

Clear Horizons



Summer, 1951

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As We Go To Press

Sometimes we are so busy looking in the distance that we develop a blind spot that is right under our noses. That is what happened to us in the Spring issue. On page 45 of that issue we printed a poem called "I Met God in the Morning" and indicated that the author was unknown. We did this because we had printed the poem from another magazine and as they said the author was unknown we assumed it to be true. Our Spring issue was not out very long before letters began pouring in with the information that the "unknown author" was none other than our beloved **Bishop Ralph Spaulding Cushman**. How red can one's face get? Our sincere apologies Bishop Cushman, and God bless you mightily in your work.

You will like the article by **Eugene Exman** (page 7). Mr. Exman is in charge of the religious department of Harper and Brothers of New York City. Before you even meet the man, if you are in the book-business, you hear about him. We have never known a man whose co-workers think so highly of him. And, when you meet him, you can understand why. . . . To those of the younger generation, the name Billy Sunday means something great out of the past. You will be able to understand something about why he was great by reading the article by **Bennie Bengtson** (page 9). . . . Somebody once said that great men had great mothers and there is some truth in it. We thought it interesting to read something about the mother of Phillips Brooks. **Vincent Edwards** (page 17) always seems to come up with something interesting. . . . People wonder how **Frank Laubach** (page 19) ever finds time to do anything but travel and take care of his missionary work. We have, too, and every so often when we got a letter from him, we wished we could simply print it as an article. This time we took our desire in our hands and did it. . . . Many of our readers have read the books of **Stella Terrill Mann** (page 21) and have wished we had something in *Clear Horizons* from her. This issue we are fortunate to do so. Mrs. Mann is another of those leaders who has worked out her life faith in the experience of living and we surely hope to have more from her. . . . **Mrs. William S. Samuel** (page 25) is the first one we know of who has so aptly described those who pray as "the magnificent meek." It is a gem of description, and a good article to boot. . . . Do not miss the article by **Calvin Staudt** (page 42). Just the other day we had a letter from Mrs. Staudt with the news that Mr. Staudt had gone home to the Lord. In commenting on his passing, Lowell Thomas said, "If we only had a few thousand more Calvin Staudts scattered around this planet, and a few more educational institutions like this school and the American University of Beirut, this would be a better world and Americans would have far more friends in other lands." All we can add is "Bon Voyage! We shall meet later and have much to talk about."

CLEAR HORIZONS MAGAZINE

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Clear Horizons

Twelfth Year

Summer, 1951

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☐ Through the gorge of every man's life runs a stream of relentless power.

The Will of God

Austin Pardue

WE QUALIFY our request for God's Kingdom by praying for His will. This is an easy thing to request glibly but a formidable thing to desire earnestly. If you mean it, when you request God's will you abrogate your fundamental urges, if they oppose Him. Furthermore, these urges are innumerable. I once heard Doctor LeRoy Colbert of the University of Wisconsin list some of them—the urge for justice, the acquisitive urge, the aesthetic urge, the physical urge that seeks satisfaction through food, shelter, clothing, play and sex, the social urge and the intellectual urge. He said they account for practically every human action. So let us try to answer a few questions. Is it possible to make them agree with God's will? Are they too strong to control?

A few years ago at Black Canyon on the Colorado River there flowed

a wild, turbulent and undisciplined stream. In the sheer exuberance of its own power it danced and tumbled its way to the ocean. It roared and admired the sound of its own thunder. It laughed at man's puny efforts to master it. It poured contempt on him by yearly flooding his magnificent Southern California farm lands. Immeasurable energy was not merely going to waste, it was destroying property and life. Finally man saw its potential possibilities as a constructive friend and the Boulder Dam was begun.

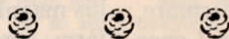
Through the gorge of every man's life runs a stream of relentless power. Its source is the Spirit of God. Its medium is instinctive emotional energy, plus urge, imagination and desire. To allow the power to rush unchecked means that it is bound to overflow and harm not only the individual but all those with whom he comes in contact. The basic cause for war and

These talks are based on Bishop Pardue's book, "Bold to Say," published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

all human disharmony is the lack of control over these urges. Trace every human evil to its source and you will find a nondiscriminating impulse running away from the control of conscience. All successful and happy living, individual and collective, begins with the control of inner urges. All inner urges tend toward finding an outward expression. In what form will they emerge? That is the question.

Scientists, in attempting to depict the energies of man, have dramatized their facts in such simple pictures as these: the human heart beats on an average of 72 times a minute, 104,000 times a day, and 30,000,000 times a year,

generating enough power every twenty-four hours to lift a ton eighty-two feet in the air. Many of us are steaming along with a maximum of fire in the boiler, with a minimum rate of accomplishment, as the bulk of the driving power goes up our egocentric smokestacks, wasted. Undisciplined energy is the greatest problem of the will. Some impulsive urge is the original cause that lies behind every human action. In whatever state we find the world or the individual, it can always be traced back to some inner driving source. In other words, our urges tell us how we get that way, why we do what we do, why we are what we are.



Blue Morning-Glories

C. E. Snyder

Summer mornings bring a garland
I shall cherish evermore,
Fashioned of blue morning-glories
Clustered 'round my kitchen door.

Tender bells of God's designing,
Tinted deep with heaven's blue,
They awake my soul to worship
Much like Sabbath church bells do.

By their grace my vine-clad trellis
Is a shrine at which I pay
Grateful homage for their beauty
As they greet the coming day.

And a rev'ence fills my being
Standing there at Beauty's shrine,
For I know I'm in God's presence
Where blue morning-glories twine.

☐ It is a universal law that we cannot receive something for nothing.

The Prayer Magnet

Mary Welch

ALL LIFE, light, power and love are manifested at the meeting point of two opposite poles of influence.

This is illustrated by the horseshoe magnet. It is a visible crescent completed to make a circle by an invisible arc of magnetic tension created by the effort of the two poles to get together. They cannot meet except in an outside object such as a nail or iron bar. When they meet in such an object, they draw it to them to close the visible circle.

Perhaps Jesus had such a dynamic form of meeting or "agreement" in mind when he said: "Again I say unto you, That if two of you shall agree on earth as touching any thing that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven."

When two persons (or a group divided to represent the two poles) consider themselves as opposite poles of the magnet, it seems that more power is released than when the ordinary agreement of mutual consent is made to pray about a specific thing.

In the magnet, the poles are called "positive" and "negative." The negative pole is the passive, empty, receptive, drawing pole. In prayer this pole is called DESIRE.

It is the pole of receptivity, need, want, lack, suffering, yearning, hunger and thirst after the desired condition. Its prayer takes the form of Petition.

In the magnet the positive pole is that of an outflowing effort of the pole to pour itself into the outside object so that through that object it may be able to contact its opposite pole. This current of self-giving charges the object with the "substance" necessary for enabling it to respond to the pull of the negative pole. In prayer, this is the pole of Relinquishment. Its prayer is a combination of Thanksgiving and self-giving.

Now, may we examine more closely the activity of these poles in prayer?

At the negative pole, we find our desire. We are aware of the need. We see the stakes in the matter. We try to perceive what God's will may be. We try to frame our question or request according to that will as we are able to comprehend it. We then energize that mental concept of the need with all the emotion of desire that we can summon. This desire must be uninhibited by fear, doubt or premature relinquishment, or conditional resignation. Desire furnishes the energy that is later used for the

creative activity of fulfillment. It is the accumulation of water against the dam which supplies power to the dynamos. To doubt that we ought to desire is as fatal as to doubt that we shall receive. Jesus said: "Whatsoever things ye DESIRE when ye pray, believe that ye have received them." And again: "Ask of the Lord and He will give thee the desires of thy heart."

When desire is at its height, we make our prayer of direct Petition. When we say, "Thy will be done," we merely draw a wide margin for God to improve upon our idea of what is desirable and, far from resignation, we rise to a great expectancy that God will either give us exactly what we have asked or do "exceeding, abundantly above all that we ask or think."

Then we pass over to the positive pole of Relinquishment. It begins with the "Amen" of the petition which is a declaration that "It is so." Immediately we begin to act as if it is so.

This first act is one of Faith by which we make a prayer of Thanksgiving. To say "Thank you," is to acknowledge receipt of the thing asked for. Here we prove that we believe that we have received.

This act of Thanksgiving creates in us a mood of PEACE. It is far more than a calm indifference or resignation. It is a dynamic peace characterized by the tension of

creative expectancy as opposed to anxiety. In this mood, which is the most contagious of all moods and is the mood of creativity and healing, the dynamos of God are set in motion. They use the accumulated energies of Desire to transmute the invisible into "substance of the thing hoped for" which is necessary for bringing into "evidence the things not seen."

Having received by Faith the thing hoped for, we are now ready to relinquish it. It is important that relinquishment not be confused with resignation. Resignation surrenders the desire at the point of petition and has the effect of praying out of a double mind which is powerless. Relinquishment does not yield up the desire—it yields up the self-interest in the thing desired and gives it away to God AFTER it is received by Faith.

In Relinquishment we let go of three things: the thing received as asked for; our private stake in the objective; and ourselves.

In the first place, we release the picture of what is desired and see the condition that we desire as Lazarus was freed from the bondage of grave clothes. It is the only picture in our hearts and minds and conversation henceforth. We declare ourselves "strangers and pilgrims in the land from which we come out." We accept no pictures of the undesirable condition.

Like Abraham, we sojourn in "the Land of Promise."

In the second place, we relinquish our private stake in the matter. We take no credit for the answered prayer. We do not appropriate the answer to selfish ends. We do not allow our peace and faith to be conditioned by the visible results. God's glory and His stake is all that matters and we trust His love and wisdom as well as His power. We give away to God every whit of the desired thing as though we had desired it only in His behalf in the first place. Just as the positive pole of the magnet gives into the nail the very substance needed to enable it to answer the pull of the negative pole, here we practically give to God what we are asking Him to give to us . . . we furnish Him with what is necessary in order to answer us! On this end, it is really He who prays and works and we are instruments being worked through.

Recently, I had an intense desire to use some money that I did not have nor see any way to having, for the benefit of some other people. My first thought was what I would do for them if I had the money. I could SEE them greatly benefited by it. My desire grew to such intensity that I actually committed myself to meet the costs at the time and place where it would be necessary to have the money. By

faith I received the money needed and GAVE it away in word and deed! My gift was as definite and free as though the cash had been in my hands. This was in spite of the fact that I had a personal need for that same amount in order to meet some obligations of mine. It was a sacrificial act of faith and love.

It happened that other circumstances prevented the people from going through with the project, so that they could not use the money for that purpose. But it also happened that two days after I knew they would *not* need it, the exact amount I had promised for them came to me anonymously as a personal gift! Thinking of the incident in the light of the magnet, I could not be surprised. It was inevitable. By my act of receiving by faith and giving in love where I have no private interest, I had actually supplied God with the substance of the thing I had wished for on behalf of the other people. I had "polarized" my own prayer.

This also illustrates the third element in relinquishment—the giving of ourselves to God in behalf of the thing desired. It is a universal law that we cannot receive something for nothing. Our desire must be more than wishful thinking and our faith more than a fanatical demand that we receive ends without means. Having let go of our private stake, glory, credit or pleasure in the

answer, we now lay ourselves out as living sacrifices to God on behalf of the person or condition prayed for. Like the magnet, we pour ourselves out through God into the objective and here the poles "meet" or "agree."

Though one individual may polarize his own prayer by alternating the acts of Desire and Relinquishment, it seems that more power is released when these acts are simultaneous as is impossible for one person to make them. Two or more persons in this dynamic agreement are able to act simultaneously as the poles of the magnet act. It seems that Jesus in the flesh supplied the positive pole that completed all the prayers of the needy who came to Him. The greater their need and desire the greater their receptivity and blessing. He told the disciples that they could do greater works than He was doing and that any two of them could obtain like miracles from the Father since He would be in the midst of such dynamic agreement as the creative force.

We close with a word about the prayer of importunity. The question of repetition of our prayer usually occurs here. The answer seems to be that if our mind returns to the need, its return should be to the positive pole and not to the negative where the burden of Desire is taken on again and the petition repeated. We do not keep asking AFTER we have received by Faith. We may and often should continue to rejoice and give thanks and offer up our hearts and attention to God as instruments of "time exposure" upon the situation. The sensitive and disciplined soul can easily perceive when the matter needs such "time exposure" treatment and when it is finished upon the first exposure and act of receiving and relinquishment.

Such prayer is creative intercession and petition. It is important that the praying be done for one specific thing at a time either with two people or with a larger group so that the desire and images can be kept clearly focused at all steps of the process.



Reward

No man who continues to add something to the material, intellectual and moral well-being of the place in which he lives, is left long without proper reward.

—Booker T. Washington

☐ It takes faith—faith in God's power through us.

The Meaning of Faith

Eugene Exman

FAITH is a kind of confidence. From our infancy we have gradually learned how to live in a strange world. The love that surrounded us from our childhood has reached to our inner selves, and we have responded in faith.

Faith is believing that seeds we plant in the ground will reproduce their kind; that morning will follow night; that if we cooperate with the laws of the natural world, we will live.

Faith is believing that we can depend on our families and our friends. Life's greatest tragedies come when such faith is trampled under foot. Faith is believing that we can also depend upon the integrity and responsibility of others, even strangers: on the man who pilots my plane over vast distances; on the man who approaches the traffic light that is green for me and red for him.

But faith is more than a belief, a confidence in our physical world and in the people in it. In fact, earthquake and storm and accident do happen. People do fail us. What then is our faith?

In the ultimate, faith is belief that behind and through all that happens, God's will is being done. Faith essentially becomes confi-

dence in the trustworthiness of God. "When other helpers fail . . . Lord with me abide."

As our faith in God increases, so does our effectiveness increase. We do have "the peace that passeth understanding." Also we gain in knowledge of God's love, which can come only as we have faith in Him. It is up to us to open the circuit.

But faith is not only right thinking, a matter of making up our minds to have confidence in God and His universe. Faith is also action. Or perhaps, rather, faith results from action—from prayer, loving deeds, and our holding ourselves always in readiness to be used.

Faith also is a condition of the mind. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." Faith is belief which leads to action; it is conviction that determines what we do. A man has faith in a business venture, and invests time and money in it. Or faith in a friend or political leader. Faith of this order is commonplace.

Faith often calls for risk or personal danger as we venture into unknown tomorrows. In fact, what we do tomorrow is determined by the faith we have today.

What then should be a man's

From *Christian Laymen*, October, 1950. By permission.

faith—his conviction—if he is to help work for a better tomorrow, a peaceful tomorrow?

First of all, a man has faith in God. We have nothing to do with our beginning or our end, yet in between we think we have it all to do. As God created us and our world, so will He guide, direct and lead us now. Few people in America disbelieve in God, yet few take their belief seriously. If God is supreme, then let's make Him Supreme in our lives today! Let us have faith He can work through us. Only our lack of active faith keeps Him out.

In the second place, we must have faith in the spiritual nature of our world. The Sermon on the Mount is the charter of the spiritual life. Do we have faith that that charter is a right guide for us as individuals and for our world? Do

we have faith that love is greater than hate, that prayer is a stronger force than atomic bombs, and that peace is possible in our times? If we do we are living in faith at its hardest and best.

Finally, faith for the Christian man means action, action based on belief that God works through each of us. "He has no hands but our hands." Much is said about how little any one man can do in the face of the enormous mountains that block our path. War and catastrophe—even our materialistic, machine civilization—what can little man do against these? But Christ said we *can* move mountains. It takes faith—faith in God's power through us. Not faith in ourselves alone. As St. Paul said, "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me."



About Books

"If religious books are not wisely circulated among the masses of this country, and the people do not become religious, I do not know what is to become of us as a nation.

