

Clear Horizons



UPT

Spring, 1951

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As We Go To Press

As you read the article by **Glenn Clark** (page 1) about a department of peace, give a prayer for the success of his mission in Hawaii where he will be as you read. Dr. Clark is the leader of a group, along with the Roland Browns, that left for Hawaii in late March. They were joined by a Hawaiian group for a Camp Farthest Out and a tour of the islands. . . . **Thomas Roach** (page 7) gives an interesting account of an experiment that meant a great deal to those who attended Camps Farthest Out last summer. We have had many reports from those who participated in this program, and all of them have claimed much good from it. Try it yourself sometime. God speaks through us, and can use us to speak to ourselves some months in the future. . . . We came across the article by **William L. Stidger** (page 13) sometime back and filed it for future use. Dr. Stidger passed on to heaven last year. He is remembered by ministers all over the country as their friend and counselor. He always carried in his pocket candy life-savers to give to children. One young minister remembers him as the man who came to preach in his father's church in Nebraska. The life-savers did the trick of remembering. The life-savers were not a trick, but rather an indication of a genuine friendship for everyone that was the mark of the man himself. . . . **Starr Daily** (page 18) has a real good article that you will want to read. We would like to have more from Starr. . . . That grand old man, **Grenville Kleiser** (page 21), always writes something we can get hold of and use in our daily lives. He speaks from experience and because of it his words ring true. . . . You will be glad to know more about the Children's Federation in the report by **Agnes Curtis** (page 23). When she wrote asking us if we would be interested in seeing something on this organization, we thought it a good opportunity to get an account of Christianity at work, regardless of the name we give it. . . . Let's hope and pray that the story by **Art Foster** (page 27) does not come true. It is up to each individual whether or not it does. . . . Some readers have written in asking for more by **Allan A. Hunter** (page 37) of Los Angeles. There is no request that we are more glad to fulfill. We want more of him, too. Allan has written a remarkably good foreword to the new book, to be published May 15, *Love, The Law of Life*. He interprets Kagawa in this book as few have done. There are springs within Allan Hunter that feed his pen. . . . **Agnes Sanford** (page 49) comes up with a good article. It is the message she has been giving to the country lately. Her latest book, *Oh Watchman!*, is a good book you won't want to miss reading. It costs \$2.75 and is worth every penny of it.

CLEAR HORIZONS MAGAZINE

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Clear Horizons

Eleventh Year

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☐ To house our Department of Peace we purchased a building in Washington.

A Department of Peace

Glenn Clark

THESE United States have a War Department to which they turn when the Department of State reports that a war is imminent. When "finis" is written on the period of war—what then! There is no Department of Peace. Perhaps this is why historical analysts report that America has never lost a war but it has never won a peace.

This makes it clear to all lovers of peace that if we want war to end, the next step for our Government to take is to establish a Department of Peace. The duties of such a department would be, first, to build a national foreign policy based on justice, friendliness and good will; and second, in case of war to plan in advance and put into effect a peace that would be fair, equable and lasting.

Knowing the long period of time that would be required to persuade a sufficient number of our lawmakers to bring about such an innovation in our national govern-

ment and knowing that one act is worth a thousand words when the act is in accord with the will of God, a group of us have decided to set up a model Department of Peace and in a small way let the world see what a power such an instrument could be for good.

A hundred years before the Tennessee Valley Authority was established and the great work undertaken that brought prosperity to the citizens of many states, Colonel Lay of Birmingham, Alabama, got a conception of the prosperity that could be brought to his native state if its water power going to waste could be properly harnessed by the building of an immense dam. He spent a quarter of a century lobbying with the Government officials in Washington and only near the end of his life did he think of turning to private capital to bring his dream to pass.

With wars and rumors of wars impending all around us we cannot afford to wait a quarter of a

century to have our dreams come true. So without waiting for a reluctant Congress to act upon this suggestion, a great gathering of people meeting in Washington with Frank Laubach and me decided to profit by the experience of Colonel Lay and try to enlist the private capital of interested individuals (not the capital that is stored in banks but the capital that is stored in human hearts) and establish a Department of Peace right away.

In three large congregations in Washington in the opening days of the New Year of 1951 we decided to hold our own Congress because the other Congress was bewildered. There, in a great downtown church, we decided to establish our own Department of Peace and in the words of Frank Laubach, "declare a War of Astonishing Kindness and plan an assault of unselfish deeds upon the world."

One of our first undertakings was to establish a Spiritual Embassy in our own Capital City. To house our Department of Peace we purchased a building in Washington where people of all faiths and all denominations can come and pray for our government or arrange to meet with their senators and representatives at stated times. In this capacious building the leaders of the Washington prayer groups and others interested in prayer will meet once a month in a School of Prayer. Every day that

Congress meets there will be someone in the gallery of both Senate and House for their deliberations to be guided of God. Each Congressman and Senator will also have a number of people especially appointed to concentrate in prayer for him. In innumerable ways this Spiritual Embassy Building will be made the center for focusing the prayers of all the praying groups of the nation upon the President and the leaders of Congress and the various departments of government. From it will be issued each month a *News Sheet for Those Who Pray*.

The Department of War carries on its functions by means of an Infantry Force, an Artillery Force and an Air Force. In place of the Air Force our Department of Peace will be supported by a Prayer Force; in place of an Artillery Force we shall have a Corps of Message Bringers; while the foot Infantry Force will be made up of earnest sincere Christian "foot soldiers" who are doing God's work in their homes, factories or wherever they happen to be.

One of the under-secretaries of the Department of Peace will supervise the establishing of Prayer Groups all over the nation and will keep in touch with them as far as possible so they may be enlisted at a moment's notice to go into immediate action at any time of crisis. One important branch of this

Prayer Force consists of the army of shut-ins, veterans in hospitals and people in old folks homes who have plenty of leisure. These will form one of the most vital battalions to pray with power for the peace of the world that can be found. We feel that these untapped reserves when properly marshalled and brought into action might turn the tide of destiny toward peace.

Another under-secretary will keep track of the movement of the Message Bringers so that they will not all bombard the same town at the same time. By bringing these flying squadrons into action at the right time and the right place, city after city will be taken over by the forces of peace. At this point our Department is singularly well-equipped. We have a well-trained battalion of spiritual veterans with especial gifts for awakening folks to the deepening of the spiritual life, available to invade any territory wherever the need calls. Preceded by a barrage of prayer from hidden prayer nests all over the nation, these veteran campaigners can march into any city, coming in waves one after another until all its strategic centers are taken. Then in departing they can leave as a garrison a thriving Christ for Others Group capable of holding all the ground that was gained, and mopping up the areas where more work is needed. These city strongholds of Prayer furnish the landing

fields for the Messengers of Light to get footholds in the cities and recruiting grounds of old and young for the camps and training schools.

As one important function of the War Department is to work out plans for cooperating with allies abroad for the winning of wars, our Department of Peace is cooperating with spiritual leaders in foreign lands for the winning of peace. An internationally known travel bureau is giving its full time recruiting four or five Religious Odyssey Tours for us to foreign lands where spiritual retreats with Christian groups will be interspersed between periods of sight-seeing thus building bridges for international understanding and cooperation and friendship on the highest levels.

As the War Department has training camps for training their recruits, our Department of Peace is already conducting between twenty and thirty training camps carefully distributed in every section of the country throughout the months of spring, summer and fall where people can be trained in the disciplines and release to be found in the spiritual life and where they can learn to pray with power.

As the War Department has a West Point as a year-round institution for the training of officers, the Peace Department has also acquired a "Spiritual West Point" for the training of spiritual leaders.

West Point on the Hudson has no more beautiful setting than our Koinonia College, located in one of the most beautiful areas just outside Baltimore.

Lest people get the notion that this concentration on the power of prayer and the power of love is some scatter-brained escapist philosophy of impractical dreamers, we are undergirding this entire Department of Peace with the soundest foundations of scientific research. One of the most famous Universities of America undertook a few years ago to prove beyond the question of doubt the reality of telepathy and the scientific laws underlying it. The scientists in this great university in this particular department are now working hand in hand with our Department of Peace in exploring and determining the significance and reality of prayer and the great fundamental laws by which it works. Our training camps that deal with prayer will serve as their field laboratories for experimentation and field research. Having discovered, for instance, the law by which the Hopi Indians are always able to bring rain through prayer, we are now ex-

ploring how the methods of Jesus when properly employed by a sufficient number of dedicated people might bring peace to the world through prayer.

As the War Department has its staff of publicity and propaganda our Department of Peace is well-equipped for the distribution of literature of the spirit. A nationally known publishing house, publishing a quarterly magazine dedicated to this work, has a large force busy filling the thousands of orders coming in each week from all over the country for books on prayer and the deepening of the spiritual life. Over half its profits go to the underwriting of this movement.

When this Department of Peace has established itself a little longer and proven to the leaders of the nation what such activities could do for peace the government may wish to assume some of the responsibility of carrying on a similar program but on a much larger scale. Through national and individual efforts walking hand in hand we can then feel assured that permanent peace shall actually come to this world.



Every man must believe more than he can prove if he is going to live with the spirit of victory in his heart.

☞ May the light that shone from His sepulchre light the world this Easter morning.

Roll the Stone Away

Hazel Pickett

THE FIRST day of the week cometh Mary Magdalene early, when it was yet dark, unto the sepulchre and seeth the stone taken away from the sepulchre.

Down through the centuries the story of this woman's love and devotion comes to us. In the eerie light of dawn, when the world seems strange and a bit frightening, came this one for whom so much had been forgiven, whose life had taken on such purity that she was given this high honor of first greeting the risen Lord. She came and the heavy stone that had sealed the door of the tomb, had been rolled away.

Mary Magdalene was startled, perhaps afraid. She ran to tell Peter and John, turning first to those whom Jesus had loved. So they came also and beheld the grave clothes, folded and in order, but their understanding was not enlightened, so they "went away again unto their own home." How often we turn in our darkness, to the human friends, thinking "Surely they will know where they have taken my Lord." But they do not know that no sepulchre on earth, however strong the door of stone,

could long contain the Light of the World.

Weeping and desolate in her grief, the woman stayed near the tomb. She would look once more for by now the sun had risen and there was more light in the place. And as she looked again she saw two angels in white, one at the head and one at the feet of the place where Jesus had lain. They asked her why she wept and she replied: "Because they have taken away my Lord and I know not where they have laid him." The disciples had failed her and now, not even these angels could give her back her Lord.

How like Mary Magdalene are we today, when we in the early dawn of our understanding, come seeking and turn first to human understanding and discover its limitation, the stone door so sturdily blocking the door of the place we believe our Lord to be. Progressing a little way beyond we may find that the door has been rolled away, but we find the angels there, a teacher or a group of spiritually enlightened souls, who are humble and sincere, and who try to tell us where we may find the radiant Christ we are seeking. And this ex-

perience is good for at least they know that He has been there and they bid us cease our weeping. Perhaps they have seen Him, too, and their garments are white with His radiance. But we cannot borrow their garments. We must find Him for ourselves.

Then, so the story goes, Mary Magdalene "turned herself back," and saw Jesus standing, and did not know that it was Jesus. All she had to do was to turn around, to enter the place of His Presence, within her own heart. No more stooping down to look into the empty sepulchre, for when she turned herself back, the Master called her by name and her eyes were opened and she beheld her Lord.

As she turned to Him then He told her of His ascension which was coming, when He would "ascend unto My Father and your Father, and to My God and your God." What a wonderful message! He must go away but He gives the Father to us and us to the Father. Not just His Father, apart, exclusive, stern, forbidding and inaccessible. But My Father and your Father, My God and your God. He was going away but He would send another Comforter, the Holy Spirit, to abide with them all, and there is no doubt in my mind but that Mary Magdalene was in the upper room when the fire fell upon the assembled followers of Jesus.

And now we come to the empty tomb of our present day need, in darkness and chaos of a heart-broken world. The thick slab of stone blocks our way, the barrier of hate and greed and selfishness. How can the stone be rolled away? How can the Christ come forth? The stone has been rolled into a slot and no human-built machinery can move it. Certainly not an atom bomb. But wait! No one sees the power that works behind that door for it is the power of infinite Love and Light against which can be no other force. Could we ourselves remove the stone, we would not find Him there. Only as we "turn ourselves back," do we find our radiant Lord, the risen Christ. Only as we give His Love and Light and Truth to all do we know His indwelling Presence and the meaning of this Easter morning.

And when and if He has returned, it will be only as we give Him and His love to all the world, may we serve Him as He goes about establishing the Father's Kingdom here on earth. Then shall we find our place in His plan, our joy in His joy, our peace in His peace, our healing in His health, our good in His goodness, our perfect everything in His perfection and His All in the all of us. May the Light which shone from His sepulchre light the world this Easter morning.

☐ I had never written a letter to God before.

I Wrote a Letter to God

Thomas H. Roach

LAST summer I went to The Camp Farthest Out with a tremendous personal problem, one that is best described in the words of the psalmist, "All thy waves and billows are gone over me." Since the outcome was most gratifying to me and a number of friends who shared the problem with me, I now add my testimony to the great number of people here and there whose faith has been verified in experience.

During the all-night prayer meeting on Sunday night, we had been given cards with the suggestion that we make known our requests to God in writing, personal letter style, and on the back of the card we were to write the kind of a response that we thought God would make to us. Here is the letter as I wrote it:

"Our Father in Heaven,

"Thou knowest of my great concern these days. The prayers of friends have lightened my burden, and now I have the assurance that the problem will be worked out in thine own time and thine own way. I thank thee with my whole heart."

The response that "came through" was as follows:

"My son Tom,

"Thou art mine. I have loved

thee with an everlasting love. I know all about your problem, and it grieves me deeply.

"I have a plan for you, and you can trust me to work it out. According to thy faith, so be it unto thee.

"The answer to your prayers and those of your friends will not be long forthcoming. I may surprise you.

"Your loving Heavenly Father."

I had never written a letter to God before. The idea gripped me; and when a full realization of what I had written on the back of the card captured by imagination, the effect was overwhelming. Emotionally wrought up as I was already, I broke down and wept. "I have loved thee with an everlasting love . . . You can trust me to work it out."

We put our letters in envelopes, addressed them back to us, and deposited them just inside the altar, where we knelt in prayer before returning to our pews. The letters would be mailed to us five or six weeks later.

Upon returning home I tried another idea that had been suggested at camp. When Jesus wept over Jerusalem, he used the metaphor of a hen and her little chick-

ens. "How often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen doth gather her brood under her wings, and ye would not!" A similar figure is found in the 91st Psalm. "He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust." The suggestion was that we cut out thirteen paper "eggs" and on each write a prayer, a prayer for anything that we wanted God to do, and deposit them between the pages of a Bible at either or both places mentioned above, at the 13th chapter of Luke or the 91st Psalm. This would be a token of our faith in God. As the little chickens take refuge under the feathers of the hen, so we can safely trust our Heavenly Father. I wrote out a prayer similar to the one that I had written in the letter to God and deposited it in my Bible.

At camp we were reminded of what every poultry raiser is supposed to know, that eggs hatch after an incubation period of twenty-one days. It was suggested that we open the same Bible after that period and check the result. I marked my calendar and deposited the Bible in the bookcase, using another Bible for my daily devotions.

A few weeks later I received the letter written at camp. As it happened, it was postmarked the same day that I had marked on my calendar, September 21. Since my

prayers were unanswered, however, I did not have the heart to open it, but laid it aside to await the outcome. Nor did I open the Bible that had been deposited in the bookcase.

From all outward appearances the situation remained as hopeless as ever. Not a ray of hope penetrated my gloom, although my faith was unshaken that some time . . . in God's good time . . . the problem would be worked out.

A few nights later I had one of the most rewarding experiences of devotional reading in my life. With blue pencil in hand I scanned the book of Psalms, marking those passages which fitted my mood . . . cries of distress in time of trouble and especially those passages which breathed a spirit of faith and trust. I was actually amazed at the number of such passages. "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want." "No good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly." "Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass." "Cast thy burden on the Lord, and he shall sustain thee." And dozens of other passages that seemed to fit my need.

Then I knelt to pray. It was mostly a prayer of thanksgiving; for in the light of these passages I had no reason to doubt or to feel any anxiety whatever. I felt deeply that the praying task had been

done; now I could await the outcome.

