

Clear Horizons



Margaret
Russell

Summer, 1950

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As We Go To Press

You will be especially interested in the first rate story by **Miles Clark** (page 1). Miles has conducted the Odyssey Religious Travel Tours to Europe, planned the tours of Glenn Clark, done editorial work, writes the department in *Clear Horizons* called "The World Needs Prayer," and is active in political work. When the present story was printed in *War Cry* it was only a matter of time before we wanted to reprint it here. . . . **Dr. Samuel M. Shoemaker** (page 5) is the energetic rector of Calvary Episcopal Church in New York City. He is the author of many books. If anyone gets to New York and visits Calvary Church, he will be amazed at the many activities it sponsors—from the common variety of church activities to the regular meeting of Alcoholics Anonymous. . . . **Grace Wittenberger** (page 9) is the former secretary of Glenn Clark, and a poet and author in her own right. Grace is now Mrs. Petersen and lives in San Francisco. . . . **Ralph W. Sockman** (page 15) should need no introduction to anyone. His Sunday morning sermons over a national network make him probably the best known preacher in America. His many years on the radio is the best proof of his ability to reach people where they are. . . . **Derek Neville** (page 27) is the English author who is becoming more and more widely known in America by his contributions to magazines. Long ago he decided to give up office work in order to follow the promptings of the Spirit, and, as you might expect, the Spirit has never failed him. . . . **Nelle R. Cook** (page 42) has spent a good part of her life making good religious books available to readers. She has run a bookstore of her own, operated book-tables in churches and camps, and is active in the Philadelphia Camp Farthest Out group. She lives in Glenside, Pennsylvania.

The office staff of *Clear Horizons* wishes all our readers a good, refreshing vacation this summer, and God's blessing wherever they are.

CLEAR HORIZONS MAGAZINE

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Clear Horizons

Eleventh Year

SUMMER, 1950

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The Stranger of Bindle Hollow

Miles Clark

THE telephone call about little Effie Johnson had come just before the Bindle Hollow lines went down. Starched Nurse Hart hung up the phone after Marvin Johnson had frantically pleaded, "Send Dr. Bill, right away." His little girl was doubled up in pain. Her whole right side was too tender to touch. But most of all, she was crying so. Miss Hart said she would send him right away, but she bit her lip as she said it.

A car door slammed, and Nurse Hart looked down from the second-floor office window. Dr. Bill stepped out of his car into the rain and slipped in the muddy street. His little black bag spilled, and the instruments went into the mud. Miss Hart gasped as he picked them up and ran upstairs to the office.

Dr. Bill, three years out of medical school, was too young, she thought as she went to the steril-

izer. Too young and too soft hearted to take care of these mountain country people. It needed an experienced man, one of the old school who could take care of any emergency. Dr. Bill knew that few doctors wanted to come out here where there was little money. This was Nurse Hart's last week. There was not enough money coming in. Got to cut down, Dr. Bill had said.

He entered the office, and she told him quickly as they took the dirty instruments out. He cleaned the bag as she took hot instruments from the steaming sterilizer.

"Effie Johnson's father just called from the Farrells'. He doesn't have a phone. Sounded like Effie has a bad appendix, and Marvin is having a fit. Then there's the Farrells. The old man is dying. He's the rich one."

"He's been dying for the last two years, ever since I came up here," Dr. Bill said.

From *The War Cry* for March 18, 1950.

"But this is really it," Nurse Hart insisted, "and he's got money."

"Sure he has plenty of money. Four doctors in Harristown—but the bridge is closed to Harristown. Well, maybe I can make them both over the Bindle Hollow bridge. They're not more than two miles apart."

Nurse Hart saw the fatigue lines in the young doctor's face. "How long have you been going?"

"It's about ten hours. It's the weather that makes it bad. Seems every time the weather gets bad, everybody gets sick," he said. "But I'd hate to let Effie down."

Dr. Bill walked down the street for a cup of coffee. Then he climbed into his little clay-covered sedan and started up the hill through the tiny town and off the pavement onto the red clay roads leading toward the bridge.

Water flowed along the ditches, but the hard crown of the road was still shedding it almost as fast as it came down. The road wound around up through the hills to the creek. The rain increased in fury. Back and forth, up, up he drove, into one mud hole and out. It was back-breaking work, but two years of it had hardened his shoulder muscles. The hazy glow that was the sun faded, and he turned the car lights on. Fatigue began to tell on him.

As he came in sight of the

wooden Bindle Hollow bridge the little car skidded off the edge of the road into another mud hole. Frantically he raced the engine. The wheels spun again and again, but the car did not move. And then his confidence snapped. He slumped over the wheel.

"God give me strength," he murmured. The driving rain beat steadily on the roof of the car. The only thing that came to his mind was a prayer, The Lord's Prayer.

"Our Father . . ." Dr. Bill smiled, his eyes closed. ". . . who art in Heaven . . ."

". . . hallowed be Thy name . . ." There was a tapping on the window beside him. ". . . Thy Kingdom come . . ." He looked out into the rain and darkness and saw a man beside the car. "Thy will be done. . . ."

"Can I help you?" the man asked as Dr. Bill rolled the car window down.

". . . on earth . . ."

Dr. Bill smiled and shrugged his shoulders. "Maybe so. I've given it up."

". . . as it is in Heaven . . ." The words still came to him phrase by phrase as the stranger climbed in beside him.

"Back up a little," the stranger said. Dr. Bill started the engine and backed up slightly.

". . . forgive us . . ."

"Now try it." Dr. Bill shoved the gears into low, and the car slid

slowly out of the mud hole.

". . . our debts . . ."

Rain fell harder, and the road leading up to the bridge was like a wet washboard. Dr. Bill strained to see. But he felt refreshed.

". . . as we forgive . . ."

He was surprised to see a stranger out this far and in this weather.

". . . our debtors . . ." he thought.

"Going far?" he asked the stranger.

"No, just up the hill to visit an old man."

"Lead us not into temptation . . ."

"I hope the bridge will hold us," Dr. Bill said. "I've an important visit myself to make up in the hills." The stranger had not moved. Dr. Bill had not seen his face at all. When he had tapped on the window, Dr. Bill had the idea the eyes were very friendly. But he was tired then. Now his heart sang. The hills were suddenly friendly. The car seemed to have lost its damp chill.

". . . but deliver us from evil . . ."

The bridge loomed ahead. It was still standing. They raced and skidded along the creek bank where the road was beginning to wash away. The creek was now a boiling, raging river, and for an instant the fear and fatigue hit Dr. Bill again.

". . . for Thine . . ."

The approach to the bridge was

partly washed out, and they struck the first wood plank with a jarring thud. Past the "bridge closed" sign, they started across.

". . . is the Kingdom . . ."

The words pounded in his head as though they were being sung by a Heavenly chorus accompanied by the symphony of the storm. Slowly the car edged across.

". . . and the power . . ."

The chorus was louder, just as though it were in the back seat. The bridge swayed under the weight of the car. Foot by foot he pushed the car along.

". . . and the glory . . ."

Finally the end was in sight and he speeded up, swerving at the end to miss the "bridge closed" sign.

". . . forever . . ."

New strength was in his arms as he fought the wet, red clay roads up the long hill where a muddy country lane crossed the road.

". . . and ever . . ."

A hand was on his arm. The stranger said, "Will you let me off at this crossing?"

Dr. Bill stopped the car, and the stranger got out. The door closed as a great roaring noise came from the creek.

". . . Amen."

Dr. Bill thought he caught a glimpse of the stranger heading down to the right as he was off again. The tiny farm house of Marvin Johnson was in a grove of pines on the hill. He raced to make

the hill and shut off his engine. His eyes closed, and the words formed on his lips, "Thank You, God."

Car lights were coming up right behind him, and then Marvin Johnson jumped out shouting, "Hi, Doc. Let me help you."

His pale, faded wife, who had been watching from the kitchen window, took his bag and Marvin took his wet coat as they tramped into the warm kitchen.

"Man, how did you ever make it? This is the worst rain I ever did see." Marvin was amazed, incredulous, beaming and relieved all at once. "Now Effie will be all right, won't she, Doc?"

Dr. Bill smiled. It hadn't been so hard coming as he thought it would be. But he moved swiftly to his work. Effie was in bad shape. She never would have lasted the night. Dr. Bill worked with strength and confidence as with a new-found faith. His only helper was Mrs. Johnson, who had to spend most of her time keeping Marvin out of the way. The tiny infected appendix came out successfully, and at last Effie lay sleeping peacefully, safely out of danger.

As Dr. Bill was putting on his coat, he asked Marvin, "How do I get to the Farrells' place? I'm supposed to see old Mr. Farrell. They say he's dying."

"It's back at the crossing to the

left, but I can save you the trouble of going down there," Marvin said, a smile covering his big face. "I was down there just before you came. Called you from there in fact, and followed you up here. I saw the old man, myself, when he died. My friend, Jim Tully, is the butler, and he took me up to see the old man. All the servants were surprised because the old man was so different from how he'd always seemed before. He was kind and smiling, and he prayed for all of us, especially asking forgiveness for his own sins. Just like he had seen the face of God Himself." Marvin paused, a little awed by his own remark—a poetic phrase which he never would have admitted he was capable of uttering.

"Say," he went on, "Jim and I thought we saw the Bindle Hollow bridge wash out an hour before we saw your lights come across." He looked at Dr. Bill and then laughed. "It sure was a miracle how you made it."

Dr. Bill looked at the two of them—happy, safe and loving the world and God. He saw Effie sleeping in the next room, safely tucked in by her mother. Then as he looked out into the storm, a flash of lightning, bigger than all the rest, illuminated the valley of Bindle Hollow, his beloved village.

"Yes," Dr. Bill said, "it sure was a miracle."

☐ Don't think of yourself or of anyone else in old molds.

Don't Pigeon-Hole People!

Samuel M. Shoemaker

ALL OF US have a tendency to put people in categories—to classify them and pigeon-hole them. Many have a few close friends whom they white-wash and in whom they find no faults; and then there are others whom they just don't like and in whom they find little good. We think of a few people as being flawless, and this is sheer sentimentality; and of the rest as almost identified with their faults.

There's Mrs. So-and-so who is a gossip. There's Jones—the grouchiest man on the street. Old Brown—you know he'll "do" you if you give him half a chance. And when anybody begins mentioning the fact that Christianity can change human nature, we say: "Well, you just don't know this person—nothing will ever change *him*!"

Do you know what this does? It hardens the person down into a mold from which it is still more difficult to extricate him. Even if he has some desire to change his ways, our expressed opinion of him puts a fence around his better desires. What do you think Jesus meant when He said: "Judge not, that ye not be judged?" He could

not have meant, "Do not form opinions about people." He Himself formed opinions about people, and they were not always complimentary, either, as in the case of the Pharisees.

I do not think He was asking us not to use our intellectual faculties in sizing up people and situations; I think He was saying to us, "Never put people in final categories, for that damns into them more deeply the very things you should be helping them to lose."

For the fact is that human nature does change. Now and then my opinion of someone crystallizes and I put him in a pigeon-hole, only to find later that he has become almost another person. Years ago I knew a young fellow who was weak and wishy-washy; his face was weak, he was weak all over. But I saw him again after a lapse of some ten years. He had been drawing ever deeper meaning from his church and growing ever closer to his Lord—and when I met him again, such a strength and poise had come into him, such a firmness of will and character, that I would scarcely have recognized him. I had been wrong in my

From *The Evangel*, May, 1949. 61 Gramercy Park, New York, N. Y.

opinion, not of his status, but of his possibility. Have you ever misjudged people?

Of course, the chief thing about all this is that, not only are we not meant to fix people in pigeon-holes by judgment, but we are meant to help them recognize and discard their faults. People's faults are often as much trouble to them as a pain in the body, and if not to them, then to others about them.

Few of us are wholly blind to our faults; we'd like to overcome them if only we knew how. If only someone could slip alongside us, and make us feel that he has some needs too, and then begin to tell us what Christ has done to help him to meet those needs, we might join him in the joyous company of the conscientious sinners who have known the blessing of forgiveness and a new life in Christ which changes our natures radically.

The desire to do this, to help people out of their difficulties and over their faults, is in direct contradiction to the desire to fix them in final negative categories; for such a change implies hope, and such hope only comes from faith,

and faith knows that "all things are possible to him that believeth."

I would urge you also not to put *yourself* in a final category. Some of us have rooted beliefs that we are *better* than we are, some that we are *worse* than we are. So many people say, when you tell them they can be in living touch with God, "But I am not a mystic"; or if you tell them they can be used to help others spiritually, and bring them to Christ, "Oh, I could never do that." This passes sometimes for humility, but it is really a lack of faith in God.

Don't think of yourself or of anyone else in old molds. Say your prayers, get back into touch with Christ again, accept from Him fresh forgiveness and fresh grace; and remember that every time you touch God, and God touches you, you are different and make a new start. "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature." If we and those we seek to help are "in Christ," we need never, and must never put ourselves or them, in despairing and negative categories! Don't pigeon-hole people.



Alexander, Caesar, and I myself have founded empires; but upon what do these creations of our genius depend? Upon force. Jesus alone founded His empire upon love; and to this very day millions would die for Him.—*Napoleon*.

☐ "It looks like the Man Upstairs must have had His arm around us."

His Arm Around Us

Genevieve C. Parkhurst

IT WAS war time. The packed bus had pulled out, leaving a number of passengers on the platform at El Reno, Oklahoma. Our faces were long. But we smiled as an old touring car drove up to take us on our way. Nine of us were packed into the seven passenger car, which had seen many better days. But we were in no mood to criticize any sort of conveyance.

Those in the back of the car laughed and talked. I kept very still. I was sitting beside the driver. Plainly he had enough on his hands.

A strange foreboding came over me—a sense of danger. This impending danger settled over me—gripped my heart. I clasped my hands together and prayed. That was all I knew to do and something must be done. I knew that.

"What is that scraping?" someone asked, voicing the question ringing in my mind. But no one answered and the faint swish, swish continued with every revolution of the wheels. We rounded a hill and started down a long steep grade. Suddenly it seemed I must lift that vehicle and these people up, beyond sure disaster, into the realm of the Eternal. With all the purpose and

power of mind, soul and will, I set my heart upon God and lifted all of us to Him. Closed to the material surrounding, I held steadfastly to the reality of God's Kingdom of harmony and held all of us there.

The car slowed down, drew into a small town. Before we reached the bus station people were gazing at us. Small boys ran, yelling, after our faithful old car. Men called to other men and all followed us. By the time the car had stopped rolling a crowd had gathered. "Did you ever! How on earth! I never saw anything like it!" came from them.

The driver jumped out and pressed his way through the crowd. He stood speechless as he ran his fingers through his hair. And well he might as he looked at the right rear tire. The casing had a long break in the side through which the inner tube protruded, a long, transparent watermelon-shaped balloon. It was thin as tissue paper for it had rubbed the fender at every turn. The crowd watched the driver, then they, too, were speechless.

As I got out of the car, a magazine fell from my lap onto the ground. There it lay, not two feet

from the miracle inner tube, open to an article headed in bold caps, THE POWER OF PRAYER. The driver looked at the magazine.

A smile twisted his mouth as he said, "It looks like the Man Upstairs must have had his arm around us."



Leave Room for God to Change Your Plans

R. G. Johnson

IN the frequent use of the words "in sh' Allah" (God willing), the Arab acknowledges his humility and trust in God. He accepts calmly the fact that his best laid plans might be upset.

We of the Western world would do well to adopt the philosophy of the Arab. It would save us needless anguish when we fail to attain the goals we set ourselves. Instead of believing ourselves miserable failures, we would be in the right frame of mind to face disappointment if we started all new ventures remembering that "Man proposes, but God disposes."

Psychiatrists reveal that almost all their patients confess to feelings of inadequacy and frustration, and consider themselves failures. This is proof of a deplorable lack of faith that God has a Divine plan for each of us which may be entirely opposite to the plans we make for ourselves.

