

Clear Horizons



Winter 1951-1952

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As We Go To Press

As this issue of *Clear Horizons* goes to press, the anticipation of the coming Christmas season hangs in the air. There is expectancy and already the joy of the holy season is beginning to show in the faces and the plans of our friends. Expectancy and joy are the two conditions that so often enable our Heavenly Father and our Lord Jesus Christ to come in and abide with us and bring to birth in us His Holy Spirit. We of the staff hope this winter season, with the holy time right in the middle of it, will bring to birth in the manger of your heart the gift of God you most need and desire.

Glen Clark (page 1) has been gone from home and the office so much this year, and there seems to be no chance of any change in the future as he is in more and more demand all the time. Glenn's latest book, *God's Reach*, has just been published.

We are happy to welcome into the family of our contributing editors, **Stella Terrill Mann** of Pasadena, California. Mrs. Mann is well known as the author of *How To Change Your Life Through Prayer* and *How To Change Your Life Through Love*. Mrs. Mann attended and spoke at the Southern California Camp Farthest Out last summer and all reports, without dissent, are glowing accounts of how much she contributed. She is an excellent speaker. Welcome, Mrs. Mann, and God continue to bless you richly!

It is the plan of the home staff to have the schedule of The Camps Farthest Out mailed around the middle of January. If you have some friends who are not on our mailing list who ought to get the announcement, send their names to **Mrs. Glen Stowe** who is in complete charge of the camp plans and publicity. Announcements will reach you in a different and more attractive package this year, and we know you will like it and thank Mrs. Glen Stowe (we call her "Judy" in the office). This coming summer will be a period of more camps than ever before, and lo and behold we have reports that two of them are filled already. Be sure and make your summer plans a bit earlier this year, your plans to attend a Camp Farthest Out.

This office had heard reports about **Mamerta Block** long before the article on her by **Alice Keith** (page 13) came to us. It would be nice to see this story receive wider distribution. . . . **Rufus Jones** (page 47) has grown in stature in the minds of men since his death and you will like to live with him once more.

CLEAR HORIZONS MAGAZINE

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Clear Horizons

Twelfth Year

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☐ Instead of looking up into the sky with love and joy we are looking down into the east with hate and despair.

Look Toward the Sky

Glenn Clark

MAN was made after the image and likeness of God, according to the first chapter of Genesis; but according to the second chapter he was made of the dust of the earth. The entire history of mankind has been a pendulum swing between those two viewpoints. Man has alternately gazed downward toward the dust of the earth and upward toward the skies of heaven.

Man was first placed in a paradise where as long as his eye was single and he placed all his trust in God all he needed to do was to keep his eye on the sky and live in a timeless, spaceless paradise of bliss; but when he turned his gaze upon the earth and obeyed the voice of that which crept in its dust he found himself eating of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, and the prison house of time and space descending upon him. The entire history of man has been the story of his attempts to recapture the bliss and glory of that spaceless and timeless Garden of Eden from

which long ago he was banished.

One of the most fascinating of all studies is to trace how the very inventions of man's hands have alternately confined him to the bondage of time and space, and almost immediately afterwards liberated him to the unobstructed universe of infinity and eternity.

The first epoch-making invention of mankind was the clock which for the first time in history broke eternity up into hours and minutes and seconds of time. The next earth shaking production of man's hand was the map which brought infinity into the confines of space. With these two instruments in his hand man's power over this earth grew apace, but God's power over man grew less and less.

When man began to chafe under this tyranny of time and space he turned to two doorways of escape—one was the doorway of war and one the doorway of religion. Both the army and the monastery were retreats from life, and, strange to say, in their retreat they had many

things in common. The chief positive thing they had in common was that both opened doorways to power—the monastery offered opportunity for conquest of self; the army for the conquest of others.

Neither of these “escapes” succeeded in restoring infinity and eternity to the common man for both were regimented in uniforms, drill and discipline. The Macedonian Phalanx made men machines, and to a certain extent so did the monastery bells. The first large scale demand for standardized goods was for uniforms for priests and soldiers. The Pope and the Marshal both wielded dictatorship control. It remained for the invention of the printing press to set men free from bondage to the narrow confines of time and space into which the clock and map had plunged them.

Out of the printing press came two great discoveries that for a while almost brought mankind back to the gates of paradise. One was the discovery of self; the other was the discovery of the world.

The printed page of Homer and Virgil, of Heroditus and Gibbon, of Genesis and Isaiah carried one way back thousands of years in time, and stories of the Crusades, Columbus and Marco Polo carried readers thousands of miles away in space. The printing press brought the Renaissance through the rediscovery of the literature of Greece,

and the Reformation through the re-discovery of the Bible.

The printing press made printed coins possible, also ledgers and with them bookkeeping and banking. The coin of capitalism reduced time and space into a form that could be carried in one's pockets. When abused, coin could lead to dictatorship through the simple formula: Time is money; money is power; power controls the world. Through money and industrialism the white races were able to conquer and exploit the dark races all over the world. Thus the press as a space saver, a time saver, a labor saver became a life saver to industrialism.

But the printing press through creating the library, the laboratory, and the university did more to liberate than to bind. Hardly was man beginning to feel the freedom from time and space which the Renaissance and Reformation, made possible by the printing press, had brought into the world when another earth shaking invention clamped him back into the bondage from which he thought he had escaped and that was the steam engine.

As the clock ushered in the first great age—the quill pen age, the steam engine ushered in the second great age, the steel pen age. As the first age derived its power from wind and water which turned the windmill and the mill wheel, the second age derived its power from

coal and iron that produced and operated the furnaces and turbines. While the steam engine released wealth as never before, the wealth was siphoned into the hands of a controlling minority and for millions of workers the age of regimentation began. Not only did the factories pollute the air and the water but also the worker. It is an interesting paradox that it was when man commenced to be looked upon as a mere means to an end in industry that Emmanuel Kant in the seclusion of his study was startling the universities by his “categorical Imperative.” Treat every individual as an end in himself and never as a means only.”

Through this regimentation, coal was being mined, iron was being mined, and alas, man was also being mined. But when regimentation was at its height making man through the steam engine ever more deeply a space-bound and time-bound creature, another invention was born that introduced another form of regimentation which liberated man from time and space—and that was the orchestra. As other forms of regimentation, such as the army and the factory shut eternity and infinity out through the monotonous vibration of jarring machinery, marching feet and exploding guns, this new form of regimentation was restoring the eternal, infinite values expressed in creative harmony and rhythm.

Through the clock and the printing press capitalism was made possible. Through the steam engine it was permanently fixed upon the civilized world. For our own nation during its first century as a nation, 1790-1890, it was the most perfect invention that could have been devised by man. The one weak link in capitalism is the recurring periods of unemployment brought about by the inability to distribute the products of industry at the same rate they are being produced. But during this century whenever the factories shut down all the unemployed had to do was to climb into a covered wagon and seek free lands in the new frontiers.

“These land pioneers,” writes Lewis Mumford, “in satisfying their own spiritual needs by colonizing less inhabited areas provided raw materials and opened new markets for satisfying the spiritual desires of manufacturers to serve. During this period capitalism was a creative, spiritual force because it served as a means for the inner impulses of society to balance perfectly. Rarely has there been a social situation which has proven so satisfactory to so many different types of personality and so many varieties of human effort. With the closing of the frontiers, this perfect allocation of parts was completely dislocated.”

But with the invention of electricity and the coming in of electron-

ics and synthetics there was ushered in the most world shaking age of all — the fountain pen age. Workers the world over, began to rebel against the suppressions and repressions of the steel pen age that regimented them into creatures of time and space. Finding no escape from regimentation they began to turn regimentation to serve their own ends by regimenting themselves into labor unions. Not satisfied with that, in countries where the regimentation of capitalism had been especially binding they regimented themselves into socialism. Where the exploitation had been worst of all men turned for escape to the severest of all forms of regimentation—communism. When these various forms of economic regimentation began to clash the inevitable result was war—the most terrible form of regimentation there is.

Today we have reached the apex of regimentation: In our economic system gigantic trusts, gigantic labor unions, we find ourselves surrounded by chain stores, chain banks, and last but not least gigantic income taxes. In our entertainment we are regimented before comic strips, cinema block booking, television programs, and mass athletics. Even our vices are being regimented for us through gam-

bling and night club drinking.

Right now when we are on the threshold of the newest age of all, where all our needs may be met by atomic energy; time and space are actually crumbling before radio, television and the jet planes.

But, alas, these great inventions which should be liberating us from time and space are threatening to destroy all that is precious within the confines of time and space.

The greatest paradox in the history of man is that at the very moment God has furnished the instruments in the most lavish abundance, and opened wide the doors that open on infinity and eternity, instead of looking up into the sky with love and joy, we are looking down into the dust with hate and despair. The radio that could broadcast faith and love is used to spread discord and fear; the airplane that could spread messages of goodwill are used to drop bombs that destroy; atomic energy that could turn the world into a heaven on earth is threatening to turn the world into a cauldron of hell.

We have tried every device the mind of man could invent, and we find ourselves physically and morally bankrupt, and as a nation we still refuse to use the most powerful forces God has given us—Love and Prayer.*

*How these forces may be used, to solve all of our problems can be found in Glenn Clark's new book just off the press: *God's Reach*, Macalester Park Pub. Co., \$2.50.

¶ What of all abandoned churches drowsing along the countryside from Maine to California?

The Abandoned Church that Came to Life

Where the Spirit Returned

Betty Rood

IS THERE a ghost in your community—a haunting reminder of better days?

Less than three years ago The Little Church in the Pines was just a blot on the landscape. Today it is the life pulse of a small group of Christian families who worship in the quiet atmosphere of lofty mountains.

On a Sunday morning in the summer of 1948 the single road winding through the tiny settlement of Salina, Colorado, was animated by the laughter of children on their way to the school house. They were going to attend Sunday School. Two mothers, teachers of the small group, accompanied them. They stopped a moment to rest, for the grade is abrupt at this place; and while they paused for breath, their eyes came to focus on the little old church in front of them, its weathered clapboards, broken windows and rotting steps a desecration of a former self and a sad contrast to the sublime beauty of surrounding hills and trees and the delft blue sky above.

Said Mary Morgan to her companion, "Isn't it queer how you see a thing every day, yet really never

see it at all? I mean that old church. Look, Laura, the spire rises out of all that neglect and decay and seems almost to touch Heaven, itself."

"I've thought of it, too," replied Laura Curtright. "It seems a shame to pass up a real church on Sunday morning to go to a school house. Dances Saturday nights; worship Sunday morning. Somehow, it seems to me we need a dedicated place."

The women on the road had voiced a sentiment inherent in the hearts of religious peoples throughout the ages. Even the Israelites, in their wanderings through the wilderness, must needs have a "dedicated place" and the Ark of the Covenant was constructed with infinite care.

The families of miners who settled on Gold Run Creek to take yellow treasure from the hillsides, felt the same need; and accordingly banded together to build the church at Salina about the year of 1900.

However, with the passing of boom days, families moved from Salina and of necessity the church was abandoned.

Perhaps we cannot say that the

spirit of any church is ever destroyed. Perhaps, here on a sunny hillside in the quiet of that Sunday morning, the spirit lingered, probing the heart of the passer-by, daring to suggest a rebirth, hoping to again live within the four walls of the little old church, yet knowing that only by invitation of mortal man could the soul return to the structure.

A few families talked things over that summer of 1948, decided they wanted a community church and that it was quite possible to restore the church building to usable condition. They located the owner, made a deal for several hundred dollars and dug into their jeans for the price without benefit of pie socials or bazaars. Of course, it pinched for there is not one person in the group with money to spare; yet the satisfaction has been immeasurable.

It was but a short time till enough repairs were made so that Sunday School was held in the "new" church instead of the school house. It was a proud day when the bell was replaced in the tower and its chimes rang out on the quiet mountain air to call the community to worship. In the following months the work continued as the spirit grew. The old wainscoted walls were scrubbed and refinished to a soft luster. The tall windows were draped artistically to frame the

view of God's handiwork. New cement steps replaced the rotted, wooden ones. A neat signboard outside proclaims to all who pass that here is a living church. Truly, in its glistening, fresh paint it looks as impressive as an elderly, dignified lady carefully groomed to attend services.

Much of this work was done after the dedication service which occurred October 31, 1948. With the aid of a missionary pastor of the Presbyterian church in Boulder, the elders drew up a most simple charter for the fourteen members who joined that day. It is an interesting sidelight that six denominations were represented in this group, yet it is named simply, "The Little Church in the Pines." Its creed is as simple—one brotherhood in Christ Jesus.

How can harmony come among people of various denominational backgrounds? The answer seems to come from the fact that it is a rural church for rural people.

Another factor, surely, that makes the spirit of good fellowship, is the helping hand the members have reached out to others from the very start of the organization. The women formed a Dorcas Society and immediately identified themselves with a mission school for Indians in the Southwest. One would think the little Indian babies who received the layettes and blank-

ets made during the monthly meetings were flesh of their flesh so lovingly are the stitches made. Never were toys chosen more happily nor cookies more gayly decorated than those that have filled Christmas boxes for these same little Indians. The idea arose for a portable organ to be used in the Indian school last Christmas; and down went hands into purses again, coming up with the necessary \$175.00. It is a surprising fact that all activities are carried on with free will offerings and tithes.

The church has no resident pastor but often a minister comes from Boulder, bringing a blessing and taking one away. Even after all the past years, the Sunday School Union continues its good work in the community, sending workers for the Daily Vacation Bible School and sometimes to hold special evening meetings. Quite often a consecrated Bible student occupies the pulpit and gives an inspiring sermon. Each Wednesday evening a Bible study is held, with different members leading the discussion from week to week.

What of all the abandoned churches drowsing along the countryside from Maine to California? Are they senile, having outlived

their usefulness? Or is there a need for their revival and rededication? Might there be those within their shadows who would welcome a chance to meet with other rural folk, but who would feel ill at ease in a near-by city church? Possibly the distance is too great to travel after chores are done in the morning.

For centuries Christianity and Freedom have walked hand in hand throughout the length and breadth of America. How fitting it would be to make the country church a living testimony of the ideals of its own particular community.

In this day of struggle with powers that oppose Christianity; that belittle the individual and seek to abolish the freedom of people to choose their own way of life, in this critical time, could many live rural churches stand as a unique defense against the enemy?

If there is a ghost church in your neighborhood pause a moment the next time you pass by—and listen. You may hear the stir of corn leaves in a nearby field. You may hear the swish of a playful breeze in the trees. Or it might be the soft sigh of a spirit, daring to hope for a rebirth; for an opportunity to be one again with the decadent church.



There is nothing so strong or safe in an emergency of life as the simple truth.—*Charles Dickens*

Even the humble task of getting the garbage ready for disposal is an opportunity to stretch the soul.

Soul-Stretching

Eva L. Spangler

*Pray without ceasing. I Thes. 5:17
(A Game for Developing Spiritual Muscles)*

IT SEEMS there are health studios on every hand these days, urging folks to build the body beautiful, develop the muscles, get rid of excess fat, etc. Each time I see their advertisements I wonder what would happen to the people in this wonderful land of ours, if they would suddenly realize that the thing they are striving for is the spiritual counterpart. Their advertisements then would read, "Build the Soul Beautiful," "Get Rid of Pharisee Fat," "Develop the Sinews of Faith." Alice Kraft, who leads the C.F.O. campers in Creative Rhythms, has found the answer to actively combining the two.