"If truth be not diffused, error will be; if God and His Word are not known and received, the devil and his works will gain the ascendancy; if the evangelical volume does not reach every hamlet, the pages of a corrupt and licentious literature will; if the power of the gospel is not felt through the length and the breadth of the land, anarchy and misrule, degradation and misery, corruption and darkness will reign without mitigation or end."—*Daniel Webster*

□ Billy Sunday did a great and good work, and the world was all the better for having him storm through it.

Billy Sunday, Sin and Salvation

Bennie Bengtson

THESE have been many picturesque figures among the evangelists who have occupied the revival rostrums of this land, but none of them had more color, or created a greater sensation by his methods, than the one-time major league baseball player, William Ashley (Billy) Sunday.

When it came to the graphic simile, the trenchant anecdote, the lurid phrase, and bizarre platform conduct he was the peer of them all. And his audiences loved it. They knew that behind the clowning was a deep sincerity, that back of the fiery language was a heart that loved them, and that in spite of the melodrama here was a man whose purposes were right and honest.

His famous sermon on "Booze" opened with the words: "I am the sworn, eternal, uncompromising enemy of the Liquor Traffic. When I am dead, send for the butcher and skin me, and have my hide tanned and made into drumheads, and hire men to go up and down the land and beat the drums and say, '“Bill” Sunday still lives and gives the whiskey gang a run for its money.’"

That wasn't done, of course, when Billy Sunday died on No-

vember 6, 1935. He doubtless didn't mean it to be taken literally. But he hated liquor and all the evil and degradation that followed in its wake and he wanted to make the fact unmistakably plain to all his listeners. The extravagant language was a means of attracting attention, and of driving home his point when he had the eyes and ears of his audience focussed upon him.

William Ashley Sunday was born at Storey, in Ames County, Iowa, on November 19, 1863. His father was a Union soldier in the Civil War, and was killed in battle before Billy was born. Brought up in the Davenport Soldiers Orphans' Home he was later "farmed out" to Colonel John Scott, a state senator and former lieutenant governor. He attended high school at Nevada, Iowa, and later worked in a furniture store at Marshalltown. Like many another active American youth he liked to play baseball. The famous "Cap" Anson of the Chicago White Stockings saw him play on a prairie ball diamond in 1883, when Billy was twenty, and brought him to Chicago.

For five years he played right field for the White Stockings. It is

said that he was one of the fastest base runners in the National League. He could do one hundred yards in ten seconds and once won a race against Arlie Latham of the St. Louis Browns. He became a great favorite with Chicago baseball fans. Then one day he heard Harry Monroe of the Pacific Garden Mission preaching at a street meeting. He was converted and from that time on expended as much energy on religion as he had on baseball—no matter what he did, he did it with all his might.

He kept on playing ball, too, for several years more. After leaving Chicago he played three years for Pittsburg and Philadelphia, eight years of major league baseball all told. During the winters he studied at Northwestern University. In 1891 he was released by Philadelphia and was offered a contract with Cincinnati at \$500 a month. He turned it down, to become director of the Chicago YMCA at a salary of \$83 a month. A forceful speaker he began to appear on revival platforms, for two years serving as an assistant to J. Wilbur Chapman in evangelistic work.

He got himself a tent and struck out on his own, but to begin with he went only to the smaller towns. In 1903 he was ordained a Presbyterian minister. As time went on and he became better known—his methods were naturally those which

obtained publicity—he was called to larger and larger places. Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, was the first big city to have a Sunday revival. This was in 1914 and it turned out to be a huge success. Instead of being lost among the teeming thousands of a large city, he made a bigger stir than ever before.

By this time he had gained a considerable experience in conducting evangelistic campaigns and followed a pattern of his own. They were not haphazard affairs, but involved careful planning and preparation. First of all an advance man would visit the city where Sunday was to have a campaign. His job was to organize a finance committee, which in turn set up a stock company or "Evangelical Association" to underwrite the expenses. These were apt to run fairly high because it often happened that no building large enough to hold the crowds would be available. In that case a rough board tabernacle with sawdust floors and equipped with homemade benches would have to be erected.

Board and lodging for the Sunday party was also provided, their traveling expenses met, and the advertising of the meetings taken care of. Sunday always insisted that these things be settled in advance so that the meetings could proceed without undue money-begging.

Collections during the first two weeks or so generally covered the expenses so that the stock company never had to make good the guarantee.

For himself—and to pay his assistants—he kept only the collections received on the last day of the meetings. Then he would make a personal appeal: "Give me what you want to," he would say. "Give as much as you think I have done the town good. I can get along if you don't give a cent, because lots of people have been more generous than I deserve. I think that the people who work for Christ ought to be enabled to live as well as those who work for the Devil. But that's up to you."

Billy Sunday was more than once called a grafter, and accused of preaching for money. Because of his forthright, often fierce, stand on every topic he ever expressed an opinion on this was perhaps inevitable. Such a man must of necessity make enemies as well as friends. After expenses were met, however, collections were discontinued until the last day. Of his own share one-tenth went into religious work, and the rest he kept for his own use. That on occasion he was well paid there can be no doubt—the free-will offering to Sunday in Pittsburgh, for instance, was \$44,000. Out of that, of course, he had to compensate the others of his company.

On the platform he was always the one and only Billy Sunday—he has had many imitators but never a duplicate or an equal. He put on a performance that was not unlike a three ring circus in perpetual motion. He had a great fund of anecdotes and delighted in acting them out. A born actor, he knew how to dramatize a text, a story, or a situation so as to get the most out of it. Blessed with a voice that boomed into every corner of a large building he would pace the platform like a tiger while delivering his sermon, sometimes dashing and leaping about as if in a personal tussle with his arch-enemy, the Devil, mimicking him or some other character. The performances may have been ludicrous in the extreme at times but his hearers never failed to understand him. For he talked to them about God in the same terms most of them used on the street or in the shop when talking to each other.

When he put old familiar Bible stories into American slang the effect on staid and sedate church members must have been startling. As when he told of how David "soaked Goliath on the coco between the lamps, and he went down for the count, after which the kid chopped off the big stiff's block and the whole bunch skidoed!" But it must be admitted his version was vivid, and certainly clear to the boys who came in off the

streets. And after all Sunday wasn't preaching to church members, but to the unconverted.

Anything could happen with Billy Sunday on the platform, and sometimes almost anything did. During World War I he took the part of the Allies against Germany—and vehemently of course. At a meeting in Atlanta, Georgia, he referred to the Germans as a "dirty bunch." A German named Beuterbaugh had obtained a seat on the stage by claiming he was a minister. Beuterbaugh at once pounced on the evangelist with the obvious intention of giving him a good thrashing. A furious fist fight followed with the Rev. William A. Sunday having decidedly the better of it when the police put a stop to the melee and arrested the German.

Though his sermons may have sounded as if they were spontaneous and extemporaneous, they were carefully prepared. He was constantly working on them, improving and making them more effective. An omnivorous reader he read everything from the daily newspapers to science and history—all of it possible grist for his picturesque preaching.

As a baseball player Billy Sunday came to know the throng which sat in the bleachers. He understood them, talked their language, and these were the people he wanted to reach and to help. The majority

probably seldom went to church—it didn't appeal to them. But they went to hear Billy preach. If they showed any timidity about taking a stand on the Lord's side he reassured them: "Would any man laugh at you because you hit the sawdust trail? That man is so low that he would have to soar up in an aeroplane to touch the bottom of hell; so low that Jesus Christ would have to perform a miracle to raise him to the level of total depravity!"

When he announced: "If everybody will say 'yes' to God, the Devil will have his fires banked, and hell will be for rent. If everybody will say 'yes' to God, the Devil will be in the hospital with one eye out and walking on a crutch!"—he spoke in terms familiar to those who watched Babe Ruth hit home runs into the stands. It was not dignified language, and poles away from conventional ecclesiastical phrasing. But it was clear, hard-hitting, understandable American.

What did it all amount to? What results did he obtain by his sensational methods? He made converts by the hundreds and by the thousands. To some of them it was merely an emotional flurry, and after a while they returned to their old ways, disillusioned. But many who "hit the sawdust trail" at his invitation stayed with it and were

permanently won for Christ. Congregations in towns he visited found themselves larger sometimes by hundreds of members. The pace and tempo of a Billy Sunday meeting and that of the regular Lord's Day service of the local church were vastly different, but if the new convert only came to understand that in the Christian life there were valleys as well as mountain peaks, the work was not done in vain.

Billy Sunday did a great and

good work, and the world was all the better for having him storm through it. He reached the masses of people outside the churches, many of whom rarely or perhaps never were contacted by the regular clergymen. And he certainly wasn't out of place on the American scene, where often, in order to be effective, the individual must possess qualities that make him spectacular and picturesque.



Summer Sunshine

Lulu Walton Quick

There's sunshine on the hillsides,
There's sunshine on the grass;
There's sunshine 'round my shadow,
Whatever way I pass.

There's sunshine on the ripples
That dance across the lake;
A sunshine that is prodigal
For everybody's sake.

And while we need the raindrops
So welcome to the flowers,
Thank God for summer sunshine
To gladden all the hours.



How are we to combine religious truth with scientific progress? We must learn to apply the truths of God to the actions and relations of men. We must learn from the sermons of Christ. We must draw strength from the forgotten virtues of simplicity, humility, contemplation, prayer. Our salvation, and only our salvation lies in controlling science by the mind, guided by the eternal truths of God.—Colonel Charles A. Lindberg. "Of Flight and Life."

Nina Put Love in Her Food

Judith Dunn

WHENEVER I hear a woman say she doesn't like to cook, I think of Nina.

"The kitchen," Nina would say slowly, "is the very heartbeat of a home."

Nina is a tall muscular woman in her fifties. The first time I ever saw her she was preparing great mounds of banana squash for a luncheon of one hundred people. She pulled another stool beside her, handed me a paring knife and invited me to sit down.

Her strong brown hands lovingly selected a wedge of squash and probed gently all over it for bruises, as a doctor might examine an area of flesh. The knife made a sharp, quick incision and out came a dark brown spot. Then in long clean strokes, Nina peeled off the outer green skin. She placed the succulent orange square with a row of others in a big buttered baking pan.

As she worked, she talked . . . of the many who would attend the meal and of how her little wedges of golden squash could show each visitor there that someone in the kitchen cared.

"It was a long time before I could give my heart through food,"

she admitted, "for I used to cook in necessity and in pride. I hurried to get away from my kitchen and the endless drudgery of dishes and meals. If I fixed a dinner for some special occasion it was to make other women envy me for my skill."

She smiled.

"I'm afraid I had very little imagination," she said wryly, "for how a homemaker's giving can change human hearts."

When I looked startled, she nodded.

"Yes, that is how a woman should use her home and her kitchen, I believe . . . to rest, inspire and care for each person around her, with all the housewifely things she does.

"These little pieces of squash," she jiggled the baking pan, "and how they are prepared, can be a message from the kitchen to the dining room that caring is the best way. And in turn, those who dine can take something of that same spirit with them out into the world."

She looked meditative.

"It seems a small thing," she said, "but if a woman can learn to do everything in her home for other people, and not her own pride, she can be a powerful answer to the

dissatisfaction in the world. She can change lives . . . she can lead nations to peace."

As we worked on together that day, I found out more about this woman with the inspiring love of edibles, cooking aromas, pots and pans. Nina had lost her husband only a few years before.

"I was completely alone," she told me, "for we had been very close. For many months after he died I was inconsolable. Then the honesty of a beloved friend changed my life.

"Nina," she challenged me, "did it ever occur to you that grief is sheer selfishness . . . for it keeps you from sharing your heart?"

Nina's face was radiant.

"You know of course," she said to me, "that each of us on this earth has a special job to do. And if you don't do that job, it won't get done. I found that out when I realized my certain unfinished business was in the kitchen, by my stove, learning and then teaching other women about the wonderful message of food. Then it seemed that the death of my husband only had opened a new way for me to use my home and life!"

Nina and I finished the squash that day, and popped it into the oven to bake with a simmering sauce of brown sugar and pineapple. Then together we mixed a massive salad of tomatoes, radishes

and greens, topped with long strips of hard-cooked eggs and a golden tart dressing.

Working with her had been an experience of creativeness that I later found influenced the way I kept my own home. And I carried such a memorable picture of her and what she had given me that I retold her story many times.

That was how I learned the true sturdiness of what this magnetic woman had shared. For another friend with whom I talked had known her too.

"When I met Nina," my friend recalled, "she was cooking for hundreds of people at a summer conference in Michigan. I never shall forget her on one particular day.

"The kitchen equipment that was most poor. Nina was preparing to put a casserole of candied sweet potatoes in to bake when the old iron oven suddenly exploded in her face.

"There she stood . . . with the casserole in her hands and the flames shooting into her eyes. The impulse of any person, not intent on thinking of others as Nina was, would have been to fling the dish in the air and scream in pain.

"But with infinite care, Nina wheeled and pushed the dish, intact, on a nearby shelf, safe for those who would be dining soon. Then, temporarily blinded from her

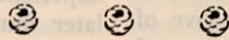
burns, she had to be led outside."

My friend looked reflective.

"I've often thought," she mused.

"Nina's scars should have been

dreadful . . . enough to disfigure her for life. But she recovered without a blemish on her face. I think that's significant . . . don't you?"



Leaving Your Worries With God

Phyllisann Courtis

Do you remember the words of the hymn—

"What a joy it is to carry

Everything to God in prayer."

I wonder how many of us really surrender *all* of our worries to God. If when we lie down at night, we toss and turn, thinking about the bills we couldn't pay this month, the rudeness of the grocery clerk, dreading the cry that tells us the baby has waked *again*—then we haven't finished saying our prayers.

Some of us wear our worries proudly, like a beautiful coat. Others carry them furtively in a pocket. To all of us our troubles cling, reluctant, even afraid, to be

torn away.

The Bible tells us we have but to ask, in faith, and we shall receive. God will cover us with His "loving kindness and tender mercy," and our path will be smooth before us.

Yet to achieve this state of "peace and joy in the Holy Ghost" promised us, it is necessary to offer up every one of our worries. Especially the little ones, the ones you may catch yourself thinking, "Oh, I shouldn't bother God about this." Root them out like the weeds they are, and a flood of contentment will sweep over you. Give them to Him—to God, with love.

The Telephone of Your Mind

Keep the telephone of your mind forever transmitting thoughts of Love, Purity, Joy and Health. Then when Disease, Sorrow, Envy and Hate try to call up they will always get the busy signals. After a while they will forget your number.

Fill your lungs with heaven's pure air, your mind with elevating thoughts, your heart with love, and you will have joy for your journeying, peace for your pathway, time for your tasks, wisdom for your work, friends for your fireside, love to the last and heaven for your home.

—Author Unknown

☐ Out of her experience Mrs. Brooks wrote a reply that seems like a classic of parental wisdom.

Wise Counsel by Phillips Brooks' Mother

Vincent Edwards

PROBABLY no American mother ever had better reason to feel proud of her son than Mrs. William Brooks of Boston. As the mother of Phillips Brooks, the great preacher and Bishop of Massachusetts, she lived to see her boy become one of the most beloved leaders of the Christian church in America.

Mrs. Brooks must have known how to bring up a family of boys. She had six sons, and all reflected credit on their rearing. Four became members of the Protestant Episcopal clergy, and their fine parental background showed in their exemplary lives and character.

The mother's success in shaping the habits of her boys and in reaching a perfect understanding with them must have been noticed by other women.

One day Mrs. Brooks received a letter from a young and anxious mother. She came to the older woman for help, because she was faced with a new problem in the bringing up of her son.

All of a sudden the young fellow had stopped taking his mother into his confidence. As he had confided everything to her up till that time, the mother was terribly distressed and greatly perplexed. She asked

if Mrs. Brooks could not help her out of her dilemma.

