

Clear Horizons



Winter, 1953-54

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As We Go to Press

Prayer is one of the most popular subjects in life, and Glenn Clark (p. 56) comes up with an excellent article that will be sure to hold your attention. We all want our prayers answered, and this is the subject of his article on prayer. In early January Glenn Clark is beginning a world tour. He would appreciate your prayers for the success of this venture in faith as he circles the globe to bring to the rest of the world the message of faith and love, and to lay the foundations for world-wide Camps Farthest Out. God bless you Glenn!

Sometimes in the midst of confusion and disharmony we wonder what became of the Star of Bethlehem, and Ralph W. Sockman (p. 1) tells us that that star still shines! That is good news indeed. . . . One of the most common complaints you hear from people is, "I don't know how to curb my anger, and it saps my spiritual strength." We bring you one of the classics on that subject by Jeremy Taylor (p. 5), a bishop of the 17th century . . . Agnes Sanford (p. 13) knows that the river of life is not something that comes to us whether we will or not, but we must go to It, if we would be refreshed and find increased health and joy in living . . . Hilda Clark Fairchild (p. 18) comes up with a penetrating article that touches the roots of the spiritual life. Everyone, it seems, is worshipping at the shrine of success, but in reality few have really identified what success consists of and are worshipping false gods and idols. . . . How you say "Good Morning" can mean the difference between a wonderful day and a drab day, and Halette McPhail-McClellan (p. 19) tells you how to go about changing your entire day for the good . . . Grenville Kleiser (p. 37) writes about twelve rules for happiness, and it would be difficult to find a more interesting subject for each one of us . . . Many of us have wished we could go along with Frank C. Laubach (p. 43) on his world trips to bring literacy and Christ to the masses of the world. In his present article he gives us a "Frank Laubach view" of what he sees and lets us in on what thoughts come into his mind.

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Clear Horizons

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☐ The hearts of men turn to Christmas, just as birds go south at the call of winter.

The Star Still Shines

Ralph W. Sockman

FOR A SECOND or two let us close our eyes and allow the artist within us to paint a mental picture of the first Christmas.

A little gray town on the crest of a hill . . . households asleep except perhaps for an occasional watcher beside a bed of pain . . . an inn crowded with guests now grown quiet . . . a stable for the beasts of burden . . . on this night a human burden bearer housed there also—a woman heavy with child . . . a carpenter anxiously waiting while love endures the travail of birth . . . then a boy is born . . . and there's "a baby's low cry."

Across on another hill is heard the plaintive bleat of a lamb . . . a shepherd hears and comes to help . . . then the air seems electric with something else . . . the shepherds look up listening . . . is it a dream, this news, "Unto you is born this day in the City of David a Saviour

who is Christ the Lord"? . . . the shepherds mystified say, "Let us go even unto Bethlehem and see this thing that is come to pass" . . . they go with haste . . . they find a manger and a mother and "a baby's low cry."

Across the hills a road leads to Bethlehem . . . three strange figures slip silently through the night . . . stars luminous in the Syrian sky—one strangely brighter than the others . . . the three mysterious travelers, who have been called "wise men" but who this night are baffled, gaze at the star and are guided by it . . . they, too, come to Bethlehem and find a manger, a mother, a newborn boy—"a baby's low cry."

Now turn to the Christmas scene of 1952. Again there are people like Joseph and Mary going up to be taxed, for wars and their aftermath have laid heavy burdens on the backs of men. Again there are anxious eyes like those of the shep-

From *The Christian Advocate* Dec. 25, 1952. Copyright by General Features Corp.

herds scanning the skies for signs of peace. But still wise men are following a star.

A Christmas appeal came to my desk during the war asking aid for some underprivileged children in our city's slums. On the card was the smiling face of a poorly clothed lad and these words "Nuthin' can stop Christmas."

Well, "nuthin" *can* stop Christmas. The hearts of men turn to Christmas just as birds go south at the call of winter. The migrating instinct, the homing instinct, stirs within us at Christmas time. It is the season when our spirits feel the urge back toward the things that are pure and lovely.

It is said that when the time comes for birds to migrate, even creatures born within a cage feel the strange flutter through their wings. So we feel the call of Christmas back to the homeland of the soul. And that is what Bethlehem represents.

We still follow the star because the One born at Bethlehem has a *wisdom beyond our wisdom*. When we speak of wisdom, we must distinguish it from mere knowledge.

Some time ago, in my presence, a father and son were discussing some current social and scientific questions. The son, a university student, was filled with fresh information. He had his facts at his finger tips.

His father was less well equipped with the latest writings. But he did have some things his son lacked—an insight born of experience, a judgment begotten by long weighing of facts, a mellowness of mind developed by ripening years. Their discussion was an admirable demonstration of the difference between knowledge and wisdom.

Knowledge is seeing things; wisdom is seeing through them to their meanings. Knowledge is having the facts; wisdom is knowing how to handle them. Knowledge may be acquired from books; wisdom is gained from living. As Cowper put it:

Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much;
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.

This distinction between knowledge and wisdom must be kept in mind when we think of Jesus. Jesus did not display the technical knowledge that we have today. He may not have known the principles by which planes can fly through the air, nor the methods by which radio messages can be sent over seas. But when it comes to wisdom, He is the Master of the ages before whom the wise men still bow.