Successful people are just as prone to this feeling of failure as others who are less gifted. A wealthy businessman feels he has failed because he wanted to be a writer. The successful writer is unsatisfied because he once wanted to become a minister.

Let us consider our own faith. Can we accept our defeats strong in the faith that God has other plans for us?

If tragedy strikes in our lives and we are overcome with grief and dark despair, perhaps we feel that God has forsaken us. Remember that though our Lord cried, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" His last words were, "Father into thy hands I commend my spirit." His serenity and trust were fully regained. This is the great example of faith we must all hold before us.

☪ The Kingdom of Heaven can be brought to earth through His Servants, for through them, He can command that the Father's will be done.

One Pathway to Spiritual Union

Grace Wittenberger

UNION with the Father is the goal of the Soul. Christians attain that union through the Christ, Who said, "I am the Way to Union, the Truth about Union, the Life of Union."

One of the relationships with Jesus Christ we experience that leads us into that perfect union is the relationship of servant to master. To be a servant of Jesus Christ brings us into that union we seek.

One of the first things demanded in this relationship is a totality of self-giving through body, mind and will.

When we give ourselves in service to Jesus, He as Master commands our body according to the will of the Father. Where He sends us, our feet go. As He directs, our hands move. Our energy, our strength, are used in the duties He commands us to perform. We as servants are acted upon by our Master, and in turn we act.

When we accept Jesus as our Master, our mind comes under His direction. To serve Him adequately we must keep in our mind His needs, His desires, always anticipating His wishes. In this service, demanding the use of our mind, there is no room for self-thought.

But though our body and mind be dedicated to our Master, the service we render is only dull drudgery unless it is seasoned with joy, the salt of the spiritual life. And there is no joy in service, no joy in being the servant of another—even though our Master be our Lord—unless our will has become the will of our Master. Then His commands become joyous, spontaneous impulses toward action on the part of His servants.

When Jesus' will is impressed upon His servant's will, when the commands of His mind fill the minds of His servant, when His needs and desires direct the activities of His servant—then the servant's self is lost in the Master's Being—and that is an experience of union.

It often happens that the spiritual life begins in fear, and that fears drive us into the apprenticeship of servanthood. Saint Anthony, the first saint of the established Christian Church, entered upon the spiritual life as a servant at the age of twenty, motivated by the fear aroused in his heart when there were read to him in a church service these words: "And behold, one came and said unto him, Good

Master, what good thing shall I do, that I may have eternal life? . . . Jesus said unto him, If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: and come and follow me."¹ The son of a rich farmer, heir of his father's property, Anthony left the church service, sold his possessions, and for the next eighty years lived a life of renunciation, poverty, severe discipline — placing himself under the will of God, but doing so in fear. But when he was one hundred years old, perfect love entered in and cast out that fear, as is so beautifully described in these words from his biography as presented in *Saints That Moved the World*, by Fulop Rene-Miller: "Fear of the Lord had prompted Anthony to leave the world and fear of the Lord had made him the strict taskmaster of his body and soul. But upon reaching his hundredth year, fear of the Lord had turned into love, and negation became a triumphant yes! Now Anthony could say, 'I do not fear God. I love Him. And love does away with fear.' What up to now he had attained through fear of the Lord, love gave him now in abundance. As a message of joy he handed it on to his disciples. He who fasted throughout his life now taught that love is more than fasting. He who had

mortified his body for eighty years counseled his followers: 'Be of good cheer, for when the bow is drawn too taut it snaps.'"

Real servanthood develops love for the Master, and in loving Jesus our soul finds the union with the Father she seeks.

To be a servant of Jesus Christ is to live the law of relinquishment and joyous acquiescence, and gain contentment and peace. For the Master is in control. He stabilizes the worrying, fretful, impulsive little self. To the Master belongs responsibility, and in Him is the ability to care for all that is His, and all who are His. All concerns, all problems, belong to Him. All the servant needs to do is present them to the Master and await His guidance and direction concerning them. And so everyday-living loses much of its strain for the servant of Jesus. To him belong all the promises in the Bible of rest and comfort. "Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you"; "rest in the Lord, wait patiently for him"; and a host of others. As the servant yields, the Master takes care of all things, and confidence and serenity become the keynotes in the life of the servant. The Master is the Shepherd, the servant, the loved and tenderly-cared-for sheep.

What is the way to servanthood?

One day there stood on the shores of the Jordan a man giving his life as a servant of Jesus, and calling all who would hear into that same service. He proclaimed the open door into servanthood when he cried, Repent! Give up self-will for the will of the Master, and allow the law of exchange to operate. Give to the Master your weakness and receive His strength. Give to Him your vices and receive His virtues. Give Him your manufactured gayness, your artificial happiness, and receive His spontaneous gladness and simple joy. Give Him your sinful desires and receive His saintly aspirations. Give Him your remembrance of pain and receive His anticipations of wholeness.

Salvation lies in servanthood. As servants we are justified in all we

do by our faith in him we serve. Justification by faith gives salvation.

Jesus has need of servants. He can use them with power. The Kingdom of Heaven can be brought to earth through His servants, for through them, He can command that the Father's will be done. He commands the energy, strength and health of His servants be turned into positive, constructive pursuits. He commands that the central thought of His servants be upon serving Him. He commands that their wills be the establishing of the Father's Kingdom in the earth of their everyday living, there to grow and multiply and replenish all the world with the fruits of His Spirit.



Design for Living

Harriet Knight Salvage

Whatsoever things are lovely
Live them in your heart—
Whatsoever things are just
Is man's noblest art—
Whatsoever things are honest
Let every man embrace
Whatsoever things are pure
Lend beauty to your face.
If there be any virtue;
If there be any praise
Think on these things . . .
Let them design your days.

¹Matthew 19:16, 21.

☐ "Let us never become so blinded in our love for Him that we place Him beyond us."

Christ In Our Midst

William J. Murdoch

HERE is a story, of obscure origin, concerning a statue of Christ that withstood so many attacks of war and attacks of vandalism that the elders of the church in which it stood decided it must be enshrined.

Here, they said, in this beautifully carved stone figure was evidence of divine protection. Had it not escaped without a nick while the thick walls twenty feet to either side were bombed into dust? Standing serene and noble in the rubble, it had endured the bullet and grenade of the barbarian. It had remained upright in invitation to all to come and worship, while even the altar itself had been blown to atoms.

The church officials and congregation agreed that surely that statue must be placed in the museum of a nearby city where it would be beyond further risk of injury.

Improvising cranes and rope slings, the people carefully removed the statue from its pedestal. They loaded it gently on a truck whose platform had been piled three feet deep with straw, and cautioned the driver to utmost prudence in traveling the rough road to the city, thirty miles away.

At the museum, the slings were placed around the statue: one at the head, another under the outstretched arms, and a third at the feet. The curator signalled for a mobile crane to lift the precious load slowly, an inch at a time. The crane pulled a gear lever, the chain clinked faintly and grew rigid under its load, and the statue of Christ broke in three.

The church people were shocked, even fearful they had participated in sacrilege. But the pastor, in whom the mishap had kindled a light of understanding, dismissed their anxiety. They had simply learned a lesson, that was all. For all of them, from himself down to the least zealous member of the congregation, had been guilty of breach of faith in removing the statue to a place of asylum.

"Let this be our lesson," he told his people. "Let us keep Christ in our midst always. Let us never become so blinded in our love for Him that we place Him beyond us. We must exalt Him, certainly, but not to the extent that we thrust Him from our everyday lives. So surely as we do that, we dismiss His influence on our lives. Pampering our faith to the extreme that we remove it from our daily use

1950

CHRIST IN OUR MIDST

13

can only weaken it; but bringing it into constant, daily contact with our lives and making it a part of our being keeps it strong."

Indeed, far from being a fragile faith, a filmy flower of philosophy that must be treated with consummate care lest it wither and die, Christianity is a faith of such tremendous vitality that it thrives only through usage. It is like a great, powerful muscle: the more it is used, the greater and stronger it becomes. To revere it too sacred, too holy for practical use by mortal man only results in the atrophy that must follow when any living thing is permitted to lapse into disuse.

Throughout the New Testament you will find passage after passage in which Christ asks to be used. He does not seek to be exalted beyond the reach of man, to be considered so sacred that we may not reach Him.

"And whatsoever ye ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son.

"If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it." (John 13: 13, 14.)

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

"For every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it

shall be opened." (Matthew 7: 7, 8.)

"Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." (Matthew 11:28.)

There are many, many more, and their common lesson is that only through full dependence on Christ can we reach the perfection for which we strive. And this means keeping Him close to us all the hours of all our days. To meditate upon Him and pray to Him a few hours one day a week, and then place Him in a remote nook of our minds where He will keep safely until the next worship time—that is preposterous. We give Him miserably small opportunity to demonstrate His insuperable strength when we accord Him seclusion for which He never asked.

The congregation of that church in which the statue of Christ endured so many mishaps perpetrated a paradox when they dispatched the figure to a museum. For, although it had demonstrated its invulnerability to wanton destruction, yet these people because of that very fact were constrained to shelter it, to substitute man's feeble efforts at protection for God's which had proved so unassailable.

Let us, in our relationship with Christ—and our faith is nothing more than a healthy, respectful relationship with Him—let us re-

member that His strength is inexhaustible. Let us not refrain from relying on it constantly lest it fail us. For then we shall find ourselves plunged into a paradox, even as were those church folk. Sheltering our faith, protecting and conserving it, we shall but

weaken and eventually destroy its influence upon our lives.

Indestructible, imperishable Christianity has been ours for the asking. "Whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life." It will always be ours, just for the using.



Ten Commandments for the Modern Home

Roy C. Helfenstein

1. Thou shalt honor the Lord thy God, and Him shalt thou reverence in thy home, and Him shalt thou worship in His Church, that thy home may be blessed with His constant presence.

2. Thou shalt live "in honor preferring one another," that honor and understanding shall characterize all your home-life.

3. Thou shalt recognize Christ as "the unseen Guest at every meal, the Quiet Listener at every conversation."

4. Thou shalt have the best religious books and magazines in thy home.

5. Thou shalt each one share the duties of the home, that the joy of each member may be complete in the home which the Lord, thy God has given thee.

6. Thou shalt make thy home a rendezvous for fellowship, where

friends shall delight to come for wholesome fun and uplifting conversation, that others may share the joy that is thine.

7. Thou shalt rejoice and make gladness to resound in thy home, that happy memories of home shall ever be an inspiration to the lives of all who live therein.

8. Thou shalt cultivate cooperation, family loyalty, and appreciation of each other, that harmony, good will, and love may ever prevail in thy home.

9. Thou shalt always speak with gentle voice, and calm, and in tones of kindness shalt thou call to each other.

10. Thou shalt seek to make thy home attractive and inviting, a place of beauty which shall be a joy forever, that thy home may be a blessing to all who enter there.

☪ We simply must stir up God's gift of discipline and develop sound and orderly minds.

You Have a Gift

Ralph W. Sockman

IF SOMEONE were to say to you, "Stir up the gift of God which is in you," what would you think he meant? Most likely you would ask yourself, "What special gift have I?" Commonly, when we speak of gifts of God, we think of unusual native endowments such as a glorious voice, an artistic sense or touch, a power of literary expression.

Not many of us, however, have these outstanding talents in such degree that we could be called gifted. Most of us are just ordinary run-of-the-mind individuals.

Of course, we can always think of some persons who seem less gifted than ourselves. But it is not very satisfactory to fluctuate thus between deflation and inflation because our self-valuation depends on such comparisons.

Emerson once said, "Every man I meet is my superior in some way. In that, I learn of him." What if we caught Emerson's insight and attitude, and instead of looking at ourselves to see how our traits stand out from others, we were to study others, looking for their gifts that we might learn of them and link ourselves with them. Certainly such an attitude would enrich our inner lives and sweeten our relationships with others. When we

speak of having "a gift of God," we should stop scanning ourselves to see what we have that others might envy, and start looking around to see what traits we might develop whereby we all, common or uncommon, mediocre or brilliant, can make the most of ourselves.

Before me is a letter written by an elderly man. The snows of age are upon him, but the light of his eyes is undimmed. The writer of this letter was in prison awaiting expected execution, but his hardships had not put out the fire of his spirit.

He is writing to rekindle the enthusiasm of a young friend. So far as we know, this young man was not of exceptional ability. He was not gifted in the current sense of the word. But he had something which is possessed by every one of us who has had contact with godly parents and teachers. That something is a spirit which the writer thus defines: "Stir up the gift of God which is in thee by the putting on of my hands; for God hath not given us the spirit of fear; but of power and of love and of a sound mind." Bible readers at once recognize this as the counsel which Paul wrote to young Timothy in the first chapter of his second letter to him.

Timothy's earlier confidence and enthusiasm had died down. He was beginning to realize how hard it would be to preach and live the gospel which Paul had committed unto him. Timothy was overtaking him. He was drawing into himself.

And Paul is writing to remind him that such a spirit of fearfulness is not what God gave us. God gives us the spirit of power. He meant us to have a trustful attitude toward life. The normal, healthy child reaches out its arms to life. And when we let that affirmative attitude fall into a negative, suspicious cast of mind, we become like the fearful man in our Lord's parable who buried his one talent and had it taken away from him.

So, says Paul, one must stir up the gift of power, which God gave us. And the word Paul uses suggests the stirring of a fire. Well, when a fire has died down, what is the first thing you do to it? You poke it. And in plain down-to-earth language that is the first thing most of us need when we get into our low moods of fearfulness and withdrawal. Our lack of interest and courage is often due to an inertia from which we must start to free ourselves by our own initiative. We have unworthy states of mind which we must tackle first by saying sharply to ourselves, "Oh, come out of it." "Shake yourself out of it."

Saint Paul not only bids Timothy stir up his gift of power, but he reminds him of the faith that is in him and which dwelt first in his grandmother Lois and his mother Eunice. Faith is both an attitude of will and also a content of mind. I can put my faith in things—that is an act of will. Then there are things which put faith in me—that is a content of mind. And Paul was bidding Timothy not only to stir up his will, but to put more fuel into his mind. A fire must be fed as well as poked to revive it. So with the fire of our own spirit.

Recall how Jesus developed His disciples. Those humble fishermen before our Lord found them were the kind of persons who shrank out of the way when the Roman soldiers and the rich Sadducees came along. They were common, ordinary folk who no doubt felt themselves underdogs in Palestine society. Then Jesus took that immortal eleven and coached them into a winning team, not merely by flogging their wills but by feeding their minds. He fed them with thoughts like this: "Fear not little flock, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom"; and this, "Ye believe in God; believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions." He built up their morale by feeding them the kind of thoughts that make men

brave—thoughts about whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely and of good report.

Yes, when the fires of faith and courage are low and need reviving, we must bestir our wills and then feed our minds with more and better fuel. And then something else. We must open the draft so that the fire draws in fresh air. Recall again what Jesus did with his disciples. He set them at tasks too great for their own strength. He sent them out to teach and heal in the middle of his ministry. When we are up against tasks too great for us, we either give up or we draw on a power higher than ourselves. It is the latter which Christ's disciples learned to do. And we too must open the draft of our spirits and draw on God.

Yes, God gave us not the spirit of fear but of power. Stir up that gift of God. Poke it with your will. Feed it with ideas that build morale. And then open the draft and draw on God.

And now let us go on with Paul's statement to Timothy. God gave us the spirit of power "and of love." Love is a gift of God, for God is love.

The fire of love does not often start as spontaneous combustion. Recently I was lunching with a couple, now happily married for some twenty-five years. In the course of the conversation, I asked

how they happened to meet. The husband said that they had first met at the wedding of her brother. And then the wife quickly added: "The first time I saw him, I didn't like him at all." Most of us husbands and wives did not just fall in love. Some of us had to run quite a way to catch our partners. No, in all truth we "make love" by attitudes, attentions, actions.

Likewise in the larger circles of life, we have to "make love." That is what Christ was commanding when he said, "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you." That is not easy, nor pleasant at first. We must force our wills to stir up the fire of love.

