

Clear Horizons



Summer, 1952

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As We Go To Press

This is the vacation time issue of *Clear Horizons*, and someone has made the suggestion that your magazine fits right in your pocket. Take it along on your holiday. You can't fish all the time, and the same thing goes for tennis, golf, swimming, etc. One of our readers stopped at a hotel in Arizona and felt right at home because as she entered the lobby she saw someone reading *Clear Horizons*. Even on vacation you need the right kind of a lift every so often. A good, inspirational article or story fits the bill splendidly.

The article by **Dena Reed** (page 49) fits in perfectly with the need for maintaining our spiritual center. This article about Mrs. Phil Regan is one of the best stories of the practical application of the quiet time we have seen in a long time. The Regans not only have a quiet time but they also have a quiet room. These busy people have proved the value of family devotions and individual devotions in a world almost gone mad with speed and tension.

There is probably no one who, at some time or other, does not wish he could be rid of fear. **Harold Ruopp** (page 15) has an excellent article on mastering fear. Dr. Ruopp has been a professor at Boston University School of Theology and has held many pastorates, the latest one being Hennepin Avenue Methodist Church in Minneapolis, Minnesota. He is devoting his time to writing in California.

All of us want to get out from under burdens, and yet like blind men we keep heaping burdens upon our shoulders and our minds that we do not have to carry. **Robert J. Burdette** (page 30) shows you the way out; the way of living one day at a time. More than this it is the way of living one moment at a time.

If you have ever wondered about the best way to get a ride, if you are hitch-hiking, the article by **James V. Reid** (page 14) will be an eye-opener for you. We are in the habit of handing over to God the big things we have to do, but you would be surprised at the change that takes place in your life when you start also handing over to Him the little things such as getting a ride out on the highway.

Paul says that in all things we ought to give thanks always to God the Father in the name of Our Lord Jesus Christ. There is power in gratitude, and the article by **Eleanor M. Marshall** (page 21) points up this truth in a fine manner.

Everyone in this office wishes you a most pleasant summer.

CLEAR HORIZONS MAGAZINE

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Clear Horizons

Thirteenth Year

Summer, 1952

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☐ The moment a man finds unity with mankind and with God he is reborn.

Fine Gold

Glenn Clark

DURING the Middle Ages alchemists spent years of their lives trying to transform baser metals into gold. Men ridiculed them for attempting the impossible, but no one is laughing at them now. Their idea was right, only their method was wrong.

Today the miracle has happened.

A little piece of insignificant black metal, through the magic mysteries of alchemy has been transformed into something infinitely more valuable than the finest gold ever mined.

Through this new discovery of atomic energy the world may ultimately be lifted out of an economy of scarcity into an economy of plenty.

The world had long been awaiting the man who could tell it how to create power out of infinitesimal things, either in the realm of matter or of spirit. Matter is made up of pairs of hydrogen atoms held together by a large oxygen atom. Whoever could make the oxygen atom "let go" so that the hydrogen atoms could unite not in pairs but

in fours, would be able to move the world. When two hydrogen atoms unite it creates power equal to a lump of coal; when four unite it creates power equal to six thousand tons of coal. How can we account for the difference? Because the four atoms we are looking at are nothing in themselves, but are symbols of spiritual realities much greater than themselves.

It seems strange that this discovery came through the halls of science before it came through the halls of religion. By some tragic paradox its power was first revealed through its capacity for destruction instead of through its capacity for salvation.

The time has come for those who would save the world to sit down before this great mystery and analyze the process by which it works.

The oxygen atom represents the thought of self, or self-consciousness, which hold two forces together—the material thing and our relation to it. When two more hydrogen atoms are joined with the

first two, the second pair introduces two new relationships, and the mere existing of these relationships in our consciousness lifts a man's power from the small to the great degree. These two new relationships are—God, and our neighbor. The moment a man can relax his self-thought enough to let go all consideration, all concern, all worry about what the material world will do to *him*, and releases himself to the new and enlarged consciousness of what the thing will do for his neighbor and his God, then he releases not the power of a lump of coal, but a power equal to six thousand tons of coal. He has put himself in alignment with all the forces of the universe.

The moment a man finds unity with the world he is a man born; the moment he finds unity with mankind and with God he is a man reborn. When an infant opens its mouth for the first time and starts to breathe, it establishes unity with the physical world; when man opens his soul to God and his heart to man he has established unity with the spiritual world. When this four-fold unity is achieved—with self, world, God and Man—the atomic energy of the Soul is revealed, the first perfect description of which is found in Luke 2:52: "And Jesus increased in *wisdom* and *stature*, and in favor with *God* and *man*."

If we can break atoms into their

smallest, most invisible parts and then recombine them in fours instead of pairs, a famous scientist said, he would show us six ways of making a billion dollars.

But while waiting until someone can do this in the material world, why not ourselves start doing it in the spiritual realm? For if the smaller and the more invisible a thing is the more powerful it is, is not the spiritual realm infinitely more powerful than anything in the physical and material realm? While we can *see* the molecule with the most powerful microscope, we cannot see *Love* and *Trust* at all. All we can know is that they are *there*, just as we know that the opposing points of force in the electron are there.

Take love in its more mundane, two-dimensional capacity—is it not usually merely attachment for what one can get in return? The baby kitten loves its mother because she is the source of its food supply. Change its source of food supply, and it will change its love. Is not the love of husband and wife, of brother and sister, of teacher and scholar, far too often this kind of two-dimensional love?

Now suppose we take this love and break it up into its constituent fragments and then recombine it in groups of four points instead of two, and what do we have? Instead of finding its center in the two

points—ourself and the thing we want—we find our chief joy is in sharing what we have with our neighbor and giving all the glory to God.

When a man has struggled long enough to realize how terribly complex the world is and how terribly unsatisfying and indeed tragic and worthless all this thing called life really is, as most of us live it, then in despair he is for the first time ripe and ready to make the great big turn-about attempt to change everything at one blow. It can be done, but only on one condition, and that is that he turn outward instead of

inward, to unselfishness instead of selfishness, to love instead of hate, to trust instead of fear, to other-mindedness instead of self-mindedness, to giving instead of getting, to being humble instead of being proud, to being still instead of noisy, to be at peace rather than at war. Then and not till then have we found the secret the alchemists long sought of turning the common metals of earth into the shining gold of heaven.

The task is endless, it is big, but it can be done—and if it can be done, it is worth doing. Why talk *about* it, why not *do* it?



The House of the Soul

Mary Jane Lukens

BOW your head quietly and gather together the million tiny thoughts that occupy your restless mind. Guide them into a room outside yourself and there let them reside. Open another door for Christ to step gently into your house of the soul. Let Him go from room to room leaving His touch and Spirit in every corner. Picture His graceful ways and loving concern over the cobwebby walls and dents and cracks in your house of the soul. Let Him soothe and remold the bad places, putting tender touches and quiet tones of

heavenly music to the discordant conduct of the previous occupants. He will reside only as long as it is quiet and the house receives Him in all His glory. He leaves when He has fully accomplished His mission. We then let only the good thoughts return from the outside into the rooms that have been blessed by the Master as He entered to pray with us. Leave the latch open for Him to return instantly the moment a blemish begins to appear on the walls of your house of the soul.

The Power of Personality

Ray W. Ragsdale

WITHOUT a doubt, the most significant thing we can do in this matter (faith in man) is to reflect upon the power of personality at its best. "In those days came John," Matthew says, in announcing the coming of John the Baptist. Dare anyone say, "What of it?" In the thirteenth century came Francis—St. Francis of Assisi. In the days of the Church's degeneration came Martin Luther. In a crucial hour in the life of England came John Wesley. Dare anyone say of these powerful personalities, "What of it?" One man standing at a central point in history can turn it in its course. It has happened before; it will happen again.

When the tide of our faith in man has gone out, it is a good time to recall a conversation between Channing Pollock and Basil King in Paris. They were having lunch in a Paris restaurant and they could not help overhearing the remarks of some ladies at a nearby table. The women had been commiserating over the conditions of France.

For if our world is to survive in any sense that makes survival worth while, it must learn to love, not to hate; to create, not to destroy.—*King George VI*

One of them said, "It is terrible, isn't it, but what can anyone do?" One of the writers leaned over and said to the other, "Shall I tell her that *everything that has ever been done in the world has been started by one person?*"

Indeed, at every critical pass in history, we will find if we look, *a man of courage, strength, and stability, helping to hold the world together. We ought never to despise the potential in personality. We cower before the frightful power of the atom, but destiny-making possibilities reside in personality at its best.* Let your faith in man be strengthened.

Robert Louis Stevenson declared that he believed in "*an ultimate decency of things. Aye,*" said he, "*and if I woke in hell, should still believe it.*" It may be that the greatest contribution we can make to the sanity of our time would be to hold stubbornly, with Stevenson, to our faith in ultimate decency. I believe in man. He is not perfect, but he has a touch of God in him. So long as this is true, there is hope.

"Forgetting Those Things—"

Georgia Moore Eberling

THERE is no Christian grace harder to acquire than forgetfulness. Yet we must learn to forget many things if we would grow in Christ-likeness.

We read in the Bible that when God forgives the sins of men, He removes their transgressions as far as the east is from the west. And again we find that, "He will turn again, He will have compassion upon us, He will subdue our iniquities, and thou wilt cast all their sins into the depths of the sea." (Psalm 103, 12 and Micah 7, 19.)

But all too often we react very differently toward those who have transgressed against us. In fact many people argue that they *cannot* forget . . . they can forgive but not forget.

In one sense perhaps that is true but our God who gave us our memory has grace enough to help us forget. That is to cast the memory from us to the extent that it no longer throbs and burns. He can give us grace so that we cease to rehearse, either mentally or to others the long list of wrongs done to us. And in time even the scar of the injury will be covered.

Nature does this all the time. A great spruce tree had a terrible splintered gash in its trunk where

a truck had backed into it. Within a year the wound healed, new bark grew over the injured part, and in time every trace of the accident was covered.

A violent eruption of a volcano once devastated the island of Krakatoa. Nothing but cold stone remained as the whole surface of the ground was swept away. Then Nature started to repair the damage. Lowly forms of plant life appeared, then seeds were carried in by wind and sea, soil formed from weathering and now we are told the island is covered with vegetation. To look at it you would not know that once it was in complete ruin.

It helps too, to recall that our Lord faced every form of wrong from treachery of friends to an unjust trial and execution, yet He could pray, "Father forgive them for they know not what they do."

There is another reason, and a selfish one, why we should forget those things that lie behind us. A wrong unforgiven and unforgotten will in time act like the Australian boomerang. It will return and strike us.

Then we must forgive ourselves. Many good people can forgive and forget wrongs others have done to

them. These same persons suffer agonies for sins that they committed or for mistakes they have made. Acts for which they have long since atoned and which the loving Father has forgiven.

The Bible admonishes us, "fear not, for thou shalt not be ashamed, neither be thou confounded; for thou shalt not be put to shame, for thou shalt forget the shame of thy youth. . . ." (Isaiah 54, 4.)

Surely no one had more to forget in his youth than did Saint Paul. He had consented to the death of that first martyr, Stephen, he had driven and harried the disciples. But we hear him telling the early church, "Brethren . . . this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ." (Phil. 3, 13 14.)

Job remembered his misery only, "as waters that pass away." (Job 11-16.) We are told that his age

was clearer than the noonday, he was once more as he had been in the morning.

It is only as we let go completely of all anxious thoughts of the past, of injustice, of fear of the future, that we begin to sense God's mighty power and Presence in a new way. Then we relax, we really rest in the Lord. You know we are told that where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty. And Liberty frees one from bitterness, from frustration, from malice and unforgiveness. Liberty gives one the grace to forget those things that are behind and to press on. . . .

The poet Susan Coolidge was right when she wrote:

All the past things are past and over,

The tasks are done and the tears are shed;

Yesterday's wounds, which smarted and bled

Are healed with the healing which night has shed. . . .

Today is ours and today alone.



Alchemy

Mrs. Enda Hull Miller

Air and water merge to clouds
As beauty's fragile wraith;
Love will mix with anything.
And Hope blends well with Faith.

Creation is a divine work, and God expects us to help Him.

Adventures in Human Understanding

Marion Bliss

THE ONE thing needful, and the one thing neglected today is human understanding. People have a way of getting in the way of people. All men are essentially creative, and they are often hampered and hindered by other human beings who do not understand, or who refuse to see the dream or the work which is to be created. And so, the creator rages if he is one type of man, and becomes frustrated and depressed if he is another type of man. And all the while these states of rage and frustration shut off creativity and cause more rage and more depression until mental break-down occurs or retreat from mankind.

But creation demands fellowship and communion. The reason man speaks is because he wants to be heard and understood. The reason he paints is that some eye shall see and recognize what he saw. The reason he writes is that some soul shall read and understand. The engineer builds the bridge that it may be used. The child makes his first small invention that it may be shown to others. Creation, then, is like a coin; it has two sides. One side is given over to the mind which opens to a new discovery, and the other to the mind which receives

and responds to the discovery. Therefore human relationships are necessary to creation of all things, even the least. And human understanding is the oil which lessens the friction between individuals and allows them to speak to each other, and to accept help and knowledge from each other.

How is human understanding to be fostered? The first thing to do is to forgive the failure of the other person as you have forgiven your own failures. Always look back at yourself, then swing the mind to God's forgiveness. Since all response is stimulated and quickened by compassion, try to do something for the person who has failed you. This will help you forgive and forget the injury. Now try to understand the attitude and the motive of the other person. Help him to change his attitude if it is hindering you. Get him to create something, to help you create something. Human beings who can work together are united by the common cause of their achievement together.

Creation is a divine work. Even God, we believe, could not finish the creation of the universe without man and his receptive qualities. Man's job in the creation, then is to understand more of it, evaluate,

tabulate, appreciate it and use it. His job is also to wonder and to be thankful, to stretch out to the limits of his intelligence to understand it. And to know first of all and last of all that he cannot understand nor use nor appreciate the world unless he also understands and appreciates other men. He must love truth, but he must also dig out this truth in men, sense it and expect it, and affirm it. For it is there, and not to find it there is a sin, per-

haps the greatest sin. Jesus said, when he came back into the world from the cross: "Feed my sheep." What did He mean? You must know the sheep in order to feed them. Therefore you must know man, and forgive him over and over, in order to feed him your truth and create for him your vision. This duty, this urgency, this necessity of man's life is a part of his survival and his growth.



The Greatest Man Who Ever Lived

Here is a man who was born in an obscure village, the child of a peasant woman. He grew up in an obscure village. He worked in a carpenter shop until he was thirty, and then for three years he was an itinerant teacher. He never wrote a book. He never held an office. He never owned a home. He never had a family. He never went to college. He never traveled two hundred miles from where he was born. He never did one of the things that usually accompany greatness. He had no credentials but himself. He had nothing to do with this world except the power of his divine manhood. While still a young man, the tide of popular opinion turned against him. His friends ran away. One of them denied him. He was turned over to his enemies. He went through the mockery of a trial. He was nailed to a cross between two thieves. His executioners gambled for the only piece of property he had on earth while he was dying—his coat. When he was dead he was taken down and laid in a borrowed grave through the pity of a friend.

Nineteen wide centuries have come and gone; today he is the centerpiece of the human race and the Leader of the column of progress.