At first the mother of Phillips Brooks was reluctant to give her opinion upon so intimate and personal a matter. But when she realized how troubled the other woman was, she felt she could not very well refuse a word of sensible counsel.

Out of her own experience Mrs. Brooks wrote a reply that now seems like a classic of parental wisdom and Christian thinking:

"There is an age when it is not well to follow or question your boy too closely. Up to that time you may carefully instruct and direct him; you are his best friend. He is never happy unless the story of the day has been told. You must hear about his friends, his school; all that interests him must be your interest.

"Suddenly these confidences cease. The affectionate son becomes reserved and silent. He seeks the intimate friendship of other lads; he goes out. He is averse in telling where he is going or how long he will be gone. He comes in and goes silently to his room.

"All this is a startling change to the mother, but it is also her opportunity to practice wisdom by loving and praying for and absolutely

trusting her son. The son can never forget the faithful instruction and careful training during his early years. Therefore, trust not only your Heavenly Father, but your son.

"The period of which I speak appears to me to be one in which the boy dies and the man is born. His individuality rises up before him, and he is dazed and almost overwhelmed by his first consciousness of himself.

"I have always believed that it was then that the Creator was speaking with my sons, and that it was good for their souls to be left alone with Him, while I, their mother, stood trembling, praying, and waiting, knowing that when the man was developed from the boy, I should have my sons again, and there would be a deeper sympathy than ever between us."



Miracles Still Happen

Albert Halliwell

THE other day a man said, "Say, Parson, you don't believe in miracles anymore, do you? You are too modern for that, I guess."

I replied, "My dear man, I AM A MIRACLE, and I have a pocket full of miracles with me right now. Here is a sample. Three weeks ago a woman here in Lutown murdered her husband. As you know, I conducted the funeral. At the cemetery I had a 'spot of quiet' and God said, 'Go to the jail and change that woman.' I went, of course. She didn't want to see anyone, but I persisted and about thirty minutes later she and I knelt on the floor of her cell as she surrendered to Christ all that was left of her life."

Hanging over my desk as I write

is a picture of a fine soldier lad of twenty years. I baptized that lad just before I left for here, but a month before that he held up a grocery store with a gun and stole some forty dollars. He was caught that night. His mother called me just before midnight—as a result I went to the jail the next morning. In forty-five minutes that boy was completely changed. Then I went to his home to tell the story and the whole family surrendered. Then back downtown to see the judge of the court where his case was to be heard. The boy was paroled to me, then to the draft board, and believe it or not, in forty-eight more hours that man was in an army uniform, but before he left he sent me this enlarged photo that is now smiling down on me as I write.

☞ I refuse to step out from under praying for the universe and working for the universe and feel necessary to God.

A Letter from Frank Laubach

WE have had some strange experiences since starting in this trip last Jan. 10. The first was in Algiers. There the largest gathering of missionaries in the modern history of Algiers, Tunis and Morocco met and worked with us in two languages, Arabic and Kabyle. I got the impression of heroic missionaries toiling for one lifetime after another for centuries with very, very little fruitage in converts. That is the rule in moslem countries. They now pin their new faith in literacy as the key to the citadel of Islam. We worked harder on the problem what to say when an ordinary Christian witnesses to a Moslem than they had ever worked before. This was the region where at one time St. Augustine and other great early church fathers worked with forty thousand Christian churches. The Arab invasion destroyed them ALL.

"Then we went to Tripoli at the invitation of the British government, and worked with Moslems and Christian members of the department of education in preparing another set of Arabic books. Tripoli was under Italy for thirty years, during which time the Italians gave no Arabic schools, and made no Moslem converts. Now England

has a mandate from the United Nations to prepare Tripoli for independence by January, 1952. This makes the Arabs wild for education, and wide open to any missionaries who will come and help them with education and simple writing. There were only two missionary families in that whole vast area, and they were just about unknown excepting to a very small group of Arabs. It is thrilling to believe that we helped the new republic that is to be and that we gave a new wide open door to missions.

"Egypt is really getting ahead with her missionary program and with literacy. The American Mission where we stayed has a thousand students in Cairo. The American University may have another thousand. The American Woman's College has 900. They have big Christian congregations. A magnificent group came to our literacy conference, which was held in the beautiful Anglican cathedral.

"As the guest of the United Nations I went to see the 850,000 refugees chased from Palestine by the Jews when the new republic of Israel was formed. I had time to see only five of these Camps. The United Nations has furnished these 850,000 with tents, and gives them clothing—though not enough—and

rations food to them once a month. Miss Halana Mihail, the Egyptian girl who made such a wonderful record in Egypt and the Sudan, is now opening literacy campaigns for the United Nations throughout that area. Nobody knows what to do with those pitiful refugees. All of them want to return to their lost homes. They do not know that the Jews have destroyed or taken everything. I suppose there is no hope of their returning, but where can they go the United Nations does not yet know. But "man's extremity is God's opportunity" in this case, and the churches have a wonderful opening to befriend these Arabs. Many of them are Christians, and can work for the Moslems in the camps. I WANT to stop right here and work for those the neediest people I have seen in years.

"When I wrote 'Prayer, the Mightiest Force in the World' I did not realize that I was inviting myself to a spiritual discipline that will demand all the power I possess and more. For it is an effort to turn every thought for everybody every minute of every day into a prayer for that person. In one sense it is different from Rufus Moseley's decision 'to resign as general manager of the universe.' It means that

I refuse to step out from under *praying* for the universe and working for the universe and feeling necessary to God. It assumes that he needs me, while of course realizing that without him I am nothing and do nothing. I can do nothing without God but on the other hand God can do more if we help with prayer and with service and with love. We are his channels. But it is not the *point of view* that makes the difference, for most people perhaps share this point of view. It is the *attempt* to stop thinking *about* people and to spend every thought moment and reading moment and seeing moment in silent prayer *for* them all—to try that ALL OUT and see what it does. It is more and it is harder than I find words to describe. It means forgetting self just about entirely, even in prayer, and praying and working for others."

Love to you

Frank Laubach

"P.S. We have just reached India, stay here three weeks and then go to Afghanistan to work with their Moslem government for a month, then on to Burma, and finally to The Indonesian Republic. We will land in San Francisco about July 20."



No sin is small if it shuts a man away from God.

☐ We can color all the experiences of our life with the good, the true, the beautiful, the satisfying—the *real!*

The Young Man Who Wanted to Learn How to Make Love

Stella Terrill Mann

"I HEAR you have a religious racket that helps people solve problems," said the tall, lanky young man with blond hair and troubled blue eyes. He had planted himself in my office with the air of intending to stay until he had answers to his questions.

He was about twenty-one, had a humble manner, an earnest, honest voice. It was obvious he had been so hard pushed by life that he no longer trusted his own way of solving problems and had given up trying, alone. I couldn't possibly have taken exception to his words. His intent was right.

"What is your problem?"

"I want to learn how to make love and make it stick," he said decisively.

In working with people I find it pays to let them talk freely. However far afield they may go they always get to the core. While Bill began talking about a girl named Betty who broke dates with him, gave him the "cold shoulder and ran around with other guys," who couldn't possibly care as much for her as he did, he also talked about

his whole life. He didn't like his job. Didn't like the people he worked for. He hadn't liked school. Hadn't liked his stepfather. His sharpest thorn was "Pucker Face," the man who routed him on his work jobs every morning.

Bill worked for a large store that sold electric washing machines, the kind that washed, rinsed, dried all in one. It was necessary to install them so that they would not "vibrate and shake the house to pieces," Bill explained. Some of these jobs were easy. Some exceedingly difficult. Bill always drew the hard ones.

When Bill had about talked himself out I took a sheet of paper, drew the outlines of a wheel, explained as the pencil moved that this was a wheel of life: "It includes all the events and people, troubles and jobs that come into your life. This rim represents the things you've just been talking about. Notice that these spokes are attached to the rim and also to the hub. They represent people and events, too. This point is dead center of the hub. As the wheel goes

*Mrs. Mann's books *Change Your Life Through Prayer* and *Change Your Life Through Love* each sell for \$2.00. You may order these from *Clear Horizons*.

around and around, the rim spins rapidly, but this center does not move at all. This is God Center. It never changes.

"The hub in your wheel of life surrounds this God-Center point. The hub is the only part we have to change in order to change the entire wheel. If we give the hub a color we can know that it will color the spokes and the rim. Let's say your wheel is now blue and—"

"You can say that again," Bill spoke up unhappily.

"You want to change the color of your wheel which means the events in your life. What color do you want?"

"Kind of rosy," said Bill hopefully.

"All right," I agreed. "Rosy with the pinkness of life, the glow of health and happiness, fun, new friends. Let's also say that the color of this center point, God-Center, is also rosy. So you're going to change the whole color of your life to that of this center."

"Will that make Betty think well of me?"

"Betty is part of your wheel of life. If we are to change what she thinks about you we must change the hub, which is what YOU think about yourself."

After further discussion on the meaning of the hub of the wheel of life being one's most sincere belief about all life including God, we summed it up:

"When this hub is all of love of all things and all good and all people then the spokes and rim must also change."

Bill realized he had to love himself, others, and God. But how?

"It is impossible to love others very much if you do not love yourself at all. It is certain others will not love you if you do not love yourself. Because you'll never show a lovable side to them. You show your critical, unlovable side."

"You mean I grouch too much?" he asked, his blue eyes glinting an argument.

"Yes, you do. You are always trying to blame others and justify yourself because you do not love yourself. Grouching is a screen. Betty sees what you think about yourself. Naturally, she imagines you think of her as you do of others, or that you will. You are not good company for yourself. What makes you think you will be good company for Betty?"

"That's it," he sighed, "sometimes she's for me, then again she's not. Like I said in the beginning, how do you make love and make it stick?"

After more explaining of Truth principles I gave Bill as his affirmation: "*I love God and God loves me.*" He was to say it as he drove to work and as he worked, and to stop all worry about the outcome. He was to think on what the words meant. That he loved all good, all

qualities he believed he saw in Betty, that he wanted Betty to see him himself. All good was an expression of God.

A week later Bill reported "things are a little better," but he still was having trouble with that routing man who continued to give him the tough jobs instead of dividing them up among all the installers. I gave him the second part of his affirmation:

"*I love all of God's people and all of God's people love me.*"

In agreeing to use it I realized he was silently thinking more of Betty than he was of "Old Pucker Face," but all people are God's people even the ones we do not like.

Things went along more smoothly for a few weeks. Betty still hadn't noticed him. He still had trouble with the routing man. Then one boiling morning he phoned me to say, "I have lost my religion." He had a quarrel with the routing man who had sent him out late the afternoon before to do a job "that can't be done and he knows it." Bill was not going back to it that morning. He was going to quit.

"Remember, Bill," I said, "that you are working for all God's people and all God's people are working for you. What about the woman who bought that washing machine?"

Bill was too dejected to accept that fully. I tried another angle: "If

you were installing that washing machine for Betty could it be done?"

Bill didn't answer directly but when I said I'd be working for him he agreed to go on back to the job.

Later he told me about it:

"I had to crawl under the house on my belly, push the spiders and cobwebs out of the way until I got to the spot where I had to put in the under bracing. I was hot and mad. I kept on trying to think about how I love God and God loves me and I love God's people. I even remembered the woman who had bought the washing machine was not to blame for my troubles."

He worked on and on. He crawled under the house and out again to get more material for bracing. But all his efforts failed. Then: "Lying there trying not to cuss, trying to say *God loves me* I got the big idea that if God loves me he'd want to do things for me as I want to do things for Betty. I put my hammer down and started to thinking it through. It made sense. God loves me. He wants to help me. Then why doesn't he? Like a flash it came: Because I hadn't listened. I had been doing all the talking. So right there I said, 'God, I'm listening.' I relaxed, closed my eyes and let my arms drop and got very still. I was lying on my back. I felt quiet. Felt good.

Wasn't mad at anybody. Then it came!"

The idea, the God idea came! He saw what to do about that installation job. He explained it to me in exact mechanical detail. It was an entire departure from the old installation methods. It was the most difficult installation he ever had made. "But I kept remembering what you said, *"When we work for love no job is too difficult."*

Back in the house to finish the inside part of the work, Bill noted the time. It had taken him three times as long as it ever had taken on any job before. "They ride us about time," he explained. "Pay us by the hour and figure we ought to get more jobs done than it is humanly possible to do. I knew I'd have trouble with old Pucker Face about my time card."

But when he was gathering up his tools the housewife came and insisted he have lunch with her and her daughter. It seems the routing man had sent an expert to look at her job the evening before and he had announced it couldn't be done. The store offered to take the machine back. Bill knew nothing of this, until she told him when they were eating lunch. "You are an answer to prayer," she said to Bill.

A friendship sprang up between Bill and the young girl, about Bill's age, and one day not long after, she

met him at the store at closing time and Betty was introduced to her.

"Betty was pretty shocked to learn another girl liked me," Bill confided in me later. He had more good news. His attitude had changed so greatly for the better that even he was impressed by the results. New friends came into his "wheel of life," as if by magic. He had been having trouble with his eyes about the time he first came to me. But they no longer bothered him. How could they, when his tensions had been loosened through happiness. He had made a friend of the routing man.

Bill's progress continued. He finally advanced to the place where I felt he would benefit by reading my book, *Change Your Life Through Love* and I gave him a copy. He phoned me from time to time and eventually called on me and brought Betty to meet me. He got me aside long enough to say, "Well, I guess you can see for yourself that I know how to make love and make it stick. That's my ring Betty is wearing."

When we, like Bill, can get our belief about Life the same "color" or vibration as the Truth about Life, we can make it "rosy," as did Bill. We can color all the experiences of our life with the good, the true, the beautiful, the satisfying—the *real!*

Our church is already taking on a new complexion as the magnificent meek gather together and open a channel through which the power of God is loosing itself.

The Magnificent Meek

Mrs. William S. Samuel

OUR church is taking on a new complexion since we discovered the power of the magnificent meek. Meetings are moving more smoothly and lovingly—because the magnificent meek gather together. People are finding new experiences of God—because the magnificent meek gather together. The sick are finding new strength and healing—because the magnificent meek gather together. The grumblers and the critics are finding new smile lines and hopeful thoughts—because the magnificent meek gather together.

They are in every church; a vast reservoir of untapped and often unappreciated Christian Power. They are the quiet, unassuming, sweet people who do not do the showy work of the church nor deliver the fiery speeches. Often they are the overlooked, half-neglected people whom everyone loves but no one thinks about when planning programs or assigning credit.

Sometimes they are too old to carry the regular load anymore; sometimes they are not too well. They are always living on very small means and sometimes it seems, on the surface, that life has passed them by in distributing its riches.

Oh, but God has not passed them by! Their quietness is not weakness nor lack of knowledge; it is true humility. Their seeming poverty is not want but merely that lack of visible assets which characterized Christ, who yet had access to all the material resources of God. Life has not passed them by because they have no fame nor any of the "thrills"; they have a deep and impregnable serenity and content that millions would give everything else to possess.

These folks have the "peace of mind" for which the world is dying. These folks have that most priceless asset which Paul rated above all others when he wrote: "If I speak in the tongues of men and of angels, but have not love, I am a noisy gong or a clanging cymbal. And if I have prophetic powers, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and if I have all faith, so as to remove mountains, but have not love, I am nothing. If I give away all I have, and if I deliver my body to be burned, but have not love, I gain nothing."

The magnificent meek "gain" everything—for they inherit the earth!

We came together to love—just love our church group into har-

mony, peace and spiritual progress. And, gathered together to love, we prayed. And when the "magnificent meek" prayed the very earth sang in symphony.