And then we must feed our minds with the fuel that warms the heart. There are plenty of heart-warming things even in this cold, throat-cutting world, if we let our minds dwell on them. Take time to meditate on God's goodness, his mercy, his love revealed in Christ, in the good earth and morning skies and evening stars. Take time to look into the eyes of loving friends and listen to the laughter of little children and count the kindnesses of even casual acquaintances. Read some religious journals and let the bad news of the daily press be balanced by the good news of countless workers for the

kingdom of God. When we let our minds think on such things, the fire of love begins to glow.

Then open the draft and let in the air of God. Try to get God's view of men rather than the sidewalk view. Try to behold your brother men, of whatever race or nation, as the beloved of God. However bad you or I may think a person is, remember God loves him.

Let us take a last look at Paul's counsel to Timothy and see that God gave us the spirit of power and of love and of a sound mind. This expression "a sound mind" is also translated *discipline* or *self-control*.

God is orderly and he endowed his children with capacities of such superb orderliness. Shakespeare once let himself go in this glowing tribute to human nature:

"What a piece of work is a man! How noble is reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world!"

Such is man's gift from God. But, alas, into what disorder man allows his mind and world to fall!

Think at what loose ends some of our lives are. We simply must stir up God's gift of discipline and develop sound and orderly minds.

Back in 1939 a group of professors and students at the University of Upsala, Sweden, issued this statement: "The evolution of a new type of man is imperative, a man whose will, emotions, and character are trained to the same degree as his intellect. The new man is open, free, fearless, and responsible. He lives in fellowship, loves his country, and obeys his God." That's a pretty good description of the kind of man our times demand, isn't it? But is that not precisely the kind of man Christ came to develop? Christ is a teacher spurring the intellect to the pursuit of truth; but he also trains the will, the emotions, the character of those who commit themselves to him. Will you not answer the call of Christ to be the kind of person he needs to save this disordered and distressed world? Then "stir up the gift of God which is in thee . . . ; for God hath not given us the spirit of fear, but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind."

CAMP FARTHEST OUT SONG BOOK

A song book for the Camps Farthest Out is now in preparation. Those interested in the production of such a book are being asked to help make it all that is expected of it. A questionnaire and a rating sheet for the many songs and hymns has been printed. By indicating your preferences on this sheet you can be of great service. Write to Miles Clark, 1571 Grand Avenue, St. Paul 5, Minnesota.

Our part is to establish this connection with the Father continually until it becomes a perpetual attitude of mind and heart.

Ways to Contact God

Mildred Long

PRAYER is the life line of the soul, the means by which we contact God and make a way for Him to pour out upon us His blessings. "Prayer is the Christian's vital breath." If there is any obstruction, if we lack for anything, the fault lies on the receiving end, not the giving, for God is more ready to give than we are to receive.

Unfortunately most audible prayer is asking God for things and blessings. Prayer on its deeper levels does not admit of verbal expression. It is an unutterable longing, an unspeakable yearning after God, the cry of the prodigal returning home, or the inexpressible peace of the child comforted in his mother's arms.

The Psalmist said, "As the hart panteth after the water brooks so panteth my soul after Thee, O God." And again, "My heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God." When the yearning is so strong that it unifies the personality and employs all the powers of purpose and emotion, then the answer is assured.

The more I think upon prayer and study its significance, the more convinced I become of two truths: first, that the function of prayer is to unite us with the Father; and

second, that as a result of this union all our needs are supplied. Jesus often went alone to pray and His needs were always supplied. He lived in constant supply because He lived in the consciousness of God's presence.

The burden of our prayer should be for listening ears, an open mind, a receptive heart. God will do the rest. The promises in the Bible for us are contingent upon our abiding in Him. Let us look at some of them:

"He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." Ps. 91:1

"Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass." Ps. 37:5

"In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths." Prov. 3:6

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee." Isa. 26:3

"If ye abide in me and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you." John 15:7

"Be anxious for nothing but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God;

and the peace of God which passeth all understanding shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus." Phil. 4:6, 7

"Pray without ceasing. In everything give thanks; for this is the will of God concerning you." I Thes. 5:17, 18

Our part is to do the abiding, the waiting, the resting, to establish this connection with the Father, not just a few minutes a day, but continually until it becomes a perpetual attitude of mind and heart. If we do our part well, God's supply is assured and complete.

There are at least four ways in which we can always establish this union, even as we tune in to certain wave lengths on the radio.

The first is love. To lose ourselves in love for God or meditate on His great love for us brings us very close to His heart. To live in the spirit of love is to live in contact with God, for God is love.

The second way is peace. Peace is all around us, in the depth of the ocean, in the canopy of Heaven above us, in the silence of the woods, or the heart of the flower. And to establish peace in our hearts with ourselves and God and all the world means that God is there.

Even if peace is lacking and the turmoil cannot be hushed, there is the third way of praise. A grateful heart becomes receptive and opens the way for God's grace to flow in. In my own experience many times

the spirit of praise and joy added enough strength so that I could take a few steps when otherwise it would have been impossible. Recently I heard of one who had been completely freed from crippling arthritis by establishing the all-day habit of thanksgiving and praise. Gratitude is in itself a form of prayer and "gratitude gives permanence to prayer."

The fourth way is the way of surrender. The giving over of ourselves and our burdens completely and just resting in the Lord will bring us into perfect fellowship with Him. We often try too hard. We must learn to relax and let go. I am thinking of surrender in the way that the electric wire gives itself to the current from the power house, or the way the acorn surrenders to life and, being broken, rises to new power and fulfillment in the oak tree. I am thinking of Jesus' words on the Cross when He said, "Father, into Thy hands I commit my spirit." When this spirit of surrender becomes a continuous attitude of mind, we can know that God is with us and in us. In this way we pray without ceasing.

This life of continual prayer will bring us into the perfect balance of accepting and releasing, giving and receiving, loving and being loved, till we reflect His spirit in our lives, our words, our deeds, yes, even our faces.

The Lord Thy God in the Midst of Thee Is Mighty

Glenn Clark

"**B**EHOLD what manner of Love the Father hath bestowed upon us." This is a command to look upon something that is already in existence, something merely waiting to be seen. It is not a command to make something, to challenge something. It does not challenge us to coax something into the pattern by thought.

Imagine yourself groping your way around in a dark room bumping into every object in the room. Suddenly your hand touches a light switch and you behold the lovely manner in which the room has all been beautifully arranged for you. Everything is in its place. You gasp first with surprise, then with gratitude. "Behold what manner of Love the Father hath bestowed upon you," that all this was set in order in honor of your coming.

Yes, you come and you go, but the pattern the loving Father hath arranged for you is already there. He is not arranging it in the future—He is not asking you to wait. "He hath for you"—it is already there. But you did not see it till you touched the switch—is all.

Moreover the pattern the loving

Father hath prepared for you—whole, perfect and complete—He has put in permanent form—not traced in the sand but carved in solid granite upon the mountain. "Build," says the Lord, "according to the pattern I gave thee in the Mount."

You don't have to hire an architect to draw up the blue print. All you need do is open your eyes and behold the finished pattern. If you don't see it in the foot-hills remember the pattern is given in the Mount. All you need do is to come up, up, up to the "Behold." Mount to the Mount. How? By putting yourself in alignment with the Divine Plan that God has in store for you. The prelude to Behold—the magic-like, transforming "Behold" the prophets knew—is to get still. The preparation to "Behold what manner of Love the Father hath bestowed upon you" is to "Get still and Know that I am God."

Then the light goes on. In the twinkling of an eye everything is changed. And yet nothing is altered. The objects you were stumbling over in the dark sud-

denly stand forth revealed as being exactly in the right place to serve your needs the most perfectly, the most usefully, the most beautifully. You stand in wonder, in awe. How wonderful is the Lord and His wonderful works for the children of men!

And all you needed to do was "to be still and know" that I am God. All that was required of you was to be still and behold this glory as of the only begotten of the Father, filled with Grace and Peace. The waves of human emotion may be tossing your craft about as an egg shell, all you need do is to get still and know. All you need do is to come up, up, up to the behold. That voice spoken two thousand years ago rings as permanent in the ethers as the pattern is carved permanently in the Mount—a permanent voice always speaking. It speaks one word, Peace, and all the waves of distraught emotion become still. Not only the waves in you but all the waves of wrong emotion in your human world—in your friends and in your so-called enemies. All cause for hate and fear vanishes the moment you behold the pattern prepared for you in the Mount. All evil vanishes into its native nothingness the moment you turn on the light and behold what manner of Love the Father hath bestowed upon you.

You and I are walking down the Emmaus road with what we think is a total stranger. We are filling the air with our complaints—we are bewailing the death of one we thought would save the world—we are heavy with foreboding—we are walking in dark gloom. Then suddenly the light goes on. Our eyes are "holden"—in other words made capable of beholding the marvelous fact that Jesus of Nazareth has been walking with us all the time. Not will be—but "hath been." is even now, is always walking at our side. But our eyes were too full of tears of mourning, which is exactly the wrong way to get into alignment with the pattern in the Mount. Our hearts have been too full of resentment—another wrong way to behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us. Our minds have been too cluttered with confusion caused by trying to rearrange a conglomeration of wrong opinions, which is another wrong way to get still and know that I am God.

How shall we get into alignment with God? How can we open our eyes and behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us? There are two ways. One is to climb laboriously up the ladder to the Secret place of the most high. The other is to get still and know that God will carry you up.

We can choose between the stairway and the escalator. After you get still and Know, take the next promise in the Bible: "The Lord thy God in the midst of thee is mighty; he will save, he will rejoice over thee with joy; he will rest in his love, he will joy over thee with singing."

"The Lord thy God in the midst of thee is mighty." Did you hear that? In the midst of thee. He has been in the midst of thee all the time. Not only on the road to Emmaus, but abiding in you all the days. And "he is mighty." No evil has any power against Him, except the power you give it. Zephaniah does not stop there. "He will save." Wonderful! Wonderful! All that you needed. And how badly you needed it! "He will rejoice over thee with joy." Can't you vibrate all over with the joy of the Master as you put your joy in alignment with His joy? Joy comes from strength and this Master in the midst of thee is mighty—yes mighty to save. When you think of that you can't help vibrating with joy. His joy! Just plug your whole being into that statement, "He will rejoice over thee with joy." Grammarians would call that redundant—an extravagant use of words—using two where one would do. But these are not ordinary dictionary words. They are celestial words developed in the

bliss and ecstasy of Heaven. The Father is *very* uneconomical when it comes to joy. He pours it out abundantly without limit, without measure. Behold what unlimited joy the Father pours out upon you. "He rejoices!", how powerful a statement! "Over thee!"—how grateful you must feel. "With joy,"—how overwhelming! Surrounded, enfolded in joy, pressed down and running over!

God is also very uneconomical when it comes to love. And as He is in the midst of you He has deposited His love in you. So look now deep within you and you will behold a great calm pool of peace and love. "He will rest in His Love." *His* Love, not your puny little love. He will find in the midst of thee, Love that He poured into you. The Lord thy God in the midst of thee has used you as a reservoir to hold vast oceans of His Love. Now He rests in His Love that creates the Peace of Mind that passeth all understanding. And remember God's Peace is never a peace of lethargy. It bursts and bubbles forth in the final words of that verse: "He will joy over thee with singing."

When the power, the joy, the love and the peace of God that abideth within you bursts forth in singing then all the morning stars sing together and all the sons of God shout for joy.

So when you come up, up, up to the Behold what manner of Love the Father hath bestowed upon you, not only do you behold the Love, but you *hear* the singing, the most perfect harmonious singing the world has ever heard—the singing of the Heavenly Father as He “joys over thee.”

Yes, “the Lord thy God in the midst of thee is mighty”—nothing can destroy the pattern he has made for you in the Mount. “He

will save.” Marvelous the security that promise gives you. “He will rejoice over thee with joy.” Such overwhelming joy! “He will rest in His Love.” Such perfect Rest in such perfect Love resulting in such vast and all-encompassing peace. And finally “He will joy over thee with singing.” Handel’s Hallelujah Chorus can’t equal it. The morning stars and the sons of God can’t surpass it. Let us rest in the glory of the Singing of God.



“Overcome Evil with Good”

Hazel Mae Cunningham

Thou alone canst cast out evil;
 Thou, through Christ, canst keep me free.
 Lord of Heaven, thou art faithful,
 I surrender all to thee.
 Fill my soul with adoration
 That my lips may speak thy praise!
 Fill my heart with love o’erflowing
 That my hands may work thy ways!
 Fill my mind with the light of wonder
 That my eyes may see thy power!
 Fill my strength with thy high purpose
 That will guide me hour by hour!
 Fill me with thy Spirit, Father,
 That my sins cannot return!
 Take possession of me wholly:
 I am thine; to thee I turn.

☐ It takes only the willingness on our part to receive the power and do the job according to the will of the directing hand.

Prayer Is God’s Rheostat

Mrs. Ralph L. Kuether

IN THE physical world we make use of many appliances and switches the mechanics of which we do not in the least understand and it doesn’t worry us as long as the appliance works for us.

One little helper is the “rheostat” which regulates the force of the flow of power into whatever we are using. Women use it whenever they dial the heat in an iron or press the foot pedal on a sewing machine. Men depend on it when they step up the power on a lathe which is personally controlled as to speed or power. The organist uses a variation of it when she pushes in the swell pedal for increased volume. The stage hand in a high school play brings it into use as he dims house lights or brings them to full brilliance after darkness.

How many of us refrain from using these or other similar power controls simply because we do not understand just how each one works? Or again, how long would we fool with an appliance which refused to accept the power coming through the switch just because *it* didn’t understand? Such an instrument would soon be sent back to its maker for repairs or adjustment,

since its purpose is to do our will and work with the power which we send into it by way of the switch and rheostat.

It seems to me that there is a definite parallel between the appliances we have mentioned and ourselves as instruments of God. God has a purpose for each one of us here in this life. He has given us a freedom not granted to the electrical appliance in the freedom of thought and action which are ours. Therefore He does not force us into accepting the power and doing the job. However, the JOB is there waiting for us, the POWER is piped in full force right to the rheostat, the DIRECTING HAND is ready to release the POWER and guide His instrument in the doing of His Will. It takes only the WILLINGNESS on our part to receive the POWER and do the JOB according to the WILL of the DIRECTING HAND.

The instrument must be connected to the source of Power. In the inanimate machine it takes the hands of the electrician who wires it into the electrical system and the operator who plugs it in to the current. We also must be connected with the SOURCE OF

POWER. However, we must do the connecting—we must reach out ourselves and make the connection.

Prayer is the great connector, placing ourselves in tune with God—in line with His Will—opening the way for His Love to flow down and through us to bless those whom we meet. This takes willingness to serve, discipline of mind and soul, and loving obedience to His Will.

Once we have plugged in to the POWER of God working in and through us, we must take our hands off the rheostat and let God control the amount and force of POWER which flows through us. We have put ourselves at His disposal as we expect the machine to beat ours. The amount of POWER

needed depends on the size of the JOB which God, our DIRECTING HAND, has for us to do. For us to interfere in that can make the difference between a good JOB joyfully accomplished and the failure by a small margin which leads to frustration.

It isn't always easy or convenient to follow through after telling God to take over, but the thrill of joy which comes with the doing is far greater than any temporary loss of self-direction which we have experienced. As God's loving POWER flows through us to benefit another, we find ourselves thrilling to a new sense of His Presence in our lives which is reward beyond measure or expectation.



THE QUIET TIME

George V. McCausland

Hush, my soul, the birds are fast asleep
And stillness waits the break of day,
What can I do to help Thee, Lord?
Thou art the life, the truth, the way.

I listen in this Holy Hour
That I may hear Thy voice of love
And wait to feel Thy peace once more
Thy peace, Thy joy, from heaven above.

What is Thy plan for me, this day?
What word, what deed, what song from Thee
Waits on the threshold of this day
Some heart to cheer, some burden free?