I am far within the mark when I say that all the armies that ever marched, and all the navies that ever were built, and all the parliaments that ever sat, and all the kings that ever reigned, put together, have not affected the life of man upon this earth as powerfully as has that *one solitary life*.

—James A. Francis

☐ The main thing in learning to love is to abide in a growing and deepening union with Jesus.

The Pre-eminence of Love

C. W. Goldston

ON its practical side, the Christian life is primarily and preeminently a life of love. In the Old Testament the towering thought is that of righteousness; in the New Testament that thought is retained but it is overshadowed by the thought of love.

Jesus makes love the test of true discipleship. "By this shall all men know that you are my disciples, that you love one another." The first of all the commandments is love of God, and the second is like unto the first, the love of neighbor. Perfection is defined in terms of love of enemies, even as the Father "maketh his sun to shine on the good and the evil and his rain to fall on the just and the unjust." His "new commandment" is that His disciples "love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another."

Paul, who is sometimes falsely accused of forsaking the simplicity of Jesus for a new religion of his own making, takes up the same emphasis on love. As Jesus interpreted God in terms of love, so Paul interprets the Holy Spirit in terms of love. "The fruit of the spirit is love . . ." And then he adds a constellation of graces, "joy, peace,

long-suffering, gentleness, fidelity, meekness, and self-control," all of which portray love in its many-sided colors. His classic description in the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians, beginning with, "Though I speak with the tongues of men and angels," and ending with, "the greatest of these is love," is both a lyrical and practical exaltation of love as the way "more excellent" than even the most amazing gifts of the Spirit.

John, the author of the Fourth Gospel and the three letters which bear his name, follows the same thought of Paul. "We know that we have passed from death unto life," he writes, "because we love the brethren." Again: "He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God and God in him; for God is love." If we do not love our brother, whom we have seen, our talk of loving God, whom we have not seen, is a subtle form of falsehood.

TRUE RELIGION IS LOVE

Martin Luther, in spite of his extremities of thought and eccentricities of character, saw that true religion is love. A Christian, he said, in effect, is one who becomes "a sort of Christ to his neighbor," taking upon himself even the sins of his neighbor.

John Wesley was equally emphatic that Christianity is a religion of love. Recently, in re-reading his sermons I have been struck with the fact that in nearly every one of them, no matter what the subject or the text, before he finishes with it, he calls attention to the fact that Christianity is not primarily a creed or a ceremony or a code or an emotional outburst but an experience and practice of the two great commandments of our Lord. And these he preached not simply as ideals to be achieved in some distant future but as a spirit and life to be lived here and now through the indwelling power of the Holy Spirit. He calls love "the heaven of heavens." "There is nothing higher in religion; there is, in effect, nothing else; if you look for anything but more love, you are looking wide of the mark, you are getting out of the royal way. And when you are asking others, 'Have you received this or that blessing?' if you mean anything but more love, you mean wrong; you are leading them out of the way, and putting them on a false scent. Settle it then in your heart, that from the moment God has saved you from all sin you are to aim at nothing more, but more of that love described in the thirteenth of Corinthians. You can go no higher than this till you are carried into Abraham's bosom."

Without love we are still spirit-

ually dead; with love we are linked to God and walking in newness of life.

The love that Jesus and the saints of God refer to is not merely a human emotion or even a natural attitude of kindness and goodwill. It goes deeper and reaches higher and extends wider than the human. The Greek language, richly expressive as it is, gives us four words for what we term love. There is "eros," meaning romantic love; "philos," meaning friendship; "charitas," meaning benevolence; and, finally, "agape," meaning that love wherewith God has loved us in Jesus Christ. Christian love is "agape" love, the kind of love manifested in the life, death, and resurrection of our Saviour. Not until our human and natural and limited love is purified and transformed by God into "agape" does it begin to be Christian love. We may not, we will not, be able to comprehend or to practice the depth and height and the breadth and length of "agape" love, but we must partake of its quality and breathe its spirit, or else we are still loving as ordinary men who do not know Christ and the constraint of His love.

THE DISTINGUISHING MARKS OF LOVE

The distinguishing marks of love are at least these four:

1. It is holy. It lives only in the

heart that is purged of its sinfulness by the love of God and the cleansing power of the Holy Spirit. Moreover, it expresses itself in a balance of truth and kindness. Truth without kindness is cruelty, and kindness without truth is sentimentality. Christian love embraces both in proper proportion. It could never say, as one mother said in reference to her son: "That boy can have anything he wants if it is in my power to give it to him," because Christian love knows that there can be no true and lasting happiness apart from holiness of character. We are apt to say: "I love you so deeply that I dare not tell you the truth." God's love says: "I love you so deeply that I dare to tell you the truth." "Speaking the truth in love" is the way Paul expressed it. Love that is not true to the truth ceases to be love and becomes lust. On the other hand, truth not spoken or lived in love becomes pharisaism. But truth lived in love or love lived in truth becomes redemptive, suggestive of Calvary.

2. Christian love is the spirit of unselfishness. The deed is important, as John says, "Let us not love in word only but in deed and in truth." But it is the spirit and the motive in which the deed is done that counts most. "I had rather pick up a straw for the love of God," said one saint, "than to

preach the most eloquent sermons without love." Christlike love has to do with the central core and inmost nature of our lives. It involves the dethronement of self and the enthronement of that mind of humble service which was in Jesus. It is the cross experienced in the Christian's inner self and will. "I am crucified with Christ"—that is the root from which love grows into tree and fruit.

3. Christian love is all-inclusive. It takes in everybody, and leaves out nobody. It is not color-conscious nor class-conscious nor country-conscious nor creed-conscious, but Christ-conscious and world-conscious. The love that separates and segregates and discriminates is human but not divine, cultural but not Christ-like. "He was angry and would not go in" describes the Pharisee's religion, a religion which had become a wall of separation rather than a bond of fellowship. And to redeem that kind of religion, it was necessary that a Strange Man die on a cross. Jesus redeems our virtues as well as our vices; and in particular He redeems our human loves, limited, selfish, narrow as they are, and lifts them toward that limitless Good Spirit and Universal Compassion found in God Himself.

4. Christian love returns good for evil. That is its essential quality. The heart of the gospel teaches

us that. It was "while we were yet sinners," that is still enemies of God, that Christ died for us. When we return good for evil, therefore, we are taking our cue from Christ; we are doing to others what He has done and continues to do for us. Love is gratitude. To return evil for evil proves that we are not yet deeply and truly grateful for Christ's forgiveness and grace. What He has forgiven us is much, infinite; what we must forgive others is small, finite. Such love and forgiveness manifested toward our enemies may, indeed often does, involve a cross. Even so, we dare not do what one thinker has suggested that we do in times of war, namely, deal with our friends on the basis of love and with our enemies on the basis of justice. That is to divide the gospel against itself. For the Christian, love determines the nature of justice, not the reverse. If that leads to a cross, the one bearing it will be lighted up with the glory and peace and joy and love of the resurrected Christ. So it was with Stephen and Paul, and so it will be for all who bear their crosses in love and faith. That would be an incredible statement were it not for the fact that the pages of history are strewn with examples of saints who have found supreme life and victory in surrendering to a cross rather than yielding to the gospel of retaliation.

THE SOURCE OF CHRISTIAN LOVE

How does "agape" love become ours in experience and practice?

1. It does not reside in the natural heart. There are hints of it there, intimations of it, but they are buried beneath our more pagan impulses and passions. We do not instinctively and naturally "turn the other cheek" or take up a cross for the salvation of a sinful world.

2. Christian love is a gift of Christ. It is born in us when Christ is born in us. Where He is, there is His kind of love, for He Himself is love. When the heart receives Jesus, it also receives love and the capacity to grow up into the graces of His love. Saul of Tarsus was a disciple of bitter hatred until Christ was born within him. Anne Byrd Payson says that her hobby was hatred of the Jews until one night she read one of E. Stanley Jones' books and in consequence opened her life to the loving Lord; then her hobby became following the royal way. One Christian woman said: "Before I was born anew I despised the Negroes; now I love them." In my own experience, once when I partook of the Lord's Supper, symbol of divinest love, and prayed for the secret of forgiving love, the answer rose up from deep within as though given by Christ Himself, "By Me, by Me."

3. Christian love is also a disci-

pline that grows with the practice. Once planted within us by the divine Lover, like a seed of new life, it requires cultivation, what Starr Daily calls "the disciplines of love." Up to his Paul-like transformation while in prison, Daily's whole life had been one of hostility, bitterness, prejudice, and hatred. He hated almost everybody and everything. Then came his transformation through the living Christ. Love was born within him. But how awkward he found this new life of love! A life-time of habits was set against it. So he turned his experiences there in prison into a laboratory for the practice of love. His provocations and hardships and criticisms he turned into opportunities for practicing and developing

love. The thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians became his guide. There were many failures, but there were also successes and a growing awareness of the reality and power of love in his life.

Let us beware, however, of over-emphasizing the disciplines or techniques of love. We might become like the centipede who walked well until he looked down at his many legs and began to wonder how each would get put down without interfering with the other. The main thing in learning to love is to abide in a growing and deepening union with Jesus. The fifteenth chapter of John's Gospel is the secret for the living of the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians.

From *North Carolina Advocate*.



For Every Gift

Edith Shaw Butler

God is so good, God is so kind,
 Each day in common things I find
 His love made manifest to me,
 In arching sky, the hills, the sea,
 Some unexpected small surprise,
 Devotion in a dog's brown eyes,
 In Spring, a young plant's tender shoot,
 An Autumn tree bent down with fruit,
 A meadow where white daisies sway,
 And music, laughter, or a gay
 And joyous letter from a friend;
 God's gifts and goodness never end.
 This day, a grateful heart I lift
 In thanks to Him for every gift.

Prayer Radar

James V. Reid

HE was a neatly dressed young Mexican, standing by a signpost at the city limits of Dallas. As I drove past him I observed a suitcase setting beside him, but he made no sign that would indicate he wanted a ride.

I had long since vowed definitely never to pick up hitch-hikers as I traveled over the country. But as I passed him I felt a strange impulse. I stopped, backed up and asked if he wanted to go to Fort Worth, my destination. His face lighted up with gratitude as he put his suitcase in back and took the seat beside me.

We passed a few remarks, then rode along in silence. Surveying my baggage between seats, he asked if I were a traveling salesman. "No," I replied, "I am an evangelist just on my way home."

His eyes sparkled as he exclaimed, "So am I! I'm going now to hold a meeting among my people." From then on we talked of many things of mutual interest.

I told him of my reluctance to pick up hitch-hikers, and of the odd impression I had as I passed him. Then he told me this story:

Leaving Corpus Christi that morning he had taken his place at the edge of the city on the highway. Another man passed him, then stopped, backed up and picked him up. The driver said, "I'm a preacher in Beeville, and it has been my invariable rule never to pick up a hitch-hiker. But as I passed you I felt a strange impression to back up and take you in. Why did I do it?"

This humble young man explained to me that he had traveled quite a distance, but had never motioned for a ride. His secret was to stand by the highway and pray for God to send the right person along to carry him on.

Thus, a pastor and an evangelist, in tune with God, passed through the beam of prayer of a young man, also in tune with God, and were used by Him to provide the answer!



Life is a mirror; if you frown at it, it frowns back; if you smile, it returns the greeting.—*Thackeray*

You Can Master Fear

Harold W. Ruopp

"**T**HOU shalt not be afraid for the terror by night . . . nor for the destruction that wasteth at noon-day." For men and women who are afraid of the night-time and the noon-day, those words are good news. In the midst of a storm at sea, Jesus said to His disciples: "Be of good cheer, it is I; be not afraid." For those of us who are constantly afraid of the storms of life, those words come as good news.

"Be not anxious, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed? . . . for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things." For those of us who are afraid of tomorrow and next week and next year—always afraid of the future—those words come as reassuring good news. "In the world, ye shall have tribulations; but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." For men and women who are carrying difficult and heavy burdens and are afraid lest they go on and on, those words are good news. "For God," says St. Paul, "hath not given us the spirit of fear; but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind."

The Bible, you see, is tremendously realistic about this matter of

fear. It knows that men are afraid—some men all the time, all men some of the time—therefore much of its message has to do with people who are haunted by fear and worry and anxiety.

Fear! Private enemy No. 1! Public enemy No. 1! For out of fear comes a whole train of evils. Out of fear, for example, come most of our resentments and hatreds. You can put it into a simple, but terrifying, formula: What we fear we hate, what we hate we kill. And in the process destroy ourselves as well.

And out of our fears arises much of the loneliness in which so many people find themselves involved. For loneliness is not so much a matter of isolation as it is of insulation; and the reason people insulate themselves from other people is because of fear. It is human to want to love and to be loved. It is normal and natural to want to give and to receive understanding and sympathy. But again and again fear comes in to defeat the giving and the receiving of love.

And out of our fears come not only resentments and hatreds and loneliness; out of fears, too, come sickness—mental, emotional and physical ill-health. The poison of

fear! More deadly even than arsenic! For if you take a sufficient dose of arsenic, you just die. But if you fill your system with the poison of fear you destroy not only yourself, you inevitably destroy all those delicate personal relationships in which you as a human being are involved.

But, thanks be to God, we do not need to go on forever being the victims of fear. We *can* master fear. There is a way.

Let me remind you, as I keep reminding myself, that fear, or worry, is a habit of mind, like any other habit we may have. And it is a bad habit. Not worrying also is a habit which can be achieved, because many people have achieved it.

The habit of not worrying is an art, and is to be learned like any other art. It has its technique, just as there is a technique to the art of playing a violin or painting a picture.

In the technique of learning not to worry there are two things that need to be practiced. One is *substitution*. I mean by that the process of constantly thinking positive and creative thoughts, and in so doing, crowding out the worry thoughts.

There are two ways of getting rid of weeds in a lawn. One way is to pull out the weeds one by one; the other is to keep planting an abundance of good grass seed—and letting the grass crowd out the weeds.

That's substitution!

This is not the same as saying, "Forget your fears," for it is not that easy. When a person merely tries to put a thought *out* of his mind he is very likely to drive it much deeper *into* his mind. It goes down and down. He may say that he has no fear, and yet his stomach or his heart or his blood pressure keeps telling him that something is wrong. For psychic difficulties in which fear is involved always manifest themselves through the physical organ that is weakest. No, "Forget it" is bad advice. Don't push it down. Crowd it out. Substitute the positive for the negative, the creative for the destructive, the healthy for the unhealthy. St. Paul said it: "Whatsoever things are true . . . honest . . . just . . . pure . . . lovely . . . and of good report . . . think on these things." And another, who was equally wise, said: "Perfect love casteth out fear."

There is a second thing which must be learned if fear is to be mastered. It may be called *appropriation*. Let me illustrate it. Two men are engaged in prayer. One says: "O Lord, help me. Take away my fear. Give me peace. Give me trust. Fill me with hope." The other prays: "O Lord, I rest in thee. I *take* peace. I belong to thee. Thou are my dwelling place and underneath are the everlasting arms. In thee I live and move and

have my being. I give myself to thee. I open myself to thy strength." Do you get the difference? For there is all the difference in the world.