Just two days later the answer came. The break was like a burst of sunshine on a cloudy day. My gratitude was immeasurable, and I shared the glad news with friends. The greatest prayer battle of my life had been won. "Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name."

A few hours later I removed the paper "eggs" from the Bible and

opened the letter addressed to God. I could read these prayers in a happier mood now. I deposited the letter in my inside coat pocket, close to my heart, where I have carried it ever since. I know that what I wrote is true . . . "I have loved thee with an everlasting love." God will never let us down. *His goodness stands approved, Unchanged from day to day; I'll drop my burden at his feet, And bear a song away.**

*Hymn, "How Gentle God's Commands," by Phillip Doddridge.



*Underlying Realities which were Clear to Jesus**

Love your enemies, do good to those who hate you, bless those who curse you, pray for those who abuse you.

Be merciful, even as your Father is merciful.

First take the log out of your own eye, and then you will see clearly to take out the speck that is in your brother's eye.

If you forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father also will forgive you; but if you do not forgive men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses.

Now, Questions for You To Brood Over

Suppose I believe that a nation is committing suicide to the degree that it violates the law of mutuality, what is my patriotic duty?

Should I try, really try, to get all governments especially my own to obey that spiritual law?

Must I not serve fellow countrymen and fellow citizens of this planet, by doing all I can to fulfill the law, myself?

That this may happen, for whose sake am I to consecrate myself? For the sake of Americans only, or is it that Russian children and Koreans also may have life?

Cannot God pour through men on both sides of the present struggle, the same kind of redemptive energy He once poured through Christ?

*Used in Kagawa's service at Mt. Hollywood Congregational Church, on August 3rd, 1950.

Man's Greatest Secret Weapon

Kenny Baker

IT MUST have been sometime between midnight and morning, there wasn't a sound, not a movement of any kind, when I suddenly found myself sitting bolt upright in bed, wide awake, a sense of well-being, happiness and joy flooding my consciousness like a brilliant light. Gone were the fears and anxieties, the torments and dreads which had been plaguing me, hounding me for months, hanging around my neck like mighty millstones, dragging me down into the morass of darkness, indecision and frustration. Gone were the terrible uncertainties occasioned by the conflicts and changes I knew were going on in our world today.

It seemed there had never been a time when my radio, my daily newspaper, motion picture, book or magazine had not been pounding into my thought the approach, with express-train speed, of the destructive hurricane called Red Russia, the catastrophic calamity of Communism which would engulf and destroy my world, my civilization, my way of living. A way of life that was being lived in accordance with law based upon justice, equality and freedom for all.

Gone from my thought was the hypnotic effect produced by the reams of facts and figures recounting Russian superiority in terms of men and machines, gone were the mesmeric influences produced by maps and drawings which outlined the enormous expanse of the earth's surface that makes up the USSR, gone were the graphs which indicated with startling clarity the tremendous weight of natural resources lying untapped, unused within the boundaries of the Soviet, resources that needed but the rough hand of the barbarian to hurl them with destructive force and indiscriminate purpose into the tottering walls of weak, destitute and disunited Europe. A Europe whose tumble would take with her as she fell the democracy of the world.

My government and public officials had stood trembling and uncertain, blown here and there by the winds of Red propaganda which had come sweeping across the oceans, helped on their way by the flood of the foreign correspondents' endless waves of communication and news broadcasts.

Experts in all the fields of human endeavor had declared our

vulnerability, our lack of preparedness to meet this destructive onslaught, and who was I to doubt their studied and considered deliberations. Often had these experts lamented the lack of a secret weapon, a mighty instrument of great force which we alone could possess and use to the saving of our people and allies. But with the development of our weapons of warfare the enemy has seemed to equal and even supersede us in both quality and quantity. We had spent billions in the development of super bombs, guns and airpower, climaxed by the perfection of the atom bomb, only to find that Russia too had attained equality with an atom bomb of her own. And so the confusion and waves of mounting consternation went on. If we only had a weapon, a super-secret weapon, a superior force, anything, that would protect us against the threat of domination and destruction, but no one seemed to have the answer; possibilities, maybe, but nothing definite. And then it came to me, in the middle of the night, out of my troubled sleep, as if in answer to prayer, a prayer being uttered by the thoughts and held deep in the hearts of millions—we do have a secret weapon, the greatest secret weapon the world has ever known or will ever know, a weapon that our enemy will never possess, one of which he is well aware but can

never use. It is so mighty, so all-embracing as to forever dissipate the world's anxiety and deep-rooted fear of the Red horde. It has been used before to repel the heathen, to defend the homeland and never has it failed. God is the greatest secret weapon man can ever possess.

Is there anything greater than Omnipotence? Is there anything more potent than the power which has conceived and brought into being our universe? No! And he that acknowledges God, acknowledges His omnipotence and omnipresence, is protected and sustained in the face of all threats of destruction and subjugation. But he that rejects God, he that turns from the Father, is destroyed and brought to desolation. Is it any wonder that I awakened from sleep with such joy and elation, with such a conviction as this ringing in my ears? My heart beat fast with relief and expectancy at this realization that the free world does possess the greatest secret weapon of all time and eternity, a weapon which our foe has rejected and ignored, which he can never use for its use by him would destroy the evil within him. And man, in his time of need, has but to turn to God in prayer with faith and understanding to receive His protection, His love and His guidance.

With a sincere prayer of thanksgiving I closed my eyes and slept

untroubled, dreamless, comforted, determined to share on the morrow with others this wondrous knowledge which is man's birthright, man's inheritance, man's armor, sufficient to meet every need, every demand he makes upon it. There can be no doubt, no uncertainty, as to the efficacy of this secret weapon. History is filled with recurring accounts of God's ability to protect His own—from the crossing of the Red Sea by the children of Israel down to the divinely inspired and supremely successful landing at Inchon with the subsequent capture of Seoul and the destruction of the North Korean army. Nor should we ever forget the successful withdrawal and rescue on the beaches of Dunkirk, for the evidence that divine power was present there cannot be denied. A miracle took place before the eyes of all men that day, as a result of prayer, when the tattered, battle-weary British soldiers and their allies were removed to the safety of England by means of literally thousands of small craft manned by men acting through a power not their own and with a will and determination that was supported by divine Providence. Many more instances of God's ability and desire to help man could be recounted but it is not

necessary to tell of them now for each of us knows instinctively the truth with which I speak. No one has to tell us for deep down in our hearts we already know and are aware of God's presence and His will to save and bless us. And how do we use this secret weapon? This mighty force for good? How do we call upon God to help us in this time of need? That we know, too, for each one, every man, woman and child, knows how to pray, how to commune with God. It is instinctive within us and this right, this privilege to pray, can never be deprived us, nor taken from us. We each in our own individual way can pray to God for help, and help we will receive, for God has never let man down. He has never been too busy or disinterested or weary to bring about the safety and salvation of them that love Him and call upon Him for help.

May we, therefore, awake from our fears and apprehensions, our frantic struggles, and look to God, our secret weapon, which shall be a secret no longer, for the more it is known, the wider it is proclaimed, the greater will be the effect and the sooner will we be free. Let us use our secret weapon now! And thank God, for God, man's greatest secret weapon.



"Anyone who kindles the fires of intolerance and hate, is building a fire under his own house." —*Harold E. Stassen*

☐ "Mother, I think God must have cried himself to sleep last night, don't you?"

"Bring Me Your Tears"

William L. Stidger

A SEISMOGRAPHIC sense of sympathy is at the heart of every man and woman who has a right to call himself or herself Christian. Jesus had that sense of sympathy. The most dramatic illustration of it is found in the Lazarus story when Jesus came in from his weary wanderings one day and discovered that Lazarus was supposedly dead. There is considerable discussion and dispute over that dramatic Oriental story as to the so-called miracle of raising a man from the dead. To me the greater miracle in that story is the miracle of the sympathy of Jesus for his sorrowing friends, Martha and Mary. The New Testament writer in John 11:33 puts it this way: "When Jesus therefore saw her weeping, . . . he groaned in the spirit, and was troubled." Then immediately follows the shortest text in the Bible—"Jesus wept." If there ever was an unforgettable expression of sympathy, it is in those two verses: "He groaned in the spirit, and was troubled" and "Jesus wept." We can hear a sob, feel a heartache, get a sense of deep and almost inexpressible sympathy in those simple lines.

My friend, the late Edwin Markham, the great American poet, once told me that his favorite of all the poems he had ever written was called "Bring Me Your Tears." He often read it to me as we sat by our wood fires:

"I dare not ask your very all,
I only ask a part.
Bring me when dancers leave the hall
Your aching heart.

"Give other friends your lighted face,
The laughter of the years;
I come to crave a greater grace:
Bring me—your tears!"

That is the heart of what I want to say in this sermon: that Jesus approached the sorrow of Martha and Mary literally saying to them, as, indeed, he said to all people, "Bring me your tears!" The poets understand this type of sympathy.

Oscar Wilde once said:

"If a friend of mine gave a party and did not invite me to it, I should not mind a bit, but if a friend of

From *The Upper Room Pulpit*, 1908 Grand Avenue, Nashville 4, Tenn. Used by permission.

mine had sorrow and refused to allow me to share it, I should feel it most bitterly. If he shut the doors of the house of mourning against me, I would go back again and again and again, and beg to be admitted so that I might share in what I was entitled to share, his sorrow and suffering."

Kahlil Gibran once said: "You can forget those with whom you have laughed, but you can never forget those with whom you have wept."

Edna St. Vincent Millay, in "Renaissance," says it in two lines: "All suffering mine, mine its rod, Mine pity like the pity of God."

I wish to discuss this theme under two heads: its personal, intimate everyday application; and its application to far-away people, places, and races; its "Unto-all-the-world" application.

I.

First, to its personal and intimate application: I have said to my theological boys down the years that the first requisite of a truly great preacher is to have in his heart something which says without words to his people, his city, and his church, "Bring me your tears." If he has that sense of sympathy, his people will soon discover it. Even if he is not an eloquent preacher, a great executive, or a skilful businessman, he can stay in any church in America as long as

he wishes and have a successful ministry. What I mean by that is that the same sense of sympathy for individuals that Jesus had in the story of the death of Lazarus is the burning, blazing white hot focus of success in the ministry, in living, and in the heart of Jesus himself.

Jesus had a seismographic sense of sympathy for individuals, especially for those who were suffering in body or spirit.

All you have to do to prove that to yourself is to watch Jesus in his dealings with human beings—the women at the well of Jacob; the women taken in adultery; the rich young man who came to him in the night with a troubled conscience and an eager, but not eager enough, desire to ease his soul of its conviction and its unrest; the blind man; the woman with an issue of blood; the mothers who brought their little children to him. We have proof of his sensitivity as he spoke to the thief on the cross; his words to John, "Behold thy mother"; and his words to his mother; "Behold thy son"; ay, even his sympathy for those who killed him on the cross, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."

Jesus had a seismographic sense of sympathy for individuals who were suffering as a result of physical illnesses or spiritual unrest and

for those who had lost loved ones, as illustrated in the Lazarus text: "When Jesus therefore saw her weeping, . . . he groaned in the spirit and was troubled." "Jesus wept."

One can hardly repeat those words without having a lump in his own throat, an ache in his own heart.

A little girl once gave a definition of sympathy in these words: "Sympathy is your pain in my heart!"

No philosopher, preacher, or poet has ever given a better definition of sympathy than that child gave. That was exactly what Jesus had in his heart for every individual he met on the way of life in his day. That, to me, is the first characteristic of a true Christian; that he would have it in his heart to say to people who are in trouble, "Bring me your tears." That, indeed, is the greatest privilege that a Christian has in being a Christ-like person.

I saw a glorious illustration of that sympathy a few years ago when Dr. Edwin Booth, one of my associates in Boston University School of Theology lost his first-born son, Bray Booth, in the invasion of the Ruhr during World War II. Bray was a paratrooper and was sent in on the first day to drop behind the German lines. He was killed.

To express his sympathy, Professor C. M. McConnell, a long-time friend of Dr. Booth's, went to the latter's home. After spending an hour there, Dr. McConnell took Dr. Booth's hand and said: "Now we'll all have to huddle together like cattle in a storm!" Dr. McConnell was referring to an old boyhood memory of cattle huddling together in a storm for self-protection, and expressed exactly what needed to be said at that time.

That's what I mean. "Pat" McConnell took Dr. Booth's sorrow into his own heart. He was saying, "Sympathy is your pain in my heart." He was saying, "Bring me your tears." What he said was poetry and philosophy. It was the mood of Jesus of whom it was said long ago: "When Jesus therefore saw her weeping, he groaned in the spirit and was troubled." "Jesus wept."

II.

My second application of this thought is that that same sense of sympathy must reach out to the uttermost ends of the earth if it is truly Christlike. Jesus said, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." We must possess the spirit of John Wesley who said: "The world is my parish."

Mr. Edwin Markham once said to me: "William, one of the marks of a real Christian is that he does

not wish for any comfort, necessity, or privilege for his own children that he does not wish for and work to attain for all the children of the world. No real Christian can dare to wish for his own children anything that he does not wish for every child on earth—black, brown, yellow; Jew, Gentile, Mohammedan, Chinese, Japanese, Russian."

And now I go back to that symbol of the seismograph. As any child knows, the seismograph is an instrument which catches the vibrations of an earthquake ten thousand miles away. We have one in Harvard and many mornings I read in our Boston papers the news that the Harvard seismograph has caught the vibrations of an earthquake in South America, the Philippines, or in far-away Japan or China. That instrument is so delicate and sensitive that no distance is too great for it to catch the vibration of a disturbance of the earth.

So it is with the Christian heart. It has a seismographic sense of sympathy for the sufferings of peoples all over the earth. Because of that spirit, we have our whole Missionary Movement, our sense of responsibility for the peoples of the whole world.

Modest, almost shy; humble and self-effacing, in this mechanical, materialistic, war-mongering world, Dr. Albert Schweitzer has become

its first citizen. And he has become its first citizen because of the very thing I am talking about in this sermon. He left his Bach, his international reputation as a premier organist, his philosophical achievements, and his European fame, to go down into Africa to spend his life for what he looked upon as the most forgotten, underprivileged, and the neediest peoples of the earth. And this act has made him a world-famous man; a simple act of Christian sympathy for far-away and needy people.

When the reporters interviewed him in Boston, he said many things; but the most glorious thing he said was in answer to a reporter's question: "Can you tell us something about world affairs, Dr. Schweitzer?" He smiled and replied: "I know very little about what you call world affairs, for I have been buried with my people in Africa so long; but I can tell you something about the Inner World." He smiled as he said that and everybody in that room knew what he meant, for he has lived so long in the world of the Inner Spirit.

I want to close this sermon with a poem of my own which was inspired by a story that Dr. Roy Smith told during war days of a little girl in England who heard of a robot bomb which struck a hospital and killed sixteen children. She wept herself to sleep and the

next morning said to her mother, "Mother, I think that God must have cried himself to sleep last night, don't you?"

God cried himself to sleep last night,
His heart was pierced with pain.
He saw ten thousand sons of his
On cruel crosses slain.

He knew each hurt and heartache, and
He heard each piercing groan;
He felt each wound when terror struck
As if it were his own.

He saw the tears of all the world,
The bitterness and pain,
And laid himself upon a cross
To die for us again.

He felt a crown of thorns once more,
A spear thrust in his side,

Spikes in his feet, nails in his hands
As when his own Son died.

God cried himself to sleep last night;
He sees much more than we;
He saw ten thousand lonely hills;
Each hill a Calvary.

This is what I mean when I say that the true Christian says, "Bring me your tears." This is what I mean when I say that "sympathy is your pain in my heart." That is what the New Testament means when it says "When Jesus therefore saw her weeping, he groaned in the spirit and was troubled" and "Jesus wept."



What Is Worship?

It is the soul searching for its counterpart.
It is a thirsty land crying out for rain.
It is a candle in the act of being kindled.
It is a drop in quest of the ocean.
It is the voice in the night calling for help.
It is a sheep lost in the wilderness pleading for rescue by the Good Shepherd.
It is the same sheep nestling in the arms of the Rescuer.
It is the prodigal son, running to his Father.
It is a soul standing in awe before the mystery of the Universe.
It is a poet enthralled by the beauty of a sunrise.
It is a workman pausing a moment to listen to a strain of music.
It is a hungry heart seeking for love.
It is Time flowing into Eternity.
It is my little self engulfed in the Universal.
It is a man climbing the altar stairs to God.

