

Clear Horizons

45

Fall, 1951

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As We Go To Press

So much has been written about the book, *What Would Jesus Do?* by Glenn Clark (page 1) that we thought you would like to hear directly from the author on how he came to write it. The sales of this novel have been wonderful, and, as you may have heard, all royalties go to The Foundation Farthest Out for the help of others. . . . Mildred Long (page 5) lives on the West Coast, in Pomona, California, and from what we have heard of her from friends, she is one of those rare souls who give others courage and confidence simply by being there. She is an invalid and when she talks of faith, she knows whereof she speaks. . . . When one of our readers came across the article by Robert Yarbrough (page 7) she immediately said, "This is one for *Clear Horizons*." With the kind permission of *Advance Magazine* we are glad to give you his ideas on how to live triumphantly. . . . Have you ever pondered over how it is that one man is able to change the whole atmosphere and spirit of a church? Be that as it may, you will find the story of what is happening at St. Stephen's—a thrill, and you will like the way it is written by Gertrude McKelvey (page 15). . . . Helen McCrocklin (page 19) visited the offices not too long ago and everyone enjoyed her buoyant joyfulness and cheerful calmness. She has a good idea which you can undoubtedly use in your own home. . . . Pamela Dawn (page 21) writes excellently about a must of the spiritual life—the giving of thanks. More and more people are discovering it; and more and more people ought to begin practicing it. . . . So many readers like the article in the last issue titled "The Magnificent Meek" that we thought you would like something else by Mrs. Samuel of West Orange, New Jersey. . . . Winfred Rhoades (page 37) is that grand soul from Lane's End, Sudbury, Massachusetts. He once said that our business in this life is to grow a soul. Most people would say he has been doing a good job of it, besides helping many another to do the same. . . . Many of us would like to be "Just a Donkey" (page 47) like the author of "The Christian's Promised Land." . . . And, if Doris Williamson's (page 49) does not increase your faith in prayer, then we will just throw up our hands and wonder what will. . . . We met the mother of Elizabeth Searle Lamb (page 41) at the Minnesota Camp Farthest Out this past summer, and now we understand something of why Elizabeth writes as she does. We have more articles to come from Mrs. Lamb, and you will like them just as well as this one.

All the staff of *Clear Horizons* and those in the office of the publishing company wish to be remembered to the many friends we met at the Camps Farthest Out during the summer months. God bless you and may all the fruits of the spirit increase in your life.

CLEAR HORIZONS MAGAZINE

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Clear Horizons

Twelfth Year

FALL, 1951

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How I Came To Write "What Would Jesus Do?"

Glenn Clark

(Well known is the story of Dr. Charles M. Sheldon's world-famous novel, "In His Steps." How he, pastor of Central Congregational Church, Topeka, Kansas, wishing to guide his young people in Christian living, wrote the story and read to them a chapter at a time on Sunday evenings. How it was published serially in the Chicago Advance, a religious weekly. How it immediately gripped public interest when printed in book form. How it sold millions of copies in the U. S. How it was translated into twenty-one languages and sold millions more.

It is still being printed and estimates of its total circulation reach the astronomical figure of 40 million, which makes it second only to the Bible as the world's greatest best-seller.

Dr. Glenn Clark, a close friend of Dr. Sheldon, has written a sequel to "In His Steps"—"What Would Jesus Do?" While it may

not have the fantastic success of its predecessor, Dr. Clark's book is still an absorbing and highly inspiring work. Dr. Poling terms it, "a prophetic fulfillment.")

Fifty years ago I read Charles M. Sheldon's "In His Steps" and was almost as deeply impressed with the challenge put before the characters in the book as the characters were themselves. For years after that, I found, before I undertook anything, I was asking, "What would Jesus do?"

According to strict literary standards, "In His Steps" is not a great book. Greater novels have been written by Cervantes, Victor Hugo, Thackeray and Dickens. But this book had something that defied analysis. It was not a book to be measured by conventional standards, or stuffed into categories, or pigeon-holed. It possessed a plus quality—something as life-giving as blood itself. To read that book was for me a blood transfusion.

From *Christian Herald*, March, 1951. By permission.

After reading it, I was a bigger and better man than I was before. I was bigger because humbler.

A few years later I read it again and as I did so I found myself saying, "Fifty years from now I am going to write the sequel to that book showing how the grandchildren of these characters meet the challenge in their day." Deep in my subconscious I planted that affirmation.

As the years went by I found myself writing books on such themes as: What would Jesus do in business? What would Jesus do on the athletic field? How would Jesus save men? How would Jesus heal? And above all, How would Jesus pray?

One day I found that I had written twenty books of and about this subject, but I had not yet written the book that I had promised myself that one day I would write.

The fifty years were almost up when one afternoon I found myself in Central Church, Topeka, standing face to face for the first time in my life with Dr. Charles M. Sheldon. Very graciously he came to hear me speak. I felt very humble standing in the pulpit made famous by him. The great man sat in the front row before me.

The next day, in Dr. Sheldon's home, I laid before him the dream I had carried in my heart for fifty years.

"Dr. Sheldon," I said, "the time

has come when the world needs a sequel to 'In His Steps' written for this age and for this generation. Would you give me permission and lay upon me your blessing if I should undertake to try to write that sequel?"

"You have my permission and my blessing," he replied. "It would be a fitting time to ask that question again, and see it applied under the new conditions of this hour. When I wrote the book the two World Wars had not been fought. The auto, airplanes and atomic energy had not come in. Times have changed. Yes, it would be quite fitting to ask that question again, and see it applied in action. God bless you."

And so with his blessing ringing in my ears I left his home, never to see him on earth again. A persistent desire came to write him a letter, but I kept putting it off from day to day until one day an overpowering urge led me to sit down and start the letter which follows:

"Dear Charles Sheldon: Ever since I returned home I have been carrying on a mental conversation with you about the sequel to your novel, 'In His Steps.' I want to make the grandson of Henry Maxwell the 'hero' and I intend to call him Charles Sheldon Maxwell, although I may only use the middle initial 'S' and not the full name. The granddaughter of Rollin and Rachel Page sings in his choir and

the romance of the story centers around her. Rachel's granddaughter is named Frances Page, which was my sainted mother's maiden name. Charles Maxwell takes it upon himself to follow his grandfather's example and ask the members of his congregation to take the pledge to ask before they undertake any important work, 'What would Jesus do?'

"Everything in the book, although woven together in a fictional way, is to be taken out of the real experience of hundreds who have actually asked in their own lives, 'What would Jesus do?' Many of these people were influenced and inspired by your book, 'In His Steps.' In other words, I want this sequel to be a real grandchild of your book—a spiritual offspring of the spiritual influence it has created. When I begin the writing of it I want your prayers and the prayers of Mrs. Sheldon. Later on I would appreciate the privilege of mailing two or three chapters at a time to you to enjoy or criticize or amend."

Just as this final line was written, that day in February, 1946, word came of Dr. Sheldon's death. Papers all over the world carried the news. So I would never have the privilege of his counsel and criticism! And he would never have the satisfaction of seeing the sequel appear!

Or was this God's way of draw-

ing him into the place where he could help in the writing of it more effectively than he could ever have helped on earth? I immediately resolved to lay my heart and mind open to any help which he in heaven would care to give me. Yes, I literally asked Charles Sheldon, if God so willed, to take my hand in his and guide the pen. Better still I asked that he and I together, one on earth and one in heaven, so "agreed together" in Christ's Name that Christ Himself should be in our midst and do the writing through the combined desire of both of us.

And with that desire in mind, and with my thought on Dr. Sheldon now in heaven, I started to write the book.

Then something began to happen. One by one the characters began to come alive. Before I knew it they were moving out from the grooves that I had outlined for them and began to perform actions for themselves. When I found myself getting into deep water—way out over my depth—and had to scramble back to shore, I found to my amazement that these grandchildren of Dr. Sheldon's book could actually swim for themselves. I felt as a mother hen must feel who has unwittingly hatched a setting of little ducks. For example, the hero of the book, Charles Maxwell, dove into the whirlpool of the war situation and Frances Page

helped pull him out; then he fell into the deep waters of divine healing, but managed, unassisted, to keep his head above the waves.

Over all and through all, constantly I felt the brooding help of Charles M. Sheldon. Sometimes I almost felt his hand resting on my hand and pushing the pencil. He was continuously stopping me when I got on the wrong track and sometimes pushing me, almost against my will, into the most radical and unusual solutions to problems which seem so big to us here, and must seem so trivial and easy of solution to those over there.

So here is the book. What will happen to it, and how it will be received is up to the Lord. It is out of my hands.

"My soul's sincere desire," I wrote in the preface, "is that fifty years from now the third book in this series will appear, written by someone under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, in which the Kingdom of Heaven will be even more apparent than it can be made to appear in the age in which I am writing now. If my book is but a stepping stone connecting the shores of these two centuries I shall be satisfied."

My only regret is that I won't be here fifty years from now to read the third volume in this cycle of spiritual challenges. However, I assure you all that Dr. Sheldon and I in heaven will be helping the author do a better job, God willing, than I have been able to do here.

MERRYBROOK OPEN ALL WINTER!

Of good news to everyone is the news that Merrybrook, the home of healing and spiritual retreat, will remain open during the winter months. Under the superb leadership of Rebecca and Wally Beard, and of The Reverend R. E. Simpson and his wife, Helen, Merrybrook has had its most successful summer season since its founding. It is good to know that Merrybrook, located at Wells, Vermont, is starting its first full year of operation.

During the winter months it will be directed by R. E. and Helen Simpson. Both the Simpsons have had many years of experience as hospital chaplains, training under Rebecca and Wally Beard, and are gifted with the spirit and art of healing. You will love them.

Whenever you feel that "low-down feeling" this winter, pack up and spend a few days at Merrybrook in Wells, Vermont. For complete details write to The Reverend R. E. Simpson, Merrybrook, Wells, Vermont.—*The Editors.*

Faith, the Light of the Soul

Mildred Long

FAITH is an elusive thing, yet it is as necessary for the soul as light is for the growing plant. Like the light of the sun, faith cannot be caught or confined or defined, but its presence warms and enlightens and gives growth. In fact there can be no soul growth without faith.

Jesus said repeatedly, "According to your faith so be it unto you." We can receive only in proportion to our faith, and as faith increases so also increases our power to receive God's blessings.

We have faith according to our consciousness of God within. When we look within our hearts and find God there, filling every room, lighting every corner, inspiring every thought and feeling, then our confidence, serenity, and trust are complete. We are then immersed in God and know that He is all-sufficient.

When we have problems to solve we should center our thought upon God and cease to think on our problems. When our attention is directed toward the problem we identify ourselves with it. But when we center our attention on God we identify ourselves with Him and His power and His sufficiency and the problem loses its

terror, often takes on a different shape, is diminished in size, or even vanishes away.

Once I had a dear friend who came to me to help me. Often in her absence I would think: when she comes again I will talk over this problem with her. Then repeatedly it happened that when she came again I had such joy and peace in her presence that I forgot all about having any problems. Then there came a time when it was the same during my communion with my Heavenly Father. So let us lay our burdens at Jesus' feet and look full into His wonderful face. We do this in the imagination of our hearts, and when the imagination of our hearts is made perfect then most of life's problems will disappear.

One day Jesus walked the roads of Galilee and was thronged by the crowd. A timid woman came and touched the hem of His garment and she was made perfectly whole. Jesus said, "Who touched me?" And one of the disciples said, "Master, the multitudes throng Thee, and sayest Thou, 'Who touched me?'" "Yes," replied Jesus, "who touched me? For I perceive that virtue has gone out of me." This woman had a great

desire, a consuming need, and an ardent faith. To her and to Jesus nothing mattered at that moment except that they were face to face and His supply had filled her need. We have no record that others were healed that day. They were with Him but they did not touch Him. It is the touch of faith that makes us whole. And we can be whole today when we learn to touch Him in faith.

Faith grows as we use it. We set our sights a little way ahead, and then when we approach that goal, we know that there is more

beyond which we may attain, and so we move our sights ahead again, and we keep doing this until someday we shall climb to the heights. There we shall see the great vistas of God's promises being fulfilled, even as the mountain climber, when reaching the top of the peak, sees the vast wonders beyond of mountains, sea, and sky. Then we come into the consciousness that He is our all in all and in Him we find the supply for every need. By faith we climb the heights, by faith we see ahead in the darkness, by faith we claim His glorious promises.



Things I Love

Shirley Tolles

I love the serenity of fog.

Once I stood listening in my close little space and felt God there with me. Silvery and still with the stillness of peace it was and all the earth hummed gently in unison. Outside somewhere was the world, but here in our little universe were Nature and God and I. The voice of Nature was muted to make way for the quiet insistence of God. The trees drank deep and silently passed their cup to the earth; sleepily crickets lulled themselves to stillness; bird voices were soft and questioning. Everything listened and waited.

And then came the sun and everything he touched was transformed so that over the earth were poured silver and gold. The stillness gave way to life, vibrant and shining; the trees stretched out their arms and the earth warmed; the birds took up the joyous song and the crickets, too, and a voice within me cried,

"This, then, is the answer—through stillness to God to joy unsurpassed!"

☐ We will never be spiritually solvent until we increase our operational reserves.

How to Live Triumphantly in a Trying Time

Robert Clyde Yarbrough

WHEN Winston Churchill visited France during the dark days before the fall of the French Republic, he held a conference with the generals of the French Army. In characteristic Churchillian manner he dispensed with superficialities and put to the French generals this vital question: "Where are your reserves?" They answered, "We have no reserves." And that of course was one of the major reasons for the tragic collapse of France: she had no reserves.

Anyone who is to meet these trying times without crumbling before the battering assaults of confusion and frustration, of tragedy and trouble which characterize so much of our present world, had better face realistically the fact that this truth about reserves applies to the individual life of the spirit quite as much as it does to the military situation of nations.

Modern Crises

No one can live triumphantly in the present world without constantly being confronted by various kinds of crises. "Have you any fresh strength you can throw in at this critical moment? Have you

any inward resources you can bring to the front in this dark hour? Where are your reserves?"

If the empire of strong character and purposeful living is not to collapse there must be adequate increments of extra spiritual power upon which one can draw to see him through when the enemies of the spirit launch their invasion.

1. One of the most effective ways of developing and maintaining such desperately needed reserves of the spirit is to nurture a sense of God's presence. The world's great personal victories are always won through reliance upon that unseen guidance and help which comes with the facing of life in a conscious fellowship with God. Here is Saint Paul, for example, winning the most astonishing inner victories against the most formidable external odds! He did it, he said, by the power he received from his alliance with God: "If God be for us, who can be against us?" That is, if we have God on our side because we have first placed ourselves on his side, we are supported by the sort of spiritual reinforcements which can repulse any assault of evil.

From *Advance*, April 2, 1951. By permission.

Divine Presence

Or, here is Jesus, from whom Paul received his understanding of God's presence and power: here is Jesus, saying, "Yet I am not alone, because the Father is with me"; and going on from there to live one of the most inwardly triumphant and outwardly significant lives this earth has ever known.