We try to get away from his wisdom often enough, God knows. When the teachings of Jesus look hard to us, we try every expedient

to get around them. But after exploring the detours, men come back saying what Simon Peter said, when Jesus asked him if he were going to leave along with the crowd which was deserting our Lord. Peter replied, "To whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life."

Youth may laugh at Jesus' principles as too prudish and puritanical, and try to hide from him under running laughter, but like Francis Thompson they find him following after and saying, "All things betray thee who betrayed me." And so they do.

When we are false to him, we cannot be at peace with ourselves. Business scorns the teachings of Galilee's penniless carpenter as impractical, but after reckless selfishness ruins itself with a depression; the chastened market place lifts its eyes to see that service rather than self-interest is the foundation stone of enduring trade.

Governments ignore the Teacher of Galilee and a Nietzsche asserts that the principles of Jesus would make slaves of any nation which essayed to follow them. But Nietzsche died in a madhouse and the Germany which followed him and his teachings ended in rubble.

Yet wise men still follow His star, for they see His wisdom is beyond wisdom. And it is beyond our wisdom because His *power is beyond our power*.

Old and familiar is the saying, "Knowledge is power." But that is not always and strictly true. Men may know the right and do the wrong. Men may know themselves and not be themselves.

Is it really progress to put machines into the hands of men, if we have to multiply also the machine guns with which to kill men? Is it really progress to shoot skyward on ever faster elevators, if our morals drop Hellward at the same time? Is it really progress to be able to broadcast our words around the world, if the broadcasts make for enmity rather than brotherhood?

If we are to progress, we must develop manpower able to manage and master our horsepower.

And it is manpower which Christ came to give. He had it in himself. He was master of himself in every situation. When he was hailed by the crowd as king, he did not lose his head. When he was cursed by the crowd as an imposter, he did not lose his nerve. When he was fawned upon by flatterers, he did not soften his principles. When he was spat upon by the mob, he did not harden his heart.

And that power which he manifested over himself he was able to impart to others. He looked into the eyes of a Magdalene and gave her the mastery of her passions. He dined with a dishonest Zacchaeus

and the grafting publican gave up his ill-gotten gains. He laid his hands on a shifting and irresolute Simon and transformed him into Peter the Rock.

And the still more amazing power of Jesus is that he is able to impart that character-strength of his to men across the centuries who never saw him in the flesh. He is still the comrade who puts courage into persons facing danger, consolation into those who suffer and strength into those who are tempted.

Our day is dazzled by the display of physical power. The earth echoes to the tread of mighty armies. The air throbs with the roar of giant factories. As we behold the stepped-up production of our great country, who would set a limit to the industrial potentiality of America?

And yet withal, do we not have a curious feeling of helplessness? As individuals we are at the mercy of mighty forces which commandeer our property, call away our sons and kill our brothers.

The Christ looks frail when we first behold him, both in his manger at birth and on his cross at death. But his was a power beyond our power, because it was based on a *love beyond our love*, as well as on a wisdom beyond our wisdom.

Maxim Gorky tells of addressing an audience of Russian peasants on the advantages of modern science and inventions. At the end a peas-

ant said to him: "Yes, we are taught to fly in the air like birds and to swim in the water like fishes, but how to live on the earth we don't know."

The world has become a neighborhood, and unless we can become more neighborly our vaunted civilization is doomed. And how is that brotherhood to be begotten? We cannot count on temperamental good nature or sentimental good will. We cannot legislate men into love. We cannot conquer them into kindly feelings.

We can become brothers of men only as we see them as sons of God. Christ taught that. We can become brotherly only as we sensitize our sympathies to understand the backgrounds of men. Christ taught that. We can become brotherly only as we rise above the prejudices of race and color, the barriers of nation and class. Christ taught that. We can become brotherly only as we are generous to forgive even as we need forgiveness. Christ taught that.

We can have "peace on earth" only to "men of good will." That was the song at Christ's birth. That was the gospel which rose with his resurrection.

In Christ there is no East or West,
In Him no South or North;
But one great fellowship of Love,
Throughout the whole wide earth.

☪ Humility is the most excellent natural cure for anger.

Conquer Anger Through Prayer

Jeremy Taylor
(1613-1667)

PRAYER IS THE great remedy against anger; for it must suppose it in some degree removed before we pray, and then it is more likely it will be finished when the prayer is done. We must lay aside the act of anger as a preparatory to prayer; and the curing the habit will be the effect and blessing of prayer; so that if a man to cure his anger resolves to address himself to God in prayer, it is first necessary that by his own observation and diligence he lay the anger aside, before his prayer can be fit to be presented; and when we so pray and so endeavor, we have all the blessings of prayer which God hath promised it, to be our security for success.

If anger arises in thy breast, instantly seal up thy lips, and let it not go forth; for like fire when it wants vent it will suppress itself. It is good in a fever to have a tender and a smooth tongue; but it is better that it be so in anger; for if it be rough and distempered, there it is an ill sign, but here it is an ill cause. Angry passion is a fire, and angry words are like

breath to fan them; together they are like steel and flint, sending out fire by mutual collision. Some men will discourse themselves into passion, and if their neighbors be enkindled too, together they flame with rage and violence.