Take over Lord! This is your day
Your plan for me is all I need
Here's my hand, my heart, my life
Control, O Christ, each word, each deed.

☪ Our times of difficulty are our times of greatest blessing.

Difficulties Can Be Doorways

Derek Neville

THE great scientist, Lord Kelvin, during the course of a lecture, once said: "Gentlemen, when you are faced with a difficulty—you are faced with a discovery."

This thought seems to me to be a profound one. And it may be noted that, during his lifetime, Lord Kelvin gave to posterity some sixty important inventions. How many of these may not have been due to the very fact that he viewed his difficulties as the doorways leading to discovery?

It needs very little imagination to see that a great many of the common everyday things that we use—things that now make our lives easier—have come into being simply because men and women were presented with difficulties. It was because of the difficulty of keeping certain foods for very long that they were packed in air-tight tins. It was because of the difficulty of opening these tins that we were given a tin-opener. From splash-preventives on taps, tea-cosies, or fish-slices to modern X-ray or radar apparatus—humanity is presented with an array of very tangible evidence proving that difficul-

ties can be made doorways to discoveries.

Even in Nature the same truth is apparent. All living things show us an amazing inventiveness, and when we analyse it, we find that it consists of the overcoming of difficulties. The way in which birds and animals camouflage themselves against possible dangers, for instance, is a study in itself. From the whiteness of the polar bear against his snow to the quick-changing artist of the lizard family—the chameleon, which can change its colour rapidly to match its surroundings—we are able to detect the same principle at work. Difficulties produce discoveries.

In our lives, our greatest task is to discover the truth about ourselves. We live in a spiritual realm first and foremost. We may not always realise this—but the truth remains. The outside world is only a series of effects. They are constantly changing effects—determined very largely by the needs of humanity. That is a point that must not be overlooked, for its understanding brings us at once to the roots of all human problems. The face of the world will change when

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the inward consciousness of men and women changes. The deserts shall rejoice and blossom as the rose when the hearts of men and women rejoice and when they blossom with the knowledge of all that is pure and good and true.

"Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped: Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing: for in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the deserts."

These things depend, all of them, upon the interior state of mankind. Just as our sprawling cities and towns, our newspapers, the literature to be found on any book-stall, the thirst for speed, and the titles of modern films—all, all depend upon what is happening inside the hearts of men and women. Love, hate, fear, joy, a sense of security or of insecurity—these are the manufacturers. The substance of the man-made world springs out of the invisible realm of the heart.

We may repeat, then, that our greatest task is to discover the truth about ourselves. Therein lies our salvation, for the truth about ourselves leads us to the feet of the Divine. We know, then, that we are the offspring of the Divine, that we are children of God, children of goodness, rooted and grounded in that which is right and perfect, living, moving and having our

whole being in the Spirit. We know, then, that God upholds us at all times, that He is the strength behind our weakness, the wisdom behind our ignorance, the light that illumines our darkness. These are the discoveries that men and women make when they arrive at the feet of God.

But how? We may well ask ourselves *how*, in fact, are these discoveries made?

Is not the answer that difficulties are doorways to discovery?

I doubt whether there has ever been man or woman who has come to know the strength of God except through the experience of his or her own weakness. Our times of difficulty are the exact times when we make discoveries about ourselves. *They are in actual fact the times of our greatest blessing.*

How can we know the upholding power of God except we ourselves have been upheld? We can read about it in books, of course, but spiritual truths must be experienced in order to be comprehended. How can we hope to understand the wisdom of God unless we first understand our own ignorance and helplessness without Him? And how can we perceive the latter except we ourselves are lost, confounded, defeated and stripped of all self-esteem? Or how can we know the true meaning of God's

light except it shines across our own darkness?

These are questions for meditation.

And to those in great trouble—even at this moment—I pray that there may come the peace of understanding.



The Hosts of The Lord Are With Us

Ward Bullard Hurlburt

IN the book of II Kings there is a story which tells about Elisha and his young servant, finding themselves in a city which was surrounded by enemy hosts who had drawn up for a surprise attack. The young servant was utterly panic-stricken and felt certain that a dreadful, sure fate was in store. Elisha, on the other hand, strong in his faith, was calm and aware that God was more than equal to his every need.

Then Elisha prayed in behalf of his companion. He asked that God would open the servant's eyes so that he could see. And God granted the blessing. Suddenly the servant looked beyond the things visible to the physical eye and "behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire." (II Kings 6:17)

The enemy hosts were still at hand, but the young man was no longer in the grip of fear. He knew that the resources of God were on the side of himself and the righteous prophet, Elisha.

Men of faith may always have the sure confidence that no matter what their problems are, God is more than equal to the problems. Does one tend to have a feeling of inadequacy about facing up to life's demands? (Psychologists speak of an "inferiority complex.") We have a God who, if we will lose ourselves in His resources, can provide the wisdom and the power to see us through to victory.

Does one have a physical ailment? Is there fear of suffering and of being overwhelmed by disease? The same Jesus who went about doing good 2000 years ago is as real now as He ever was, and He delights to lay His hands upon His own at the point of human need. Trust Him. Know this: He loves me and He helps me at this moment!

Is our world filled with threats of disaster? O, Christian, let your eyes be opened. "Behold the mountain full of horses and chariots of fire"—the hosts of the Lord are with us!

How She Was Healed

Grenville Kleiser

THESE ARE HER OWN WORDS: "I just left it to God." She had long been ill, discouraged, bereaved. Every available remedy had failed. She was in the depths of despair.

One day she realized she had been straining too hard, trying to outline what God should do. Then she surrendered.

SHE GAVE UP HER ANXIOUS THOUGHT and mumbling of prayers. She felt assured that God was willing and ready to help her. She "let go" of her wrong thoughts, gave over her personal responsibility, and left everything to Him. And God healed her.

To yield wholly to God, with no mental reservation of any kind, is difficult. The human will, an obstinate autocrat, is hard to dethrone. It likes to have its own way.

THINK IT OUT FOR YOURSELF. Are you willing to yield your problems and prejudices, opinions, and inclinations, your so-called rights to complain and criticize, and put your trust wholly in God, believing he will satisfy your every need? If so, you can

then demonstrate over any adverse condition.

We must recognize that God is supreme. We must make more room for Him in our daily lives. Too often we leave God out of our interests and activities. Too often we say, "Not my will, but Thine be done," and then use our own stubborn will.

MAKE MORE ROOM FOR GOD in your daily life. Get rid of the pesky little thoughts of worry, irritation, and resentment. Instead of anxiously asking, "What am I to do?" say, "God will do it in proper time."

KNOW AND BELIEVE that whatever your problem may be, God can and will solve it if you wholly trust Him. Keep your faith centered in His infallible power and in His availability. Build your trust in Him sufficiently and you will feel equal to any emergency.

Try to realize what it means to have the power of God working in and for you. He confers upon you the power to love, to think, to build constructively.

THE POWER OF THOUGHT is God's greatest gift to man. You

can think only one thought at a time, and since you change your thoughts at will, it is possible for you to think constructively most of the time.

When a negative, depressing, undesirable thought enters your mind, you can effectively eject it if you promptly substitute the opposite thought.

CONSCIOUSLY ALLIED TO HIM, your life will expand into increasing usefulness. Turn trustfully to Him, depend upon Him implicitly, and observe how your difficulties will disappear.

THE HIGHEST FORMULA for practical Christianity is this: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself."

Allegiance to God is your most important duty. It transcends all other consideration. Refuse to give attention or allegiance to any power less than God—let Him rule your consciousness—then you will be well on the way to spiritual achievement.



The Secret Place

IT was Charles Lamb who wrote something to the effect that he knew of no greater happiness than that of doing a good deed in secret and having it discovered by accident. One could go farther than that, however, and say that there is no greater happiness than that of doing a good deed in secret and never having it discovered at all.

My father always used to say to me, "Never let your left hand know what your right hand doeth." It was not until years afterwards that I discovered he had been quoting the words of Jesus.

One of the great advantages of doing good in secret is that it becomes a matter between yourself and God. You get no reward from the world. But you get your reward in heavenly bliss. You get your reward in terms of inward strength. You are investing in yourself. Every good deed that you do in secrecy is helping to furnish the inner temple of your own soul. And the riches that you store there are everlasting. They are waiting when the storm breaks. They are there in the midst of disaster.

Whether it be tree or man—roots are always invisible.—D. N.

NEW LIVES FOR OLD

"And he that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new."—Revelation 21:5.

THE MESSAGE of the Gospel might be summed up in the words, "New lives for old." Most people do not believe that. They believe that "a leopard can't change his spots," but that is a pagan idea. Christ came to bring the good news that we can have the life of satisfaction we are continually seeking for with the willing help of God.

Someone told me a story that illustrates this. Jerry McCauley was in Sing Sing prison. One Sunday morning the prisoners were marched into church. Jerry could hardly believe his eyes when he saw that the speaker was one of his old partners in crime. He could not still the bitter, cynical smile that creased his face and he wondered what new racket was afoot. When the speaker arose he said, "I don't belong up here on a platform. I belong down on the same level as you men." He got down on the floor and told what Christ had done for him. He was now the superintendent of a mission in New York City. Jerry was impressed with what he had heard, but he "wasn't going overboard for anyone." When he got back to his cell and had thought it over, he asked for a Bible and began reading it. Well, the end of the story is that Jerry McCauley became a changed man. The Holy Spirit witnessed between Jerry McCauley and the Bible. Jerry eventually became superintendent of that same mission. A leopard cannot change its spots? Christ stands forever daring anyone to test his claim of new lives for old!

Starr Daily is another example of making a new life out of an old one. Soaked in crime from boyhood, sentenced to life in prison as an incorrigible, Christ took over where human agencies had given up. Today Starr Daily is an inspiring Christian and a first rate author on the spiritual life.

I knew a man in Boston who had a successful little business of his own. He had been a drunkard, and had been reunited with his family through Christ. A miracle had taken place, but apparently it was not enough to satisfy the Spirit. He gave up his business and became superintendent of a mission. He is leading other men along the road of new lives, a road he knows from personal experience, and he is as happy as anyone I have ever known.

The next time you think there is no hope, look up and hear Christ saying to you, "I dare you to take a new life for the one you don't like."

Read: *Release*, Starr Daily.

LIVING FOR ETERNITY

"Verily I say unto you, Whatsoever ye shall bind on earth shall be bound in heaven: and whatsoever ye shall loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven."—Matthew 18:18.

WHEN I was in France a guide was showing a group through the Louvre. When he got to the famous statue of the Venus de Milo he went into a passionate description of its perfection. With emotion catching his voice he described the perfection of the head, the shoulders, the torso, the robe and the feet. "Look at the robe," he said. "It's transparent—you can see the structure of the body beneath it." Then for want of adequate words to express his feelings, he said, "Look at the robe—it's *stuff*—not stone." What he meant was that the robe was live cloth, and not dead stone. Then he took us to another part of the gallery and showed us a statue from the same period of history. "Now, look at this statue," he commanded. With a sneer he said, "That's stone!" Back he took us to the Venus de Milo and smilingly he said to us, "There is only one thing wrong with this statue. She's made of stone—ah, if she were only alive!"

The unknown sculptor who had carved the Venus de Milo had worked well. He had created something that would live after him. Dr. Miller, author of *Take a Second Look at Yourself*, suggests that such people are great because they live as if they were going to live forever. There is much to be said for such an attitude. If one knows he is going to live forever he will not spend his time with the frivolities of life. He will not do a second rate job, if he is wise, for then he will be building up habits that will make him a second rate person. Of course, if he believes that all is chance and one never does have to "pay the piper," then it makes little difference if he becomes a second rate person. But, if he is going to live forever, it makes all the difference in the world.

Living as if you were going to live forever is an attitude that is distinctively Christian. Christians know that life is eternal, though the way some of them spend their time you wonder if the full meaning of eternal life has ever sunk into their minds. Like the unknown sculptor of the Venus de Milo they ought to be building something for eternity—a home that will extend its influence after they have gone on, giving support to a soul here and there as they go through the years to add to the Kingdom of Heaven, developing in themselves those attitudes and qualities that make for patience, love, purity, courage, etc. We must live differently because we are Christians, because we know that our individual life is eternal, and because if this is so then there are some qualities "we can take with us."

Read: *Take a Second Look at Yourself*, John H. Miller. \$2.00.

THE FAITHFULNESS OF GOD

"Thy faithfulness is unto all generations: thou hast established the earth, and it abideth."—Psalm 119:90.

A FRIEND of mine whose work suddenly entailed his flying across country expressed no joy at the thought of it. Like many people he would just as soon fly "if he could scrape one foot on the ground." One day when expressing his lack of faith in airplanes, someone said to him, "But you don't have to have faith in planes. Can't you have faith in God?" This remark struck home and today he is an experienced air traveller with great praise for the airways.

Alcoholics Anonymous also made the same discovery. Members of this remarkable organization *know* they simply cannot trust themselves, but that they can trust God. They have faith in the strength of God; or, perhaps a better way of putting it is that they have faith in "the faithfulness of God."

The psalmist says that we live on the faithfulness of God, and so we do. What kind of life would we have if crops came one year, and then not the next. What kind of chaos would we experience if we had plenty of oxygen one day and not the next. What kind of madness would it be if we could not depend upon consciousness from one moment to the next?

And God never creates anything without its fulfillment, for that too would be madness. We have seeds and the fulfillment of them in plants. We have hunger and its fulfillment in food. We have vitamins and their fulfillment in good health. God is faithful, and we can depend on Him; we can have faith in His faithfulness.

And if God has planted in the human heart the desire to have fellowship with Him, we can be sure He will fulfill that urge. He has told us with the prophets, the apostles and with Jesus Christ Himself that He wants us, and that all we have to do is come with open hearts and He will make Himself known. God is faithful and we can trust Him with this as with everything else.

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

Books of Interest

TAKE A SECOND LOOK AT YOURSELF, *John Homer Miller*. Abingdon-Cokesbury, \$2.00. 187 pages. I understand that a large restaurant chain is making this book "must" reading for their hostesses. I can well appreciate their enthusiasm for it, because if anyone takes these messages to heart they will find "by taking a second look at themselves" that they can become all they want to be. This is a pretty broad statement and perhaps ought to be tempered with "within reason." Certainly they can become more efficient, more peaceful, more productive and better citizens of the Kingdom of Heaven. The approach is thoroughly Christian, and I endorse it heartily. Some chapters are: "You Live What You Think," "Life Is Too Short to be Little," "The Happiness of a Grateful Heart," and "Beyond Peace of Mind."

EVERYDAY RELIGION, *Joseph Fort Newton*. Abingdon-Cokesbury, \$1.25. 240 pages. This book of 65 chapters is small enough to fit into the pocket or the pocket-book. They were originally printed as the "Saturday Sermon" in the *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*. Dr. Newton had the genius for putting religion in everyday terms that appealed to everyday people. The range of subjects here is too broad to define, and yet there is a unity. It is the unity of the Christian looking at life, at men and women, and telling them what is wrong and how to make it right. I shall use the book to read a message here and there when I feel like it, for no matter where I open it the spiritual insight and freshness of Dr. Newton will make life a little better.

DOCTORS COURAGEOUS, *Edward H. Hume*. Harpers, \$3.50. 297 pages. This is a big book of big pages, but you won't notice it once you start reading, for this book of fact is more fascinating than an adventure novel. It is the story of the doctors who opened up Africa, the Middle East, India and China. You will get to know David Livingston and Albert Schweitzer, Dr. Ida Scudder, Dr. Peter Parker and many, many others. Most of the characters are characters out of the past, but you will be surprised at how

modern was their approach. Right now Dr. Frank C. Laubach is spearheading a program to get Christian skilled workers to offer their services to the non-Christian world. He has found that where people are unwilling to listen to preaching they become willing when they are helped. Well, that is exactly what these pioneer medical missionaries did in their day. Where preaching was stopped, it was the medical missionary who opened the gates again. This is an authentic story of one phase of missions that everyone ought to know about.