However, there are those of us who have not time in daily living to include these exercises, or who by their own nature do not prefer to use them, and it is for this class I write, for I am one of them.

Did not our Lord say, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and ALL these things SHALL be added unto you?" (Capital letters of course are mine.) It was this instruction which started me seeking after the

spiritual counterparts in my everyday life and surroundings, and helped me in developing my "Soul-Stretching" exercises.

The idea is not new. I received great inspiration from THE PRACTICE OF THE PRESENCE, by Brother Lawrence; LETTERS BY A MODERN MYSTIC, by Dr. Frank Laubach, and MOST of all by GAME WITH MINUTES, also by Laubach. But necessity is the mother of invention, and because I am the mother of three little ones and have not the time I would like to have for quiet meditation, I had to work out a way to meditate while working, much the same as did Klara Munkres in her lovely kitchen of prayer, which starts:

Lord of all pots and pans and things,
since I've not time to be

A saint by doing lovely things or
watching late with Thee

Or dreaming in the dawn light or
storming Heaven's gates

Make me a saint by getting meals
and washing up the plates.

Those of you who find yourselves
in like position I am sure will like
this soul stretching game and will

develop many more of your own exercises to fit your needs.

Try this some so-called Blue Monday, and see how your spirit soars:

"Lord, as the dirt and grime is washed from these clothes, so let your free flowing Water of Life cleanse and purify the souls of my family and myself." Then if the Lord does a little agitating while giving you what you ask, don't cry out for Him to stop—the agitator in your washer roughed up the clothes a bit, but they held together and so will you.

As you hang clothes on the line (and keep your line a little high), ask God to help each one as you hang up their garment, to help that one to stretch his soul to Him, even as you stretch to reach the line.

There are many other household tasks which require the use of water and I know you will think of a soul stretcher for them. Try watering your house plants sometime with the Water of Life and fertilizing them with love—then watch their growth! Ask God to do the same for you, and you'll be amazed at what happens. While working in the garden ask Him to nourish your body with the same Life-giving substance that brings your plants to full and beautiful maturity, and be sure to work barefooted so you can feel it happen. Have your back bare so the sun shining down will

remind you of the warmth of His Love. While pulling out the weeds, ask Him to pull the weeds from your spiritual life and to make you as the "Lilies of the Field" with whom Solomon could not compare.

While ironing, ask the Lord to iron the wrinkles out of the lives of the wearers of each garment. Then extend this blessing to all who worked to grow the cotton, make the thread, weave the cloth, etc., for that garment. As you iron also remember that different fabrics need different heats, so do all souls need more or less discipline according to what the Lord is trying to teach them. Some souls yield to Him more easily than others, and if things get pretty hot for you after applying this soul stretching exercise it's simply because your particular "wrinkle" is hard to iron out. Maybe, too, you're a little dry of spirit, and need a little more dampening with the water of forgiveness, loving-kindness or selflessness.

We all have to mend—claim the promise, "He restoreth my soul," for each of those for whom you restore clothing. You can substitute the word your, or their given names for the word, my.

Cooking a meal? "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." Ask our Father then to feed the family spiritually

as you prepare the food for their bodies, and ask Him that they will be as willing to partake of this food of the spirit as they will to eat the physical food. For we want not the souls of our families to suffer of malnutrition.

Walk, instead of driving to the grocery. It is very important to walk, and while you're about it THANK God for spiritual legs than can "run, and not be weary; walk, and not faint." As you walk the familiar way to the store, recall the Bible command, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight." Ask Him what you can do to make His path into your life a smoother, straighter one.

Even the humble task of getting the garbage ready for disposal is also another opportunity to stretch the soul. As you put each bit in, thank the Lord He has the power to rid you of anything which would decay and foul your soul. Bad habits, sins of disposition, greed, resentment, selfishness; these all foul the spiritual air you breathe even

as the garbage would foul the air of your kitchen if you piled it up in a corner and left it there to decay, rather than destroying it.

As the children go to school, remind them, "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men (and children) liberally," then pray for that wisdom for your family and thank Him for the promise to supply it as you endeavor to guide your family along the path to His Kingdom.

Now don't think these soul stretching exercises are offered for Mothers only. They are for every busy person who has the idea that they have not the time for meditation that they would like to have. I know of folks who "soul-stretch" as they work in factories and other places of business; as Dr. Frank Laubach says in his *GAME WITH MINUTES*, it's really possible to think of God and something else at the same time—and it's fun!

Try this game of seeking the Great Counterpart, and get a new lease on Life that will never run out.



For He Notes the Sparrow's Fall

Mrs. Edna Hull Miller

When I bow in heavy grief—
Deep in temporal night,
This assurance is my stay—
Dark gives way to light.
God outlives all depths of woe—
I'm precious in His sight!

☾ "He healed the blind man? Why not me?"

Christ Healed My Eyes

Doreen Hayes

I WOULD like to state, at the very beginning, that this story or account, call it what you will, is true. Also, that I am not what is called "religious." I have a faith in God, and try to the best of my ability, to practice "Christianity." It is to this faith I owe my sight today, because I am sure I would have lost the sight of at least one eye had I not experienced, that which seems to me to be, a miracle.

Years ago I was all alone, with two small children to care for, and to do this I took in sewing.

On this particular morning, a bright early summer day, I took my two youngsters to the beach, to play, and sat down beside a large log, which the tide had washed in, to watch them. There would be no sewing for me this day, my eyes hurt, especially the left one. The most gentle pressure was more than I could stand, and so I sat and worried.

Standing tall and beautiful, on the top of a bank, were two trees, poplars, which I had always admired, but this time as I looked up at them to my dismay they were blurred and almost blended into one, then I was afraid, I WAS losing my sight and those two chil-

dren depending on me!

What was I going to do? I had no extra money to enable me to see an eye specialist.

As I sat trying to work out this new problem, the story of Christ healing the blind man flashed across my mind.

Then the stupendous thought—"HE HEALED THE BLIND MAN? WHY NOT ME?"

To shut the sunlight from my aching eyes I had leaned against the log and cradled my head in my arms when suddenly it seemed to me as if two thousand years had not yet happened and I was kneeling, as that blind man had knelt, before Christ and He, as then, spat on the earth and made mud with His spittle (John 9-6) and put it across my eyes, then He and His followers moved on, and I was alone, still kneeling.

A hand on my shoulder roused me, and a friend stopped and spoke of the wonderful weather and other generalities and went his way. After he had gone, I watched the children playing awhile and again I went back to my thoughts, "What HAD I been thinking? Ah! yes—my eyes."

Once more I raised my eyes to

those two tall trees—and there was my MIRACLE.

They stood there, clear and distinct, each leaf shiny and clear cut, the gentle breeze causing little green shadows to dance in and out amongst the branches.

That was fifteen years ago—my eyes are still strong and clear and so is my Faith, when my troubles are too heavy for me to carry alone, I brush away two thousand years and always find Christ and always find the Help I need.



At This Christmas Time

Life is so generous a giver; we in judging its gifts by the covering cast them away as ugly, or heavy, or hard. Remove the covering and you will find beneath it a living splendor, woven of love, by wisdom, with power. Welcome it, grasp it, and you touch the angel's hand that brings it to you. Everything we call a trial, a sorrow, or a duty, believe me, that angel's hand is there; the gift is there, and the wonder of an overshadowing Presence. Our joys, too. Be not content with them as joys. They, too, conceal diviner gifts.

Life is so full of meaning, of purpose, so full of beauty—beneath the covering—that you will find earth but clouds your heaven. Courage, then, to claim it; that is all! But courage you have, and the knowledge that we are pilgrims together, wending our way, through unknown country, home.

And so, at this Christmas time, I greet you; not quite as the world sends greetings, but with profound esteem and the prayer that for you, now and forever, the day breaks and the shadows flee away.

I have the honor to be your servant, though the least worthy of them.

—*Fra Giovanni*

“When the heart is set right, the personal life is cultivated.
When the personal life is cultivated, then the family is regulated.
When the family is regulated, the national life is orderly.
And when the national life is orderly, then there is peace in the world.”

—*Confucius*

☾ The incredible tortures she endured left scars on her tiny body that will always remain with her.

Modern Martyr of the Philippines

Alice Keith

I FIRST met Mamerta Block last summer at a “Camp Farthest Out” in Rhodes Grove, Pennsylvania. She had come to the mountains for a brief respite from the heat of Washington with her little daughter and her husband, who was a student completing his college course at the University of Maryland.

Like everyone else, I was immediately struck by her mien and bearing. It wasn't her tawny complexion that first attracted my attention, nor was it her intelligent brown eyes. I learned later the cause for a quiet sadness registered on her face, even when she was smiling.

Since that time I have heard her address groups of young people and seen them held spellbound by the fire and sincerity of her words. Her unshakable faith in the power of truth and in the ultimate triumph of justice, her utter dependence upon Divine guidance and her maternal love that seems to encompass all creeds and races have an electrifying effect upon her audience.

Mamerta de Los Reyes was born a little over thirty years ago in Nueva Ecija near the city of Manila. Her mother died when she

was a child and her father was killed by the Japanese invaders in the recent war.

In 1938 she married Pedro Blanco, a brilliant Filipino youth who had received his college degree at Columbia University and taken post graduate studies in political science at the University of Pennsylvania and at Oxford College in England. She was gay and young then.

She worked beside her husband on his publication, the *Commonwealth Advocate*, a magazine read for authoritative information in countries all over the world.

She was acting as a reporter in Bataan when war broke out. Dressed as a boy, she interviewed General Wainwright at one time, much to his annoyance. When the General was visiting Washington not long ago she called on him again. He hesitated for a moment and then exclaimed, “Oh, you are the little boy I met in Bataan!”

She was evacuated from Bataan with others who escaped when the war broke out, but her husband, then a Reserve Captain in the U. S. Armed Forces of the Far East, was caught in the death march. Although he managed to break away from the line, he died of cerebral

malaria after two weeks of suffering. His men carried his body one hundred and forty miles to its final resting place in Tarlac.

Together with about two hundred and seventy men, Mamerta hid in the marshy portion of Manila Bay. There she nursed those who were stricken with malaria. Many died because no medicine was available, but those who remained formed the nucleus of a well-organized guerilla army of 10,000 men and women who helped the United States Government gain a victory over the Japanese.

Mamerta's two year old son was being taken care of by his nurse in the home of a friend, their own house and their complete business establishment having been burned to the ground by the invaders.

Known to her companions as "Ne Ne," she began a career as propagandist, courier and supply agent, a career which led to her incarceration in a dungeon of old Fort Santiago, built by the Spaniards in the sixteenth century. She was sentenced to death and kept in solitary confinement for about three months.

The incredible tortures she endured left scars on her tiny body that will always remain with her. Each day she was taken out and beaten with a heavy iron rod and every other day her feet were tied to a pulley while her head was lowered into a tub of water until

it was evident she was about to drown. Then she was taken down and thrown on the floor until she regained consciousness. Her fingers were burned by her torturers, but she refused to tell the whereabouts of the guerillas.

"Hundreds of Filipinos died in that prison," she said, "but not one squealed." Her meals consisted of a daily portion of wormy putrid rice served in a dirty cocconut shell, but she managed to get enough water to keep alive.

At last, when she could not endure any more suffering, she lapsed into unconsciousness and the prison doctor pronounced her dead. The guard threw her over the wall into an ambulance taking bodies of torture victims to the morgue. The driver, however, detected signs of life in her and drove her instead to a hospital. For eighteen hours she knew nothing of what was happening. She did not even know when her baby was removed by a Caesarian operation. "When I awoke," she says, "I heard my baby crying lustily."

Her own family had no way of knowing she was alive until she rejoined the guerilla band in the mountains after leaving the hospital. There she acted as supply bearer, courier and prayer leader.

She relates a story that she says is "truly touching." "One night an American soldier was brought to us with a bullet lodged in his thigh.

We had no way to remove it . . . no medicine, no hot water, no 'nothing.' We knelt down together to pray and while so doing a thought came to me, 'My umbrella reed will do.' So I took the umbrella reed and removed the bullet."

"Didn't you have a light?" she was asked. "No light," she replied and then with an amused little chuckle, she added, "Now you will be asking me, 'Did you have coffee and ice cream?'"

Mamerta translated and delivered to other guerillas the messages received on a stolen radio set, keeping them informed and giving them courage and during the liberation she joined Unit 8 of the combat Philippine Civilian Administration. She received a salary for two weeks, the only pay she has ever gotten from the United States government for her services, even though she actively cooperated with military intelligence and was cited for bravery.

She left the office job to go with the band of those who were helping to liberate the children and aged caught in the cross fire section of Manila. She crawled through tunnels under the walls of the old Spanish city to help drag civilians out. Sights she witnessed were too terrible to describe.

She drove an old jeep, carrying messages back and forth. And thereon hangs a tale! It was that

old jeep that introduced her to her present husband, then a Lieutenant JG in the Navy. One day her broken-down car limped into the field where handsome Lt. Isaac Block was stationed. A flat tire had to be fixed. Isaac insisted upon helping Mamerta and he's been helping her ever since.

After the war was over, Mamerta felt her services were needed more than ever before. There was so much bad liquor and the American boys were so "hawmseeck." She helped to set up a temporary USO in Manila. A Spanish lady loaned her beautiful home and Lannie Ross, who was a Major in the Special Services Division, was her "boss." "I didn't know who Lannie was then," she admitted.

In December of 1948, the Philippine Guerillas' Veterans' Legion commissioned Mamerta—now Mamerta Block—to go to Washington and bring their case before the powers-that-be. She and her husband and their little girl, Aida, came to the United States, leaving her two little boys with friends until such time as she could acquire funds to send for them.

Mamerta's great concern is for the unrewarded guerillas, who deserve help and for her countrywomen, now suffering in poverty, women whose husbands died fighting for their islands and for the United States; but she is even more concerned over the fact that loyal

Filipinos who were promised pensions and veteran benefits feel they have been deserted by the United States.

"The thousands of Chinese communists descending upon the Philippines are winning people over to their ideology because of negligence and dishonesty of a few greedy people in positions of power," she insists.

After such a long period of suffering and disillusioning experiences it might naturally be supposed that Mamerta would have lost faith in the United States she has always loved and in the God she has always trusted, but such is not the case.

"I started in 1935 to campaign for dominion status of the Philippines," she explains, "because, even then, the sinister movement of communism had started. Most of my people felt very close to America and held the United States government up as a shining example of an effective democracy. The trouble with all of us is that we have failed to put God in our hearts," she says. "We drive God away. We want to grab, grab, grab.

"I was not a good Christian when I was thrown into prison. In my suffering I came to know God. No creed, no church service was possible. Sometimes my prayer was only one word . . . 'God!' It was His unseen hand that guided me and brought me to life after I had

been 'dead' for eighteen hours."

Mamerta Block, although still a young woman, recently had a severe heart attack and a return of an arthritic condition resulting from rheumatic fever and her long period of starvation.

She has consummate courage, a strength of spirit and generosity of soul that meets all obstacles without trembling, but tears came to her eyes when she said, "I wish I could have my two little boys with me. If I only had the money to send for them!"

Recently when she was complimented by a radio interviewer for her spectacular achievements she replied with sincere humility, "It is little enough to do for a country that has done so much for me and my people."

There is a pleasant sequel to this little story. Mamerta's husband has completed his course at the University and is now employed by the United States government.

Both a Baptist and a Presbyterian church in Washington, D. C., are helping her get her two children to America through assistance of navy and army chaplains. Her husband plans to adopt the boys when they arrive and America will be richer by two new young citizens of fine heredity who will be brought up in a Christian home.