Or, coming nearer to immediate experience, consider this statement from a letter recently received from a young man who went to college and found out for himself that the first year away from home requires some rather difficult adjustments: "It does a great deal," he writes, "for a person's morale to know that his church is behind him . . . Self-discipline is facilitated by the knowledge that you are reinforced by something greater than yourself."

From the time of Jesus, down to this year's crop of college freshmen, those who face life with a consciousness of God's presence have inwardly found that they can count on inner reserves from which to draw strength for the victorious confrontation of life in any time of critical need. One may call this experience by whatever name he may please: mysticism, illusion, wishful thinking or perhaps mere "tommyrot." But no reasonable man can pretend that such experience is trivial to the person en-

gaged in life's battle. When a sense of being reinforced by something greater than one's self can make an individual adequate to cope with existence, it hardly is a trivial matter. Blessed is the one who, when asked in the midst of some personal crisis, "Where are your reserves?" can answer, "They are here in my consciousness of being backed up by something vastly greater than myself; of being linked with a power, not my own, which can strengthen me beyond my native powers." This, indeed, is basic.

2. If one, going a step further, is to have the quality and the quantity of spiritual reserve which can be depended upon to see him through in the hour of emergency, to provide that life does not collapse and become futile and meaningless, he must bring up the added spiritual resources which come from a well-cultivated sense of moral and intellectual serenity.

Strident Distractions

There is an Italian fable which suggests the condition in which most of us are presently involved; and which indicates also one of the things that we must do to achieve sufficient serenity to withstand the multitudinous bombardment to which our secularized culture subjects us through all our waking hours. According to this fable, a king once sent one of his subjects

upon an errand to a distant part of the kingdom. As the man trudged along the dusty road, he became increasingly aware of the strident chirping of grasshoppers in the fields on either side. He became so annoyed at last that, forgetting his errand, he left the road in order to kill the grasshoppers and so put an end to the din. But, after pursuing the insects with great fury for some time, he lost his way and, not being able to find it, could no longer continue upon his mission for the king.

If we are to win the struggle for strong character, and build sufficient reserves for the execution of the missions of God our king, we must learn at least to install "spiritual static reducers" which may enable us to keep imperturbably on our way in the midst of all the noise and confusion by which our minds are distracted from our main obligation and purpose.

There are many ways by which to secure such needed poise and serenity. Some people are able to do this by occasionally going alone into the woods or among the hills or beside the sea. Others, for whom such withdrawal is impossible, learn to accomplish it by selecting a few minutes out of each day when the household is quiet and they can retire in solitude to some empty room and sit quietly with closed eyes.

Silent Meditation

Some individuals make provision for a few extra minutes, three or four times a week, to enter some empty sanctuary and sit in silent meditation as they draw strength and peace from the beauty of the place and from the message of its religious symbols.

And more than one person has been kept out of the fields of futility and upon the road of meaningful living by relying on the divine promise contained in such moving and unforgettable words as those, for example, of the prophet Isaiah; words not spoken from some ivory tower during a period of tranquility and peace, but uttered with staunch assurance from the midst of the Babylonian captivity when the bottom had dropped out from under Israel's world: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee."

How each one who reads these words may best go about the building of serene reserves against the incessant tumult of his existence, who can tell? How one may most readily learn to ignore the fabled "grasshoppers," who can say? There is one thing, however, that all of us should know: If we are to gain the stamina to stand up to life's crises, and to make the most of every opportunity, we must learn how to live without letting useless things, insignificant events

and irrelevant associations so press upon us that we forfeit our sense of mission and wander vaguely in search of the lost way.

3. Nurturing a sense of God's presence, and cultivating a sense of inner serenity, we are directed by logical steps to the place where means may be found for making the fortress of creative living safely impregnable to the onslaughts of every destructive force. It is here that we learn to trust our destiny to God!

Spiritual Illnesses

Religious faith assures us and reassures us, again and again, that the God whom we worship is able to deliver to the utmost those who put their trust in him; that his power is inexhaustible; that his love and mercy are omnipotent; that his will is sovereign; and that he holds our lives in the hollow of his hand. He created the dependable laws that govern the surrounding universe. There is nothing of which we need be afraid, if we face the facts with him. In every emergency there is help for us from God. To him we may safely trust the future, and in his confidence we may call upon his reserves as a guarantee of victory.

Some of us may have heard Dr. Leslie Weatherhead of City Temple, London, when he delivered the Lyman Beecher Lectures at Yale

Divinity School. Dr. Weatherhead is not only a great preacher; he is also a widely known and trustworthy consulting psychologist.

Among the many helpful things that he explained or suggested were certain basic principles well known by every competent counsellor. An increasing number of people, he reminded us, are developing pathological symptoms for which there is no physical etiology. That is to say, their illness is not basically organic but functionally psychosomatic. There may be little or nothing the matter with them in a strictly physical sense, although they may present certain physical symptoms. Their difficulty is, at bottom, psychical or spiritual. The origin of their trouble lies in the emotions. When such people are confronted by some overwhelming, heavy strain, some poignant fear or special anxiety, some devastating loss or catastrophic change, their spiritual foundations collapse and their bodies begin to express in physical symptoms the emotional traumas and psychic conflicts which their conscious minds are unwilling or unable to face. When a personal crisis confronts them, therefore, with the pointed question: "Where are your reserves? Have you any sustained inner life which you keep up at full strength?" they have no answer except that of the French

Army generals: "There are no reserves."

Such people find themselves, indeed, in precisely the same difficulty at the spiritual level as was the business firm financially when it called in an efficiency expert to diagnose its problems and received the verdict: "The trouble with you is, your margin of operation is too thin." Many a battle for the kind of individual life that can face a trying time, and come through inwardly victorious, is lost only because there are no inner reserves which can be drawn upon. The spiritual margin of operation is too thin. We will never be spiritually solvent until we increase our operational reserves.

Sufficient Resources

In the last analysis, "the spiritual stability that can stand the strain of life's toil and the shock of

life's tragedy" comes from confidence in the knowledge that the business of life as a whole is protected by God's spiritual reserve system. The knowledge that God can be counted on, no matter how strident or numerous the distractions may become, enables one to face the siege of the spirit's enemies with assurance, knowing that since God is his ally, his resources are sufficient for all emergencies.

To face the daily round with stamina and courage, and to make the spirit's citadel impregnable, demand of us that we keep our spiritual reserves at fullest strength, by nurturing a sense of God's presence, by cultivating an attitude of serenity in a chaotic world, and by learning to trust one's destiny to God. Where then are your reserves? Do you sustain your inner life at highest level and potential?



It Is a Present Choice

"Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old he will not depart from it." This ancient word is as true for the spiritual life as it is for ordinary manners and habits. It is a tragic fallacy to assume that the child can or should wait till adulthood before receiving Christian training and before making the Christian choice. No parent is willing to wait till the child comes to adulthood to see if the child "wants" to go to school, to learn manners, or to be personally hygienic. Certainly the child should not be permitted to assume that the way of God for all life is a secondary matter or an optional decision. It is life's primary choice and decision. And the parent is obligated to assist his child here as elsewhere both by example and direction.—*Frederick M. Meek.*

Dividends from Disaster

Tom Lashar

DURING the last war I was doing metallurgical research in a defense plant. One day a large tank of inflammable gas exploded, enveloping me in a sheet of flame. I knew I was badly burned but God gave me the presence of mind I needed. While smothering my blazing hair I phoned for help.

After much confusion I found myself in a car, speeding off to the nearest hospital. My face felt as if I were standing before an open furnace door. However, I opened my eyes and saw a green traffic light turn red and gave thanks that my vision had been spared. Also I could now smell my burned hair and flesh and knew my lungs and nasal passages were not injured.

He Feared the Worst

While skilled hands at the hospital gave me first-aid in the emergency-room, I began to fear the worst about the seriousness of my burns. I pictured a man whose face was so badly burned that he had to wear a mask in public.

Since Josie and I had been married only four months, I thought of her having to live with a badly scarred person the rest of her life. Then into my mind came the quieting words, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, *I will fear no evil for Thou art with me.*" God was speaking directly to my need through His scriptures and I was grateful that I knew this powerful Bible verse.

Josie was in Connecticut with her sister-in-law, closing mother's house, when my company phoned the bad news to her. My accident occurred four days after my mother's funeral, whose death had been a sudden shock to us all. And Josie, who was in the process of overcoming a heart condition, had become overfatigued under the strain and this second shock was too much for her. She had a heart attack and had to be put to bed.

So here we were—she disabled in bed in Connecticut and I bandaged and bewildered in the hospital! Then she decided that this

was no way for a Christian wife to behave in a crisis. With the loving aid of my aunt and sister-in-law she was able to pack her bag that afternoon and take the train to the hospital.

When she entered my room she found me covered by a sheet, head and all! This was done to hide the extent of my burns and the many frightening bandages. She had seen a burned victim of an explosion years before who did not live through the day, and here was the unknown facing her—and the sheet only heightening her active imagination. But the Lord showed her right then and there something we never want to forget—how to make her imagination an ally instead of an enemy! By faith in the power of God to do the "impossible" and by an act of the will she made a choice, as she looked at that sheet. She chose to believe that with God all was well with me, and then she put her imagination to work on the positive side, using it constructively instead of destructively. She began to ignore the whole incident and picture me as I would be soon—perfectly healed in spite of everything that appeared to go counter to such a belief.

She Clasped His Feet

As she came forward to pray with me, she suddenly realized we could not join hands, as we so often had done at home, kneeling to pray

together each morning. But she knew my feet were not burned so she took hold of them and prayed a quiet prayer of thanksgiving that my life was spared, and for the loving care given me by my company and the hospital. I prayed with her from under the sheet, also giving thanks and asking for the Heavenly Father's help in my need.

Then something began to happen! A great peace came upon us. Fears and tensions seemed to melt away. We did not realize then how perfectly we had claimed Jesus' promise in MATTHEW 18:19 when He said, "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, *it shall be done for them* of my Father which is in heaven."

I believe as I look back that my healing was clinched at that moment!

Doctor Seemed Surprised

A short time later the doctor met Josie in the hall and said, "What on earth did you do to your husband? He is a different person since you came. He has relaxed completely and lost his fear and this is so important for good circulation, which is needed in healing a burn." Then he told her reluctantly that grafting was indicated and that I would be in the hospital about two months.

Right at the beginning Josie dis-

covered, quite by accident it seemed, a very powerful method of prayer. In her suitcase she had brought several pictures of me, taken when I was young, well, and happy—with perfect skin. These she put on her dresser, saying as she looked at them, "Lord, I believe this is the way Tom's face will look again soon, for this is the way you see him now under the burns."

The second day when she was allowed to see me without the sheet the sight was almost too much for anyone and the man who came with her turned white and looked away. I demanded a mirror from my nurse; I must know the worst and not fool myself. It was a hard moment for us all when I looked in the mirror. However, Josie was soon back at her pictures, replacing the negative image with the positive one and holding to the image of perfection. Agnes Sanford often tells this story to illustrate the necessity of seeing the patient whole, rather than sick.

By now Josie and I were praying together twice a day, not only for ourselves but for the doctors, nurses, and other patients in the hospital, especially the burned cases. We gave thanks for my progress, which as yet could not be seen. This is praying by faith. "Faith is the evidence of things not seen."

In a few days, groups of doctors began to visit me for observation. They were puzzled and amazed at the speed of my recovery. It was as if they were watching a moving picture of my healing with the projector running at an unexplainable speed.

In nine or ten days my burns were perfectly healed and my recovery exceeded Josie's faith that I would have skin like that in my pictures, for I did not get the skin of a young man but that of a young *baby*—smooth, firm, and pink. I was dismissed from the hospital in fifteen days but in the last few days I was there I was allowed to visit sick patients who needed encouragement.

So instead of remaining in the hospital for two months for graftings, I walked out of the door that wonderful day the end of May with a new kind of faith in God and a grateful heart. But that was not the end. If it had been I would not be sharing this experience with you. For from that day to this I have been telling people about the Great Physician who cares deeply about our every need—the needs of our bodies, as well as our souls. We have since seen many healings in answer to our prayers and it is with great thankfulness that I hereby testify to the great mercy and healing power of my Lord Jesus Christ.

☪ In quiet reverence they kneel at the altar and find life changed for them.

Miracles at Old St. Stephen's

Gertrude D. McKelvey

MIRACLES are happening every day in the midst of busy downtown Philadelphia. The place is massive, dignified St. Stephen's Episcopal church, just off the spot where the crowded ways of Tenth and Market streets cross.

While other city churches hereabouts are worn down in their losing struggle for existence, old St. Stephen's vibrates with more life than it has known during many of its 127 years of service.

Thousands of people from the suburbs as well as downtown areas, from all classes and social strata, from many callings and none, stream into the beautiful cathedral-like church to attend the healing services at 12:30 and 5:30 o'clock Thursday afternoons. In quiet reverence they kneel at the altar to find life changed for them. Many claim they have found complete healing of many types of physical, emotional, and spiritual distress.

Correspondence with people from all over the country is an increasing problem to the rector and his staff. Letters asking confirmation and information concerning rumors about St. Stephen's, requests for prayers, and glowing letters of

gratitude from those helped, make up the bulk of the mail.

It was the seeking of so many frightened, lonely, frustrated people for peace of mind, body, and soul that sent the present rector, Rev. Alfred W. Price, to his knees in earnest prayer for God's sustaining power and guidance in a task that was becoming too much for even his six-foot-four frame and great heart.

Eight years ago he left a flourishing suburban church in Brooklyn to answer the call of St. Stephen's, which had reached a low point in its long history. His first move was to open the church doors wide. On Sundays, on Holy days, and all other days throughout the week, a huge sidewalk sign invited all who would to come, enter, and find peace. Besides, he went about the nearby streets, mingling with the people and telling them about the church.

The attendance gradually increased. Timid souls, weary and distressed, sought the study of this big, kindly minister, to unload upon him the burdens which they could no longer carry.

"So many came that I realized I could no longer handle the job

From *The Christian Advocate*, July 20, 1950.

alone," he remembers. "I had trouble sleeping nights, for fear one man and his family, including a sick mother, would be thrown out of their home in the morning. Or, I wondered if a woman from the Main Line would learn that her hospital reports showed a malignancy.

"Then, too, I had to be able to separate the sincere seekers from those who only wanted to relieve their minds and spirits periodically, while they kept right on their dissipated way in an endeavor to escape life's problems."

One day there came to Dr. Price's study desk a small pamphlet on spiritual therapy. It was no new subject to him. He knew that the Church of England sanctioned its use all over Britain. In this country he knew such men as John Gaynor Banks and Glenn Clark, who were already working miracles in changed lives through this kind of ministry of healing. And he was sure that the persons who flocked to his study were sick in mind, body, or soul—some in all three. Here would be a chance for these seekers to help themselves.

Once convinced that herein lay his ministry, Dr. Price began at once what he called the "Laying-on-of-Hands" service. It is a simple, dignified, and most impressive service, as I have seen it. There is nothing of the sensational about it.

First comes a sermon based strictly on the New Testament. Then the minister takes his place at the altar, turning his back upon the people while he seeks dedication with the following prayer:

"O Lord, take my mind and think through it. Take my heart and set it on fire with love. Take these hands and through them bring to these, thy suffering children, the fullness of thy healing power. Amen."