GROWTH IN PRAYER, *Constance Garrett*. Macmillan. \$2.00. 166 pages. One could spend all summer reading and studying this book. It is well done, it is interestingly written and the approach has not sacrificed orthodoxy for popularity. It is popular enough, but, thank goodness, it does not promise to make you a saint in one week (with or without effort on your part). The five parts of the book are: Learning to Pray, Vocal Prayer, Mental Prayer, Group Prayer, and Practice of Prayer. There are 21 chapters in all and each one is so planned that the entire book could well be called a "work-book" as the author says. There are excellent prayers at the end of every chapter.

ANSWER WITHOUT CEASING, *Margaret Lee Runbeck*. Houghton Mifflin, \$3.00. 333 pages. When the author wrote *The Great Answer* about authentic answers to prayer during wartime, it was not long before readers were wanting one about answers to prayer in normal times. From an article in *The Christian Herald* asking for such instances, letters came from all over the country. The examples in this book were all personally investigated by Mrs. Runbeck. They are true. They can be proven. And, if these stories do not make you thrill to them, and strengthen your faith, and fire your weak courage into something adventuresome, then there is something radically wrong with you. Both the author and the publisher are to be congratulated on producing a much needed book. It is good reading and good news for everyone.

Covered With His Feathers

Carey Derby

A VERY lonely, elderly woman became so fearful over her plight, that she dreaded going places alone, especially after dark. She talked it over with a minister one day, who told her to memorize the 91st Psalm, and to live with its protection 24 hours a day. This she endeavored to do. Finally one evening when walking along a poorly lighted street on an errand, repeating this Psalm softly to herself, she was suddenly accosted by a couple of thugs.

"I'll take her purse, and you grab her," said one.

"You can-n't do that! For I'm covered with His feathers!" the woman blurted out, even to her own amazement. The trio stood tense for an instant. Then one of the men said, "She must be queer. Better let her go!"

No matter how "queer" this may have sounded to the material mind, it was a spiritual weapon which she was prompted to use. In fact, any part of the Psalm would perhaps sound "goofy" to the atheist.

At the advent of World War II when the masses were growing war-fearful, a lecturer of wide experience touched on the subject of

Biblical protection in this manner: "All who will dwell on and make the 139th Psalm a *part of their being*, will need no other protection." For . . .

Whither shall I go from thy spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence?

If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there.

If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea;

EVEN THERE SHALL THY HAND LEAD ME, AND THY RIGHT HAND SHALL HOLD ME.

He went on to say that when we reach the place in consciousness where we can *realize* that God's hand holds us every moment, that accidents will no longer come near us.

I know a young lady who for years in her travels alone, kept these typewritten statements in her purse to remind her often of her Spiritual Escort: "The angel of His presence guides and guards me." And "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that love Him, and delivereth them."

As a result she has gone through treacherous incidents with miraculous safety. To illustrate: just recently she was relaxing on a California beach, with a gaily colored strip of awning serving as a blanket and partially covering her as she lay at the base of the sea-wall. It was such a peaceful sunny day. The waves were rising and falling rhythmically and the gulls were flying gracefully about in the blue sky.

Suddenly there was an odor of burning cloth. She sat up quickly and found a hole the size of a teacup burned from her tarp, less than two inches from her woolen sweater. Some pedestrian had carelessly thrown a lighted cigarette over the wall. It could have lighted on her disastrously, with the brisk sea breeze abetting, even though the ocean of water was but a few yards away. But she quickly stopped conjuring those awful "might-have-beens" and began *thanking God* for His Divine protection. Not a stitch of her clothing was singed. Surely she had been "covered with His feathers" and insulated ones at that!

The fatalities of our Atomic Age seem to put the spiritually-minded on the "defense" so to speak. It is not easy to keep our minds free. Since infancy we have been trained to let our thoughts, feelings and actions develop from the world of

appearances. But back of it all is God who is carrying all things on to the ultimate perfection He wills to express. If we can keep our minds linked with His armor of protection we will gradually rise above all fears and anxieties.

Way back in 1919 when the housing condition was quite as acute as at present, the old-fashioned cottage in which an elderly relative of mine had lived a long time, was being threatened. Either the place was to be sold and she be evicted, or the rent would be made prohibitive for her meagre income.

She was advised to handle it prayerfully. To place the mantle of God over it by saying, "I now place this insulator of the All-Powerful Spirit over this house and no one can take it until I am prepared to go." Strange as it may seem, the owner decided to hold it awhile longer as an investment, and advised the tenant that inasmuch as she was taking such good care of the property he would not increase the rent. The woman lived on in the place unmolested for eighteen months from that date, when she suddenly was impelled to move to a distant point to be with a daughter. And, coincidentally, the owner of the property sold the house the day *after* her departure at a much better price than any former offer. God-protection blessed both tenant and landlord.

If you have any thought of fear for your loved ones, place this In-sulator of God about them. See Him as "giving His angels charge over them, to keep them in ALL their ways."

We must always feel "protected." We must not feel alone for "under His wings shall we take refuge." If we *practice* looking immediately to God when discord arises, we will find that He is ever ready to give His healing balm of love to

protect. When we let the love of God pour through us to all things, nothing fears us and no harm can befall us.

Do you want something to stand under you—to give you a firm foundation? The life of God does! The Spirit of the Lord watches over you and keeps you in perfect safety. His Spirit is now guarding you in all your ways. For "He shall cover thee with His feathers and under His wings shalt thou trust."



The Moral Demand of God

Iva Gibson

RECENTLY I sat in the sanctuary of a great church in one of our cities. A lyric soprano, a Negro, gave the concert. She was sponsored by one of the classes of the Sunday School of that church. Her enthusiasm was great, yet not more than the humility that filled her soul and seemed to fill the room with radiance. Her appeal to the audience was powerful as she gradually led up to the climax. You could have heard a pin drop in that great auditorium, when for one of her encores she sang "The Lord's Prayer." It was as if she were a channel of utmost clarity drawing all souls with power. She was certainly a

perfect example of dedicated personality.

The climax came when she sang: "Not my brother, not my sister, but it's me, O Lord, standing in the need of prayer." The pastor, with the spell of humility cast upon him, rose, and with a hand hushed the applause, saying: "This has been the best sermon ever preached from this pulpit." The class mother gave the closing benediction—"Not my neighbor, not my mother, but it's me, O Lord, standing in the need of prayer." Man must crucify the flesh and lift Christ up. As we eliminate self, manifest Christ in our daily lives, we evolve into the consciousness of Christ. This is the moral demand of God.

Through the Presence there will be unfolded in your life a path.

In the Presence of God

Austin Pardue

WE are going to think of the wonderful things that can come to us when we are in the all-powerful, all-knowing Presence of God. You are then in the presence of all of the answers to all of the problems in the universe. You are then at one with the power that sustains and keeps us all alive.

One of the most valuable things that comes out of a consciousness of God is a knowledge that He has a plan for you and for me. The majority of people just stumble and blunder through life. They don't have a basic conviction. The Holy Spirit who dwells within us is prepared to lead us into all truth, therefore into a thrilling, exciting, adventurous life. God hasn't created us for a span of haphazard incidents. Life does not consist of a consecutive gathering of good or bad breaks without cause. When life tumbles in upon us, when everything goes wrong, when misfortune dogs every footstep, it is not because it is the Will of God, it is not in God's plan. God's plan is good. There is *cause* behind evil experience, and cause behind good experience. God's processes are orderly. If you don't believe it, go to the Planetarium and look at the magic of that dome upon which is projected the heavens of a thousand

years past or a thousand years to come. The perfection of precision is projected before our eyes. Observe the tides of the sea, the seasons of the year, the rhythms of the universe, and you can't help but realize that God has a plan. But more than a plan for the physical universe, He has a plan for you and for me as individuals.

God is interested in *you* personally. He is so desirous that your future work out according to plan that He made you as an individual in a way in which He never created another living soul in all of history. When He made you, he broke the mold. Never again in history will He make another person exactly like you. There will be no duplication. He made you different from everyone else, even to the details of the tips of your fingers. Your fingerprints are absolutely individualistic. He does not allow anyone else to bear the same marks with which he identifies you. No detail in your life is too small for the understanding and notice of his mind. How is this possible? Nobody knows.

Therefore, it is all important that you Practice the Presence. Through that Presence there will be unfolded in your life a path. The path is not a blue-print that is set

down with complete detail in regard to your future. It is not a predestined fatalism. It is a beautiful future that unfolds in accordance with the way in which we follow His laws. On the other hand, if we defy them, if we ignore them, we make our own future. When you build laws that are based upon your own will in defiance to the great laws of Eternal Truth, then you are batting your head against the wall of that Empire State building. What a headache! It is interesting that Our Lord Jesus sought the presence of His Father, and oftentimes He could see God's future plans in detail. Naturally, that is not our privilege to do, except in very rare circumstances. We must be content with the unfoldment of the plans of God, but it is that *awareness of the Presence* that helps the unfoldment.

But God does not let us look through the mysterious veil of tomorrow. He has arranged a program for us whereby we have to live day by day. Perhaps if we were highly developed spiritually we could project our vision into tomorrow. Some of the great Saints did. Of course Jesus did, and it is very interesting to look at just one of the examples of the way in which He saw God's plan. Look at the Gospel for Monday in Holy Week. It reads, "And some began to spit on Him, and to buffet Him, and to say unto Him, 'Prophesy' and did strike Him with the palms of their hand."

And Jesus said, "The Scriptures must be fulfilled. The Son of Man goeth indeed as it is written." Time and again, Jesus knew what people thought. He knew what they would do, and He knew what God planned. In this instance in Holy Week there was a fascinating series of events which are self-evident facts of the reality of God's plan for His Son. Of course He has plans for you, too, because He even knows the numbers of the hairs of your head. He teaches broad principles, yet He knows all the details.

He told His disciples to go out and prepare the Passover, then He predicted that they would meet a man with a pitcher whom they should follow. Secondly, He said that they would find the proprietor of a house; the good man of the house, as He called him. In the third place, He said that the proprietor would have a large upper room which would be prepared for their final feast. Then in the fourth place, He went on to say that one of them, one of His dependable ones, would betray Him. In the fifth place, He said, "All of you shall be offended this night." In the sixth instance, He told how the cock would crow thrice and Peter would deny Him. And finally, He told them that if His own temple, that is, His own body, were to be destroyed, it would be rebuilt in three days. So, Our Lord was able to see into the future of God's plan. As I say, that

isn't for us except on very rare occasions when God has use and reason for us to see the future. So, beware of fortune tellers. The ones who have gifts are liable to hit on something you should not be thinking about and thus you become mentally ill. The false ones may tell you lies to give you false hope and bitter disappointments. God wants us to live one day at a time and trust Him.

Apparently God has so arranged things that there is no problem of time or space when we are with Him. In certain people right down through the ages, He has opened up ways and means whereby they had a pre-vision of events to come. As I say, He does not give us those experiences just for our own ends, but for some greater purpose. The chances are ten thousand to one that you won't be given that kind of a future vision. That isn't even our concern here. The point I am trying to make is that God has a good plan for you. Of course, it *includes some suffering*. If you accept suffering correctly, you will be strengthened and tempered like steel. The more you are in His Presence the more you are being sensitized to the unfoldment of His program. You are being conditioned, inwardly trained, spiritually built, for the future. But you won't be conscious of this inward training until it unfolds and you see what happens.

Now realize again that life is not a matter of luck. It is a matter of cause and effect. The sooner that each one of us is aware of this fact the better off we are going to be. Remember that most of us look upon life and think of it in terms of breaks, luck, and strange superstitious happenings. It is amazing how superstitious and "voodoolike" human beings are.

When our children were small, one of them once ran into a room, knocked over a table and broke a clock. My wife entered, and asked, "What happened?" The answer came back that "the clock broke." Dorothy, my wife, said, "But how did it break?" The child answered that it fell off the table. She countered by saying, "But why did it fall off the table?" Well this inquisition continued until my wife proved to our child that it could not have happened without a cause. The clock could not break itself but rather the table was tipped because somebody pushed it. That caused the clock to fall on the floor and break. Thus, she taught at an early age that this accident was the result of cause and effect. Most of us think like children. We say, "The clock broke."

The world does not run by accident but according to God's design. However, if we break that design, it runs according to our own plans. That is what is happening throughout the world today. The

world is cracking up and breaking up all over because man is maneuvering his own plans in counter-distinction to the plans of God. You see how important it is to enter the

Presence of God every day? Because if you are with Him enough, you are going to begin to sense the unfoldment of His magnificent and all adventurous plan for you.

Don't Curse the Darkness— Light a Candle

Nelle R. Cook

IT IS my privilege to help cultivate spiritual life among people through sharing fine books. Selling them seems incidental because across the Book Table I am continuously permitted to glimpse the minds and hearts of folks, who are otherwise strangers. Many lovely stories are told me like the following one which is thought provoking but with a happy ending.

High in the mountains of an Eastern state, a strange but interesting incident took place in a tiny isolated school house. It was The Lenten Season and the teacher thinking this was a matter of common knowledge, spoke of certain Special days . . . such as Good Friday; Palm Sunday and Easter. But she got no reaction, no response. She decided to take a poll on the facts and found that only SEVEN of the thirty-seven children in her room knew about HOLY WEEK. Nine of them had "heard about" PALM SUNDAY.

This came as a bit of a shock to a public school teacher in Christian America. But her amazement was further confounded by the lovely thing which happened the next day. A boy came to her desk asking, "Would you please read this to us today. She thought there was something vaguely familiar about the paper he trust into her hand. Upon examination the teacher found the boy was asking her to read *The Deserter*, an article which appeared in the April, 1949, issue of *Clear Horizons*. Curious to know how the boy had come into possession of the publication known to her, he told the teacher, "Someone knows my mother and sends it to her."

A wise man has said, "It is better to light a candle than to curse the darkness." May I interpret that it would "be better to send our fine literature to the ends of the earth than to curse the short comings of educational systems of any kind."

"Being" The Will of God

Frank C. Laubach

"**T**HY WILL be done." To say that with all one's heart and soul and mind and strength all the time, that would be perfection. It would be identical with the great command to love God that much.

Nobody fully knows what either of those statements means, nobody excepting Jesus Christ. All of us need to share what we do understand. We need to stimulate one another as we seek that deeper light. It is not a light which we will get with our minds. It is a light which we will get with our own wills, bent to do his will. We must have it before we understand it. We see it embodied in Christ before we have it. Then we begin to catch it like some blessed infection. We can never *know* it, we can only *be* it, *embody* it, *feel* it. So the words I write are understood only by those who already hunger and thirst after the will of God. "He that wills to do His will shall know." It is one of those things we comprehend with the will. It is one of those things we comprehend from inside, never from the outside, by observing somebody else.

Yet the attempt must be made

to tell it, so that others may acquire a hunger and thirst after the will of God.

As Jesus walked with or ahead of his disciples, what was it that captured their ever-rising reverence and awe until they could say that he was the Christ, the son of the living God? One thing that amazed them was his incessant prayer. He would steal off to pray. He would walk ahead praying. He would tell them what he heard from the Father. It was, as we now say in slang, "out of this world." His sublime words sounded, and still sound, like words from the lips of God. His simple, easy triumph over almost every disease agreed with his constant, divine prayer life and his loving words in proving that he was simply listening moment by moment to his Father and doing instantly what he heard.

The gospel of John reveals this intimate moment by moment listening and saying "yes," more frequently than the other three gospels mention it, but they all agree. Many scholars think John wrote fifty years or more after the resurrection, after he had told the story verbally for half a century. If so,

that only means that it took John half a century to comprehend even as far as he ever did comprehend, the marvellous intimacy and surrender of Jesus to the Will of His Father. John, I think, is the "truest" gospel, because it comes nearer to revealing the whole truth than the other three writers could dimly realize when they wrote.