It was the young people in the church Abraham Lincoln used to attend who spontaneously offered

a gift of several hundred dollars to help bring Mamerta's children to her.

As soon as her health is com-

pletely restored she plans to lecture again on her favorite subject, "The Brotherhood of Man and the Fatherhood of God."



Love

Thomas Traherne
(1637-1674)

LOVE is so divine and perfect a thing that it is worthy to be the very end and being of the Deity. It is His goodness and it is His glory. We therefore so vastly delight in love, because all these excellencies and all other whatsoever lie within it. By loving, a soul does propagate and magnify itself. By loving, it does enlarge and delight itself. By loving, it delighteth others, as by loving, it doth honour and enrich itself. But above all, by loving, it does attain itself. Love also being the end of souls, which are never perfect till they are in act what they are in power. They were made to love, and are dark and vain and comfortless till they do it. Till they love they are idle or misemployed. Till they love they are desolate, without their objects, and narrow and little and dishonourable; but when they shine by love upon all objects, they are accompanied with them and enlightened by them. Till we become therefore all act as God is, we can never rest nor even be satisfied.

Love is so noble that it enjoyeth

others' enjoyments, delighting in giving all unto its object, and in seeing all given to its object. So that whoever loveth all mankind, he enjoyeth all goodness of God to the whole world; and endeavoureth the benefit of kingdoms and ages, with all whom he is present by love, which is the best manner of presence that is possible.

God is present by love alone. By love alone he is great and glorious. By love alone he liveth and feelth in other persons. By love alone He enjoyeth all the creatures, by love alone He is pleasing to Himself. By love alone He is rich and blessed. Oh why dost not thou by love alone seek to achieve all these, by love alone attain another self, by love alone live in others, by love alone attain thy glory? The soul is shriveled up and buried in a grave, that does not love. But that which does love widely and truly is the joy and end of all the world, the king of heaven and the friend of God, the shining light and temple of eternity, the brother of Christ Jesus, and one with the Holy Ghost.

☪ "You help me grow up fast, and we'll fix up this old world, God, You and me together!"

A Very Young Man Talks to God

Elizabeth Searle Lamb

DEAR GOD, I've got a lot of great big dreams. I don't tell anybody else about them—they might laugh. So don't let on I told You, will You?

I'd like to fly a jet plane faster than sound. I'd like to test an atomic space-ship. I'd like to pilot a rocket . . . if You'd go along we could maybe get clear to the moon. I'm pretty sure somebody's going to get there one of these days! I want to fly high and far and fast . . . but I'll need You with me on a wing tip.

I'd like to engineer an air-train or design a cosmic ray house or blueprint a plastic-glass barn. There's an awful lot of stuff to be done in this world yet—You know that, God. I'd sure like to do some of it, but I might need just a little help. So if you could send me some of Your ideas, why I'd be glad to test 'em out for You any old time.

I'd like to be a poet—not a romantic silly rhymer, but a man's poet and write the *Odyssey* of Americans. I'd like to write a symphony for a 300-piece orchestra with solo parts for kettle drums and tubas and the flutes singing high and clear and the harps sweeping their glissandos through the crash-

ing thunder. I'd like to paint the universe in every color known, the whole big thing of it! I'd like to write a book—a new book, and it could be Your book if You would tell me what to say! We'd make it a book that everybody in the whole world would read, in every language. Maybe You've got something You would like to say to folks. . . . I'll help You do it!

I'd like to be a senator, or a governor, or even be the President of the United States. I'd make people sit up and behave themselves. I'd say, "Look, you guys, it's time to grow up and act like men. It's time to take democracy around the world." And then I'd show them how to do it . . . You'd be there, too, wouldn't You, God? I'd be counting on Your help!

I've got to hurry and grow up fast to do all these things. So You might just lend me a hand with the multiplication table and my piano practicing. And, God, please don't tell anybody about these plans of ours . . . somebody might get it all done first. You help me grow up fast, and we'll fix up this old world, God, You and me together! Well, so long. . . . Amen.

☪ He is wise who holds his self-made plans so pliable that at any moment he can adjust himself to changing circumstances.

"Go With It"—Don't Resist It

Sidney H. Wilson

SOME factory girls were in a resentful, complaining mood with regard to the work they were doing. A foreman, overhearing them, said—"Go with your work, and you'll find it much easier."

In saying this, the foreman put into their hands the key to true happiness. A happiness we can all find by learning to adjust ourselves to the immediate duties and changes which we daily experience.

It is a psychological and spiritual law that to go with an unwanted experience instead of resisting or avoiding it, is to reap some good from it.

Jesus said—"Agree with your adversary," and—"if he compel you to go one mile, go two miles." Or, as the foreman would say in modern language—"Don't resist an unpleasant experience, go with it."

Socrates thanked the gods for his quarrelsome wife in that she afforded him an opportunity to practice the virtue of patience. Thus, in going with this unpleasant experience, he wisely extracted some good out of it.

A woman writer and mother of a family, who had been busily oc-

cupied with domestic duties all the morning, had just tidied herself up and sat at her typewriter, ready to complete an unfinished article which she had been compelled to lay aside. Just then the doorbell rang. The woman's reaction was first, one of resistance and resentment at this interruption of her creative efforts. She was tempted to pretend she was not at home, but on second thoughts decided to "go with it," and welcome her unexpected visitor.

The caller proved to be a neighbour in deep trouble, and the whole afternoon was spent in showing her how to get on top of her troubles. The neighbour departed in a happy state of mind, and the woman writer not only reaped the joy of having helped a fellow sister, but the resultant good of her talk with her neighbour was that it served to strengthen the thought content of her writing. Incidentally, the finished manuscript brought in a substantial cheque.

Had this woman ignored her neighbour's call and insisted on writing her article, it is possible that by this very mental insistence, the easy flow of ideas would have

been checked. But, by accepting the interruption her mind was allowed to relax, so that when she took up her writing again ideas flowed easily and rapidly.

A businessman was deeply absorbed in some work which required close concentration, when suddenly, one of his children, who was in difficulty, interrupted him. No doubt this businessman's first impulse was to resent this breaking off of his concentrated thought and to remonstrate with the child. He, however, decided to go with it and attended to the child's need. Then he returned to his work and to his great satisfaction, there flashed into his mind an idea he had been struggling for before the child interrupted him. For when this businessman was interrupted he was experiencing a great difficulty in finding the right idea. The child's intrusion afforded him an opportunity to relax this struggle for ideas. Immediately he returned to his work the idea he had been struggling for was presented to his mind.

Here we see a psychological law at work. Struggle for an idea and it eludes you. Relax, and it comes without effort.

The systematic man must plan and work to a plan if he is to have order, but he is wise who holds his self-made plans so pliable that at any moment he can adjust himself to changing circumstances.

A commercial traveller, for example, planned to travel by an early train. A succession of delays, however, dogged his footsteps, so that when he arrived at the station the train was gone. It would have been natural for him to stamp angrily up and down the platform and so vent his wrath. But life had taught him that it is wiser to go with such an annoying experience than to resist it. "It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good," he thought philosophically. "Therefore, there must be some good in this delay." So he decided to wait for the next train.

Travelling by the later train he entered into conversation with a gentleman who proved to be a well-to-do businessman. This gentleman became interested in the commercial traveller and placed an order for a considerable amount of business with him. It later transpired that this businessman could never be seen at his office, for he did not grant interviews to commercial travellers.

Yes, it pays to be pliable. As we learn to adjust ourselves happily to the duties, interruptions, disappointments and delays of life, so do we come more and more into harmony with the One Universal Mind which controls every circumstance of our daily life, and which is ever seeking to lead us to our highest good and truest happiness.

☐ Until we stand in the clear light of His Spirit and give His answer to the need of the world!

Christianity Has the Answer

Russell A. Huffman

CHRISTIANITY has no claim to being the original or only religion. Men have always been religious. Everywhere archeology touches the past, it finds remnants of some kind of religion. Religion began somewhere in the long, long past where men were struggling to know, understand and fulfill life. Every people have shared in the effort to understand their life, to make adjustments to their life and to harmoniously relate themselves to their environment. Some success has attended every pathway. Where men have found truth, have come to a larger understanding of life or have successfully related themselves to life, there they have in some degree found God. God has been revealing Himself in many ways, to many peoples and in every generation.

In the Old Testament one can see the unfolding process of man's discovery of God through the experiences of life. From the view of the great prophets in the Old Testament, we see a God of the universe interested in all people and eagerly attempting to reveal Himself to all who will respond to that revelation.

Christianity can only be under-

stood in the light of the long struggle across the ages to find and know God. As one views the romance of unfolding life and thus catches a glimpse of the onward march of the Spirit of God in the hearts of men, he becomes conscious of a great thrust of life, a progressive movement from lower to higher, from material to spiritual, from the unconscious toward the conscious. The whole story of life is that of a developing consciousness relating itself progressively to larger and larger areas of concern. All of this is to say that from physical beginnings life moves grandly on until it climaxes itself in the spirit and attitudes of Jesus.

If man is the climax of God's creative process, and if great souls are the climax of the progress of humanity, certainly Jesus can be said to be the climax of all, which places Him at the peak of the long struggle to understand the art of living and life. In Jesus we find life at its best, and at the same time, we, thus, find God most accurately revealed. If God reveals Himself in His creation, He most completely reveals Himself in His highest creation. Thus, God is best seen in great souls and most completely

known in the greatest soul—Jesus. In Jesus, therefore, we find the finest vision of God and the most complete prediction of the possibilities of man. In Him, God and man meet in beautiful harmony.

The uniqueness of Christianity is not to be understood by a clever debunking of all other religions, and the superiority of Christianity cannot be properly established by comparing its strengths with the weaknesses of other faiths.

What then is the unique contribution of Christianity? It is Jesus Christ! The thing that attracted men to Jesus was His certainty of God and His way of life. In Him they found reality in their midst! God had become flesh and dwelt among them. The spirit and attitudes of Jesus were His sources of strength and uniqueness.

Jesus pointed a direction rather than giving a definition. Definitions can become obsolete but directions remain the same. Jesus pointed the direction of faith in our attitude toward the future, direction of truth, direction of charity and direction of forgiveness. These directions point to God in every situation and in every age.

Jesus gives us attitudes rather than forms, ceremonies or customs. He gave us perfect attitudes with which we are to build the necessities of life and society. One's church, logic and the institutions

of society are to be squared constantly with the attitudes of Jesus. He gives us the attitude of unselfishness, the attitude of respect, kindness and peace. These attitudes work their miracles regardless of the change of dogma, custom, creed or institution.

Jesus gives us love, rather than laws. He knew the limitation of law. He also knew the universality of love. No law can ever repeal love. No law can ever go beyond love. Love is so fluid that it can pour itself around any problem and any age, and through the chemical of self-sacrifice dissolve the problem. Because of the direction, attitude and love as found in Christ, we have the largest claim to the universal appeal of Christianity. Christianity is the universal religion because it will work in any situation, in any age, or in any combination. Jesus said, "I am the Way, the Truth and the Life."

Jesus, therefore, is unique because He is the demonstration of life at its spiritual highest and best, because He is history's prophecy of the future, because He is humanity's picture of God and because He is the climax of life.

If religion is man's attitudes and acts in relation to that which he considers divine or sacred, then Jesus is the world's greatest revelation of the Sacredness of life and of Divinity of life. Religion inter-

preted on this basis becomes large or small in relation to the amount of life which it considers sacred or divine. Christianity by this definition becomes the world's greatest religion because it considers all of life sacred and in that sense divine. Christianity is concerned with every phase of life because every phase of life is measured by the ideal of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. Thus, all life is measured by the divine love at work in the universe and the possibilities of love between all men.

When I asked my little son what he thought was the most important thing about Christianity, he quickly answered, "Daddy, I think the biggest thing about Christianity is love." I am sure that he was right, and in his answer there is enough dynamite to blast the barriers of hate, misunderstanding and injustice in our world. In answer to his statement, I said, "Yes, son, I think you are right—the most unique thing about Christianity is Christ, and His greatest message and

power is love." Then I remembered that "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish but have everlasting life," and I remembered that Jesus said, "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one for another."

One of the greatest challenges of the church in the hour in which we live is to make sure that we are giving Christ to the world. Any standard less than Christ is not Christian. Any gospel less than His gospel is not Christian, and any way less than Christian will not save the world from its present hell of fear, force, greed and destruction. The greatest need of the church today is Christianity, and the greatest need of Christianity is Christ. Let us push our way through the accumulation of creed, custom, denomination and institutionalism until we stand in the clear life-giving light of His Spirit and thus give His answer to the need of the world!



Beyond the Thorn

Mary Gustafson

To pick the choicest rose-bud
One must brave the thorn,
Out of the deepest sorrow
The sweetest song is born.

You Have Riches to Give

Estelle Finnegan

THESE are but few people who have not remarked at some time "How I wish I had riches so I could do a lot of good in the world." Believing we had nothing to give we consequently gave nothing. But we do all have very much to give.

When Peter and John went up to the Temple to pray and found a lame man at the Beautiful Gate, Peter said in response to the sufferer's appeal for help, "Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee." That is the spirit we should have—the spirit of giving the things we have. We all have royal gifts.

The kingly gift of kindness—it is one of the valuable assets in the inventory of your gift treasures. Just being kind to those whom you meet along life's way is a precious thing, leaving joy and sunshine in its wake. There is so much heart-hungering for kindness; there are so many souls starved for the milk of human kindness; that we should all take time to be kind. The kindly interest we should take in the welfare of those about us, and the kindly way in which we should manifest that interest, are matters that mean so much and cost so little. The kind word of appreciation,

the kind touch of the hand, the kind look of approval, the kind deed graciously performed—these are the things that help, bringing happiness, courage and good will. And after we have been kind—after love has stolen into our world and done its beautiful work—we should go back into the shade again and say nothing about it. The kind deed will blossom and shed its own perfume abroad.

The wonderful gift of friendship—it is ours to give, and how wonderfully fine it is when worthily bestowed. A friend is one who comes to you when the whole world goes out; your friend is one who knows all about you and still likes you and life would indeed be bleak and dreary if there were no friends. The rich person is the one rich in friendships, and none is so poor as the one without friends. The way to have friends is to be friendly—to be a friend to others. The gracious gift of being a friend to others is the royal highway to happiness, because happiness is a reflex quality, it only comes through the service of friendship to those whom we meet along life's way from day to day.

Then there is the princely gift of praise. If there is any fine quality

of the heart that is allowed to lie dormant by so many well-meaning folks, it is the gift of praise. We are strong on fault-finding qualities, and we are exceedingly generous with our criticism. But we are stingy as a miser with our praise, and we dole it out in small quantities, grudgingly as though our supply were limited. Yet praise is one of the greatest hearteners and inspirations of life. A few gracious words of praise have inspired countless millions of people to make another effort to succeed, while criticism has chilled and blasted other millions. The old world is hungry for a word of praise, literally starving, to be appreciated.

There is the royal gift of a friendly smile—it is ours to gladden the pathway of men. Every person carries two passports—a smile and a frown. Doors to friendships, to business opportunities, to homes and to happiness swing open to the passport of a smile, but they close with a bang to the passport of a frown. Someone has said that smiles are worth a million dollars and they don't cost a cent. They are the great sweeteners of life and have disarmed many an enemy and turned aside the wrath of many an adversary. They have cheered the sorrowing and brought hope to the disconsolate. You greet a disheartened comrade with a smile and you will send him on his way

with his shoulders up, his chin held high and the light of renewed courage in his eye. We may not feel like smiling, but we owe it to our friends to smile in storm as well as in sunshine.