Following this prayer those sick of heart, mind, and body make their way to the altar. Some hobble with canes. Some who are too weak to come alone are helped by friends. Others come perfectly able to walk, but every movement of their bodies tells plainly of defeat in their souls. Many faces are harassed or sad. Some few who have been there before smile confidently with expectation.

An awe-inspiring silence pervades the church, and one seems to sense the Unseen Presence hovering over these waiting souls as this tall, priestly man of God places his hands upon the heads of two people bowed before him and prays quietly:

"May the mercy of God and the love of our Lord Jesus Christ and the power of his Holy Spirit, which are here now, enter your soul, your mind, and your body for healing. Amen."

When all have received the lay-

ing-on-of-hands, they rise together to return to the pews as others make their way to fill the altar again.

But how they leave that altar is indeed the miracle. The hobbling old lady may come away carrying her cane on her arm, as she slowly makes her way down the aisle, smiling. An overtired executive, a moment before dejected, may return erect with new determination in every stride. Faces glow with some newly-found hope and, although some are not immediately healed, there is the glorious hope that complete recovery will come. The healing is God's work.

Typical of the letters of testimony that flood Dr. Price's desk is this one:

"Before I leave for my home in Watertown, Mass., I want to tell you of the marvelous cure that happened to me at the altar of your church.

"I came to Philadelphia to inspect the records of the branch office of the concern which employed me. I was staying at the _____ hotel and contracted a fungus growth on my right leg. It grew steadily worse and my leg from the ankle to the knee was a mass of running sores. Gangrene set in and the doctor despaired of saving it. It looked like a sure amputation.

"Alone in the city and panic stricken, I happened to see the sign

in front of your church calling attention to the Healing service. I was on my way at the time to Jefferson hospital where the doctor had engaged a room for me. It was close to 5:30 p.m. and I entered St. Stephen's church. I listened to your address on healing. Your words seemed to reach my inner consciousness and led me to come forward in faith with the others to receive the laying on of hands. I cannot describe the feeling that came over me. I seemed to receive immediate healing.

"I walked away without the help of my cane. I continued my journey to the hospital and the next morning when the bandages were removed the surgeon noted with amazement the improved condition. In two days I was discharged as completely cured.

"I have been a lifelong member of the Episcopal church but I have never known about this work of spiritual healing until by chance I came into your church."

Obviously those who attend this service are not seeking another health cult, but rather look for an opportunity to grasp the true purpose of the Incarnation, "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly."

The manual act of the laying on of hands is explained by Dr. Price thus: "The laying on of hands is a symbolic act signifying the will-

ingness of Christ to heal the human body by his indwelling Spirit, and so fit it for life's duties and service. It is a sacramental ministration, making this purpose effective by the faith of those taking part in it. The important thing is the prayer of faith; the ministration assists a person's faith so that he may be healed."

Frequently, Dr. Price is called upon to lecture to university classes and seminar groups on the spiritual therapy for which his church has become well known. Doctors from nearby hospitals send hopeless psychomatic cases without hesitation. Many doctors attend themselves, or with their patients who have received complete recovery at St. Stephen's. Although doctors are many times baffled by spiritual therapy, they are not unsympathetic and agree that both doctors and clergy have much exploring to do in this area where they can serve together.

Dr. Price explains it thus: "Spiritual healing, we are convinced, is based on solid foundation of the Holy Scriptures, sound science, psychology, and common sense. The basic principle on which we operate is that man is a unit of body, mind, and spirit. Any malady that affects one part of that unity affects the whole."

He predicts a world-wide revival of successful faith healing. "The ministry of healing is something that can and should be practiced by all members of the clergy. Spiritual leaders and medical leaders should work in closer cooperation," he says.

Charles Steinmetz, the electrical wizard, once said that "the greatest discoveries of the twentieth century will come in the realm of the spirit." Could it be that in the holy sanctuary of old St. Stephen's church, so rich in heritage, some of these discoveries have already been made?



God Falls with Love

Edna Hull Miller

Great love that floods a trusting heart
And makes it good and whole
Can never leave that heart the same
Though sorrow takes its toll;
A love that's crushed to silence lends
Dimensions to the soul.

☪ We will be pleasing Him because we are turning to Him.

Do You Have a Prayer Box?

Helen McCrocklin

DID you ever write a letter to Jesus? Try it sometime. It is a precious experience.

I know you are thinking, "What would I do with such a letter—burn it?" Yes, eventually, but it won't be just one letter, it will be a box full of them. Do you have a Prayer Box where you can literally drop the desires of your heart—and leave them—knowing with perfect certainty that no one but the Father will ever see them? Seal your little box leaving only a tiny slot at the tip in which you can drop your notes and place it out of reach of seeking young hands.

I know a Bible Study Group who have a Prayer Box, that is brought to every meeting. No one ever knows these requests except the one who writes the letter and the Lord. The Prayer Box is guarded with tender care and each member knows its sanctity. Sanctification means set apart for God, and this Prayer Box is certainly a living example. When the Prayer Box is full, or whenever the keeper leaves the home for any length of time, it is burned and another made in its place. Very special prayers are made for all the requests in the box whenever the

group meets. They have no idea what they are praying for but each member has perfect confidence that their Father knows and will answer these prayers in His way and in His time.

I think it would be a Heavenly idea if every family who loves the Lord could have a Prayer Box. There the family could gather together daily and place in their midst all of their burdens, problems, concerns, petty peeves, and desires, have a prayer of joy and thanksgiving, and then *leave* free of the cares of that day. Isn't this the lesson Jesus tried to give us? Didn't He try to teach us that the Father wanted to give us the desires of our heart? That we should not be concerned about anything—not even our food or clothing? What better way can we start to learn how to STAND on these promises than by writing to Him whenever a problem confronts us, by dropping it from our hand into the Hand of God, and then leaving it with Him.

My Prayer Box has taught me many things. First, I soon found that I could not begin to remember all the concerns of my heart. At first it bothered me, but when the prayers began to return answered I realized why God had been un-

able to answer my prayers before. . . . I was unable to forget! My memory was too good.

A Prayer Box teaches you to pray in an entirely new and different way. You can look at that full box of prayers without anxiety. You can look at the box full of requests with thanksgiving. You can look at the box full of prayers by looking to Him instead of your problem because you know He knows and it is not necessary for you to remember.

The other afternoon while I was ironing—you know that can be such a dull pastime—I just brought out my Prayer Box and placed it right in front of me. For the next two or three hours I surrounded that little box with love. For one thing it kept my mind off ME and put it on God. It kept my mind busy and out of petty worries. It filled me with the Holy Spirit and the lines in my face soon turned my countenance into a shining

light rather than one of distaste, which happens so often when ironing must be done.

Each day when you have your meditation let it be over your Prayer Box. Pray for every member of every household in your little box. It won't be long before there will be requests in your Prayer Box for others outside of your family. You will soon be praying for the business associates of your husband, and believe it or not there will be many enemies of the whole family in the Prayer Box, not because you put them there to pray for them, but because they were your concern at one time, and before you know it you are going to be praying for them as you would a friend. Isn't that what Jesus wanted?

But the greatest thing of all is that we will be making our Lord happy. We will be pleasing Him because we are turning to Him.



1. The Lord is my Physician and Saviour; I shall not worry.
2. He maketh me to lie down in peace; He leadeth me by the light of His love.
3. He restoreth my heart; He leadeth me in the paths of faith for His name sake.
4. Yea, though I am required to walk on the brink of death, I will not fear, for He is within me, His presence and love they comfort me.
5. He furnishes all my needs and makes friends of mine enemies; He heaps blessings upon me; even more than I deserve.
6. Surely His goodness and love shall follow me all the days of my life; and then I will dwell with Him forever.

—Herbert L. Brooks

☪ "God, I thank thee," are magic words.

Four Powerful Words

Pamela Dawn

"GOD, I THANK THEE, ARE MAGIC WORDS," came lilt-ing to me over the radio one morning several months ago. I had dialed to a broadcast, then proceeded with the mundane "K.P." duties before me. I felt sort of dull. Several sordid material problems swirled through my mind as my hands swished suds in the dish pan. Therefore, I was not particularly attentive when the program began. But I did come to attention when this phrase rang in my ears: "GOD, I THANK THEE" ARE MAGIC WORDS!

I hardly dared move—or breath. I did not want to miss another word!

"Giving thanks to God releases the God power within yourself!" Soapy water drizzled from my stilled fingers. Something deep within was "tuning in" with the message. It was meant for *me*. How I needed it! Those magic words, "God, I Thank Thee," will solve YOUR (my) problems! "GIVE THANKS instead of worrying!" et cetera.

These statements danced around in my mind inspiringly while sundry worries tried to "cut in." A loved one had had a major opera-

tion. Although his semi-recovery was pronounced miraculous, it had seemed to drain both our spirits—and our bank account! Personally I felt so tired—so weary—I wondered if I could ever feel rested again.

"What UN-Godlike thoughts!" I spat out.

"Thanks is all the payment that God asks, but payment is just as necessary in dealing with God as it is in an exchange of material values in an earthly business transaction," the announcer had expounded.

"GOD - I - THANK - THEE!" I said again and again. Those magic words lifted my spirits unbelievably. It was music to my ears—and my weary body!

Then my conscious mind jeered, "Thankful for what?" almost as petulantly as a spoiled child.

True we were grateful to be alive, to be able to keep on keeping on in spite of diet and other restrictions of my loved one. But somehow there was an empty ache flowing underneath the current of each day's activities.

I wondered, "Will things ever again return to normal for us? Why even our 'air castles' have seemingly crashed to smithereens!

"No, no, NO! I mustn't get off

on that tangent again," I whispered. So hurriedly I said, "GOD I THANK THEE, I THANK THEE, I THANK THEE!"

But Satan put in another "two bits worth" with: "Where is the new car and the wonderful trips you folks had planned on after retirement?"

I gulped hard. Salty tears squelched the dainty soap bubbles in the dish pan as I dwelt momentarily on the many treats and joyous living which seemed to have been swept away with one fell swoop.

Nevertheless, in spite of those negative mental inhibitions, that "something" in my very soul (which had tuned in utterly with the radio message but a few minutes previous) was on the job and pulled me back to: "GOD, I THANK THEE" and "Thanks is all the payment that God asks!"

Those words were truly God-sent to me this particular morning. They switched me into a far different channel of thinking, praying and living from that day on, although I did not realize how much they were to change things for the better until several months later.

What a relief! I had strained my mind and body trying to call God's attention to our needs as I hopped from ailments to finances or unhappiness. I had become so involved with such a pressing list

of "musts" that there had never been much room for a "thank-you God" at the bottom!

But now as I learned the simplicity of praying through use of the four magic words, "GOD, I THANK THEE!" they opened up a new vista of expression within—a wonderful one. For I was being switched on to the "THANK-YOU-LIST" and taken off the "GIMME LIST!"

It wasn't easy as it may sound, to turn about face; TO STOP DIRECTING THE FATHER as to what and where I needed His help most. We both needed so many things—clothes—dinette rug—a vacation far from city noises—and on and on. . . .

So when each of these great yawning wants came before me I resolutely repeated "GOD, I THANK THEE."

When I felt blue or discouraged over affairs I tried to persist in either thinking or saying those powerful words until the mood changed.

Ere long I began to realize that when directed towards God "thanks" LIFTS US UP and carries us out of our difficulties and our humdrum situations. Giving thanks to God helps us to free ourselves from bondage to our present experiences. And giving thanks is one of the best ways to *make room* for the blessings we desire.

During my years of metaphysical study I had read and heard repeated time and again "that we should give thanks and be grateful." But I somehow had interpreted it to mean that we should give thanks AFTER our prayers were answered; AFTER the material or spiritual blessing for which we asked had been given us!

Suddenly my mouth turned up in a wry little quirk as I recalled the particular etiquette adhered to during three decades as secretary in the business world. In those days whenever I had occasion to write any individual or organization requesting a favor, I NEVER FAILED to close those communications by "Thanking them *in advance* for their courtesy (or favor)" or similar wording.

"Then why have I been so impolite to God?" I asked myself. "Why have I waited until my prayers are answered to say 'thank you' to Him?"

This article would not be complete without mention of a *few* of the unexpected blessings received since I began to pray: "GOD, I THANK THEE!" My loved one got a plane trip with strength and health enough to enjoy it! A lovely silky-sheen red

coat, rich looking handbags and *plenty* of lush web-like nylon hosiery and some beautiful gloves came my way. In addition, I was given the most joyous and restful vacation up in the Giant Sequoias of California. Where every breath of pine scented air soothed; gazing at the stars amid those towering sentinels of God gave new strength, and drifting off to peaceful sleep to the serenade of the wild birds seemed to heal! In the warm sunshine I sat and gandered at God's wonders, or trekked over paths deeply carpeted with pine needles, until petty worries and griefs grew so small and unimportant. And I returned home, calmer in body and richer in Spirit.

These past few months have taught me that "GOD, I THANK THEE" are not only magic words, but they are POWERFUL words, also.

Try them, friends. Reverse the usual order of three hundred and sixty-four days of "Give me!" and one day of "Thank you!" (Thanksgiving Day).

For I have proved beyond a doubt that "all things work together for good to them that THANK GOD!"



Because men have not fortified justice, they justify force.—*Pascal*

You cannot shut out the witness of God.—*Corbett Bishop*

The Pool of Blue Water

Helen E. Boyce

ONCE upon a time there was a little girl who lived with her parents in a village at the foot of a high mountain. There was a legend in the village that on the top of the mountain there was a pool of blue water and that if any little girl would but wash her face in the water of that pool she would become the most beautiful woman in all the world. Many had tried to reach the pool, but no one had ever succeeded and no one would ever give the reason why she had failed.

Maria was a very wilful and determined little girl. She was sure that she could find the pool on the top of the mountain and for months she talked of little else. She longed with all her heart to be beautiful and she begged her mother for permission to go. Finally her mother consented, thinking that when Maria became tired she would come home and forget her silly dream.

Early one morning Maria set out on her search for the pool of blue water. She hurried at first, but when she began to climb she was forced to go slower and slower. Just when she was so tired that she thought she would have to give up, she came to a high gate across her path. She tried to open it, but

it would not open. She tried to climb over it, but it was too tall. She shook it very hard, but that did no good either. Just then she saw a funny little man sitting on a big stone near by. She called to him (not too politely, I fear) to open the gate for her. He did not move, but shook his head sadly saying that there was only one way to open the gate and if she would come a little closer, he would tell her how it could be done.

He told her that, if she would go home and not come back until she had lived one whole day without once looking or acting cross or irritable, the gate would open very easily for her. She looked cross and irritable right then, but she knew she would never get the gate open that way and, since she still wanted very much to be beautiful, she started back to her home in the valley. She told her mother about her experience, but she told no one else. Her mother helped her, and finally, after many weeks, she went through an entire day without once looking or acting the least bit cross or irritable. Then she was ready to start up the mountain again.

