"We are so happy to report that our dear wife and mother has been returned to our home and at this time doing just fine. We realize that without your prayers and help she would still be in the hospital."—R.W.S., Oklahoma.

"I want you to know that my son's health has greatly improved and his eye has healed perfectly without a trace of damage to his vision. He attends school all day and seems to feel no fatigue at all. I am so grateful for this."—I.S., Michigan.

"Last August I wrote you asking that you pray that I might be healed of a tumor—I am very happy to report that I am healed. I want to thank each one for praying for me. You don't know how much your prayers have meant to me."—M.H., Virginia.

"It is with very thankful heart I am writing to you today. My eyesight returned to normal and I can read again, I am so grateful and happy and the last month my heart has been better."—V. G., Montana.

"For some time I've been wanting to write you to thank you for your prayers. My friends who had the headaches so badly that she could hardly keep going is entirely well now—not only free from headaches. Her strength, of course, is limited but she is able to carry on her work. Everyone tells her how well she looks."—G.Y., Missouri.

"We take pleasure in enclosing our check as a contribution to the work you are carrying on. Mrs. G. A., for whom we first requested prayer, was given up to pass on. The brain tumor disappeared, and recovery began very slowly. She was in a rest home at Christmas, but has since returned home; the paralysis is not gone but seems to be steadily leaving her. God bless your work."—F.C.S., Wisconsin.

"This letter comes to tell you how very grateful I am. My heart is spilling over with gratitude to you for your prayers. The letter came when

### 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.

my spirits were very low and it lifted me up at once; I expected all obstacles to be removed at once, but how much better is God's way. Our attitudes have changed instead and all depression and resentments have melted away. All we can say is thank you God and our dear friends."—*H.E.H., Indiana.*

"A while ago I wrote and asked for your prayers for my husband's impaired hearing. I am happy to report now that his hearing has been restored to normal and we are so grateful for the effective prayers said in his behalf. Thank you for your wonderful work and faith. Our deep gratitude and warmest wishes to all in the Prayer Tower."—*E.C., Illinois.*

"I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart for your wonderful help with my daughter and for your letters and pamphlets so full of comfort and inspiration. She isn't

entirely well yet but I know you will continue to hold her close until she is completely whole. God bless you."—*P.A.A., North Carolina.*

"Just a note this morning to express our thanks to you for joining us in our prayers for our sister who was in the hospital when I last wrote. We thank God for His wonderful grace and healing power. She went home last week and we would ask that you hold her in your prayers for her readjustment to home and community. While I am writing I would like to add a word about the healing which has come to me in the last few weeks. God lengthened my left leg so that my balance has been restored to the extent that the last adjustment from the doctor hardly needed to concern itself with the alignment of my hips, and I realized it the moment it was happening. If we can help you in any way feel free to call on us."—*R.K., Wisconsin.*

### Win!

Mary Elsnaue

Success is not counted by what lies ahead, or what is behind, but by what is being done day by day. Do it well. Spend that day well.

Be big enough to carry through. The little things don't matter. The big thing is what you are striving for. Give yourself up to that.

Keep your thoughts to yourself. Your opinion is all that matters. Public opinion only laughs at you. Don't give it a chance.

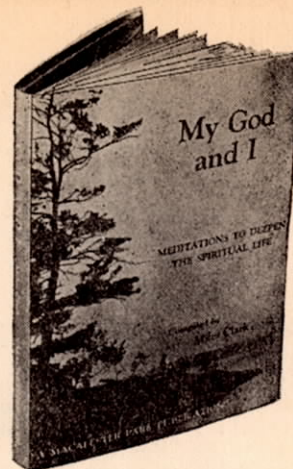
Fight to win. Put all you have in it. Go all the way. Don't be afraid and never quit.

Find yourself by losing yourself in a great cause. Have a goal and never lose sight of it. It means submerging everything, personality, friends, good times. Steeping yourself in work, concentrated work. In that way and that way only, will you win. Strive to one end, and having arrived there, you may find you have only just begun; just reached the threshold and then life opens in full.

Never choose the easy way! Know that invariably the hard way is the way that pays.

## My God and I

Compiled by Miles Clark



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