Once there was a woman, carrying a heavy suitcase, who ran to catch a crowded street car. When she was safely aboard, the conductor noticed that she stood in the aisle, clinging tightly to her suitcase. Finally, he said to her: "Lady, you can put your suitcase down now; the car will carry it for you."

That's it! That's the secret! To let go—and let God! We do not have to beg for God's help—all we need do is to realize his presence and appropriate his power. For there is a great reservoir of spiritual power inside of us and outside of us waiting to be tapped and utilized. There are channels from that reservoir running to each one of us. But the power in the reservoir does not become available and effective until we ourselves lift the sluice gates—and let the power of God flow through.

Underneath are the everlasting arms! Of course! But how do we know the arms are there? There is only one way to find out. Let go of yourself with reckless abandon, and say: "O God, I have been struggling with myself for a long, long

time; and I am nervous, tired, sick. Now I take you at your word. Here I come, down into your arms." Then and only then will you know the arms are there!

We *can* master fear. And how shall we know that we are winning in our struggle with fear? The answer is, We shall never be in doubt. The first and sure sign will be a new relaxation, a new poise, a new peace. In the place of former tensions and dark forebodings and shaky nerves, we shall begin to feel a growing calm, which is always part of victorious Christian living—and the inevitable result of practicing the presence of God.

"Consider the lilies," says Jesus, "how they grow." Well, how do they grow? Not by a frenzy of effort or by a perpetual worry lest they do not grow. They grow by obeying the laws of nature and of God—by opening up in a relaxed way to the sun above and by an equally quiet absorption from the soil beneath.

Yes, "Consider the lilies." And the Master who spoke those words also said at the very end of His life: "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit." Even death by crucifixion cannot shatter the inner-calm of the person who draws his strength from the love of God.

For the thoughts regarding Substitution and Appropriation I am indebted to Dr. Winfred Rhoades, whose writings have long been a source of inspiration to me. H.W.R.

The Living Christ

Mary A. Livonius

IT IS possible even today for all men to live as Jesus did. The first requirement for such a life is a concentrated willingness to live in love. Such love must be based upon the divine will to love, which is inherent in all. It is love which draws us together in families, groups, communities, nations, and makes us truly citizens of one world. Did you ever pause to reflect upon this integrating quality which causes us to be loyal to others, even though we cannot always agree with them? If we would practice the same integrity in meeting every experience the influence of our love would soon become world wide.

Jesus realized (made real) his divine inheritance of love, not only for his intimate friends but for all humanity. He shared God's love and therefore was endowed with God's wisdom and power. Our greatest challenge today is to live and work in the same relationship toward God and man. His works of love as well as his consciousness of oneness with the Father evidenced the balance of divinity and humanity in his life. Even so, our faith (consciousness) must be balanced by active love filled lives. Thus only shall we realize that Christ still lives.

There was nothing supernatural in the miracles of Jesus; they were divinely natural on the plane of pure love. There is only one Law of expression, and that Law works in our times as well as in the life of Jesus. The only difference between Jesus' attainment and ours is that of full realization and expression of divine love. Jesus always worked out the pattern of unadulterated, selfless love. This pattern meant whole bodies, clear minds, and opulent circumstances, no more in his life time than it does today. These are always the result of the right use of divine love, wisdom, and power.

Jesus wove this life pattern step by step—steadily and persistently—to the final realization of perfect oneness. As we study and emulate his methods, we feel—to some degree at least—that we too are capable of such an expression. His life in word and deed reveals to us that his every thought was based upon the same ideal which we as Christians have espoused; that of love and integrity. *Integrity* must become an *activity* with us as well as a *mental concept*. We cannot think love and act hatefully, if we seek to pattern our lives after that of the Master.

Every man is born into the love of God, whether he realizes it or

not. The true life which Jesus lived is the only way of accepting this inheritance. The dominion of one human being or group of humans over others is not love as Jesus knew it; it is mere lust for power. The desire for possession is not love: for love is giving and releasing life. Our personal and patriotic ties should not become merely safety chains, for they are things of gossamer silken threads, interwoven throughout life's fabric, to form a tapestry of infinite beauty. Perfect love is perfect liberty, but liberty is not license. Full freedom of expression is the right of every soul, and the happy life is that in which each respects the individuality of all others, but is unified at the source by the common bonds of loyalty and love. In this unity we are joined with the living Christ, who dwells in the heart of mankind only at man's invitation.

Where there is an active acceptance of the living Christ, as the reality of life, there is utter trust and fidelity. That which must be held by force is already lost. The rock upon which so many lives founder is the peculiar desire in human nature to mould the lives of others after the shape of one's own ideal. We try to change persons or nations to fit our own standards of right and wrong. People are what they are. Their words and actions are natural forms of self

expression, at their level of understanding. It is impossible to force spiritual development, for we each evolve along different lines. Reformation, to be of real value, must start within, and can never be thrust upon us by force of argument. The quiet influence of a loving and good life carries more weight than all the maxims of ethics or philosophy.

Are you disappointed in Christianity? Do you feel that religion has promised much, but life has cheated you of its fairest blessings? Has your church failed you in the great life venture which you undertook together with such glorious hopes? Hold to your dreams; be steadfast to Christ, in love and faith. Make the best of your individual opportunities to live as Jesus did, and God will give you wisdom and power according to your needs.

And if your human relationships are happy and truly made in heaven, think well before you do or say anything which would betray the high ideal of universal love, of which they were born. Your life is the outward visible expression of divine Love, and within the outer lies the inner reality and spiritual substance, a thing of invisible threads and fillaments of thought and emotion delicately interwoven with those of others. An angry word may snap a thread. A critical

suspicion can scorch and sear the fabric leaving an ugly scar.

Guard your Christ as you would guard your life. Protect your inner awareness of His Presence from the onslaughts of criticism and distrust. Beware of the disintegrating forces of jealousy and fear. Even a small drop of poison may pollute the springs of living love within you. A bitter word or unloving action can destroy something which may have taken a life time to build.

Learn to walk each day with the living Christ; take Him into your business conferences; let Him help you with the household tasks; accept His suggestions and inspirations as to the new job, the full purse, the adjustment in human relations, the religious activity, the rest time, and the play time of your life. He is not dead but risen; risen above all human limitations, so that no problem is too difficult for Him to solve, nothing is impossible of

immediate relief and ultimate adjustment. He will take you by the hand and lead you laughing through April woods, along many a gay green way. He will seize a bird out of a tree's high green branches and bid it sing a song for you. He will lead you safely over crags where hell yawns beneath your feet. He will hold out life's fairest gifts to you, and you shall be glad with the happiness of golden days, wherein every good and perfect gift is yours. He will wipe away your tears lest they should blind you to His radiance. He will dim the fires of earthly experiences to the pure white flame of purifying love. And when the years have had their way with you; when you are old and a little tired, and the tapestry of your life here is almost complete, you will realize what love is, and you shall walk hand in hand with the living Christ out into the sunset which precedes the dawn of a new day.



Love is Power

Doris Hanks Enabnit

Let love dwell richly
 Within each spoken word,
 Love, the power victorious
 Its voice through the spirit heard,
 Love was the torch that kindled
 The Master's words with flame
 Through centuries unnumbered
 That power remains the same!

☐ When are you going to give someone else a bonus with *your* Thank-U-Gram?

He Adds Thanks to Living

Eleanor M. Marshall

EDWARD A. KRAMER started something when he originated Thank-U-Grams about a year ago. He packages these in pads of 25 and makes no charge for sending them to anyone requesting them for he even pays the increased postal rates on them.

If you are thinking this is just another advertising stunt, look for anything on the blanks—(they resemble an ordinary telegram)—which will connect Mr. Kramer with publicizing himself. You will be surprised at your findings for he prefers to remain anonymous. He says, "Thank-U-Grams give me increased zest in living. They've helped me be happier and more successful and I'd like them to do the same for others."

He is a firm believer that a person who shows appreciation has a much fuller life, and would like to pass along an idea to create pleasure to as many as will profit from it. Psychiatrists agree so heartily with his attitude that many of them prescribe Thank-U-Grams as part of their treatment of illnesses originating mainly in emotional maladjustments.

One such doctor states things this way as he hands out Thank-U-Gram pads: "You are to send 5 of

these daily. Remember that number and keep looking for people to whom you can express your appreciation every day before you come back to see me if you find that you need to return."

"But, doctor, whom shall I send them to?" ask some patients who have never expressed thanks for any of the small courtesies tendered them.

It is these folks who have the greatest trouble in fulfilling the conditions laid down in the Lord's Prayer. Many are not willing to "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us." Their ill will keeps growing until it strangles most of the pleasures they once enjoyed. Their displeasure with people and things tends to make such folks tense and nervous and results in such ills as high blood pressure, heart ailments and similar diseases. Doctors are finding all too often that these ailments originate in failure to adjust satisfactorily to life's ups and downs.

Because the doctor has said, "Use Thank-U-Grams" instead of dosing such patients with pills and potions, many have their eyes opened for the first time to how much pleasanter living can become.

They join all the people helping Mr. Kramer reach his goal of expressing a million thanks by actually seeing where appreciation is due and which they have been failing to express.

For everyone can help make the day a bit brighter for somebody else by simply looking for good, not evil. From the instant we wake up until we drift off into dreamland again at the close of the day, everything we do hinges upon the efforts of unknown friends who are helping us. These may be the people who make the soap, toothpaste, creams, hot water and everything else we use in getting presentable, the firms which produce our favorite breakfast dishes, radio broadcasts, motion pictures, cosmetics to say nothing of all those who operate whatever vehicle that transports us about such as busmen, elevator operators, pilots, or engineers on trains or boats. Maybe there wouldn't be so many strikes if only people were more willing to say a heartfelt "Thank you" oftener. Maybe starting to look for good in others will unfold an entirely new vista of the whole business of

"Brightening the corner where you are."

Among the first words which a mother usually teaches her child to say are, "Thank you." It's a real pity that so many fail to keep saying them, when appreciation is due.

Rousseau said, "Gratitude is a duty which ought to be paid, but which none have a right to expect."

He puts gratitude in the same class as a bonus, something that our efforts have earned but which must be paid by others.

When are you going to give someone else a bonus with *your* Thank-U-Gram? To whom will you send your first one? Your parents? The preacher whose sermon you enjoyed so much? The teacher laboring to help you see what is good and what is evil? Some relative whose unselfishness no one else seems to notice? A friend who has had a grave disappointment or who has suffered some handicap which seems to have given a keen insight into problems troubling you?

No matter who is the first recipient. Your effort is certain to be appreciated. If you doubt it, try it and see.



Trust men and they will be true to you; treat them greatly, and they will show themselves great.—*Emerson*

☪ We ask for light and He gives us the Sunrise.

On Thumbing and Being Thumbed

Wayne McLain

LIFE is so constructed and God loves us so very much that we are taught the way of life through all experience if we but have ears to hear. There is no speech nor language where His Voice is not heard. If we pray that His mind dwell in our minds, renewing and transforming them, then every event we encounter speaks His word to us.

We learn the way of life not so much as spectators but as participants. Knowledge of the Christian way is gained not so much by theoretical study as it is by practical obedience. Obedience is the precondition of revelation. Peter says that if we will lay aside all guile, hypocrisy, and evil speaking then we can feed on the milk of the living word of God. (I Peter 2:1, 2). We learn by obedient loving honesty. We cannot have revealed to us life's meanings unless we choose to place ourselves in the stream of living truth that flows from Life and is Life. We can do this by becoming lovingly honest in all our relationships with men.

God is a traveling God. He is going places and doing things. If we want to keep in hearing distance of Him, we must go places and do things, too. We must go where He is, and He is generally

at the place of human need. The best way to learn what the home of a friend looks like is to visit him and see. He may send you blueprints, diagrams, landscape designs galore; but one visit will tell you more than all of them.

We learn the "more excellent way" through loving and being loved, through helping and asking for help, through giving and receiving, through being both benefactor and beggar. We learn through "thumbing" and "being thumbed."

Just the other day I learned a better way through the maze of streets between American University and College Park, Maryland. I picked up a hitchhiker who showed me a far better route to College Park than I had been travelling. I had experimented with a number of ways, but his was best of all. I remarked to him that I would not have found the better way through the maze of traffic and streets had I turned him down when he thumbed me for a ride, and that the incident had taught me that we discover the best way of living and doing things in life generally by responding to human need as we are faced with it. We learn by being loving as we are being thumbed.

The very willingness to do the

loving thing—even before the loving thing is done—has opened up a better way in many a complicated human situation. A lawyer friend told me recently of an experience he had in dealing with an English business firm. The relationships between him and the firm had grown increasingly tense and charged with misunderstanding. He gave up the spirit of trying to fight fire with fire and decided to write the firm a loving letter assuming the blame for the whole misunderstanding and expressing the desire to make amends in any way possible.

He resolved to write this letter on a Friday morning. Events so conspired, however, that he was unable to get the letter off right away. The next Tuesday he received a letter from the English firm postmarked the previous Saturday (the day after he decided to do the loving thing), and the letter expressed toward him all the things he had intended saying to the people of the firm. In recounting the experience he said he felt that as soon as he was willing to be fully loving in his heart the invisible waves of love crossed the Atlantic and the English firm was led to write the letter. Here a difficult situation was cleared up simply because my lawyer friend did nothing more than make an honest inward dedication to do the loving thing.

Love that desires to be expressed in deed will alter events even before the deed is done. When the right inward dedication is made things begin to click. Anytime one decides to go the way of the Kingdom either inwardly or outwardly immediately all the resources of the Kingdom are placed at his disposal. Our willingness to walk in the light where we are enables the Manager and Arranger to go into action. We learn His way and His marvelous and mysterious ways and wonder working power by being willing to respond to love, by being thumbed.

We learn, too, by thumbing. The other day on my way to Koinonia Farm I found myself in Mt. Washington, a suburb of North Baltimore, with apparently no way to get on out into the country to the farm. It was twelve o'clock; I was six miles away; and I wanted to get to the farm for lunch at twelve-thirty. I thought of calling the farm and asking that they send a car down to pick me up but then the idea came to me that I should thumb a ride. My first inward reaction was to reject this suggestion perhaps out of pride and unwillingness to "descend" to hitchhiking. Then the thought came to me that thumbing a ride might be good "dehydrating discipline." Asking for a ride might help in "dehydrating" the old self that is wearing out and thus prepare the way to

irrigate the true self that is growing. The added thought came: "You may learn something by thumbing a ride."

With this I stepped out on the highway and began thumbing. A few cars passed me by and I was beginning to wonder if I would miss my lunch when I remembered that Jesus had said whatever we measure out will be measured back to us again. I had "measured" out a lot of rides in my old forty-one Studebaker and I figured perhaps I was due a return. Imagine my elated surprise when a long, sleek, shiny-black limousine with a uniformed chauffeur stopped for me. I had measured out rides in an almost-worn-out Studebaker; I was given back a ride in a beautiful limousine with a uniformed chauffeur! Pressed down and running over!

I was let out just about a mile from Koinonia Farm. I enjoyed an invigorating, appetite-building walk the rest of the way and reached the farm just in time for a wonderful Valentine-birthday dinner. I had had the best possible preparation for that meal, in every way.

Jesus is the Manager and Arranger *par excellence*. He is Chauffeur, Coach, Secretary, Chef, and Friend! Glory to His name!