Humility is the most excellent natural cure for anger in the world; for he that by daily considering his own infirmities and failings makes the error of his neighbor or servant to be his own case, and remembers that he daily needs God's pardon and his brother's charity, will not be apt to rage at the levities or misfortunes or indiscretions of another, greater than which he considers that he is very frequently and more inexcusably guilty of.

Consider the example of the ever blessed Jesus, Who suffered all the contradictions of sinners, and received all affronts and reproaches of malicious, rash, and foolish persons, and yet in all of them was as dispassionate and gentle as the morning sun in autumn; and in this also He propoundeth Himself imitable to us. For if innocence itself did suffer so great injuries and dis-

From *Freedom, Love and Truth*, by Wm. Ralph Inge, Pub. Hale, Cushman & Flint, Boston, Mass. (An Anthology of the Christian Life)

graces, it is no great matter for us quietly to receive all the calamities of fortune, and indiscretion of servants, and mistakes of friends, and unkindness of kindred, and rudenesses of enemies; since we have deserved those and worse, even hell itself . . .

Remove from thyself all provocations and incentives to anger, especially, first, games of chance and great wager. Secondly, in not heaping up with an ambitious or curious prodigality any very curious or choice utensils, because those very many accidents which happen in the spoiling or loss of these rarities are an irresistible cause of violent anger. Thirdly, do not entertain or suffer talebearers; for they abuse our ears first, and then our credulity, and then steal our patience, and it may for a lie; and if it be true, the matter is not considerable; or if it may be, yet it is pardonable. And we may always escape with patience at one of these outlets; either by not hearing slanders, or by not believing them, or by not regarding the thing, or by forgiving the person. Fourthly, to this purpose it may serve well, if we choose as much as we can to live with peaceable persons, for that prevents the occasions of confusion, and if we live with prudent persons, they will not easily occasion our disturbance. But because these things are not in many men's power, therefore I propound

this rather as a felicity than as a remedy or a duty, and an act of prevention rather than that of cure.

Be not inquisitive into the affairs of other men, nor the faults of thy servants, nor the mistakes of thy friends; but what is offered to you use according to the former rules; but do not thou go out to gather sticks to kindle a fire to burn thine own house. And add this—if my friend said or did well in that for which I am angry, I am in the fault, not he; but if he did amiss, he is in misery, not I; for either he was deceived, or he was malicious; and either of them or both is all one with a miserable person, and that is an object of pity, not of anger.

Use all reasonable discourses to excuse the faults of others; considering that there are many circumstances of time, of person, of accident, of inadvertency, of infrequency, of aptness to amend, of sorrow for doing it; and it is well that we take any good in exchange for the evil that is done or suffered.

In contentions be always passive, never active; upon the defensive, not the assaulting part; and then also give a gentle answer, receiving the furies and indiscretions of the other like a stone into a bed of moss and soft compliance; and you shall find it sit down quickly; whereas anger and violence make the contention loud and long and injurious to both parties.

¶ Great things grow out of countless little things that seem so unimportant.

Little Things

Florance Bagley Larson

THERE IS AN old legend which says that in the beginning when God created the world He gave every living thing an angel to bless and guard it. There was an angel for man, one for the birds of the air, one for the beasts of the forest, for the trees, and the flowers. Every living thing, even the common grass, had its angel. But the angel of the common grass was not pleased with his commission. He was peevish and jealous because God had given to him only the common grass while the other angels had beautiful, dancing flowers, tall swaying trees, brilliantly colored birds, and all things beautiful. Humiliated and full of envy he strutted about the streets of heaven glowering and saying emphatically, "The old, homely grass can just grow by itself, I will not take care of it." So the season passed—the leaves of the trees shrivelled and fell off, the flowers died because the grass held no dew, the deer in the forest and the cattle in the fields died because there was no grass to eat. In time one after the other of the angels threw themselves at the feet of the Lord God and begged His aid. At last Man himself came and cried, "O Lord God, take me

away too, for my beautiful world is dead!" Then the Lord God turned His eyes upon the angel of the common grass and asked, "Was it a great thing or a small thing I asked thee to do?" In shame the angel of the common grass fell at the Lord God's feet and asked His forgiveness for he saw now the unsuspected greatness of his seemingly lowly task.

How like the angel of the common grass we are. How often we fuss and weep over the little things God asks us to do. We feel we are capable of far grander things than the drudgery of daily, small tasks. How easily we forget that Jesus said, "If ye are faithful in the little things . . ." Jesus knew that there were no little things—that great things always grow out of the shoals of countless little things that seem so unimportant as we pass them by. Could the cup of water exist without the drop? Jesus said the cup of water was important! In our hearts we remember Jesus far more for His countless little human kindnesses than we do for all the miracles He performed.