There is the gracious gift of sharing. It is a grace that will ennoble us. We don't have to be rich to share the good things we may have with our neighbor and with those in distress. Someone has beautifully said that sharing is saving—we save another and save ourselves from the ice of greed and selfishness by sharing. The way to make our little go far is to share it with another. The old way of sowing turnip seed to insure a good crop was to scatter the seed with the words, "one for myself and two for my neighbor." There is a truth in this old saying, and we will find it to be very helpful if only we give it a trial. The poor widow of Zarephath who fed Elijah with her last handful of meal and cruse of oil, never found the bottom of her meal barrel or her oil cruse.

There is the inspirational gift of giving the best that is in us—always doing the very best we can. It may be that we cannot do much, not nearly what we would like to do, but we can do something and we should let that something represent our best. In doing our best we will feel thankful that we can have some

part in helping to make life brighter and more livable for those about us. The more we give, the more we live. And keep this truth in mind, we get back what we measure out: sow sparingly, reap sparingly; sow bountifully, reap bountifully.

There is the humanitarian gift of personal touch that should be cultivated. You will recall that at the Gate Beautiful Peter took the lame man by the hand—it was the gift of the personal touch, the hand of encouragement as it were. The gift of a hearty handclasp, the pat on the back, the arm about the shoulder—the personal touch that help mightily. If we see a man who is down and out, we should go to him, take him by the hand and show him that we have a personal interest in his well-being. We should not stand aloof and send someone else to administer our

benefactions—it will lose half of its gracious worth by being delegated. The gift of personality is a wonderful asset and it grows with use.

Then there is the priceless gift of faith. It is ours to give. There is all too little faith in the world. Many are bankrupt in the matter of faith. We need more faith in God, more faith in one another; more faith in business and more faith in religion. Peter and John gave the blind man faith enough to stand upon his feet—the healing followed the bestowal of faith. However little of this world's good we may have, we can possess faith and we can give faith. It is one of the richest and best gifts.

Yes, we have many royal gifts, all of which cost nothing, and in bestowing them we will enrich not only the recipient but our own lives as well.



“Rest Is Not Quitting—”

Burnham Eaton

The prayer I prayed, distraught and tired—
Not overworked but overpressed—
I thought was most to be desired,
Rest, long rest.

The prayer was strangely answered! Through
Impelling days I do not cease
But do the work I love to do
In peace.

☞ “And thank You, Maser; I'll not forget it!”

A Vacation WITH The Master — Not FROM Him!

Wm. T. Sherwood

THIS is a true story—I mean, it really happened to me, four years ago in a San Antonio hospital. I have tried on one or two occasions to speak of it to intimate friends, but without success. Now, however, it seems that the Hero of the tale is telling me to share it with people whom I do not even know. That is my only excuse for putting this dream—if it was just a dream—on paper.

The afternoon was hot, and time dragged on leaden feet. I felt like one big pain all over, though the operation, a gall bladder removal, had been successfully performed some days before. My head throbbed, my side (with too many tubes and things hanging out for me to get even half way comfortable) hurt still worse. Praying had helped, previously; but just now I felt too tired to pray any more. “I need a hypo!” I thought to myself. I started to press the button that would call a nurse; but something stopped me. “I'll try one more prayer. Please, God—I need a VACATION! I need a vacation from this pain. I think I need a vacation even from YOU!”

Now, what follows began as an

act of deliberate, chosen imagination; but it is impossible for me to say just when my willed imaginings stopped—and His taking over began. I know that I TRIED to see His Face, just once; then suddenly, it was there. At first, He was in the hospital room with me; then, imperceptibly, He was more real than ever, and we were out in the open together, God's sun on us, His wind blowing in our faces; out on a mountain side. And His Face grew ever more real and clear. That Face—how shall I describe it! I saw at once that none of my favorite artists had been able to capture it, yet it was like the inspiration back of all of their work. Something of the Sallman Head of Jesus, something of Copping's “Christ with the Little Ones,” something of the Hoffman Head of our Lord . . . yes, and some trace of all the great artists of the middle ages. Like none, yet clearly recognizable in them all. I would have known Him anywhere!

Tender, humorous, wise, loving, quizzical, those eyes looked into mine out of sun-browned cheeks, eyes that danced with a secret amusement as He said, “You were saying something about a vacation?”

Well, why not? Tell me, what kind of vacations do you like best?"

I was, somehow, a little frightened and yet quite easy and unafraid, all at once—and very happy. I think I still, at this stage, was partly conscious of the hospital walls, the hum of street noises far below, the throbbing pain too, but way in the background; they were no longer very real; the Figure was.

"Why, Master — you must know already what I like," I stammered. "I love lakes, and mountains—beautiful scenery . . . I love a good picnic—and fishing, and boating, and camping out. I love a good hike. Everything, so long as it's out of doors!"

"But I love all those things, too!" He said, and His eyes laughed into mine. "Tell me, don't you enjoy good companionship on your vacation trips? How would you like to have Me go with you on such a vacation—right now?"

He looked deeper into my eyes, and of a sudden I saw that that Face included EVERY dear face I had ever known. I saw my beloved wife and the children—still little—on our camping trips amidst the hills and lakes of our native state of New York. I saw my Mother, and a beloved aunt; my brother, and my sister; camping with me on the Finger Lakes when I was still a boy . . . and even my

closest chum of those far off days. All happy human loves, all good human companionship, looked into my eyes from those eyes of His. "Of course I want you to go along!" I cried.

"Good!" came the response. "So you really don't want a vacation FROM Me—you'd accept one WITH Me?" "Oh, YES, my Master. Thank You."

We were standing now high up above the shore of a lovely lake—more beautiful even, I thought, than the Finger Lakes of my boyhood, or the wooded blue gems of the Adirondacks of later years. The water, reflecting cloudless skies, was dancing with little gleaming whitecaps, and ruffled here and there with little squalls that turned the blue a deeper, darker hue. It was still early morning—a summer sun had just risen above the distant mountains, which loomed mysterious and inviting with here and there a bit of the pearly mist still clinging to their sides. To the north of us a small, white village gleamed in the early sunshine; out on the blue water, only a few hundred yards below us, a little fleet of fishing boats bobbed up and down on the water; deeply tanned fishermen, stripped to the waist, toiled ceaselessly, letting out their nets, pulling them in, again and again.

My Companion answered my unspoken question: "Yes, that is

Capernaum, that village. Isn't it beautiful in this early morning light?"

"Yes, beautiful!" I said. "And this lovely grassy spot, Master? Has it a name?"

Before He answered me, He piled a few dry sticks together, then lighted them; a tiny camp fire, just the type I'd always loved to make. Then He said, "It has no name; but this is where I met My boys, early one morning—just such a morning as this. Our 'bad times' were behind us—even as yours will soon be behind you!"

I think I had the grace to blush. "I never meant to compare my little pains with YOURS, Master!" But He laughed back at me. "You know, you thought yours *were* pretty terrible—just a little while back!"

For a little while we watched in silence the ceaseless toil of the fishers. "Poor Peter!" my Companion said, softly, reminiscently. "How terribly hard he found it to forgive himself! Never make that mistake," He told me gravely. "When you know *I've* forgiven you, fully, freely—don't chastise yourself in needless prolonged penance. It's not what I want at all! It just wastes time—OUR time. We have work to do! But for now—" He added—"we're on vacation. Let's make the most of it! Tell Me—you who love to go fish-

ing! Would you like to join those men down there?"

"To tell the honest truth, Master," I replied, "I've never been as much of a fisherman as I like to pretend. But I do get a big kick out of watching people pull them in. I'd just as lief sit here with You and imagine I'm out there! Besides—those waves would make me positively seasick!"

He laughed again—His face, it seemed, was always alight with laughter not far below the surface; and as before, He soon had me laughing too. "You may have to wait a long time to see those men pull any in!" He said. "See, the school of fish is on the north side of the boats, . . . there, that deeper, choppy blue? We can see it from this vantage point—they are just too close. And watch how persistently they keep edging to the south, away from the fish—and see how they will keep throwing out their nets on the wrong side! Habit is so strong! Shall I call and give them a bit of advice?" Clearly, sweetly His Voice rang out in the still air. "Boys! Let your nets down on the OTHER side, just once!"

And then, what fun, to watch them pull them in all loaded, running over, great speckled beauties tumbling and leaping as they found themselves in the air.

"You love picnics, you said"—my Companion was smiling at me

again—"Wouldn't you enjoy cooking one or two of those fish on this little pile of coals? Shall we go down to the cove and see if they won't spare some of their catch—and maybe a loaf or two of that good country bread they carry with them!"

I don't remember actually speaking to the men; but now, somehow, we found ourselves, my Companion and I, hiking side by side on a country road, hand in hand. The meadows were deep in a profusion of spring wild flowers of gorgeous hues. All fatigue was gone, indeed the very thought of fatigue would have seemed an anomaly in that companionship. How wonderful it felt to fill my lungs to the bursting point with the good clean air off the mountain side! This was hiking that was hiking indeed. I'd known nothing like it since I was a young Scoutmaster with a group of boys on one especially happy trip, one that lives in my memory even now. "What mountain is this that we see looming above us?" I asked Him.

"Have you never heard of Mt. Gerizim, the mountain of Samaria?" He replied.

"Oh!" I cried. "Then this stone well which we're coming to—could that be—?"

"Yes, this is really Jacob's well! And here, if you will, we'll rest a minute, just where I did centuries

ago, and drink from that same clear water; only, for you it will be water of healing and of life, right from the first; for I Myself shall give it to you. Here it was that I once asked water of a good woman from that little village over there. . . ." He went on, thoughtfully. I could not repress a cry of amazement.

"A GOOD woman, did I hear you say, Lord? She, with seven men mixed up in her life—and the man she was living with not her husband at all . . .?"

"Yes, a good woman!" He smiled at me as He continued. "Of course, NONE of you children of men are really good, not as your Father has a right to expect you to be, not as you SHALL be—that's what I *came* for! But don't forget, that woman was really seeking love—in the only way she knew how. All confused and frustrated; cynical and bitter, to be sure; but when Love Itself came her way, she recognized It; and she did not reject Me, as did so many others. She even went eagerly to share what she had found with her fellow villagers. Yes—I call her a good woman."

Now, we were in sight of a gleaming city, set on a high hill over against us, a deep valley in between. It was sunset now, and the buildings shone with an unearthly gleam. "Here you may camp once more with Me!" the Voice said . . .

the Face itself was growing dim; the Voice was small and clear, and seemed to come to me from distant years of my own life, from boyhood itself. "Here I camped with Joseph and My Mother!" He went on . . . "I was just twelve years old. It was my first sight of the Holy City, my very first conscious glimpse of the Temple of My Father. . . . How I longed to be about His business!" The Voice was dying away, the Vision of my Companion had faded entirely; but in the evening hush I seemed to hear the words, "Oh Jerusalem, Jerusalem. . . . How often would I have gathered thee to me! . . ."

The door to the hall was opening

softly and a crisply efficient nurse was at my side before I was really awake . . . slipping the thermometer into my mouth, reaching for my wrist, counting my slow, steady pulse. . . . "My, what a wonderful nap you've been having! I looked in half an hour ago but couldn't bear to wake you!" she said. "You seem to be getting better fast!"

"Yes . . . it was having a vacation that did it!" I babbled. "I didn't have to have that hypo . . . the vacation was much better." She giggled a little at my "vacation" remark; but she could not hear me saying deep inside, "And THANK YOU, Master; I'll not forget it!" Nor have I, ever.



Wings

Gwynn McLendon Day

I pierced the shrouded skies today
And skimmed the trackless leagues of blue;
I leapt great mountains, spanned vast seas,
And cut the shining heavens through.

I dropped sweet blessings on my friends
And on my enemies as well,
Cruised along wide boulevards,
And touched the stars when evening fell.

I soared above the earth today
On wings of faith and fervent prayer,
And waiting at the throne of God,
Charged my soul with glory there.

BLESSED ARE THE FAILURES

"They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick."
—Matthew 9:12.

I HAVE never known anyone who was committed to Jesus because he wanted to do it out of the goodness of his heart. I have never known anyone who was a "fool for Christ's sake" because he felt that Jesus needed his help and that he was doing *Him* a favor. Never! The most powerful Christians I have ever known got that way because they were weak and in great need. You could call them the *failures* of society. They had reached a point in their life where they had lost—lost their ambitions, lost their families, lost their pride, lost their self-respect, lost everything that made life worth living and struggling for. Life had counted them out. Some of them tried to escape by attempting suicide. One of them said to me, "I couldn't help myself—why, I couldn't even kill myself."

Billy Sunday was a drunkard, E. Stanley Jones was quitting because of illness, Kagawa was illegitimate and unwanted, Laubach had seen his ambitions defeated, Starr Daily was an incorrigible criminal, and Rufus Moseley had reached the point where he was willing to run the whole gamut of groups and denominations to find rest for his soul. Jesus has never been able to do anything for the self-sufficient, the well, the strong and the successful. But, when He finds a man or a woman with deep harbors of need, He flows into them and fills them with His strength, His peace, His ambitions, His health—with Himself. And, these are the kind of people He said time and again that He came to save and to help and to give new life.

This fall I met with a group of Alcoholics Anonymous in Oklahoma City and I have never been in a more dedicated and powerful group in my life. All of them, without exception, had reached the end of themselves, and when men and women of that sort give themselves to Christ there are no half measures. They "go all out." And, where they were once weak they are now strong. They know *they* have no strength for they spent years finding *that* out. So, because they can do nothing on their own, they give themselves over completely to Jesus and He takes over. You can't stop such people from then on. They *know* what it means when Paul writes, "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me." Blessed are the *failures* for they are the only people Jesus can help and the people He does help.

Read: *A Journey with the Saints*, Thomas S. Kepler. \$2.00.

BEYOND HEALING . . .

"God is a Spirit and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth."—John 4:24.

CATHERINE MARSHALL, in the magnificent story of her husband, Peter Marshall, tells of her bout with tuberculosis. It was when she was reduced to the life of an invalid that she seriously studied prayer, and especially the healing aspect of prayer. She tried all sorts of techniques of prayer: she tried anything and everything. As she was being taken from her home for a stay at the seaside, Peter handed her a pamphlet that had come to his desk and said, "I don't know what is in it, but I thought you might like to read it."

It was the story of a missionary who had been ill for years. Only when he decided he wanted Jesus more than he wanted healing, did the healing process start. Above and beyond and in spite of health, this man wanted Jesus. He was perfectly willing to make the bargain that he would rather be ill and be with his Lord, than well and without Him. Mrs. Marshall had a similar experience with tuberculosis. Tired-out, worn-out and discouraged beyond description by her long struggle with a disease that simply would not respond to treatment, she gave up early one morning and was resigned to the disease if that appeared to be the will of her Father, but above the disease and beyond it she wanted her Lord. The next set of X-rays showed the first definite sign of improvement.

The healing power of Jesus is simply wonderful beyond words but our Lord Himself is more wonderful. We must grow and mature spiritually to the point where we want Him simply because of Himself. When I begin training a puppy I encourage him with tid-bits, coddling and kind words. But this training must progress to the point where he likes to be with me, not because of tid-bits and coddling and kind words, but simply because "I am me."