The pastor sprang into new power and radiance as the magnificent meek asked God to guide him. Church officials melted and grew warm and friendly as the magnificent meek prayed and then sat quietly, just loving them, during each meeting.

More dramatic things, too, are becoming commonplace. An inviolated and distraught young woman living under tremendous home strain found God because the magnificent meek prayed. I had been working for almost a year to try to help her to this spiritual place but her constant discouragement was that she felt nothing but a fruitless "talking to myself" when she tried to pray. Then she phoned in great anguish one night to beg someone to pray for her . . . and that night the magnificent meek were to gather!

Next day she was a new woman! Radiant, peaceful, she shared her experience. "I don't know what you people did last night," she cried over the phone, "but I could *feel* people praying for me. And so I prayed, myself, and suddenly He was there; I went to sleep with a great peace; I woke up with that same peace. And today I felt Him

actually guiding me. To my own surprise I found myself speaking in a completely new way to—the person with whom her home friction was so painful) and we came to a real agreement and are happy again."

Her relationship to God and her happiness at home have continued to grow ever since. Yes, sick, lost souls find their God—because the magnificent meek gather together in His Name.

Recently at a gathering one of the meek brought up the name of a saintly old woman who has been lying on a bed of pain for months and, for weeks past, been hospitalized under an oxygen tent, seldom conscious. The magnificent meek gave her lovingly over to God and His tender care.

Before our gathering broke up my husband came in from a pastoral call he had been guided to make that evening upon this same woman. What was our joy to hear she was out of the oxygen tent, sitting up and talking happily and with new life and joy!

Yes, love is the greatest force in the world, but often no one will undertake to do the unobstructive, secret task of just loving people; loving the sick, loving the sad, loving the unloved and loving the unlovely. The magnificent meek will do this and count it glory. Quiet little acts of love, thoughts of love,

words of love—these they will give out in secret.

But gather them together to pray "in His Name" and the Father will transform the love given in secret into divine Power at work where all may see. Our church is already

taking on a new complexion as the magnificent meek gather together and open a channel through which the Power of God Almighty is loosing itself in a flood tide of healing, helping, loving and mountain-moving force.



The Difficult Upthrusting Way

Allan A. Hunter

A PEDESTRIAN on Hollywood Boulevard absent-mindedly let his eyes drop from the shop windows to the sidewalk. There, bursting through a crack it had found in the heel-worn pavement, was a tiny weed exultantly in bloom, thumbing its nose at the solemn self-importance of this atomic age. What effrontery! That stray bit of undaunted life had no business in all the traffic.

No business? It was doing work far more urgent than the making of big money or the expansion of political control.

Defenseless, unsupported by high-powered promotion, it was quietly exhibiting and distributing a commodity which our frightened world craves but which neither Hollywood nor Wall Street, neither the Kremlin nor Rome, is able to sell, produce, conscript or im-

pose: and that is the radical audacity of faith—the will to seek more life for life's own lovely sake. It was irrepressibly bearing witness to a fact that Mammon hiding behind Mars cannot understand. This universe has a growing edge. Upon that growing edge blind feet may march. It still is there.

Ever-resurgent conscience, the dictators can never quite trample into nothingness. Soon or late governments will have to reckon with that in evolution which says *No* to the broad and easy way. And why, in this and that youth, is it saying *No* today? So that it may say *Yes* to the difficult upthrusting way where alone is ultimate security.

Did not Jesus choose that way? May not the will that now says *No* to war be sharing Christ's resurrection power?

☪ The ancient miracle is daily validated in the lives of men and women in whose lives the wine of faith, hope, and love have run low.

When the Wine Runs Low

Erle Howell

IN his account of the Lord's first miracle at Cana of Galilee, the writer of the Fourth Gospel has preserved for all time, a record of Jesus which invites despairing moderns, through his touch, to refill the cup of hope. Implicit in the narrative of John is a wedding feast with several hundred guests. Between the lines one reads of high quality wine in abundance, and every detail organized in keeping with approved fashion. In the midst of the joyous festivity, the occasion was placed in jeopardy when the supply of wine was depleted. The mother of Jesus, hearing of the unfortunate circumstance, passed word to her son.

Ordering more than 100 gallons of water poured into six earthen pots, the Lord commanded the servants to draw off a portion to be judged by the governor of the feast. When that official tasted the wine, without knowledge of its source, he was so amazed at its quality that he called the bridegroom. "What's this you've done?" he demanded. "It's customary to serve the best wine first, and when men are well filled, to bring forth that which is worse. But you've kept the good wine until now!"

This tribute, unwittingly paid to Jesus by the governor of an ancient

marriage feast, is, in our time, daily validated in the experiences of men and women in whose lives the wine of faith, hope, and love had been permitted to run low.

Sarah Wellington lost her husband through sudden illness. When the minister called to talk to her before the funeral, she bitterly protested that God had been unjust in taking her husband. The pastor comforted her for the moment, promising to call again.

For several weeks every effort to reach the unhappy widow having failed, the clergyman concluded the woman wished to avoid him. More than a year had passed when she called by telephone. "I should have written long ago," she confessed. "But I have been too bitter. I cannot believe in God. I have no hope for the future and find no satisfaction in the present." The man made an appointment to call at her home.

As the woman slumped upon the davenport, the haggard face, fear-filled eyes, drooping shoulders, and gaunt figure, told of a year of rebellion, bitterness, and self-pity, which, sapping vitality from the spirit, had poisoned the reason.

"How have you been?" the minister asked kindly.

"Not so good."

1951

WHEN THE WINE RUNS LOW

29

"Do you still rebel against God?"

"There is no God—not for me!" the woman despaired. "If there is, he is cruel and unjust!"

"God hasn't done this thing to you," the man spoke with assurance. "It's his will that men should live, not die."

"Then why didn't he let my husband live?" the woman demanded, looking at her caller with a ray of hope in her eyes.

"The Lord operates through law," the clergyman went on. "Take gravity, for instance. Without it life, as we know it, could not exist, yet, violated, it continues to function, even at the expense of the innocent. Imagine one upon the roof of the thirty-story Herald building. Three things might conceivably happen. Some one might push him off deliberately, he could drop accidentally, or voluntarily leap to the street. Would the manner or motive of the descent make any difference when he reached the pavement? No. Gravity would operate regardless of the occasion for the fall. The Lord has created law for the good of all, and it were better that one should die through its dependable operation than that all should perish through its suspension. It is precisely because God loves and wants all to live that the one man dies.

"There were forces of death

operating within your husband's body. Although, undoubtedly God has provided a corrective, your physician was unable to find it. Therefore the law that usually functions for life, resulted in death. It was not that the Lord said, 'He's lived long enough. I'll take him out of the world,' but that, be-foul a good law, he perished."

"If what you call God, operates through law," the woman broke a long silence to ask hopelessly, "how can one know him? What is the good of prayer?"

"That is the question." The pastor spoke with confidence. "There are laws of the spirit, that are fully as dependable as that of gravity. The warmth of the fellowship of God's love waits outside your sad heart. But He cannot enter until you open the door. 'Behold, I stand at the door and knock'; the Lord says, 'if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come into him, and will sup with him, and he with me.'

"The light of the sun comes through 90,000,000 miles of space to light your body, but by the will, you can close the thin film known as the eyelid and keep that light out of your life. Open the eye and it rushes in. It is so with your poor heart. Through self-pity and rebellion you have closed the door of your spirit to the love and fellowship of the heavenly Father. The

moment you expel these negative attitudes, and through faith open your heart, God's love, requiring no coaxing, will rush in to warm your spirit and make you aware of his presence."

Notwithstanding the expressed disbelief in God, the minister, in prayer, thanked the Father for his goodness, his love, and his interest in life for all his children. Taking his departure the pastor assured the patient of his availability in case of further need.

After two or three weeks there came a call from a physician the minister did not know, who reported that Sarah Wellington, who was his patient, was getting well. A medical examination had revealed that spiritual bankruptcy had been the woman's chief ailment. He further declared that following the minister's interview she had shown definite signs of improvement.

"You must have found the broken cord," the physician went on to say, "for the first hope the woman has known for a year, is now bringing warmth and joy to her life."

The minister bowed his head in humble gratitude, for once more he had unmistakable evidence that, when the wine of life runs low, the gracious touch of the hand of Christ is able to make the famished

spirit overflow with faith, and hope, and love.

While it is refreshing to experience the love of God flowing into one's soul after a period of drouth, it is not necessary for one to enter spiritual bankruptcy, before he can know the joy of fellowship with the Father. The more normal way is for one to live so close to the Lord that when life tumbles in, he can rise victoriously from the wreckage and, in joy, continue to climb along the way of faith.

Some months ago Darlene appeared before the altar of her church requesting baptism and the vows of membership. When she came into the pastor's study to talk things over, all unawares, she revealed a surprising life of self-forgetfulness and devotion to an invalid mother, and spiritual victory when that parent had been released from pain.

At the age of fifteen, when the mother had been stricken with a lingering illness, the daughter had dropped all activities outside the home, save high school. The church, which the young woman loved, was sacrificed in favor of duties as a practical nurse. After high school, her mother's condition being precarious, housekeeping and the bedside consumed all the daughter's time. During the following years, piano lessons, taken at home, and an occasional shopping

excursion to the nearest business district, constituted all her outside contacts. When, after fifteen years, the mother departed this life, the daughter, now an attractive woman of thirty, resolved to resume her activities where she had left off. At her church she was a stranger. Having no time for social life during later adolescence, she felt out of place among other youth. Most of those of her age were married.

The foregoing information was given reluctantly as the pastor sought to learn of her background and fitness for teaching a class.

"I want my life to count for others," Darlene told her pastor, looking at him with wide, unselfish eyes. "I know I have missed many things other girls have had, but I am glad I stood by. I'd do it again. I'll read anything you suggest that may help me to understand the

Bible and to teach it. I wish to become a part of the young single adult fellowship, and to be of service wherever you think I can help."

The minister stood amazed in the presence of the sweetness of spirit, the radiant joy, and the personal charm of this one who had given half her young life to the care of an invalid. Now, as if that were not enough, she offered herself to serve through the church.

As the pastor observed the radiant manner in which this devoted spirit went about her duties the following months, he came to realize that here was one who had drunk of the water of which Jesus spoke when he said, "Whosoever shall drink of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life."



Thou art a gift of God to me, my friend,

To Him I will in gratitude commend
Thy life, that whatsoever may befall

Thine outward being, He be all in all.
That neither grief, nor joy, nor loss, nor gain
May bring excess of happiness or pain;

But in a holy calm thou mayest move
To fullest knowledge of His faithful love.

Thy soul, that day by day, His light may glow
Within its depths, and other souls may know

The peace that Love of Christ alone can bring,
To those who deem the soul a God-like thing

Thy life, thy soul, and thee, I thus commend
To Christ, whose gift thou art to me, my friend.

—Selected.

DELIGHTING YOURSELF IN GOD

"Delight thyself also in the Lord; and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart."—Psalm 37:4.

MOFFETT has perhaps a more lucid way of putting it: "Make the Eternal your delight, and he will give you all your heart's desire." How do you make God your delight? One way to find out is to see how people act when they delight themselves in anything.

Someone interested and delighted in photography reads all the photography magazines, buys a camera, developing tanks and trays, paper, lenses, filters and many other things all concerned with his hobby. Every spare minute he has is given to delighting himself in photography. He talks about it; he writes about it; he practices it; he learns the laws of it and obeys them; he "eats it and sleeps it." And, in all this he is not doing something because he is compelled to do it. He is doing it because he "delights" in it. He "gets a kick out of it." You can say the same thing about one who delights in radios, motors, gardens, and what have you. You do not have to go to them and ask them what interests them; all you have to do is look at them, their reading table, their basement, and where they spend their time and what they talk about.

Now, if you delight yourself in the Lord, you consciously spend time with him, you read about him, you study about him in the Bible and in other books, you talk about him, both to others and directly to him, you study history and see the "unseen hand of God" moving in human affairs, you ferret out the rules and the laws of his working and accommodate your ways to them, you sense and try to understand His ends and goals in individual lives and then you make them your ends and goals, and you try to interpret the signs of the times in reference to your "delight."

A transformation takes place. God's desires become your desires, His goals become your goals, His interests become your interests, His work becomes your work, and His rules and laws you discover are the very rules and laws of your nature. God can only give that which is His own nature, and when your nature becomes lost in His nature the desires of your heart are but the normal working out of His nature. Jesus said that you cannot pick grapes from thorns, that you shall know a tree by its fruit. Well, the fulfillment of these desires which are in reality the desires of the Almighty are but the fruit of the tree of God himself. You want complete fulfillment, complete joy and delight? Then, delight yourself in the Lord!

Read: *Roads to Radiant Living*, Charles L. Allen. \$2.00.

ADVENTURING IN FAITH

"By faith Abraham, when he was called to go out into a place which he should after receive for an inheritance, obeyed; and he went out, not knowing whither he went."—Hebrews 11:8.

WE have all had the experience of getting up in the morning and finding a world that is filled with adventure and beauty, and then saying something like this, "I'd like to get in the car and just go!" We would like the freedom and adventure of different towns, the smell of open fields, shaded woods, the sound of mountain streams, meeting new faces, the taste of strange foods, and changing landscapes. We really do have these experiences when we pile the family into the car during vacation and *just go!* We know we have the money for a week, or two weeks, or a month. We are free. We do not have to worry. When vacation time ends we know we can go back to our jobs. We are happy.

Is it any wonder we look back on such periods of adventure and freedom with longing? Why could it not go on? Would it not be wonderful if life were always like these highpoints? Not necessarily high points of unusual experiences of even achievement, but rather high points of wonder and contentment and adventure.

For the Christian, that is the way it always ought to be. It does not mean that we will always be at an emotional pitch. On the contrary, it is something beyond emotion, something that is not dependent upon passing feelings. The Christian, when he has really given himself over completely to God experiences this fullness of life every day. He becomes like Abraham. Every day is a going forth to, he knows not what. He does not know what will happen, but he does know that whatever happens is in God's control, and he does not have to worry about it. He accepts the results as God's leading. He is in a strange and wonderful country of the spirit, and it is a thrilling adventure, a resting back and an abiding in the spirit of God. Each day he gets up in the morning and *just goes!*

If you have not explored this country of faith, do it now. The summer months with their beauty, and with our own urge to be on the move, are good soil to make a beginning. Wake up in the morning and give yourself to the invisible spirit of God. Expect that God will be making himself known in your office, in your kitchen, in your picnics, wherever you are. And then, accept whatever happens as in some mysterious way being under the control of God. Do not expect to see visions or experience the abnormal. Realize that God works through the common, ordinary and normal functions of daily living. Say in your mind, wherever you are, "God is right here—this is not chance—I shall rest back in Him." You will find that this country of faith is at once thrilling, adventurous, beautiful and happy. *Let's go!*

Read: *Love the Law of Life*, Toyohiko Kagawa. \$1.25.

YOU CAN FIND REST

"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest."—Matthew 11:28.

AT sometime or other everyone wants to "get away from it all." We get so involved in so many projects, most of them good such as sending clothing to Germany or goats for Japan, that sooner or later we become nervously and physically exhausted. At such times we see the need for retreat houses, similar to what the Roman Catholics have, where we can go and be alone, sheltered from the madness of incessant activities.

It was for such people that Jesus promised rest. "Come unto me all ye that labor (in church circles, pledge drives, membership campaigns, study circles, missionary projects, PTA, leadership training programs, etc.!) and are heavy laden (with responsibilities of children, cooking, shopping, manufacturing, selling, writing, reading, etc.!) and I will give you rest (refreshment, renewal, sleep, shelter, protection, quiet, repose, tranquillity, relief)."