There are three little things all of us can do whose power can never be accurately measured. Have you,

for instance, ever watched the magic of a smile or a laugh in the midst of a group of strangers? It is the universal language of all mankind and nearly always brings a response. Did you ever try walking down the street and smiling at every one who looked your way? It is a game that will warm as well as tickle your heart. Sometimes the stranger will look startled and you chuckle within yourself knowing that he wonders if you are a bit "tetched". Given time, however, there always comes the moment when spirit meets spirit and you find an instant and radiant response. Then your heart is strangely warmed. How truly someone spoke when he said that the world is a mirror reflecting back to us the face that we present to the world. If we smile and laugh we find that the world is a cheery, delightful place. If we frown and are cross, the world frowns right back at us. We find nothing in this world that we do not first of all find within our own hearts. A smile costs so little; it can be given away so quickly but its memory may last forever. Part of the power of Jesus, I am sure, was the power of His haunting smile and cheery laughter.

Christ and Paul taught us that "joy" is a duty as well as a privilege. Over and over appear the words "rejoice ye". Neither Christ nor Paul promised us life without

sorrow and heartache but they show us that these can so stretch our souls that our spaces for joy become greater. Part of the meaning of "rejoice" I am sure is "to sing"—singing in the rain as well as in the sunshine. Singing was the "hall-mark" of the early Christian Church as it literally sang its way into men's hearts. It was the secret of their victorious living as it can be our secret too. Out of respect for our friends we may refrain from singing aloud but we can "make melody in our hearts unto the Lord" even if it is only a whistle or the joyous dancing of our hearts. Others can tell by our faces and our eyes whether or not we are singing on the inside. Do you remember how the song of Pippa as she went along the road brought shame to a pair of guilty lovers, stopped a man from committing murder, and caused a worldly bishop to pause in his worldliness? Like Pippa the power of our song may be hidden from us but we never know when it may help another or simply brighten the room about us.

And then there are kind words! They are the music of the world. Never count them as trifles! Words can be mighty weapons; they can sting like a serpent; or snap like the crack of a whip about the heart or be as bright as angel's wings. They cost so little and yet they can make the weak stronger and

the sad braver. Never is a kind word wasted; never is it spoken in vain. Often it is not even the word but the tone quality of the voice that loosens the bonds of an aching heart. Heartaches are so carefully hidden these days that we often walk and talk with our neighbor without even guessing the burdens he bears. Kind, loving words, working like the hand of God, may ease the secret tensions of many an aching heart.

The great Cathedral of Milan has a great triple archway. Over the first arch is carved a rose and beneath the rose the words, "All that pleases is only for a moment." Over the third arch is a cross and the words, "All that troubles is only for a moment." Over the great central archway are these beautiful words, "That only is important which is eternal." Life should not be measured by its years but by the beauty we put into it. laughter, song, and loving words are Eternal.

* * *

On Christmas Eve

Louise Woodman

Along our way we heard the angels singing
As they had sung on Christmas long ago:
The listening trees and frost tipped grasses heard them
And wakened from their sleep beneath the snow.
With winking lights the city twinkled Christmas
As happy bells were laughing on the air
Until the magic evening touched all people
Who smiled because Christ's birthday hovered there.
We knew they must have heard the angel voices,
We knew their hearts like ours were thankful, filled
With friendliness and hope for every nation
Who live for unity . . . so guns are stilled.

* * *

Gratitude

Gilbert H. Rogers

I thank thee Lord for sermons preached
When by thy spirit led.
And then sometimes I thank thee for
The things I haven't said.

☪ "Thy will be done" is not a sigh of resignation; but a cry against everything wrong in your life.

Bright is the Will

Celia Caroline Cole

WHENEVER I think of the patient faces throughout this world with resigned minds and hearts back of them saying, "I must accept . . . God's will be done," I want to shake something hard.

Where did we get this idea that God's will is something to which we must be resigned? Why haven't we known all along that it is something to strive for without ceasing, something to run toward as fast as we can, calling, "All of it, all of it! Don't let my little will get in the way one single time!" Surely if there is one thing in all this universe more glorious than anything else, it must be God's will for us.

That glimpse you get of yourself now and then as the person you could be, if only you could be brought up to the highest expression of yourself, radiant, powerful, generous, contributing to your world something beneficial and inspiring—that I believe, is a glimpse of God's will for you.

The best that you can desire for yourself is God's will for you. The best that you can wish for another person is God's will for him . . . not some road that you or he must travel, not some definite thing upon which your heart is set.

No one can outline God's will for himself or another, but when for a moment you find in yourself or another something noble and fine, recognize someone lovable and delightful, that, I believe, is what God means you to be. He meant it when He made man and found His work good, and surely He means it still.

In the beginning, man was created complete, without shortcomings—if you accept the premise that God (or, if you will, a beneficent First Cause) created all that is. With our free wills we have gathered unto ourselves, in this long journey that is life, weaknesses, blind spots, wilfulness, suffering, sickness, poverty. None of them is God's will for us. Surely we cannot believe that that which is behind the order of the stars and moon and sun, back of the perfection of seasons and night and day, and of the beauty of aspiration in the soul of man, would so will the lonely, seeking, troubled life of man.

It simply doesn't make sense. But it does make sense that with our free wills we have brought around us confusion and trouble, out of which we must find our way until we once more contact the will of God and, by obeying it, redeem our

lives from our mistakes. Doesn't it? Anyway, it does to me.