I learned a number of things by asking for this ride. I learned something of how cold it is out on the hard pavement for all hitchhikers of

the world. I was reminded of a man whom I had picked up early in the morning on a much colder day and he had no overcoat. I was reminded of the needs of the cold and hungry refugees of Korea who often are near no cars or trucks to hitchhike but must walk in winter's snow for miles. I was reminded that redemptive love puts itself in the place of those who suffer and are in need as Jesus put Himself in our place on the Cross. It identifies itself with the loved one; it weeps with those who weep and rejoices with those who rejoice. It feels for others because it puts itself in their places.

I was taught that the Lord keeps His promises splendidly. He always measures back far more and far better than we give Him and far better than we expect. He is able to do far above that we ask or think.

The other morning I watched a beautiful sunrise. The whole eastern horizon was lit up in a varicolored masterpiece of divine artistry. Thinking of the beauty before me I was reminded of how *lavish* God is in all that He does. He is not purely utilitarian nor functional though truly both in the best sense. He pours out His creative energies in sheer love of beauty for its own sake with no "economical" purpose in mind.

We ask for strength and He gives us beauty and strength. We ask for power and He gives us

loveliness with power. We ask for truth and He gives us grace and truth. We ask for light and He gives us a sunrise! All this and much more we learn by "thumbing and being thumbed."



A Physician on Prayer

Grenville Kleiser

THE following is a paraphrase of what Dr. Alexis Carrel has said about prayer:

Prayer is the effort of man to reach God.

Prayer must become a habit.

Prayer is a way of life.

Prayer is a binding necessity.

Prayer fortifies us with dynamic power.

Prayer must be actively practiced in our private lives.

Prayer changes both soul and body for the better.

Prayer is a source of self-generating energy.

Prayer gives moral stamina.

Prayer increases physical buoyancy.

Prayer enriches the inner life.

Prayer develops humility.

Prayer is a force as real as terrestrial gravity.

Prayer lifts one out of disease and melancholy.

Prayer supplies a steady flow of sustaining power.

Prayer is the practice of the Presence of God.

☪ A quiet mind enriches the soul and illumines the life.

A Quiet Mind

Grenville Kleiser

MAINTEIN A SPIRIT OF GOOD WILL, at all times, and it will insure a peaceful mind.

We are told "Great peace have they which love thy law," and "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee: because he trusteth in Thee."

GOOD WILL IMPLIES that the mind is filled with constructive thoughts, such as gentleness, goodness, serenity, patience, faith, tolerance, cheerfulness, and divine love.

A quiet mind enriches the soul and illumines the life. It consecrates itself to the best as befits a Son of God.

* * *

SILENCE BRINGS STILLNESS OF SPIRIT. Silence promotes clearness and accuracy of mental vision. When you are long silent, your profoundest thoughts tend to disclose themselves. It is in the silent sanctuary of your own spirit, when you have shut out all worldly thoughts and cares, that you come into intimate communion with the source of all good. It is then that you become most deeply conscious of your God-given powers.

In cultivating a quiet life it must

not be allowed to subside into indolence and self-sufficiency. Times of silence are essential to spiritual growth, but this does not mean detachment and aloofness. After periods of silence and solitude you should return to society with vastly increased power for sympathy and service.

THE BEST PLANNED LIFE has its daily problems to solve. A spirit of patience and sacrifice is necessary to meet the recurring duties and difficulties which beset the daily path. You have your obligations to friends and society, when often you would choose to be alone. Perhaps bodily fatigue assails you before a task is completed, yet you must persevere to the end.

Untimely interruptions, distracting sounds, or intruding influences may severely tax your temper, but your duty is clear and you must bear all with equanimity. So that while it is right to plan for a life of uninterrupted harmony and happiness, you should so develop the qualities of patience and sacrifice as to be ready for all possible emergencies.

* * *

THE INEXPLICABLE THING OF LIFE is that so many intelligent men deliberately and

consciously barter the spiritual for the material, the eternal for the temporal. The days of material man are as grass, as a flower of the field he flourisheth, the wind passeth over it and it is gone; yet many men continue to concentrate all their powers and energies upon material riches, to the exclusion of the spiritual.

You are distinctly admonished to apply your heart unto divine wisdom, to have faith in God, and to do all to His glory. This is your supreme duty and privilege, to serve God with all your mind and heart, to love your fellow-man, to render Christly service whenever possible, and to submit yourself wholly to the divine will.



If I stoop
 Into a dark tremendous seal of cloud,
 It is but for a time; I press God's lamp
 Close to my breast; its splendor, soon or late,
 Will pierce the gloom; I shall emerge one day.

—Robert Browning

A Definition of Christianity

Art Foster

Goodness.....	<i>without Smugness</i>
Gentleness.....	<i>without Weakness</i>
Charity.....	<i>without Condescension</i>
Dignity.....	<i>without Gloom</i>
Humility.....	<i>without Self Abasement</i>
Obedience.....	<i>without Servility</i>
Prayer.....	<i>without Demand</i>
Non-resistance.....	<i>without Hatred</i>
Power.....	<i>without Tyranny</i>
Firmness.....	<i>without Stubbornness</i>
Truthfulness.....	<i>without Cruelty</i>
Faith.....	<i>without Apprehension</i>
SERVICE.....	<i>without Expectation — of Compensation, Commendation, or even Recognition.</i>

☐ Life is made up of time, and if your time isn't all His, then your life isn't either.

His Presence

Albert Halliwell

I FIND my ministry as I get smaller. What marvelous things God is waiting to do for us. Just imagine, if God can give a little worm one hundred legs and everyone of them encased in nature's own nylon stockings, what can't He do to this heart of mine, once I get completely turned loose. Life is made up of time, and if your time isn't all His, then your life isn't either.

If the Lord spoke out loud at any given moment, I wouldn't be surprised. He is so near. The Presence is the most definite thing I have ever known. It is a tangible something, a presence with God in it, it is a silence that sings and a quietness one can listen to. It is a presence that writes on your mind like a slate. It is a worship hour

that when you pray you can't get the words out, for the answer comes tripping them up before they get started. The book of God opens as never before and the words enter alive into your mind as you read—and burn there. I am being taught afresh to give, and give, and give—no matter if anything returns or not. It isn't the Sermon on the Mount, it is the breath of the Master behind the Sermon on the Mount, the Spirit of a burning love that demands a chance to love everywhere, and asks nothing back. It is a feeling out for a new and deep, deep identification with the depths of Christ. It is a crusade into the silent depths down into the mines of the riches in glory of Christ Jesus, and up to where the glory of God shines in the face of the Calvary Christ.



To my mind life is love, and love is life. Love is not sentimental affection, simply the readiness to die for a person. But love is the laying down of life for a person, absolutely renouncing your life for another. It means living the best life you can conceive of for the sake of the one you love; knowing for certain that your life is flowing into that other person, though you may never see him again in this world. Love is purifying yourself that another may be pure. Love for one person, if it be true love, leads you at once to God, for "God is Love." As we love, God is there; we see God, we are in God.—Forbes Robinson

Two Golden Days

Robert J. Burdette, D.D.

There are two days in the week upon which and about which I never worry. Two care-free days, kept sacredly free from fear and apprehension.

One of these days is Yesterday. Yesterday, with all its cares and frets, with all its pains and aches, all its faults, its mistakes and blunders, has passed forever beyond the reach of my recall. I cannot undo an act I wrought, I cannot unsay a word I said on yesterday. All that it holds of my life, of wrong, regret and sorrow, is in the hands of the Mighty Love that can bring honey out of the rock, and sweet waters out of the bitterest desert—the love that can make the wrong things right, that can turn weeping into laughter, that can give beauty for ashes, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness, joy of the morning for the woe of the night.

Save for the beautiful memories, sweet and tender, which linger like the perfume of roses in the heart of the day that is gone, I have nothing to do with yesterday. It was mine; it is God's.

And the other day I do not worry about is Tomorrow. Tomorrow with all its possible adversities, its burdens, its perils, its large promise and poor performance, its failures, and mistakes, is as far beyond the reach of my mastery as is its dead sister, Yesterday. It is a day of God's. Its sun will rise in roseate splendor, or behind a mask of weeping clouds—but it will rise. Until then, the same love and patience that holds Yesterday holds Tomorrow. Save for the star of hope which gleams forever on the brow of Tomorrow, shining with tender promise into the heart of Today, I have no possession in that unborn day of grace. All else is in the safe keeping of the Infinite Love that holds for me the treasures of Yesterday—Infinite Love that holds for me the treasures of Yesterday—the love that is higher than the stars, wider than the skies, deeper than the seas. Tomorrow—it is God's day; it will be mine.

There is left for myself, but one day of the week—Today. Any man can fight the battles of Today. Any woman can carry the burdens of just one day. Any man can resist the temptations of Today. O friends, it is only when to the burdens and cares of Today, carefully measured out to us by the Infinite wisdom and might which gives with them the promise, "As thy day, so shall thy strength be," we wilfully add the burdens of those two awful eternities—Yesterday and Tomorrow—such burdens as only the mighty God can sustain—that we break down. It isn't the experience of Today that drives men mad. It is the remorse for something that happened Yesterday, the dread of what Tomorrow may disclose.

These are God's days. Leave them with Him. Therefore, I think, and I do, and I journey but one day at a time. That is the easy day. That is the man's day. Nay, rather, that is our day—God's and mine. And while faithfully and dutifully I run my course, and work my appointed task on this day of ours, God the Almighty and all-loving takes care of Yesterday and Tomorrow.



O LIFT MY SOUL

Grace Barker Wilson

O lift my soul above the earth
On a rainbow reaching far,
And hold my dream against the sky
With the pinpoint of a star.
And let such heavenly influence
Fill all my being, so
That still my faltering feet may walk
In majesty below.

TROUGH THE RIFT

C. B. Lessig

There's a rift in the cloud where glory shines thru;
No matter what gloom may engulf me or you
If we but look upward we see it is true,
There's a rift in the cloud.

And glory shines thru it from heaven above,
With angels proclaiming a kingdom of love,
And the Spirit descends in the form of a dove
Through the rift in the cloud.

WHAT YOU ARE

This people draweth nigh unto me with their mouth, and honoreth me with their lips; but their heart is far from me.—Matthew 15:8.

A MISSIONARY from India made the statement that natives came to be healed of their diseases, to be comforted in their distress, to seek help for their problems, and if the missionary was ill-tempered or unloving his usefulness was ended. "These people are not interested in what you say, at first, but in what kind of a person you are."

St. Francis de Sales reminds us that a bee takes bitter thyme and transforms it into something sweet and delectable. This act, so utterly beyond comprehension, tells us more than if the bee could talk. How someone meets disaster and success tells us more about what he believes than all the talking in the world could do.

Many people talked of God, of love, of mercy, of forgiveness, of service, of joy, and many other things of the spiritual life before Jesus. However, there was a difference. Jesus incarnated them. The disciples did not follow him because of his gift of oratory, but because he incarnated their dreams and hopes and idea of God.

You can talk to your children until your throat is dry, but the practice of prayer does more to teach communion with God than talking will ever do. I heard of an incident in a home that we ought to remember. A motto hung on the wall of the dining room which read, "God is the head of this house." One morning when the father came downstairs he noticed that someone had scribbled under the motto, "This is not true." What a tragic rebuke!

I remember a man in the army who talked glowingly about Communism, but when he went out to eat he chose the most expensive places, he had to attend the most expensive plays, he associated with the most well-to-do people he could manage, and so his tributes to Communism meant absolutely nothing to others, except that he was a hypocrite.

The one who talks glibly about trusting God and is thrown into a state of nervous panic over every crisis, cannot expect to have his words carry much authority. Love and faith and trust in our Lord are realities that either we live by or we do not. What kind of a sermon are you living day by day before your children, your neighbors, and your God?

Read: *Your Child and God*, Robbie Trent. \$2.00. Or, *Our Children and God*, Mrs. Clarence Hamilton. \$2.50.

THE MARK OF GREATNESS

And he said unto him, Behold now, there is in this city a man of God . . .—I Samuel 9:6.

WHILE travelling on the train to St. Louis, we stopped at Springfield, Illinois, and I was immediately aware that this city ought to mean something special to me. Then it came to me that this was the city where Abraham Lincoln had lived. The soil and the climate of Springfield is no different than that of many other cities and towns in the same region, but Springfield will be remembered in history because "a man of God lived there."

Young Saul and a servant had been searching for his father's asses. They had reached the land of Zuph, and, having found no trace of the animals, Saul had decided to return home. His father, he said, would be worried because of his long absence. The servant suggested that they go into the town for "there is in this city a man of God." The whole region had special significance because in one of the towns there lived "a man of God."

Towns and cities and regions do not make people great. It is always the other way. Men of God make great their cities and towns and regions. When you think of a wilderness you think of it because of a man called Moses. When you think of Italy you think of a town called Asissi because St. Francis lived there at one time. When you think of Nazareth you think of it because Jesus lived there. When you think of Tarsus you think of it because someone by the name of Paul was born there. All of us can think of certain streets and cities and towns because someone close to God lives there, and we call upon their help in times of stress.

It seems to be unusual for a man to give himself over completely to God and vow to serve Him and only Him. Most people shy away from convictions. They seem to be afraid of losing themselves—even if it is to The Highest. It is the unusual person who takes an all-out stand on anything, but history smiles on such a one. It is "the man of God" who has blessed human history, opening men's eyes to lofty visions and tearing away the shackles of their minds to show them the living God.

The house in which you live can be remembered because you choose to be "a man of God." Even after you have been graduated from this life, the sight of your house can bring to people's minds the thought, "A man of God lived there." The best recommendation I can think of is to have it said, "He loves the Lord." That is good enough for me.

Read: *Introduction to the Devout Life*, St. Francis de Sales. \$3.50.

LISTENING TO GOD

... In returning and rest shall ye be saved; in quietness and in confidence shall be your strength . . .—Isaiah 30:15.

ONE MORNING the family was gathered about the kitchen table having morning devotions. There had been a reading out of a book, and then little Glenn had haltingly read a miracle story of Jesus from the New Testament. We joined hands and each one prayed. When the final "Amen" was said we were about to let go of each other's hands when little Glenn said, "No—we aren't through yet. God has to pray to us now." We remained silent for a spell, our hands still clasped. "Do you know what He said?" Glenn asked us. Then he went right on and told us. "He said, 'Fear not.'" Someone remarked that it was nice that God had told Glenn such a nice thing. "No," he replied, "He said it to everyone here." As we went about our day's work, we were very humbled and very thankful that a little boy believed that God would speak to us if we would be quiet for awhile.

The incomparable psalms of David were not given birth in the rush and turmoil of battles and political intrigue. The seed was planted in the long, lonely periods when he was a shepherd boy alone with the sheep. In the quietness and stillness of pasturelands, hidden from towns and people by mountain slopes, David discovered "the God of Abraham, of Isaac and of Jacob."

Elijah was a beaten prophet, driven by fear, a fugitive from Jezebel, until he became exhausted and was forced to be quiet. The Lord did not speak to him in the fire nor in the earthquake, but in the quietness of a "still, small voice."

When the arrogant young prince Moses fled Egypt after killing a man, I imagine he was full of plans about how to get back into the good graces of the royal family. His prayers were probably quite facile, frequent and wordy. I am sure it was only when he had said all that he could think of saying, and had said it for days, if not for years, that he was willing to be silent, waiting for God to talk to him. God told Moses many wonderful things, but He had to wait until Moses was willing to listen.