We are eager for the power of Jesus to heal diseases and to remove mountains and to bring peace. He gave us the secret: "Simply obey the will of God as unvaryingly and utterly as I do, and nothing shall be impossible."

I lived many years, though a missionary and an ordained minister, out of intimate touch with God. I believed in God, but did not abide in Him. Then on a blessed, wonderful, terrible year, I began to live the other kind of life, rather inconsistently and spasmodically, abiding in and then out of the vine. I began to see that when I listened I really heard. If I prayed with great earnestness and complete sincerity, I found that God did answer. And when I obeyed the the answer I found that the results were multiplied far beyond the efforts which I put forth. It was as though a mighty, silent current of divine power poured through every little move of mine and the forces of the universe outside came to meet my effort. I am now con-

vinced that this what happens when *anybody* abides in Him and yearns for the will of God.

Then why do I not live that way utterly every moment? Frankly I do not know. "I cannot understand my own actions." It is not so much that a definite sin bears me down—though that also happens at times. It is that my nature just does not keep me at the job. "The cares of this world and the deceitfulness of" wanting and needing more "riches, choke the word." Not the least of these cares is the care of answering many religious duties. "The cares of religious duties choke the word." The word is the will of God which alone would matter, if I knew how to manage to live on that level all the time.

Some days, most of all at the Camp Farthest Out, I can achieve this surrender to the will of God perfectly for almost a day at a time. Then if somebody who never knew me at any other time meets me (and never sees me any other time) he is likely to write letters about the fine influence I had upon his life. I feel like a hypocrite, for he doesn't know me off my good behavior! But with Jesus it was different. They did not need to catch Him at His best. He was always at His best. That was the source of His incredible power, always at His best.

☪ Let us hope that the Friends will not fail in their effort to preserve the peace of the World.

Quaker Religion in Practice

Roy A. Brenner

PERHAPS you, along with millions of others, were somewhat surprised sometime in 1947 to hear that the Nobel Peace Prize was won by the American Friends Service Committee, the Quaker relief agency, along with its British counterpart.

Many of us doubtless had never before heard of this welfare organization, which is now also doing a great work in pointing the way to world peace. However, to students of American history, in particular, the religious sect of Friends, or Quakers, is nothing new.

This sect was founded in 1648 by a poor shoemaker named George Fox, and preached by him throughout England when he was out of prison. Great numbers came to hear him, and soon there were thousands of converts to his doctrine. He did not believe in fighting or in taking oaths, or that one man was better than another. Nor did he believe in show or ceremony of any kind, or in paying to support the state religion. His followers were taught not to take off their hats before any man, even before the king, or speak of any person as "you," since that was considered a sign of pride. They referred to every person as

"thou" or "thee."

Those who joined this sect called themselves "Friends," or "Children of Light," since they maintained that truth did not come to them through men's teachings, but through the "inner light." They claimed that the Lord spoke to their hearts, and by so doing was their guide. They would tremble, or quake, when they felt that the inner light had come to them, and on this account they were soon spoken of as "Quakers." This title was given them in derision, but by it they became everywhere known. To themselves they are still Friends, but Quakers to the world at large.

Of all religious sects, the Quakers were treated the worst. Large numbers of them were crowded into prisons, where hundreds of them died. These people, most of whom were poor, would not resist officers of the law. If a prison door were opened, they would not walk out. Nor would they obey any law that interfered with their religion, or pay to support the state religion. So the government found them a very difficult people with which to deal.

Along with the Puritans and Pilgrims, this persecuted sect be-

gan seeking freedom in the New World. Some settled in New England, where they were treated badly, and some in New Jersey. But the chief settlement was made in Pennsylvania, under the leadership of William Penn, who had become a devout Quaker early in life, despite the opposition of his father, who was an admiral in the British Navy.

On October 27, 1682, the good ship *Welcome*, with William Penn and about 70 emigrants, anchored in front of New Castle, a settlement of Dutch and Swedes in what is now Delaware. However, Penn soon went up to the site of his new town, to be called by him Philadelphia, which means "Brotherly Love," and which is still known as the "Quaker City."

One present-day fruit of Pennsylvania's large settlement of Quakers is the American Friends Service Committee. Although many have known little, or nothing, about this welfare organization, there are untold thousands throughout the nation who have in times of need had a helping hand extended by these Friends in deed. For example, they were recently credited with providing a new community building in the Ozarks, at Gladden, Missouri. And in Slack River Falls, Wisconsin, they gave valuable assistance in providing new recreational plans and play facilities for a large number of

children.

At least in those communities, as well as in nine others, the work of these Friends of mankind in need was better known than ever before. The reason is that last summer eleven towns were chosen to receive work-aid from student camp groups of this Quaker welfare agency.

Especially in those communities which have been touched by Quaker ideals, coupled with concrete examples of faith expressing itself in hard work, there is a clearer conception than ever as to why the sects to which Quakers belong is called the Society of Friends. It is evident that the friendship that the Quakers have for their fellow men is as much a part of their belief and practice as their silent prayer meetings and conscientious objection to war.

As to how this Quaker friendship expresses itself, the 700 residents of Brownfield, Maine, can bear testimony. In that town 21 Quaker-sponsored students spent two months helping to build a much needed town hall, which was finished with the aid of local citizens.

The need for this project suddenly arose when, in October, 1947, a gale-driven forest fire from the foothills of the White Mountains blazed through Brownfield. It destroyed more than 500 buildings, including the public struc-

tures. On this account, during the following year, while the town was being rebuilt, Brownfield's Board of Selectmen first met in a freight car, and later in a prefabricated metal house which the Red Cross provided.

Brownfield's citizens finally decided to try the plan suggested by three Quakers in the community. They contacted the American Friends Service Committee headquarters in Philadelphia, and shortly a representative arrived on the scene to determine what help the Quakers could give. He found that the greatest need was for labor. Noting an unburned schoolhouse, which had been moved from Brownfield to Bean Hill nearby, he decided that it could be remodeled into a new city hall.

The needed laborers were recruited from Quaker high school and college student volunteers, as were employed at the other ten American Friends Service Committee work camps. The boys and girls, between the ages of 15 and 20, who were selected for the Brownfield project either got "work scholarships" or paid, out of their own pockets, \$125.00 for the opportunity to help the citizens of a town that few of them had ever even seen before.

As is often the case in such things, this paying-to-help idea proved to be contagious. It turned out that only six of the volunteer

workers at Brownfield were Quakers. And of the 180 high school and college age volunteers serving on all the projects, less than 15 per cent were Quakers.

As in the case of the other projects, there were eight weeks of work at Brownfield. The volunteers provided their own food, but were given free housing by the town in a schoolhouse that was vacant during the vacation period. On the town hall they did mostly carpenter work, and they usually stayed on the job from dawn to dusk.

On Sundays the Quakers in the group blended into the religious life of the town. On only one occasion, at the invitation of the Community Church pastor, did the Quakers hold their kind of Sunday service, with a period of silent meditation, hymns, and talks by the young folks themselves. In one of these lay "sermons" the speaker pointed out what, in his opinion, was the reason for their being on the job in Brownfield. It was due to the fact, he said, that to Quakers friendship, and the service which that friendship demands, is an integral part of real Christianity.

No doubt other denominations might well take a lesson from the very practical religion of the Quakers, who are, among other things, ever active in the prevention of war. Just recently the American Friends Service Committee gave the United States and

Soviet Russia a working plan for control of the atom bomb and the preservation of international peace.

For one thing, this Quaker organization proposed that the stockpiles of atomic bombs now in the U. S. and Russia be placed under United Nations seal, and

that the production of all fissionable materials be "halted and verified" pending completion of control treaties for all types of armaments.

Let us hope that the Friends, in deed as well as in word, will not fail in their effort to preserve the peace of the world.



Transition

Phoebe B. Patterson

I saw the sadness in her eyes,
A tear reflecting gray;
But when the Word leaped to her heart,
She bowed her head to pray.

She now looked out beyond the lake,
Her face was like the sun;
She knew that Christ was everywhere,
That she and He were one.



On a Thousand Strings

Eleanor Fiock

Do you belong to the wind-swept plains
Or find your song where the breakers roar;
Or tune your heart to the towering hills
Where dawn and the song-birds meet and soar?

Do you belong where the sunlight plays
Its symphonies on the wooded heights,
Where nightly the stars touch the tallest trees
And the shadows move with the changing lights?

Or are you kin to the meadow grass,
Where music is heard in simple things,
It matters not, be the heart in tune,
For God performs on a thousand strings.

☐ The other door is propped wide open now, and it will stay that way, for I have proved that neither the late sixties nor disability can keep me behind a closed door.

No Closed Doors For Me

Florence Eakman

I HAVE proved to my complete satisfaction the fourth-dimensional theory, that when when a door closes on one phase of life, another one waits to be discovered; that neither advancing years nor disability need limit happiness; and that only the apathetic or resentful fail to find their second door. I hope that my story will prove these points sufficiently to guide others into the path of happiness. I was one of the resentful ones, and to quote "Broadway" in the current Damon Runyan radio stories, "I will tell you what happened in a minute."

During the early months my disability made me bitter. The realization that although my knees were stiffening there was no need for my brain to atrophy hadn't come to me then. Being suddenly put to bed, in pain at that, after leading a fascinating life, was no joke. Through the long days and longer nights my only pleasure lay in reading, and I went all out for it.

Books and magazines arrived from all directions until, finally, a copy of Betsy Barton's "And Now to Live Again" was brought to me.

After reading that slender, inspirational volume the course of my

life was changed. If the courageous "Betsy" could reshape her life, it would be possible for me whose disability was so much less, to accomplish the same thing. The question was, "How to begin?" Fortunately, at this time my mental activities received a new stimulus through a sudden need for my service as a tutor. Coupled with a sincere desire to be useful this need made life become a challenge that I accepted with a glow of self-confidence. This transition came about in this manner:

My small grandson who was recovering from surgery was going to fall behind a grade in school were he not tutored privately. Psychologically, this would not do at all as there was a younger brother just a grade behind the older and more sensitive one. I had never taught primary grades; however, I had conducted a children's theater for five years and having laid particular stress on diction, using the phonic method, I felt qualified to tutor my grandson, and consequently did. Slowly the door to opportunity began to open.

After one summer session the small boy passed into the second grade with flying colors, and my

gift of service planted a seed that later grew into a tree of independence. When life offers an opportunity and it is accepted, others invariably follow. This proved true in my case. My next try was in the field of editing manuscript for a friend.

Prose had never been my forte, but having had a fair amount of success in the writing of juvenile plays and poetry, I was tempted to see what I could accomplish in this new medium.

All too soon I realized how little I knew about paragraphing, and furthermore, my sentence construction was so rusty that it creaked. Here was a chance to add to my education, at least, and I grasped it. Purchasing a copy of "Handbook of English" I set to work in earnest, and with this study the desire to become a writer was born. Progressing as far as I could, alone, I came up against a stone wall, for the second time the loan of a book came to my rescue.

Through its pages I learned that "characters make your story." As I read it avidly, characters became alive for me. They appeared from my past, from present daily contacts, from my imagination. Plots began to form and my actors went into action. Stories begged to be written. That was a fine situation as far as desire was concerned, only there was a hitch; I realized

as never before that my literary shortcomings were far too short, and I should have to do something about it.

Immediately I sent for a brochure embracing the various courses that would intrigue an embryo writer. It has been said that "A wish is father to a thought." I had the wish, and plenty of thought but how could I pay the fee mentioned in the brochure? Well, as a matter of fact, I borrowed the money and took the course, and then the door began to swing open further for me, and what I saw on the other side literally took my breath away. My tree of independence had started to grow. Inspired by that vision I went after my assignments with grim determination.

The lectures were lengthy, and soon I realized that I was consuming too much time and energy trying to use the typewriter. Due to the fact that an adolescent had used the starter on her car instead of the brake my hands are slightly out of gear; in consequence, the method of hunting and pecking that I have always used was slowed down.

"I'll have to find a typist," I thought. I did! A perfect one. But who would pay her?

Perhaps you've guessed the answer. I would. The tree of independence was in full production now;

the teaching of my grandson had borne fruit; interested mothers had learned of the boy's progress and I was in demand as a tutor. How could this new venture be reconciled to the desire to write? Would it be possible to do both? Other people had. Mental conflict was in full swing, when suddenly I recalled a conversation that had taken place between my one-time neighbor and his father.

"Howard," the father remarked, "if you wish to follow art as a side line, all well and good; but I advise you to raise onion sets for a living."

The small boys whom I'm still teaching are my onion sets. I enjoy working with them; also there are compensations that cannot be reckoned in dollars and cents.

Through helping mothers work out juvenile complexes, not only is knowledge in child psychology deepened, but powers of observation are sharpened. It is gratifying to hear the boys read fluently, with phonic understanding that success will be theirs if they work for it. Through contact with my pupils the writing angle crops up more and more often.

Juvenile poems come into being, their themes based on the children's

requests, and much to my satisfaction many have been accepted by the juvenile magazines. The poems of my gifts to the boys. They reciprocate; although their gifts are more unique. One afternoon, Jimmy, aged six, burst into my room too late for his lesson. In his inimitable Boston accent he stammered an excuse.

"I'm sorry, teacher. I went fishing with my father. Here!" With glowing cheeks and radiant eyes Jimmy deposited two fish on my bed.

I like fish! I loved Jimmy! My rehabilitation is paying off. I'll keep on planting my onion sets. In the meantime there are a number of stories on their way, to market, I hope. The onion sets have helped me repay not only my original investment, but fees for two additional writing courses, and all current typing bills. Through strenuous physical exercises, which I do faithfully, and a restricted diet, which I loathe, I am making a come-back. The other door is propped wide open now, and it will stay that way, for I have proved that neither the late sixties nor disability can keep me behind a closed door.



How about those folks next to you, in your block, in your business, in your world—wherever you happen to be? Do they know you as a good neighbor?—*Esther Baldwin York*

From the Desk of Glenn Clark

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

Three letters came to me within two days in each of which the writer seemed to plumb the very depths of doubt, disillusionment and despair. The gist of these letters is that without seeming cause everything the writers do turns out wrong, every effort ends in defeat, every associate turns against them, and even prayer doesn't seem to help. All claim that they, like Job, didn't do anything to merit such misfortune, and like Job, they raise the question, "Why don't God's laws work for me?"

1. One writes: "Can someone, somewhere, be hating me and by his evil thoughts may be shooting malpractice toward me?"

ANSWER: Such things have been known to be, especially among the Hottentots of Africa and the Polynesians of the South Sea Islands. But malpractice has no power except the power you choose to give it. Any power it has can be brought to an instantaneous end by casting out all resentments and all fear and sending love toward your enemy. The moment any evil or resentful thoughts one is sending toward you meets a wall of forgiveness and redemptive love, it boomerangs instantly back upon the sender.

2. Another writes: "I have dabbled in Spiritualism and begin to wonder if some disembodied entity or demon possesses me at times."

ANSWER: Whether you call it neurosis, complex or demon, people do get obsessed at times and there is no reason why you can't use the term that Jesus used and call it a demon. When Jesus used its name He could command it to leave. Psychiatrists take the long way to find the "name" or root cause of a psychosis and then they, too, cast it out. Before you seek a psychiatrist I suggest you read "*Health through Prayer*" or "*Recovery*" or "*The Healing Light*" and say quietly, "In the name of Jesus Christ I command you, unclean spirit, to leave and never come back again, and, together, we invite you, Jesus Christ, to enter and take complete control."

3. Another writes: "A theosophist friend tells me that way back in a previous incarnation I was probably a bad man and beat my wife and cheated my creditors, so in this incarnation they are taking it out on me."