"Thy will be done" is not a sigh of resignation but a powerful, challenging cry against everything that is wrong in your life. That obvious duty of yours that you do so faithfully but unjoyously—do you think that is God's will for you? Look closely and see whether it isn't man's will. You who are ill, you who have a crippled child, you whom death has robbed—do you accept those things as God's will? They are man's will, man's ignorance. Call out with all your might for God's will to be done and hold to your desire (that's what your will is for—not to plan and manage, but to keep your desire steady and true, for desire is a tremendous lifting force) and see what changes will come about!

And don't cry back at me, "He can't make the dead return!" He can! He did! Outside of Jerusalem one early morning . . . and in the city of Lazarus, with a doubting crowd thick around Him. "Greater things than these shall ye do." Why haven't we done them? Oh, we of little faith!

And if you are mindful now of the Cross, that was never God's will—it was man's. God's will lifted it out of failure into deathless power and glory, so moving the Son of Man with the will of God that He could say, "If by my life and my

words I cannot make you remember what I have told you of your Father and of you and of life, then I will make you remember this way."

Surely it is better to die on a cross and do what you came into this world to do than to live and not accomplish it. Cowardly failure for a whole life is worse than death for a few hours. Your own will or the will of man may send you to some cross, but it cannot take from you your power to rise. It is the will of God for you to rise . . . rise above every obstacle, as a bird from the dangerous ground, as a lily from the mud, as a soul from its tomb. That is the will, and obey it we must before we are through.

But even when the will is stern, it is glorious because no matter how hard it is for the time being, you are going in the right direction, straight toward your blessed destiny—yourself brought up to perfection, your life molded into the life you have been searching for, a life that will answer your questions, fill your emptiness, fulfill your dreams. For behind the will is omnipresent good. All the unfairness comes from us, from our power of choice. Every unfair thing we see has its human antecedents, and no divine mysterious decree. It is our willfulness, our ignorance, our selfish choosing that lays the cross-

es upon our backs; but again and again His will takes us up the hill beyond the cross into resurrection.

All the really bad times I've ever had in my life I've had because I evaded the will of God. Sometimes because my own will seemed so much more plausible and sometimes because God's will wasn't clear to me. It never is clear if you are wanting to go your own way or if, deep within you, there is some reservation, "I will go a long way with you, Lord, but please don't ask me to do that particular thing!" Or perhaps it is just inanition; for inanition can insulate you from knowledge of the will of God. I've had stern and frightening times trying to do the will for me, but never sunless, shameful times. They have always come because I was apathetic or followed my own will.

Those of you who have seen the motion picture *Lost Horizon* have seen this truth superbly objectified. In the midst of imperfection we see this clear beauty, a man brought to his destiny on wings, thrillingly, with good companions. Then later, in spite of the fact that he has glimpsed this high purpose for him and the sanity and beauty of it, doubt enters. And his small, dear affection for his brother rather than his love for God and Humanity; his little power to know, his reason, his knowledge instead of that limitless purity of intuitive, inner

knowing; his little groping will instead of God's will for him, take him away from his destiny back into the familiar unsatisfying world of men and mortals.

But he has known the will and can no longer bear the mad, blind world he has come back to nor the memory of his failure to obey. So alone, blinded by the brilliance of snow, terrified by the vastness, with intolerable suffering but with the splendor of purpose within his soul, he struggles back toward his destiny, over mountain fastnesses, through storm and starvation, on past madness, past death, on, on until the sound of temple bells tells him that once again man has been lifted out of failure into the glorious will of God.

It is not far from you—the will for you. It is not hidden away. It is the deep aspiration in you to be free, to be beautiful, to be happy, to be led and controlled by all that is best in you.

It is the desire to ascend in every way, until you, too, hear the temple bells guiding you back to greatness and beauty of life that were planned for you from the beginning by One who looked upon all that He had made, and said, "It is good."

"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."

☞ God's river of life is an actual energy which flows down to us according to the law of faith.

River of Life

Agnes Sanford

LONG AGO a wise man said "There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God." This is the stream of the Spirit, the flow of the life of God, the flow of the very Water of Life. Jesus Christ said that He came in order to release for us more of this life abundant, and that whosoever drank of Him would never thirst. And the final picture of the Bible is the picture of the River of Life flowing through the streets of the New Jerusalem: the new order of life that shall be established upon this earth.

Yet here we are, two thousand years later, perishing for the lack of this very flow of life and refusing to accept it. We have denatured the words of the Bible, taking out of them the Spirit of God and leaving them merely wistful symbols of an impossible joy. In the early days of Christianity this impossible joy actually shone upon the man who believed it, lifting him out of despair, renewing his youth like the eagle's, healing his diseases — until the day came when, having tasted life to the full, he was ready with all dignity and composure to graduate into the next life.

From *Religion and Health*, June, 1952

The age of miracles is past, we say the arm of God is shortened; the love of Christ is dimmed. Yet He was never nearer to us, His creation ever-functioning, His power rolling through the ages, unhastening, unresting, accomplishing daily those miracles that are His nature and His will. Our mistake has been that we have expected the river to come to us. We must go to the river. We must drink of it and be refreshed by it. We must observe it and consider its flow and go where it takes us. We must find the ways of its currents and follow, avoiding whirlpools and back eddies. So we will be swept out into the great sea of the love of God.