—Dwight Bradley in the Inter-Church Hymnal, published by Biglow-Main-Excell Co.

Spiritual and Mental Smog

Starr Daily

OVER a large section of Southern California this morning, hanging close to the ground, is a covering which is known as smog. It makes for bad visibility and highway accidents. It burns the eyes, irritates the nerves, dries out the mouth, and burdens the bloodstream with heavy carbons. It is highly injurious to life, limb, and disposition.

This smog is comparable to a mixture of reality and unreality. It is composed of God's beneficial fog and man's manufactured smoke. The smoke rises chiefly from burning refuse, which contaminates the fog, and thus poisons one of God's ways for blessing His earth.

This state of affairs is excluded to the physical level. But there is also a smog on the mental level. God has given man the ability to think pure, positive thoughts. This is the right and beneficial way to think. But man turns his mind into an incinerator, where he piles up and ignites mental refuse. This mental smoke ascends into and mixes with the mental covering created by right thinking. The result is a blanket of mental smog all over the earth, a poisonous mixture of negative and positive

thoughts, which shortens mental visibility; in fact, destroys perception and vision. It creates rebellion in men, resistance, chronic anxiety, fear, greed, war, and every other violent kind of reaction, and enmity.

Now against this physical smog, by the grace of God, man can set up within himself a state of immunity, until he can enjoy a fairly good condition of physical health in spite of the poisons he absorbs out of the air. But not every one is fortunate enough to develop such an immunity.

Mental smog sinks down to the physical level and affects the body in the same disastrous way as atmospheric smog. Certain tough-skinned individuals develop an immunity against negative thoughts, mental poisons. They are not only not injured physically by negative thinking but actually seem to enjoy and thrive on it. They live on and on in a kind of inverted heaven which turns life for others into a hell on earth. These immune individuals, however, are the exceptions to the rule. Not one person out of a hundred thousand can build up an immunity against chronic negativity. The physical result catches up with them, and there seems to

be no end to the manifestations of sickness which can be caused by mental smog. For a list of the more prevalent of these diseases which have a mental origin, you are referred to the book, *How To Find Health Through Prayer*, by Glenn Clark.

After reading this list you will be astonished and convinced. And unless you enjoy your illness or the prospect of it, you will cease turning your mind into an incinerator and your thinking into refuse.

The greatest blanket of smog now hanging over the earth is a spiritual smog the contamination from which has its focal point in the soul of man. A religion that is not rooted and grounded in Redemptive Love is a smog-generating religion. It is a kind of spiritual refuse the burning of which creates a poison which interpenetrates the soul, much as the water is interpenetrated by the contagions of a swamp.

Redemptive Love alone will purify a sick soul. The soul can no more live out of Love than a fish can live out of water. The slightest seeping away of Love is at the expense of the soul. Perennial Love is the soul's eternal life.

Outside the orbit of Love is a thick belt of spiritual smog, which envelopes and penetrates the soul, somewhat as the air envelops the earth. Our worth can be measured by Love alone. We grow when we

Love. He who Loves most of all is greatest of all.

Religious smog is dangerous not only to oneself but to others. We have nothing to fear from a man whose vices are revealed. He alone is dangerous in whom we can see no vice. This is a spiritual smog. It is apparent virtue contaminated by an unapparent vice. Jesus could cure the sinners whose vices were apparent; but he could not cure or discourage the smog of respectability.

The essential thing is Love which has the courage to make a life honest and transparent. For Love is the very soul of life, just as joy is the very soul of Love. Who can possibly fulfill the love for happiness except in the happiness that comes from Love? The clear spiritual sky is the Love-Sky.

Suffering Love still has some smog in it. Where Jesus is now Love cannot suffer. Here all tears have been wiped away. When Love complains it is mixed with spiritual smog. Real Love beholds its own clear glory everywhere.

An exacting Love is a smog-bound Love. So is the Love that receives. Redemptive Love possesses everything. You do not have to receive what you already own. Nor does Redemptive Love have to give. You do not give a thing that is self-given, like the breath you exhale.

Calculating Love is spiritual

smog. So is regretful Love. Love which can experience loss is infected by spiritual smog, for there can be no loss in Real Love.

Redemptive Love is the soul's eternity and infinity. God is Love and Love is God. Hence only God can Love. The measure of a man's Love is the measure of his union with God. Human souls apart from Love are lost souls. They are found in the Love we express for one another. A soul cannot experience salvation in the absence of Love. Love is the soul's Saviour. If you want to know what redemption

means, just write it in one word and put the four letters in caps—LOVE. In this word you have the Redeemer and the redemption of life.

In the spiritual smog outside of Love all is living death. No man can build an immunity against spiritual smog. Here there are no exceptions to the rule. Soul sickness comes to all alike who prefer the spiritual smog to the enchantment of clean, clear Love.

LOVE—that which turns the good into the best.



Readin' Ritin' and Rithmetic

Elizabeth Williams Sudlow

THREE important factors in building a happy, useful Christian life is to follow the old readin', ritin' and 'rithmetic rule. Let there be some time spent each day in reading the Bible and stimulating religious literature. We need this for the nourishment of our souls.

Then comes "ritin'." Try to live up to the schedule of writing to someone every day. It may be a letter or just a card. There is someone somewhere who would be helped by receiving a message

from you. And if we once establish the rule of "a line a day" there will never be an accumulation of unanswered mail to haunt our waking and sleeping hours. Try this plan.

The comes "rithmetic." Add to your virtues; subtract from your faults; multiply your good deeds and divide your good gifts with others.

Following such a program is sure to make for a happier, more fruitful life.

☾ We don't have to be the victims of badwill thoughts.

Goodwill Thoughts Can Heal You

Grenville Kleiser

IF you are a victim of sick thoughts—of fear, worry, envy, resentment, irritation, anger, greed, selfishness—here is a remedy for you.

A businessman nearly thought himself to death by his wrong thinking. He got well by the use of Goodwill thinking.

Now at 76 he works 12 hours a day. He tells you how he thought himself back to health, happiness, and well-being. He tells you how you can do it.

He tells it all in his little book, "There Is No Need to be Sick, Afraid, Unhappy or in Want," issued at \$2, by Merit Publications, 300 Fourth Avenue, New York.

At 32 he went to pieces. He was gravely ill of throat and lung trouble, stomach, heart, liver and kidneys. He sat in a chair for ten days at the point of death.

Miraculously he was healed when he changed his badwill thinking to Goodwill thinking. It was as simple as that.

* * *

The author of this inspiring book says,

"Goodwill thinking is like sunshine. Sunshine comes in and gladdens every nook and corner of our house if we let it. So Goodwill

thinking floods every nook and corner of our body with health, daily needs and happiness if we stop our badwill thinking and let it in."

Again:

"The real freedom that fills us with happiness is freedom from care, worry, fear, hate, anger, envy, jealousy. Freedom from resentment, revenge, pride, selfishness, freedom from criticism of others. Freedom from being bossed by the family. Freedom from slavery to business and money. Freedom from all badwill."

This book, radiant with wisdom, ritation, gloom, want, disease.

"Freedom from bad habits and the overdoing of appetites. Free-truth and love, will show you how to make your life worth living, and show you how by means of Goodwill thinking to attain peace and prosperity.

* * *

Dr. Alexis Carrel said,

"Prayer is as real as terrestrial gravity. As a physician, I have seen men, after all other therapy had failed, lifted out of disease and melancholy by the serene effort of prayer.

"A constant miracle takes place hourly in the hearts of men and

women who have discovered that prayer supplies them with a steady flow of sustaining power in their daily lives."

We can change our thoughts. We don't have to be the victims of badwill thoughts. Everything changes all the time, so our badwill thoughts can be changed to Goodwill thinking if we try earnestly

and persistently to do it.

Faith in the power of Goodwill thoughts is vital in healing. The doctoring of your thought must be full of divine love and gentle sweetness.

Whatever your problem is, be assured that Goodwill thoughts substituted for badwill thoughts will solve it effectively.



His Fingerprints on Our Shoulders

Albert Halliwell

I HAVE a feeling that we are all missing something. I wish I could put it into words, but there are no such words. We are missing out on the touch of the Divine hand on our shoulder, I mean the continuous touch. I mean the resting hand. The hand that stays put. In the language of the street I would say, "Don't look now, but we are being shadowed."

Did you ever read that book of a generation ago, THE RETURN OF PETER GRIMM? If you haven't, please do. The idea is in there too—Peter Grimm comes back from the Beyond and almost throws himself at people to try to get them to understand what wants. God is doing that.

I feel that pressure on my shoulder sometimes and I feel like looking on my overcoat shoulder to see if the fingerprints are still

there. The life lived in the Presence is the only sane life. It is the real life, anything else is mere existence.

If you could turn as you read this and see Christ sitting quietly over there in that big over-stuffed chair, you could hear Him say, "If you will have me, I have come to stay—always, wherever you go, I will go; what you need, I will provide; when you speak, I will put the music in your tone and the whole sum total of your life—well, you and I will live it together."

If you saw Him there and heard Him say that, you would go over to that chair and fall at His feet and worship, wouldn't you? You would say, "Oh, wonderful Christ, stay and be all that to me and I will be nothing but your bonded slave from this moment on." You would do that, wouldn't you?

All right, go over there and do it.

☞ Some day, all these children will be citizens. What kind of citizens they will be depends on the help we give them.

Save the Children's Federation of America

Agnes Curtis

"SAVE the Children Federation" with headquarters in New York City was organized for the sole purpose of helping in the relief, the care of health, the education and the general welfare of children here at home and abroad without regard to race or creed. It is the United States member of the International Union for the Child Welfare of Geneva, Switzerland.

The results of its efforts have been very great. Take, for instance, their work in certain rural areas of the United States. In many isolated sections of our country, a lack of resources and community organization denies adequate education to thousands of tomorrow's citizens. This federation has bravely met the challenge. For \$72.00 a year, with \$6.00 a month payments, a rural school may be sponsored. A sponsor first receives the name and a description of his school and after that, the teacher writes telling of the school's progress.

The need is tremendous. More than half of all the children of school age in the United States live in rural areas. Three and one-half million children of school age do

NOT attend school. Eighty-three per cent of emergency teaching certificates are used in the rural schools. Where the SCF has stepped in, the children can now drink milk instead of water; they can eat fresh vegetables and fruits instead of cold boiled sweet potatoes with side pork; they can play ball with bats instead of sticks; they can read good books. As for school improvement! They include painting the buildings inside and out; the repair of the foundations; the putting up of fences and flag poles; the planting of native shrubs and flowers and making playground equipment.

The most crying demand is for clothing. One teacher in an isolated rural school says: "Some of the children really need clothing not only to keep clean, but to keep warm. Two little boys in my room have not worn a pair of stockings all winter and many children have shoes that do not protect their feet."

A clothing manager of the SCF says: "Almost all these people come from a distance. Two had hitch-hiked 25 miles just to get a few garments. This clothing center

is reaching those for whom it was intended."

Under the sponsorship of the SCF, desks replace rickety ancient planks and nail kegs. Many children were found who sat on boards and even on the floors. One school with its 89 pupils still uses the long home-made benches without backs. A few chairs have been obtained for smaller children.

The SCF furnishes the school with art materials, maps, globes, school supplies, etc. It pays for the school lunch program and the cook's salary; it buys health supplies and health material; it takes care of the transportation of doctors and nurses; it buys victrolas and records.

This organization sponsored an institute at Crossville, Tennessee, for rural teachers. The institute lasted a week during which time the teachers discussed their common problems together. Representatives of the Education, Health and Welfare Departments attended. Classes in crafts, recreation and music were held. The purpose of this institute was to stimulate renewed enthusiasm. Donations from sponsors of this Tennessee school made it possible to hold the conference, to purchase 1,200 books and to give each teacher a framed educational picture.

In these isolated rural areas where the soil is so poor, there are too few dollars to purchase neces-

sities. Babies are born into families who can't afford clothing essentials. Now, baby sponsorships are a national asset and it is really easy to sponsor since the layette costs only \$10.00! One SCF director says that the value of this service can't be reckoned in dollars and cents. The nice warm garments have meant comfort to many infants while to some, it has meant life itself. Families who receive the layette have little or no cash income. The selection of the babies for sponsorship and the distribution of layettes are made by the directors of public health or by the health officials in the community where the baby lives.

The SCF also helps the Navajo children. The Navajos are the largest tribe of American Indians. They constitute one-sixth of all the Indians in our nation. They live on a reservation, chiefly in Arizona and New Mexico, an area of waste-land equal in size to the state of West Virginia. The soil on which they are struggling to eke out an existence is, according to the best authorities, capable of supporting less than half their total population. They are sheep herders: sheep being their principal source of income. In 1930, they owned more than a million sheep and goats but the government compelled them to reduce the total to 350,000, since soil erosion and overgrazing in the past have made it impossible for

a larger number to be supported. With their chief source of income lowered, the Navajos are in a terrible plight. They suffer from extreme poverty, malnutrition, disease, bad living conditions, ignorance and superstition. Forty-five per cent of the Navajos die of tuberculosis. They are a good and a proud people who need the basic necessities of life and who want an education for their children.

There are 24,000 Navajo children of school age with school rooms providing for only 5,000 children! More than 66 per cent of the entire Navajo population have no schooling whatever. These Indians are anxious to have their children educated so they will make better farmers, better workers and better citizens. However, since the average family income is less than \$400.00 a year, the Navajos are in no position to help their children.

Here is where the SCF steps in. With the approval of the Bureau of Indian affairs, supplementary material and welfare aid are given the Navajo children by this federation. Many things are needed which can't be supplied by an Indian bureau. Now a one-room Indian school can be sponsored for only \$72.00 a year; a two-room Indian school can be sponsored for twice that much. Each sponsored school is studied to determine how best to meet its requirements.

The SCF reaches its hand across

the ocean to help the children of Europe. Schools accepted for sponsorship in Europe are certified by the educational authorities in the country involved. The cost of sponsoring such a school is \$150.00 a year to \$300.00 a year or more depending on the number of children to whom aid is given.

The plan currently operates in France, Holland, Finland and Greece, the term of sponsorship being one year.

The sponsor is assigned a specific school, usually in the country of his choice. \$150.00 is used to supply the school with enough good clothing and shoes to provide outfits for 30 children and also to furnish a kit of supplies containing pencils, pens, composition books, two maps, crayons, blackboard erasers, chalk, blotters, compasses and several other items of equipment. Because of the low cost at which the federation obtains clothing, the value of the commodities shipped to the school is substantially more than the amount of the money distributed for that school.

To school superintendents and teachers of America, the cultural aspect of this plan has a special appeal. The possibilities for the exchange of correspondence, school notes, pictures, books, cards, papers, maps, information and new ideas open up a wide field for sowing the seeds of good will and interracial understanding.

Following is an extract written by a director in Greece: "Eighty children crowded into one miserable dilapidated room without equipment—five or six children seated at a desk which should seat two—no equipment except that brought by the pupils—children dressed in the usual rags—and barefoot — one book for sixty pupils—the need of food and clothing—simply appalling!"

And this from Holland: "All our school supplies have been destroyed. The school gave many lives to the country. Some of the children were killed while many lost parents. We are short of everything in the school even the wool with which the girls used to make

their underwear. The clothing shortage is dreadful!"

A child in Europe may be sponsored for \$96.00 a year or \$8.00 a month. The gift will provide a complete outfit of clothing and shoes and, in the course of the year, six supplementary food packages, each worth \$10.00. By this method, an individual or a group may give very material aid to one child. The sponsor will learn all about the child and usually receives his picture.

Some day, all these children will be citizens. But what KIND of citizens they will be depends on the help we give them. Certainly "Save the Children Federation" is doing a great and praiseworthy work!



George Fox in his letter to Cromwell's daughter, Lady Claypole, who was "sick and much troubled in mind" gives this advice:

"Whatever temptations, distractions, confusions the light doth make manifest and discover, do not look at these temptations, confusions, corruptions; but look at the light, which discovers them, and makes them manifest; and with the same light you may feel over them, to receive power to stand against them. The same light which lets you see sin and transgression will let you see the covenant of God, which blots out your sin and transgression, which gives victory and dominion over it, and brings into covenant with God. For looking down at sin and corruption and distraction ye are swallowed up in it; but looking at the light which discovers them, ye will see over them. That will give victory; and ye will find grace and strength; there is the first step to peace."