ANSWER: I am not here going to debate whether this doctrine is true or not, for in one way it is merely a difference

in geography whether one goes on growing more Christlike in purgatory and in Heaven, or returns generation after generation to do his growing and developing here. Christians, living under grace, do their growing in Heaven. UnChristians, living under laws, may meet their Karma in reincarnations. I do want to declare at this point the tremendous superiority of the message of Jesus over all the other message-bringers in history. He came to reveal HOW ONE PERSON, BY TAKING UPON HIMSELF THE SINS OF ALL, could wash them all out by the redemptive love of God. He not only announced but He also proved, through the lives of thousands of redeemed men who had been living in the depths of sin, that GRACE is more powerful than law. Turn to Jesus and let the dead past bury the dead. If you suffer under the Karma complex read my booklet, "*The Three Mysteries of Jesus*."

4. A fourth letter was very different. It was from a woman who has suffered greatly and she ends, "I know my mistakes, resentments and fears brought this on me. Pray that I cast out these evil thoughts forever." My! That one was easy to pray for after reading the other letters.

One final word: The Lord may have selected you to be a star on His especially-ordained team of athletes of the spirit. When a team is being prepared for a great

game, the men that you see come limping from the field are not the substitutes who have been sitting all afternoon on the bench. They are the men who are being trained for the team out on the field, running and tackling and throwing themselves into the center of the scrimmage. Only after weeks of hard practice and arduous endeavor do their soft muscles get firm enough to stand the hard knocks of the game. When you accept your misfortunes in this spirit, just as the boy on the bench accepts the rough pat of the coach's hand upon his shoulder as a signal that he is chosen to play in the championship game, then immediately your despair will change to hope and your dread into glad expectancy.

The muscles that you are called upon to develop are not biceps or triceps, but they are the muscles of love and faith. When I call them muscles I really mean it, for muscles cannot be developed by thinking about them, but only by exercising them, and, yes, by a few hard knocks. Start believing in God and loving people and forget self. So my answer to all these letters might be summed up as follows:

Loving erasure of self under hard circumstances will release the greatest power in the world, the power that Jesus describes in His glorious Beatitudes "Blessed are the poor in Spirit for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven. Blessed are they that mourn for they shall be comforted."



On Prayer Groups

from your
Prayer Counselor

PRAYER GROUPS. By your Prayer Group Counselor at the beginning:

"Speak to Him thou,
for He hears,
and Spirit with Spirit can meet.
Closer is He than breathing
and nearer than hands and feet."

Prayer is so simple—abiding in Him.
Prayer is the bridge uniting us to Him.
Prayer is that awareness of Him.

True prayer is not telling Him what to do, not begging for this or that, but accepting Himself who stands at the door and knocks. We hurt and hunger to have our lives enriched, and behold, at the door He stands. Are we ready to let Him in? Are we ready to give all that we can receive to comfort, encourage, heal, as we accept His spiritual gifts? In Him "we live and move and have our being," and He will surely use us for His work in the world if we abide in Him.

Rest in the thought that He has you in His keeping and feel at home there. Will He use us? Yes, if this is our deepest desire and we make ourselves ready and our prayer is His prayer for His world.

This is why we have Prayer Groups. There is the added strength of one or two who help to keep uncertainty or fear out. Become as one in purity, clarity and a longing to be as one, and when you are as one in that strong circle of love, lift yourself AS one and become One with Him.

Sometimes a larger group can accomplish this. It may take a little time or a little practice. At the Camps Farthest Out we gather each day for the orchestration or oneness of each group and learn how to pray together.

It is our hope that each Prayer Group member will be a Prayer Group leader in his or her own community after Camp. This year there are twenty-one Camps, training centers for our own wholeness and a potential army that God can use.

This department has written all the Camp secretaries, hoping to work out from Area Chairmen of Prayer Groups to a Chairman in every state—weaving to-

gether a tapestry of prayer underlying our national and international life and influence. Keeping together thus, we can strengthen ourselves, our churches, our mission fields, our homes and hospitals. Will all of you keep this in mind at each Camp? Who is willing to keep in touch with those in his state, and as people move around, keep them in close touch with other praying groups?

This department appreciates letters on prayer experience. From Wisconsin comes this blessed one: "Perhaps you will remember _____ who has attended _____ Camp? She is now located at the _____ hospital here. We became acquainted at Christmas through letters, and since then have been meeting for prayer and fellowship once a month. Another nurse from the hospital meets with us, and for me it is a blessed time. It is a direct answer to prayer, as you may recall that during our prayer group the afternoon you met with us last summer, prayer was offered for partners for the girls who needed them, including me!"

One of our writers tells of how a dream of a fellowship circle for prayer among ministers was frustrated twenty years ago, but now because of a second chance in the same area, "the seed is sown and it has germinated"; so keep the dream.

We hope that the letters answered and suggestions given since the March issue have met the problem or answered the need. Not having space enough to include all the wonderful things that occur, I do want to share a church program sent in by a Missouri minister. It will prove a help and inspiration to other ministers.

"DO YOU REALIZE that you are a very important part of the membership of this church? The chief power of a Christian is in his prayer life. Here is where you come in. If for physical or other reasons you are unable to be active, YOU CAN PRAY AT HOME. We are inviting you to do this every day. God alone knows the value and effects of an "effective fervent prayer" of a believer.

"We are mobilizing the spiritual life of our church by mobilizing our prayer life.

We want you and all the members of our HOME PRAYER CIRCLE to join with us in a unified movement to bring the power of prayer to bear on our entire church, its workers, its program of work for Christ. You are WANTED and you are NEEDED. We pray that God will show you just how important you are in the work of His Kingdom.

"As faithful members of the HOME PRAYER CIRCLE, will you please unite with us in the following ways:

1. Pray for yourself and all members of our HOME PRAYER CIRCLE every day. Pray that God will bless them in body, mind and spirit. Please keep the list of members enclosed.

2. Pray every day at 9:00 A.M. and P.M. for all members and friends of this church—for our local workers and leaders—for our program and organizations—for all churches of the world and for the coming of the Kingdom of God. Pray 'Dear Father, baptize this church with the Holy Spirit and give her a great Pentecost.'

3. If you have a phone, call and cheer members of the HOME PRAYER CIRCLE. Tell them you are praying for them daily. This will do you good and bless them. Call them often, or write a card.

4. Be very much in prayer during our church services, especially on Sunday at 10:50 A.M. and 7:30 P.M. Pray for the minister and his message. Pray for the congregation and an atmosphere of prayer and spiritual power in the services."

MOBILIZING OUR SPIRITUAL POWER THROUGH PRAYER. "THE TRUE MEASURE OF A CHRISTIAN CHURCH is the measure of its spiritual life. Our prayer life is the chief index to our spiritual power. The church has mobilized almost all its resources except that of prayer. We have mobilized for stewardship, for religious education, for evangelism and visitation. But have we ever tried to mobilize our prayer power?"

"THE STRONGEST PROMISES OF JESUS FOR POWER are made to 'two or three gathered together.' The Lord's prayer is primarily a group prayer. It begins 'OUR FATHER.' Jesus said that 'If two

of you shall agree . . . it shall be done.' We have many wonderful Christians who are faithful and strong in prayer privately. We have small groups that are given to regular times of prayer. We thank God for every one of them. But we need to mobilize these prayer groups into a strong and devoted PRAYER CIRCLE for united action for the church and the Kingdom. When we tarry in one accord, in one heart, in united prayer, the power of the Spirit is given and Pentecosts occur.

"THE SMALLEST MEASURE IN OUR PLAN IS THE PRAYER UNIT. This consists of three prayer-minded persons who join together for daily prayer and fellowship. They observe a definite period of prayer each day. They may meet together at times. The original PRAYER UNIT of Jesus was Peter, James and John. Four units make up a PRAYER CELL of twelve, like the original Twelve Apostles. This Cell selects a special leader and all the Units and Cells combined make up the PRAYER CIRCLE of the church. This Circle will meet in our church parlor once a month. Your co-pastor has been asked to be the PRAYER LIFE DIRECTOR.

"NINE O'CLOCK A.M. and P.M. You can help us mobilize our spiritual life by selecting two other persons and forming a PRAYER UNIT. Do this now, giving their names to the minister or to the church office. We need three PRAYER CIRCLES in our church: one for regular members, one for shut-ins and one for the Silent Group. Let all pray at nine o'clock each day. God will pour out His Spirit when we unite in prayer. Reading time, two minutes; HEEDING TIME, all your life."

Next we are sharing an article on prayer written by an Indiana mother for her fifteen-year-old son to read to the young people's group in his church. She says, "I thought this would interest you, for last year I was in a 'prayer-cell' group which you conducted and enjoyed it so much. It was the first experience of its kind I had ever had. We live in a small town and do not have such opportunities here. It was at a Chicago Retreat I had such a wonderful spiritual experience. I

thoroughly enjoy reading *Clear Horizons*." How many mothers would ripen such an experience and write the fruit of it later to strengthen her son and his associates?

We share the full letter:

PRAYER

Prayer is communion with God. Other interpretations would be visiting with God . . . spiritual exercise . . . devotion and worship. The original meaning of "to pray" was to . . . PRAISE, . . . not . . . to plead.

If we were to ask the average individual to define prayer, the answer would probably be: "To ask God for something." Unfortunately most people believe that prayer is . . . "just that." The art of prayer needs to be taught and thoroughly understood, before we can or will receive benefits from its practice.

One of the necessary requirements is a child-like attitude of utter trustfulness. Jesus stresses many times: "except ye become as a little child." This does not mean that we are to be "childish." We know that a little child believes what you tell it, has implicit confidence in your promises, so we, as adults, are to believe the promises of the Bible and meet the necessary conditions for our prayers.

There are those who will say: "How can I pray to God, I can't see Him?" "God is a Spirit, and those that worship Him must worship Him in spirit." Jesus Christ is our example to follow. "He was tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin."

God is Love. In God's presence feelings of hate, revenge, envy and malice can't exist. We have to fill our minds so full with thoughts of God that other thoughts will be crowded out; just as a good gardener crowds out the weeds in his lawn by sowing in abundance of good grass seed. We must learn to BLESS OUR ENEMIES, Jesus emphasized THAT very emphatically in his Sermon on the Mount.

We all have problems to solve. When we commune with God we must put aside our troubles and think of God only. THAT . . . is hard to do for those not trained in prayer, but it is the ONLY WAY we can obtain results. When our minds be-

come so saturated with thoughts of God we are guided in the right way to solve our difficulties. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on THEE."

Daily communion with God is most desirable. Those who have acquired this habit, have a sense of peace that others do not have. They KNOW that no matter what their problems or difficulties may be, God is with them, guiding and helping to solve them in the right way.

We all pray in our own way, and whichever way gives us the most comfort, THAT is the way to follow. True prayer develops spiritual understanding. We should avoid WORD praying; our prayers should be from the heart. A magnet attracts to it, filings, when there is no interference, so it is with us when our prayers are sincere, we contact God. If we examine Jesus' prayers, he usually gave THANKS in the beginning and at the end.

Prayers can be thought as well as spoken. There are times when conditions won't permit solitude, in fact sometimes we may be in the midst of a crowd. If we have cultivated the art of prayer, we . . . CAN PRAY ANYWHERE. "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."

It doesn't matter what the problem may be that is troubling, it CAN always be prayed . . . OVER . . . AROUND . . . UNDER . . . AND . . . THROUGH.

Our next issue will be on the Power of Prayer in the Camps, so while it is fresh in your mind, will each Camp have some member send it in?

"What is it to work with love? It is to weave the cloth with threads drawn from your heart, even as if your beloved were to wear that cloth.

It is to sow seeds with tenderness and reap the harvest with joy, even as if your beloved were to eat the fruit.

It is to change all things you fashion into a breath of your own Spirit. Work is love made visible."

—Gibran, "The Prophet"

NEWS OF OUR EDITORS

KERMIT R. OLSON

"I will be attending the Baptist World Alliance held in Cleveland, Ohio, July 22nd through 27th. They expect about 75,000 people at this convention and they will have the privilege of hearing Marian Anderson sing and the President speak. We will hear such speakers as Dr. Kenneth Latourette of Yale University; Dr. Robert McCracken, pastor of the Riverside Church in New York; Dr. W. L. Jarvis of Australia; Dr. Benjamin Mays, outstanding Negro leader from Georgia; Dr. C. Oscar Johnson, President of Baptist World Alliance; Dr. Townley Lord of England; Dr. Vincent of France; and many others.

"There is taking place at Denison University in June, a meeting of Baptist and Disciples of Christ ministers to lay further groundwork for the ultimate union of Disciples and Baptists. This will also be one of the items of business at the Northern Baptist Convention in Boston.

"A very close friend, Rudy Thomas, is going to Germany to visit and get acquainted with the German Protest Churches, especially the Youth Groups. He is being sent by the World Council of Churches for this important work. As soon as he comes back, we will try to line him up for a meeting in our church in which he can relate his experiences."

NORMAN VINCENT PEALE

Dr. Peale will be on vacation from the middle of June to the middle of September; therefore he has no speaking engagements scheduled for that time.

At the present time his plans are very indefinite but possibly he and Mrs. Peale will take an extended trip.

FRANK C. LAUBACH

Dr. Laubach's summer schedule is as follows:

June 7—Annual Meeting—Committee on World Literacy and Christian Literature—New York. (Report on Africa trip at a luncheon at the Parkside Hotel, N. Y.)

June 12—Commencement—Wooster College, Ohio (to receive an honorary degree).

June 14—Outgoing Missionary Conference, Hartford. Address on Evangelism.

June 18—Young Women's Auxiliary Camp, Ridgecrest, N. C. (Southern Baptist).

June 21—Women's Missionary Federation, Evangelical Lutheran Church, Minneapolis.

June 23—Lutheran Daughters of the Reformation, Minneapolis.

June 26-July 3—VACATION

July 5-15—Asilomar (Northern California Camp Farthest Out).

July 16—Mrs. Laubach speaks at Des Moines, Iowa.

July 16-26—Rest

July 26-Aug. 3—Albert Day's Retreat, Albion College, Albion, Michigan.

Aug 4-13—Koronis, Minnesota Camp Farthest Out (93 miles from Twin Cities).

Aug. 14-17—Winnipeg.

Aug. 17-Sept. 10—VACATION—Benton, Pa.

WINFRED RHOADES

"It's an exciting thing that when life has passed its meridian one can still keep on learning. One can look into things that from youth up one has longed to know about. Ever since the days when the political and economic sides of history were crammed with difficulty down my throat, I have wanted to know what daily

life was like in the Middle Ages—what people talked about and thought about, how they lived and whether they were at all like us moderns. This summer I shall get into my space-machine and travel to the New Hampshire hills where, sitting in the open, I can look off into far distances of sky and hills and valleys. Then I shall mount my time-machine and travel back to the Twelfth Century and, with the aid of Amy Kelly's "Eleanor of Aquitaine," I shall satisfy some of my old curiosity as to what people said and did and how they lived at that eminent period. Helen Waddell's "The Wandering Scholars" is already showing me some of the humor and poetry and interests of the people who lived when life was breaking away from pagan tradition and slowly building up a new world. H. F. Prescott's "Friar Felix at Large" will give me the authentic words and reactions of a man who traveled twice to the Holy Land in spite of all difficulties that beset him, and F. B. Corvo's "A History of the Borgias" will give another side of Renaissance life. . . . It's going to be a fine summer of adventure with the mind."

J. RUFUS MOSELEY

"I shall be in the neighborhood of Los Angeles, California, through June 5th, when I start for the Kansas Camp Farthest Out on June 9-16th. May make a short stop at El Paso, Texas, on the way.

"From Kansas I go to the Southern California Camp at Redlands, June 27th to July 4th. From Redlands to the Michigan Camp at Kalamazoo, July 16th to 23rd, and I can make stops in between California and Michigan. If I take the northern route, I hope to make stops in Portland, Spokane, St. Paul and Chicago. If I should go East by way of Salt Lake City, I would plan to make stops in Denver, Bloomington, Illinois and Chicago en route to Michigan. From Michigan I go to Rhodes

Grove, Pennsylvania, from August 4th to 13th, and shall have time for meetings between Michigan and Pennsylvania. Then I go to the New Hampshire Camp at Winnepesaukee August 22nd to 31st. From there to Cleveland, Ohio, for the Laymen's Retreat September 15th through the 17th. On the way I am to make stops in New York State. Then to North Carolina for a series of meetings (and will make some stops on the way).