There is a river: a flow of a life-giving element, a current of energy, a vibrating force of life. This flow of energy can actually enter into the flesh, healing, strengthening, transforming, just as really as it can enter into the spirit, releasing there the life of eternity. How do we know this? *Because it happens.* And how can you find out whether these words are true? By coming to the river of God's life and trying it. First of all, come. A thousand times we are told in the Bible "Come . . . ask . . .

taste . . . see." Yet many people refuse even this first simple step. "If God wants to make me well, why doesn't He?" they ask. "Why do I have to pray for it?"

One may as well ask, "Why doesn't the river come to me? Why do I have to go to it instead?" The intelligent person does not waste time in questioning the Creator concerning matters too great for him. He learns instead how to go to the river of life and to receive from it. Very simple are the laws of God's life, yet inexorable, as are the laws of a river. A river flows downhill, not uphill. This is due to the force that we call gravity. There is no use in asking the river why it does not turn around and flow up the mountain. God's river of life is an actual energy existing in the air in the form of a certain vibration, much like the vibration of light or of electricity. The existence of this high vibration of light has been discovered by those scientists who experiment in the field of television. But its laws are not discoverable by intellect alone for it works through spirit as well as through mind. It flows down to us according to the law of faith as surely as a river flows according to the law of gravity. In order to receive a spiritual blood transfusion of new life able to destroy germs, to rebuild tissue, to release nerves, we need first of all to *come* to the

river in simple trust, asking, as God told us to ask. Then after our prayer of petition, which is the first step of faith, we need to *receive* the life of the river by believing that our petition has been answered, that the health that we desire is being established within us. How can we believe this when we have not as yet seen it?

Why not? We have faith in a river, letting it take us past shores that we have not known to a far sea that we have not yet seen. We have been told that the sea is there, and we believe it and we embark. So having been told that God heals, we should embark upon the river of His life and assume that He is healing us, adopting this assumption as a theory upon which we work. Then we should lend Him our minds to work through, making in the imagination a picture of ourselves well and holding to it with all fervor. Finally, without waiting to see whether we are getting better, but following the theory that His power is working in us, we should give thanks in advance for the healing that we have not yet seen. We need not assume that this healing has been perfectly accomplished by one prayer or two, any more than the traveler from Minnesota need assume that when he steps upon the river steamer he is at that moment at the sea. Indeed, to assume that we have arrived when we have not,

to "Say a little prayer and forget it," is often a great mistake. We should be cognizant of our actual progress so that we can take all sensible care of ourselves, observing the laws of the body and gratefully accepting the help of doctors, if we need such help. But certainly we should believe that God's power is working in us and that we are *on our way* to the great sea of His perfect life. Or even if we do not quite believe this, we can teach ourselves to believe it by giving thanks for it. As we do this, we release our spirits from the chains of unbelief and start them out upon the river of God's life.

This life of God moves upon a certain wave length, a certain flow, nor will it move in any other way. This wave length is the harmonious flow of love. So it must be, for God is love. And so it is, for if we will observe our bodies we can see that they work according to the harmony of love and of its resulting peace of mind. When we are out of harmony with life, we circle helplessly in dullness of spirit, confusion of mind, and weakness or illness of body, instead of going smoothly forward in creative activity. We waste time in telling ourselves that we cannot help this, that we have every right to hate or to resent, to worry or to fear. We must help it, because the river of life flows that way and without the river of life we perish

and wither into illness. Hate and fear are two aspects of the same emotion. Resentment and worry entwine like two strands of hemp twisted into a string. When we resent or are bitter, or when we flame into anger and sulk, we are out of harmony with God. The judge of our own spirits knows this and fills us with a divine discontent which we translate into worry and into fear. Very often we do not really fear the thing that we think we fear. Have you ever wondered why you should fear such foolish things . . . telephones, thunder, mice gossip . . . *You do not really fear these things.* You fear God. You fear the judge of your own being, who says to you "Come back, come back! You are wandering! You are getting away from the flow of life that your soul must have! You are in danger!"

So then if we would have God's health, let us come back and establish harmony with life about us, with circumstances, with our fellowmen. Let us apologize to those whom we have offended, let us restore that which we have wrongfully taken, let us forgive those who have trespassed against us. How shall we forgive? By using, again, not only our will power but also our greatest creative tool, the imagination. Alack that God ever gave us this mighty creative quality, making us in His image and likeness, so that the

words that go forth out of our mouths have power, so that the things that we see in our minds tend to come upon us! It is a power that when wrongly used destroys us. For we cannot help creating. And if we do not learn to fix our attention upon the right thing and project it into our lives, we are sure to see the wrong thing and to bring toward us the very thing that we do not want.

So then let us bend our minds to this matter of forgiving, and let us use there the same principle that we would use in praying for health. Let us picture God's life coming into the one whom we would forgive and restoring that one to his natural, God-given self. And let us give thanks in advance for the goodness and honesty and charitableness that is being established in the one for whom we would pray. We will be surprised, as we so pray, at the new joy that will come to us, at the new peace that will release bodily tensions and set free our normal healing powers. For the body does normally heal. Such is its created tendency. Such is the original order, given it by God. We ourselves have confused it by giving it contrary orders. So in order to set sail upon the river of life we must needs renew within us His heavenly orders toward life and health.