☐ The peoples of the earth put their scientific and mechanical knowledge to a perverted use . . .

History Lesson 1959 Style

Arthur Foster

IT is a raw, cold, winter's day, in the year 1959 A.D. A small, ragged, hungry little boy, about twelve years of age, is shivering on a rough wooden bench, in a little crudely built schoolhouse, that has been erected out of old crooked bits of sheet iron and pasteboard cartons, amid the ruins of what was once a prosperous and beautiful city. There are no other schoolhouses in the city now. The others were blown to smithereens long ago. Hydrogen bombs took care of that.

In response to his teacher's request, little Johnnie puts down the stale crust of bread upon which he has been gnawing, and reads from page thirteen of his History Book: "By the year 1950 Civilization had progressed so far that poverty was no longer necessary anywhere in the entire world. By this time the peoples of the earth had produced a wealth of machinery which, working upon the natural wealth, was turning out large quantities of everything needed by mankind, and, in addition, was creating thousands of conveniences and a flood of luxuries. Owing to the existence of this great wealth, grabbing and hoarding were no

longer necessary on the part of anybody or any nation anywhere in the world. Therefore wars among the peoples of the earth were no longer necessary. New methods of travel and communication had broken down all state lines, and all national boundaries. Certain geographical and political lines between the various countries still continued to exist, but socially and commercially these borders had become as obsolete as the Great Wall of China. World Government, or at least World Co-Operation, and the establishment of a United Nations of the Earth, was then not only possible and highly desirable, but, in certain sections at least, seemed inevitable. Highly efficient methods of mass production, fast transportation, and the wonders of the Radio, Telephone and Television had caused the problem involved in the formation of such a Federation of Nations to be much less difficult than the problem that was faced and conquered by representatives of the Thirteen Original Colonies, when they assembled for the purpose of creating a United States of America. But instead of grasping this glorious opportunity, the peoples of the earth put their

scientific and mechanical knowledge to a perverted use, and plunged once more into another World War. The terrible results of that war are not entirely unknown to us. We are still paying the price of that Great International Folly. For us of this Reconstruction Era it is indeed hard to realize that Mankind could once have been so blind, so ignorant, and so perverse."

Well, little Johnnie didn't know the exact meaning of all those big words, but he understood enough of it to hang on by. By-and-by, however, his little brain began to get tired, so he put the book down upon the broken wooden apple-box that served as his desk, and then

picked up his little Reader Book. It was full of pretty pictures, and, among other stories, it contained several passages from the Christian Bible. After reading in the book for a few minutes he looked for a long while out of the hole in the wall that served as a window. Finally he turned his gaze back to the schoolroom, looked up at his teacher with big, round, sad, earnest eyes, and said:

"Miss Mary, won't it be wonderful some day, when people are wise enough to live and work together, and love one another, the way Jesus told us to do—the way He loved us?"



A Prescription

If you are poor, *WORK*.

If you are rich, continue to *WORK*.

If you are burdened with seemingly unfair responsibilities, *WORK*.

If you are happy continue to *WORK*, Idleness gives room for doubts and fears.

If sorrow overwhelms you and loved ones seem not true, *WORK*.

If disappointments come, *WORK*.

If faith falters and reason fails—just *WORK*.

When dreams are shattered and hope seems dead—*WORK, WORK* as if your life were in peril, it really is.

No matter what ails you—*WORK*.

WORK faithfully, *WORK* with faith.

WORK is the greatest material remedy available.

WORK will cure both mental and physical afflictions.

—Copied on the wall of a reception room, Neurological Institute, 168 and Broadway, New York City. March 7, 1947.

☐ Buachom's friends as well as mine were highly skeptical of our mixed marriage.

And Yet So Much Alike

Peter Odens

SIX months ago, we adopted a fourteen year old boy whose given names Ramon Vicente we shortened to Arvi. Arvi is a Filipino and a Catholic. This brought the number of nationalities and religions in our family of three persons to three. Because my wife Buachom is Siamese and a Protestant, while I am a German Jew.

When Buachom and I got married some two and a half years ago, we realized that there could hardly be more differences between two people than we could find between the two of us. Consider this: the difference in religion, race, and color. In addition to it, Buachom was brought up in the country, while I grew up in a big city. Moreover, Buachom knows only her native land and the Philippines where she had come to study. On the other hand, I have traveled in more than fifteen countries of the earth. Her education was thoroughly oriental, mine as completely western.

After discussing the various problems which might come up in our marriage in connection with our different backgrounds, we still decided to get married, because we believed that love, understanding

and the willingness to build up a happy family could overcome all obstacles. And actually, this has proved to be the case. On the contrary, the differences have acted as stimulants in our relationship. There is so much to learn for both of us, so much that we can teach each other, that there can never be a dull moment.

But more than that. In a world which is plagued with prejudices and discriminations which every now and then flare into wars, both Buachom and I have come to the belief that all races should intermingle and thus lose the fear, the distrust of one another which so often form the background for wars.

When we were married, voices from all sides warned us of coming difficulties. Buachom's friends as well as mine were highly sceptical of this mixed marriage. And when we adopted Arvi, there were more doubts, more warnings on the part of our friends. How can you, they asked, think of adopting a half-grown child, a boy who should begin to have a definite personality of his own, who has been brought up in a conservative Catholic way and would thus inject a new, alien element into your family?

The answer was simple. We had known Arvi, who was the son of a former salesman of mine who was in the hospital, ill of tuberculosis, for about three months, had asked him to stay in our home for a few weeks. In that time, we had come to the conclusion that he would fit into our family life, that he could carry on our ideas of racial equality and cooperation when we would have to leave off. We had discussed with him, as much as we could, the various aspects of the situation, and had made it clear to him that we believed that all religions pointed to the same end, that of doing good, and that we were merely going different roads to reach that goal. And as the old colored farmer said, it doesn't make any difference which way you come to market, as long as your corn is good.

It seems strange to us that there should be any discrimination at all in this world of ours. For if a certain group is discriminated against in one place, the very same people might do the discriminating somewhere else. For instance, in Siam there is a certain amount of discrimination against Protestants and Catholics. The state religion there happens to be Buddhism, and minorities, as anywhere else, are exposed to certain limitations. Here in the Philippines, the Catholics are in the majority, and Protestants have to face certain handi-

caps. In certain parts of the United States and Europe it's just the other way around. And until the recent establishment of the state of Israel, we Jews were discriminated against in just about every part of the world. In other words, it's always the minority which is suffering. And sadly enough, there is always a majority which does the discriminating.

It has been said that one of the aims of man's life must be to perpetuate himself and his ideas by marriage. Perhaps the three of us have elaborated on this idea by trying to perpetuate the ideas of racial equality, cooperation and brotherhood of man through our international family, by proving that East and West can meet, and that happiness can be achieved in the belief in the decency of man and the ideals of freedom and equality, and that the whole family can find fulfilment in lending a helping hand wherever help is needed.

Only a few weeks ago, we came across a quotation from *The Age of Reason* by Thomas Paine: "The world is my country, all mankind are my brethren, and to do good is my religion." Our international family has adopted these words as the family slogan, and in our little way, we are trying to live up to them.

More and more, the voices of doubt have been silenced. More and

more friends of ours have openly told not only us directly, but others, too, that they like to go to the Odens home, "because it seems to be such a happy home." And yet, our home is not a rich one: a few rooms, some simple rattan furniture with a reading lamp, a radio and a number of good books in a corner, with some photographs and paintings on the wall. But that isn't what makes a home happy or miserable. It isn't even the money you bring home when the month ends, because sometimes that money is hardly enough to feed the hungry mouths.

What makes our home a truly

happy one is that undefinable radiance on our faces when we are together, the hours we spend reading, discussing, talking over the events of the day, the building of a common mastermind composed of three people who may come from different parts of the globe, but whose ideas and ideals are yet so much alike.

It has been said that everyone speaks of happiness, yet few only know it. Perhaps part of the happiness of the three Odens comes from our sincere attempt to spread it out as far as we can, so that the greatest number of people may benefit.



Educating the Heart

H. G. Wells once said that civilization is a race between education and annihilation. But now we know that H. G. Wells was wrong—for we have suddenly awakened to the fact that education of *the mind*, without education of *the heart*, can be a menace.

That marvelous book called *Human Destiny*, Lecomte du Nouy says,

"Intelligence alone, if not subjected to moral values, has led to monstrosities. The conflict between pure intelligence and moral values has become a matter of life and death."

Our great scientists are all urg-

ing us to catch up spiritually with our scientific knowledge.

Civilization is more nearly a race between education of the mind and education of the heart. Education is power! An illiterate man is powerless; when educated he becomes strong. Education is good if the man is good, and is bad if he is bad. The atomic bomb is not dangerous, it is only men's hearts that are dangerous.

He who educates the heart *with* the mind is blessing the world. He who educates the mind without educating character is preparing the world for its own annihilation.

—by Frank Laubach.

YOU CAN TRUST GOD

"Ob men, how little you trust him."—Matthew 6:30 (Moffatt).
"For thou, Lord, hast not forsaken them that seek thee."—Psalm 9:9, 10.

HARDLY a day goes by but that we get literature in the mail predicting the doom of human civilization. Some writers seem to almost welcome it, for then "the Lord will return." Others do not go quite that far. I cannot help but think that many of them are more frightened over a possible atom bomb than they are over saving the world for God.

In their frantic running about trying to save mankind from going over the cliff, I wonder if they think that God has abdicated the throne of the universe? If civilization is to be blown to bits, then regardless of how we may rationalize it, God has been defeated as far as the earth is concerned. If you wish to believe such a thing possible, then indeed there is need for panic. If, on the other hand, you think that God was a good enough planner to know what He was about when He created the universe, you ought to be able to withstand the pressures of these prophets of doom.

This does not mean that we simply ought to sit around and do nothing about righting the wrongs of mankind; this we must do for it is the only way God is able to manifest himself—through us, but it does mean that if we really mean what we say when we claim to have given ourselves completely to him then we have the perfect antidote for fear. We KNOW "he has not forsaken us." God is not likely to have sent all the prophets, Jesus Christ and His apostles, and all the saints since then in a campaign of "too little and too late." You can gamble your life on God the Father, for it is absurd to even consider that the inhabitants of a ridiculously tiny planet, lost in the vastness of infinity, can defeat the Creator. It is unthinking, if not impertinent, to assume that God is so obtuse as not to have provided a system of divine checks and balances to cope with every historical situation.

We may have to face great dangers and crises, we may have to go through the worst disaster imaginable, but out of it shall come something so perfect that it could only have been wrought by the hand of the Almighty. You can trust God. He has not forsaken us!

Read: *Deep Is the Hunger*, Howard Thurman. \$2.50.

THE MESSAGE OF JESUS

"The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and the recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised."—Luke 4:18.

JESUS opened His ministry with these prophetic words, and when we think about them it is not surprising that the people wondered and those in authority were unnerved, for these are words of a revolutionary. The message is always revolutionary to the complacent for His message fires the hopes and imagination of those who have been discriminated against: the homeless, the hopeless, the degenerate, the sick, the bereaved, the enslaved, all those who have everything to gain and nothing to lose.

The message of Jesus has seeped into the world for nineteen centuries, and now no longer are the downtrodden of the earth willing to remain enslaved and ignorant; no longer are they content to be used for the benefit of those more fortunate than themselves. People are hungry for knowledge and the skills that go with knowledge and, as Frank Laubach says, they will take help from anyone who offers it to them. The days of complacency have ended.

Nations and kingdoms and empires have risen and fallen during the history of the earth, but the purpose of God in history has marched steadily onward, the fulfillment of his will is not dependent upon any particular people, be that people Israel or The United States of America. However, the fulfillment of any nation or people is entirely dependent upon how well that nation or people lends itself to the expression of God's will in history. As Jesus so aptly taught, it is impossible to worship God without at the same time stretching forth your hand to help those less fortunate than you. Either the "Christian" nations embark now on a program to help those less fortunate billions who will not be denied, or we default to Russia and bring upon our heads the peril our entire way of life. Our government recognizes this in its "Point Four Program."

If we get to work now we can win the everlasting love of most of the inhabitants of the earth. It is our Christian responsibility and it will provide much greater security for us than all the billions we are spending on military weapons and forces. We have simply got to be convinced that Christianity is good for us—good business, good law, good homes, good education, good fun, good government, good social relations, good everything in all things!

Only as we will to *do* His will can we know true peace, true joy and true security.

Read: *Wake Up or Blow Up!* by Frank Laubach. \$2.00.

"They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth and weepeth bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing bringing his sheaves with him."—Psalm 126:5, 6.

THIS is one of the most precious promises in the entire Bible. Usually we interpret it to mean that those who are sorrowful will find joy, and for most people this is true. However, always remember that the fulcrum, the power-point, of this promise is the phrase "bearing precious seed." Unless we have something in us that we can hold to in the time of sorrow, the result can be bitterness.

A minister once said to me, "The most pitiful people I have to deal with are those who are unchurched and who have no church background. When death comes to their family they are defeated."

I cannot think of anyone with spiritual power who has not had to go "down into that lonesome valley" as the Negroes say. Frank Laubach had to see his personal ambitions frustrated before he could grow into the person he now is. Kagawa had to be cruelly treated by his stepmother in childhood, disowned by his family and turned out of house and home before he won the life that overcomes sorrow. Hudson Taylor had to know defeat and death in China before he found the secret of "the exchanged life" and achievement beyond his wildest dreams. The secret of their victory was not some greatness they already had, but rather that they were "bearing precious seed" within themselves.

How do we store up the seed that finally turns sorrow to joy? The best way I know is to memorize great passages and verses of Scripture. Jesus knew His Scripture and note how often He answered His critics by quoting it. Read those great promises and meditate upon them. You will meet yourself in the Bible. You will meet people who felt the same way you feel, who went through the same trials you are going through and will go through, and you will learn how they came to peace and victory. By doing this you will be storing up precious seed within yourself so that when sorrow comes you will not be alone. Sorrow will make the seed sprout because sorrow will force you to make them your very own. They will grow into sheaves and become the strong fibers of your spiritual body. Experience will show you that these promises are true and not mere theories. Then, wrapped about by the mantle of the living God, your sorrow turns to joy. You are stronger. You have made the supreme discovery of life that neither death nor anything else can separate us from the love and power of Jesus Christ.

Read: *Precious Bible Promises*, Samuel Clarke. \$.75.

Norman K. Elliott

THE MINISTRY OF JESUS, Charles F. Whiston. Pilgrim, \$2.00. 167 pages. The author has quite successfully undertaken to give us "a devotional life of Jesus." His idea is, and rightly so, that a critical study needs to be wed to devotional reading that both may achieve their desired end. Using the gospels as his guide, Dr. Whiston takes the events of the life of Jesus, gives them in the King James Version and then follows it with an explanation that is both devotional and based on sound scholarship. This is a book for the layman. It is well written, easy to understand and maintains interest throughout. He says, "Our prayers are addressed to God through Jesus . . . it implies that we shall by study and devotion sit often at the feet of Jesus, as he has been revealed to us through the gospel records, and saturate our whole life of praying with the spirit and the truth that is in him." This book is a great help in doing just this.

THESE SOUGHT A COUNTRY, Kenneth Scott Latourette. Harper, \$1.75. 156 pages. The title of the book was taken from the book of Hebrews, "They seek a country. . . . Wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God." This is a study of five men "who sought a country" for their Lord. Expecting great things from God they attempted great things for God. The questions are, What follows? Did God fulfill their expectations? The five studies are of William Carey, the English Baptist who pioneered India; Samuel John Mills, the American Congregationalist who opened up the Pacific area, South America and at the end South Africa for the American missions; Hudson Taylor, the English Methodist who opened up China; Timothy Richard, the Welch Baptist who acted in terms of the entire British Empire, opening up missions everywhere; and Neesima, the Japanese influenced by American Congregationalism who wanted to win his own country for Christ. You learn the dreams and visions of these men which were unfulfilled and which fulfilled, how they influenced the later history of these countries. The author writes an introduction and a conclusion

that are worth the price of the book in that they define the problem very clearly and then sum up the facts without glossing over any of them. He shows that in many instances their dreams were not fulfilled, and yet, in a way that is difficult to be too precise about, they fit into the overall picture of God in history. They did do more than they had any right to expect they could. "Yet it is through men daring to live now in the new age and not content until all their fellow creatures share it that God brings in His kingdom." Amen. Good biography, good thinking, good book.