How does God speak to us? By the thoughts that come into our minds when we are quiet and aware of Him, and by the desires that make themselves felt when we are waiting on Him. Rufus Moseley was reading a good book at one time. Suddenly the thought came to him, "It is better to do what a good book says than to read a good book." He put the book aside and went to see someone who was ill. This person was in greater need than Rufus had thought. He spent the night making this person comfortable. That is how God talks to us.

We must pour out our hearts to our Lord Jesus, but then, let's always get quiet and "let Him pray (commune) to us."

Read: 104th Psalm and meditate upon it.

Books of Interest

Norman K. Elliott

ADVENTURES IN TWO WORLDS, A. J. Cronin. McGraw-Hill, \$4.00. 335 pages. I intended only to skim this book but, once started, could not lay it down until I had read every word of it. Written by a master story teller, *Adventures in Two Worlds* is as interesting as any of his novels, such as *The Keys to the Kingdom*, etc. He tells of his early struggles to get through medical school, struggles that are gigantic for a poor boy in Scotland, his first job as assistant to a physician in a small Scottish village, his marriage, his first charge as physician in a Welsh mining town, his admission to the Royal Academy of Physicians and move to London, the giving up of medicine because of ill-health, his fantastic dream to become a writer without any training and the equally fantastic success he made of it. Chapter by chapter he introduces the reader to people he met and treated and who had a profound effect upon him. The first night he arrived in the small mining town with a new wife he did not get to bed till morning because of a mining accident. He narrowly escaped death down in the pit but managed to amputate the leg of a trapped miner before the whole area caved in. Because of his scientific training he had put aside the idea of God, but it was the spirit of the poor people in out of the way villages that convinced him of the reality of Him. The book is immensely challenging and inspiring in that it shows what can be done by hard work and a plodding sense of never-say-die. At middle age Dr. Cronin admits the supremacy of the spiritual values and emphasizes their reality if one is ever to find happiness and peace of soul. It is excellent reading.

HOW TO HELP AN ALCOHOLIC, Clifford J. Earle. Westminster, \$1.50. 96 pages. I think a copy of this book ought to be in every home; every minister and counselor ought to read it and certainly it ought to be read and heeded by every family with an alcoholic on its hands. It is straightforward, to the point, and helpful without attempting to sugar-coat any

part of the problem. From your reading you will find out the enormity of the problem in America, how to recognize an alcoholic in the early stages, the roots of the problem, modern treatment, the story and the value of Alcoholics Anonymous, what you can do, positive steps to take, and the place of religion in the whole affair. At the end of the book there are Bible readings, meditations and spiritual experiences of alcoholics that will be of benefit in showing the right approach in spiritual guidance. It would be a good gift for the family enmeshed in the tragedy of alcoholism.

YOUR CHILD AND GOD, Robbie Trent. Harper, \$2.00. 157 pages. *Revised Edition*. For the parent who feels inadequate about the whole subject of the spiritual life of his child, here is as good a manual as you will find. While the author does not start to give you all the answers, there are enough suggestions and suggestive procedures to last anyone a lifetime. No one can do the job for you, but if this book does not give you a good start, then I do not know where you will get help. The basic premise is that the child catches his attitudes and understandings about God and Jesus from what he sees in the parent. The parent cannot help teaching a child about God; the question is what kind of a God are you demonstrating in your everyday living. Every couple starting out in marriage, and every couple with children who are concerned about the spiritual growth of their children, ought to have this book and read it. It's good all the way through. Some chapters are: "What Is God Like?", "The Child's Concept," "I Think About God," "When the Child Prays," "Shall We Have Family Worship," and "Meeting Questions."

THE CHRISTIAN'S SECRET OF A HAPPY LIFE, Hannah Smith. Revell, \$2.00. 248 pages. This is a new printing of the old classic that has been reset in type that is easy to read, with a new and attractive jacket, and in a format that

you will enjoy using day after day. If you are not acquainted with this book, it is time that you made friends with it. *The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life* has been a guidebook for millions (2 million copies sold) of Christians into the new life, the place of faith, will, guidance, doubts, temptation, failures, growth, service, divine union, and many other aspects of walking daily with our Lord. It is nice to have it done up so attractively.

INTRODUCTION TO THE DEVOUT LIFE, *St. Francis de Sales*. Harper, \$3.50. 287 pages. Francis de Sales (1567-1622) wrote this introduction to devotion to God for people who live in towns and who follow trades of the world. It originally was a series of letters to a friend that so impressed leaders in the church that he was urged to edit them for general publication. He rewrote them entirely and this is an excellent modern translation of them. There are some devoted souls throughout the ages who seem to have let the Spirit of God direct their minds and their pens in creating something that went beyond themselves. This seems to be the explanation of this classic of the inner life. A summary of the book would take too much time and space here, but for anyone who wants a superb introduction to what devotion to God implies in conduct, both interior and exterior, this book by the former Bishop of Geneva is lovely and wise, other-worldly and worldly, simple and profound. It is whole-heartedly recommended. It is a good book to have by the bedside.

OUR CHILDREN AND GOD, *Mrs. Clarence H. Hamilton*. Bobbs-Merrill, \$2.50. 218 pages. This book is so well and interestingly written, and so full of true life illustrations, that it becomes a manual for "the parent and God" as well as for "children and God." Mrs. Hamilton's foundation stone is "love." If the parent is not a loving personality, to that extent will the

child's ideas of God be deficient and warped. When a little girl asked if Santa Claus would bring her many presents if she were an extra good girl, her mature mother told her that Santa would bring her presents anyway because he loved her. The little girl went off saying, "I don't have to be good—I don't have to be good." Yet, in later years she confessed that because Santa loved her she vowed to be a good little girl. We may know all the latest psychological techniques, but if we have not love, they amount to nothing. She ends her book with a striking sentence, ". . . God himself will be revealed to you in proportion to the greatness of your own soul's loving." This is a warm spirited book that touches on birth, life, death, growth, marriage, etc. There may be more detailed books on children and God, but none that more truly reveals the one needful thing—love as an expression of God in daily living, for God is love.

CHRIST IN POETRY, an anthology compiled and edited by *Thomas Curtis Clark & Hazel Davis Clark*. Association, \$3.49. 412 pages. Mr. Clark was poetry editor of *Christian Century* for 25 years and has included in this volume the best of those years. The poems are not only the fruits of modern years, but also include contributions by Tennyson, Donne, Browning, Longfellow, etc. He has tried to select poems that portray "the Christ who enters our door," who said, "I am among you as one that serveth" and "I have called you friends." He says that if we meet this kind of Christ we shall soon know Him as God and Savior. The book is divided into sections such as "The Nativity," "In Nazareth," "The Way of the Cross," and "Resurrection." I like the book, but I find few poems in it that stab awake the imagination and catch the breath with new insight. Perhaps this is asking too much and the name Thomas Curtis Clark ought to be its best recommendation.



Things which never could have made a man happy, develop a power to make him strong.—*Phillips Brooks*

☐ There is already a small pool, big enough to reflect your own face, isn't there, right at hand?

What Pools of Spiritual Power Can Do for Us

Stella Terrill Mann

WHAT we, as Christians want is a better world for all men including ourselves here and now as well as eternal life hereafter. Experience in our own lives and in the lives of those around us show us we cannot have a better world until we have better human beings. Passing laws, going to war, taking from others cannot create a better world. Only the perfecting of hearts can do that. Our problem always gets back to how to grow toward God, how to grow spiritually, how to help others to grow along with us.

I suggest we create pools of living Spiritual Power all over America to which the sick can come and be made whole again. I mean the mentally and spiritually sick as well as the physically ill. For anyone who works with prayer for long becomes convinced that all sickness on whatever level is finally resolved in Spirit alone. It is by connecting with Spirit that we receive healing. In the pools of Spiritual Power which I visualize, that could be done for multitudes.

A pool of Spiritual Power may be compared to a pool of water.

Water, we know, is composed of two elements, hydrogen and oxygen. When mixed together in the proper proportion, two atoms of hydrogen, one of oxygen (H₂O) we have a different element, water. Our pool of living Spiritual Power would also be composed of individual units of Spiritual Power. To learn what elements go into the making up of such a unit and in what proportion they must be combined, we must turn to our Lord Jesus Christ.

The elements of a unit of Spiritual Power are found in all of Jesus' words, and acts, but the following sums them up sufficiently for our present purpose: Prayer, Love, Faith and Work.

Every drop of living Spiritual Power in our pool would be composed of those four elements. In what proportion? Paul says to pray without ceasing; that faith without work is dead and stresses love and work. Jesus puts love above all the other laws. We must love God, neighbor and self. We must love God above all else in life. We must love our neighbor so much that we will pray for him even when he is

our enemy and uses us badly and do good to him no matter how he may hate us or think he does. But the love of self is also a far-reaching law. If we love ourselves we value the integrity of our own souls. We would rather lose the whole world than lose our own soul.

It always seems to me when I am working with people in prayer, that the more love we can bring into the case the more sure the healing will be. So, I am prepared to say the individual unit of Spiritual Power is composed of L3PFW—three measures of love and one each of prayer, faith and works.

We find such units of living Spiriting Power in the hearts and minds, the intent and purposes of living people. We do not have to collect them to make them into a pool. The pool creates itself. It is the climate, the atmosphere, the field of vibrations of a place in which a large number of people or a small number of people with a great many units of Spiritual Power each, live and work together in agreement for a set purpose. And here is how it works:

Say we have a small community in any town in America. Say there are forty such people in it who are highly evolved Spiritually, who gather together for the purpose of helping, healing others and the world. Each of these would work

every day, many times a day, as they went about their daily living, in love, prayer, faith and Christian work thus releasing these vibrations into the air of the community. It is well known that many people heal themselves when praying for others. None of this group would stoop to break a spiritual law hoping to get a private benefit. His family, his neighbors, even strangers would begin to see that this person had a Light, a Something that made him welcome wherever he went; that helped others merely by being near him.

Science tells us that anxiety and fears are contagious; that a man may be happy, contented and self-confident when he boards the bus to go to work in the morning. But if he sits beside a person who is being silently consumed with fear, worries, anxieties, that the happy man will "catch" those emotions if he does not know how to protect himself and that by the time he arrives at his destination, he is in a negative state of fear himself. Now love, being a higher vibration, than that of hate, faith being higher than fear, prayer and praise being higher than cursing, and work higher than idleness, we see how our person of Spiritual Power sitting silently beside bus companions could well build them all up. Think what it would be like if the sick person

would come into the presence of the whole pool, every unit of it, at the same time?

Healing by vibrations and proximity is a power that really works. For example, a man may be low in spirit, worried, think he hasn't a friend in the world, then go to church and come out completely changed. He stays that way until he hits another strata of negativeness. I have seen this happen so often I am convinced that any one who goes to church comes out a better person even if only temporarily. In lecturing I have seen it happen before my very eyes. Every week my mail brings some new proof of it. Yes indeed, healing by proximity, by bringing ones self into the center of the positive power of happiness, prayer, faith, love and Christian work is a reality.

In groups the power is multiplied if there are no "negatives" in the group. None of us alone can heal as quickly nor as surely as did Jesus Christ. But by combining the power existing in an entire town, say, we could create such a pool of Spiritual Power that any individual in it could "speak the word" and heal. He would get the help of every individual unit in the pool. This would be true even though the others might not know they were helping. Also, many an individual in the town, not even knowing of the pool, but praying alone, would

pick up that help without knowing he was getting it from the pool. Jesus must have healed many who had very little faith of their own. Jesus must have supplied the faith in many instances. For He was surprised, He marveled at the "man of authority" who had such great faith. And we are told that Jesus was not always able to heal because of the town's unbelief. So many people in a given community were unbelievers, had no faith, that it must have worked against the few who might have wanted to be healed.

Such pools of Spiritual Power could be created in every community before the CFO groups are held, for example. A whole town could be spiritually lifted up before the leaders and speakers arrived. I am sure the results would be amazing.

Where shall we find the people for such pools? Every community has church minded people and churches. But that is not enough. For most orthodox churches today do not stress prayer as a means of healing. Nor do they stress the fact that there is a Spirit in man by which he can help himself in life. What we need is a group made up from all denominations. Each person must have those four elements of Spiritual Power—Love, Faith, Work, Prayer. There are many good church members who pray

well enough, but they cannot love their neighbors or themselves. There are others who have faith, but who are not interested in Christian work. To create pools that heal every unit in it must be *alive*, be a four-element unit.

When we get such pools in various communities we shall soon see spots in America as famous as Lourdes. That is the point I am working for—pools that heal so consistently that the whole world will hear about them and people everywhere will take heart and try to create pools in their communities.

Many coming to such pools would be healed instantly, I am sure. They would be healed not only of physical ailments but of hate, fear, prejudice, all manner of unhappiness, all unhappy desires. They would be healed and prospered, for they would be freed of fears and habits resulting in poverty.

Would they stay healed? Well, Jesus warned that those who had been healed should be careful lest a worse thing came upon them. They were to sin no more. I know this is a principle of healing. I have seen it happen over and over. For to receive help, healing and have no gratitude, to go back to the old

way of making mistakes, sins, negative living, to hatreds is to bring a worse thing upon themselves. For once having been healed we are now held accountable for our acts. Our own consciousness brings that worse thing upon us for in our hearts, we feel we deserve it so we fear it, and it comes. There is no way to outwit the Spiritual Laws.

So our pools would also have to be "schools of thought" or teaching for those who would want healing and who would want to stay healed. Thus we see the value of drawing members from all churches, all walks of life who have agreed on the principles of healing. They would each have something to give to the whole group; they would teach each other. That, to me, is the kind of fellowship Jesus Christ recommended.

Where to start? Look around you. There already is a small pool, big enough to reflect your own face, isn't there, right at hand? Well, then, you have the beginning of a pool as large as your own community desires it to be. So seek and you will find those individuals in your community, your church, your office, all around you, who would like to help you establish a pool of living Spiritual Power. So . . . begin!



Self is the only prison that can ever bind the soul.—Henry Van Dyke

☪ He will comfort you and make the balance good.

And God Shall Make the Balance Good

Gertrude Brown

“AND God shall make the balance good.” This is so true, although it takes many of Paul’s daily dyings in our lives to discover its uplifting potency. But just as we are sure of God’s perfect equilibrium that holds the earth, the stars, the entire universe in Divine order, so we through faith can find His order and balance in our affairs today. It means “knowing the Truth” that will set us free from vacillation and limitation visioning a new freedom where God’s Divine Order can and will bring forth the harvest of this greater consciousness. His law cannot be denied. It must be fulfilled.

There are many today who need a new perception to behold it in its Divine Principle, but regardless of appearances it is there. In the darkest Egypt of our thinking, when we feel that something or someone has taken our heart and crushed out its song; when in despair and bewilderment we feel so far away from God, that is the time we need to realize it most. For that is the time of overcoming, when we need to draw close to Him; to lift our eyes and release in our hearts that spiritual freedom that will allow us to see the glory

of God’s compensation, and behold His omnipresent Truth as a glowing light to direct the way.