But we are often baffled by the difficulty of being so transformed

by the renewing of our minds. We succeed many a time in thinking our way to forgiveness and to peace, and then, for no reason that we know, old fears and angers come back to us. Why is this so? It is because we are composite beings. Below the conscious mind is the subconscious, the guardian of the memories. All of us have memories that hurt, connected in one way or another with unholy thinking: impurity or hate or fear or the grief that has come to us from the evil of others. We try very hard to forget these things and perhaps we succeed, which is unfortunate. For the subconscious, ordered by the spirit, will not cease to bring them to our attention until they are healed. And if it cannot attract the attention of the conscious mind, it will attract the attention of the body. From below the surface of consciousness, the feeling of hurt will give to the body the order to hurt. Some of this subconscious shadow will lighten, true, as we let the light into our conscious minds; but not all of it. That hidden mind is too deep for the consciousness to plumb.

Who, then, can plumb it? And how can we be saved from the dark shadow of our former selves? "I thank my God, through Jesus Christ our Lord. . . ." For He is among us, the swift channel in the midst of the river of the love of

God. How can we receive His healing in our subconscious minds? Quite simply. Just by coming to Him in faith, admitting our need of His help and asking for it. True, we do not understand His invasion by Spirit of the world of flesh. But what of that? We may not fully understand even so simple a thing as a river. What, after all, is water? Of what chemical elements does it consist? How was it created and in what manner does it breed life? But whether or not we understand a river, we can still use it. So knowing that we cannot fully understand the mysteries of our invisible Friend, son of man and son of God, nevertheless, let us seek His help. Let us confess to Him the bitter thinking

of the past and all of the sins connected with it. Let us look away back in life, away back, opening hidden doors in the subconscious and letting Him in. So He will transfer into us His thought-vibrations of purity and freedom, of joy and peace. For such is redemption, such is forgiveness: a heavenly transfer. He heals the trauma in the brain, the hurtful thought-tracks in the memories thus literally removing our sins for us "as far as the East is from the West." Then He projects into us His own pattern of thinking, so that we feel the great release of His love and His joy. It is the most amazing of all healing miracles. And yet it is only the old rock-foundation of Christianity: the *forgiveness of sins*.

* * *

The Moon and A Reflection

Harriet Stanton Place

"Strange," she mused, "We only see the moon,
For all its lovely light
Is not its own, but borrowed from the sun
To brighten up our night."

"Perhaps God meant that we, should absorb
The radiance of His love
And then reflect it for the darkened lives
The radiance of His love

¶ This road of success is a step-by-step progress for glorifying God.

The Road of Success

Hilda Clark Fairchild

UNSUCCESSFUL people are not failures. They are on the road of success. Each failure is a preparation for the next step. The speed varies according to the individual. Some may have the tempo of the turtle, and others the hare.

The road of success descends and ascends. When the first peak is reached the person has a little measure of success. But instantly in the distance the person sees a higher mount. Ah, a new goal to reach! But down below is a valley to descend and cross in order to win that next measure of success.

Thus, we try and try again to reach continually higher levels of success. Every descent gives the necessary firmer and deeper rootage to reach the next mount.

Edison is said to have traveled far on the road of success. He had great faith, great courage, great perseverance to try over two thousand experiments before his incandescent lamp proved a success. Each failure forced him to take a new step. As his conscious mind received the ideas from his Father's Mind (Universal Mind), he was forced from within to work incessantly to bring forth the reality to earth.

"Self-trust is the first secret of success," said Emerson. So we must trust ourselves to begin the journey. We soon find we are not alone. There always are helping hands extended when we stumble or fall. During weakness we are sustained. We learn not to fear the darkness that separates us at times from the light. We find it passes as a long night with increased joy with the morning. And just when the way seems endless or we come to the hardest pull, we suddenly find ourselves on top the peak that took months, perhaps years, to reach. After a long, deep breath of inner rejoicing, we spy another higher peak in the distance. Again that divine discontent urges us to "Come on!" As we travel on, our eyes are opened to behold more of the glory of our Father's handiwork and our ears become better attuned to the NEW song. We complain less and we condemn less. We grow more willing to extend a helping hand to our fellowmen. We learn our hands, our feet, our whole selves are as instruments through which Our Father's will is done. And as His will is done through us, we find his kingdom has come, winning success through us.

¶ Look to the rising sun leaving behind the shadows that made up yesterday.

How do you say "Good Morning"?

Halette McPhail - McClellan

IT WAS a veritable Soldier of Fortune who told me last night about the "Ritual of the Rising Sun"—a strange page culled from his African chapter. This he discovered among the customs of a certain primitive tribe deep in the Congo. Here, on his first day in their village, he was awakened just before dawn by the sounds of a strange chant and, looking out, beheld an even stranger sight—the peoples gathered in a huge circle, feet moving in a light rhythmic motion, while slowly pouring water from earthenware jugs carried high on their heads. All this continued until the sun broke in full radiance over the mesa. A DAY was born!