DEEP IS THE HUNGER, Howard Thurman. Harper, \$2.50. 220 pages. There are some books that appeal to us for their novel approach, for their contemporary applicability, or for the very emotional virility of the message. But there are greater books than these. Every so often there comes along a book that might rightly be called great because of the timelessness of its message, for the depth of its insight, for its genuineness and honesty. That is the kind of book this one is. The sub-title is "Meditations for Apostles of Sensitiveness." "To have a sense of what is vital, a basic and underlying awareness of life and its potentialities at every level of experience, this is to be an Apostle of Sensitiveness." There are four main sections with the titles "A Sense of History," "A Sense of Self," "A Sense of Presence," and "For the Quiet Time." Howard Thurman has the gift of saying what is right, what is true, and of saying it in the right context without exaggeration or straining for effect. I believe that this book, read unhurriedly and meditated upon, can clarify the goals of a person's life, can give his life a meaning, and can give him a sense of Divine Companionship.

THE LORD'S PRAYER, E. F. Scott. Scribner, \$2.25. 136 pages. There have been many books and booklets written about The Lord's Prayer, and some of them are very worthwhile. Most of them, however, are devotional, or inspirational and personal. There is nothing wrong with this, for the prayer to be effective must

become "our" prayer. This book fills the need for a book on The Lord's Prayer that is devotional in spirit and at the same time competent in scholarship, rooted in the historical person and place of its birth. Here is the character, purpose and an interpretation that stands up with those who have given their life to scholarship and for those who have personally found the prayer a way of living. The writing is easy to follow, it is written so anyone can understand, so do not leave it for "scholars." It is for you. In the book you will come to some decision on such questions as Why did Jesus make it? How does it differ from previous prayers? and What is involved in the petitions? The chapters are "Jesus' Conception of Prayer," "The Records of the Prayer," "The Background," "The Originality of the Prayer," "The Seven Petitions," and "The Implications of the Prayer." This is a larger book than the 136 pages might suggest. The pages are large and full. It is well worth the money in size but more than that in content. Good reading.

THE BIBLE STORY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS, NEW TESTAMENT, *Walter R. Bowie*. Abingdon, \$2.50. 160 pages. Probably everyone is familiar with Bowie's *Story of the Bible*. This book is limited to The New Testament and is also aimed at younger readers than the older book. There are many drawings and full color paintings. I imagine it is aimed at the ages nine or over. The name Bowie is recommendation enough for the new book. It is good.

THE ROYALTY OF THE PULPIT, *Edgar DeWitt Jones*. Foreword by *Halford E. Luccock*. Harper, \$5.00. 478 pages. The Lyman Beecher Lectures on Preaching began in 1872 with Henry Ward Beecher and are known as the outstanding project of that sort in this country. This volume ends with Leslie Weatherhead's lectures in 1949. Between these two names and including them stands the "royalty of the pulpit." The lectures themselves if reprinted would make a library of their own, and as such would be largely unread. Here we have not only the important things these lecturers said, but also brief anecdotes and biographical sketches of each

man. The result is interesting reading and important reading without the job of having to sift it yourself. The book is impossible to review as far as I am concerned. One might as well try to review the Bible, in reality a collection of books. But, I can say this: I cannot imagine a minister who would not like to own and read the book, everyone who is called upon to speak before religious gatherings ought to read it, and anyone who is interested in the subject on the men will find it worthwhile. It is not a book you will attempt to read through at one sitting. Rather, you will browse through it as the spirit moves you. It is something to live with.

WHAT WOULD JESUS DO? *Glenn Clark*. Macalester Park, \$2.25. 286 pages. Glenn Clark has been dreaming for years about writing a sequel to Charles M. Sheldon's *In His Steps*, and this is the result of it. I would call it more than a sequel, rather, a worthy successor. This does not mean that *In His Steps* will from now on have little use. It will go on, and on, and on. However, the present story is more applicable to our day. The problems are our problems, and while we do not have to agree on every procedure and solution in the book, we will be forced to come to some conclusions of our own. The characters are the grandchildren of the characters in *In His Steps*. Those who might question Glenn Clark's right as a novelist, will be very much surprised. The book is well written, much better than *In His Steps*, it captures your attention and interest immediately and will not let you go till the last page is finished. The main characters are Charles Maxwell, the young minister who proposes his church members ask, "What would Jesus do?" whenever they are about to do anything; Frances Page, the girl whom Maxwell eventually wins; Marsh, the lawyer; MacIntosh, the church caretaker; and Norman, the newspaper editor. The result is a town and a people that are turned upside-down, and in the process a new political, social and economic life is born. It's a grand book. You will laugh; and you will cry! You will also be impelled to think out some courses of Christian action for yourself.

Prayer Is to Help Us Remember

Allan A. Hunter*

THE other morning I met with what might be called "a nuclear prayer group." They were students, for the most part, at the University of California. Not satisfied with echoing second or third hand ideas, they were seeking contact with the Source from which ideas come. For them it was not enough to measure or weigh things with the surface of their intellects. Their purpose was to appreciate and become a co-operative part of the meaning behind "the show of things." They were training their attention on the energy of the Spirit.

From that small intimate and relatively obscure group trying to fulfill their laboratory conditions, I was motored up the hill overlooking Berkeley to the great cyclotron. Here, under a huge cathedral-like dome, the ultimate in physical energy is being explored: Atoms are cracked, and particles of atoms are stepped up to incredible speed. Guards see to it that you don't pull the wrong switches.

Before you go very far inside, you leave your watch behind so that the high powered magnetic field from

the big machines won't throw it out of gear. In front of you are great concrete blocks. Back of those barriers something terrific is going on, something that may prove fateful for the whole human race.

"What if some of those mesons banging around behind that concrete block came through the crack there?" you nervously ask the scientist guide. "Mightn't it disintegrate somebody's insides?"

"No," he laughs, "there are more bocks behind that crack to stop them."

In the control room some graduate students point proudly to an atomic chart and the blank space near the top. Quite probably, from this time on, that space will be filled by the word Berkeleium, the name of element 97, discovered or rather "created" and identified in this cyclotron only a few weeks ago.

The laboratory, with its disciplined research into the physical binding force at the center of the atom, was on the growing edge of science.

But the little seeking group, with whom I had met around a common table earlier in the day, was on the

*From *Adult Bible Class*, David C. Cook Publishing Co., Elgin, Ill. Used by permission. May, 1950, issue.

growing edge of religion. In religion the probing is into a more ultimate and important binding force than any which a cyclotron can smash or accelerate.

If the bombs are dropped, that ultimate power will still have the last word. It is not as unrelated to personality as a lot of people think. Jesus dared to address this power directly as "Father."

He also dared to let a thought become fire in his mind, a thought that is perhaps the most startling and significant ever to fire the brain of man. It is this. "The Father" is spirit. He is so close to us, who also are spirit, that we have it in us to answer and so share his nature. This gives us the capacity to obey him and to make his will for good supreme in our hearts. To realize that the kingdom of God is within us, is the amazing capacity which is our heritage. We may hide it from ourselves by all sorts of clever activities, but it is still waiting there.

Jesus had such faith in this latent capacity within men that he went about opening as many eyes as he could to this wonderful gift. You can be born anew, he was always insisting. You can be humble, outgoing, forgiving, joyous, reconciled toward men and God. That's good news—no matter what the radio or headlines are screaming.

But we are always forgetting; prayer is to help us remember!

One of the most audacious individual experiments of this day is being conducted by Frank Laubach. He is out to teach a billion illiterates on this planet to read and write! He aims at making available to as many as possible "the glory of the lighted mind," that is the mind of Christ.

More than twenty years ago, while among the headhunters he began to line up his actions with the will of God "about every fifteen minutes or every half hour." Two years later, still in the Philippine Islands, he started out trying to live all his waking moments "in conscious listening to the inner voice, asking without ceasing, 'What, Father, do you desire said? What, Father, do you desire done this minute?'"

The whole undertaking is such a fascinating and bold adventure that you will want to purchase the little book *Letters of a Modern Mystic* that records his findings. It is only twenty-five cents and can be ordered from Student Volunteer Movement, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York.

Only yesterday the father of a Negro girl told me how his daughter was cured of hatred. The hatred stemmed out of a bitter experience on a playground reserved for white people. Rudely ordered off at the age of five because of the color of her skin, she did not recover from

the emotional wound until she was fourteen years old.

Then she went to a young people's conference of which she was president. There she was challenged by Frank Laubach to try his "game of minutes." The effort she began at that camp left little or no room in her mind for hate. The idea was this: As often as you can, every minute if possible, think of God as close to you—maybe closer than you are to yourself. Only don't forget—God is like "the spirit of life in Christ Jesus."

Muriel Lester is another well-known exemplar of the "radio-active" quality of life that comes with prayer. She is an associate member of our church. Once, as a result of her plea for sincerity, for freedom from hypocrisy of parroting "vain repetitions"—against which Jesus warned—our church stopped saying out loud the "Lord's Prayer" for several weeks. Today when we start saying "Our Father" at services, we try to recall whom we are speaking to and what we are meant to become.

Rules can be straight jackets. But this one which Miss Lester offers is the kind of rule which releases the creative capacity deep in the soul that otherwise might be stifled: "Immediately upon awaking think not of yourself but of God. Think of Him as shining beauty, radiant joy, creative power, all-

pervading love, vitality, and perfect peace."

Her *Ways of Praying* (Abingdon-Cokesbury Press, Nashville, Tennessee; only twenty cents!) is full of practical suggestions. In this book she likes to quote Brother Lawrence, the barefoot monk who worked in a Paris kitchen with this single purpose: always to "act purely for the love of God." When there was an occasion of practicing some virtue, he addressed himself to God saying, "Lord, I cannot do this unless Thou enablest me." When he failed in his duty, he simply confessed his fault saying to God, "I shall never do otherwise if Thou leavest me to myself; it is Thou who must hinder my falling and mend what is amiss." (Brother Lawrence's small book, *The Practice of the Presence of God*, can be ordered from the Forward Movement, 412 Sycamore Street, Cincinnati 2, Ohio, for eight cents.)

So much for saints and near-saints. How about us? Let me tell about a high school "cell," that comes together in the prayer room of our church for forty minutes before their "regular meeting" at seven o'clock Sunday evenings. Their by-word is "We Are Here to Understand." That sounds oversimple? Try it and see.

Full of fun, they can also become beautifully grave as they sit on the floor in silence trying to sense what

Papunehung, the Indian chief, was getting at when he whispered to a friend after a meeting of living stillness, "I love to feel where words come from."

To these young people silence is a token, just as words in the prayer room can be a token of a deep desire to be open and receptive to the light—God's own truth and love. They know that this light has been waiting a long time for human eyes to respond. They rejoice in the confidence that they are of such stuff as spiritual eyes are made. When they stand and take hands in a circle at the close of their listening, and speaking, and wondering, they think of this gesture as symbolizing a fellowship no less inclusive than the good will that God is.

Those nine boys and girls have a long way to go and grow. But they are pointed in the right direc-

tion. They are attempting each day to hold one another in this light for that is the common aim of their comradeship.

For myself, I am becoming more and more convinced that our spiritual progress, far more than we suspect, is related to intercessory prayer. When Jesus said, just before going to Gethsemane and the cross, "For their sakes I sanctify myself," He gave us a spirit rather than a formula.

We are to shut the door when we pray. We are to bar out our egos. But that does not mean we are to exclude fellow human beings from the light. The light to which we would expose our inmost selves shines generously on them, too. Prayer is to encourage us to remember and adjust ourselves to that all-embracing Fact.



NORTHERN CALIFORNIA CAMP FARTHEST OUT DATES CHANGED

The Northern California Camp Farthest Out has been forced to change its dates from those that were mailed to you. The present dates are:

Northern California Camp Farthest Out — August 10th to 19th

The camp will be held at Montezuma School. Present information does not tell us where in California this school is located.

□ Human hardship has a social and spiritual significance which many of the most earnest Christians have never recognized.

"Why Should This Happen to Me"

Marjorie S. Watts

UNLESS you're an exceptional human being, at some crisis in your life you've cried out, "Why should this happen to me?" Have you ever tried to discover a purpose in your experience? Most of us don't. We're satisfied to fret about the cause and feel sorry for ourselves. If we've brought the trouble on by mistakes, we wallow in a mire of regrets. If it strikes us that we don't deserve it, we're moved to "curse God and die." What a waste of time to indulge in these destructive moods! For the vital question isn't, "Why should this happen to me?" It is, "How can I fill this experience with meaning for myself and others?"

Trouble practically forces us to think of other people. We have only one dull, disastrous alternative: to think of ourselves. When the blow falls, our first impulse is to crawl off in a corner and lick our wounds. We are in acute danger of not realizing that a corner is a dead end. We must set our minds to work on how to use our sharpened sympathies to bring human beings closer together.

To illustrate, an attractive high school senior girl applied as part

time assistant to a dentist. She was not too hopeful that this Dr. Stearns would be an exception to a number of other people who had turned her down. When he learned that she was Jewish, he regretfully explained that some of his patients were prejudiced.

"Are you prejudiced?" she asked him candidly.

"I don't believe I am," he replied. "But sometimes your feelings might be hurt by people's remarks, even though they didn't know of your faith."

"That can happen anywhere," she said gravely. "If I'm willing to run the risk, would you take me on?"

He considered briefly. "Let's try it," he suggested.

During the next six weeks Helen's unflinching graciousness won a friendly response from most of his clientele. When an occasional prejudice was voiced, he found himself quietly speaking up for the worth of the individual regardless of the color of his skin, the country he came from, or his church. Seeing Helen's courtesy even to those who spoke disparagingly of her people, he felt that he owed it to her. He even lost a patient. This

was a man who, on learning that she attended a synagogue, grew purple with anger at her presence in the office. He left abruptly and never returned. Afterwards Dr. Stearns told her with a twinkle, 'I'd rather he'd take his molars elsewhere anyway.'

Helen observed to a friend, "For the first time in my life I'm glad to be Jewish. But suppose I'd sulked and given up looking for a job before I tried Dr. Stearns! I'd have been bitter all my life. Now I've learned to put my best foot forward, because whatever I do or say represents everybody of my faith. Instead of expecting almost everybody to be an enemy, I look for what I have in common with everyone I meet. And what a thrill to find people like Dr. Stearns, who go along with you in breaking down barriers."

In a different situation Mr. Charles Atwell is an example of putting trouble to use. Over seventy when he learned that cataracts were forming on his eyes, he might easily have railed at fate. Not to be able to read or write for several years till he could be operated on—that was the toughest of all! His wife and daughter read to him from magazines and newspapers. This was a pleasure, for his eagerness to keep informed of what went on in the world grew in proportion to his limitations. But he was not satisfied merely to soak up informa-

tion. He began to clip out, with some assistance, any item which might be useful or interesting to anybody else and to mail it to that person. Often a clipping went to somebody he had never met. Presently he was receiving countless letters of appreciation, each a warm contact with another person.

After a successful operation Mr. Atwell, now eighty-three, sees again. He will never give up the hobby that has enriched his own life and that of hundreds of others. His correspondence comes from all parts of the world.

Even noted people seldom become so self sufficient that they don't welcome spontaneous thoughtfulness from others. Indeed, a pedestal can be a lonely place. Somebody once wrote a little book entitled "Everybody's Lonesome." Using the humble material he had at hand, Mr. Atwell put his trouble to work assuaging that loneliness.

Human hardship has a social and spiritual significance which many of the most earnest Christians have never recognized. It is the one kind of experience sure to come sooner or later to all of us. Why should this happen to you? It can make you a humanitarian capable of contributing far more effectively to world understanding than before it happened. It is the gateway to a greater adventure in fellowship. It is a challenge to your own wisdom from the wisdom of God.

☞ The Bishop dedicated the Christ statue to the whole world as a practical lesson in peace.