This time she found the gate wide open and she hurried through in high spirits. After a while she saw another gate, higher than the

first, across her path. She tried very hard to find the latch that would open it, but she could not. Just then she saw the little man again and asked him (politely this time) if he would open the gate for her. Again he told her that there was only one way to open it. She would have to go home and live one whole week without saying one cross or irritable word. Of course, she still must not look or act cross either. Would she ever find the pool of water! She was very careful not to look irritable then and she remembered just in time not to say the irritable word that was on her lips, but she was thinking some very impatient thoughts as she started for home once more.

Again she told her mother of her experience and again her mother promised to help her as much as she could. It was almost two years before Maria could truthfully say that she had lived a whole week without looking cross and without saying one irritable word. Then she was ready to start up the mountain again.

This time she found both gates wide open, but the little man was no where about. Very few had walked this path before. There were weeds and stones to scramble over and the thorny bushes along the path pricked and scratched her as she passed by. She grew very tired. Just then she saw another

gate, a very tall one. This time she did not even try to open it, but looked at once for the little man who always seemed to know the right answer. There he was. She really was discouraged when he told her that there was still something more for her to do. The only way for her to open this gate was to live one whole month without frowning, without saying one cross word, and without *thinking one unkind thought*. A whole month without thinking one cross thought!

This time, she did not look the least bit irritated and she did not say anything cross either, but she could not help thinking that this was the hardest thing she had ever been asked to do. She wondered if she should just give up and forget about being beautiful. Her mother thought she ought to try it for a few days just to see how it would go. Controlling her thinking was not easy, but it was sort of fun, so she kept trying. It was many years before she could say that she had lived a whole month without looking cross, without speaking one irritable word, and without thinking one unkind thought.

By this time Maria was a very happy and much loved young woman. Her desire to be beautiful was gone, but she still wanted to find the pool of water and she wanted very much to see the funny little man again; so, she made

ready to start up the mountain once more. All the gates were wide open and she fairly flew to the top. There was the pool—more beautiful than she had ever dreamed it would be. She fell to her knees beside it, thanking God for its beauty and for the peace within her own heart.

She heard a sound and, looking up, she saw a young prince smiling down at her. She arose and ran to him, for she knew at once that he

was in reality the little man who had been directing her all these years. With his arm about her, he led her back to the pool and bade her kneel again saying, "Look at your reflection before you touch the water." Bending low, she gazed at her face mirrored there and her heart was filled with joy as she realized that the peace and love that were hers had already made her the most beautiful woman in all the world.

❖ ❖ ❖

My Father's World

R. A. Hungerford

Outside my upper window I watch my cherry tree
From swelling buds to blossoms of rarest artistry.
My cherry tree looks dead as dead can be;
Not a leaf or sign of life that I can see.
Leisurely waiting, expectantly,
For springtime life and ecstasy.
The Father who dwelleth in me,
He doeth the works in my old cherry tree.

From the Prophecy of Enoch

"A city is but the outer hull, or garment, of the faith which dwells within. Its palaces and walls that stand up nobly in the air and seem so tough and durable are blown into these shapes by the spirit which inhabits—blows like a bubble, and will subside again when the spirit is withdrawn. And what is true of cities is true of kingdoms. For a cycle of years they keep their faith, and this faith holds them steady against the winds. But when they cease to believe only a little while, the high roofs take rain, and the walls sink to the moat. There was once a city whose walls were destroyed by music blown against them, but the walls of every city are raised up by music, and are held foursquare in the sun by a *people's secret singing*.

"The palace built by a king without a faith will not endure—but there are palaces not built by hands, and those cannot be torn down by the hands of kings."—*From the book of Enoch of the Pseudepigrapha.*

—Submitted by G. H. Stowe

☾ We would do well to take our songs aloft with our wings.

On Wings of Song

Ralph Royden Dawson

N EAR the end of that darkest hour before the dawn a robin began to sing; at first sleepily and in brief trills, then swelling rapidly in volume and melody. Soon his cousin, the thrush, blended his beautiful contralto with the robin's high tenor. Then the catbird, having no song of his own, but possessing the ability to repeat any song it hears, began to mimic both the robin and the thrush, indeed almost to outdo them. The song sparrow joined in with his superlative version and presently these and their relatives had the anthem ringing in a perfect pean of praise and thanksgiving.

By the time the first golden glints of the sun appeared other noted songsters, such as the wren and the oriole had come in with their obligatos and the song had reached a crescendo that threatened to burst several hundred throats. The blue jay, not much of a singer, did what he could with his shrill cry, and, high in the sky, the crow added his "caw." Surprisingly, their parts blended with the song of the others, so that in the whole rendition there was no discordant note.

The man, in bed a few feet from the cherry tree cathedral, had awakened with the trilling of the

first robin, and now laughed aloud at the joy and exultation he was hearing. He sobered when he thought suddenly how the human race would be awakening to the same dawn; the comparison favored the birds.

The words of this grand chorus were so clear that the translation into English could be only "Awake! Sing and give thanks!" And this *before* breakfast, too.

A few moments later no bird sound was to be heard, so the man went to the window to see what had become of them. The glorious sun was now warming the earth, stimulating into activity the many forms of bird food and giving light that the bountiful supply might be seen. As the man suspected, there were the birds, all kinds and sizes and colors, busily eating their breakfast in harmony and accord, much as the human family might later be doing, even down to mother occasionally giving Junior a peck to remind him to eat from his own plate and mind his manners.

As the man went about preparing for his own busy day, he pondered some facts the birds had demonstrated so dramatically. Outstanding were the following:

The birds were aware of the

vibrations of the new dawn before it broke across the horizon or was even hinted in the skies;

The birds gave praise and thanks for their supply *before* it had appeared, and with no doubt that it would appear when needed;

The man realized that of God's creatures the birds and man share the ability to send forth praise (another name for prayer) and thanksgiving by the beautiful medium of song;

Man has learned from the bird to lift himself on high through the air, thus sharing earth and sky with his feathered friend.

One lovely afternoon a pianist played a secular love song and to the human ear the music was very beautiful. Later, another person began to play the piano. This time there wafted through the opened windows the strains of the familiar

Morning Hymn—*Laudes Domini*.

Before one stanza was finished came sound above that of the piano.

Out on the lawn were the birds by the score, singing with all their might. When the music stopped the birds took to the wing. Just as the man had responded to their song, so had they returned to the vibrations of praise in his music, then had flown on to spread a new chorus to man.

We, like they, having power of song and wing, would do well in this time to take our songs aloft with our wings, both spiritually and literally, and bombard the whole earth with vibrations capable of blessing wherever and whomever they touch, perfectly assured that such ammunition will return laden with vastly increased glory and power and blessing to the source from which it emanates.



God, the Governor of Our Labors

Mrs. Edna Hull Miller

Lord, at times I feel a slave

In all I do—

Yet poise returns if I will pause

To speak with you.

☞ There is no greater joy, than being a benediction to someone who knows nothing about it.

What My Left Hand Doeth

Mrs. William S. Samuel

ARE you too busy caring for children, a home or an invalid to rush about town doing good in big and wonderful ways? If so, you might like to share my prayer-project. No one ever knows I've prayed and I seldom see the exact results of these prayers. Yet I know a tremendous joy and closeness to the Father because I can pray for some unknown brother or sister.

When the fire sirens cry and whistles hoot, I pray. When an ambulance screams through the night, I pray. When a child lifts its voice in anger or in distress, I pray. When an animal moans in pain, I pray.

Sometimes I can get very quiet and see the power of Love entering into everyone near or concerned. Other times I can only flash a quick little signal to God and dry my dishes more joyously, seeing Him also wiping—wiping away pain and fear. Frequently I just continue a conversation with a friend while a separate little part of my mind, known only to God, communes lovingly with Him. But, whatever I am doing, I pray.

If it is a fire, I bless everyone in and near the blaze and all who have

an interest in the property. Coming close to the Source of love, I try to send love to everyone from the fireman to the man or woman standing on the sidelines.

When the police wagon shrieks demanding through the streets, my love goes out to the men on it and to the poor soul they seek, alike. I ask God's protective love for those who walk or ride in the path of the car and for anyone concerned with their mission.

How much has been changed by the power of this love? I don't know; I'll never know. But I do know there has been no major crime nor tragic-ending fire in the year we have lived in this heavily built up industrial suburb. If the love I sent out just once served to let God into any situation—to heal, to protect or to change—I am grateful.

The night the huge factory here caught fire, our town was blanketed with dark smoke. The sky was crimson, engines careened in from nearby cities. That evening I grabbed my husband and, for the first time, shared my prayer-project.

It was a wonderful experience as two united together in prayer.

We sent Love into the firemen, the night-shift workers, the passers-by and then watched the glow dim in the night and the smoke begin to clear. To the best of my knowledge no one was hurt and no serious damage done.

Because we prayed? We'll never know—and that's the most wonderful thing about this prayer-project. Our "left hand" doeth in secret what our right hand does not know of.

Every sound of pain is a project for prayer. Our neighborhood has become more peaceful since I gave up dreams of converting the world and settled down to prayerfully loving mankind.

Our own children respond so well to love and prayer I wanted to shout the Way to all parents. A child screamed or little ones fought and I longed to pin down mothers and fathers—forcibly if necessary.

"Look," I wanted to preach, "just you get very quiet, remember God loves them more than you do. Then you love them and see God loving them—shining happily in them. They'll grow lovely and loving under your eyes!"

I couldn't do that and much of the world would have laughed had I tried. But I could love them myself! How had I been so blind? I could see God in them myself! And now the children and, yes, the dogs

and cats of our street have become my love-charges, too.

Are there sounds of anger, cries of pain? Quickly I send God's love into the unknown child and take him to the Father, confident of His tremendous love. Very soon peace returns. Beautiful notes of joy and love replace the unlovely and unloving cries.

A little dog yipes from somewhere and my heart lurches, lest he be hurt in busy traffic or by some thoughtless passer-by. But no longer does my imagination torture me with pictures of pain and horror. Now I just love him; take him to God and ask Him to send His great healing love into that animal and into all the people about him. Very soon—so very soon—the sounds of anguish cease.

I never know exactly what situation I project love into and I seldom see with my earthly eyes the miracles love has wrought. But the dishes I'm washing go faster and gleam brighter—and my own heart finds more of God's great love pouring through it. I feel at one with the Father who sends His rain upon the just and the unjust as I send blessings upon all conditions of men.

There is no greater joy than being a benediction to someone who knows nothing about it. So I share this simple project with those who

may also be too busy at home to go about doing the big services to humanity.

I know my life has become richer since what my left hand doeth in secret transformed my hours at

home into neighborhood spiritual service. And I have the deep confidence that love, sent freely to others, cannot fail somehow to bring a little more peace and happiness to a sick and sad mankind.

Limiting God

Viola Merritt Lyle

THERE is an old story of a poor widow who came to a prophet long ago in dire distress. "What shall I do?" she cried. "My husband was a good man but he was in debt when he died, and now his creditor is coming to take my two sons to be his slaves."

"What can I do for you?" the man asked. "Tell me what you have in your house."

"Nothing"—her tone was desperate. "I am poor. I have nothing but a flask of olive oil." The prophet smiled cheerily.

"Go, borrow vessels here and there from all your neighbors, empty vessels, get plenty of them," he directed. "Then take your boys into the house with you, shut the door, and pour oil into all the vessels."

She did it. When the vessels were full, in happy excitement she

asked her son to bring her another. "They are all full, Mother," he answered with sparkling eyes. "There is not one left!"

Then the prophet Elisha told her to sell some of the oil to pay her debt, and use the rest to provide a living for herself and her children.

In this Old Testament story we see that it was the widow herself who set the limit of her blessing. Her faith determined the measure of God's gift to her, for when all the jars and pots she had supplied were brim-full and there was no place for more, only then did the rich amber stream cease to flow.

God's store is unbounded, there is no limit to his love. If we do not claim the gifts he has for us it is because we do not dare "expect too much" from him. The only limits to his marvellous grace are the all too narrow boundaries we determine for it by our own weak faith.

Great occasions do not make heroes or cowards; they simply unveil them to the eyes of men.—Canon Westcott

ATTRACT OTHERS BY LIVING IT

"Return to thine own house, and shew how great things God hath done unto thee."—Luke 8:39.

STRANGE as it may seem, the spiritual experience that has transformed your life may be the cause of irritation and anger to others if you do not handle it wisely. If you had a great experience over the summer months you naturally want to talk about it, but be careful. Do not talk about it continually the way some people jump in with the story of their operation whenever the conversation lags. Your experience can become just as tiresome to others as the same old operation lived and relived over and over again. And, above all, do not appoint yourself as the spiritual leader of your church and criticize whatever is already being done.

Someone told me about distributing Frank Laubach's leaflet, "Dear Church Member" (it asks the congregation to pray for the minister during the service), in the pews without the minister's consent. He was considerably irritated by it—wondered why others thought he needed prayer, etc. A prior explanation and his consent would have prevented the difficulty.

Some people have been known to return to their church and claim it is not "spiritual enough," or that the minister does not go "far enough." If ministers need anything it is love and understanding, and certainly not this sort of thing.

Others will see what you have found in the way you talk, in the way you meet disappointment, in the contentment you have, in the deep running joy and happiness you show, in the trust in your eyes, in the quality of your voice, in the smile on your lips and in your willingness to be helpful. As iron filings are attracted to a magnet, they will be attracted to you, and then what you have to say will be accepted.

Ask for God's guidance before you do or say anything, and if you see what you are doing is creating division and opposition you should accept that as His guidance to go easy. Do everyone a favor by vowing to live it (that is, show it in your life) before you preach it.

Read: *Everyman's Goal*, Rebecca Beard. \$2.50.

GIVING CONTINUAL THANKS

"Thou hast turned for me my mourning into dancing; thou hast put off my sackcloth, and girded me with gladness; to the end that my glory may sing praise to thee, and not be silent. O Lord my God, I will give thanks unto thee for ever."—Psalm 30:11-12.

IF THE writer of this psalm could say this about God, never having known Jesus, how ought we to feel who are in love with Jesus? The giving of continual thanks to the Father for his revelation through Jesus Christ is something that ought to make us so glad and happy that thanksgiving should come naturally, bubbling from our lips like water breaking over rocks in a swift stream. Get into the habit of thanking God for everything.

Only as I give thanks continually to my Father do I demonstrate in my living that I realize the greatness of His love and power in my life. We have had enough of solemn Christianity, and so has the rest of the world. Jesus said, "Ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full." And again, "But your sorrow shall be turned into joy." Once more, "And ye now therefore have sorrow; but I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you." The world is tired of hearing about the goodness, the joy, the power of Christianity. What the world is yearning for is a sample, and the men and women are the only samples that are going to "cut the butter." Most people show more joy and give more thanks for their automobile than they do for the living Presence of Christ in their lives. Let's not talk so much about it and begin living it.

George McCausland writes a letter to God every morning. Those letters are filled with "Thanks." Think about Jesus and the Father continually, about how He has pieced together the segments of your life, about His protection, about His guidance, about His security, about His peace and promise—all these and more are cause for thanking him continually. Give thanks and smile about it.