Maybe some loved one has passed away from your view and you feel that life has taken your dearest treasure. Lift up your eyes and see God unfolding in myriad little ways telling you that life is eternal and His love is sufficient for thee. Trust Him. He alone is all that you have need of. He will comfort you and make the balance good.

Maybe you are weary, tired of life’s struggle, embittered and disillusioned; life seems boring, futile, monotonous, not worthwhile any more. Lift up your eyes and behold His handiwork in the trees, the stars, the tiny rosebud that only yesterday seemed like a small green knot, the green grass just peeping through. Can’t you hear Him ever saying, “Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest”? Can’t you feel His power calming down those battering waves that engulf you, with His gentle “Peace, be still”?

Maybe a loved one has turned from you and your heart clutches with its agony and fear until the savor of life is stripped barren. Then do something and do it quick-

ly that will release you into the only stream where life truly exists; where His work needs your loving hands to provide His blessings for someone else.

Maybe you have lost your courage and feel that the fight is all gone from you. Then that is the time to know, to cherish in your heart knowledge that God's Will will be done, and His Will for you His child is "good." And for every whit of suffering, disappointment, fear and heartache, God will make the balance good, if you let Him. Then look around right where you are, and in faith behold Him in all things, in all people, in every situation. Let Him in His mightiness tell you of His Presence and Power in the visible signs of your environment, until His Presence becomes a realization within you, a spiritual concept greater than material. Then "I and the Father are One" becomes no longer a mere group of words but the vital balance wheel through which God can adjust and bring His perfect balance into being

in your life.

Yes, my friends, God does make the balance good, and the greater the depth to overcome, the greater victory we can look forward to. We can go forward and resurrect the thoughts and actions that have brought us into darkness, and find in the balance the glory of His generous love expressing to us through the channels that He alone can provide.

Release yourself; forgive those past darkened concepts and let them go. Count your blessings and give thanks for them. You will find God and in God the perfect power that will make the balance every bit whole. Give Him your faith and trust. Claim your balance of "good" as His child, and His blessings will make our life richer, here and now. And in those self same blessings His love will bring the perfect healing for your needs, and the courage to face life squarely and triumphantly for "my Father and I walk together." *Now* we are truly "One."



When I pray, let not the length of my words strangle their meaning. Let me never recite words that I do not understand, or speak prayers that through repetition have lost their meaning for me. Let me rather say simply and clearly what is in my heart. Let the form of my prayers to God vary with my needs, so that even the symbols of communion will aid that communion which is the purpose of all prayer. Let my words, and my life, be filled with genuine humility and love. This is my prayer.

—Phyllisann Courtis

☪ He believed that his consecration made it possible for God to use him.

Sikorsky's Faith and God

Austin Pardue

THE great Russian airplane designer, Igor Sikorsky, wrote an autobiography called "The Story of the Winged S." He told how, as a boy, his father took him to Paris and while there they visited an airport. Igor saw his first airplane as it attempted in vain to rise off the ground. Igor's imagination was stimulated with a burning desire to build a machine that would fly. After his return to Russia, he begged his father to be allowed to leave school and devote all his time to the construction of a heavier-than-air machine that would fly over the vast fields of his native land. The boy was about seventeen when he finally was allowed to stop school and work on a helicopter. He labored for two years and spent practically all of his father's money and failed. The machine wouldn't even rise off the ground. However, his father still had faith in him and so did his married sister, who gave him all the money she could possibly afford. He then worked for two years on an orthodox airplane which finally flew, but, on the second day of its successful trip, it faltered in mid-air and dove into the middle of a local lake, young Sikorsky barely escaping with his life. Thus ended

four years of work and the loss of the money that every member of his family had sacrificed to give him. The family still had faith in Igor and mortgaged their property so that he could continue to fulfill the desire that burned in every fiber of his body and brain. He entered his next plane in the race for the Grand Prize of Russia, the first one to be offered by the Czar, and he won. From that point he went on to build the first successful multiple-motored plane and finally he designed and produced the famous China Clipper. He states that his success was not due to a great intellect but to the fact that his family had faith in his burning desire. Furthermore he believed that his consecration made it possible for God to use him. Through his devotion to a vision and his faith in that objective, God made manifest another of His unlimited gifts, which are awaiting incarnation as man is ready to receive them.

The Lord's Prayer is so vast a concept of life that all of the scholarship, research and spiritual intuition we may employ will take us but a short way into the infinite wisdom of God. In the Greek version of the prayer the first word

written was "Father." This word "Father" tells you what to expect from God and what God can expect from you.

One of the reasons why religion means so little to many people is because they do not understand what God is like. You and I cling to old childhood superstitions and from them we get into a spiritual and mental mix-up. We are somewhat like a little girl in my week-day religious school up in northern Minnesota. I asked, "What does God look like?" One little girl frantically waved her hand and I called on her. She began, "God looks like a big old man with a

long beard, and sometimes He walks through Heaven carrying a big staff. Whenever He does it rains and thunders." Immediately a little boy raised his hand and oh'd in utter disagreement. I called on him and he said, "God don't look like a man, because He can't, because God is a spirit." "He don't look like nothin' but He makes everything because He's in everything and He's everywhere." The youngster was right. God doesn't look like those pictures that were painted back in the Middle Ages; St. Paul described Him as a spirit who is "above all, through all, and in you all."

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



Possibilities

Ted Miller

- Longfellow could take a worthless sheet of paper, write a poem on it, and make it worth \$6,000. That is GENIUS.
- Rockefeller can sign his name to a piece of paper and make it worth millions. That is CAPITAL.
- Uncle Sam can take gold, stamp an eagle on it, and make it worth \$20.00. That is MONEY.
- A Mechanic can take material worth \$5.00 and make an article worth \$50.00. That is SKILL.
- An artist can take a fifty cent piece of canvas, paint a picture on it, and make it worth \$1,000. That is ART.
- God can take a worthless, sinful life, cleanse it with the Love of Christ, put His spirit in it, and make it a blessing to humanity. That is SALVATION.

☪ The grace of God is not bound by the rules of human logic.

"...And Peter"

Rev. B. J. Johnson

BUT GO your way, tell his disciples and Peter that he goeth before you into Galilee; there shall ye see him, as he said unto you" (Mk. 16:7)

Among the many gems of spiritual truth surrounding the resurrection of Jesus, none shines with greater comfort to the saint who has sinned than does this word from the angel to the women. Here we see Christ's kind thought and consideration for that disciple who had so shamefully denied all connection with Him. As Christ dealt with Peter, so He deals with all His erring children, for "God is no respecter of persons."

How thankful we are for that little word about Peter! It must have been a healing ointment to the bruised heart of the Christ-denier. To others it was of little importance that Peter's name should have been mentioned just then and there; to Peter himself it was like life from the dead. Peter was singled out for a special appointment with his Lord. Luke tells us about Christ's private interview with Peter. See Lk. 24:34. Paul also refers to it in his "many infallible proofs" of the resurrection (1 Cor. 15:3-5).

Just what passed between Peter and Christ on that momentous oc-

casion is hidden from all eyes. Not a word has been revealed of the secrets of that hour. But we may be sure that forgiveness was sought and granted and that Peter came to know the deeper meaning of that word of warning spoken before his shameful fall, "Simon, Simon, behold, Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat: But I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not; and when thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren." (Lk. 22:31-32).

It was Peter who had sinned and the Lord who had been sinned against. Logic would say that the one at fault should make the first approach. Grace says otherwise. The Grace of God is not bound by the rules of human logic. Consequently, the Lord approached Peter. He made it as easy as possible for Peter to come back. Even before the fall, He said, "I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not." And here, after the resurrection, He took special pains to see that Peter was mentioned by name.

How encouraging all this is to the person who has sinned! It is always God who takes the first step in the direction of the sinner. It was God who said to Adam, "Where art thou?" It was God who sent His

Son into the world, "not to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might be saved." "We love him because he first loved us" (I Jn. 4:19).

The mentioning of Peter shows us also that Christ deals with us as individuals. We are living in days of mass movements. Men worship big crowds. The individual is swallowed up in the multitudes. We are like a man who looks at the woods and forgets the individual trees. The Lord does not generalize in His dealings with us. He calleth His own sheep by name. He loves the world because He loves each soul in it and regards each of more value than the whole world of material things. He is not only "the Lord of hosts" but also "the mighty God of Jacob."

Christ's interview with Peter took place on the day of the resurrection. (See Lk. 24:34). We are not told exactly what happened, but we know that Peter was restored to full fellowship and service. One week later he affirmed his love for Christ three times in succession. (Jn. 21:15-19).

The private interview on the day of the resurrection reveals Christ's tender love and consideration. Jesus made it as easy as possible for Peter to return. He spared him from unnecessary embarrassment. Peter did not come back to Christ publicly,

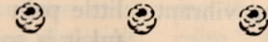
but privately. Christ sought him out, found him and restored him. There is a vital lesson in soul-winning here. The work of the Holy Spirit cannot be confined to one certain mold or method. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit" (Jn. 3:8). Some do find Christ publicly, surrounded by others and carried along by the excitement of the hour. But there are also some who find Him privately, unknown and unseen by any other human being. Peter never revealed the details of that private interview with the Savior. The confessions which he doubtless made to the Lord, the bitter tears as he remembered his shameful fall, the sweet word of forgiveness—all these are forever locked in the secrets of that memorable meeting. There are some things which we need tell only to our Lord. If we have wronged others, we should admit it and ask forgiveness, but it is not necessary to reveal all the details of a whole life of sin. To Christ we may tell all, confess all, knowing that He will forgive and cleanse. (See I Jn. 1:9.)

Peter becomes an example of the security which the true believer has in Christ. The Lord prayed for him that his faith might not fail. But

notice this important fact: Peter was definitely restored. He did not remain away from Christ. There were bitter tears of repentance. There was a private interview with Jesus. There was a public confession and profession of love for the Lord. (See Jn. 21:15-17). Peter

came back over the bitter road of "godly sorrow which worketh repentance unto salvation." That road lies open to all who have sinned. "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness" (I Jn. 1:9).

From *Beacon and Evangelist*, 2950 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis, Minn., January 22, 1952.



The Choice Is Ours

Josephine Mathers Cook

WHATEVER is true, honorable, just, pure, lovely and gracious, think on these things. (Philippians 4:8,9)

A woman, calling on her friend, who was hopelessly crippled from an attack of polio, said, "I suppose this illness will color the rest of your life."

"Yes," said the invalid, "but I will choose the color."

Paul, realizing that a person's thoughts color one's life, advised the Philippians to think on the things that make for beautiful living.

Psychologists tell us that we may select the thoughts that we want to occupy our minds. We may accomplish this by:

1. An effort of the will. God strengthens our wills through prayer, so that we can, "bring every

thought into captivity to the obedience of Christ."

2. Choosing to know persons and books that stimulate and challenge our best thought responses.

3. Substituting thoughts of courage and cheer for those of fear and anxiety.

4. Practicing the presence of God each day, knowing that he will sustain us and help us to keep our minds on spiritual things.

5. Affirming God's goodness and love, thus dispersing any undesirable thoughts we have been hoarding.

If Paul were here today his message would be the same. He had found peace and a satisfying relation with his God. We also may enjoy peace, if we choose thoughts that will flood our lives with glorious color.

☐ You will just keep on knowing and your heart will keep on singing.

Just Know

Anna K. Lindsey

POOR suffering, worried, weary soul! Come with me. Let us set aside our work a while, relax and visit a bit, and perhaps we may be able to penetrate the dense fog that dims your joy in life. You know God created us to be happy, free, vibrant with life.

“Let’s take off those uncomfortable old shoes—put on these soft, warm house slippers and rest your aching feet. Oh, yes, lie down and relax, but first let me fluff up the pillow a bit. There now! Comfortable?”

“Yes, yes, I know your shoulder aches. Do you remember the man with the withered hand? Jesus said, ‘Stretch forth thine hand,’ and his hand was restored whole as the other. Remember? What’s an aching shoulder as compared to that withered, useless hand! You know He can heal this one little aching shoulder if you will but trust Him with it.

“Oh, I know that old pain in your stomach! You’ve told me so many times. What’s it? Think of

the woman with an issue of blood for twelve years, a running sore for that many years! Your little pain is not that old. You recall she said, ‘If I may but touch the hem of His garment I shall be healed.’ You know He can remove your little pain and be glad and thankful it is so. You will relax, believe and not worry over that any more. Worry is faith in reverse and that’s not getting you any where. You want no more of that!

“What, that knee? Let’s turn this way and it won’t hurt so bad, and let’s think of that poor fellow at the pool. He couldn’t move himself and for thirty-eight years he had endured his infirmity. Poor fellow! Then Jesus healed him instantly. He got up and walked and carried his bed, imagine it! Yours is just one knee! Just know He can heal that and make it perfect. You can’t doubt it. Just know He can heal you and make you whole. Now go to sleep, determined never to doubt or worry again. You are released from bondage. You will just keep on knowing and your heart will keep on singing.”



A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance; but by sorrow of the heart the spirit is broken.—Proverbs 15-31

☐ The silent period is a stabilizer which quiets fears and bad emotions and helps us to recognize what is true and right for us.

Make Room for Calmness

By Mrs. Phil Regan as told to Dena Reed

TODAY, with the world full of speed and utter confusion, we are called upon to make lightning decisions about our lives. Our children and grandchildren look to us for wise advice garnered from longer experience; we must be counselor, philosopher, diplomat, housekeeper, economist, hostess, nurse and teacher. Our tasks may be no greater than our grandmothers'; but at least they had time to think them through; our pace of living has become so accelerated that it is easy to fall into exhaustion and muddleheadedness. The fatigue of our day is not the good, old-fashioned healthy physical tiredness but a breathless weariness of the spirit.

Yet I've found that there's a way to avoid this weariness and confusion. It is simply to have a quiet place and repair to it daily. When you do, you can tap an endless reservoir of calm, you can be renewed and replenished, you can get wisdom and strength for all that you are called upon to do. All of us have this quiet place at the core of our being. If our thinking is right, we may find it even in the midst of noise and people. But, of course, it is easier to find it in soli-

tude—in your room, your garden or your church—any place where you may shut the mind's door to outward rush and worry and establish a receptive stillness.

“At the heart of the cyclone tearing the sky is a place of central calm,” said Edwin Markham. So it is with us. There is a place of central calm within us; we need only find it.

Perhaps your life is just as full of activity as ours. Since I have four children of different temperaments, four grandchildren, and a husband in the fast-moving double careers of motion pictures and radio which keep transplanting us from the West to the East and back again, you can guess how full of busyness I am. Yet in the midst of it all, I try to take time out each day to be still enough to let God's guidance come through.

Perhaps you imagine that you do not have the time to be still. Believe me, time spent in this way is saved many times over in the poise, confidence and facility with which we can later attack our tasks and problems. “Be still and know that I am God,” the Bible tells us. And I always remember an old poem which asks, “How can you hear

unless you listen? How can you listen unless you are still?" It is in silence that we contact this force which results in constant guidance.