Now it is not the activities that wear us out, it is the nervous strain of striving to be something or someone. It is the inevitable frustration of "doing it alone." It is the unconscious straying from the power of God and taking upon yourself the responsibility. It is human nature to begin with the best of intentions of keeping close to God, and then in the challenge of our work to gradually take upon ourselves the full burden. There is another way, and that is to do what seems ought to be done but not to be inwardly responsible for it. We can realize in the back of our mind that results are out of our hands and in the hands of God.

I know a man who plants and prunes and takes care of trees in the neighborhood. In many cases he will not live long enough to see the result of his work. Trees take a long time to grow and come to their glory. The end in sight is not his responsibility, and it does not worry him. He does what he can and then trusts to nature, or God, to do the rest. The result is that he has a calmness and a stability of character that draws others to him. They like to be near him simply because he has found within himself a center of rest, and his very presence is rest for everyone else.

When we become truly centered in Jesus, take His yoke (His discipline, His viewpoint and His values) upon ourselves, we, too, will find that even in the most feverish activities we can find rest, we can go to bed at night and sleep like a baby, and wake up in the morning refreshed and new. Do not do it alone. Give it to Jesus.

Read: *Faith Can Master Fear*, G. Ernest Thomas. \$2.00.

Books of Interest

Norman K. Elliott

MEDITATIONS, Devotions for Women, *Grace Noll Crowell*, Abingdon-Cokesbury, \$1.50. 128 pages. Mrs. Crowell has written twenty-six meditations that consist of a Bible reference, the interpretation, usually a poem, and ending with a prayer. Some of the meditations contain fresh insights that are compelling. For example, in the meditation of "Vision," she tells of a woman who went to an oculist. She was told to go to a certain room in her home where she could gaze out on a beautiful, distant view. She found it not only helped her eyes but also her mind and spirit. She came to the conclusion that there was also a condition called "eyestrain of the soul" that needs the same recommendation, that of having the "far-away" look. This book could be used very well as source material for women's groups.

STRENGTHENING THE SPIRITUAL LIFE, *Nels F. S. Ferre*, Harper, \$1.00. 64 pages. Sometimes many of us have wished that recognized theologians would forget themselves for awhile and write from the heart without all the literary and theological embellishments that make them obscure to the layman. If you have ever "prayed" for such a miracle, here is the answer to it. The four chapters are "A Formula for Spiritual Success," "Strengthening Through Personal Devotions," "Strengthening Through Family Devotions," and "Strengthening the Spiritual Life." The authority for what he says is his own personal experience, much of it gained on a bed of pain. He tells how to pray, what to pray for, when to pray, how to worship, getting a prayer partner, and about everything else you would want to know. Throughout the book he never becomes warped and dogmatic, but tells what has helped him and others. I like the book very much and recommend it to everyone.

FAITH CAN MASTER FEAR, *G. Ernest Thomas*, Revell, \$2.00. 160 pages. One does not have to do much counselling with people before he realizes

that fear is probably Public Enemy No. 1. In this well-written, interesting and meaty book Mr. Thomas gives us as comprehensive a list of human fears as I have seen and he treats them all in a manner that must give confidence and strength to all who fear. His treatment is sound from the psychological viewpoint and it is comforting and challenging from the Christian viewpoint. Some of the fears he writes about are fears of the future, the past, the unexpected, of a crisis, of being one's self, of insecurity, of failure, of loneliness, of growing old, and of death. It is a good book.

A METHOD OF PRAYER, *Johannes Kelpius*, Harper, \$1.50. 128 pages. This is a recently rediscovered manual of prayer by an early American saint who settled with a little group of German scholars in the seventeenth century near Philadelphia. There is a good biographical sketch of the author by the editor, E. Gordon Alderfer. I found the message very stimulating, reminding me of some of the old classics.

LOVE THE LAW OF LIFE, *Toyohiko Kagawa*, Macalester, \$1.25. 90 pages. Foreword by Allan A. Hunter; afterword by Glenn Clark. I have never read a more fruitful explanation of love than appears in this book. Love, to Kagawa, is of the essence of God, and when you study this easy to understand book you will see God operating in love, everywhere. You will want to re-read it, especially parts of it, time and again. The foreword by Allan Hunter is a little biographical gem. It seems to me he epitomizes Kagawa splendidly. This edition is a condensation and a more lucid rendering of the original. Few people wanted to plow through the original with its excessive verbiage and stilted English. I have the feeling that this edition will find an eager public and become very popular.

ROADS TO RADIANT LIVING, *Charles L. Allen*, Revell, \$2.00. 157 pages. You will like this book because you will

find so much good common sense in it, and so much love flowing from its pages. The author is the minister of Grace Methodist Church in Atlanta, Georgia. He has a Sunday night service that draws 1,000 people, two-thirds of whom go up to the altar to pray. You can sense the atmos-

phere of this service by the things that are in this book. The messages are warm with friendliness, they are strong with loving conviction, and reading them is a pleasure. You ought to get it, read it, and give it away.



Making Prayer Vital To Youth

Alvyna Fledderjohn

TWO years ago an Altar Prayer Service was introduced to the four youth groups of North Presbyterian Church by Bob and Betty Richter.

We hold this service in the sanctuary the first Sunday evening of each month from October to June. The chancel is lighted by candles. The leaders conduct short preliminary devotions, consisting of hymns and scripture. Then during an appropriate prayer poem, talk or story, the lights in the church are slowly dimmed by rheostat until the church is almost dark. During soft organ music, the entire youth choir comes first to kneel for prayer. Each person may remain to pray as long as he wishes—for just a few moments or for a long period. As soon as one person leaves the altar, another person comes forward to kneel, until everyone in the church has had an op-

portunity to pray. At the close the lights are turned on and the pastor pronounces the benediction.

It is thrilling to see our young people taking part in this reverent service. If you try this Prayer Altar, don't be discouraged if the first or second time the service doesn't "click." It takes time to develop an unhurried, reverent service.

Several years ago when Dr. Frank Laubach spoke in Cincinnati, I heard him say, "The most ghastly thing about the Protestant Church is the lost art of prayer." I am truly convinced that a simple service like this will help to recapture the art of communion with God. What a tremendous undergirding of faith and power we can give our young people if their memories and their lives are fortified by a vital experience of prayer!

Be assured the darkness will lift for you, too, and your spells of depression will be turned into glorious days of expression.

"Thou Art There..."

Sylvia M. Wetzel

"If I ascend up into Heaven, thou art there. If I make my bed in Hell, behold thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me."

ANYONE trained in spiritual technique knows that the best way to clear one's mind of negative thoughts or black moods is to tune in with the Infinite and listen to the voice of God. In all human experience nothing brings such peace of mind as the realization that we are One with God and all mankind.

However, there are always periods in the life of a Christian, no matter how devout he may be, when he seems shut off from the Presence of God. There are days of darkness and depression, when he cannot pray effectively or enter into the silence. In such times one may also feel a sense of separation from family and friends. In fact the feeling of loneliness and despair can be almost overwhelming. Any attempt to contact God or lift out of these moods seems futile. Such a person may feel that he is a failure as a Christian.

Certain negative circumstances in my childhood left me with a tendency to become easily depressed. When I discovered that there is a Spiritual Realm, where I could

reach God, I found my way to peace and happiness. But I have also experienced what is termed "The Dark Night of the Soul." This may be defined as a prolonged period of darkness that follows high spiritual illumination, when the subject cannot feel the Presence of God. Eventually God showed me the way out of "the valley of the shadow," but while I was in that valley I learned great lessons, which I believe are worth passing on.

What can the Christians do to counteract these spells of depression, when God seems far away? First he must realize that he is not alone in such an experience. Bible characters, like Job and Jeremiah went through dark periods. Job endured weeks of mental and physical anguish, before he found the light of God again. Great saints, such as Madame Guyon, St. Teresa, St. John of the Cross and George Fox vividly describe such experiences. Madame Guyon states that her sense of heaviness and despair was so great that she thought it would never pass from her.

In our modern times, when life is hurried, complicated and uncertain, it is not surprising that Christians sometimes encounter dark days. In his book, *Christ on the Indian Road*, Dr. Stanley Jones describes a period when he was neurotic and fearful. His health began to fail and he was almost on the point of giving up his missionary work and returning to America. One evening at a religious meeting God spoke to him clearly. Dr. Jones immediately surrendered himself and his affairs completely to God and new strength poured into him. He went back to his work with greater vigor and success than ever before.

So do not be afraid of spells of depression when they come to you. The Lord never forsakes anyone. It is only our limited understanding that sometimes clouds our vision of Him. Rest in the assurance that His Great Love and Wisdom will show you where you have failed and will point the way out.

Since body and spirit are so closely related, it will be well to see a physician. Glandular disturbances, low blood count, or eye strain can cause a feeling of lassitude or low spirits.

If you are physically sound examine your environment. Is your home life happy? Is your work in the field of endeavor and self expression that you most enjoy? Do you like the locality in which you

live? Are your living quarters satisfactory?

If at all possible make the necessary changes to secure a finer house or a better position. It is foolish to say God is deaf to our prayers, when sometimes human initiative or common sense is the answer. There are many people who are unhappy in their work or environment, who could easily find something more appropriate, but do not have the "spunk" to make the change. I know of an elderly couple who lives in an old shack with no modern facilities. They have several thousand dollars in the bank. But the wife insists that there might not be enough money to care for them in their old age. Anyway she has always lived in old houses and carried water in and out. God does not want her to have anything better, she says, or he would have provided it long ago.

A nurse friend of mine has more wisdom. She practiced her profession faithfully for fifteen years. This negative atmosphere and long, irregular hours, with little opportunity for social life, finally threatened her health. She secured a position as clerk in a drug store, where her medical knowledge was of value. Now her evenings are free and she is enjoying fun and entertainment which she has missed all these years.

Of course if you can see no way

out of an unpleasant situation, then prayer is the solution. Again you ask, "How can I rise above the darkness? How can I pray, when it seems impossible to contact God?" Again I say, "Do not worry about your sense of separation from God. He is still there, though you cannot feel His Presence."

Remember that wholeness of mind and spirit is natural. Given time and patience a troubled mind will naturally straighten out of itself, just as the sun shines again after a spell of cloudy weather. If you find it impossible to commune with God, don't try. When you struggle and strive to find God, you are pushing Him further away. God is, always has been, always will be. You cannot go beyond His Love and Care.

If you have a tendency, as I once did, to hate your family and those dear to you, do not fear these moods. Don't resist such feelings or don't entertain them. Relax as best you can, try to think of something else and these fierce emotions will pass away.

Keep busy at something, either work or wholesome recreation. Some people will tell you to forget your sorrow in hard work. I do not agree. Every phase of our lives should be balanced. All work and no play makes not only "Jack" but anybody dull and disagreeable.

If you are musical, you will find

solace in playing an instrument or singing. Athletics and calisthenics are also helpful in relieving bodily and physical tensions. A walk in the forest or relaxation by a stream of water will do much to restore peace of mind. While you are enjoying the beauties of nature, imagine that Jesus Christ is with you. He too loved the out-of-doors, in fact he loved all life and I know he would be deeply pleased to walk by your side through the woods and fields.

By all means talk over these moods of depression with your minister, an understanding friend or a psychologist. Perhaps he can help you locate the weak spot in your character that causes you to feel depressed. Likely you are taking yourself too seriously anyway.

Reading is not a good cure for depression, as it is too passive. However, you may want to do a little reading to help sustain your faith. You will find the teachings of Jesus and the Psalms comforting and enlightening. I would also recommend *The Dark Night of the Soul*, by Georgia Harkness. This book is a detailed treatise on the causes and cures for depressed mental states. It can be obtained from the Macalester Park Publishing Co., in St. Paul, Minn. Light and humorous reading, not necessarily religious, will also help to life your spirits.

I have purposely left the best and one sure remedy until the last. While all of the above measures are helpful, the perfect peace and release which your soul craves can come only from God. Even though you are not aware of your Father, he is aware of you. He is forever seeking you, longing to love and comfort you.

Do you not know that God needs you just as much as you need Him? There is work that only you can do. There are suffering souls that only you can lead to salvation. Turn once again to God. Surrender your whole self and your life to Him. Say something like this: "Father, I have failed but I know you have not changed. Speak to me, comfort

me, lift me out of this darkness."

Then with patience and faith, wait for His Voice. The answer may not come all at once. More likely the return of peace will be a gradual process. George Fox says that out of his mental disturbance his life was rebuilt on a stronger and more beautiful basis. From my own experience with the "dark night" I gained a better understanding of my fellow men and more tolerance for their faults and failures. Be assured the darkness will lift for you, too, and your spells of depression will be turned into glorious days of expression. Like the Psalmist of old, you can say, "If I make my bed in Hell, thou art there."



So You Think You Have Had Tough Breaks!

When you don't get the breaks and the defeats pile up, when you're discouraged and don't care about the future, when you're ready to toss in the sponge and quit, take a minute to consider this man's record:

Failed in business	1831
Defeated for legislature	1832
Failed in business again	1833
Elected to legislature	1834
Sweetheart died	1835
Nervous breakdown	1836
Defeated for speaker	1838
Defeated for land officer	1843
Defeated for congress	1843
Elected to congress	1846
Defeated for re-election	1848
Defeated for senate	1855
Defeated for vice-president	1856
Defeated for senate	1858
Elected president	1860

He was Abraham Lincoln.—From *Magazine Digest*.

☐ It seems to be necessary to the production of spiritual forces that there should be a difficulty, conflict and resistance.

The Secret of Dynamic Energy

A. B. Simpson

AS WE look at the economy of nature, we find that the secret of power is resistance. Sometimes the wheels of our railway trains refuse to advance, because the rails are covered with slippery ice; they are too smooth, they need a rough surface in order to have a grip. If our pathway is too smooth, we shall find, like the train, our way is blocked by our very ease. Dr. Bell's new discovery of the principle of the airship by adjusting it to the resistance of the atmosphere is the real principle of spiritual progress. If you look at the movement of a vessel, you will notice that the helm has to be held hard against the wind, in order to give the purchase. If you explode a mass of gun-powder on the roadside, it will be without force, but if you enclose one-quarter of that amount in the barrel of a gun, it will carry a bullet for miles, because of the resistance of the barrel. Even the treasures of the sea and mine have come to us through natural convulsions and conflicts. The gold is the offspring of the fire, and the pearl of the struggles of the little mollusk to protect itself from

the grain of sand that intrudes into its shell. Even in the history of nations, we observe that difficulty has been the parent of energy, and the races of tropical regions, where nature spontaneously supplies their needs, have been weak and enervated, while those of northern climes, who have had to fight the battle of life with storm and rock and sea, have developed corresponding vigour and predominance.

And it is so in the economy of grace. It seems to be necessary to the production of spiritual forces that there should be a difficulty, conflict and resistance. It was in the face of famine and sacrifice that Abraham grew to the hero of faith. It was in the crisis of Peniel that Jacob emerged from his littleness and meanness to be the founder of his people, and it was from the abasement of an Egyptian prison that Joseph arose to the mastery of the world, and the height of human goodness. David was fitted for his throne after nine years of sufferings and testing; Christ, the Captain of our salvation, was made perfect through suffering, and Paul, his chief apostle, de-

*From *The Kingdom Digest*, January, 1949. Box 7127, Fort Worth, Texas. By permission of J. A. Lovell, director.

clares that he was set forth as the last spectacle on the stage of suffering, to show how much a man could bear and how much God could enable him to endure.