You will find out that in the process of thanking God for everything (and you can thank Him for everything when you realize that wherever you are God is and that He will look out for you wherever you are and that to be in company with Him is all you can possibly ask for), you are opening your mind and your body and your spirit more to the inflow of His life in your life. Your life will run more smoothly. You will get more satisfaction out of life. Your business will run better. Your home will be more harmonious. You will be the sort of a person that others will want to be like. You will be your own best sermon. Get George McCausland's little book *Opening the*

Door for God and use a page a day as a technique for giving thanks to your Father. Watch your life change and your joy become full.

Read: *Opening the Door for God*, George McCausland. \$1.00.

THE MOST IMPORTANT THING

"If ye love me, keep my commandments. And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever."—John 14:15-16.

ARABBI went to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem and there saw a Moslem guard whose job it was to keep the Christians from fighting with each other. As he passed the supposed casket of Jesus he whispered, "Hail, brother, peace be unto you." He fled the church and later said, "You know, I had the feeling that Jesus fled with me." The things that have been done in the name of Jesus by Christians, from the slaughtering of Moslems during the Crusades to present day churches that condemn each other and assign each other to the shady regions, must make Him weep all over again.

After the resurrection, Jesus asked Peter only one question, and he asked it of him three times, "Peter, do you love me?" And, if we are in love with him, really in love with him, then the keeping of his commandments will naturally follow. There will be no duty about it, any more than there is a duty about doing something for the one you love on earth. You will do it because you want to do it. That makes it so simple and easy.

When we become upset, quarrelsome, angry, critical, unforgiving, it is God telling us in the only way that He can that we are off the target of giving all our love to Him and all our fundamental attention to Him. Our only job is to love Him and then to do what comes naturally in every situation.

If you want a job, He knows how to best fit the persons and the circumstances together so that you get it. The best way to hurry the process is to decide in your mind that He is your first responsibility, and ultimately your only responsibility. If you lack money, He, your Father, has all the money in the world, and He has promised to provide for you. If you need relaxation in order to sleep at night, He has the best technique for that anyone knows about—perfect trust in Him.

The loving of others, and the doing of our job in the world in the most efficient manner, will follow naturally after we get on the target of loving Him, and constantly practicing it.

Read: *Love the Greatest Thing in the World*, Henry Drummond. \$.75.

Books of Interest

Norman K. Elliott

EVERYMAN'S GOAL, *Rebecca Beard*. Merrybrook Press, \$2.50. 164 pages. This is a companion volume to Rebecca's earlier and superb, *Everyman's Search*. She gives the material and the purpose of the two books as follows: "Everyman's search is a search for God. Everyman's goal is the expanded consciousness which should come through that search." When the present volume came to the office I started to glance through it, intending to really read it when I had more time. The best recommendation I can give of the book is that I did not lay the book down, except to eat supper, until it was finished. It is as good, it is as practical, and it is as uplifting and deeply spiritual as her earlier best-seller, *Everyman's Search*. Her delightful merging of the scientific, due to her medical background and common sense, blends into a book I would urge everyone to buy. Some of the chapters are "The Expanding Consciousness," "Peter Look Down," "Healing," "The Psyche," "The Rhythm of Life," "On Human Suffering," "Science or Magic," "Tumors and Cancers," "Hypertension," "Emotional Maturity," and "Group Therapy." I predict as great a sale, if not a greater one, for the new book as for the earlier one.

WHEN SORROW COMES, *Grace Perkins Oursler and April Armstrong*. Doubleday, \$2.00. 155 pages. This is as helpful, as inspiring and as practical a book for those who have had a death in the family as I have ever read. One of its strongest appeals is the wealth of material, in story and direct advice, on how one can overcome the sorrow of bereavement. There is good, down to earth, advice on how to prepare for death—selecting a burial estate, preparation of the will, etc. All this is to make the event easier on those left behind. There are stories of people who overcame sorrow by—adopting a father whom you will entertain on your deceased father's birthday, taking flowers to a veteran's home instead of to a grave, working for or donating to research on the disease

that took the loved one, the Big Brother Organization, and a host of other good ideas. This is a good book to read in preparation for a coming death, and it ought to be required reading for those who cannot seem to overcome their sorrow.

FIFTY YEARS WITH THE GOLDEN RULE, *J. C. Penney*. Harper, \$2.75. 245 pages. This is a book you will enjoy yourself, and it is one you will want to give to anyone in business. I suppose there is a certain reluctance about reading of a man who became a millionaire, and who claims to be religious and that religion helped him immeasurably. Maybe we expect to hear the same old "bromides" that God is "on my side," etc. If that is the reason why you have not read this autobiography of J. C. Penney, forget about it and be prepared for as interesting and as candid a personal audit as you have ever read. He admits that he has worked his employees hard, but never any harder than he worked himself. And, running through the catalogue of his business growth, you will find an inspiring and honest description of his spiritual growth. This story of a farm boy from Hamilton, Missouri, who became founder of the great dry goods chain, and a millionaire to boot, makes reading of absorbing interest whether or not you agree with his methods.

FAITH IS POWER FOR YOU, *Daniel A. Poling*. Greenberg, \$2.50. 224 pages. This is one of the most genuinely satisfying and moving books I have ever read. Not many Christians are as internationally known as the present editor of *Christian Herald*, international president of The Christian Endeavor, special ambassador of the president during the past world war, etc. Few men have been called upon to head more organizations and give his time and comfort to more worthy causes. Sometimes people wonder just what kind of a man it is who enjoys such demand. Well, in this book he opens his soul to you and tells you simply and compellingly what it is that makes him "tick." Prayer is the

greatest force and reality in Daniel Poling's life—communion with God through his Lord Jesus Christ. The title could almost be changed to "Prayer Is Power for You." Healing through prayer has been a factor in his life which he admits with frankness. His account of his son, Clark, who went down as one of the four chaplains on the S.S. *Dorchester*, is as tender an account of a father and his son as you will ever read. Whether or not you agree with everything that Daniel Poling has done, this much I do know, when you have finished this book you will turn to it again and again when you feel the need of a strong faith. It is just an uncommonly good book, the sort that comes along too seldom.

GOD'S REACH, Glenn Clark. Macal-ester, \$2.50. In *A Man's Reach*, his autobiography, Glenn Clark tells of his own reaching out and up to God and what that life meant to him and to others. In this volume, he stands back, as it were, and ponders over all the things he has learned during a lifetime and all the experiences he has had and sees the pattern of God manifesting Himself everywhere—in everything. He sees this and then he sees more, for he has a vision of what living can be like if we will but cooperate with God, our Father. The book is divided into four main parts. Part I is "Seek First the Kingdom of Heaven," and here, using the three dimensions we commonly use as a springboard, he probes into what is called

the mysteries of God's 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th dimensions. Part II is "The Pattern on the Mount" and here he gives what he has discovered to be the great spiritual laws of the universe and how we can cooperate with them. In Part III he applies these discoveries to such subjects as Health, Friends, Guidance, Inspiration, etc. The last part is "Adventuring in Higher Dimensions" and here he gives what is probably the deeps of his own personal belief. These four chapters are "Beneath Activity Lies Stillness," "Beneath Confusion Lies Perfect Pattern," "Beyond Time Lies Eternity," and "Beyond This Life Is Life Everlasting." Anyone will find in this book enough spiritual fact and suggestive material to last a lifetime.

OPENING THE DOOR TO JESUS, G. V. McCausland. Privately printed, \$1.00. In the introduction Glenn Clark says, "George McCausland has a gift of lifting folks out of trouble and perplexity by three sentences and a picture, backed up by Faith the size of a mountain, and Love as unlimited as the sea. And beyond it all is Christ." This book is really a remarkable collection of spiritual prescriptions, one to a page with a drawing, which, if followed, cannot help but improve your spiritual health. I find that each page can be used as your major spiritual suggestion for the day, to hold in your mind for that day and to practice it. A good help for practicing the Presence.



"If God can plant the rivers in lines of rippling silver, and can cover His valley floors in carpets of softest green, tacked down with lovely daisies and laughing daffodils; . . . If He can send a Niagara thundering on a mighty and majestic minstrelsy from century to century; . . . If He can fuel and re-fuel the red-throated furnace of a million suns to blaze His universe with light. . . . If on the lovely looms of Heaven, He can weave the delicate tapestry of a rainbow . . . and across the black bosom of night bind a glittering girdle spangled with ten thousand stellar jewels. . . . Then I do not doubt His power to make us holy, and keep us holy, and ultimately give us an order of life in which 'righteousness shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea.'"—*Selected*

☪ Joy to Him was a strengthening song of the spirit within.

The Joy of the Religion of Jesus

Winfred Rhoades

THE denial of joy and play and lightheartedness—that denial which has too often been the impression given by those who have stood in the world for the religion of Jesus—was not the way of the Master himself. We speak of him as a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, and that was true of him; but it should also be considered that at the very heart of his religion was a deep inner joy.

He took delight in the play and dancing of children, in flowers and birds and mountains and seas, in feasting that did not degrade those who indulged in it, in observing a poor widow's love of God and willing sacrifice because of it, in an act of spontaneous and generous devotion to himself. He put much of his teaching in the form of delightful stories. He provided picnic feasts for the crowds that flocked after him out into the hills. He rejoiced in friendship, and made himself the friend of all kinds of people, both respectable and not respectable, both poor and rich, in so far as they would accept him as a friend.

Despite all his own sufferings he never spoke of this world as a "vale of tears," as has so often been done by those who have assumed to teach in his name. He never told his fol-

lowers to leave the world and spend their lives in retirement in order that they might live religiously. He sent his disciples out into the country byways and the city highways to heal the sick, and cleanse the lepers, and help people to get free from the evil spirits that were in one way or another making their lives unhappy, and in other ways to increase joy in men's hearts.

As his disciples had received freely a new idea of the joy that absolute confidence in God can give, so were they to give freely and bounteously of gladness wherever they went. They were to be messengers of joy. They were to be agents and exemplars of the spirit of love, and love is the greatest creator of joy. They were not to let themselves develop feelings of enmity or hate toward any. They were to love even their enemies, and to do good even to those who used them badly.

To live in such fashion is to help toward the creation of joy in the world even where it does not seem to be deserved. The message that Jesus proclaimed was intended to bring about such an elevation of the thoughts and feelings and habits of the people as would enable them to live in joy all the while.

But notice one thing. "Not as the

world giveth, give I unto you," Jesus said. It was not momentary exhilaration due to some momentary pleasure that he meant by joy. He was not blind to the fact that in the world there is sure to be tribulation. But at the same time he understood that there are depths in the human heart in which fundamental and sustaining joy can dwell even in the midst of tribulation. And that it was in which he wanted the people to choose to live. Joy to him was a strengthening song of the spirit within.

His own life was not one that contained a great deal of pleasure, as the world looks upon pleasure. It was joy that sustained him, not pleasure. That joy came from his thought of God. That joy was the satisfaction of knowing that he had allied himself with the Power of goodness and salvation in the universe; that he himself was doing in the world the work of the Eternal Father; that he was living for the Truth and teaching it in the world; that he was giving Light to all who would absorb and practice his teachings; that he was giving to all who would sincerely follow him truer hopes, deeper comfort, more of the real strength of life than they had had before.

You say that his talk about birds and flowers and taking no thought about "What shall we eat?" or "Wherewithal shall we be cloth-

ed?" belongs to the early part of his ministry, when he was full of hope and before he had begun to experience the tragedy of life? Even in his last hours before the crucifixion, in the midst of opposition and hostility and frustration and struggle and disappointment, he talked to the disciples about not letting their hearts be troubled, and about having his joy fulfilled in themselves. The joy he meant was the joy of doing God's work. It was the joy of confidence in God, confidence that for those who live in union with God all must be well at last.

Joy, abiding inner joy, should be the chosen habit of those who take the religion of Jesus to heart. That is obviously something more profound and more real than what is meant by joy in common speech. It is the satisfaction of knowing that your life is wrapped up in that Life which is the power of goodness and salvation in the universe; it is the joy of having for your soul's companion the Spirit that dwelt in the greatest and loveliest personality the earth has ever known; it is the conviction that wherever Jesus Christ is to be found, either here or hereafter, you are safe with him; it is the joy of the desire to be made perfect even if it must be through suffering, as was the case with Jesus himself. "Rejoice, and be exceeding glad

even when men shall reproach you and persecute you for my sake," he said to those whom he invited to serve God in fulness; for that would be a sign that their witness was really having an effect in the world.

After you pass beyond the Gospels the rest of the New Testament rings with the note of joy in this profounder sense. The hearts of Paul and Silas were so filled with joy that they sang hymns to God even when they were in prison and at midnight. Psalms and hymns and spiritual songs were to be characteristic of the Christian life. Followers of "the way" were to rejoice in the very thought of the Savior Christ. They were to "rejoice in hope of the glory of God." One of the fruits of the indwelling Spirit was joy; and the word stands second in the list that Paul gives. Even when they met with temptation that who followed the Christian way were to count it all joy; for by gaining victory over temptation they would make progress to that perfection which is the goal of human life. The living hope that they carried around with them was to fill them with joy unspeakable and full of glory. They were to recognize themselves as in the exalted position of being God's fellow workers for the right outcome of

their own lives and for the good of the world.

Life is hard. It can be distressfully hard. It is an experience of struggle from beginning to end. It is full of uncertainties. But it is to be lived nevertheless in the spirit of joy. That joy is the result of a confidence in God which lifts up the mind and heart and soul from the temporal point of view into the eternal point of view.

It is therefore the business of the follower of the religion of Jesus to carry about with him a special luminousness that makes him distinct from other folk. Each one of us should say to himself: "The impression that the religion of Jesus makes on the people with whom I associate and those with whom I have business dealings depends on me. I will show confidence in God and in life, and manifest a living inner joy in consequence."

These are dark days through which we are living. The drama that is being played out in the world is a tragedy. Play and lightheartedness can be overdone. We must not let ourselves live superficially. But in the depth of our being there can still be joy. It is the joy of resting in God quietly and confidently, while you use yourself as his fellow worker for the saving of the world to the best of your ability materially, and above all spiritually.

☐ We sensed the graciousness of the Master's outstretched hands.

An Unforgettable Experience

Rose M. Chappellear

IN DAYS of unrest and tension it is good to recall beautiful experiences and to share them with others. I'm thinking of a summer evening in Laguna Beach, California. Perhaps you have visited this beauty spot or have come to know its hills, trees, canyons and coast line through the canvases of famous artists, for Laguna Beach has been an art center ever since it was founded.

Each summer an interesting and unique project is presented here, known as "The Festival of Arts and Pageant of the Masters."

At first this pageant was given in a grove of stately eucalyptus trees but became so popular that this setting was out-grown and a modern bowl built near the mouth of Laguna Canyon.

Here, within a mammoth frame, famous masterpieces of painting and sculpture are posed by children and adults. These living pictures are the result of intensive research and infinite care in the reproduction of colors and materials and their portrayals are both authentic and realistic.

One evening Nature added a touch which, because of its beauty and exact timing, made this a never-to-be-forgotten experience.

An orchestra set the mood for each picture and, as the masterpieces came to life, each succeeding one seemed lovelier than the one before.