"Pattern for Peace"

Vincent Edwards

PROBABLY the closest two nations ever came to war without engaging in actual hostilities happened just fifty years ago. Argentina and Chile both seethed with pent-up anger, for no settlement seemed possible in their long-smouldering boundary dispute.

Each country was arming rapidly, and the defense budgets were so staggering that they amounted to five dollars for every citizen. Two modern warships were already under construction in European shipyards. It looked as though the shooting might begin at any minute.

But then events took a strange course. Out of nowhere, so it seemed, without any notice in advance, a great peace movement got under way. It started very unexpectedly in a Buenos Aires cathedral.

People who attended the Easter festival that year could hardly believe their ears. Challenging his 18—Mac Park—4546 walt listeners, Monsignor Marcolino Benavente, the head of the Catholic church in Argentina, dared to plead for peace!

The great congregation present

never forgot his words. With moving eloquence, he urged that the bitter boundary dispute be submitted to international arbitration.

Then he made a startling proposal. He hoped to live to see the day, he said, when a statue of Christ would be erected on the very border that was the cause of all the trouble, so every wayfarer who passed that spot would be reminded of how two great nations had chosen the way of peace rather than war.

There was something kindling about the good Bishop's suggestion. The more people thought about it, the more sensible it sounded. The frenzied jingoists began to lose their following, since sober second-thought made the Argentines realize that friendship and conciliation paid off much better than hatred.

The upshot was that Monsignor Benavente's ideas were translated into action. The question of the boundary was duly submitted to an international tribunal, and in the course of time an agreement was arrived at and a treaty of peace signed.

When that day came, another movement was well under way.

The idea that had appealed most to the average Argentine had been the Bishop's suggestion for a statue of Christ high up in the Andes on the Chilean border. Organized by the women of the country and headed by Senora de Costa, President of the Christian Mothers' Association of Buenos Aires, plans for such a peace monument rapidly took shape.

A sculptor, Mateo Alonso, was engaged and he went to work. After he had finished his twenty-six-foot model, the statue itself was cast from some old bronze cannon that the Spaniards had left behind at the end of Argentina's long war for independence. Thus, the weapons that men had designed for the destruction of their fellow humans were converted into a lasting symbol of peace.

Transporting that colossal figure across the country and up to Puente del Inca, a point on the boundary nearly three miles above sea level, was no small undertaking. It was conveyed by rail in huge crates from Buenos Aires to Mendoza, where the parts were transferred to gun carriages, drawn by mules, for the long haul into the Andes. In dangerous places, where it was feared those patient beasts might slip, the soldiers and sailors themselves grabbed the ropes.

At last came the important day of dedication. This was on March 13, 1904. The night before, hun-

dreds of persons made the long climb into the mountains and camped at the site.

Grouped against the mountain background, the crowd present formed an impressive spectacle. In accordance with the prearranged plan, the Argentines all stood on Chilean soil, while the Chileans lined up on the Argentine side of the boundary. Amid that throng, the most distinguished figure was Bishop Benavente, who had seen his dream come true. Needless to say, he had a leading part in the ceremonies.

There was music and also the booming of guns, but the moment of the unveiling was one of solemn silence. The Bishop dedicated the Christ statue to the whole world as a practical lesson in peace.

He then blessed the special peace flag—an emblem that embroidered in gold, with laurels and palms, and that contained all the colors of the flags of all the North and South American countries. A large sun was shown on one side and a white dove at the other, while at the top appeared the words, "*Paz a todas las naciones*" ("Peace to all nations").

The day's program finally came to a close. As the sun dropped behind the mountain wall, prayer was offered that love and kindness might enter the hearts of men everywhere.

For forty-six years now, the

statue has been standing. The "Christ of the Andes" has become the world's most impressive peace monument. That great figure of the Saviour, with upraised cross, which is twenty-six feet in height, has been seen by thousands of visitors to the roof top of a continent. People gaze reverently upon it, for while one hand of the Christ holds the cross, the other is stretched out in blessing.

On the granite base is a tablet with a memorable inscription. If

nations nowadays desire to find lasting world peace, perhaps they should give a thought to the words that brought reconciliation between two great countries of South America. A perfect pattern for world harmony is found in their public vow: "Sooner shall these mountains crumble into dust than Argentines and Chileans break the peace to which they have pledged themselves at the feet of Christ, the Redeemer."



I Met God in the Morning

I met God in the morning
When the day was at its best,
And His presence came like sunrise
Like a Glory within my breast.

All day long the Presence lingered,
All day long He stayed with me;
And we sailed in perfect calmness
O'er a very troubled sea.

Other ships were blown and battered,
Other ships were sore distressed;
But the winds that seemed to drive them
Brought to us a peace and rest.

Then I thought of other mornings,
With a keen remorse of mind,
When I, too, had loosed the moorings
With His presence left behind.

So I think I know the secret
Learned from many a troubled way;
You must seek God in the morning
If you want Him through the day.

—*Author Unknown*

Each should search until he discovers for himself some statement or promise that is most apt, and then really put it to work.

Keys to Your Spiritual Strongbox

Annie S. Greenwood

WHATEVER we need to gain our welfare is already waiting for us to put it to work.

My most valuable material possessions are safely kept in vast steel vaults of a huge bank building. Most of the time they are out of sight because I enter the vault only occasionally, but I have not only the ownership of what is in the box but the key which unlocks it, and the right to use that key. Many others have valuable holdings in the same vaults, each with his individual compartment and his own key. How easy it is to believe in a great national bank!

Our spiritual strongbox, the Secret Place of the Most High to which we have instant access, is far more important. There, too, we have the key which releases whatever we need to meet any condition.

* * *

"As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he," and the writer of the Proverbs. That key opens the box when we need courage and self-confidence.

Charles Wiberg was training for service in the Navy, making good progress except in swimming. Tall,

strong, athletic and healthy, patriotic and eager to serve his country, it seemed foolish for him to be afraid of the water, but he was. As a Navy man he had to know how to swim, and he knew it. One day when trying to dive he realized that he needed only to follow instructions and then completely to let go and yield himself to the water. He thought and felt deeply that he was in the Father's care and must trust himself to that care, knowing his safety, in spite of a fear which had been his since early childhood. Such thoughts removed all tension. With correct motions, in perfect confidence he depended on Divine cooperation, trusting his body to the water and his diving became not only successful but an accomplishment of pleasure. As he thought in his heart, so he became. His key to the secret abiding place of the Most High worked perfectly.

* * *

"I am the Lord that healeth thee" was the key best suited to E. B. Braman's requirements when he was taken to a hospital for serious surgery, the removal of a condition which threatened his life. A small section of the growth was

removed and sent to university laboratories for analysis, then several days later all arrangements were made for the operation. Everything was ready. He lay on the operating table surrounded by white-robed, masked doctors and nurses as the surgeon was about to begin. Amazed, they found that there was nothing to be removed. The scar was there showing where the little segment had been taken for examination but there was no other sign of any growth.

"It's simply a miracle!" the astonished medical man said when he finally believed his own eyes.

"I am the Lord that healeth thee," Elmer Braman realized, and explained to his doctor as he arranged to leave the hospital.

"You'll have to come back in two or three weeks for another examination," he was told. He did so. The condition was perfect. He had used the key which opened the strongbox from which came complete spiritual healing.

* * *

"Your life is what you make of it," wrote Marcus Aurelius. This key is needed by thousands to get possession of whatever good they earnestly seek and believingly accept. Whether or not he was aware of those particular words, Vash Young used that thought when he turned the key which opened a new life to him after having been a drink addict and a complete busi-

ness failure. Soon he was happy, prosperous and one of the most successful insurance salesmen of the United States. He gave largely of his time and energy for the good of others and yet, Midas like, apparently turned every hour into financial and spiritual gain.

* * *

"Be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind," urged St. Paul. Anyone can use this key to open up for himself the riches which lie awaiting him in his secret strongbox. Harold Russell lost both hands in World War II and faced the rest of his days with a consciousness that there was nothing left to make life worth living. The artificial hooks with which he was ultimately fitted seemed hopelessly ungainly—poor excuses for the hands of an energetic young man. Slowly, awkwardly but surely, however, he was transformed by the renewing of his mind, and life once more is rich with idealism and useful activity. Since playing the part of Homer Parrish in THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES, he says, "My chance to play that part was one of the finest things that will ever happen to me. Not because it made me a Hollywood celebrity but because it gave me a chance to show thousands of other disabled people that a handicap can give them the necessary impetus to achieve more than if their calamity had never happened."

"Practice thinking joyously," says Dr. Norman Vincent Peale, of the Marble Collegiate Church of New York. This is the key most needed by all who are inclined to pessimism. If we find ourselves in a dense black atmosphere of worry, fear, discouragement or resentment, we can change the black to a totally different color by using this shining key of joyous thinking. Soon a golden glow of sunshine will illuminate our whole viewpoint.

Worrying about family difficulties, lack of proper housing and her own inadequate self-expression, Hazel Sigafos turned her thoughts away from such negation, used this key and found in her spiritual strongbox everything she needed. The family conditions resolved themselves into harmony, she found worthy employment in particularly interesting and well-paid part time work, and a new home of their own is rapidly becoming a financial accomplishment. Her whole attitude has changed; she radiates happiness.

The secret place of the Most High is a consciousness of being at

one with God. That changes an individual's whole outlook on life and brings into manifestation the desired conditions. The particular key one person uses may not be best suited to another's needs. Each should search until he discovers for himself some statement, command or promise which strikes him as most apt, then really put it to work. Possibly we need several keys—one for health, another for success in a special undertaking, one for supplies of peace and harmony, another for guidance, one for protection and one for deepening spiritual consciousness. The texts chosen by himself, to meet his personal requirements, are usually more effective than those suggested by someone else. It is wise to choose several suited to life's different demands, thoroughly to memorize them, slip them on the key ring of happy faith and so have them ready for every emergency. It pays.

We all have instant access to the strongbox and ought to carry our keys with us. What they have done for others, they will do for us also. Let's use them.



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

—Anonymous

☐ When we have gone deep enough in repentance we will go high enough in hope.

There Is An Answer

Agnes Sanford

THERE is an answer to the crisis of this hour. There is a power, greater than the power of the atomic bomb, that can swing the course of history into the paths of peace. But we, God's people, who are called by His name, have blocked this power.

Nearly three months ago I spent five days in retreat, with three friends powerful in prayer, praying continually for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit and for the peace of the world. At that time our men were in a trap in North Korea and the Chinese communists were beginning to enter the war against them. First we asked for guidance how to pray and it came to us that we had the authority to pray for our men to escape from that trap—and they did. Doubtless there were thousands of people so praying and the Lord opened the way. Then we felt the authority to pray that the Spirit of God should come into the subconscious minds of those in authority in Russia, China and Korea and should suggest to them a withdrawal in North Korea. We did so and it immediately happened. The newspapers spoke of a "strange lull" and an "unexplained withdrawal." We cannot, of course, prove that God's power was moving

through this lull, but having for many years spent almost all our time in prayer and being familiar with the feeling of that power as it sweeps through spirit and mind and body, we felt God was indeed working. If only our own nation had waited at this time—had just kept still and known that this was the hand of God—He would have continued to work, we believe, in the minds of the Chinese envoys just arrived at New York and in the minds of others in authority, and we could have had a plan for peace. But we did not recognize the hand of God nor believe in the answer to the prayers of thousands of people when it came.

"We." It would be a great mistake to blame this or any decision on any one person. Our representatives in the government act according to the mass mind of the United States. God's people waste His time and dissipate their prayer power if they fall into the common escape method of blaming or criticizing this person and that person. The United States is made up of all of us great and small and every one of us is responsible for its mistakes. We can see them, repent of them, atone for them, and so help to turn the nation toward goodness.

But merely to run up and down the land tearing our leaders apart in criticism does harm rather than good. So I say and truly, "we" failed to recognize God's hand in this "strange withdrawal" and though millions must have prayed for it they did not accept it when it came. Instead of that, *we* broke that lull and when our prisoners were being released and sent home in peace and when nobody was firing a gun, we set fire to two towns and burned them up and we started a win-the-war-by-Christmas offensive.

After this, we who have made prayer the main work of our lives could pray no more for peace. When we would try, the voice would say "No." We felt as if a door closed in our faces. And why not? Suppose a boy was fighting a bigger boy and getting the worst of it and prayed "God, please make this guy stop hitting me." And suppose God actually touched the heart of the bigger boy and in some way prompted him to stop . . . and that the little boy instead of saying "Thank You, God," thought "This is a trap" and turned around to destroy the big boy. Could he once more ask God to save him when the big boy turned on him with redoubled fury? He could not possibly do so unless he first said, "God, I'm sorry. I asked You to save me but when You did, I didn't believe it. I shouldn't have hit him

again. I should have just waited to see what he would do. Please forgive me. If You will help me again, I promise that this time I will just be still and ask You what to do."

So now when we try to pray for the world, only one answer comes to us: "Repent." "If my people, which are called by my name, shall humble themselves and pray and seek my face and turn from their wicked ways; then will I hear from heaven and will forgive their sin, *and will heal their land.*" (Chronicles II, 7, 14.) God is able to heal our land. His power is unlimited, His resources infinite. The history of His people is full of times when in answer to the prayer of repentance He has intervened directly in the affairs of men and of nations and has saved His people by guidance and inspiration and even by the forces of nature, wind and fog and water and fire. He has reserves of spiritual energy locked up in the spirits of man as physical energy is locked up in the atom. As scientists try to get through the electrons of the atom to reach the nucleus, so we should try to get through our barriers of pride and faithlessness, of selfishness and hardness of heart and to release the unknown and unused power of spirit through that is dormant within us. This happened at Pentecost, in a small way to a handful of men, and even that unleashed a force that overturned the Roman Empire as it swept

through the years. Who knows how many Pentecosts there could be today with the world full of those who try to pray if only we would take the necessary step of discarding our sins both personal and national so as to get through to the center of power!

We know this by our knowledge of the ways of God. But even more emphatically we know it by guidance. Some of us who pray together have the gift of prophecy as Isaiah had it or Jeremiah—and why not? God is not dead! Therefore He can speak to His people today just as He always did, not by dubious experiments of the psychic realm but just by direct answer to direct prayer. Some of us hear these answers more distinctly than others do. Countless people have told me of their feeling of impending doom unless we repent and try as never before to find God's will. Some of them have heard the Voice in words and it has said, "The United States will be destroyed unless it repents." So we have gone deep in repentance for our own sins so that we can be better channels for the forgiveness of God to the nation. Also we have repented for the sins of the nation, as all have a right to do for the nation is made up of all of us. "God, please forgive me for my part in the sins of the nation and through me send Thy forgiveness into the nation itself. Please spread among the people the

consciousness of our own sins and unworthiness and make them turn to Thee. And please illumine the minds of our leaders and show them the mistakes they have made as a nation and guide them into the paths of peace."

We have done this, day and night, with prayer and fasting as a token of our real repentance for the nation. But still the warning comes and we know that more people must turn to the Lord and that those in our government itself, or at least those whose heart God has touched, must build within themselves deeper foundations of repentance and real goodness or else the impending doom will fall upon us. Every decision of any of us made for our own profit and not for the good of all people should be repented of today—and why not, even from the point of view of common sense? What good would it do any of us to be reelected to anything if the horror of total warfare should wipe us out? We have put ourselves in such a position that there is no other course open to us. Our great discovery of atomic energy is our greatest danger, as all of us know or feel with an inner discomfort even though we may not recognize the reason for that discomfort. The reason is very clearly stated in the law that Jesus Christ stated in these words: "He that taketh up the sword shall perish with the sword." This would

be in modern words, "The nation that takes up atomic energy shall perish with atomic energy." There is only one law great enough to take precedent over this law of Karma, or of "As ye give, so shall ye receive." That is the law of forgiveness that is in Jesus Christ.

So again and again the message comes to us. Two days ago my friends in Tucson, not knowing that I was in Washington, tried to reach me by phone. They were told only that I was away from home and could not be contacted. Then I wired them from Washington to ask their special prayers for those in authority in that city and they called me by phone. "The message has come again," it said. "We saw a cross, big and dark and ugly. And the Voice said, "The shadow of this cross will fall on the United States unless it repents. The choice is still yours. But *the time is short—the time is short—the time is short.*"

When we have gone deep enough



Everything in the spirit reverses the secular; what wounds the ego enlarges the soul. Directly reverse a secular thing to know the Divine: get—give, rebellion—union, resistance—response, restriction—release, resentment—redemption, discussion—discipline, vanity—divinity, verbal—vital, ambition—aspiration.