Just as they hang a weight to the clock to regulate its movement and counterpoise machinery by corresponding checks, so God regulates our spiritual balance by alternate joy and suffering. Just as the fleetest yacht with her immense spread of sail has to carry corresponding ballast to hold her in equilibrium, our lives are stayed by the weight of trial. After Christ had been baptized with the Holy Ghost on the banks of the Jordan, immediately "*He was led up of the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil.*" And so in our experiences, the joy of conversion is soon followed by the first sharp test of temptation, and the deeper experience of the Holy Spirit's baptism is counterbalanced

by the most trying ordeals of spiritual suffering. Therefore it comes to pass that those who have been called into closer fellowship with the Master and higher spiritual experiences, find their lives linked often with the most incongenial environments. The very wife of your bosom becomes perhaps a check upon your enthusiasm, and improves your slightest stumbling, in order to keep you from thinking that you have reached self-perfection. Your business perhaps calls you into the most trying associations, and you are often tempted to think how much better Christian you could be, if the people and things around you were more according to your mind. You are quite mistaken. God knows what weight you can carry and what discipline you most need, and you will find that even the buffeting of Satan is to be counted among your means of grace.



It is better to be a self-made man, filled up according to God's original pattern, than to be half a man, made after some other man's pattern.

—J. G. Holland.

All life springs from the single cell.

There is only one way to secure world security and that is by creating leagues of hearts and minds in every corner of the earth.

A League of Hearts and Hands

Calvin K. Staudt

NEARLY everybody today is seriously thinking of how we can secure good will among men and how we can usher in an era of world stability and universal peace. Money, time and energy is being spent for this purpose. A number of plans are being advocated and some of these are being worked.

But in our efforts to establish a friendly, peaceable, warless world, we have, as a rule, laid undue stress upon the machinery of organization and left undone weightier matters. We so often have lost sight of the fact that in order to reconstruct the world we must first reconstruct the individual. In our feverish efforts to work out details of world organization we are apt to bypass man. We so often forget to realize that before we can have an efficient world organization we must first undertake to develop a friendly world; and that before we can have a real league of nations we must first have a league of hearts and minds.

My long experience in working with different races, religions and nationalities has convinced me that the greatest task to which God has called us is to obliterate the barriers between races and creeds, and to break down the present stock

of hatred and prejudice in the world, and to bring about friendly feeling, goodwill and genuine brotherhood among divergent groups.

An experiment along this line was made lately in the romantic city of Baghdad. Here in an American School for boys which I founded and of which I was principal for twenty-three years, a laboratory was established in the science of human relationships. In this high school there were scarcely ever less than twenty different races and nationalities, comprising most of the nations of Asia and also a few from Europe. The same number of religions—not counting the Protestant sects—were also represented. The school, too, was a veritable cross section of society. Again, this was in a part of the world where racial and religious groups asserted themselves.

And yet, a few years after the School was founded all the religious hatreds and the racial and national animosities were broken down, and in place thereof there came into existence a little harmonious league of hearts and minds. Among Moslems, Jews, Christians, Hindus, Devil Worshipers, Iraqis, Kurds, Turks, Iranians, Greeks, Russians

and a score of others the spirit of good will and brotherhood began to prevail. In his valedictory oration a student one year expressed it in this way: "The greatest benefit we received from this School is a certain spirit and attitude of life. We learned the meaning of that charmed word 'brotherhood.' In this School of so many races, nations and religions, we learned to love and respect each other on the basis of worth."

What was done in this social or spiritual laboratory in Baghdad that resulted in the breakdown of age-long barriers? How did it happen that this experiment was so successful?

In the first place, these heterogeneous groups were always closely thrown together and were taught how to live together. They studied, played, sang and prayed together. Then, too, religious teachings and influences were always thrown around them. Religion in the broader sense was used as an instrument to break down bitter feelings and to foster a loving spirit.

In our morning assemblies, which all attended, and in the Sunday evening services, which were voluntarily attended by the older boys, the audience was ever reminded that God is the Father of us all regardless of our race or religion; that we, His children, ought to live together as brothers

in a family; that it is God's will that we should not hate one another, but be ever ready to recognize the good in another regardless of his race or religion.

These instructions that were clearly and forcefully given were at the same time undergirded and motivated by religious feeling. The effect that this had, was patently brought out in a letter to me by a former graduate of the School, a non-Christian, by the way. Speaking about world conditions, he had occasion to say: "These conditions brought to my mind the harmonious little 'league of nations' we had at School, where a heterogeneous body of students of all colors, creeds and races worked and played and prayed together. On trying to analyze the causes, I remember an instance which crystallized, to me at least, all the causes. One morning you read a touching passage, and then fervently prayed for Jews and Christians, Shiah and Sunni Moslems, Armenians and Arabs. This represented to me the unity of man in the unity of God."

Very important, too, was an organization in the School called "The Brotherhood." Its aim was to foster the spirit of brotherhood in the School, in the community and in the world. So popular was this society that every high school student considered it an honor to be a member. In our regular meet-

ings, which were partly devotional and partly educational, we always closed by singing our Brotherhood song: "One brotherhood in heart are we, one Lord and King. One brotherhood! One Lord and King!"

There are many evidences to show that this experiment in a laboratory in human relationships far away was a success. One summer a pitched battle was fought between the Assyrians and the Iraq army, and that same summer, too, a tragic situation arose between Jews and Arabs on the Palestinian situation. When School opened in fall, we were not altogether sure how the student body would act. But the charmed word "brotherhood" was in their hearts and the "harmonious little league of nations" was not affected. When the new officers for the Brotherhood Society were elected in fall, the students were not biased by what had happened. They elected an Assyrian, a Jew, a Moslem and a Christian for the coveted offices.

Once when there was a revolution against the British, it was followed by a day and night of general looting and frightful atrocities. None of the students and graduates were a part of this; but, to the surprise of everybody, they organized themselves into a relief committee, and collected food and clothing and money for those who were in desperate need. When they were asked

why they did this their reply was that they had learned to do this in the Brotherhood Society in their school where they yearly gave gifts to the needy children of all the communities. At the time, too, a very prominent man in Baghdad, a man of wisdom and understanding, called on me and said, "I came to you with the express purpose of telling you that if there had been a few more institutions in this city like yours where racial, religious and national animosities were broken down, these atrocities and this looting, of which we are ashamed, would never have taken place.

Assuredly, there is only one way to secure world security and a peaceful world, and that is by creating leagues of hearts and minds in every corner on the inhabited earth. If some of the money spent for the machineries of world organizations would be devoted definitely and primarily to inculcate through religion and education friendly feeling and good will between contending and prejudiced groups, a better world might be in store for us. Long before we had a League of Nations or a United Nations, or advocates of a federated world or a world government, Ruskin declared, "Of what use is it for men to put their heads together unless first they put their hearts together."

☐ As the light of true spiritual knowledge illuminates your mind, you will become conscious of new and wonderful power.

Guard Well Your Mind

Grenville Kleiser

It is amazing when you think of it, that we are so blind and stupid about the misuse of our minds.

Why do we let the demon of wrong thinking dominate and enslave us, causing us to be depressed, sick and frustrated?

You yourself can open your mental door to happiness or unhappiness. You can control your own thinking.

To be well and happy, watch your thoughts ceaselessly. Your best protection from the claims of evil is not to believe them. Know they are no part of your real self.

The way you consent to think is the way you consent to live. To preserve your faith and keep your spiritual thinking clear, know that God is supreme.

It is an inspiring thought to know that God is always present and therefore always available. Dwell intently upon this sublime fact until it becomes clear and real to your consciousness, and you will experience a sense of augmented confidence and power. Affirm to yourself, over and over again, that God is real, present, immediately and always accessible to you, and that you can depend upon Him with confident assurance at any moment of the day.

It is only reasonable that the power which made you can sustain you. It does sustain you. Listen much to God and He will instruct you and show you the way in which to go. In the degree of your meekness and obedience He will guide you toward light, truth, and perfection.

New habits make new horizons. Silently and imperceptibly you are forming habits which will ultimately determine the degree of your happiness and success. Closely guard the quality of your thoughts, that they may lead to right habits and thence to right living. Recognize and use such supreme qualities as courage, faith, humility, loyalty, temperance, and integrity. Let these be an active force in your daily work.

Use your mental power in large ways. Simplicity, peace, poise, confidence, and happiness are products of a well-ordered life. The most vital work you have to do is within the realm of your mind, since thought is the primary cause of everything you plan, attempt, and achieve.

Every noble thought is stamped with immortality. Every good desire is a promise of what can be. Every high aspiration is an intima-

tion of possible achievement. Let the controlling motive of your life be to do the will of God and to serve Him in sincerity and truth. Then there will be revealed to you, gradually and surely, a great and holy purpose for which you have been equipped.

As the light of true spiritual

knowledge illuminates your mind, the darkness of doubt will disappear, and you will become conscious of new and wonderful power. The source of true happiness is not to possess but to serve. Be resolute in your desire for truth and righteousness, and thus justify your spiritual birthright.



A Mother's Meditation

Elizabeth Searle Lamb

DEAR Father-God, I used to think that life might pass me by. I sang no songs; I wrote no books; I mostly stayed at home. But now I thank Thee, humbly and with all my heart, for the best career of all, for I am placed, I find, where I may serve, every moment of my working day, those I love the best.

As I prepare the daily food, I bless it to the best use of every growing body, to maintain good health and strength and vitality in every member of the family.

As I dust and sweep and bring a loving order to the rooms within this house I see it as a home, filled with love—Thy perfect love for us mirrored in our love for Thee and for Thy blessed Son, and by our own love each for the other.

As I wash and iron small clothes

and big, I give thanks for the abundance of material things we have, and for the dearer intangibles—love and faith and wisdom. As I wipe away quick childish tears and answer telephone calls, as I balance budget books and listen as a sounding board while problems are talked out, as I do all the myriad daily things for husband and for children I thank Thee, Father, for this my place as center of a dear family circle. I am the lucky one, able to work in the surroundings that suit me best, serving those I love, keeping them fit and ready to do their best in every field their feet may touch.

Dear Father, show me how best to do my work. Help me be a channel for Thy love, Thy patience, Thy wisdom, and Thy faith. Be ever with me and with those I love.

Amen.

A Forward Step in Foreign Policy

Glenn Clark

THE only definite, concrete foreign policy our Government holds today is to oppose Russia. Any nation that undertakes a project with only a negative and no positive policy is as handicapped as a fighter entering a boxing ring with one arm strapped behind his back.

We made the same mistake when we entered World War II without coming to a clear agreement with Great Britain and Russia on our war aims. With our left hands we were committed to stop Hitler. That we knew. But all three of us, alas, neglected to shake our right hands with each other over any agreement concerning the positive, constructive things we were fighting for. “We are too busy winning the war to talk about war aims,” was the chorus of Churchill, Roosevelt and Stalin. “After we win the war we will settle the constructive and positive things.”

We knocked out Hitler, using our left hands alone, true, but it is equally true that we failed to knock out what Hitler stood for—totalitarianism, exploitation, imperialism. Yes, because our right hand was not brought into play, we lost the war. The loser has to pay the reparations. And who is paying the reparations today?

If the American Government is to find a foreign policy that is constructive and realistic, we American citizens had better take a good, realistic look at the trends of history, the facts of today, and the eternal verities that stand immovable, unchangeable and indestructible, upon which these trends and facts rest.

In the first place every intelligent being today accepts as a truism the fact that whether wars ever solved any problems in the past they certainly don't solve any problems today. The only definite thing the First World War accomplished was to bring Communism to birth, and the only definite thing the Second World War accomplished was to spread its tentacles all over the world. A third world war will complete this job of seeing those tentacles tighten upon every nation that engages in that war. Win or lose makes no difference in the final outcome.

Let us first take a realistic look at the trends of history. The philosophy of nations has been based upon the survival of the fittest, and due to the idiocy of their leaders they have perverted that slogan to mean the survival of the best fighters, those most adept in destroying the lives of others. Op-

posed to that philosophy stands the slogan of Jesus, “The meek shall inherit the earth.” Let us put these two slogans to the test, and see which has won the verdict of history.

Where are the dinosaur and the saber-toothed tiger and the cave bear today? Not only have they become extinct but the gorillas and grizzly bears are gradually slipping off the scene, the lions and tigers are fading away, and the creatures that are surviving in vast numbers are the helpless cattle and sheep, those creatures that are meek and those creatures that serve.

In the same way the nations who waxed great through the wielding of swords and spears are being replaced by nations who cooperate and serve. What were the conquering nations in ancient times? Egypt, Assyria and Babylon? What do they amount to now and where are the mighty Medes and Persians? Behold how weak today are the Macedonian phalanx and the “Roman Legions.” Spain no longer dominates the “Spanish Main,” and Britain no longer is “Mistress of the Seas.” The great armies of Napoleon under the mightiest general that ever lived succeeded in only one thing—bringing France into a period of decadence from which she has never emerged. Half a million magnificent men, tall and strong, most of them over six feet

in height, marched with Napoleon to Moscow and only twenty thousand came back. The French race today is two inches shorter than one hundred and fifty years ago.

Who will be the great nations one hundred years from now? It doesn't take a prophet, or a seer, or a sage, or a saint to prophesy that they will be China and India, the two meekest and mildest nations of the past, conquered, trampled upon and dismembered by all the powers that did business with them. They will not conquer the earth, mind you, but inherit it; like a ripe plum it will fall gently into their laps after all the fighting ends and the shouting dies. Whether the United States survives among the leaders depends upon two things: Can we be meek enough? Can we serve enough?

Yes the slogan “the survival of the fittest” is true, but it is the fittest to love, to serve, to bless mankind. And the slogan “the meek shall inherit the earth” is also true as all history of the natural world and of the human world verifies beyond all question of doubt. Why—like moths that fly into the flame—should the United States persist in considering the strategy of Satan more “realistic” than the strategy of Christ?

One of the great mysteries of our American mind is the way the mere mention of introducing a

Christian solution that ought to be very consistent for a so-called Christian nation to use is greeted by cries of "unrealistic" or even "crack-pot" when all history reveals that the Christian solution, when properly applied, has always worked and the un-Christian has always failed. It is remarkable the way the so-called Christian nations in their statescraft have constantly refused to practice the teaching of Jesus. Only one statesman in history consistently practiced the Sermon on the Mount, and he refused to become a Christian because he found no nation in its department of government practicing the Christianity that it professed.

"Here was a man," writes Stanley Jones in his book *Mahatma Gandhi: An Interpretation*, "in loin cloth and with a bamboo walking stick going out to do battle with the greatest empire that ever existed and promising not to return until independence had been gained. Never were two dies more unequally matched. But here was something more than a little man and a stick. Here was the embodiment of an idea; he would match his capacity to suffer against the other's capacity to inflict the suffering, his soul-force against physical force; he would not hate, but he would not obey, and he would wear down all resistance by an in-

finite capacity to take it. Here was a technique that had been applied here and there in history, but never applied to a problem on the scale of nothing less than the freedom of one-fifth of the human race. The stakes were immense, and the cards seemed all stacked against him. How could he win? But we soon began to see the immense power of an embodied idea. The British were baffled. This was illustrated when a burley Irish military officer said to me: 'If they'd only fight with weapons we'd understand, we would show them something, but this . . .'"

Word is coming out of China that nine out of every ten students in the Chinese universities have tuberculosis. The few grains of penicillin that are available in China are prohibitive in cost. If a million dollars worth of penicillin were sent to China with our good wishes, we would earn the love of millions of people. If our Government would purchase one billion dollars worth of goods for our right hand to distribute in the spirit of love, for every ten billion dollars worth of bullets and bombs which our left hand is distributing in the spirit of hate, we could send so much food and medicine and other much needed commodities into China that it would not only win China but all Asia against Communism.

"But how can you get these materials through the Iron Curtain?" a Congressman asked me.