There was no mist or fog that night and the Laguna Hills were sketched against the sky by a golden light which grew brighter and brighter with the passing minutes.

The finale was Leonardo da Vinci's "The Last Supper"; the music a familiar vocal setting of The Lord's Prayer.

The curtains parted and at that exact moment the full moon, as if in benediction, appeared from behind the dark Laguna Hills.

A sigh, almost like a prayer, swept through the audience. Only the distant roar of the ocean broke the silence. It seemed that we, too, were a part of the group around the table. We sensed the graciousness of the Master's outstretched hands and His words, spoken so long ago, echoed in our ears. "Peace I leave with you—my peace I give unto you."

As the heavy curtains drew together, we realized that we had been participants in an UNFORGETTABLE EXPERIENCE.

☐ If you are not satisfied perhaps you are not satisfying the five hungers of your heart.

Five Hungers of the Heart

Elizabeth Searle Lamb

THE heart of every man hungers for certain fundamental "foods," essentials for a balanced pattern of living. (1) Man must have bread; (2) but he must also have a rose. He cannot exist as a parasite on another's work; (3) he must have potter's clay of his own to mold. He is not content with a (4) satisfactory relationship with his fellow men, important as that may be; there is also within him (5) a deep searching hunger only met by a realization and acknowledgment of a close relationship with God. The gnawing pains of hunger on body or soul follow lack of any one of these five essentials—frustration, unhappiness, emotional stress, even mental or physical ailments are the result of such malnutrition.

Every man and woman wants, and needs, a certain measure of material goods depending on his circumstances and society. For one it may be bread three times a day and a car and radio; for another a hut with a thatched roof and a fertile cornfield satisfies the same desire. Shelter, clothes, food—these things we all need.

There is also a basic need for beauty in whatever circumstances we live. The banker's house is decorated by an interior decorator,

but the Costa Rican farmer derives the same satisfaction from his own gaily painted ox-cart. The society matron wears her pearls with no more joy than the Mexican girl wears a rose in her hair. Fortunate is he who early learns the joy of seeing beauty wherever he is, for beauty has no dollar sign before it!

Every man needs a job to do. He needs to create and accomplish. Poor little rich boy—that is no idle phrase, for he is truly poor who has not the necessity and drive for doing a job. So, too, the physically handicapped worker when given a chance has proved to be a superlative worker, because of the very necessity to overcome his handicap. There is a type of work fitted to every person, a work he can do well and from which he can get great satisfaction—whether it is a spectacular job like acting in front of a movie camera or growing superlative tomatoes or keeping a perfect set of accountant's books. A job well done brings a much greater reward than the mere pay check.

Added to these needs is the need for getting along with other people. No one can live all by himself. From babyhood on one is in a changing social circle—the child and his parents, his playmates, his

teachers; a man and his wife, his children, his boss, his co-workers; the elderly man or woman with the scale of social contacts sliding back to grandchildren or great-grandchildren. One must learn to give and take in all social activity. There must be tolerance and unselfishness and love. The best rule of thumb is still "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you," a rule so easy to prove!

Even if these hungers are all fed, the remaining one can make a man tense, dissatisfied, frustrated. For man, made in the image and after the likeness of God, must acknowledge his Sonship and must have communion with his Father. Through prayer comes spiritual de-

velopment and this development is the only real security a man can ever know, leading him to lasting achievement in every area of his life and a deep sense of peace and fulfillment.

If your own life is not all you desire perhaps you are not feeding the five hungers of your life. Find the lack; list the steps you can take to fill it. Above all pray for the solutions to your problems. Pray for guidance in satisfying every hunger. Pray for the inspiration to make of your life a lasting achievement, filled with an abundance of material possessions, beauty, a creative job, mutually satisfying personal relationship, and a close inner communion with God.



Father, whose life is within me, and whose love is ever about me, grant that Thy life may be manifest this day in my life, as, with gladness of heart, without haste or confusion of thought, I go about my daily tasks, conscious of ability to meet every rightful demand, seeing the larger meaning of little things, and finding beauty everywhere. In the sense of Thy presence, may I move through the hours, breathing the atmosphere of love and seeking by love rather than by anxious striving to quicken and bless the lives of others. Knowing that I am a fellow worker together with Thee, may I live above everything that tends to depress or discourage, and finally come to that assurance of faith, which is the victory that overcometh the world. And now I would enter into that secret place of Thy presence, that, hidden in Thee, my soul be refreshed with a sense of Thy sheltering care and all my energies quickened into newness of life.—*Marcia Dane.*

Have you ever met a person who was proud of his modesty?

☐ Is your church providing for these people who are ready to serve the Christian community?

The Post Kollege Klub

Fred W. Bishop

ON every hand we find Protestants talking about inter-faith movements and activities. At Columbus, Ohio, in January, the Interdenominational Congress for Home Missions made a searching study of the task of the Protestant Church in modern American society. One of the specific recommendations made was: "Christians should seek the experience of fellowship across racial and cultural lines, and no person should be denied local membership or office because of race, sex or nationality."

It is indeed heart-warming to discover that The Post Kollege Klub of Evanston, Illinois, is putting this very thing into operation with an organization for unmarried adults of "beyond-college" age, which has its headquarters at the First Methodist Church of Evanston.

The three-fold aim of the PKK is social, inspirational and educational. Although not an official part of the First Methodist Church, it has been privileged to use the many fine facilities of its patron church since 1928. In that year, the late Doctor Ernest F. Tittle gave advice and encouragement to a handful of young Methodists who

believed that such a club would be a fine thing for business and professional people who had finished their formal schooling, and had not married. The PKK is deeply grateful to Doctor Tittle who lived to see this unusual organization grow to some forty times its original nuclear group. Through the medium of an annual benefit concert the Klub presents several hundred dollars each year to Newberry Avenue Center (the principal Home Missions institution of First Church, Evanston).

Oddly enough, few of our city churches provide any definite social or educational activity programs for their own unmarried adults in the twenty-two through thirty-five year age group. Obviously these single people cannot join the so-called "Mr. and Mrs. Clubs," nor can they fit into the college and university fellowship groups. Secular organizations such as the Lawson Y.M.C.A. of Chicago do provide leisure-time programs for single people in this same age group; but within the realm of the Christian Church, the Post Kollege Klub is in all probability the only completely non-sectarian organization in the Middle West.

A recent analysis of PKK membership files revealed surprising figures on religious backgrounds and preferences of members. Here are the percentages: Methodist 29, Presbyterian 17, Roman Catholic 10, Episcopal 6, Lutheran and Christian Scientist, each 4, Congregational, Baptist and Evangelical, each 3, Greek Orthodox and Unitarian, each 2 per cent. The remaining 17 per cent was unspecified.

In an average winter month the club calendar offers at least eleven separate activities. With the exception of the regular monthly orchestra dance in the church recreation hall, the other week night "get-togethers" take place at homes of members. Bridge games are enjoyed twice monthly while the Drama Group and the Discussion Forum meet once a month. Recently the Social Service chairman introduced the worthwhile venture of having a group visit the charity ward of the Cook County Hospital in Chicago.

During the four summer months a special committee organizes such healthful informal outings as bicycle trips, hikes and picnics. Every year "PKKers" look forward in June to their week-end outing at Druce Lake, located forty-five miles from Evanston. On the final Sunday morning of this annual camping trip an early service of worship is conducted by club mem-

bers in the silence and beauty of the surrounding woods.

Bowling is enjoyed every other Sunday night after the program at the church has concluded. On the alternate Sunday evenings, after the supper period, members adjourn to First Church's beautiful Chapel where worship is conducted by a member who has chosen a theme and worked out a presentation based on his own life experience.

An average of 150 young people attend the regular Sunday night programs which always begin at six o'clock in the social parlor of the Church. After the candle-lit meal, the announcements, and community singing have been enjoyed, the speaker of the evening is introduced. PKK is proud of the high-level of speaking talent it procures. These men and women are drawn from University faculties, social and governmental agencies, the professions, and ministers of the Christian Faith. Here are some of the topics presented at the PKK Sunday programs since last October: General MacArthur and Democracy in Japan, The Church and the Juvenile Delinquent, Christmas Spirit Around the World, It's Your United Nations, and, Brotherhood—A Way of Living.

The current president of this forward-looking organization is

Stanley Rutherford and when interviewed recently he had this to say: "We endeavor with many recreational facets and serious-minded programs, to provide for a growing group in our society—

young single adults of post-college age. Look about your own community. Is your church providing for these people who are ready to serve the Christian community?"



Aspiration

Derek Neville

As the rain is to the thirsty earth,
Softening the dry hard clod,
Drawing the hidden flowers to birth
With the radiance of God,
So I may learn to nourish the seed
That waits in the heart of a friend in need.

As the river is to the ocean wide
When it flows to the waiting sea,
Giving itself to a future tide
That otherwise could not be,
So may I feed, in the world's wide ways,
A tide of good for the future days.

As the bird is to the evening calm
With a sudden melodious song,
Touching the listener's heart with balm
And making the weak heart strong,
So may I speak that my words may sound
Like the voice of Heaven to those around.

For the dew of the soul has the power of rain
When it falls on the deserts of man;
The tide of blessing flows back again
To the place where it all began;
And in every heart there's a song so sweet
That only the singer can make complete.

☐ We must get in line with His will and follow His way of Love.

Get In Line

Anonymous

RECENTLY I attended the formal opening of a new and modern bank building in west Texas. Newspaper and radio announcements had promised gardenias, ice cream and cake to all who came and thousands enjoyed these favors. But I received neither flower nor refreshments. Why? Did the announcements lie?

The Bible is full of promises of God's gifts freely given to all who will come to the wedding feast of His Son. Promises of health, happiness, supply of material needs, answers to prayer, Holy Spirit. And "whosoever will" may come. Yet millions of professing Christians never receive these promised gifts. Why? Is God's Word untrue? Many wonder.

At the bank opening I found a long line of men and women on the sidewalk waiting to get in. As each registered in a guest book they were handed a gardenia. Disliking lines, I by-passed the register and walked in to inspect the beautiful building.

In the basement recreation room I found another line waiting to be served ice cream and cup cakes. Since I had just eaten lunch, I again by-passed the line and continued my individual way through the building. Could anyone blame

the bank officials for my failure to receive their promised favors?

God's gifts are not for the mere asking, as some suppose. James points out that some do not receive because they "ask amiss."

To avail ourselves of God's promised favors, we must "get in line" with His will and have our name written in the Lamb's Book of Life. This requires patience, discipline and sometimes irksome restraint.

Jesus told of the guest at the marriage feast who was tossed out because he refused to put on the prescribed wedding garment. Many of us lack spiritual power because we refuse to pay its price: *prayer, purity and obedience.*

Every promise in God's Word is true and is available to each of His children. We can have salvation, health, the supply of every need, prayers answered, happiness, the Holy Spirit, life forever—on His terms, not ours. We must align ourselves with His will and obey His commands.

We can have peace in our homes, peace between labor and management, peace between races, and peace between nations, whenever we are willing to get in line with His will and follow His Way of Love.

☐ God's wonderful promises constitute the Promised Land for the Christian.

The Christian's "Promised Land"

"Every place that the sole of your foot shall tread upon, that have I given unto you."—Joshua 1:3

WHEN Joshua led the Israelites across the Jordan, God gave them as much of the Promised Land as they had the courage and the faith to walk into and appropriate for their own. He did not give them what they wished for, or asked for, but what they took by faith in His promise.

In the gold rush days of the West, the gold miner did not receive a deed to the plot of land he wanted or first found, but to that spot which he "staked out" as his own.

The wonderful promises in God's Word constitute the Promised Land for the Christian. Many wishful, timid souls never enter this glorious happy place. It is given to those brave few who boldly enter, *stand on* the promises, and appropriate them as their own.

Many wistful ones today, like many of the Israelites, merely "window shop" at God's storehouse. Ten of the spies sent to inspect the Promised Land reported it to be a land flowing with milk and honey and brought back a specimen of its fruits, *but*, they said, the giants and the cities were

too strong for them. Thinking they could not take the land, they perished in the desert.

Millions today see and wish for the joy and power and peace, the health and happiness and Holy Spirit, which are advertised in God's Word and displayed in Jesus, the Disciples, and in Glenn Clark, E. Stanley Jones, Agnes Sanford, and many others. But they sigh and say, "How nice these things would be, but, of course, they are out of my reach, they are not for me." And they live and die in spiritual deserts.

What was the difference between Joshua and Caleb, and the other ten spies? What was the difference between these modern dwellers in the Promised Land, and we who gaze wistfully at them through the windows of our doubt?

Merely this: Caleb and Joshua and their modern counterparts saw the same things the others saw, wanted them as the others did, *but dared to walk into* the land and *take* the good things offered, *standing on the promises of God*, by appropriating faith.

God's Word is an ever full and

everlasting storehouse. Every promise in it lies waiting for the day when some believing soul will come boldly to the Owner of the Store, claim the promise as his own, and take it home with him.

Health is there, and joy and peace; power and happiness and the Holy Spirit. Each has your

name on it, and each has been paid for by the Son.

Prayer and desire will not deliver them. But when you come boldly to claim them, by faith in His promises, they are yours.

"According to your faith be it unto you."

—*Just a Donkey.*



It's Time To Pray

Frank C. Laubach

WE ALL know that there are states of mind which we ought not to entertain. It is one thing to know this, but another thing to get rid of these states of mind. We know at least some of the harm they do, but they keep going round and round in the mind and no effort can shake them off. Worst of all they are likely to bore into the subconscious and fester there. So people need a technique for getting rid of the thoughts which bedevil their minds. The one technique which is good for every such state is to pray until it is turned from bitter to sweet.

When anything is wrong, it's time to pray.

If angry, pray for the object of that anger.

When you want to scold, pray until you love.

When you are anxious, pray.

When you feel deep resentment, pray, and pray until it melts away.

When in despair, pray until God replies.

When tired, pray.

When trying to think, listen to God.

When full of joy, thank God.

When in pain, tell God.

When lonesome, pray,

For the risen Lord is ever with you.

When falling asleep, pray about anything that enters the mind.

When unable to sleep, be thankful for the time to pray.

When awaking, before getting out of bed, begin to pray.

When reading, pray for the persons named, pray for light.

When walking, pray. Each object is God talking.

Briefly—*pray without ceasing.*

☐ "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you."

Prayers Are Answered

Doris Williamson

SHARING actual results of prayer groups helps to instill in others the desire to form such groups of their own. It is for this purpose that we desire to share with others some of our outstanding results.

We have named our Cell "Love's Laboratory." Each member has grown tremendously, and many healings both in body and affairs have resulted. After six months, we have learned to be constant in prayer, letting ourselves "be" in the Universal flow, guided and directed by God in all we do.

Prayers are answered, and our prayer for the moment, is that whoever may read these actual "cases" may also be inspired to try it, prove it, and see the results come forth into their own lives.

Leukemia Cured

Our teen-aged member (Bobbie) presented us with our first "incurable" case—Leukemia. A young lad to whom Bobbie had been writing was confined to the hospital, when she received a letter that his days were numbered.