I am sure our Lord encourages us in our spiritual infancy by rewarding us through engagements that "click," through healings and through feelings we cannot ignore. But, as we grow, as we mature, He expects us to go to Him, to love Him, to serve Him and to glorify Him, simply because *He is our Lord*. However unconsciously it may be, if we have substituted the rewards for the Giver, then He takes away the rewards for awhile until we put first things first. And, when we have really matured to the point where He is our all, and our all in all, regardless of sickness, poverty, loss of a job, ridicule or embarrassment, then we find that "all these *things*" have been added unto us.

Read: *A Man Called Peter*, Catherine Marshall. \$3.50.

"... UNTIL YOU CHANGE ME"

"Simon Peter saith unto him, Lord, not my feet only, but also my hands and my head."—John 13:9.

I DON'T like her and I don't *want* to like her," someone said to her minister. Many of us are just as petulant when it comes to putting into practice the life of Christ. One woman said of a great preacher, "My, that was a marvelous serman he preached—isn't it too bad he isn't orthodox!" This attitude springs from the same bed of spiritual petulance. Pharoah "hardened his heart" and it does us good once in a while to see where we have hardened our hearts. By setting up ourselves as the watchdog of God we not only hurt ourselves but we obstruct His work. Not everyone needs the same approach, not everyone needs the same interpretation, and not everyone needs to be met at the same level. We too often draw a circle to shut someone else out, but God draws a circle big enough to circle the globe and meet all people wherever they are and whatever their condition.

There is one way out of our little hardnesses. Brother Lawrence had the answer to it when he prayed, "Lord, I'll always do the same thing until you change me." This is not flippancy; it is humbleness of the finest sort. It indicates a willingness to change and an invitation to Christ to do the changing. Too many people permit themselves to fall into a state of morbidness and self-condemnation over sin and mistakes. It might well be suggested that such a reaction is used by the Devil to keep us from going to God because of our shame and feeling of not being worthy. Brother Lawrence's prayer also reveals a depth of maturity in that it acknowledges that God knows all about us, that He knows our tendencies to answer too quickly and too cuttingly, and to be unfriendly or indifferent to others. His prayer is the recognition that what he has done is wrong and the expectancy that his Lord will enter in and change the old human tendencies. When this is the prayer and the expectancy, our Lord does enter in. He accepts the invitation and fulfills the expectancy.

The next time you raise the flag of rebellion and irritation or anger rises to engulf you, immediately turn your mind to Him and say, "Lord, I'll always be the same until you change me." *Expect* Him to do something about it. Tell Him you hereby resign as the general manager of the Kingdom of Heaven, that you admit He is perfectly capable of taking care of His own business, including yourself, and that you want to be changed into His likeness.

Read: *God's Reach*, Glenn Clark. \$2.50.

Books of Interest

Norman K. Elliott

A JOURNEY WITH THE SAINTS, by *Thomas S. Kepler*. World, \$2.00. 150 pages. The literary companionship of the saints is something that all of us have wanted, but which few of us have had the time to develop. This well written book of forty biographies meets the need very well, at least as a starter. Anyone who speaks or writes or teaches will find in it a wealth of material. These saints come out of the homes of the rich and of the poor; some of them came from good homes of religious training and others came from the homes of no religion; some were formerly good men and some were men who broke every convention of society. Certainly this journey with the saints will give us all more courage to keep trying and a greater faith to achieve. Some of the saints in this book are Cyprian, Augustine, Gerhard Groot, Martin Luther, John of the Cross, Francis of Sales, Jeremy Taylor, George Fox, Brother Lawrence, John Woolman, Sundar Singh, Evelyn Underhill, Thomas Kelly, Rufus Jones, Albert Schweitzer, Frank Laubach and Kagawa.

A MAN CALLED PETER, *Catherine Marshall*. McGraw Hill, \$3.50. 368 pages. The life story of Peter Marshall, former minister of New York Avenue Presbyterian Church in Washington, D. C., and former Chaplain of the U. S. Senate. I do not know when I have enjoyed a book more than this one. The story of the immigrant Scotsman who became one of the best known spiritual leaders in America in the space of ten years beats any thriller. In the writing of this book, Catherine Marshall has established herself as an outstanding writer and Christian leader in her own right. It is a beautiful story; poignant, romantic, strong, stirring and yet so genuinely human and so completely Christian. Here is the man, his background, his dreams, his heartaches, his love, his family, his work, his habits and above all else his growth and absolute dedication to Jesus Christ. I can't praise it enough. I

started to skim it and could not lay it down until I had read every line of it from cover to cover. My advice is—buy it!

THE WAY OF MYSTICISM, edited by *Joseph James*. Harper, \$3.00. 274 pages. This is the sort of book that one will want to spend a solitary evening with now and then when the Spirit leads. It is good, it is deeply spiritual, and it is an anthology of excellent selection. Part I is "God Turns Towards Men" (The Unexpected, The Still Small Voice, The Hem of His Garmment, His Exceeding Brightness); and Part II is "Man Turns Towards God" (The Obstructive "Me," Where East and West Unite, Beside the Still Waters, Love's Meeting Place, Work—A Prayer, Every Pilgrim's Progress, Love's Fulfillment). There is good food here, and there is also a splendid index that will enable you to follow your own interest for further study. Whatever names come to mind when you think of "mystic" are included in this book, and many more you never heard of.

THE LIFE OF THE SOUL, *Samuel H. Miller*. Harper, \$2.00. 158 pages. It is seldom that I so thoroughly enjoy a book as I have this one. I honestly think there are some chapters here that will go down alongside of Kelley's *Testament of Devotion*. So many books skip around the surface of religion instead of plowing right in and getting somewhere. This is one of the few that gets in deep and does not feel obligated to give a neat answer to everything in this world and in the world to come. And yet, by making one face up to life, with all its mysteries and all its potentialities, he does in a genuine sense answer many of life's problems more honestly and completely than the psychological bromides that are beginning to weary us. Some of the chapters are "The Career of the Soul," "On Coming to Oneself," "Loneliness and God," "Spiritual Health," "Hiding Places of Power," "Prayer and Life," and "Beginning Eternity Now."

IN THE ONE SPIRIT, *Harrie Vernetta Rhoades* as told to Margueritte Harmon Bro. Harper, \$2.50. 192 pages. This autobiography of Mrs. Rhodes is one of the most unusual stories you will ever read. Mrs. Rhodes, now eighty years old and living in Minneapolis, has spent most of her adult life healing others by means of prayer and spiritual power. The unusual side to the story is that she has had the help of "teachers" in the person of those who have passed through the veil we call death. Of great help to her was her father after his death. At times she has actually seen with her eyes these people and at other times it was a light with the inner knowing of the personality. The incidents in the book are naturally intriguing, and they are suggestive of a realm that most of us are not able to give much of an opinion about one way the other. Mrs. Rhodes admits that there are mischievous spirits and some that are downright malicious, and that a psychically gifted person can be badly misled. The spirits must be tested and one's protection is in the form of having only the desire of good and love for all concerned. One of the things I am always looking for in such experiences is the person experiencing Jesus in some form, but it never seems to happen. When I think of death I naturally think of Jesus, and it will be surprising indeed if I do not meet Him when I cross over.

THE WAY OF HOLY AFFECTION, *Starr Daily*. Cihu Pub. Co., \$2.50. 124 pages. Someone said to me about Starr's new book, "I can open it any place and get something that I need." That describes the book very well. The book is made up of entries that Starr made in his prison journal from January 1st

through February 2nd of 1930. To call them entries, however, gives the impression of disconnected passages and this is certainly not the case. The message is a closely knit interpretation of Paul's great chapter of I Corinthians 13, the classic on love. There are twenty-one chapters in all, and the way Starr relates I Corinthians 13 to his own life and experiences—and by implication to ours—results in a book you will enjoy tremendously. It is well-written, interesting and marked with a spiritual depth that is heart-warming.

GOD'S REACH, *Glenn Clark*. Macalester Park Pub. Co., \$2.50. 223 pages. There is enough suggestive material in this new book of Dr. Clark's to last one a long time. He always has the knack of putting his message in a context of new ideas that give the imagination wings. Part I is called "Seek First the Kingdom of Heaven" and here he uses the three space dimensions (height, breadth and depth) as a starting point into the 5th (where all the perfect patterns of life are stored), 6th (Divine Love) and 7th ("The Pattern that unites all patterns in the heart of God Himself") dimensions. Part II is called "The Pattern on the Mount" and is concerned with the great laws of spiritual living. Part III is "Applications to the Problems of Life" and applies the dimensions of the soul and the laws of the Spirit to our friends, health, etc. The last part is "Adventuring in the Higher Dimensions" and has four wonderful themes—Stillness, Perfect Pattern, Eternity, Life Everlasting. Glenn Clark at his best has the gift of drawing aside the curtain of the Unseen and, at least momentarily, giving one glimpses of the Unseen. There is a lot of that in this book. It's a good one.



Daily Surrender

John Gaynor Banks

Every day is a fresh surrender,
Every morn is my life renewed,
Day by day to Christ I tender

☪ Man has a glorious confidence to live for.

The Confidence that is Eternal

Winifred Rhoades

EVEN if there were no future life to look forward to a man of honor would wish to live for the development of the noblest and largest personality he could achieve. Even if he were sure that his personality would utterly cease to be when death came a true man would endeavor to live for its highest development here and now. For his own sake he would endeavor to do so; he would not wish to see himself fall into degradation of any kind. For the sake of his fellow men he would endeavor to do so; he would wish to live in a way that would make the world a better and happier place for them to live in, would wish to live in a way that would help them to get out of life the best that it has to offer.

In such an attitude there is both greatness and grandeur. But there is an attitude that has in it still more eminence. The great belief is that the ultimate of life is not extinction but more life, life that is more satisfying than anything that has thus far been experienced, life that leads to the fulfillment of those higher possibilities of existence which in this present state of development can only be felt as something that ought to be.

If the end of three score years and ten of earthly existence is extinction, then the experience of life would seem to be a meaningless accident, and to multitudes a terribly cruel one. When Socrates was obliged to drink the cup of poison he said to his friends: "It would be wrong for me not to be grieved to die, if I did not think I would go to wise and good deities, and dwell with men who have departed from this life, and are better than any who are here." His confidence in the future reconciled him to the injustice of his immediate experience, reconciled him even to death "before his time," as the familiar phrase has it.

What were the precise conditions back of the appearances that made the disciples sure that they had seen Christ Jesus again after he had died on the cross, and that he was in very truth still a living reality, personal and loving still, interested in them as individuals still, can not be known. What can be known is that *something* sent those men out into the world with hearts and faces aglow, and with voices ringing with the glad message of the triumph of life over death. They had *some* kind of ex-

perience that transformed them from men hiding away in fear of their lives into bold witnesses to a marvelous story in a hostile world, and made them willing to suffer persecution and death because of their belief in the story. And all down through the ages other men and women have believed that they also have had veritable experience with a still living Christ, and have had their whole worldly experience lifted up in consequence of their assurance.

They have not been able to look upon their experience as mere hallucination. The experience changed their ways of thinking and changed their lives. It convinced them that life goes on after what seems to be death and gave them new power for living sturdily in the immediate present, however hard that might be. As they were unable to think, after their apparent meeting with Christ and having communion with him, that his personality had dissolved into nothingness after he drew his last expiring breath on the cross, so they became confident that dissolution was not the final word for themselves. As they could not think that nothing of Jesus was now left in the universe but the memory and influence of a personality that once had been they became able to say with the poet Tennyson, lifting up their souls to God:

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:

Thou madest man, he knows not why,

He thinks he was not made to die;

And thou hast made him: thou art just.

While I work upon this article a telegram comes telling of the death of my old chum of student days. He had been living in a distant city and I had seen him only once in the last fifty years. But I had loved him with a strong love, and we had kept in touch with each other by means of letters. He was a minister and had done a work of value in his city and throughout his section of the country. And now he is gone! Where? Has the light of his personality been snuffed out forever—his vigorous mind, his hearty friendliness toward all kinds of people, his spiritual aliveness? and is the universe that much poorer by the loss of him? Or has he gone on to that "adventure brave and new" of which Browning wrote with such confidence, "fearless and unperplexed" where he will "wage battle next"?

At about this same time a card comes from a man who is now in his ninety-second year, the writing indistinct because of the tremor of age and weakness, the message telling of growing helplessness but climaxing with the fine words,

"Still life is precious." And one after another his continuing brief cards are filled with triumphant confidence in a life more abundant yet to come, in which, he says, he expects to be of more help to the people of this world than ever before.

The words of Jesus on the subject of the future were restrained. He painted no such pictures of heavenly life as religious teachers have so often dared to do. But he said to the repentant thief: "Today shalt thou be with me in Paradise." He said to the crowds that flocked to hear him that although those who forsook earthly satisfactions in order to follow him would suffer persecution in this world, they would have eternal life in a world to come. He told the Twelve as he and they together were facing the certainty of his death, not to let their hearts be troubled, for where he was to be, there would they be also after death had taken them; and added: "If it were not so, I would have told you."

Such words imply something more personal than absorption into the All, as certain kinds of teaching would have it. That absorption would still be existence, but it would not be personal existence. Jesus, who was the greatest religious genius the world has known, indicated that future existence will continue to have the quality of

personality. His followers were to live for the highest expectations their minds could develop, sacrificing immediate satisfactions for the sake of such development of the soul as would enable them to enter into what God has still in store, suffering now if that were called for, but all the while believing that the final experience would fully justify their choice of a way of life. Thus they would progressively become perfect as the heavenly Father is perfect; they would grow progressively unto the fullgrown man, as Paul was to say a few years later, and come finally to an "inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away," as another disciple was to say.

In such ways, but without explanation of the nature of the experience that is yet to come, Jesus and his disciples gave to mankind a firm expectation of the continuance of life and personality beyond the grave.

The philosophic point of view also leads to such expectation. There must be meaning in the universe, and that meaning must be linked with the highest development that has yet appeared, which is human personality. Man can think, he can achieve, he can work creatively, he can take what already exists and bring forth new things upon the earth, he can love, he can

have immortal dreams, he can live for the realization of those dreams, he can make his years a continual struggle for growth and yet more growth both of mind and of spirit, he can make his life a repeated and increasing triumph over temptation and sin: and shall all this lead only to dissolution and nothingness at the last? That, says man's implanted instinct, would be unreasonable. And unreason can not be the final word in life.

Man has a glorious confidence to live for. It does not yet appear what we shall be, but if there is a natural body there is also a spiritual body.

We are in the hands of the eternal God forever. Life goes on.

But the greater life is not to be won without effort. There must be inward transformation. The divine Spirit, which became incarnate supremely in Jesus, must become incarnate in each individual of us also. It is each man's supreme business to become "oned" with God in spirit and in truth. And how is that "oneing" to be accomplished? It is accomplished as each one of us invites into himself day by day the very Spirit and Life of God, the same Spirit and Life that made Jesus Christ into what he was.



Recovery

Gertrude A. Hughes

THE sixteenth century French philosopher and essayist, Michel Eyquem de Montaigne, has said, "A man is hurt not so much by what happens as by his opinion of what happens."

Here, to be sure, is the Key to a Blessed Door for all of us who seek to enter God's Sanctuary of Spiritual Recovery.

In days past, my hurts from the outside were many and the recovery slow and bitter. Today the

recovery is quick and sweet.

For a while, the reason for my recovery's change of pace and taste did not become apparent, but the quotation above makes clear and lucid the light gleaming around the Key in the Door to our Holy Father's Room where all of us may gain rapid Spiritual Healing.