To this I replied, "That very difficulty is our greatest opportunity." If the Communist authorities tried to keep the doors closed against us, we could do exactly what we did when we startled the world with our air lift into Berlin. We could send, in relays, thousands of planes from Japan and Formosa, carrying tons of supplies, dropping them by means of parachutes with propaganda literature that would spread through all China. If, in desperation, the Communists would attempt to shoot down these planes, by that act China would be won for us just twice as fast. Let us imagine that 100 pilots would be shot down. As the crowds gathered around their crashed planes and gathered the packets of food and other supplies, they would read upon the breasts of the martyred pilots the statement, "I am bringing you these in love, for we are children of the same God." Contrast the permanent peace won by these 100 martyrs sacrificed in this war of love, with the futility of the 50,000 casualties that we have already suffered in Korea in a war that has been building nothing but hatred and the seeds of future wars. This would be substituting the Sermon on the Mount for the Manual of Arms as a means of solving world

problems. This new type of warfare and this new brand of diplomacy would be based upon the solidest foundations of history.

Such a campaign as this is not retreat, it is not appeasement, it is the most powerful, irresistible attack the world has ever witnessed. It would sweep everything before it. Moreover, with a grand attack like this set in motion, a barrage of prayer would complete this job.

And how could this almost incredible movement get started? It is already begun in the prayers and the visions of millions of people. For twenty-five years I have spent all my time contacting the praying people and the praying groups all over this nation. Millions are praying for the government of this so-called Christian nation to return to Christ for the solution of its greatest problem. And as the challenge "What Would Jesus Do?" sweeps over this nation from coast to coast, a dream takes form, a vision that is already on the road to fulfillment. I went to one of the greatest dreamers, Frank Laubach, the spreader of literacy, one whose dreams come true. I said to him, "Your slogan, 'Each one teach one' is spreading literacy all around the world. You have brought literacy to 61 nations and wherever you go the people are so filled with gratitude that they beg to become Christians. You are

building a wall of 'containment' around the iron curtain and the bamboo curtain more effectively for peace than all our walls of 'containment' built by arms. What is the vision as you see it?"

"I would call this the War of Divine Kindness," he replied. "It would go down in history as the most effective kind of war launched. I see our government floating one billion dollars to send in gifts to the needy children of the world for every ten billion spent on arms to destroy the children of the world. I see the American Medical Association catching the spirit of Divine Kindness and offering to finance the sending of 10,000 doctors and nurses to fight for health. I see the Farmers' Association catching fire and offering to send 10,000 Christ-filled farmers at their expense to invade the world with better agriculture.

"I see the American Educational Association offering to send 10,000 Christ-filled teachers at their own expense to teach all students the new discipline of Divine Kindness. I see the Builders' Association catching this flame from Heaven and offering to send 10,000 builders at their expense to rebuild the homes of the devastated areas. I see the American Engineers' Association catching the vision of invading the world with Divine Kind-

ness and starting to mobilize 10,000 engineers to go out and plan a new world.

"I see the newspaper and magazine writers, cynical at first, beginning to get electrified by this war of Divine world lifting, and volunteering to send out 10,000 journalists and printers and publishers to help writers everywhere to prepare the vast literature needed for this world-sweeping war of love."

I know this vision sounds extravagant and even impossible. But I always listen carefully to the visions of Frank Laubach. Twenty years ago when three-fourths of the world was illiterate he had a vision of seeing a billion illiterates being taught how to read in their native tongue. How the world laughed and howled! But no one laughs now!

Today the world is as illiterate spiritually as the dark races ten years ago were illiterate mentally. Frank Laubach has the audacity to vision these spiritual illiterates actually learning how to use the language of Divine Love and prayer. He sees this movement of Divine Kindness spreading by the simple formula, "Each one teach one." Let the world laugh and howl. Even while the roar of their voices is filling the air the movement is spreading with the power of light.

☪ "Say, Mister, you're the first person I ever met who made me think of Jesus."

Ordinary Living Can Be Beautiful

Viola Merritt Lyle

AT a banquet one evening the tables were filled with notable men and the toastmaster asked them, one after another to tell what was the greatest honor he had ever received. One man there had won many medals. He had been honored in so many ways that all listened eagerly to hear what he would say.

He told a simple story of how he had been hours late on a snow-bound train. The lame newsboy was as cold as everyone else but he sold his fruit with a cheery smile.

At last the train pulled in, and in the rush to get into the warm station someone jostled the boy and spilled his fruit into the snow. This man saw the mishap. He helped the boy pick up his fruit, wiped it on a clean handkerchief, handed him his basket and crutch, and was hurrying away to the lunchroom when he heard the thump of the boy's crutch and felt a tug at his sleeve. Turning he saw the boy's admiring eyes. "Say, Mister, you're the first person I ever met who made me think of Jesus." "That," said the speaker huskily, "was the greatest honor ever conferred upon me."

Winifred Kirkland has asked in one of her books, "What use did

Jesus make of the commonplace in those thirty hidden years that he should have issued from them in such majesty of manhood as is portrayed in the first chapter of Mark?" It is a question we may well ponder. Do we chafe because our lives are commonplace, or do we use them as he did to build a life of serene faith in God and in men?

Jesus grew up in Nazareth, a place from which no one ever expected any good to come. Yet he saw such simple goodness in the people of that disreputable little village that he never lost his sturdy faith in human nature. I firmly believe that Jesus never saw an "ordinary" person in his life. To him everyone was interesting and beautiful in some unique way all his own. Each one was a child of God with the Father's imprint so closely woven into his nature that no grimy coat of sin could hide its lovely weave and pattern. Always under the coating of sin he saw the image of God.

If we could see the rare beauty in the commonplace! How differently we would live if we could see in ourselves what Jesus sees, the power and ability he knows we have. God's own nature is in your heart and mine. Never allow your-

self to forget that away back in the beginning God created man in his own image, and down the ages he has lovingly fashioned every human being. No two people have ever been exactly alike. With infinite love and care God has made each one different in looks, disposition, even each one's fingerprints are his own peculiar possession.

By what strange quirk have we learned to see the bad in people and overlook the good? What dreadful hurt we have worked upon our lives by the belief that man is always and unchangeably evil! What glory and beauty we have missed because we count our bad

traits as our true nature, and if perchance we do better we count it an amazing accident, a height from which we expect to fall into a deeper pit of sin.

Remember that God has given us *power* to choose between good and evil. We can hope for anything from a race that produced a Moses, a Jesus, a Paul and a Lincoln. Do not let any one deceive you. You have power to achieve. Strength and unimagined beauty can be yours if you set your mind on high things and ask God's help to choose the right day by day. Let us give God's beauty a chance to grow in us.



The Church of My Dreams

This is the church of my dreams. A church adequate for the task, the church of the warm heart, of the open mind, of the adventurous spirit; the church that cares, that heals hurt lives, that comforts old people, that challenges youth, that knows no division of culture or class, no frontiers, geographical or social; the church that inquires as well as avers, that looks forward as well as backward; the church of the Master, and the church of the people, the high church, the broad church, the low church, high as the ideals of Jesus, broad as the love of God, low as the humblest human; a working church, a worshipping church, a winsome church; a church that interprets the truth in terms of its own times and challenges its times in terms of the truth; that inspires courage for this life and hope for the life to come; a church of all good men, the church of the living God.—Bishop John M. Moore.

On Prayer Groups

By Ethel Dow

"Lord, make me an instrument of thy peace

Where there is hatred, let me sow love.

Where there is injury, pardon,

Where there is discord, harmony.

Where there is error, truth,

Where there is doubt, faith,

Where there is despair, hope,

Where there is darkness, light,

Where there is sadness, joy."

—St. Francis

What would we do if we did not know that God is where we are? What could we do about the abyss that lies between the world as it should be and the world that man has created if we did not know that He was here? We certainly couldn't even "stand the universe" if we were not able to reach Him through prayer.

Without faith, life would be impossible because apart from Him we can do nothing.

To each person there comes a time when we must commit ourselves to something. Are we willing to go all the way with Jesus?

A simple method to be used in our groups is first the deep realization that He is there. Then by creating a oneness among ourselves, a re-dedication to Him and to each other then four little steps make us effectual in our Prayer.

1. *I am one with Him—through love and desire.*
2. *I am one with each of you—through love and understanding.*
3. *I stand ready to be used—through His guidance.*
4. *My Faith is sure—because I SEE God in action.*

This year twenty-one "Camps Farthest Out" will be in session. Hundreds of ministers and laymen of all denominations will be attending them. The Prayer Groups formed after each Camp are a witness of the hunger to be a part of the Laboratories of Prayer and a desire to bear another's burdens and "fulfill the law of God."

From Texas comes an announcement that following last year's Camp the group formed in one of the churches "is proving to be most worthwhile as a nucleus to other groups in the city." This fact can always be so because each member of a Prayer Group at Camp is considered a potential leader of some group after the Camp experience and in this way Interdenominational groups are developed.

From Canada. "Since Camp I have been working with my Young People's Group to bring them to the place where prayer is real, and now God is showing us that even when we are discouraged, His Spirit is still at work in the group; for now we are seeing results."

From Florida. "There are already several Prayer Groups in this 'Community' and we are hoping that great good and real Power will come from these God centered people. We have wished that somehow a Camp Farthest Out might be available to us here."

From Oregon. "Our Minister has been deeply impressed with Frank Laubach's statements about Prayer and wants those who have been to Camp to lead a group in his church. _____ has started an older people's group and she is hoping that we can help these somewhat handicapped and shut-in people to see the possibilities in Prayer."

Almost every Prayer Group has a "shut-in" activity as there are always those who have both the willingness and the time, and the great love for those who are forced to be inactive, and those who are inactive have a wonderful opportunity to be "In His Service right now."

*If the "shut-ins" all united
In one voice of common prayer,
What a ceaseless shower of blessing
Would be falling everywhere.*

*Though so weak, and oft times helpless,
They can wield a mighty power,
Lifting up their Soul's petitions
To the Saviour, hour by hour.*

*They can importune the Father
From the "Secret Place" and then
In the quiet and the stillness
They can hear Him speak to them.*

*Never soldier in fierce conflict
Could a higher honor bring
Than "the shut-in" who's performing
"Secret Service" for the King.*

—Gertrude Robinson Dugan

From *Divine Resources* by permission of Louise Eggleston.

Prayer is the movement of the Soul putting itself into personal relation and contact with the mysterious Power whose presence it feels even before it is able to give it a name (Sabatier).

The King of Kings says "Call upon me, and the Father will do whatsoever ye ask in my name."

In our churches we try to "Practice the Presence," to do His will, to see through His eyes the need.

Many groups are able to "follow through" and see the result of their prayer. The Prayer Partners, husband and wife, or any two, the cell of two or three, the small group or the large, have only one resource and that is Prayer.

From a young church member: "I am a young housewife and teacher. The first cottage prayer group I attended was the evening school started in September, 1950. Opening days are some of the most difficult of the year. I really didn't care to go to prayer meeting. During that hour we spent in a neighbor's home I experienced a feeling of peace and calm within. As a result of this inner joy there is a greater harmony and understanding in our home. I no longer think of prayer mostly as something that is good, but mostly for older people. It has a more vital place in my daily life."

From a Minnesota group called The Prayer Band: "I covenant, in so far as possible, to spend the hour from 9 to 10 A.M. in prayer for our homes, especially for family altars, for my church, with each department in it, for all its workers, for re-

vival in the church as a whole, for our community, for peace on earth, good will to all men, starting with me, to the glory of the Father, in the name of the Son, and through the love and light of the Holy Spirit."

From one of the oldest churches in the South in North Carolina: "We are praying earnestly for the world situation. Our group has become a powerful group."

From Kansas: "We are a faithful dozen, we have a leader to direct our thinking spiritually the first half-hour and the remaining half-hour is used in sharing and praying. Do you know of any 'ways' to help the group to tune in to God?"

From Illinois: "Our Lutheran Church has a Prayer Circle that members who pledge to do so may pray systematically for the church."

From Minnesota: "Our Sunday School class takes the first half-hour for Prayer and the last half hour for a study of the Life of Christ. There are so many things to pray for, the local church needs, personal needs in the church, world needs. We could easily use more time but we are thankful for the time we have, for as we dedicate ourselves to God, He will use us."

From Louisiana: "There have been nine Prayer Groups established in our church. The largest group has ten members, the smallest, four; but we have contacted fifty or more shut-ins."

From Texas: "God has so wonderfully blest me with love so great. Most certainly I do give my all to Him, each day. Since my visit with you and the dedication of our home, there are now two separate Prayer Groups meeting here each week."

The teaching of Spirituality and Ways of Praying is a necessity. God help us to remove the inhumanity of man to little children and the buried fears and scars produced in our young people.

"Let all that you do be done in Love."

This is your department, share

with us

Write to

3124 W. Calhoun Boulevard

Minneapolis 16, Minn.

NEWS OF OUR EDITORS

J. RUFUS MOSELEY

In a notable book recently published by MacMillan Co., written by Professor William Heard Kilpatrick on "The Philosophy of Education," he defines the good life as "Supreme Devotion to one's highest values," and "Always choosing that which is felt to be for the highest good of all concerned."

Personally, I have approached life seeking to enter into union with the highest Person of all revealed and made available on the human level. This one is the Glorified Jesus, who is longing and knocking to come within and be triumphant in every one of us. The best for us is to freely receive and respond to Him and His Way of Life, as "Perfect Love, Light, Health, Healing, Redemption, Transformation, and all else."

Our union with Him is: (1) Interchange and exchange. He taking our sin, disease, and grief, and giving us His Holiness, Joy and all good. (2) Our union is one of integration and likeness, whereby we become extensions of Him and His way of life.

AUSTIN PARDUE

Bishop Pardue will sail for England on June 28 and will preach a mission at St. Martin-in-the-Fields from Sunday, July 8 through Friday, July 13. He is preaching the mission at the request of the Bishop of London and the Vicar of St. Martin's. Bishop Pardue will also preach at Westminster Abbey and broadcast over the British Broadcasting Corporation while in London. From London he will go to Paris where he will preach at the American Cathedral on Sunday, July 22. He will return home the early part of August.

WINFRED RHOADES

As a fellow contributing editor along with Norman Vincent Peale it is a pleasure to record here the satisfaction Mrs. Rhoades and I have taken this last winter in his Sunday morning radio broadcasts when we were prevented from going out to church. Here was always something helpful to listen to from the very first sentence, with not a word to spare. Direct, practical, sound, both psychologically and theologically; if I had heard preaching such as this in my days of preparation I could have made my own ministry much more helpful to my patient congregation. It is also a pleasure to speak of my surprise when I received the recent announcement of the Camps Farthest Out for this summer. Now in all parts of the country people can receive the inspiration that is to be found in those days spent together in spiritual communion. This is a great work of Glenn Clark's, and I had no idea that the camps had become so many. If they maintain the high altitude that was set in the early camps they will be a blessing indeed to this needy land of ours. . . . Economy of time and energy has become a matter of increasing importance as the years have gone on. If you do *this* with your time and strength, you can't do *that*, and I find it necessary to choose with great care what I shall choose to read. So many reports and appeals and pamphlets of so many kinds come in the daily mail that if one attempted to read them all there would be little time left for solid reading. But if you want two things that will repay every minute you give to them, here they are: *Francois de Fenelon* (Harper's), by Katharine Day Little; *Reality of the Spiritual World* (Pendle Hill Pamphlet), by Thomas R. Kelly.

FRANK C. LAUBACH

Nasrapur, India. This Seminar may prove to be one of the most significant events of recent years in solving one of India's major problems.

That problem faces India as she seeks to produce a literate electorate in a self-governing society. It faces the Church as she seeks to develop a Bible-reading Christian community. The problem is this. The newly literate man or woman, who has read one or perhaps two Primers in his own language, tends to lapse into illiteracy for the sheer lack of easy, interesting and useful reading material on the adult level. How shall such literature be planned? How shall suitable material be produced in abundance in India's regional languages?