In our house in Pasadena, California, we have a "quiet room." It is a sort of chapel where each of us goes to be alone, to find himself, to pray and to think things through. At first we thought it came to us accidentally. Now we believe that this, like everything else, came by Divine Plan. It happened this way: When we moved into the house we found that there was a small room on the ground floor known as the "telephone room" because the former tenant had had the phone installed there so that no one would overhear his conversation. In a close family such as ours, this was unnecessary, for we have no secrets from one another. So there we were with this tiny room, freshly papered and painted like the rest, but no plans made for it. One day I came in to find that Phil had hung up a plaque there. It read "Prayer Changes Things," and since there was nothing else in the room, it hit you forcibly.

I had been toying with the idea of making the tiny room a kind of retreat or "quiet place," but I had said nothing about it to Phil. Now I asked him curiously, "What made you put that up?" "Because I believe it," was all he said. Like many men, Phil is rather shy about re-

ligion. He can't talk about praying—he just does it.

I told him of my plan for the room and he liked the idea. Both of us need solitude, for with a big family we seldom have it. But our quiet room has brought it to all of us and with it a sense of well-being. We use it for prayer, for rest and as a thinking spot. I do not necessarily go there with folded hands. Sometimes I take my sewing and think out problems while I'm busy with this restful task. Sometimes when Phil is away and has written me a letter asking my opinion or advice about something, I go to our quiet place before formulating my answer. There in the stillness the right and wise answer has always come. When Phil is home, if he goes into our quiet room looking worried, he usually comes out whistling, as if his burdens have disappeared.

God has been very good to us, both in the matter of Phil's career and in giving us material blessings. Yet there were many times down through the years when we were sorely puzzled about knowing the right way to go. I remember when Phil was just starting on his entertainment career. He had always had a fine natural voice and was given a chance to sing on the Lombardo and Burns and Allen programs. After that he was offered a chance to go to Hollywood and

make a screen test. We had married very young—Phil at 17, I at 16. He had worked in an office and been a chauffeur. But now he was offered the chance to gamble for something bigger—either a big opportunity or a big failure. We thought about it from every angle. We had three babies and only \$400 in the bank. People in Hollywood had extensive wardrobes. Phil's was very slim. It was hard to know whether to take the gamble. But in the stillness the answer came. We would divide our savings. Phil would take half, get some clothes and try his luck for one month. With my \$200 I'd live until he either sent for us or returned. Phil sent for us within two weeks, for he had a two-year contract with Warner Brothers. Since then he has made twenty-two pictures with Hollywood's foremost stars. The Regans began a new life.

It was a life quite different from what we dreamt it would be back in Brooklyn. Both of us had to meet new situations every day. When the children were of school age, I'd see the last one off each morning and then I'd go off by myself to get still and pray. I felt that it made for happiness and harmony in our home to seek wisdom and direction. And in my "quiet period" I learned many things—how to make our finances stretch between pictures, how to manage

the children (each different from the other), how to help my husband with his new career. Later when the children were grown and separated for a time by college or war, I used to ask that God's love encircle the whole family and keep us as safe and close as we had always been. I've always felt that this circle of love is a most powerful force that nothing can penetrate.

Whenever possible while the children were growing, I'd travel with Phil. But if I had to stay home when he went east, I'd often write him about a particular matter, only to find that he'd written me on the same subject in a letter that crossed mine. He used to laugh and say I had read his mind; and it was true—the periods of solitude seemed really to bring us together to the point where we often knew what the other was thinking. Once when the family was living on Long Island (Phil had brought us on from the Coast while he was trying out a new play), I talked to him by long-distance telephone in Boston where the tryout was and he said things looked fine. Yet the next day in my "quiet" session I had the strangest feeling that I should take a plane to go to him right away. I did, and when I walked into the theater and he saw me, he cried, "Am I glad you've come! I was wishing you would!" Some difficul-

ty had come up overnight—and Phil never did open in that play.

There have been so many incidents like this in our lives that we take them as a matter of course. For we have proved that silence not only gives us wisdom, it often sharpens our intuition and gives us “flash thoughts” like the one which told me Phil needed me.

The idea for “A Child’s Magic Key To Heaven,” a little book I wrote for children, came to me in our quiet room, too. You will find that all kinds of inspiration and wisdom come to you, unexpectedly, in the silence. I am happy to say that our children have learned how wonderful our little room can be.

Your quiet place may be your kitchen, your library or a shady

spot in your garden. Phil often finds peace and the answers to problems while he digs in the soil. We’ve learned that God has a plan for each of us and that as you become still, regardless of where you are, that plan is revealed. The silent period is a stabilizer which helps us to recognize what is true and right for us.

As long as you are alive, there are decisions to make and problems to solve, but the answer is always there. If you become still enough you’ll hear it. “In quietness and confidence is our strength.” There, too, are wisdom and power so that you may turn every perplexing situation into fulfillment of the promise: “Lo, I am with you alway.”

From *Journal of Living*, 1819 Broadway, New York, N. Y., January, 1952.



Harbored

Georgia Moore Eberling

Somewhere there is a hallowed morning land
Where all that we have loved and lost somehow,
We’ll find again upon a lustrous strand:
The pure, white dreams of May; the purple bough
Of youthful love; the scattered crystal beads
Of broken friendship, safely strung again,
By Love that proves itself in tender creeds.
There we shall see the snarled and tangled skein
Of shattered fellowship made smooth and new;
The hope that was betrayed we too shall find,
And buds of faith will bloom once more leal blue,
And we shall know that all God’s ways were kind.
Beyond the shoals of time and past life’s bar
The loved and lost are harbored on some star.

☐ The art of taking sight on more immediate targets.

The Moon is Too Far

William J. Murdoch

A FRIEND of mine recently bought a new car after years of saving. He is proud of it, and rightfully, for it is a beauty in every respect and it does represent a good deal of determination and careful thrift. He would be bewildered and hurt, I am sure, if he knew how his wife feels about it.

Oh, she thinks the car is wonderful, of course, for she has wanted one in the family for as long as her husband has. But while she was willing to drive and be seen in a used car of almost any age, as long as it ran dependably and did not incur excessive repair bills, he would settle for nothing less than a new model. They had money enough for a good used car, but he was, to use his favorite expression, “shooting for the moon.”

So for years they stayed at home or rode crowded busses and street cars or relied reluctantly upon friends to taxi them here and there. Their children resigned themselves to never going on their own exclusive family picnics and enjoying other trips and outings as their friends did. Swiftly they left the childhood years when such family ventures are so much fun. When the new car did roll in their driveway,

there was great glee, and no mistake—but there was a little quiet bitterness, too. Father had finally shot the moon. At last he had hit his target—but they all had missed a lot of family fun and convenience.

It seems a pity, but most people who do shoot for the moon lose out in the long run. They may, in rare cases, hit the target, but they’re so busy compiling ammunition for this one grand shot that they overlook many desirable targets that are much closer at hand. Too often, the moon is beyond their range, and by the time they discover this unhappy fact they have precious little time or ammunition left for nearer marks.

Surely, “shooting for the moon” is a fearful waste of life if it means complete disregard of all other possible targets. To insist implacably upon a new automobile or none at all seems silly, if a good used one is within easy reach. To deny yourself the satisfaction of moderate success in your work, simply because you have not reached and perhaps can never reach the ultimate peak, is cruelty to yourself. To want your world with a string around it, or have nothing to do with the world at all, is maddening ambition.

There is nothing very wrong with ambition. It does corrode

peace of mind and shuts out contentment; but there can be no progress without it. However, when the individual's definition of ambition is so narrow that it permits only the most selfish accomplishment or no accomplishment at all, it is no longer ambition but a particularly unpleasant form of vanity. Worse, it defeats its own purpose. Carried to an extreme, we would be a society wherein every man worth less than \$1,000,000 would be a pauper, every man either top boss or the lowest hireling. Every woman who could not marry a man as handsome as the current Hollywood or television attraction would remain a spinster.

With ambition, as with most aspects of living, there must be compromises. Few of us ever reach the heights to which we aspired in our youth. For the truth of the matter is, most of us are average. Not ordinary: average. We do have one or two outstanding talents, the ability to do one thing or other better than most people. But these superiorities are more often than not offset by our deficiencies in other respects,

and so in the great leveling off through the years we reach the average level of accomplishment and there we stay. The moon is quite beyond us.

It is a pleasant level. We have much company and very little misery. We have neither the hopelessness nor bitterness of those who would not or could not come up to us, nor the loneliness of the few who have shot way beyond us. True, there is much we wish we had. But there is much we are glad we do have, and there is much we are glad we do not have. Clearly, we have the better of it.

And we get that way not by "shooting for the moon," but by taking sight on more immediate targets. When we hit one, we train on the next. And the next and the next, as long as our ammunition lasts and our eye remains clear. With every bull's-eye we experience the proud thrill of achievement, a satisfaction that comes but once in a blue moon, and usually not even that frequently, to him who shoots exclusively for that un-earthly target.



Faith

Ida M. Pardue

Faith is believing without a sign
Accepting what comes as His design.

From the Desk of Glenn Clark

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

QUESTION: I am constantly thrown with hateful, unlovable people and am growing like them because I am losing my power to love. How can I learn how to love people?

ANSWER: The first step that you should take, and it may prove your hardest, is to see everyone you come in contact with as an absolutely perfect being. Immediately you will start to answer, "How can I see perfection in this and that one." Let me interrupt you right there. You have entered a music store where a dozen of the most perfect, expensive victrolas are all going at once. You listen to each one in turn and discover that they are playing the worst kind of cheap jazz music. When the proprietor of the store asks you which victrola you would care to buy, you respond by saying you would not accept one of them even as a gift because of the very imperfect and disgusting music they are playing. Look upon your fellow men as victrolas made after the image and likeness of the most perfect material that was ever known, capable of producing the most beautiful music that was ever created. Then do not condemn them for their misfortune in having their environment and their associates place upon them records which are unworthy of them. The hate thoughts, the suspicious thoughts, the worry thoughts, the foul thoughts are what the world should get after and lock up in penitentiaries and not the pure, perfect, innocent beings which are more or less the victims of those thoughts. What would we think of music dealers who would lock up in musty cells behind iron bars all the brand new victrolas which had had the

misfortune of having a bad record placed upon them while they still sold the records to all who would buy? Still more foolish would be the music dealers who destroy such victrolas with axes and ropes, or by some new invention called electrocution, while they left the records to run riot. So we, in our position of dealers, not in music but in the music of the spheres, would punish and criticize perfect beings because of the records that are placed upon them while we continually broadcast hate thoughts, covetous thoughts, and worry thoughts ourselves.

A better illustration than the victrola is the radio, for the thoughts that come to us are rarely congealed or solidified into anything so permanent as the wax record, but we simply tune in to the wrong station, and there are as many stations as there are human emotions. We talk about man being master of his fate and responsible for his actions, but let me say that until a man understands that from God's standpoint he is merely a channel and not a factory, that he is but a receiving station and not a broadcasting station, that he is merely a victrola and not a record, will he ever rise to where he will be a true master of his own fate; but the moment a person discovers this and then learns that he can select his own records and choose his own broadcasting stations which he wishes to tune in on, that moment he ceases to be a victim of every chance emotion that blows and commences to bring about harmony and efficiency into his life.

As soon as you are able to see all mankind in this light, you will see that you

have commenced to see how to love. Jesus did not ask anyone to love covetousness and impurity and anger; nevertheless, he mingled among thieves and harlots and sinners and loved everyone, but the strange thing was that as soon as he commenced to love them they ceased to be sinners. In other words, they tuned into new music, the music of high love. The moment you find that you can love others by seeing them rightly for what they are, you will find that they commence to grow better under your unconscious influence. Then

life will take on meaning to you, for when you free others, you will find that you are growing free yourself, that from somewhere, from some great broadcasting station the *power to love* will commence to vibrate through you. To learn how to love you do not have to learn anything, you do not have to do anything; all you have to do is to let go and tune into the infinite broadcasting station of God. God is Love, and the source of power is opened to us as soon as we tune in with, or find our organic union with, God.



For Each a Star

Theresa E. Black

The stars must have another duty
Than share with us alone their beauty.
Perhaps that brilliant dazzling light
May shine for Abraham each night.
That star with many lustrous stems
Might be but one of David's gems.
I like to think each star a soul
Luminating God's great scroll,
That when I go and day turns dark
You search the heavens for a spark.

There is no duty we so much underrate as the duty of being happy. By being happy we sow anonymous benefits upon the world, which remain unknown even to ourselves, or, when they are disclosed, surprise nobody so much as the benefactor. Do not forget that even as "to work is to worship," so to be cheery is to worship also, and to be happy is the first step to being pious. There is an idea abroad among moral people that they should make their neighbors good. One person I have to make good: myself. But my duty to my neighbor is much more nearly expressed by saying that I have to make him happy, if I may.

—Robert Louis Stevenson

We are sculptors and painters, and our material is in our own flesh and blood and bones. Any nobleness begins at once to refine a man's features, any meanness or sensuality to imbrute them.—*Thoreau*

On Prayer Groups

By Ethel Dow

*"If radio's slim fingers
Can pluck a melody
From night and toss it over
A continent or sea;
If songs, like crimson roses,
Are culled from thin blue air,
Why should mortals wonder
If God hears prayer?"*

—Ethel Romeg Fuller

What is your deepest desire, your earnest prayer? Do you want it, at whatever price, or have you a deep understanding that it must be for the good of everyone concerned? A loving desire brings God's continual answer. A little story may help to explain how such a desire is fulfilled when given straight to God. It is the custom at the Minnesota Camp Farthest Out, at the end of the day, to divide into groups for prayer. All of the "Scholarship Kids" were in one group. There were forty-two of them that day in 1950. In the group sat a girl from a mid-western college, a girl with a deep desire. Frank Laubach was their leader that day and during the hour he asked if different ones would name some deep desire so that the group could pray for it if it was a worthy desire.

This particular girl said she had been praying to be used on the mission field when she finished college. The whole group was silent a long time as each one gave this great yearning need to the Father. Immediately afterward Frank Laubach called this girl aside. "I have just been given a substantial check," he said, "to be used for the extension of the Kingdom. I am giving it to you."

Just today I received a letter from Campinas, Sao Paulo, Brazil, with Resurrection Day Blessings from this same girl. I quote:

"The blessings of our Father have been great and glorious for He has provided for all things. I am living in a Brazilian home which has not as yet given allegiance to Jesus as Lord. They

know only the dead Christ and not the living Saviour and constant Friend. Pray with me that I may have the loving Jesus in my heart at all times in order to be a testimony. I have again been blessed by the opportunity of going to a language school—and thanks again for granting me the scholarship to that wonderful C.F.O. Camp."

Because prayer works, our prayer groups are growing! News from Ohio says, "We have a prayer group which meets all day and evening. Sort of a "day apart." Several ministers, teachers, home makers, businessmen—it is a wonderful group."

From Michigan—"Well I know that you are at your desk and in prayer and soon I will see my address written on one of your envelopes. *Clear Horizons* is giving us so much information now. Our prayer group meets every Monday night and I feel very selfish attending it for I feel that each one should follow Dr. Laubach in his idea of 'Each one, teach one' and our slogan be *Each one start one.*"

One reader is concerned because the leader of their group has suggested they study techniques in prayer and wants to keep a balance between methods and prayer, and not get lost in the methods. It is true that even the method of body relaxation can be an obstacle. The goal for the group is basic—to contact God. Then let your body, your mind, your silence be receptive for God as a Revealer. A relaxed body, a poised mind and a clean heart and an abiding love for Him and for each other creates the conditions for God to do His perfect work.