We have only to find and turn that Key by tempering our opinions with Virtue and Goodness in Christ Jesus.

☐ It is in bed awaiting sleep that prayer is most important.

Prayer, a Prescription for Insomnia

Horace N. Barkey

IF YOU find it hard to go to sleep after praying at night you don't know how to pray. No wonder you haven't already discovered the pathway to deep and peaceful slumber. But don't despair, here's the secret as it was revealed to me.

Before this wonderful discovery I was tormented by a restlessness that my prayers would not calm. Often I followed the hours through the night in deep longing for the peace of sleep.

Especially was this true in the military hospital where I was recovering from tuberculosis. The doctors had made it plain that only rest could cure me. But I did not feel ill and I was already so rested that bedtime almost always found me wide awake.

Time for "lights out" came to mean the beginning of hours alone with my thoughts in the darkness. Often these thoughts resulted in useless worry and anxiety. This was not helping me get well. Yet the fight between these thoughts and my need for sleep went on, hour after hour.

Finally one night in desperation I repeated the Lord's Prayer once again, but this time I threw myself utterly and completely on His

Mercy. The next thing I remembered it was morning!

The following night I tried again—but sleep did not come. Several nights of experimenting followed before I recaptured the key to slumber.

The key is not just throwing one's self on God's mercy. The effort necessary before sleep comes varies greatly until one becomes acquainted with the feeling and the meaning that accompanies it. To know this meaning and feeling is to know God, I believe, and to realize that He is not only our Saviour after death but that He is our Saviour *now*, living our lives with us from day to day.

It is the deep realization that God is there, right at your side all the time, that brings sleep. Don't be discouraged if at first the full meaning of this does not come to you. It will come, and you will sleep. But it will come only as you allow it to come and this may take many trials.

Certainly you will find it necessary, as I did, not only to pray at bedside, but to take your prayers to bed with you. In fact, I found praying at bedside was not necessary.

It is in bed awaiting sleep that

prayer is most important. It is there that worries of the day, real or imagined, come to plague you. Your prayers are to be your barricade against this invasion. It is a simple matter of substituting the Glory of God for the gloom of troubles.

In praying use a prayer you already know and like.

Pray in silence but do not simply run over the words. The secret is to concentrate on the meanings of the words as you say them to yourself. The prayer may have to be repeated over and over but with each repetition discover newer, deeper meanings in the words.

Drink thirstily of these meanings. When you really understand, His Presence will break in upon your awareness with a Glory that can bring only peace to your mind and relaxation to your body. And who is there to say that relaxation of body and peace of mind are not the key to sleep?

I find the Lord's Prayer my gateway to sleep but for purposes of pointing out some of the meaningfulness in the procedure consider this simple prayer:

"Now I lay me down to sleep.

I pray the Lord my soul to keep.

If I should die before I wake,

I pray the Lord my soul to take."

We all know the words of this prayer but how many have taken the time to discover its meaning?

For example, what trouble confronting you right now or in the past foreshadows a greater disaster than death? If you have ever been near death I know your answer.

Again, what is the object of the one saying this prayer?

Thirdly, into whose hands does the one in this prayer commit himself? Do the words indicate that he has any reservations about doing so?

Does the one praying ask our Lord for anything in life—even life?

Lastly, how can anyone mean these words and be anxious about the puny difficulties which may be confronting him?

So you see, even if one prays even in this simple manner, realizing what the words mean and meaning what the words say, he will understand that all difficulties are transitory and illusionary and that the love of God is true, constant and everlasting.

Simple isn't it? Yet how difficult for those whose habits have led them into such a path of worry and distress that they cry out to God for relief—yet find no relief. I know.

They ask God to come to them when he is already with them. They close their hearts and cringe into a tiny corner of themselves to escape a devil who roams at will up and down their beings in riotous

confusion. They have shut the doors and barred the windows only to find they have locked the devil inside while God has been left outside.

Throw open the shutters and fling wide the door by discovering meaning in your prayers! Be sure

that once open God's sunshine will flood in and the devils within must either leave or die.

Then your soul will expand and life will become a fascinating adventure. You will find yourself at peace. You will sleep.

❖ ❖ ❖

Untarnished Wealth

Mary Gustafson

He who spreads contentment
Has wealth that has no end,
For he will never walk alone
Who shows himself a friend.

Tithe Yourself

Phyllisann Courtis

HAVE you ever thought of tithing yourself? Of giving more than part of your income to God's service, important though that is, but part of your time and talents, too?

The woman especially gifted in handling children could offer a morning once a week (or a month) to her nearest Settlement House. Many of these organizations desperately need volunteers, working under the direction of their trained teachers, to read to the young ones, to give them love and guidance in their play.

Sending gifts and letters under the auspices of one of the many re-

lief committees, or packages through CARE, is a good way of helping our friends overseas.

Your own church, too, has a program of visiting the sick, of collecting clothes for the poor.

Remembering to share your fresh-baked cookies with the neighbor's children, or even providing a glass of cold water for the mailman during the hot summer months—this also is tithing.

Let us go beyond serving God by writing a check. Let us even go beyond giving our time and love to our families, to show, by active deeds in our whole community, that we are tithing ourselves, too.

A One-Book Club

Alice Jackson Wheaton

A WOMAN'S club that has studied one book for over thirty years! Of course the book could be no other than the Bible. The club is the Buchanan Bible Study Club of Minneapolis which has just issued its thirty-second annual program and year book.

The founder and inspirer of the organization, Isabella Reid Buchanan, was a pioneer Minnesota club woman whose graphic and original methods of Bible teaching had drawn to her numbers of Minneapolis women representing many denominations. Classes were held week days or evenings in various "church parlors," often in the YWCA.

It occurred to her that these women might be interested in forming a club which would have as its sole purpose Bible study. It was not to be a class, but a club, with topics presented by members, and national, state and district affiliations such as federated clubs have.

A luncheon meeting was held in March, 1920. The twenty-six who attended and enthusiastically decided that such an organization be formed are considered the charter members. Some of them are still

living and active. A little later details were perfected and the first year book with program was printed with a list of ninety members.

The most unique feature is doubtless the fact that the hundred twenty-five members of today represent many shades of religious opinion. The club is truly an experiment in ecumenicity, at least in adventurous religion. Meeting in affection and amity to give topics on a book which can have more varied interpretations than any other book are representative of at least the following diverse faiths: Lutheran, Unitarian, Methodist, Presbyterian, Greek Orthodox, Divine Science, Congregational, Baptist, Quaker. One reason for the fine spirit of tolerance and understanding is that there is no doctrinal presentation and no discussion. This cardinal rule was wisely laid down by Mrs. Buchanan and it is never violated.

Before her death in 1941 Mrs. Buchanan wrote out the following which she called, according to Jewish literature, the "Traditions of the Elders":

We are undenominational. Our study together takes no note of sects or denominations.

We are tolerant. We respect each one's convictions.

We are training for service.

We are self-effacing. To be self-seeking would be a violation of our code.

We are joyous. No long faces are allowed.

We are mutually helpful. Instead of criticizing each others' faults, we seek to find the best in those we meet and to help it to grow.

The study of the Bible is ordinarily thought of as a very serious and solemn proceeding, but in Mrs. Buchanan's talks and teaching there was invariably injected a humorous allusion or story. This never tinged on the flippant or irreverent. It was one of her basic convictions that life's ruggedness must be illumined whenever possible by a flash of fun. The atmosphere of club meetings is warm and responsive, never stiff and sanctimonious, although strict parliamentary procedure is followed at business sessions. The club heartily endorses Mrs. Buchanan's favorite motto from Luther:

Stand up straightly!

Speak out boldly!

Sit down quickly!

Always printed in the year book is the following: "It shall be the aim to dispense with written papers and to cultivate the habit of speaking within a time limit."

Sidelights from sacred art, literature and music result in great enrichment of the programs. Art reproductions which illustrate the theme are brought in from collections in the Public Library. The city's musical artists bring gratuitously the sacred music with which the program closes each time. Bible plays are written and produced by members.

The main extracurricular project is to support by contributions and interest the local program of Week Day Religious Education.

The continuance of such an organization with no apparent abatement of interest is due mainly to the fact that it is studying the Book of Books which is not a Book but a library of inexhaustible riches. The club is also the projection of the remarkable personality of the founder. The story of her life is most interesting although not spectacular. Her parents started house-keeping in Edinburgh, Scotland, in an apartment building known as Bible House. They crossed the Atlantic in a sailing vessel, went by canal to Buffalo and by the lakes to Wisconsin. Isabella was born in a log farm house near Fond du Lac. She was always a book worm, but in that Scotch household, if found reading in the day time would be asked, "Have you nothing to do?"

She taught school in Fond du Lac and Lanesboro, Minnesota.

Here she met John C. Buchanan, a handsome young Scotsman who was growing up with this western country in the milling business. Minneapolis soon became their permanent residence.

To the Scotch, "kirk" is next to "hame" and Mrs. Buchanan was soon drawn to work that she loved, that of Bible teaching in churches and religious conferences. She presented the facts of Bible history and geography so they stuck in the minds of her pupils like Scotch burs. In addition, as Alice Ames Winter said, "She set hundreds of women aflame with a realization of the beauty and the power and the relation to their lives of the great Book."

She was as up-to-date as the morning newspaper and her fine mind was always alert and open to new truth as it illumined Bible interpretation. To quote Chaucer, "Gladly did she lerne, and gladly teche."

New members who are interested in systematic Bible study along club lines join each year. Membership is usually not relinquished except for causes such as removal from the city, death or total disability. The standards are high and the ideals are lofty as befitting a group joined together to study the one Book that can be profitably and joyously studied and re-studied, the most living Book in the world.



Why Do We Wait?

Annis Ridings

Why do we wait? The world is filled
With those who hunger for our love.
A word of cheer, a turmoil stilled,
May cause someone to look above.

Why do we hesitate to say
The truth that God would have us speak?
Why do we let time waste away,
When there are wayward souls to seek?

Oh, let us wake and hear His call.
Let us our need and duty see,
And spread His glorious word to all,
That Heaven may richer be.

☐ Here at last the Love of God found complete expression.

The Supreme Revelation

Rufus Jones

WE NEED a powerful return to a true estimate of the spiritual factor that makes us men. This spiritual factor was at its highest expression in the person of Christ. It is in Him that we can best observe it and report it.

There are always persons who are afraid of losing the *divinity* of Christ, but the much greater danger all down through the history of Christianity has been the tendency to lose His humanity. He has been thought of again and again as a foreign visitant from another realm, who never truly "belonged" here in our sphere. He was, according to this view, merely acting a human part on a human stage, but all the time He was a heavenly guest from yonder, of another world—not one of us in any true sense. That is not merely a "heresy" of past ages, it is a very common "heresy" now.

That was almost bound to be so, with the prevailing conception of human nature. Man was thought of as a total ruin, sometimes majestic, but none the less a ruin. Human nature, from the cradle to the grave, was thought of as corrupt, fallen

and incapable of becoming an organ of spiritual reality, or of intrinsic goodness. There was, and is, in this type of thought, a sharp dualism between the divine and the human. There was nothing in common between them. The divine was up there; the human was down here, and never the twain could meet. The spiritual and the natural, the divine and the human, were forever sundered with a great gulf between. As long as that theory of human nature prevailed—and it still prevails with many persons—there could be no genuine incarnation of the divine conceived of without a stupendous miracle, of the type which would mean that Christ was not truly human.

But the unmistakable fact of the Gospels is that Christ always acted as though He were truly human; He always talked as though He were; He was tempted as though He were. He grew in stature and wisdom; He was hungry and tired as though He were human; He rejoiced and He wept with those that rejoiced and wept; He suffered real pain and He died a real death. He

From *A Call to What Is Vital*, Rufus Jones. Macmillan Company, 60 Fifth Ave., New York 11, New York. By permission.

ate His food and nourished His body as other persons did. The persons who knew Him best never had any doubt about His humanity. I think we must admit and hold tenaciously to the fact that He was genuinely human. He could not understand us altogether if He were not. And that means, and it is a tremendous fact, that the divine can be revealed in and through the hu-

man, when the human is of a unique type, as it was in Christ—a "mutation" from the usual run of persons—for there is not the least ground for doubt that Christ was divine, that He was and is a revelation of God. The greatest single fact of history is the breaking in of the Life of God through this unique Life. Here at last the Love of God found complete expression.



STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233) Of Clear Horizons published quarterly at St. Paul, Minnesota, for October 1, 1951.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, Macalester Park Publishing Co., 1571 Grand Ave., St. Paul 5, Minn.
Editor, Glenn Clark, 1571 Grand Ave., St. Paul 5, Minn. Managing Editor, Norman K. Elliott, 1571 Grand Ave., St. Paul 5, Minn. Business Manager, C. O. Dunham, 1571 Grand Ave., St. Paul 5, Minn.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given.)

Macalester Park Publishing Co., 1571 Grand Ave., St. Paul 5, Minn.

Glenn Clark, 1571 Grand Ave., St. Paul 5, Minn.

Marion C. Elliott, 1787 Goodrich Ave., St. Paul 5, Minn.

Miles M. Clark, Washington, D. C.

Helen May Olsen, Dayton, Ohio.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)

None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: (This information is required from daily, weekly, semiweekly, and triweekly newspapers only.)

..... C. O. Dunham

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 13th day of September, 1951.

(SEAL)

C. R. Youngren

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

☾ I saw a new path ahead of me, and I threw my whole young life into it.

How Healing Came to Me

Evelyn Whitell

(Author of "Loving in the Hands of the Father," etc.)

THE story of my healing is simply told. I tell it because I know what God did for me He can do for all who lift their consciousness to Him.

I was in England, a frail delicate girl with chest complaint, always struggling against ill health, guarded from the rains and storms of winter, because of continual asthma and a cough which kept the whole house in fear night after night. Again and again the doctor was called, and again and again he sympathetically pronounced the same verdict "she will suffer with this all her life, she is naturally an asthmatic."

Yet, in spite of his negative talk, I could not believe that this was what God intended for me, I was ambitious, I had great plans for the future. I could not make a picture of myself as an invalid, waited on by others and a burden and a care to all. I was young, I realized I had a wide stretch of years ahead of me and I wanted to do something worthwhile with those years. I would not accept the idea that the God Who made a perfect world could make one of His children imperfect, nor could I believe

that it was His will that I should spend the time in fighting with the force He had sent to me.

It was at this time I heard the wonderful story of a lady who had come from America, who believed in Divine Healing. She had taken a blind woman off the street and was helping this woman to realize perfect sight. I had many times passed this blind beggar and thanked God as I dropped money into her little can, that I was not in her position. Wishful to know more about this, I went down to the healing room. I was surprised when I got there to find this blind woman looking bright as a radiant sun-beam, moving around and arranging books on the table. She looked so totally different in her new clothes and with such a bright smile, that I wondered if she could be the same, so I asked rather timidly, "You are not blind Peggy are you, the one who used to sit on Lord street?"

"Oh, my dear," she said, "I have made a beautiful discovery through this wonderful lady who brought me here. She has taught me that I never was blind, but it was simply that I was not conscious of the love of God and the knowledge that

He never put a child into the world and closed that child's eyes to its beauty. Now I am learning to let the love and the light of God pour through my eyes and I know I shall get my outer sight, and see as God intended me to see."