This was the problem posed for the Seminar at Nasrapur near Poona. Here at the Spiritual Life Center, amid the quiet of the surrounding hills, Dr. Frank C. Laubach and his team met for three weeks with people keen on the production of suitable literature. The Adult Education Committee of the N.C.C. had invited Provincial Christian Councils to send one or more delegates from each area, and a widely representative group gathered from all over India.

Dr. Laubach emphasized the need for system and simplicity in the literature to be produced. He stressed such points as repetition with variation, the use of few new words on a page, and emphasis on such new words by using them five times to make their form familiar to the reader's eye. The group worked out in detail one such simple story on the Life of Jesus, this to be part of a Reader following the Primer which teaches phonetics.

In addition a series of "Witness Stories" were contributed, to be read or told by the instructor after

each lesson taught to the learner. This series was planned to illustrate the loving character of Jesus.

AGNES SANFORD

Agnes Sanford flies to England on May 17 to speak at the Annual Healing Advance of the London Healing Mission, conducted at High Leigh from June 1st to the 11th. Before the Advance she will lecture at Birmingham, Doncaster, Brighton, and Reading, also at Glasgow and Edinburgh in Scotland, under the auspices of the Guild of Health of the Church of England. Also she will lecture for two days in London after the Advance. She then plans to visit Frau Staehelin in Basel, Switzerland, for a few days before returning home. Frau Staehelin has translated "The Healing Light" into German and is anxious to talk about a preface for it and more important, about an editor. She intends also with the help of a friend to translate "Oh Watchman" into the same language, though it amuses the author to think of her Tim speaking in German slang.

After this, Agnes Sanford plans to spend a very quiet year at home.

During this quiet year, Agnes Sanford expects to express herself in that way most natural to her, writing. "When I write, I rest," she says, "And when I write, I think."

ALLAN A. HUNTER

The New Century Foundation Press, 1159 W. Olympic Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal., is bringing out early this summer "Courage in Both Hands," 50c a copy, by Allan Hunter. This is a collection of stories about heroes of good will, including Frank Laubach, Bayard Rustin, Muriel Lester, Kagawa, Gandhi and others.

It is the hope of Allan Hunter "To get up into the high Sierras before the Hermit Thrush moults and stops singing." Another hope Mr. Hunter expressed is "that congress will send grain to India at once."

The World Needs Prayer

Miles Clark

a harmony that will benefit the entire world.

UNITED NATIONS PRAYER ROOM. The official UN Reporter has assured its readers that the new Permanent Headquarters of the UN in New York will include a prayer room. However, it is to be in the conference area which will not be completed until 1952. Since last fall, it reports, a Meditation Room has been provided at Lake Success and will remain in use until this June when the UN moves to New York City. It is interesting to note that the General Assembly in 1949 first agreed to open the first plenary meeting and close the final meeting of each Assembly session with one minute of silent prayer.

We are sorry to hear there is no provision for a room from June to the time in 1952 when the new room will be ready. However, the UN has cooperated fully with this important aspect of our international organization and I presume temporary quarters will be provided. Our prayers for the UN and for the workers there are vital. A visitor said it sounds like the Tower of Babel, but when God is in it, heart will speak to heart and His love in it will flow to all corners of the earth.

GRAIN FOR INDIA. Maybe Washington wasn't surprised to see a fast moving caravan of autos speed down Massachusetts Avenue the other day, but to the college students riding behind their police escort it was a great thrill. It was especially so when they drove up in front of the Indian Embassy and were greeted by Madam Pandit, the Ambassador. These college students coming from all over the country represented the

outpouring sympathy all America feels when another country is in need.

India was feeling the famine again. Only this time it was the worst in recent years. She had asked the U. S. for help. The government was anxious to do what it could, for this would be a great demonstration of interest that could help stave off Communism as well as starvation.

But somewhere along the line, in the House of Representatives, legislation providing for the grain to be sent had bogged down in a mire of suspicion and short-sighted economy.

Senator Humphrey, Minnesota, spoke over the radio asking for another Friendship Train, letting all the people of the country take part in sending grain to India, by-passing the reluctant Congress.

Spontaneously, the idea of a college caravan came to students at Macalester College in St. Paul, Minnesota; at the University of Michigan and colleges in the South. Stringfellow Barr, president of St. John's University, had talked to the Macalester students. That was enough to get them busy raising enough money to buy two tons of grain and send it to Washington. With a token 700 pounds they took the road to the Capitol adding recruits from colleges along the way. About fifteen colleges were represented when they stood on the steps of the Indian Embassy after their speedy trip.

The warmth of their greeting from the Indian people was deep and sincere. However, they knew that they had more to do than just make one great effort.

It was thrilling to see young people eager to help save some of God's children. Whether the Indian people get sufficient aid from our government, they will know that the students and Christian people of America love them.

SPREADING THE WORD OF GOD. The State Department has just announced a new policy to increase the religious material in the informational and educational programs which we send abroad.

A religious advisory panel has been set up to advise Edward W. Barrett, assistant secretary of state.

"We are convinced," said Mr. Barrett, "that our campaign of truth can be made tremendously more effective through increasing the proportion of religious materials in the radio programs, pamphlets and motion pictures that we are sending to people of all religious faiths the world over."

The panel named includes Rev. Edward Hughes Pruden, president of the American Baptist Convention, Msgr. Thomas J. McCarthy of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, Isaac Frank of the Jewish Community Council of Greater Washington.

Here is one of the answers to prayers so many of us have had. How can our nation be a leader in the world when we speak without the voice of the spirit?

PRAYER AT WORK. The Religious News Service reports a strong trend towards putting religion into the working day.

Indianapolis. The Indianapolis Glove Company and the Ewart Works of the Link-Belt Company are holding regular lunch hour services at which there is usually top attendance. Ministers of all faiths are invited. The services are conducted by the employees in a non-denominational fashion.

East Springfield, Mass. One church prays regularly for different business establishments and their employees—the local gas stations, drug stores, manufacturing plants, mentioning them by name.

Pottstown, Pa. Church bells ring each noon stopping all activity in

the town. For two minutes shopkeepers and their customers, workers on their lunch hour and almost all on the streets pause in a silent prayer for peace.

Johnson City, Tenn. The John Sevier Hotel employees gather at least two times each week during the work day. Clergymen from the city are invited for the five-minute prayer time, but often the employees do it themselves.

Washington, D. C. Many of the

local radio stations pause at noon for a silent minute for prayer.

In Rochester, New York; Houston, Texas; Minneapolis, Minnesota, and many other cities this practice is spreading. It isn't important that it be in every newspaper, for it is prayer in the "closet" that Christ told us to pray, but it is heartening to find so many who want to relate their work with their religion. If you know of other examples, send them along.



NEW CAMP FARTHEST OUT

in Southern California!

Besides the regular camp at Redlands (June 26-July 3), a new camp has been added in Southern California.

The new Camp Farthest Out will be held at beautiful Forest Home Christian Conference Center in the San Bernardino Mountains from August 11th to 18th. This new camp will emphasize special youth activities with unusually low rates for families. Forest Home is an ideal place for such a camp.

The theme of the camp is, "What Would Jesus Do?" There will be a number of well-known California leaders headed by Ethel and John Gaynor Banks. Jean Estes will be song leader.

Cost for the seven-day camp is as follows: no charge for infants; 1 to 3 years, \$6.00; 3 to 6 years, \$10.00; 6 to 9 years, \$12.00; 9 to 12 years, \$19.00; adults, \$26.00. These are minimum rates. For other accommodations write to the secretary.

Write to Mrs. Richard J. Irving, 6380 Orange Avenue, Long Beach 5, California, for further details. A limited number of youth scholarships for waiting on tables will be available.

Does Prayer Tire One?

Q.—I find prayer a great strain, and it tires and exhausts me. Is this right?

A.—No indeed, I expect that what you have been doing is to use the human mind in order to compel a certain thing to happen. When we pray we should not try to compel anything to happen, either good or bad, but only to find God, who transcends what we know as good and bad. Prayer raises us up above the pairs of opposites to the mid-point where all conflicting forces are reconciled and only a state of wholeness or oneness obtains. Prayer, so far from being a strain should be relaxation. It is our strained, anxious state of mind which separates us from God. When we relax we resume that state spoken of in Genesis as the image and likeness of God. Reality is perfection. Man was created in the likeness and image of God (Elohim). When he prays truly and thus relaxes, he reverts to his former state. He finds that he has not to compel anything to come to pass, neither is it necessary for God to do anything, for Perfection already IS, and always has been. This is why Jesus taught us to pray: "Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven." God's will is perfect everything, so that all that we need is that God's will should

be done. Of course, we still have to live in the pairs of opposites, but all disharmonies can be dispersed by rising above them to the Mid-Point where we find God's inward peace.

When we pray the Lord's prayer we do not ask God to do anything. We merely state what is forever being done. In so doing we relax and surrender ourselves to the perfect will of God. We in effect say "let Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven." That means that we accept it and co-operate with it. We relax and "let God," instead of trying hard to make God act in a certain way. "But surely," some will exclaim, "we must pray for something." By all means, if you feel that you *must* do so, but if your prayer is successful, you will reach the point when you realize that there is nothing for which you need pray. Many have been healed after they have ceased to pray for healing. Prayer should bring us into God's peace which is a blissful state of rest and relaxation. When we find God's peace we are at the Mid-Point and because we do not pray for things, it becomes possible for a Divine adjustment to be brought about: or as some would prefer to say, things revert to their original state of order and perfection, because we have ceased interfering with them.

From *Science of Thought Review*, Sept., 1948.

☐ Excerpts from letters to the Prayer Tower.

Prayer Works!

"I do so appreciate your prayers for me. I feel your prayers have helped bring me my great release and new strength and health. It is so very comforting to know people like you are always anxious to give of their prayers and thoughts to help others. I hope I may do as much for each of you and all those whom I meet in need of help."—*Virginia*

"Thank you with all my heart for your most comforting letter sent by Air Mail and received today. The day your letter was written, the doctors had their hardest day of tests. Now let me tell you the miracle, which we feel is due to your prayers and ours. There was *no tumor*, just congestion. We just cannot thank you enough. The case is truly miraculous. If only you could have seen us as we left this mountain top for home, your hearts would rejoice today to see the difference in us all. Thank you again and again and God bless all of you."—*Tennessee*

"Please accept my belated thanks for your help and prayers for my friend. She was suffering from a fever which would not abate, and soon after prayer was begun it began to yield, for which we were most grateful."—*California*

"I do want very much to stay as an active member of your group. I do pray a great deal both night and day. Your work seems so tremendously important to me that I am making a monthly contribution to it. I pray much for others and for the whole world."—*Minnesota*

"For many months I have wanted to write to you and tell you of the many blessings that have come to me through your prayers. About three or more years ago I wrote to you and asked you to pray for me and

my loved ones. I want to say that since then so many blessings have come to us. My fears vanished many months ago and I have been able to work and have been very happy in it. I am enclosing a small gift of appreciation."—*Maryland*

"Nearly two years ago I wrote you about a friend who the doctors said would not live ten days as she was suffering from leukemia. She is now doing most of her cooking, kept improving and we are so proud of her bright, sweet spirit and recovery. Your prayers and booklets with good letters helped all of us more than you know. Thank you again."—*Arkansas*

"My heart-felt thanks for everything. Our loved one is improving rapidly by God's Grace. Your prayers have aided. God bless and reward you. May we be an ever widening channel for God's Grace and Love for I consider myself a part of this great body."—*Texas*

"The precious nearness that He is near, never far from me, is there. Oh how precious that He came to me when you directed Him to me when I was almost beaten. I am grateful for the good that has come to me even now."—*California*

"Again I am most grateful for your help in prayer—the condition for which I asked prayers has so greatly improved you may now discontinue. It was a great comfort to know you were with me when I felt the need of prayers other than mine."—*Minnesota*

"My husband was operated on and a malignant growth removed but he didn't have even a pain all while in the hospital and is coming along nicely. Thank you so much for everything."—*Rhode Island*

"I am feeling fine and want to thank you and God for the many blessings that have come to us since I have been asking for your help. I am very grateful for the letters and pamphlets you have sent. They have been so encouraging and just like a treatment. I shall be very grateful for your prayers for my daughter and God bless the Tower."—*Montana*

"Thank you for standing by me. My affairs have worked out in a wonderful way. I am 'letting God' work in all my affairs. It is wonderful and I praise and give thanks that the love of God is always available. Thank you once again, most sincerely."—*Colorado*

"We are so very grateful to you for your prayers and helpful booklets you sent me while I was in the hospital. I had what the doctors called a major operation with *no* pain and very little discomfort. I just seemed to be floating in a pool of love, which I know were the prayers and loving thoughts of you at The Tower and my friends and loved ones. I am at home now gaining in strength every day and my doctor assures me I will have better health than I have had for many years. This experience has given me a deepened faith and a heartfelt gratitude to those who have so generously blessed me with their prayers and loving thoughts. With a deep appreciation of your help in our time of need."—*Missouri*

"In the fall I asked your prayers for my little grandson who was having frequent throat difficulty. The doctor said his tonsils should come out and he was just past two years old, too young for that. Since I wrote you he has had no recurrence of the difficulty and is fine and husky.

I do thank you so much. I wish I might enclose much more because I so thoroughly believe in what you are doing."—*Washington*

"I want to add my letter of gratitude to those of many to whom help has come for guidance at a time of extreme need and God sent it to me through your faith and mine. Thank you for your help. I pray for you as individuals and for you collectively in your great work for others."—*Ohio*

"Your prayer for me and my dear ones has been true to its mission. It 'has not returned void.' Grateful doesn't begin to say how I rejoice. Always with abounding thanks!"—*Florida*

"Your letters and literature came at a time I needed it most. With love and gratitude in my heart to your dear friends, which words fail to express, for your prayers."—*Louisiana*

"Words are so inadequate to express to you my deep appreciation for your prayers offered in behalf of my sister. The power of prayer has been made manifest once more."—*Oklahoma*

"Thank you so much for your prayers, for your time, your consideration, your love, your supreme faith, and everything. After I wrote you my blood pressure went down twenty points, and more. It has not jumped up again as it usually does after being reduced by drugs, and by the way, I've taken no drugs for several months. A small check is enclosed hoping it will help a little in forwarding your wonderful work. Please accept it with my grateful, heartfelt thanks."—*Kansas*



Every friendship, if it is to endure, must combine trust and forgiveness.

Love the Law of Life

by Toyohiko Kagawa

Foreword by Allan Hunter: Afterword by Glenn Clark

The religion of love as taught by Jesus is no philosophical theory of knowledge. It is only love through and through. It is love put into practice. If we would see God, we must love.

So says Kagawa in the dedication of this intriguing new translation and condensation of his classic.

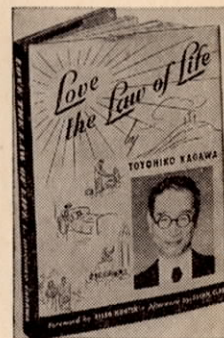
The original translation was so stilted in its English and so heavy and obscure that few people read it. Here is a translation so clear and easy to read that the message of this classic of love stands alone, beautiful, captivating. You will want to read it again and again, and share it with others.

You may wonder how "love" can be the basic law of economics, science, law, labor, education and all the other aspects of human life; but Kagawa is incisive in his analysis and precise in his interpretation. The book is short enough to grasp intellectually; deep enough to set you thinking for a lifetime.

Some of the daring fifteen chapters are: The Essence of Love; Love and Society; Love and Law; Love and Violence; and Love and my Neighbors.

The biographical foreword by Allan Hunter is an engaging introduction to the modern "Prophet of Love." Glenn Clark's afterword adds the right note of benediction.

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