As we joined and fused ourselves into oneness, we actually felt God using our mouths and minds for this boy. Harmonizing,

balancing, and redeeming LOVE was offered to him, and several members actually felt him opening his mind and body to the healing balm of God's love. This feeling being evident, we gave the whole matter over to the Father, and left it there with Him.

A week later, Bobbie received another letter. Something had happened! The white cells were still multiplying as fast as ever, but something was eating them as fast as they multiplied! The doctors were puzzled as this particular thing had never happened before.

In a short time, this boy was back in college, and the last letter informed Bobbie that he is completely healed, and engaged to be married this fall.

It Couldn't Happen But It Did

Herb brought the name of Willard for prayer. He didn't tell us the trouble, so prayer was given under divine guidance. Only one prayer was given aloud, but each member tuned in unison to that prayer.

The following week, we were given the details *plus* the results of prayer.

Willard had fallen from a 35 foot scaffolding. Bones were

crushed, and doctors diagnosed internal injuries. His wife was away, and a telegram was sent to her stating that Willard was critically injured, and not expected to live. Imagine her surprise when she stepped off the train a couple of days later, to find Willard there to meet her! A few bruises were the only telltales of the fall.

With God, all things ARE possible!

To Paul, It Was a Miracle

Paul's story covers quite a period of time, as his was a step by step process, and instruction had to be given to him through correspondence as well as prayer.

A letter from Paul was forwarded to me because the person to whom it was sent was too busy to carry on personal correspondence, and it was thought I might be able to give him a ray of hope.

Paul was a victim of World War One. All specialists who had examined him had given him the same sentence—"No hope." He was so "bad," as he puts it, he could not stand up, eat, sleep, or do much of anything but lie in bed and listen to the radio. He was allowed no visitors.

He had been in and out of hospitals since 1928, and now he just wanted the time to go quickly so that he might hurry the date of his passing. His writing took several hours to decipher.

The first letter I wrote to Paul was just a ray of hope. I simply told him that as long as he lived, there WAS hope for him. Later, I gave him a three-step program to work out, to take his mind off himself and start giving to others, at least in thought.

He was an eager "doer" and followed instruction implicitly. Life began to look differently to him. Even though nothing had yet occurred in the physical, the inner Paul was being reborn.

Soon he wrote that the Doctors now said there was "some hope" for him. The nurses were more agreeable, he could sleep, and could now assimilate his food.

In a few more weeks, he was up, visiting other patients in the hospital, and giving them new hope and courage. He even started a prayer group with some of the other patients. They became enthusiastic because here before them was a living testimony that prayer, understanding, and compassion had healing power. The entire hospital was revitalized.

Bear in mind, that prayer was constantly being given for Paul during this whole period, as well as the personal instruction.

Five months after receiving the first letter from Paul, he was released from the hospital, physically and mentally sound in all re-

spects. He is now working on a farm somewhere in the Midwest.

To Paul it was a miracle, but to us who are employed in "Love's Laboratory," it is the natural way of God's heaven on earth to those who will see.

Cancer Incurable?

Junie's grandfather asked us if we would pray for her. At eleven years of age, this dreaded disease had imbedded itself at the base of Junie's brain. An operation was performed, but upon seeing the condition, she had been sewed up and "given up" as well.

This information was given to us on Monday morning, so on Monday night she was given prompt attention, and a perfectly released prayer given for her. God was speaking through us that night, and though it was I who spoke the prayer, I could not remember one single word that I spoke.

A few days went by before the grandfather told us Junie was out of danger. We checked the time, and found that at the moment we were praying, Junie rallied and began to show improvement. Two weeks later she was back in school, and although the part of her brain that is supposed to control the locomotive balance is presumably eaten away, Junie is perfectly balanced. She runs, rides a bicycle, skates and moves in a perfectly normal way. She must have had some sort

of vision during the crisis, as she told her grandfather she knew that it was God who made her well.

Bankruptcy Averted

"Does prayer work in business?" one of our members asked.

A discussion followed, and although Lynn had the idea it was selfish, we convinced her that God wanted us to prosper as long as we used our substance in the proper way. So we decided to try the law of Magnetic Attraction in Lynn's business.

She was \$5,000 in debt, merchandise running low in her dress shop, and the family was dependent on her for support. The family atmosphere was none too pleasant, and there was a lack of cooperation all around. But Lynn is one who takes ideas and puts them to work immediately. We decided to put as much love into her store, family, and customers as we could. We filled even the merchandise with love. Each of us set a time to visit her store daily, in spirit, taking our love there and permeating the very atmosphere with it. Thus we started the flow of magnetic attraction to that store.

Lynn had an idea which would help other stores move their surplus stock, and soon they were bringing it to her to sell at reduced prices, and on a consignment basis, so that her store was

soon full of merchandise to sell.

In a few months, the debts were paid off, and enough extra on hand to invest in current fashions, and the family's living expenses taken out as well. The family became co-operative, and arguments dropped to a minimum.

An auditor was called in to make a yearly check on the financial status of the business, and to every one it seemed a miracle had happened, for they found a \$1,200 bank balance for which they could not account. Lynn claims it is as good a story as the parable of the Loaves and Fishes, and I am inclined to agree with her. Did not Jesus say, "What I do, You can do also"?

Prayer of Persistence

Sometimes the more you pray, the worse things seem to get. One is tempted to really say, "What is the use?" This is the time when "knocking prayer" is needed. Keep praying persistently and eventually debris accumulated over a long period of time will be washed away.

A family we knew for many years was in a destitute condition. Long before our prayer cell was formed, my husband and I had been praying and giving this family material needs we had to share. We did everything in our power to help them, but the more we tried, the worse the conditions became. We were very discouraged, but the inner voice kept telling us to go on.

Because the man in the family knew a little about God, we decided to ask him to be with our group. He was ill, out of work, and his children were always getting into one scrape after another. The mother was the saving grace of the family. Such patience, I have never seen. She did her very best, but it seemed nothing would help. We, the prayer group, held him and his family in prayer daily. Finally, one day I received a phone call, and this man said he thought he had "got on the beam." Anyhow, he was for the first time.

I suggested he try for a job. He said, "I'm too ill to work yet." I told him that if he did get work, the Father would give him the strength to do it.

So he tried. The first attempts were unsuccessful, but before long, he came to see me. He was shaven, hair combed, shoes shined, and he held his head high. I knew before he told me, that he had work. I thanked God right then that He had prompted us to continue prayer for this family. Needless to say, the entire family has followed suit, and the wayward children are now also employed. In fact, because of the distance to come to our group, they have started a group in their home, and are multiplying the goodness God bestowed upon them, and with wonderful results. "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you."

Today—Be Glad

Mate Graye Hunt

IT IS a challenge to be reminded by one who fought suffering and imminent death all his life that "There is no duty we so much under-rate as the duty of being happy." Robert Louis Stevenson cheerfully met each day with a courageous spirit facing the sunrise and with a prayer in his heart:

"The day returns and brings us the petty round of irritating concerns and duties. Help us to play the man; help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces; let cheerfulness abound with industry. Give us to go blithely on our business all this day, bring us to our resting beds weary and content and undishonored, and grant us in the end the gift of sleep. Amen."

In the sunny southland of these United States there lives an American poet of international reputation, Grace Noll Crowell, whose poems have sung their message of cheer around the globe:

*"The day will bring some lovely thing
I say it over each new dawn . . .*

* * *

*And so I rise and go to meet the day
With wings upon my feet."*

From her who many, long, weary years on end, never rose at all.

Psychologists assert that happiness is a mental set, little dependent on material circumstances. *Tomorrow* we tell ourselves we will be glad, cheerful, happy, but "Today is the tomorrow of yesterday" and what are we doing about it today? The old Chinese proverb reminds us: "Enjoy yourself, it is later than you think," and Thomas Dreier emphasized the same thought when he said, "If we are ever to enjoy life, now is the time—not tomorrow, nor next year. . . . Today should always be our most wonderful day."

Occasionally circumstances may whip us to an acknowledged defeat at the end of the day in spite of our high resolves and our best efforts. But tomorrow is another day and Susan Coolidge would have us know:

*Every day is a fresh beginning
Every morn is the world made new.*

Today is all that we have—yesterday with its mistakes and defeats, as well as its successes, is gone beyond recall. Tomorrow with its problems and decisions, as well as its opportunities, is a nebulous vision of uncertainty, but we do have today.

*This little strip of light
Twixt night and night
Let me keep bright . . .*

Today

*And if tomorrow shall be sad
Or never come at all. I've had
At least—Today. (Anon)*

The great Psalmist set a positive tone for his day—a tone calculated to defy the undermining, nagging influences of petty, irritating cares. From his comfortless bed beneath the stars, probably he arose in the

chill dawn and trudged his way to a nearby hill to witness the age-old miracle of the sun's climbing the eastern horizon. There with hands lifted high in reverent salutation he acknowledged his Lord and to the listening ear of the silence about him he proclaimed his vow:

*This is the day which the Lord
hath made:
we will rejoice and be glad in it.*
Psalms 118:24.



Peace at Eventide

Lulu Walton Quick

The day is filled with rush and din
And many cares, beside;
But over all our smiling land
There's peace at eventide.

The sun has sunk behind the hills,
The flowers their petals close,
The birds have sung their vesper song,
The dewdrops kiss the rose.

We gladly welcome hours of rest
Where joy and love abide,
And where our unity with God
Brings peace at eventide.

The years rush by on fleeting wings,
And life grows sweeter far,
Because we know, all doubt removed,
That we God's children are.

And when life's sunset comes to us
We'll follow still our guide,
To broader fields forever filled
With peace at eventide.

God and the Trees

Frieda D. Rutkowski

GOD is interested in every phase of our life. Every motion, every gesture can be guided by Him into fruitful and purposeful living—

“Nearer is He than breathing—
nearer than hands or feet—”

How glorious that knowledge—
how it should set us running—our
hearts singing—

* * *

Not so long ago the paving had been finished on a nearby street in the neighborhood where we live. At the end of the pavement was a large amphitheatre of dirt—if nothing further were done to it, the place would deteriorate into a dump.

* * *

In mind's eye I saw it the perfect setting for a wayside beauty spot. I pictured the place outlined with a row of evergreens—

How I'd love to undertake the planting. And a Voice inside me said, “Why not?”

(Beauty can often minister in place of words—)

I could finance the little project, if I used the money from our tithe—

I felt justified in spending fifteen dollars—the price of six six-foot hemlocks. I prayed about the matter and received the assurance to go on—

The nurseryman said he would deliver the trees on a Friday afternoon. I arranged with mother to watch the baby and was all set to take over with a spade—

Came the time and no nurseryman. Later his wife called and explained they had been short of help. Would the following morning be all right?

It was the busiest time of the week, but I said, “Yes.”

What a fine load of trees it was—the roots balled into huge bombs of burlap. I guess I hadn't counted on the enormous size of those roots. Anyhow, the whole thing had suddenly turned into a man-sized job. My husband would have helped, except that Saturday was his biggest day, too, as sports editor with all the local high schools' week-end games on his hands.

The nurseryman sensed the situation.

“Too bad I have more trees to deliver, or I'd give a hand,” he said.

He was unloading and I had started to dig. Suddenly I was aware of a well-dressed man standing nearby watching the proceedings—

“Pretty big job, isn't it?” he asked, approaching nearer. Then he wanted to know who I was and

where I lived. He seemed rather surprised that I had undertaken such a thing, especially since I didn't live on that street.

"Maybe I could help," he volunteered—

I looked at his immaculately pressed suit, his newly-shined shoes—

He went off and returned in a few minutes—

"Everything's arranged," he said. "I've engaged a gardener who will be here this afternoon—"

A professional gardener—whee! God certainly was running this project!

"And what's more," said the man, "I don't feel I've done enough." He opened his wallet and handed me a ten-dollar bill since I wouldn't tell him how much they had cost.

There would be gaping spaces between the trees.

"How about a little more shrub-

bery?" the man asked. Then turning to the nurseryman, who had slowed down with the unloading to watch this happy drama—

"What would you suggest?"

The nurseryman suggested red barberry which the man promptly ordered.

I think the nurseryman was getting a real thrill out of it, too, because before he left he reached in his truck and brought out a big chip basketful of apples and a gallon jug of cider—

"Here," he said, "this will keep the workers happy!"

Mr. Fairy Godfather turned out to be the owner of a nearby home, who resided in a neighboring town.

Talk about being used of God. I think we were all co-laborers of His that morning!

And then to touch the thing off the corner groceryman contributed five dollars for two more trees. And how lovely they look!

Symbolic

When God made the oyster, He guaranteed him absolute economic and social security. He built the oyster a house, a shell to protect him from other animals and other oysters. When hungry, the oyster opens up his shell and the food rushes in.

But when God made the eagle, what did He do? He said, "The blue sky is the limit. Get out and

build your own house." And the eagle goes out and builds his house on the highest mountain crag where danger and disaster threaten him every day. For food he flies through a thousand miles of rain, snow and over mountains.

But, it is the eagle, not the oyster which is the national emblem of our United States.

—*The Penguins*

☐ In obedience we also find beauty and true freedom.

Turn the Mind to God

Here, in this place, and at this moment, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left, nor looking back on the past of vain regrets, nor casting a wistful eye to the future, I concentrate upon God, and God only.

MOST of our sufferings are due to the fact that we look with regret upon the past, with sadness at the present, and wishfully and wistfully to the future, even if we do not fear it, instead of concentrating upon God the One Reality, Who is equal to every demand that we can make upon Him.

At this time there is hardly a home that is not affected by the war—death, injury, destruction, and other things far worse than these, are the common experiences of most of us. The mistake which we are liable to make is that we think of, and brood over, our hurts. We may overcome resentment; we may forgive those who have injured us or who have betrayed us; but in spite of this we grieve and sorrow. The effects of such grieving and sorrowing will be calamitous if they are allowed to continue, so something must be done about it.

There is only one remedy that I know of, and that is to turn the

mind from the hurt to God. It is easy to think of what has happened, and to look with apprehension to the future, or indulge in wishful and wistful thinking of the future (and these things are very harmful, of course), but it is not easy to turn the mind from these things to God. Yet it has to be done.

Let us try to do it together. Let us repeat together the words which are printed in indented italics at the head of this article, and try to realize that what they state is true.

Taking our mind off our hurts and sorrows, and switching our thoughts from what has happened to this present moment, let us say: "God and this present moment are all-sufficient. God is sufficient. God is all. At this moment God is all-sufficient. God is beyond time and space; and, in my true spiritual self, I too am beyond time and space. God is my all in all, *now*, and that is sufficient."

"I stand in the great forever,

And all things to me are divine.

I eat of the heavenly manna,

I drink of the heavenly wine."

I forget who wrote the above lines, but I do not think that they are meant to describe an exalted state of mystical consciousness such as only a few can reach, but

From Bosham House, Chichester, Sussex, England.

rather our present state *now*, if we will but enter into it.

This present moment, in which we recognize God only, is "the great forever." If we recognize God

only, every moment, then we live in the Eternal Now. We enter into timelessness, the seat of all power.

Also, it will prove to be the end of our sorrow and suffering.