While we were talking, the door opened, and the healer came in, bringing with her the joy and healing she was demonstrating. Then she sat down and unfolded all the beautiful truths to me and I felt my soul lifted while she talked. I went out of that room feeling as if I were born again. The Spirit of the Lord was upon me, and I wanted to tell the good news to every one; I wanted the whole world to know of this beautiful something I had found. I went around talking it everywhere. Perhaps it was the fire of my youth, which held the people I contacted—spellbound, because in spite of living in a conservative English town, they listened, until one of the doubters began by argument to throw cold water over my beautiful truth. "She had," she declared, "attended many meetings where healing took place in a wonderful way. She had seen life-long cripples throw down their crutches and walk without them, she had even seen the blind receive their sight but these healings never lasted. In a day or two, the people were back at the old condition, worse off than before."

Her cold argument and powerful mind fell over me like a shadow. "Could it be possible," I asked, "that I would be the same, would I return to what I was before I found this glorious truth?" All seemed for a moment, swept from under me; the old condition stared me in the face, and the next day I was on my sick bed, hearing the chilling, hopeless words of the doctor. "She's very far gone this time," he was saying, "but if you can keep the hemorrhage off for an hour, there may be some hope for her recovery."

I had just strength enough to whisper, "Send for Mrs. Homer!"

Mrs. Homer, the healer I had just met, could not come, she was going out of town that night, but she knew what I needed was not Mrs. Homer—"He sent His word and healed them," so instead of coming herself, she went to the florist and bought some flowers; they were golden daffodils, it was in the spring time, and they were fresh with the beauty of God's love. She blessed them with a thought of renewed life and new birth. They were sent up to me and I motioned for them to be placed beside the bed, just where the fire-light could shine into their golden hearts, and I instantly fell asleep, with the beautiful thought of God's great love for me, expressing through those flowers: and in my sleep I

had a dream. I dreamed that the flowers were not by the bedside but beside a large open window, and the sun was pouring right into their golden hearts, and as I looked at them I said, "Aren't they beautiful?" and then I saw that every flower contained a shining jewel, and a voice spoke and said, "Those jewels are the thoughts your friend put into the flowers before she sent them." With those words I awoke. The flowers were still by the bedside but I was lifted to a great consciousness of God's love and healing, and I fell peacefully asleep.

The next morning I was sitting up in bed, laughing and talking as usual. I felt as if I had come out of great darkness and I told the doctor so, when he came to see me.

"That's some of your old philosophy," he said, "but the pulse is even, temperature normal, that good sleep you had last night must have brought about this sudden change. I was in twice to see you, but you evidently knew nothing about it, but keep where you are, and I'll be in a little later. I don't want any going back."

But after that beautiful dream, I knew there was no "going back" for me. I had laid hold of something priceless, and I told the woman healer so when she came to see me. When she heard my dream, she smiled sweetly and said, "When

I couldn't come to see you last night, I knew you did not need me, 'He sent His word and healed them,' but I was passing a florist's store and I saw the first daffodils in the window, and they spoke to me of God's great love, shining through their new and beautiful life. So, I made them my agents, and into every flower I breathed a thought—a thought of life, a thought of love, a thought of power, a thought of God, and then I said, 'Father, I thank Thee for this renewed life which Thou hast given her now'; and you got the message in your dream."

"But, why," I asked, "should I have this return of sickness, why should I go back to the old condition?"

"The Bible tells us," she replied, "that there was a blind beggar who sat by the roadside. His spiritual eyes were closed until he heard the footsteps of Jesus and cried out for help, and when he contacted the power of the Master and declared his faith in Him, his eyes were opened and he received his sight. Did he return to his old belief in a limited can of pennies; did he bind himself to a seat by the roadside, when he knew the possibilities ahead of him? No—the Bible tells us, he threw aside his old garment, or his old belief, and followed Jesus in the way. There were others who through their faith got their heal-

ing, but they went back to their old condition, even as you did, because you let the doubt, the fear, creep in. You failed to follow all the way."

In a flash I got the truth of her words. I saw where doubt had made me fail, and from my heart I cried aloud, "Lord, I will follow Thee, follow all the way," and even as the blind man cast aside the old condition, I cast the past aside, and it never returned into my life again.

I saw a new path ahead of me, and I threw the whole of my young life into it. Years have rolled over my head since then, years of hard work and travel around the world, the message of God's love and healing growing more and more practical to me every day. When I saw the response of people of all nations, who are still crying for help, stronger grew the realization of God's great love for His people,

and more and more the joy of bringing that consciousness to all.

Many times I have been asked by those who knew me, when I passed through the "valley patch" before I set forth to give the truth, "Do you never grow weary of all this missionary service over land and sea, how are you able to do it?"

"Not by might, not by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts." Again and again I have repeated these words, when it seemed I had reached the end of the road and felt I could go no further. Then, in the silence Jesus sought, I have placed myself and all my affairs lovingly in the Father's hands, *and in that sweet oasis of love*, there has come a great sense of security and the knowledge that He, who had begun a good work in me, would stand beside me all the way.



Clean Heart

Annis Ridings

I looked into my heart today
 And saw it was not clean.
 There were some spots of dark dismay,
 Some fears I'd never seen.
 A little jealousy grew there
 Among a bit of pride,
 My dusty talents lying where
 I had put them aside.
 I opened wide the long closed door
 And asked my Savior in.
 Such joy I never knew before—
 He swept away my sin.

☪ "We could never have done it without our Senior Partner."

God Speaks— Two Housewives Start a Business

Mrs. A. N. Correll

"THE success of the Tak-Homa Dinner Shop is all owing to the counsel of our Senior Partner," Mrs. Brown said as she bent over the big black gas stove. She opened the door of the oven and a delicious cloud of pumpkin-pie fragrance filled the kitchen.

Suddenly it all made sense. The calm, sweet faces of the two women who were working in the little frozen food shop, the atmosphere of happy confidence, even the trade mark on the blue and white labels of the food packages were explained, by her words.

Edith Brown and Bess Curry are the two partners of the small but thriving business in Ontario, California. The registered trade mark of the Tak-Homa Dinner Shop has on it a monogram—a small B and a small C with a big G between them. The G is the initial of the Senior Partner.

"We had no idea how to start," Bess Curry took up the story. "We had to ask for help every step of the way and we have always received it. We just say, 'We don't know what to do next, dear God. You'll have to show us.'"

As the two friends supplied the details of the success of their pioneer venture in business, the theme of service and faith became clear.

Mrs. Brown began to experiment with freezing food before commercial freezing was started. She had none of the supplies and conveniences that make home-freezing easy today. She had to improvise containers and perfect her methods by trial and error.

As she cooked larger and larger quantities of food at one time and froze all that she didn't need for immediate use, she found she was saving time and money. As it turned out, she was also laying the foundation for a career.

Three facts led to the opening of the Tak-Homa Dinner Shop. First, Mrs. Brown found that with the children in their teens, and with her efficient home-making methods, she had several days of time that she could spare every week. Second, she and her husband, Grant, began to dream of building retirement homes for men and women who are on pensions and other low incomes. They would need capital. Third, Edith Brown met Bess

Curry through doing church visiting with her. They found that they were kindred spirits in many ways and particularly in the matter of the relationship of man to man and to God.

One evening, the Browns called on the Currys. Mrs. Curry, too, wanted an added interest to fill the time left by her children growing up. With the blessings of their husbands and their substantial help, the women started plans for their frozen home-cooked dinner shop.

"We had nothing to go by," Mrs. Brown said. "We couldn't find any books or trade journals that would help us. We've never heard of another shop like this but we'd like to know if there is one."

The partners rented a small store room across the street from a super market. They made an attractive and bright salesroom with homey touches of vines and flowers and shining windows. The kitchen is separated from the salesroom by a part-wall but customers and visitors are always welcome in the kitchen.

"We thought we would just move our kitchens down here," Bess Curry laughed. "We were going to keep it all very simple but right away things began to happen that widened our experience. For instance, we had to have a sign on the front of the shop. We didn't

know anything about signs so we had to learn."

Cooking and freezing food were two things that Bess and Edith did know, so, from the first, the shop did well. Two big freezers hold roast chicken, fried chicken, Brown special which is a chicken and spaghetti favorite of the Brown family, turkey curry, meat loaf, tamale pie and cubes of soup. For desert, there are pies, either whole or in two-piece packages.

Careful account is kept of the materials that go into each lot of food that is prepared. The cost is figured and a fair percentage of profit added.

After the first few months of experimentation, the partners found that they could prepare more food than they could sell at the shop. They found a grocery store in each of two neighboring towns that would stock Tak-Homa products. A super market in the opposite end of Ontario from the shop is a third outlet.

"We've discovered that the best way to get a start in a new location is to have a demonstration," Edith said. "When women taste they buy and we find that the product we demonstrate is the one that sells best."

The shop has been in operation nearly a year now. From the time the first plan was made, the business has been built on the Golden

Rule. Each day begins with prayer. Small wonder that you feel blessed as soon as you enter the door!

"We are very happy that we have been able to help other business women to have good, quick meals. That's a real satisfaction," Mrs. Brown said, "but we don't

take any of the credit ourselves."

Mrs. Curry nodded in agreement. "We could never have done it without our Senior Partner," she repeated and the spicy breath of the pies seemed as truly an offering as any incense that ever burned in a temple.



Prayer

Peter Marshall

O Lord our God, even at this moment as we come blundering into Thy presence in prayer, we are haunted by memories of duties unperformed, promptings disobeyed, and beckonings ignored. Opportunities to be kind knocked on the door of our hearts and went weeping away. We are ashamed, O Lord, and tired of failure. If Thou art drawing close to us now, come nearer still, till selfishness is burned out within us and our wills lose their weakness in union with Thine own. Amen.

(Prayer before U. S. Senate by the Senate Chaplain, 1947-48.)

I need wide spaces in my heart
Where Faith and I can go apart
And grow serene.
Life gets so choked by busy living,
Kindness so lost in fussy giving
That Love slips by unseen.

—Anonymous

"We have too many men of science; too few men of God. We have grasped the mystery of the atom and rejected the Sermon on the Mount. The world has achieved brilliance without wisdom, power without conscience.

"Ours is a world of nuclear giants and ethical infants. We know more about war than about peace; more about killing than we know about living."—General Omar Bradley

—From *World Alliance Newsletter*, Nov., 1950

From the Desk of Glenn Clark

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

QUESTION: My daughter suffers from recurring internal hemorrhages. My wife and I believe in prayer. Can you help us find a leverage that will lift our faith? We crave your counsel and your prayers.

ANSWER: Your daughter can be cured and here is the formula. I can put it in narrative form, with three true episodes.

A woman had a hemorrhage which John Hopkins and the Mayo surgeons could not hem up. They were too far away for her to reach. Not in space but in time. One day her eyes fell on the Man of Galilee going by. "The woman who sewed that lovely robe all of one piece, and woven from above, must have loved that garment. Not a fray in it, so perfectly hemmed. If I dared touch that hem, I know my body would be hemmed, for God who made my body must have put as much love into it as that woman put into a mere garment."

Without letting anyone see her in the press of the crowd, she succeeded and was instantly healed.

Two years ago in May, a woman at the Texas Camp Farthest Out told me she had recurring internal hemorrhages. I took her to the prayer room and asked her to kneel before Salman's picture of Christ. I told of the woman 2,000 years ago and told her that the painter didn't love the garment he painted as much as God loved her body when He made it.

"Now kneel and touch the hem of that garment in the picture while I pray. She was completely healed.

In August at the Minnesota Camp Farthest Out, a woman brought a letter from her daughter in California. "Ever since her third child came she has had a continuous hemorrhage. Now the doctor says her blood count is so low she must have an operation next week. I am flying out there tomorrow and am so sorry I can't stay at the camp." I asked her to come with me into the chapel where a picture of the Christ was hanging. I told her of the ancient woman, 2,000 years away and the modern woman 2,000 miles away, and then I asked her to touch the hem in the picture while I prayed. Then I said, "Instead of taking the airplane, send an airmail letter to your daughter asking how she feels, when the operation will occur and whether she would like you to come. I think you will find she is cured." Four days later she came with the reply in her hand. "The doctor says my organs are now perfectly sound. The hemorrhaging stopped two days ago. I won't need an operation."

I suggest you secure a full length picture of Jesus, and let your daughter kneel and touch the hem of the garment while we send up a prayer of faith. Get a copy of my autobiography, *A Man's Reach*, which tells how Jesus used "levers" like that. My prayers will be for your dear daughter with power.

NEWS OF OUR EDITORS

J. RUFUS MOSELEY

"This has been an especially good year for me, and I find if we choose happily to obey and serve the Highest, everything is always getting better and better, and all of our problems turn into testimonies; and for God to achieve His purpose, if we turn away from His will and wisdom to serve personal desires and ends contrary to the Highest, it has to become worse and worse for us in order to shock us to an awakening and the choosing to make a bee-line Home, where we all belong. If disobedience to the Highest did not produce the opposite to obedience, the fate of the disobedient would be hopeless.

"Effect is so catching up with cause, being destroyed with destroying, and being bombed with bombing, that the devil is getting into a jam, and is in great wrath because his days are short. Happily for us he is making them shorter because of his wrath.

"The Highest now on the human level is what Frank Laubach, Glenn Clark, and other men and women of compassionate Christian love, good will and good sense are praying and working for and which President Truman has recommended as Point Four. Laubach, who was perhaps more responsible for the President's recommendation than any other one man, feels that the Point Four program for giving aid in such an intelligent and Christian way is the most advanced program ever produced by any king, premier, or president of any great nation. As President Riley Montgomery of the College of the Bible, Lexington, Kentucky, recently said, 'If we, like Abraham of old, had been sacrificing our ram (if we had been giving our surplus food and

been the helping good neighbor and aider of the neediest people of the world) we would not now be sacrificing our boys in Korea.'

"Violent dispossessing and leveling down Communism is based upon the assumption that 'the possessing classes are incurably selfish and cannot be changed.' They must therefore be violently dispossessed. Christianity is based upon the glorious fact that men can be changed and do voluntarily and happily God's will of love and good will and good sense. It may be precisely because we have been so slow to becoming our brother's keeper and helper that we're responsible for the threat of having taken from us what we should have given and given happily. If we try to save our possessions and our free enterprise and our other freedoms selfishly, instead of giving them in Christian love and wisdom, we will lose them. That which I selfishly kept and misused, I lost; that which I gave and shared I have.

"The very Highest of all is of course vital, fruit-bearing union with the Glorified Jesus as He now is in highest achievement and availability. If we look to the past, His light that has lit up every life coming into the world, His coming in the flesh, and His teaching and example and deeds, are the highest of all to look to; but as precious as are all the steps that have led up to where He now is on the throne of God and the Universe and seeking to give us His gift of the Holy Spirit and become and reign and triumph within, His present best and will, and longing, and enabling, is for us to be wholly His, and for Him to be wholly ours, and for us to be in heavenly places in Him, on the way to becoming like Him and partners with Him in making all things like Him. The best of

all is not behind us. Still better is at hand and "the best is yet to be."

"My winter schedule will include going to Washington for our annual Group Meeting and possibly going as far east as New York and then filling engagements going south and attending the Florida state C.F.O. which meets from February 4th through the 11th. After this my winter itinerary will be in Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, and Oklahoma."

NORMAN VINCENT PEALE

"During the summer just past, I made a number of addresses in the West and far West. I spoke to a mass meeting in Denver in late June. Eight thousand people filled the Denver University Arena for the meeting. I also spoke to a thousand of the business leaders of Denver the next day.