"The continued and increasing emphasis of the Holy Spirit is to centralize on the Glorified Jesus, who is Perfect God and Perfect Man and the Eternal Christ in Perfect Triumph and in Perfect Availability, and to give His light, His love and His healing to all, and most especially to all those in special need of His light and love, such as your enemies. You will find yourself enveloped in Heavenly Presence as you do this.

"As the great commands of the Law are to love God and to love man, the great commands of the Gospel are to love one another as Jesus Christ loves us, and to love and pray for our enemies and get to them all the good we can, as God does to His enemies, and to receive the Glorified Jesus and overcome and enter into Him and abide in Him, and become partners with Him in bringing His best to all."

GLENN CLARK

Glenn Clark's summer will be taken up leading Camps Farthest Out, and giving lectures between camps. He will be at the following camps from June on: Kansas, June 1-16; North Carolina (Creative Arts Camp), June 16-20; New York (Lake George), June 20-24; Southern California, June 27-July 4; Oregon, July 17-24; Ohio, July 23-30; Minnesota, August 1-13; Tennessee, August 15-22; Indiana, August 27-September 2; North Carolina, September 7-18.

STARR DAILY

The summer months will find Starr at many of the Camps Farthest Out. He will be at the new Virginia Camp at Mawavi, May 26-June 4; Kansas, Baldwin, June 9-16; Montana at Rollins, June 18-25; Michigan at Kalamazoo, July 16-23; Pennsylvania at Rhodes Grove, August 4-13; both New Hampshire Camps—Star Island, August 13-22 and Winnepesaukee, August 22-September 3, ending with North Carolina, September 7-18. He will be doing some speaking in between Camps. Just before he went to Virginia he was several days in Pittsburgh.

AGNES SANFORD

"My only summer activities are the Camps Farthest Out (Colorado and Ohio) except that before the Colorado camp I am going to hold lectures for four days at Paul Hamlin's United Church at Richlands, Washington. I have been working very hard on the manuscript of the novel 'Oh Watchman' which comes out in the fall—Lippincott's—and am going to take the rest of the summer to recuperate from a rather hectic two years and do some painting, gardening and poetry at home."

ALLAN A. HUNTER

Allan Hunter writes: "Crescent Meadow in the High Sierras is only a third of a mile long, but it is surrounded by a host of witnesses, solemn giant sequoias and dancing aspens. This summer I would like to take 'the fleas' up there and sit

with them on the fallen giant which bridges the stream that keeps the meadow green. The 'fleas' are eleven year old boys. Last Sunday two of them interrupted the Church School prayer with a firecracker. The theory I should like to try out with Crescent Meadow for laboratory is this. Could Jack make himself part of the scenery long enough to encourage the chipmunk to come within six feet of his relaxed body? Could Tim, out of the medley of song, like a hallelujah chorus, identify the hermit thrush's call? My bet is yes. The main concern from this time on, of course, is peace, reconciliation, awareness of God." In addition to Crescent Meadow, Allan Hunter will be at the Oregon Camp and busy with his writing.

MARGUERITTE HARMON BRO

Mrs. Bro will sail in July with her youngest son to meet her husband, Albin Bro, in Korea, where Mr. Bro is a cultural officer with the State Department. Margueritte Bro will speak several times before she leaves, at the Hennepin Avenue Methodist Church in Minneapolis and the University of Omaha. She is now at Cable, Wisconsin, writing, and thinking of Korea, we imagine. She told us of the wonderful experience she had participating in the CONFERENCE ON THE CHURCH AND WAR, held in Detroit last month. There was surprisingly high attendance at the silent hour of meditation in the morning. She felt the CONFERENCE had great power for good.



Live out your faith in your life! Live it out, so that it can show others the way, and march in step to bring this new illumination to our people!
—Paul Brodersen.

There is no finding without losing; there is no getting without giving; there is no living without dying.—Rufus Jones.

The World Needs Prayer

Miles Clark

PEACE. Trygve Lie, Secretary-General of the United Nations, has had the prayers of the world with him as he travelled to the great capitals of the world, trying to find a "soft spot" in the curtains separating nations, breeding mistrust and war talk. He talked with Foreign Minister Vishinsky and ninety minutes with Premier Josef Stalin in Moscow, and then returned to talk to President Truman again. The United States seems to feel there is little to gain with top-level conversations for Russia has so recently made great strides in the Far East, but praying people know it is not always the "shrewdest" decisions that are most effective.

PEACE? In London, Dean Acheson, Secretary of State, stated the international issue flatly. He asked the "free men" of the world to mobilize their political and material strength for the fight against international communism. The London meetings of the foreign ministers placed just such mobilization at the head of their agenda.

However, it is important to understand how other nations feel toward us. The *Worldover Press* reports: WEST EUROPEANS THINK WE'RE WARMONGERS. "Although the recent disturbances in European harbor areas over the unloading of American arms can be discounted as Communist-led, which they definitely are, they have a poisonous effect on the popular mind.

"It appears as if the United States were forcing arms on Europe, and thus pushing the idea of war. Since the Communist parties have a legal place in the political line-up, and there is no focusing by the press on Russia's military potential or aggressive intentions, it is American policy that seems to have a war

tinge. This is especially true because all military problems, including the hydrogen bomb, are openly discussed in Congress and the U. S. newspapers, while such questions are presented in the Soviet press hardly at all. Thus the ominous echoes of war preparation appear constantly to come from across the Atlantic alone. . . ."

Acheson's speeches have cast him in a belligerent role in European minds.

STRAWS IN THE (HUMAN RIGHTS) WIND DEPARTMENT

• The American Bowling Congress, sponsors of all major bowling tournaments in the country, has yielded to public opinion and has voted to end the rule barring Negroes and other non-whites from membership.

• MADRAS, INDIA. Two hundred and fifty representatives from thirty Hindu communities in South India have recently met here in a conference to form a new unified casteless organization. The pattern will resemble the Christian organization, with the Temple as the center around which activities revolve.

• THE C. I. O., second largest labor organization, has now banned all Negro-white segregation on any of its properties everywhere in the country. We wonder if businesses will follow suit.

• CAPE TOWN, SO. AFRICA. Here the National Council of Women is urging its members to acquaint themselves with the personal life and circumstances of natives they employ to give them all possible help: learn the native language, support night schools, and train their own families to treat natives with respect and courtesy. South Africa

has been the scene of violent race riots in recent months following government enactment of anti-native measures.

BRIDGES OF FELLOWSHIP. Rev. and Mrs. Roland J. Brown are taking a group of Christian folks to Europe, meeting with church folks in France, Switzerland, Italy, Germany, Holland and England. They take greetings from the Camps Farthest Out, and our prayers for them and for the countries of Europe.

WELFARE OR WARFARE? Forty-two billion dollars is the proposed U. S. budget. It has been criticized for its size and called "The bankrupting cost of the Welfare State." However, the economic facts of where it is to be used give a different picture. The following table shows that almost three-fourths of the budget will go for war: past, future and even the present cold one.

- 31.9% will go directly for national defense.
- 13.2% will pay interest on the national debt, most of it incurred in the two world wars.
- 14.3% will be disbursed in the form of veterans' benefits.
- 11.1% will be paid in international security grants to foreign nations.
- 1.9% are earmarked for atomic energy development.

72.4%

I am sure we would all prefer spending the 72.4% for the sick, the underfed and the ill-housed.

Even the budgeting of our national funds needs our prayers.

READERS ON LEADERS. Several readers have written concerning Christian folks' taking an active part in politics. They seem to feel unanimously that this is one area of life that needs honest Christian

men as surely as does the ministry. It is heartening.

One reader feels we make excuses for lack of participation.

"The church hides behind two scriptural admonishments, one the saying of Jesus, 'Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's and to God the things that are God's.' The other quote is there is no government except from God. Now those early Christians were under dictators and any other advice would have led to His arrest and imprisonment if not death. We make our Government and before God, we are responsible for its shortcomings.

"We are the only nation who makes its own government, therefore, we are responsible for allowing wickedness to rule. Good men in office will mean clean politics."

Now is the year of campaigning. Without rancor or bitterness, let us choose the better candidates, and as citizens, support them with our money and leg work. Then we can have a part in the greater democracy of our country. Seek guidance in prayer and act.

CHRISTIAN PEACE CONFERENCES. DETROIT. Thirteen peace groups sponsored an historic Conference On The Church And War May 8-11 in Detroit. Almost all denominations were represented. A three-point program has been evolved for which the prayers of Christians everywhere are earnestly asked—

1. Christian pacifism was made aware of its mission within the church.

2. A fresh, dynamic theological basis has been accepted—not overly optimistic, not defeatist, nor merely traditional.

3. A program of presenting the Christian pacifist claim has been outlined. For more complete account, and study papers, send \$1 to A Conference On The Church And War,

252 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, New York.

CHICAGO. Thousands of church and lay leaders met in this city May 29-30 to express their Christian conviction that peace is still possible, that America and the Soviet Union must live together in peace, and that the H-Bomb and its fellow weapons

of mass destruction must be outlawed.

We know that through this upsurge of interest in integrating Christian thought and reaffirming Christian faith we will be guided in these days of doubt and our political leaders will be strengthened in their moral purpose.



Gandhi

Nina F. Symons

His spinning wheel is stilled,
 Stands there with its broken thread
 While millions beat their breasts
 And weep—because Gandhi is dead.
 Heed not this sudden breaking
 Of the thread of life for him;
 He is but risen to a higher plane
 Where, with vision no longer dim
 Nor with body weak, emaciated,
 He can go and come at will;
 Where the thread of life eternal
 He may spin with new-found skill.
 O, already I can see him
 Sitting there in a golden light,
 Dreaming patterns of new freedom
 For his country in her plight.
 To the angels gathered round him
 I can hear him softly say,
 "I must get busy with my spinning
 Strands of love that will some day
 Bind my people close together—
 Outcast, Moslem, proud Hindu;
 Golden strands of truer brotherhood
 That all strife will quite subdue."

Be not afraid, ye lowly outcasts
 Whom he raised to man's estate;
 For he will come again to help you
 And with love will cast out hate.

¶ Excerpts from letters to the prayer tower.

Prayer Works!

"Am enclosing a little check to help say 'thank you' for the privilege of having your prayers join ours. Last year we came to you about a girl who had epilepsy, many attacks, causing her to lose friends and positions—life looked sad and hopeless. We asked for your prayers and she has had no attacks since last June—has gained weight, is busy and happy with a position and friends—a real miracle."—J.S., Kentucky.

"So many blessings have come to my dear ones through your loving service that I want to express my gratitude with this love offering.—A.M.D., Wisconsin.

"Thank you so much for your letters and literature that you have sent me. Your prayers have brought me so much comfort, more than I am able to express to you. I know that He doeth all things well. I am with you in spirit each day and Oh, what inner strength I receive. May the small gift enclosed be of some benefit to support your wonderful work."—L.W., Minnesota.

"Enclosed is a small check and hope someday I can do better. The doctors had given me up as hopeless and as I became worse I was ready to give up when a friend left a magazine with me and I saw your article so I wrote you and asked for prayers. You will be glad to know I am much better and can walk again with the

aid of a cane and have had a minimum of pain. I am truly grateful for your help in asking the Lord's help for me."—C.J.C., Illinois.

"Am enclosing a small contribution to Prayer Tower. Money can never pay for the help I have received or express the appreciation I feel."—F.M.H., Oregon.

"Thanks for your words of encouragement and the little booklets. I couldn't have stood the strain if it hadn't been for your prayers and God's goodness in answering them. God bless you all in the work you are doing to bring His Kingdom on earth as it is in Heaven."—L. S., California.

"Would like to report that I have had less pain since receiving your prayers. Have been able to get more of my housework done without utter exhaustion."—R.R., Oregon.

"This is to tell you that again prayer has been answered for my sister's health. Thanks to the Great Physician and thanks to dear friends like you, who helped hold her in His presence. Three weeks ago we wondered whether an operation might not be too late. Today everything is so different. We have been told that the change is due to the fact that adhesions have disappeared—a thing that to M.D.'s would seem impossible without an operation. So again I say we thank God, and thank you for the

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.

part you played."—*H.C.L., Indiana.*

"I am writing to thank you for the help you have given me with your prayers, your good letters and reading material. And I thank God that my health has improved, and I am now well and strong. I pray often that God will bless, singularly and collectively, each one of the United Prayer Tower."—*E.K., New Jersey.*

"Last summer when I was ill for many weeks, my friends prayed for me and one sent my name to the Prayer Tower. I was aware of the presence many, many times and I have made a good recovery and am able to work again. Thank you again for the help and courage you gave me."—*R.H., Pennsylvania.*

"Thank you for your prayers. Since writing you about April 1st, I have been resting much better nights and my side which has had to have the attention of a doctor and nurse for over a year is practically healed. I thank you and my God for my improvement. God bless you in your good work."—*C.H., Vermont.*

"You good people have held in prayer my good mother. She has now passed on—leaving this world quietly and beautifully, while father and I sat with her. She felt that her prayers were being answered during those last days in that she felt neither fear nor severe pain. I am grateful to you people for your love and prayers."—*J.A., Pennsylvania.*

"Some time ago I asked your help in prayer for the healing of a friend mentally ill and also for a special potion of God's love for our 16-year-old. Upon returning home from Florida I learned immediately that this friend had been discharged from the hospital. She is home now and all is well. Our daughter is radiant with divine love—and a decidedly increased and strengthened faith is my portion. Isn't it wonderful!"—*E.W., Michigan.*

"I wish to express my greatest thanks for the prayers offered for me during my time of surgery and

recovery while I was at Mayo's. I am most sincerely grateful to you and may God bless you all."—*J.H.B., Wisconsin.*

"Your letter of March 1st was so inspiring and just like a treatment. I have read it and studied it along with other literature during the quiet hour and many thanks for the booklets, they are very helpful. I have received so much help and encouragement from the Friends of the Prayer Tower. I don't know how to thank you so you know my heart is full of thanksgiving. I am beginning to feel like a new and different person and I have the divine urge to press on and on, I just know my heart condition is much better."—*V.G., Montana.*

"Several months ago I wrote to you for prayers for my husband who was facing an operation. This was postponed you will remember. Then when it came time for the delayed operation, the distressing symptoms had disappeared so he has been spared an operation and is now in excellent health. We are very grateful for your prayers."—*M.B.H., California.*

"I do want to express to you my sincere and deep gratitude for your kind intercession at the Divine Throne on behalf of us all at the time of my daughter-in-law's operation. I read to her your letter and she went to the table in quiet confidence in the Divine protection. Even in her first irrational moments following the operation she kept saying she was all right—she was protected. Once again, let me express the deep gratitude of all our family. Truly all things work together for good to them who love the Lord."—*W.K.W., California.*

"I am happy to tell you that my son seems to have conquered the drink habit entirely. I am certain that your prayers united with other prayers for him have enabled him to conquer this terrible habit."—*B.H.M., Arkansas.*

Summer Reading

Perfect Everything

by J. Rufus Moseley. Make the discovery of Jesus as Perfect Everything in your life. "If you want to meet a man who has met Christ, read this book."—*Samuel M. Shoemaker.* "I am convinced it is the greatest book on the Holy Spirit ever written."—*Glenn Clark.* \$2.00.

Recovery

by Starr Daily. The authentic story of how the Reverend Roland J. Brown has been able to bring about miracles of healing by means of prayer and the laying on of hands. "... heartening proof that spiritual healings are still taking place no matter how hopeless medical science declares the illness."—*Sharing Magazine.* "Pastor Brown knows God."—*The Protestant Voice.* \$2.00.

God's Perfect Way For You

by Hazel Pickett. God has created many perfect ways in which you can get to know Him. Studying this very practical and very beautiful book on Union with the Father can make your summer a rich spiritual experience. \$1.25.

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