Renewed Strength

Annis Ridings

Let me stay a little longer
Cuddled close to nature's breast,
That my spirit may grow stronger
In this solitude and rest.
Here the silence will enclose me
With the touch of the Divine,
Soothe me, heal me, help me be
Braver, truer, clean, and fine.
Then with heart and footsteps lighter,
Face aglow from faith and zeal,
I step toward a day that's brighter,
With my God so near and real.

Twilight Music

Edith Tatum

May I be ever peaceful and content
No matter what the years may hold,
Knowing that all the love my heart has spent
Is now my treasured gold.

I would keep the beauty and the gladness
That filled my early life's springtime,
And let no discordant fear nor sadness
Through the twilight music chime.

I would have my heart attuned to laughter
Even when the sun has set,
And keep my eyes upon the stars after
The day and night have met.

On Prayer Groups

By Ethel Dow

Be not wanting but have Joy that through Prayer we can operate with our Creator.

No matter how diverse we are in our religious thinking or our creeds, no matter what our heritage, we know there is a Power greater than ourselves that is ever present and longs to redeem us. Man's greatest natural urge is to get in touch with this Power.

Prayer is our deepest need. It is the movement of the Soul toward our Creator, and God takes that Prayer and sends it to its mark. Hour by hour, day by day we can surrender and be used as an instrument by Him, in our work and in our play.

My Prayer Partner and I are one through Love and understanding. In a group we are one through Love and expectancy. We know and see God making all things new—working everything together for the good of all. We choose which Kingdom we will work in by recognizing the Power in the Prayers of little children, the marvelous maturing ideas of youth, and the active participation of the college Prayer Groups. All of these groups are learning to pray at the camps and how to conduct Prayer Laboratories at home. In Camp each group leader had a praying partner in the group and the help was tremendous.

After the experience of a Camp Prayer Group we no longer beg or beseech a far away Supermundale Deity to hear and condescend to grant our request. We give thanks that we are conscious of His help and presence, that our minds are *attuned* and *ready* to receive from their Source the ideas that we need to motivate our life. We thank Him that when we are ready, we know that His Spirit will come within and use us as an instrument.

Great living results when we are

linked with Him. Recuperation comes through Prayer and listening. We thrill at this great tapestry of Prayer moving across our world today.

PRAYER GROUP BOOKLET APPRECIATION

We have had many thrilling letters of appreciation for the little booklet *Prayer Groups* by Norman Elliott.*

"Thank you so much for your letter and for the copy of *Prayer Groups*. Norman's little book is exactly what I need for some of our people who wish to get more prayer groups started and also for some of my minister friends with whom I have shared quite a bit this past year."

"Many thanks for your kind letter and the booklet *Prayer Groups*. It is going to be a great help in connection with the small group which is taking shape to meet in our Law Offices at one o'clock each day. Do you know of any similar group?"

"This week I thanked God for the new booklet. It will be welcomed by all who are interested in Prayer Groups."

"It suggests such a variety and convincing number of ways to conduct a group regardless of Race, Creed or Color or denomination."

FROM THE LETTERS

"Several prayer groups are being organized as a result of the Camp and there lies more power for the individual and for our great movement for more prayer. We know that it is God's work or it couldn't be so blessed."—*Missouri*

"At the request of our Executive Commission we started in our Church a silent prayer group with prayer and meditation. One half hour before our regular monthly meeting we go to the

*Distributed free by the United Prayer Tower, 1571 Grand Ave., St. Paul 5, Minn. This booklet is supported by freewill offerings to The United Prayer Tower.

altar and kneel and lift up ourselves in consecration for our tasks and ask for cleansing—all silently."—*South Dakota*

"Thank you so much for your fine letter. Your remarks about seeing God at work and your suggestions for our weekly meeting is just what I want to get us started here. Your dream for an always open prayer sanctuary is mine also."—*Maine*

"We have a second Prayer Group started now set at an hour when students and those employed during the day can attend and we can begin to see the preliminary stirrings and change in the individual. Glenn Harding was such a help in getting our men's group started. They are meeting every Monday morning over coffee, juice and rolls prepared by the men themselves. It is an interdenominational group. They will soon be ready to form several small groups."—*Indiana*

"The premier of Glenn Clark's book 'What Would Jesus Do?' brought a thrilling Christian Emphasis week to Topeka. Glenn Clark, Starr and Marie Daily, Ethel Dow, Roland and Marcia Brown, Rebecca and Wally Beard and Roberta Fletcher are bringing a new contagious faith to the people. Having caught something so new and vital many desired to continue both study and prayer laboratories.

"By word of mouth we meet together about twice a month, with a membership of about thirty-five as our average attendance. They come without any reminder now.

"We open with joyful, enthusiastic singing, which brings release and bathes

us all in an experience of the spirit.

"Following this we have a period of silent listening scripture sentences or Ethel Dow's invitation to the Holy Spirit. We have used for study Glenn Clark's course in Spiritual Healing, using mimeographed pages from each lesson so all could be applying the work at home, and closing with Glenn's meditation and prayer.

"Then we study Frank Laubach's 'Wake Up Or Blow Up.' This led to such an interest in the world picture that we are allowing fifteen minutes each time for a report on the hopeful facets of the working together for good.

"After our hour of study, the spirit of Alice Kraft takes over and we relax, stretch, sing and play for a few moments. Then we have an hour of Prayer. This is a sacred and precious time. We have seen *the impossible become Perfect Everything*. The leadership is shared and no one wants to take a vacation. It is significant that any who had not been to one of the Camps before, did attend for at least a part of a session. This sharing of leadership among both men and women has developed unsuspected abilities and we have seen God glorified suspected abilities and we have seen God Glorified through new avenues. This year we plan to make a study of Prayer."—*Kansas*

"I am a praying person. I want a better world and we are planning a prayer room. Some of us meet in Prayer each day."—*From the U. N.*

*I hold that He who from the clay
A Lily's springtime beauty brings.
Is building ever to the day
Of Peace and Right and better things.*
—E.N.D.

NEWS OF OUR EDITORS

GLENN CLARK

At the invitation of Bishop Raines of Indiana, Glenn Clark will speak at the 10th Annual School of the Prophets of Indiana Methodism from September 3rd through September 7th. This conference is held at Purdue University. As we go to press there are two other speaking dates scheduled. He will lead a retreat in Kansas City on November 23rd and 24th. Dr. Clark will also speak on October 15, 16 and 17 at Manchester College, North Manchester, Indiana.

Glenn Clark's new book will be published October 1st by Macalester Park Publishing Company. The title is *God's Reach*. This book is really the conclusions and interpretations he has learned from living with God and studying His handiwork in nature and in people during a lifetime. Many think it will be his most important book.

After an extremely busy summer, one that started in May, he is looking forward to spending time at home and at his office to do more writing and preparing for the next winter tour.

WINFRED RHOADES

Clear Horizons is a noble title for this magazine! The choosing of it was an inspiration. In making the voyage of life we need two things: we need clear vision with regard to our immediate environment, and we need clear horizons to advance to. Sometimes the horizon is very close, as when one is in a dense fog, sometimes it is as far off as the eye can strain itself to reach, but in either case we need to have it made plain to us. We are living in a time of confused horizons. One person is belligerent, another is pacifistic; one be-

lieves that fighting will save the world, another holds that it can be saved only by the radical practice of love. Differing points of view obtain in all the varied realms of life. Even in our religious beliefs and activities the horizons are confused. Our horizons need clarification. Writer or speaker—minister, teacher, lawyer, doctor, businessman—first of all we must seek for clarification of our personal horizons, and then we must try, in all we do, to help clarify the world's horizons. A week from today I shall be traveling to a hilltop from which I get far horizons. They help my thinking.

FRANK LAUBACH

The following is a part of Dr Frank Laubach's *Newsletter*:

"Dr. Seagrave, famous as the 'Burma Surgeon,' was in prison in Burma for several months, accused of assisting the rebels two years ago in their insurrection. He was found guilty on one count, but his time in jail awaiting trial had been so long that he was set free. No doubt the Burmese Government was feeling the pressure of sympathetic opinion for the Burma Surgeon, and yet could not call him innocent. Dr. Seagrave appealed for a retrial, and the supreme court will allow it.

"Probably this imprisonment and trial of Dr. Seagrave gave the rebellion in Burma far more world notoriety than it would otherwise have received. Few people abroad and perhaps even few people in Burma understand the meaning and the depth of the conflict between the eight million true Burmese and the two million tribal peoples. I should not like to undertake to explain it without a far more exhaustive in-

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quiry than I can make here. But that it is deep and serious nobody will deny. We are in an uneasy peace in Burma—but it is not worse than most of the world, which presents a disturbing picture.”

Dr. Laubach returns to the United States this month.

STARR DAILY

My best good news at the moment is that my friend and co-worker in the North Carolina prison program, Walter Anderson, has just been appointed Director of the whole prison system in that state. The importance of this on behalf of our rehabilitation plan is beyond imagination.

I'm slated to make three of the major addresses during the spiritual emphasis week in October at Topeka. Frank Laubach will lead off in the initial mass meeting. They've planned a vigorous daytime schedule for me, also. Apparently they intend to carry on from the push Glenn gave them last fall. Such spiritual emphasis weeks could well be established in other cities.

It's my intention to be at the Washington Prayer Group of men at New Year's time. The Philadelphia C.F.O. folks have invited me to be at their mid-winter retreat. Later I'll go to North Carolina to continue in the prison work, if present plans continue.



True Abundance

Lester Kroepel

RACHEL Lindsay, the poet, related that one night, tired and hungry, he stopped at a prosperous looking farmhouse and sought shelter for the night. He was without funds, but offered to pay for his lodgings by reciting some of his poems. But the housewife, caring not for poetry, replied: "I'm sorry, but we cannot keep you. You might try that small house across the field."

"You are welcome, sir," said the man across the field, "if you are

willing to put up with what we have." The furniture was scanty and worn, the furnishings threadbare and the food plain, though well cooked and tastefully served. But the warmth and kindness of the man's welcome, richly compensated for the meagerness of his material resources.

"That man," Lindsay remarked to a friend, "had nothing and gave me half of it, and we both had abundance."

☞ Excerpts from letters to the Prayer Tower.

Prayer Works!

"I want to acknowledge again my deep appreciation and most humble gratitude for your help and prayers. I have such satisfying assurance of God's controlling power that brought about this appointment."—*Tenn.*

"I received your letter and when I read it I had such a wonderful feeling of peace and joy, for I knew that and I were not strangers to you and that your love for her would make a definite contact with your complete love for the Father, and that He would answer our prayers. The operation is over and they found nothing, is resting and the doctors are very encouraging."—*Texas*

"Thank you so much for praying for me. My heart is so much better, I do praise God, from whom all blessings flow. God bless you all."—*California.*

"First I want to thank you for the prayers for my husband. The condition on his lung disappeared, only by your prayers, as the doctor said there was nothing that could be done about it as it was malignant. I know you will rejoice. I pray with you in faith and love."—*California*

"The moment I received my salary increase I knew I wanted my tithe to come to you dear friends. Use it in any way. Your work is so wonderful and so far-reaching in helpfulness, I wish it were many, many times more. Thank you again for all your kindness to me. May God continue to inspire and bless each one of you."—*Minnesota*

"Let me thank you with all my heart for your prayers for me, which have proved to be a great blessing. As soon as I mailed my request for your prayers I felt better. My healing has been remarkable. I thank you again for the affirmations and healing thoughts which came to me and which I have found such a comfort. God bless you in His great work of healing."—*Florida*

"For days I have tried to find words with which to express my gratitude for your letter, without success. All I can say now is 'thank you from the bottom of my heart' and may God reward you!"—*Oregon*

"Your precious letter came several days ago and I have read and re-read it many times. Thank you for your special interest in my dear

THE UNITED PRAYER TOWER

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

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

Address: The United Prayer Tower, 1571 Grand Avenue, St. Paul 5, Minnesota. Telephone: DEsota 5036; after 5 P.M., Saturday afternoon and Sunday, call Mrs. Fisher at DUpont 4983, Minneapolis, Minnesota, or Mrs. Ecoff, DEsota 7365.

friend. God, in His mercy, has held her in His everlasting arms. I believe a miracle has happened and all honor and glory to Him. What a marvelous channel He has in The United Prayer Tower. My friend's improvement is beyond belief. At the time I wrote you the surgeons had given her up to die in a very short time. They just closed the incision and said 'twas beyond surgery. Today she is being taken home, much improved and we all rejoice and give God the praise."—*Colorado*

"For weeks I have wanted to write, but found no time. But I do want to tell you how very conscious I was of your supporting prayer hands and of God's Infinite Sustaining Grace. I marvelled at it again and again, that with invisible and yet so noticeable hands I was upheld and how deeply I appreciate that. I still covet your prayers. I need them as much as ever."—*Kansas*

"Sometime ago you wrote me a very kind letter directing me to read the 37th and the 91st Psalms every day and give thanks that even NOW my prayers are being answered. At that time I was down and out, ill and without work, discouraged and wondering whether God would ever think of me again and show me something to do. I followed your instructions and I am happy to say that I was called to take up the pastorates of two congregations in this area. This work I took up on the 1st of November last year and the Lord has miraculously given me the strength to do the strenuous work that is expected of me. I am most grateful to you for your kind prayers on my behalf."—*India*

"Thank you most heartily for your telegram, letters, literature and above all, your prayers for our darling little girl. Thanks to God, she is still with us and seemed to stand the surgery satisfactorily. The doc-

tors are puzzled because they found no tumor. We are just wondering if God did not remove the tumor before the surgeon made the incision. Your continued prayers with us, for our little girl's restoration to health and her use in His service are asked and we thank you for your prayers in the past. Had it not been for prayer in these dark days, I don't know how we could have stood the strain. May the Lord continue to bless you in your very wonderful work."—*Nebraska*

"From the bottom of my heart I thank you and bless you for all your prayers and help. I hardly know where to start in telling you how perfectly things are coming through for my family and for me. I could go on and on writing of the new life I'm finding through prayer and asking Jesus for guidance. The things I find myself doing continue to surprise me—new talents are being revealed and abundant opportunities present themselves for me to practice what I'm learning. It's a wonderful life to live and so many needs to help fill. May I thank you again for your prayers and the booklets you sent. I am doing all I can to pass the good along to others. Bless you and the work you are doing."—*Washington*

"Just a word of thanks and appreciation for your prayers. My husband's heart condition is much improved and he doesn't have to have another check-up for some time. The doctor was amazed at his improvement."—*Minnesota*

"I have seen a life completely changed that I know your prayers helped bring about."—*Texas*

"I want to thank you so much for your prayers in my behalf. I am so grateful and thank God every day for I now feel like a new person. Am enclosing a little love gift. Thanks again and God bless you all."—*California*

Just Published!

GOD'S REACH

by Glenn Clark

One of America's favorite religious authors looks back over a lifetime of study and experience and shows us how God reveals Himself in our lives. He points to the higher dimensions where we may live right now, how to be in harmony with the laws of the universe and how to apply these laws to daily living, and how to step beyond the seen to the Unseen. . . . PRICE \$2.50

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