From Illinois: "It is surprising how people come to us with requests that they want us to pray about and we have had some blessed answers to prayer."

Tic Watson's work among the shut-ins which is written up in the spring *Clear Horizons* has brought many requests from people who want to know how to form a really workable Prayer Group. The need is urgent. The willingness comes from isolated areas where "praying has to be done in my own room" to the great interdenominational agencies of the Council of Churches where "Prayer Laboratories are in progress to help people to be unafraid to voice what is in their heart."

From a friend in Iowa: "Out of a prayer group in Iowa grew the idea of a downtown reading room which later grew into a bookshop.

"One group member offered the space and three or four others offered their time. Five women invested money amounting to about \$135.00 for the first order of books and specialties. Then everyone in the group brought all their own used books for the nucleus of a lending library.

"When we went to put an 'ad' in the paper, the publisher said, 'Give us book reviews every week if you can and do not pay us a cent.' So, we have unlimited advertising along with an attractive show window that displays many books, Bibles, pictures and other specialties with Biblical and spiritual implications.

"We call it the C.F.O. (Christ for others) bookshop. All of our work-

ers are busy women so we are open only afternoons and Saturday evenings. When no 'clerk' has been available, the women in the adjoining bakery carry on 'business as usual' for us with a great deal of enthusiasm.

"Since we opened last June we have sold about 185 books of a spiritual nature, about 60 Bibles and numerous pictures, bookmarks, plaques and small booklets such as *Clear Horizons*.

"Our group meets at 7 o'clock Monday mornings. The evening group is made up of both men and women. Little groups? *But they do a lot of praying.*"

Look about and see what your heart says to do about some need, and then do it. Pray for the health of someone, pray for the best service you can give, pray for the best peace beginning with yourself and see it existing. *He doeth the works.*

My own earthly father used to say, "The Holy Spirit comes where He feels at home."

So how is it possible to be critical, unjust, resentful, or have self-pity when by *abiding* we may be made whole? Make the Holy Spirit feel at home. Your desire to bless the whole world is God's presence within you. You reach across the miles on the radio waves of the Holy Spirit. The Holy Spirit feels at home where He finds an abode of Peace.

"My Peace I give unto you . . ." said Jesus. Your part is to take it.

"Our Father"

Lewis Lipps

The needs I have are mostly weaknesses,
Like children crying in the dark—
Not just in fear, rather to have a grown-up hand to hold.

Strong man, there is a hand forever stretching toward you,
And great enough to hold the whole world in its virile clasp.

The World Needs Prayer

Miles Clark

Our Heavenly Father, we pray for vision. Guide those who lead us that they may not falter on the road to peace. We pray for love. Teach us all not to hate Thy children but take them all into our hearts. We pray for mercy. Forgive us for straying from Thy ways. We pray for joy. In the world of torment and pain, help us to be courageous to reflect Thy love in our daily lives. Amen.

CHOOSING A PRESIDENT. The big days in summer politics are July 7 for the Republican National Convention and July 21 for the Democratic National Convention in Chicago. For the first time in history these conventions will be truly "national." Television will enable about 50,000,000 people to see what actually happens in a convention. Of course, the votes will be of those small groups of men and women who are delegates. But voters everywhere can see who is doing a good job and can register this in their ballots on November 6.

Now is the time to act. Get out and register. Get your friends to register and then vote. We get the kind of government we deserve. Let us deserve better than we are getting through working for better government.

KOREA: TRUCE IN THE AIR. Experts say that there will be a truce with the Chinese Communists if a settlement can be made on exchanging prisoners. It is felt that other differences will disappear if the prisoner question can be dealt with adequately. We must learn the difficult task of dealing with the Russians forcefully but not without patient and intelligent counsel. It is the toughest job on our side today. We have to learn it the hard way.

RUSSIA: "PEACE" ON THEIR TERMS. Russia has begun a series of gestures that can bring peace if they want it. The tactics this time includes: (1) asking for a conference to discuss German unification and peace treaty (the West is willing but up to now Russia has refused the West's prerequisite—free elections); (2) the recent economic conference in Moscow showing Russia interested in reviving trade with the West; and (3) Communist negotiators are seeking a compromise which suggested they might be interested in signing a truce (see above).

Reasons for the changed attitude of Russia may stem from the success of General Eisenhower with the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, military measures in the Far East and economic aid by the U. S.

If a substantial Point IV program is pushed this might be even a larger factor in changing attitudes of the Soviet. Here is a vital point to direct our prayers.

POINT 4—LEAPS FORWARD IN BACKWARD AREAS. Several hundred delegates have just finished three days of the most ambitious Point 4 conference yet held (the National Conference on International Economics and Social Development). Washington, D. C.'s great Shoreham Hotel saw government, peace groups, business, labor, veterans, school, cooperative officials and representatives of the backward nations themselves, meet together to hear problems discussed by such men as William O. Douglas, Associate Justice, U. S. Supreme Court, Dean Acheson, Secretary of State, and Charles Malik, the Christian Minister from Lebanon.

Sponsored by over sixty organiza-

tions, the conference was called "truly a national town meeting" by Eric Johnston, chairman of the International Development Advisory Board and former government and business official.

President Harry Truman in a message to the conference said, "This is not a starry-eyed idealism. If we fail to do this job, we will never have world peace. If we do the (Point IV) job, the world will be transformed."

Glenn Harding, executive director of Koinonia Training School, Pikesville, Md., told in one of the panel forums of the program of training in Christian ideals and world-wide outlook that they are undertaking.

Surprisingly enough it was a government official who brought the most thrilling Christian message. He told of their panel discussion in which the phrase "spiritual aid" was constantly being used. He said this conference realizes that spiritual forces must go hand in hand with physical and economic aid.

Direct your prayers to the "silent billions." All people are now aroused to reach out to them. Find your part.

WE ARE ALL BROTHERS. A new impetus to peace is embodied in the Declaration of Interdependence drawn together recently by an informal committee of editors, business men, religious leaders, artists and authors meeting at Capon Springs, Va.

In order to help individuals of every nation feel the closeness of other individuals, a preliminary statement has been drawn up. It is printed in poetic form by the National Education Association, 1201 16th St., N. W., Washington 6, D. C.

"No man, nor nation, can stand alone," the statement says.

The Declaration has as one of its guiding lights Otto Mallery, Philadelphia, Pa., business man and author. The force of the Declaration

according to Mallery is that it "rests not on law, but on moral principles common to all religions and that it aims to find bases of agreement on specific projects across frontiers among men of good will living under all economic development."

Here is a Point IV of ideas that can bridge the gaps between peoples.

MEN IN CHURCH. The March 1st *Saturday Evening Post* drew the attention of the country to the fact that men are practicing Christianity. Much of the article describes the Laymen's Movement for a Christian World, headed by Wallace Spears. Also included are the Breakfast Clubs of Abraham Vereide, Moral Rearmament and the Christian Business Man's Committee. Among those that reach out to both men and women were the Camps Farthest Out of Glenn Clark, Stanley Jones' Ashrams and Father James Keller's Christopher Movement.

Wittenberg College (Lutheran), Springfield, O., has just announced the first laymen's national theological school.

The Presbyterian U. S. Men's Council's annual convention held in Atlanta, Ga., attracted 10,000—the largest Protestant men's convention in the history of this country.

Men are important to the life of the church and the church is important to their lives. Here is renewed evidence that men are finding this out and churches and Christian groups are making a place for them in a special way.

OUR NEW AMBASSADOR TO RUSSIA. President Truman has appointed George F. Kennan ambassador to Russia. Kennan was supposedly the author of the containment policy of Russia. He believed in getting tough with Russia when Russia was playing tough. But in his recent book, *American Policy* (University of Chicago Press), he speaks like

Albert Schweitzer when he says "the most important influence that the United States can bring in Russia will continue to be the influence of example." He says we must have the armament and even the Voice of America, but "these are sterile and negative if they are not given meaning and substance by something that goes deeper. Any message we may try to bring to others will be effective only if it is in accord with what we are to ourselves."

Each of us must change himself before we can change another nation. The largest atom bombs and most powerful radio stations cannot tell a story that we do not live.

GET YOUR DEGREE IN PEACE. Manchester College at North Manchester, Ind., has established a department of Peace Studies under the direction of Gladys E. Muir, professor of history.

The college will grant a B.A. degree for work on international relations applied to the promotion of peace. Nine faculty members are taking part in the program which will include Communications, History, Biology, Foreign Languages, Psychology, Economics, Philosophy and Political Science.

The purpose of the curriculum is "to meet the need for increased exploration and research in an area that has proved to be of vital importance to the survival of our civilization."

NEWS NOTES. State Department funds have been cut by one-third in preliminary Congressional action. Funds for a mission to the Vatican have been denied through this cut.

● Billy Graham has announced he will move his headquarters from Minneapolis to Washington. He feels it is closer to the center of national life.

● Land reform has begun in Syria, one of the Arab nations, on a cooperative basis.

● Twenty-two million Bibles were distributed in the world in 1951 it was announced at the conference of the United Bible Societies recently in Ootacamun, India. Norwegian Bishop Berggaav was re-elected president.

● UMT was probably defeated this year by Congress when the House of Representatives sent the bill back to committee by a large vote of 236 to 162.



If You Listen

Edith Tatum

If you listen with your heart
And keep your thoughts quite still
You hear life stir deep in the earth
Its mission to fulfill.

For every bit of waiting clod
Contains the germ of seed,
And with spring rain and sun will come
To fill our human need.

Easy Living

Glen M. Taylor

A WISE teacher, Jesus, said, "And why are ye anxious concerning raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: And yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

I think I know why lilies are so lovely; they toil not; they spin not; they are effortless, and thus are full of energy and vibrant life. They reflect the beauty of the unseen, and everything in the physical is only a reflection of the real world just as the lake mirrors the mountain towering above it. Because lilies are effortless the beauty of reality is reflected in them.

All of creation is the same. Created perfectly; created beautifully; created harmoniously—all of creation is a lovely reflection of the Creator. But we fail to see the loveliness of the lilies, the oaks, the elms, the evergreens, the birds, and of people. Failing to see the loveli-

ness in all creation is failing to see God, for God is Love and Love creates only lovely things.

If we had eyes that could really see and ears of hearing we could and would be living in a beautiful harmonious world. Then why all the discord? Why all of the ugly pictures that we see in life?

Jesus also said, "Judge not that ye be not judged." In other words, if by our criticism, self or otherwise, we judge evil which is to project evil in place of good then we see and hear evil, discord, and ugly pictures.

Perhaps, if we, like the lilies, became effortless and passive in order that all of God's beauty could shine out through us then all of a sudden our world would shine in loveliness and splendor because then we would hear no evil, and speak no evil—and behold ourselves living in a different world—the world of the lilies—the world of God.



Man is the artificer of his own happiness.—*Thoreau*

Prayer Works!

"Thank you so very kindly for your wonderful letters and literature. It has all been such a help! I can never thank you enough! Our little girl is fine and improving wonderfully. In fact I think she is 'good as new.' God has so wonderfully blessed and healed her. Your suggestion of keeping Joy uppermost in her mind is such a good one. I surely do feel that no one has anymore for which to be grateful than we do. I feel so happy and thankful to God and just want Him to use us as a blessing to others and to glory His Holy Name! May your wonderful work continue to prosper and bless many."—*Nebraska*

"I thank you for your prayers and your help. I have gotten my permit to drive and the children and I enjoy the convenience it offers. I thank God for shedding His light so far and so clear that I shall be able to trust in God forever."—*Washington, D. C.*

"This is my monthly report and want to express my gratitude and love for your prayers in my behalf and for the world. My health is fine again and accept my thanks and praises to God and to you. I wish to continue prayers with you and God bless you and your great work. Enclosed find love offering."—*Missouri*

"I cannot tell you how much your letter meant to me. I feel that I am growing spiritually and know that I am gaining physically and financially, and have felt the power of your prayers have given me added strength. I have not had any trouble with my heart for several weeks. May God bless you in your work."—*Kansas*

"Thank you for past help and favors. My dear one, for whom you prayed during rheumatic fever, seems to be quite restored again. I thank you from the bottom of my heart for your assistance in this matter. I so heartily believe that prayer is an instrument of healing for body and mind and spirit and I feel that your ministry is indeed very important."—*Ohio*

"I received your letter today and all pamphlets which I am so grateful for, and we also wish to express our deepest gratitude to you all for your prayers in regards to our dear one. My sister and I wish to let you know that God has answered all our prayers and we praise God for His mercy and loving kindness and we can't express enough our deepest gratitude to Him through Jesus."—*Virginia*

THE UNITED PRAYER TOWER

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

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

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

"I telephoned you recently asking for the complete recovery of my husband, physically as well as in peace of mind. I am happy to write you that the first part of the petition has been given us and he has returned from the hospital with a clean bill of health. Now he has shown a very marked improvement and our problems seemed to have smoothed out through the Power of Christ and your loving service. Thank you once more."—*Connecticut*

"Sometime ago I wrote to you and asked for prayers for a gall bladder condition and now thanks to God and also to you I am happy to inform you that it has completely cleared up and I know it is in answer to your prayers. I have great faith in your prayers for I know they have helped me in the past. Thank you for your kind past efforts and also for the leaflets you send from time to time. I do appreciate them so much."—*California*

"I thank you for your prayers requested for me by my sister when I was in the hospital because of a fractured hip. My progress has been remarkable and I am positive that God has answered our prayers even though the doctors insist I must not walk for several months. The night of the accident after hours of pain, I went to sleep (no drugs) and was awakened by a pronounced tremor, like a thunderbolt across my thigh and I felt the bones slip into place, but no pain. I went back to sleep and again was awakened by a similar sensation of much less force. The remainder of the night I slept quietly, and there has been no pain in that hip, nor even a bruise where I fell with force enough to break a bone! I enclose a thank offering for use in furthering the Kingdom by the Prayer Tower. My sister and I are with you in prayer and in thanksgiving for your help in our time of need. May the Great Physician bless

you in your wonderful work."—*Alabama*

"Thank you for your prayers, letter, leaflet and booklet, also affirmation. I seem to have gained in strength these past days and am thanking our Heavenly Father for His special blessing that He has bestowed upon me. May His Spirit continue to fall upon you daily as you reach out to others. Thanks again for everything."—*Iowa*

"My dear one's mind and memory has been restored to him. He is again in business for himself. He is growing more spiritual every day. You prayed for him. May you be so filled with God's love that every prayer request will be answered. Loving you and joining in prayer with you."—*California*

"Thank you for the booklets that you have sent and especially for the Divine Plan. Enclosed you will find a love offering for the work. You will never know just how much your letters and the affirmation you sent to me meant to me at the time of my need. I really needed prayer and God answered for me more beautifully than I could have asked with spiritual understanding. So please send me another letter and let me pray now with you for complete healing and guidance so that greater things may happen."—*Maryland*

"Thank you for praying with me for my loved one who is healed of a back ailment, also for praying for my granddaughter. I have put them in God's loving care and protection. May God continue to bless you kind friends, for your loving attitude of service and help."—*Colorado*

"I am deeply grateful for the help thru prayer of the Tower and pray you may continue to be richly blessed. With sincere appreciation I enclose a small love offering."—*Minnesota*

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