—Starr Daily



Be careful to avoid with great diligence those things in thyself, which do commonly displease thee in others.—*Thomas a Kempis.*

in repentance then we will go high in hope. We will feel a new courage and a new power in prayer. The clouds will be lifted from our minds and the confusion gone and we will see the steps to take toward peace. These steps may be small and may not take us all the way. But everything that gives us time is of tremendous importance. For the power of prayer is being rediscovered in this nation and is growing by leaps and bounds. I feel that there is light not very far away from us—that if only in some way the feeling of repentance can be released in this nation, the barrier will be removed and those of us who pray will be given again the guidance and the authority to direct God's power into the minds of the leaders of other nations. God is alive, He is real, He is here with the great gift of a Kingdom of Peace on earth in His hands long-ing to give it to us. If only we will receive it, there is an answer.

From the Desk of Glenn Clark

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

QUESTION: The students of a college prayed for six nights and six days for the healing of a student. She died. Were the prayers wasted?

ANSWER: Prayers are never wasted. Prayers to God are exactly like those rivers that flow toward the sea, continually bringing the joy of swimming, boating and fishing to people along their banks, and prosperity to farmer and tradesmen wherever they flow.

But sometimes these services are not rendered for a while. The river is stopped. A block occurs and the water ceases its onward flow. But if the channel is kept open and clear to its source, nothing can stop its incoming flow. For it will then rise over the dam, and from that day onward not only will it bring joy for the swimmers and boatmen and prosperity for the farmers and tradesmen, but it will bring light and power to thousands of homes in a score of states hundreds of miles away.

Once I prayed for the conversion of an unregenerated lad and by prayers seemed wasted. One day he found himself penniless, and asked me for the loan of enough money for a ticket. To my dismay, I, too, was short of change, and he had to make the journey in a cold, drizzly night in an open freight car. Waves of wistfulness for him poured into me, dammed up by this obstruction to the fulfillment of my prayer to help. The next year the lad came to me and I found this accumulated wistfulness had risen to such a height of redemptive

power that it brought an experience to him that led him to become the most potent influence for good in the entire college.

Once I was trusted with an important assignment for a small business and even though I prayed about it my work turned out to be a complete flop. To cap the climax the generous owner insisted on paying me far more than I deserved. My wistfulness, coupled with gratitude and love poured into a prayer for him and his company which helped to make it one of the most successful businesses in the world.

The greatest power for good in this world is generated from the wistfulness rising from so-called unanswered prayers. There is only one thing that can turn off the power, and that is if the river finding itself blocked from going forward sends back word to the source to quit sending the flow, then the power dries up. But if it asks the source to increase its help it rises to such heights that its power brings blessings to thousands.

One week an entire college prayed day and night for a student with a medically pronounced incurable disease, and the student died. "No use," said some; "turn off the power at the Source, we are through with prayers." But some wiser ones said, "No, the power accumulated by these days of prayer, because it was blocked at the point of fulfillment shall rise so high that it will flow from such tremendous heights with such irresistible power that it will

bring blessing and prosperity to the college and redemption and new life to scores of boys and girls." If this second attitude is taken this so-called "wasted prayer" will accomplish more for the kingdom than this student could have accomplished within her entire lifetime.

Yes, the Loving Father who can restore the years that the locusts have eaten sometimes permits His children to be blocked in some onflowing stream of loving service in order to give them an opportunity to lift a disappointment on a lower level to be transformed into His appointment on a higher level.

"To appoint unto them that mourn in Zion, to give them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness; that they might be called trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that he might be glorified." Isaiah 61:3.

QUESTION: All my friends are succeeding, while much I have done seems to be a failure. Can you give me something to hold to?

ANSWER: So you are one who is defeated and discouraged. Let me congratulate you. When you feel how very weak you are and exclaim, "I cannot heal, I cannot teach, I do not know anything," you are ready for a great advancement. It is like a new birth; it is an announcement of something wonderful coming to you. You are ready to let go of your little self—of your little concept of yourself. When you do you will suddenly realize the power in that Scriptural passage, "In (your) weakness shall be MY strength." You will feel a kinship with Jesus when He said, "I can of mine own self do nothing" (John 5:30). Moses called this state of consciousness the desert. All great souls—even Jesus himself—before they begin their life-work went out for a season into the "desert." The way all great souls found union with God was by taking a great big "eraser" and erasing themselves out of the picture. You are fortunate because your own failures and weaknesses have done a large part of that job already for you.

QUESTION: My affliction is loneliness, and this coming year it seems I shall be even more shut off from people for reasons I won't take time to explain. Can you help me?

ANSWER: If you are much alone, if you are an invalid, if you are isolated in any way from people a large part of the time, use that time to good advantage in knowing your oneness with the Father and through Him with all mankind. Saint Paul spent three years in the wilderness before he began his active ministry as he relates in Galatians. Frank Laubach was shut off from all congenial companions in a lowly cabin with no way to approach the Mohammedan head-hunters he wanted to reach. His letters home at that time, published under the title, *Letters of a Modern Mystic*, would be very inspiring to you if you are a lonely soul. Read my chapter on The Disciple of Wistfulness in A MAN'S REACH.

QUESTION: I am constantly surrounded by people till I have no time of my own. How can I keep my hold on God?

ANSWER: Are you surrounded by too many people, friends who demand your time, or competitors who irk you? Know that God is the only Being there is. There appear to be many people but God is the only One. In these people try to see little illustrations of Him, like pictures in a book. Pour out love upon them and assume each day that, being expressions of God, they are pouring out love to you. Oh, not in a sentimental way, but in a good, firm, active, give-and-take way. There may be a little saltiness in your love occasionally, and a little sting in theirs. What of it? If your hostess' coffee is too strong for you, put a little sugar in it.

Know this, that the real thing is going on all the time; your growing oneness with God, your connection with Life, your union with Reality. Hold fast to this, day in and day out, no matter even if the sweet rhythms too often seem like jarring vibrations—and presently you will begin to see emerging something very beautiful—your own Divine Plan, in all its perfection and all its glory.

On Prayer Groups

By Ethel Dow

*"Hear my prayer, O Lord,
Give ear to my supplications;
In Thy Faithfulness answer me,
And in Thy Righteousness."*

*"Fear not, for I am with thee all
these years."*

Prayer is not begging God to do something He does not want to do. Prayer is accepting what He is continually giving us.

Lincoln said, "I have been driven many times to my knees by the overwhelming conviction that I had nowhere else to go. My own wisdom, and that of all about me, seemed insufficient for the day."

This fellowship with God is such a necessity for us now, with wars and rumors of war all about us. We do a lot of social service acts, we talk about Brotherhood, and we have a fellowship with a few, but not until we have that particular kind of contact with our Creator, Our Heavenly Father, can we even realize what the word means.

For centuries women have prayed for a better world. This year our country observed the sixty-fourth anniversary of World Day of Prayer, and ninety-two countries joined us in a day of prayer which swept round the Globe. The purpose is to unite Christians in prayer. This year German women wrote the service. This is part of their prayer, "Give us Peace in our hearts. Help us to change our thoughts of strife and hate into words and deeds of love. Make us Thy messengers for our children, and for all with whom we live. Let our homes be centres of peace in the confusion of this warring world. . . . Our hearts are beset with fears; therefore we implore Thee, O Lord, to strengthen us with the courage that comes only through faith in Thee. Guide the thoughts of the nations and of all those who govern them, toward peace. Transform the anguish and grief that wars have brought upon us into quietness and peace. Comfort the distressed. Grant help to the forsaken. Be Thou the father to the orphan and a shield to the widow. Awaken in us the love that

helps the poor and feeds the hungry."

We need to pray to God to give us the will and strength to work for the answer to this prayer.

People all over the country have been holding Retreats for the purpose of getting closer as a group to the Fellowship of a Loving Father, learning how to pray, how better to commit our ways unto Him, to trust Him to bring His world to Him, and to do our part, to be guided by the Spirit of Truth, to Practice the Presence, to "be still and know that I am God." Never forgetting to tune in with their prayer groups at home, they are meeting to pray at home or at church during operations, and with the shut-ins.

AN ADVENTURE INTO THE KINGDOM

The Mid-Winter Northwest Retreat is over. It was held in Plymouth Congregational Church, Minneapolis, Minn., the same church where Glenn Clark has had his Sunday School Class for thirty years. The church has recently built a beautiful chapel, and as we sat there, we looked into the chancel window of the World Wide Communion, while all the windows around bore out the events in the Life of Jesus, and the one over the door was the Seal of the World Council of Churches.

As we sat in these meetings with Louise Eggleston and Glenn Clark, a deeper Realization seemed to enter us, as if the very Presence of the Master were there, the very Spiritual forces of God at work, making man ready for his task.

We are facing a crisis, but maybe our part is to unfold His Plan. What a challenge to help build a better world! Have we the resources, the Spiritual resources, to serve our world, our God? Only God can see it whole, but God longs to give us a sense of His Presence and use us in His Plan.

It is thrilling to receive so many letters from across the United States. From Kansas, "We started this Prayer Group the first of October. We are a faithful dozen. We would like ways to vary the hour, and

we want to know ways of tuning in with God."

From Illinois, we hear from a Lutheran group which prays systematically for the church.

From Florida comes the question, "Can we spend too much time in Intercession? We spend each Friday morning in intercessory prayer, and a sharing meeting each Wednesday evening."

From Topeka, Kansas, we have the assurance that several of the churches are having wonderful meetings whose personnel include both men and women who are deep spiritual thinkers and who are making it their business to live and learn and work for the world.

From Oregon and North Dakota, we hear of neighborhood groups that are working with shut-ins.

From Indiana, one writer says, "Our books are helping to meet the needs of others, too. I continue to marvel at God's marvelous way, how His plan is always so full of surprises and hallelujah endings."

Letters from Illinois and Pennsylvania express the value of the neighborhood groups of "two or three" in the homes, their only wish being,

*"Lord, teach me to pray,
With only Thee
Or two or three."*

One letter says, "The hunger of hearts here is so great and our meetings have been equally precious to all of us. . . . P.S. I am so eternally grateful for the impressions of C. F. O. living that my own children received at Koronis."

From Texas, a friend says, "Most certainly I do give my all each day, since the dedication of my home after my visit with you; two separate groups meet here each week. Thank you for the inspiration you gave me."

Washington, D. C., is fortunate in having so many prayer groups. All races and creeds are represented. There are "friendship groups," neighborhood groups, brotherhood groups, interdenominational groups. Some have luncheon meetings, others healing groups, or study and prayer, "lessons in living," "schools of prayer," "prayer sessions in the Sunday School classes." On paper, this sounds like Prayer

activity, and it is. If the readers who perhaps do not belong to one of these groups, could experience the deep interest and concern the members of the group have for one another, and their yearning concern over the world that seems "like a crowd that doesn't know its way," they would find a way to make their dreams come true.

We can't just wait to have our dreams come true. So many young married couples are meeting evenings in groups to talk things over, to help each other, to pray together to help make the home a stronger, dependable place of security for their children. They are deeply concerned with ethics in business, right relationships with employer or employee, and inward re-evaluation. Mothers are meeting in prayer groups and seeking ways to bring food and clothing to suffering children. Children themselves are meeting in prayer groups in their Sunday School classes and making an appeal to those in authority for "Peace in their time."

Chapels are open in many places for continual prayer for those in the Service of our Country, for our United Nations, and for all those in positions of authority.

Mr. Waller calls to the churches to "repent and awake." "The blacking of communism is not victory over it," he said. "We can overcome it only by a philosophy of life inspired by Spiritual values which exalt the worth of the individual."

Trygve Lie said, "I think the door is always open for peace." If we could only have a "Department for Peace" in our government!

One minister from Canada wants to start prayer with groups of Japanese, and wants our help. A group in Texas is serving as a nucleus to other small groups, and spreading prayer groups all over that city. A woman in Minnesota said that their Women's Society has a monthly prayer service, and they also have a "Prayer Band" which has made a pledge to observe the hour from nine to ten A.M. each day in prayer. Another church has an "Hour of Power" each day, and many churches are keeping their doors open "always," that the sanctuary, chapel, or prayer-room may prove a refuge for those in trouble.

NEWS OF OUR EDITORS

NORMAN VINCENT PEALE

From a letter from Dr. Peale.

"My activities during the Spring season, among my engagements, are the following:

Thursday, March 15—Wyandotte, Michigan

Friday, March 16—Aurora, Illinois (afternoon)

Friday, March 16—Chicago, Illinois (evening)

Wednesday, April 11 — Dallas, Texas

Thursday, April 12—Dallas, Texas

Friday, April 20—High Point, North Carolina

Monday, May 7—Atlanta, Georgia

Thursday, May 17—Chicago, Illinois

Tuesday, May 29—Huntington, West Virginia

"I am on the radio, National Broadcasting Company coast to coast network. The program is given at different times at different places. It is usually Sunday morning, and in some cases Sunday afternoon. The program is known as 'The Art of Living.' We have about 125 stations over the NBC chain.

"Mrs. Peale and I are shortly to begin a 'husband and wife' show, as it is termed in television. We will appear over the Dumont station in New York. The program will consist of a discussion under the title probably 'Dr. Peale's Mailbag.' Mrs. Peale and I will discuss personal problems and suggest spiritual therapy in each case. We will also offer to interested listeners our Self Improvement Handbook and the recently issued little booklet, Thought Conditioners.*

"I should like to say that I feel

one of the most important procedures in arriving at a happy and useful life is to recondition the thoughts. If air conditioning makes a room a healthy place in which to be, so thought conditioning also produces emotional, mental, spiritual and physical health. In the case of many of us, the mind is filled with a great mass of old, decaying thought material. We live over and over and over again our hates, our frustrations, our disappointments, and thus a stagnant mental condition results, and always stagnation produces disease. Daily there ought to be a process of an inflow of healthy, new, creative thoughts into the mind. I suggest that one set aside a period of a few minutes to deliberately recondition the thoughts. Obviously it is difficult to drive out a thought by merely willing to do so. A thought can be eliminated from the mind only by a process of displacement. A healthy thought can always displace an unhealthy thought, if one will persevere in the attempt. Therefore if one will set aside a period of time to think healthy thoughts and at the same time conceive of these healthy thoughts as eliminating the unhealthy ones, he will in due course succeed in reconditioning his mind. This is the theme of our little booklet, Thought Conditioners."

WINFRED RHOADES

"How well it is that SOMETHING MORE is always beckoning to us as long as we live! When I was young I did not comprehend that *how to live* is an art that needs to be deliberately learned. 'Tis true! And pity 'tis 'tis true! One of my most frequent wonderments is about what my life

*Sermon Publications, Inc., Marble Collegiate Church, 1 West 29th St., New York 1, N. Y. Copies on request. Voluntary contributions to help cover cost.

might have meant to the world if I had sought at the beginning what I am seeking in these later years. Of course one needs knowledge in order to live constructively and creatively, and a lot of it; and one must do his work with all the power he can command. These matters I tried to attend to. But what is needed first of all is a life of the spirit becoming continually deeper, more ample, more vital, more commanding: the wisdom and power of the Christ Spirit, the Holy Spirit of God, as an indwelling vitality. Such indwelling vitality must be sought for through great books about people who have found it in the past, through prayer, and through the constant practice of what one learns by those means. I am still trying to develop that kind of vitality. It is most often the older books that help me in that way, or the writings of those who comment on them, but there are also recent books which are rich in value. My latest find is Ernest Raymond's *In the Steps of St. Francis*. The original Franciscan documents always give a fresh impetus for developing the spirit. The sermons of Meister Eckhart, the *Theologia Germanica*, the *Mirror of Simple Souls*, Julian of Norwich's *Revelations of Divine Love*, Evelyn Underhill's various books, Sir Francis Younghusband's *Modern Mystics*, *The Spiritual Journal of Lucie Christine*, *The Life Divine* by Sri Aurobindo, the *Upanishads*: such books as those, some ancient, some modern, are not easy reading, most of them, but they repay all the time given to them."