"I gave a series of addresses in Southern California, speaking on Sunday, July 22, at two services in the First Congregational Church of Los Angeles. I later gave seven addresses in Honolulu, among them an address to the Chamber of Commerce of that city, which was attended by Governor Long of Hawaii and other distinguished figures in the political, religious and military life of the island. I also preached on Sunday in the famous Union Congregational Church of Honolulu, which was established in the early days by missionaries from New England.

"During the fall season, I have been addressing various organizations such as a national convention of the Stationers and Office Equipment Dealers in Chicago, the Middle Section of the Tennessee Teachers' Association in Nashville, the Fifth Anniversary celebration of the life and work of Mr. M. S. Hershey, founder of the Hershey Chocolate

Company at Hershey, Pennsylvania, which incidentally is one of the most interesting communities in the country, where the proceeds of a great industrial organization are entirely given to the support and education of orphan boys in the Industrial School of Hershey.

"A recent dramatic experience was mine in speaking on the last night of the Texas State Fair at Dallas, Texas, Sunday evening, October 21. For the first time, the Fair closed with a great religious meeting held in the Cotton Bowl, the immense athletic stadium at Dallas. 50,000 people attended this religious service, and it was a great thrill to address this vast throng and to realize that a State Fair would sponsor such a gathering and that this deep religious influence was thus symbolized. The night before, I attended the S.M.U.-Rice football game at which there were a similar number of people, and at the request of the students of the university opened the football game with prayer. This is being done now at all of the football games of the Southwestern Conference at the request of the students.

"I also spoke at a meeting at Tyler, Texas, where 12,000 people assembled in the ball park for a great religious gathering. I find that there is a tremendous religious interest in the country. Many of the meetings at which I speak are sponsored by business or civic organizations, supported of course by the church groups, but the fact that men in business feel the importance of such meetings is to me a heartening sign. Let us all pray and work and believe, for these are great days and the kingdom of God is moving forward."

STELLA TERRILL MANN

"Greetings to all of you who are working for a better world for your-

selves and for all men. If you were not so working, you'd not be reading *Clear Horizons!*

"I hope you will continue in your good work in the new year. I recently sent 24 copies of *Clear Horizons* to foreign Universities. Letters received, show that all Europe is going to turn to Prayer, eventually, and to Love as a solution to problems. America is already turning.

"It was a great year for me. Meeting C.F.O. groups everywhere, after becoming one of them at Forest Home, and at Redlands. On a later lecture trip north, Sacramento and San Francisco area, met more of them. Had the privilege of bringing

many new people into the C.F.O. I title it also, 'Calling Friends Outside,' to come inside.

"Plan to finish that 3rd book for Dodd, Mead this year. But along with it, will continue a few lectures, will try to answer your letters and please know that you are in my heart and prayers.

"If we will let the Christ Child be born in our hearts now, there to live and to rule our lives forever afterwards, we shall find that we are indeed building new lives, new worlds for ourselves and others. That we shall see this and do this is my Christmas prayer and my New Year Wish for you!"



Until We Meet Again

Georgia Moore Eberling

There is no word so mournful as good-bye,
 No phrase that holds so much of human pain,
 And more and more it's said as swift years fly . . .
 Dear one, I say until we meet again,
 And not good-bye, that has a final tone.
 May God go with you to your journey's end,
 And may you never feel you are alone.
 There is one faithful Comforter and Friend.
 May you find all you seek, may happiness
 And tranquil peace abide within your heart,
 And may the Father prosper you and bless
 The labor of your hands, and faith impart.
 I place you in God's tender care, my dear,
 May life be bright and all your path be clear.

The World Needs Prayer

Miles Clark

WASHINGTON. President Harry S. Truman's announcement of his nomination of a full ambassador to the Vatican, Gen. Mark Clark, has set off a wave of controversy, speculation and distress in many quarters.

The sum of the speculation can be listed:

1. He doesn't intend to run again and was trying to make Congress mad.

2. He was tired of carrying the brunt of the Catholic pressure on such an appointment and wanted to shift some to Congress which has been giving him a hard time anyway.

3. He wanted to "kill off" several Senators who are making a bid for the presidential nomination in both parties by giving them a difficult vote to make, thereby giving him a chance to hand pick his own choice.

4. He was sincere.

There is much concern over this move and it will be subject for debate for a long time. However, as one minister said on Reformation Sunday soon after the announcement was made, it may be that because the Protestants have no unity the President felt that it would be better to appease the smaller but more united group of Catholics. Nevertheless, there is much prayer that must be focused on this tension point.

KOREAN TRUCE NEGOTIATIONS. Christians everywhere are continuing to center their prayers on the long, drawn out negotiation talks between the U. N. troops and the Communists of Red China and Korea.

Slowly there is growing a basis for argument as to the neutral zone. While some few are still advocating that we rush in and drop bombs,

thinking we can end the fighting that way, we realize that more and more we of the West are being isolated from the Far East and the Middle East.

Britain is not able to keep Iran in hand, and Egypt is "throwing its weight around." Many of us, whether we want to or not, feel the prejudices that have been a part of the Western way of thinking, and which lead us to feel that we can and should be the "father" to all backward nations. There are two ways of dealing with these people. (1) Enforce a military rule. (2) Admit we are beaten and take up our guilt complexes and return home.

However, there is a third way. It is a difficult way for we will be accused of the worst possible motives. The first step is to accept the other nations as equals. Then we must be patient, endlessly patient with them. We must remember that they are suffering from inferior "feelings" in that their military strength is not as great and their economic position is not as formidable as ours. When we can deal with them honestly and fairly with Christian love, then we will begin to earn their self respect and they will invite us to help them solve their problems. But it is up to us to act first.

One example of a start in this direction can be imagined from the Korean truce talks. Gen. Ridgway and his negotiators seem to some few in this country as appeasing the Reds. Yet the General's attitude is that we must continue with patience to explore every avenue of possible agreement to stop this war. Let us pray that Christ's love is there in power and any agreement that is made will be one that will endure and peace will come.

ENGLAND GOES TO THE POLLS. Churchill is back at Number 10 Downing Street. However, some observers feel that the victor in the election is the Labor Party who will not have to be responsible for the coming cold winter with its increase in austerity.

In the first nine months of 1951 England bought 957 million pounds worth of goods more than they could sell on the market. And even at that they are looking forward to a winter of scarcity.

Many journals are giving cogent explanations and forecasts for the coming year with the Conservatives in power in England. However, we do know that their basic problem is in a sense ours too: "Which shall we have—guns or butter, as we cannot have both?"

Peace and assurance of peace for some time to come would be a great help to the impoverished English people. But they don't want a fake peace any more than do we. When we pray for peace, we pray for the greater well being not only of England and Korea, but we pray for all mankind. Over 75 per cent of our own budget goes to wars past, present and future. God save us from war!

DISARMAMENT. Throwing away our guns is one idea that many have refused to consider. But the alternative is even worse. Senator McMahon, Conn., as chairman of the Senate Atomic Energy Committee, has come out for disarmament; Senator Flanders, Vt., is well known as an advocate for disarmament. There are many others who are growing more and more concerned about our war-state and the future. A new move in that direction is World Organization of Mothers of All Nations (W.O.M.A.N.) which is being started to show the world and ourselves that there is another alternative to what *Collier's* magazine showed as World War III.

BLINDERS ON OUR THOUGHTS. What is happening to our freedom? Is fear cutting down our freedom of thought? The *New York Times* has made a study of 72 colleges and finds that college communities are fearful of: 1. Social disapproval. 2. A "pink" or Communist label. 3. Criticism by regents, legislatures and friends. 4. Rejection for further study by graduate schools.

Our colleges, especially our church supported colleges, are outposts of freedom and now they seem in danger. Some educators are saying that fear and prejudice is defeating the basic purpose of colleges. In one great state university a court case is deciding whether religion and religion activity should be conducted on the grounds.

However, there is evidence of growing reluctance to speak out on controversial issues, reluctance to handle currently unpopular concepts even in the class room where they are a part of the study program.

In the secondary schools pressure groups are attacking honest changes in curriculum—i.e., the core curriculum program, etc., as being inspired by subversive motives.

To what is this due? The pressures generated and maintained by Senator Joseph McCarthy, Wisconsin, are a large factor in the current hysteria. But there are other reasons why this kind of talk can have its effect. These are the things we can pray for and change: World-wide fear, insecurity, fatalistic and frustrated conviction that there is little we can do. College students feel the inevitability of the draft and that national life is uncertain. We must bolster these young people and ourselves.

ALBERT SCHWEITZER: WORLD CITIZEN. The world famous missionary, philosopher and organist, Dr. Albert Schweitzer, was awarded a prize of 10,000 marks by the West German Association of Book

Publishers and Sellers, recently for his work in promoting an "ethical" world society. The president of West Germany, Theodor Heuss, made the presentation, praising Schweitzer for his work and especially for being a symbol of French-German understanding.

CHAPLAINS FOR THE ARMED FORCES. Church attendance and the increase in religious services has made it necessary for the Army chief of chaplains, Major General Roy H. Parker to issue a call for 300 civilian clergymen to volunteer as chaplains in the Organized Reserve. Attendance at religious services reached one million last June for the first time since World War II, he said. About one-fourth of the 250,000 services for the last year were conduct-

ed by civilian clergymen. Sunday school classes are on the increase, too, due to the rapid increase of children on Army posts.

Park said, "The response speaks well for our soldiers who more than ever are drawing upon spiritual resources for their daily duties."

THE WORLD NEEDS PRAYER. Our Father, the world needs prayer. Yes, it does. Forgive us for forgetting our responsibilities to Thee and Thy world. All over the world the long, hard struggle back to Thee is going on. We know that Thy strength will fill us. But we know that Thou expect us to do our part. Give Thy peace and healing love to all these Thy children. Keep us ever mindful of Thy great power and goodness and mercy. Amen.



From Psalm 139

Helen M. Wilson

So near to God am I
That if I stretch my hand
I feel it in His own,
And safe in love I stand.

No night of mine is dark;
No path of mine is wild;
So near to God am I,
His little child.

So near to God am I
That when I whisper low,
He hears before I call;
He knows before I know.

No prayer of mine is lost;
No good of mine defiled;
So near to God am I;
His loving child.

Prayer Works!

"When I wrote to you I knew I was to have an operation giving you the date of it and stating my prayer. You sent your wonderful letter in answer by air mail so that it was delivered to me at noon of the day I went to the hospital. Your message brought such a sense of love and peace I went without any fear. I went to the operating room perfectly confident the next morning for I knew I was not alone. I was not conscious long before the doctor came to tell me all was well—that what I prayed for was answered—the condition was benign and that I had come out of it 'whole.' I was not surprised to hear him say that for I had had such a sense of peace and confidence before. I am so joyful and grateful. I feel too that I gained much by the experience for it brought me a deeper understanding of prayer and closeness to God. I enclose a love offering. May you and all you pray for be greatly blessed."
—California

"Words are inadequate to express my gratitude for your inspired and inspiring message, which, with other loving prayers, has helped to heal me. The entire disorder vanished like a bad dream. The token is a slight expression of an immeasurable 'thank you' in the heart of your friend."
—California

"As I look back over the months

and see what God has done for my boy through your prayers, I can't be thankful enough. When the doctors said they didn't know what was causing the terrible pain in my son's head and that they could do no more for him, that it was up to me and my God, I wrote the Prayer Tower, and God so gloriously healed him through your prayers and mine. I can never thank God and you dear friends enough. I do want to help others as you have helped me and mine."
—California

"Thank you for your prayers for me and my loved one. Both of us are better than we have been in several years. I give God praise. Thank you again."
—Kentucky

"A year ago last spring I wrote to ask your help in praying for my sister, who was about to have a spinal fusion. She had been quite unhappy in her work, too, and felt that she didn't 'amount to much.' I want to tell you that now she is situated in a job that is well suited to her capabilities and in which she feels that she is doing something significant. Also, she has completely recovered from her back ailment. Thank you so very much for your help. It seems so good to have her happy and well."
—Michigan

"I have your October letter and the booklet by Norman Elliott.

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 DUpon 4983, Minneapolis, Minnesota, or Mrs. Ecoff, DEsota 7365.

Thanks for both. It is now 9:55 A. M. and I am trying to project my spirit into your midst at the Prayer Tower to feel 'the fellowship of kindred minds, like to that above.' Money cannot pay for the service you render, but with this check there is much love and a remembrance of Jesus to His followers when He was here on earth: 'Inasmuch as you have done it unto the least of these you have done it unto me.' That is so comforting. Love to all of my praying friends."—*Michigan*

"Thank you with all my heart for your goodness in praying for these two dear ones; and just remembering you is a help and comfort to my heart, for which I thank our Lord deeply. Every once in awhile I reread your letter. It is so kind, so sweetly comforting, and good. You are like friends, almost newly come from paradise, I feel your goodness, your truth, your oneness with Him so strongly, born of your selflessness and love for Him and His humanity He suffered and died for. So it must be very dear to Him."—*Pennsylvania*

"I am rejoicing that my daughter is so much better. The doctor is baffled. I believe with faith on her part and her husband she will completely recover. Praise God and may He bless you all."—*Montana*

"I want to witness to the wonderful way in which God answered my prayer request. When I arrived at Camp yesterday to help on the staff of our youth conference, it seemed to me that I had stepped into a pool of peace and quiet. The spirit of the Lord pervaded the grounds and was wonderfully apparent throughout the week. It was a time of creative experience for all of us, youth, counselors and staff and I praise His name for His rich blessings. I'm sure that seed was sown which will bear fruit in the days and years ahead. God gives so much, when we give so little. I should like to be

enrolled as a prayer partner in the United Prayer Tower and share with you in praying for requests that come in. May His blessings continue to flow through you."—*Ohio*


"We had a wonderful time yesterday afternoon. God had the stage all set. Mrs. — was there and entered whole-heartedly into what we were doing; and we were not interrupted. I read A—the passages you listed in your wire; I prayed, we kept silence, we experienced the wondrous peace of God in the room and in our hearts. I was conscious of your spiritual presence and prayer which strengthened my faith and brought us closer to Him—or better made me realize more deeply that God was with us and in us. I believe A—is being healed and will return to his parish. My faith in that has been substantiated by the light on A's face, the calm confidence of his wife, and the feeling of confidence in my own soul. God bless you, for your help and the help of other friends."—*Iowa*

"I thank you for your letter to me. I must let you know that I went to see the Secretary yesterday and he decided to put my papers before the valuator, who, he said, had a great deal of work to do. I felt that the Holy Spirit moved him so to do, and I am praying now that the same spirit will move the valuator to speed up his work on my behalf. In this I need your prayers also. When we were finished speaking, the Secretary said, 'I like your spirit of tolerance.' I rejoiced, for it was proof to me that he had seen the glimpse of the Spirit of Jesus Christ in me, and he could not help expressing it. May I ever show His Spirit to those who have eyes to see, and may He always be in and with me. School re-opens tomorrow, and I ask for God's blessings on me and my work. For this I ask your help in prayer. I shall report more good news to you as they come."—*Trinidad, B. W. I.*

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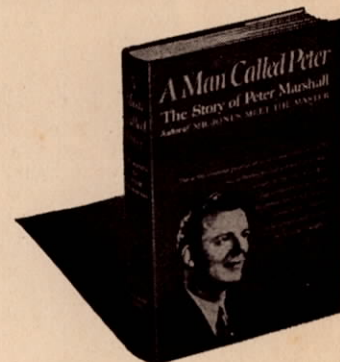
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