J. RUFUS MOSELEY

"I am due to be in Sanford, West Palm Beach, Lake Worth, Miami, and possibly St. Petersburg, early in March. From there I am due to head for the Texas' Easter meet in east Texas beginning Thursday evening before Good Friday, and extending through Easter, making stops at Andalusia, and Mobile, Ala.; Vicksburg, Miss.; and Shreveport, La.

After this, I am due to spend some time in Texas and Oklahoma, and be at the Indiana post-Easter C.F.O. meeting at Indianapolis that begins April 27th and extends through the 30th. From there I shall likely move on towards New York City, where I am to be about the middle of May. From New York I will be headed for the Montana C.F.O. which meets the latter part of June.

"Among the best that I have recently read is this translation of Ephesians, chapter 1, verse 10, by J. B. Phillips in *Letters to the Young Churches*: 'He (God) purposes in His sovereign Will that all human history shall be consummated in Christ, that everything that exists in Heaven or earth shall find its perfection and fulfillment in Him.' And a quotation from Martin Luther by Professor Roland Bainton in his rare book, *Here I Stand*, which is to the effect that you do not have to teach lovers how to love.

"Certainly the all-important for us and our time is: first, to enter into fruit-bearing, identification, union and marriage with the highest manifestation, achievement and availability of God—who is the glorified Jesus—made real, and transforming, and glorious through the birth, baptism, guidance, and transforming glory of the Holy Spirit. The highest is to be in union with the glorified Jesus *where he now is*, on the Throne of the universe! And the highest law of conduct is to know and act upon the truth that God as revealed in Jesus Christ, and by Jesus Christ, is all love and nothing but love, and that we live and live abundantly as we choose to love one another as He loves us, and to love our enemies into loving Him and us as He loves His enemies. This is the true way, the wise way, the great way, and will in the end be found to be the only way."

STARR DAILY

"This winter I've been plugging away on *Emancipation*, a book deal-

ing with crime, its prevention and correction.

"Meantime I've finished the first book length section of my prison journal, 1926-1930. It is now being typed for submission under the title *The Way of Holy Affection*.

"I got a rather huge book finished last November, which is being readied for publication now in England, my first original manuscript to be published in Britain. I'm told the preferred title is *White Magic*.

"There has been a busy schedule of lectures since Topeka.

"Everybody seems to be eager for

Glenn Clark's coming in March. I understand I'm to share in one of his retreats, and to precede in the First Congregational Church. A vesper service, I believe. The West Coast is ripe for the Love message. 'In the deepest hell is the deepest Love.'

"At the moment we're moving, 258 El Nido, Monrovia, Calif. We've been in this place more than a year, a long time for a rover.

"Expect to launch a series of prison reform lectures in North Carolina the last of April and early part of May."



Up-to-the-Minute Version

I Corinthians 13

THOUGH we speak in high-sounding Americanese of billions for relief and have not honest love, we become loud-mouthed boasters and clap-clap do-gooders. And though we have all scientific knowledge and understand how to produce for all, and though we have a corner on the world's gold, so as to be able to erase poverty from the earth and have not love, we are nothing. And if we give richly of American machinery and our wheat to provide for the poor nations, and even if we lower our standard of living in order to provide the same and have not Christian love for men, it profiteth us nothing.

Love suffers foreign insults and is persistently generous; love envies no other nation its privilege, love is never proud of its generosity nor vain in its ability to give; does not behave the braggard; seeks not its own commercial advantage under cover of generosity; is not irritated by ingratitude, takes no account of backbiting. Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Love among men and nations lasts on when all else fails.

Now abideth faith, hope, love, these three, but the greatest of these for men and nations is honest Christian love.—*From McCormick Seminary paper.*

The World Needs Prayer

Miles Clark

LIVING WITH AMERICA. Fear and indecision have been our leaders in foreign policy far too long. Now that the skilled war-time administrators are going into high speed, the American people are taking a second look at the keystones of policy. Let's look at several burning questions and see where we are going.

1. WHY NOT GET OUT OF KOREA? As General Matt Ridgeway has just said to his troops, they are there to see that the threat of Communism is held in check and does not spread to our shores. Before Korea our military experts had advised us that defense of Korea with its mountains was impossible, but the Far Eastern "experts" had put so much pressure on the Administration that not to fight in Korea would have seemed appeasement.

Now that more forces are pouring into Korea, there is the opinion of many military leaders that we can hold in Korea. Evacuation will mean more than taking off troops alone. We cannot abandon the friends—South Korean troops and the Rhee government, numbering 100,000 in all; a million political refugees; and 125,000 war prisoners. What do you think?

2. SHALL WE BE ISOLATION-IST? Herbert Hoover has said we should withdraw to the Gibraltar of the West, fortify it and hold on. Can we abandon our friends in France, Germany, Holland, Italy, Belgium and England to our fear of Russia? If it is militarily correct, which many Army people doubt, is it morally right? Russia has only 35 million tons of iron each year. We have 100 million tons, and Germany has 55. If

Russia swept into Germany, her total would be almost as great as ours. She would be very pleased if we gave up Europe in retreat.

3. RUSSIA'S SMART POLICIES ARE CAUSING "CONFUSION" AMONG THE ALLIES. Russia has made many serious errors in policy. But she did not start the talk over whether West Europe would fight or not. We did that. WORLDOVER PRESS insists that if war comes, the EUROPEANS will resist and if convinced it is coming will get ready to resist; but they will also work a lot harder to make fighting unnecessary, because for them it is their last war.

Our friends around the world warned of what would happen if MacArthur ordered his troops to the Yalu river. When they were ignored, they began to feel they must drag their feet in all things due to our impetuosity. Russia would like to see the Allies divided, but we must not divide ourselves.

4. WILL RUSSIA GO TO WAR THIS YEAR? All reports are that Russia will avoid war now. She is doing so well without it that there is little reason for her to risk all out war. She fears our atomic bomb pile, but more than that her coal production is 375 million tons a year compared to our 570 million and Germany's 440 million. Her production is lower in almost every line than ours. Although she has 175 Divisions against our combined 20 to 30, she knows we are growing fast and are much more able to wage a longer war than she. Rumors of war and civil defense are with us again. We are forced to get used to war foot-

1951

WORLD NEEDS PRAYER

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ing. But if we can mobilize for purposes of war, we can mobilize, too, in prayer for peace.

Now is not the time to be dismayed, but now is the time to enter the closet to seek guidance for what Jesus would have us do. Only the soft life and the desire to have luxury can stand in our way now. We must redeem ourselves and it can only be done through Him.

DRAFTING EIGHTEEN YEAR OLDS. The hottest controversy in recent years is—should eighteen year old boys be drafted?

No matter how Defense Secretary Marshall and Congress decide it, it will be a matter for discussion for some time to come.

PRO—Eighteen year olds will have finished high school. Waiting a full year before they are drafted will be a barren time for them. Employers won't want them as they know the boys won't be with them very long. The boys themselves won't want to start college knowing they will be going so soon. We will have a "lost year."

Gen. Marshall says the boys will not be sent overseas generally until they are nineteen for they will have to be trained. However, he cannot guarantee they won't. This is a young man's war. Our modern equipment is too much for "oldsters" of 26 years and over to handle efficiently. A pilot 30 years old has only 2 to 5 more years of useful service, while a pilot 18, 19 or 20 can be counted on for 15 years' service.

Should veterans who have already lost 3 to 5 years be called back for another 3 to 5 years?

CON—Eighteen year olds are not mature enough to enter the service. They should get at least a year of college before spending several years in the service.

Winston Churchill says England would today have the service of the flower of England that were killed on the fields of Flanders in World War I, if some policy of deferring

some of the fine young men had been worked out then.

With a well trained supply of veterans from the last war, why call on a new bunch of immature, untrained eighteen year olds?

CONCLUSION. Is there a conclusion? War is a terrible thing and all veterans know that if total war does come, despite our prayers, they will go. What is your conclusion? Let us know.

END OF THE MARSHALL PLAN. England now is standing on her two feet having asked that Marshall Plan funds from the United States be ended. The English people have been much criticized here for "falling for" a socialist program which was bankrupting them. The little known fact is that Churchill's Conservative party backed many of the Labor Party's program as necessary for rebuilding of their war smashed economy.

When my wife and I travelled abroad two years ago, it was easy to see that England was depriving herself of many luxuries. But a little investigation showed, she was putting her national income into new manufacturing plants and equipment rather than nylons and tobacco.

The New York Times reports that British production continues to rise. 1950 was 30% higher than 1947 and well above pre-war goals. Now her frugality is paying off and Britain has her self-respect again.

"CHROMIUM PLATED" AMERICANS. Americans like to be loved as much as any people. British today enumerate reasons why they dislike us: comparative wealth of the U. S., the "brashness" of Americans, their preoccupation with chromium plated gadget, strip cartoons, and with their frantic desire to stay young. Do you fit in here?

ARE WE GETTING ANYWHERE? Sebastian Mocerl, Detroit liquor dealer, and super market operator, found his new store was

too close to the Bethany Baptist Church to permit him to sell beer, liquor and wine, legally, so he simply bought the church. He plans on using it as a warehouse. Where are the church fathers?

"Survival Under Atomic Attack," the government's booklet, is a best seller. Since November 1, over 550,000 copies were sold. A new edition of 368,000 is going to press. Price is ten cents at the Government Printing Office, Washington.

FOOTNOTES OF FAITH. In the past two months Washington has had in its midst religious groups of all kinds, meeting and praying for guidance of the leaders of the world. Billy Graham, the highly publicized evangelist, E. Stanley Jones, Glenn Clark and Agnes Sanford have all had series of meetings with enthusiastic audiences. Frank Laubach and Glenn Clark filled Calvary Baptist Church three days running. Moral Rearmament has had an international convention which has been receiving much publicity.

Drew Pearson, the columnist, occasionally features the breakfast meetings of the Senators and their praying for guidance. Abraham Vereide, Marion Johnson and the Breakfast Clubs must be given high praise for their continuing work with Congress.

William Gerberding, St. Paul, Minnesota, has just been appointed contact man with the Minnesota Legislature by the Minnesota state churches. He will not lobby so much as report to the churches of Minnesota the progress of health measures and other important legislation. He will keep an eye on those measures dealing with liquor and other questionable bills.

Does your legislature have a church representative? If so, write and let us know.

From Montreal comes word that Robert Lewis, the former U. S. Air Force bombardier, who released the atom bomb on Hiroshima in 1945, has entered a monastery to recover his loss of "inner peace."



Dr. Fosdick Urges Faith That Puts Fun Into Life

THE Rev. Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, minister emeritus of the Riverside Church, preached yesterday morning at the church. He discussed "On Living for the Fun of It," and said that a "humdrum religion" is sometimes worse than no religion at all.

"Great Religion," he said, "is what the New Testament calls it—gospel, good news. As Jesus said 'I came that they may have life, and may have it abundantly.'"

Dr. Fosdick said the "best fun" to be found in a troubled world is to hold great faiths and try to live up to them, leaving the world a more decent place.

"If you ask me why I hate the materialistic, atheistic philosophy which robs the hearts and invades the minds of so many people," he said, "I will tell you. First, because I think it is not true, and second, because it takes the play out of life."

From *The Councillor*, April 13, 1948.

Prayer Works!

"I want to thank you so much for your prayers in behalf of my daughter and her husband and myself. Things have been working out in a wonderful way. I am enclosing a love gift toward your work, and I wish it could be more. May God bless you in all you do."—*California*

"We may all say to gether. 'Thank you, thank you, God, for my sister's perfect recovery.' All were amazed at how well she withstood the operation which was difficult under her circumstances. I appreciated the telegram of the night before and we all felt at peace after reading it. My sister has been back to work a week. The power of the spirit of God works in marvelous and wondrous ways. May you all have all sufficiency in all things through our Lord Jesus Christ. Enclosed is a check for your work."—*Nebraska*

"Just a note to let you know that God has answered our prayers and given me a job! I am rejoicing every day, and daily, almost hourly praising God and thanking him that He has heard and answered our prayers. This gift is so small—a mere trifle compared to what I'd love to send.

I shall continue to pray that He will answer all of your prayer requests according to His wonderful and beautiful will for each soul."—*New York*

"I am so deeply grateful to you for your prayers for my nephew. I shall never cease to praise the Lord and give thanks for the miraculous answer. I felt you ought to know what a wonderful answer came. Thank you again. The booklets you sent me helped so much and I want to thank you."—*Tennessee*

"Bless you, each one. I feel sure that your prayers have brought about improvement in my health. There is no more talk of an operation. I feel so much better and so much happier and oh, so grateful to God. Thank you for praying with me and for me."—*Missouri*

"I am happy to let you know that my husband has recovered from his recent illness, heart attack and pneumonia. He is up and gaining strength. We are so grateful to you all at the United Prayer Tower, and

THE UNITED PRAYER TOWER

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

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

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

we thank God for the answer to prayer. The doctor would say, 'It's miraculous how your husband is coming out of this illness.' We must give the credit to the One above. So good to know that when we all pray together and put our trust in God, God answers the prayer."—*Minnesota*

"May God continue to bless you and the work you are doing, I am so thankful for you and for all Christians everywhere who feel the need of helping others. Several times, since I began corresponding with you, your letters have come at a time when I needed them."—*Alabama*

"I wish to report that my sister for whom you prayed, wrote me that she is quite well now, thanks be to the loving Father and your consecrated prayers. May His love flow abundantly and bless your work with all kinds of wealth for His own glory."—*California*

"God's richest blessings upon you at all times and great love and grati-

tude. I can never thank you enough for all the help you have given us this past two and one-half years. Oh, that I'd known of you sooner. I want others to know of you. I am trying to spread your gospel to others. God bless you in love."—*Texas*

"Thank you for your letter of assurance and for the booklets enclosed with it. You will be glad to know further that the one for whose recovery we have been praying, is continuing to improve. The new specialist who has taken her case since I first wrote you has told her that his examination indicates that the condition of inflammation, etc., is at a standstill and in his opinion is as likely to heal as to become worse. Other conditions which have caused disturbances also are under control. Thank you so much for your assistance. I am confident that this restoration and hope is from our Heavenly Father in response to our prayers, for until the last few weeks her condition had shown no improvement since its beginning some three years ago."—*Louisiana*



Spring Miracle

Lulu Walton Quick

When Winter, old and feeble,
Retreats across the hills,
And banks of green grow vivid
With yellow daffodils,

When pussy willows greet us
In soft new bonnets dressed,
And apple blossoms open
Above the robin's nest;

When all the air is vibrant
With wild birds on the wing,
We see unfolding daily
God's miracle of Spring.

What Would Jesus Do?

by GLENN CLARK

Read the modern answer to—**In His Steps** by Charles M. Sheldon.

"Glenn Clark writes a distinguished sequel, and writes it with the blessing of Dr. Sheldon himself. This novel is more than a sequel—it is a prophetic fulfillment."—*Daniel Poling in Christian Herald.*

What Would Jesus Do? is fulfilling the predictions made for it before publication. It has created a spiritual stir that is now snow-balling as the most optimistic had hoped. Read the story of a community, men and women of all walks of life, who took Jesus at His word. It is a challenge to higher, more productive living. \$2.25

Oh Watchman!

by Agnes Sanford

Ever since *The Healing Light* readers have been eagerly waiting for Agnes Sanford's next book, and here it is—a compelling, gripping account of prayer and healing-by-prayer in a veteran's hospital. It is a story that only Mrs. Sanford could tell, for it is out of her experience in treating people according to the Scriptures and the spiritual laws of the universe.

Oh Watchman! is a wonderful sequel to *The Healing Light*. It puts to work the principles of healing contained in the former book, showing you what to say and what to do at just the right moment. \$2.75

the book to meet today's crisis

WAKE UP or BLOW UP

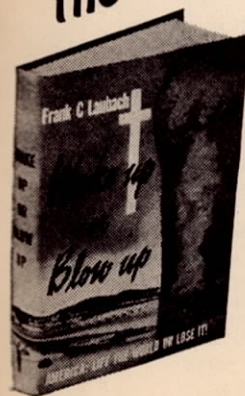
America: Lift the World or Lose it!

FRANK C. LAUBACH

Every American is asking: How can we stop worldwide Communist aggression? Must we chance a devastating Atomic War? Dr. Laubach's on-the-spot observations confirm his belief: the world's wounds can be healed before they fester under the poisonous influence of the Kremlin. Here is the Christian plan for world peace.

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