This man, who had walked with high adventure, was no more deeply impressed with the symbolism of the ritual than was his listener, a cliff-dweller in a city apartment building. Ritual of the Rising Sun! Now here was something to think upon—the subject of approach to a new day, just how vital in the psychological set-up, what effect upon tangible things such as business deals, personal contacts, schedules, decisions, problems, or, in domestic terms, making a household run on ball-bearing rollers? To be sure, I was impressed, but how might I

dramatize all this, as did the African tribe?

This morning I flung high a window looking toward the East, overlooking chimney tops, roofs, giant signs perched high over city streets—at this hour, quiet streets. As I filled my lungs with fresh air, I simultaneously opened my mind as a channel to Divine Source.

"This is a new day", I said, "and at sunrise every soul is born again." Not only was this plan made for me but for the persons whom I would likely contact during the wonderful twenty-four hours ahead. Yes we might form a huge circle.

Yesterday morning, according to habit, I consulted my mental barometer as to tempo for the day, whether rising or falling, recalled some mistakes of the past, considered the effect of autumn weather on sinus, and ended it all with the snap conclusion that fifty-years-past was no time for creative work. No water in my jug.

Opening a window recalls the lines of an old Bible verse, "Prove me now herewith, said the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it."

Perhaps I shall call this act "My Ritual," but it is affirmations that really make the day, the constructive attitude that believes in such promises as "Prove me now." Surely those words mean each day is a privilege. Then let us arouse ourselves to a course befitting sons of God, overcoming ills of the flesh which so hinder successful effort, forgiving negation (in our selves and others), and live in conscious-

ness of our unity with the Father.

Far and above the Afric tribe of our story, we know God, but do we always start the day He gave us as appreciatively as they? Far and above rituals, do we look to the rising sun leaving behind the shadows that made up yesterday? There is the logos—"Whatever you think of life or substance, that it becomes to you this day." There is power in a Good Morning!

* * *

You are in God's world; you are God's child. Those things you cannot change; the only peace and rest and happiness for you is to accept them and rejoice in them. When God speaks to you, you must not believe that it is the wind blowing or the torrent falling from the hill. You must know that it is God. You must gather up the whole power of meeting Him. You must be thankful that life is great and not little. You must listen as if listening were your life. And then, then only can come peace. All other sounds will be caught up into the prevailing richness of that voice of God. The lost proportions will be perfectly restored. Discord will cease; harmony will be complete.

PHILLIPS BROOKS

* * *

There is physical and mental healing power in a feeling of joy, but how can such a feeling be described? The answer is that it cannot. In fact, all of the positive emotions constitute what might be spoken of as spiritual medicine. Such emotions include, besides joy, such feelings as courage, confidence, contentment, thankfulness, patience, charitableness, and poise.

The lack of these spiritual elements constitutes the major cause of all mental sickness and very likely a far larger proportion of physical diseases than we realize. . . .

Sickness could very properly be defined as insufficient life. If we are sick we don't have enough life, and Jesus had this to say about it: "I am come that ye might have LIFE and have it more abundantly." He further said: "I am the way, the truth, and the life."

What the sick person needs, what the sick world needs, is life, it is Jesus. How does one tune in with Jesus, the great giver of life? It is through love.

—HAROLD A. TASSELL, M.D., in "New Life" (South Africa)

☞ To live gently is to embrace the unfolding dawn and to kiss the dew drops upon the forehead of day.

To Live Gently

Mary Welch

"And the servant of the Lord must not strive; but be gentle unto all men, apt to teach, patient."—II Timothy 2:24. "But the wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated."—James 3:17.

FOR THE DAY'S abiding in gentleness, I found two characteristics of the quality, one active and one passive. Paul's reference in his advice to Timothy is active, an attitude of initiative of gentleness in acting upon others. James points out that side of gentleness which is the response to being acted upon by others: "easy to be entreated" or docile.

So I have released love today in being gentle in my demands or expectations of others and in my desires to be helpful. Furthermore, I was careful to evade no call to duty, however insignificant or humble. To abstract calls such as the need of routine work, I offered no "occupational resistance" or dread of any task. If I dread the round of daily duty or find it drudgery, I have not in my being the fruit of gentleness. One dwelling in the Spirit cannot feel dread before any day or duty. Indeed, the very spelling of the word embodies death. One cannot spell dread without using all the

letters that spell dead. Only the dead in spirit can dread life.

It seems easier to show gentleness toward persons than toward animals and things. It is much less heroic. I found myself modifying my manners toward my cats all day. I laughed at myself when, on hearing some very ungentle tones the Farmer was using toward the mule while he was plowing the garden, I instinctively "bristled" ungently toward him for his ungentleness. Consistency must be a rare jewel indeed.

Tonight at church I mentally and with my soul's love wrapped my mantle of gentleness about all the people sitting on the bench with me. Some of them needed more gentle treatment in their lives. But my treatment had the unexpected effect of soothing them to sleep almost instantly. Since a whole row of dozing people are not conducive to effective preaching, I had to stop the experiment. There is much fun in the world that never gets laughed at. I had something that would have justified my laughing out in church! I thought the Lord must have laughed at my experiment. I have seen more funny things in these

From *Reckoning At Dusk*, Mary Welch. Macalester Park Pub. Co., \$1.50

past few months than in the previous ten years of my life taken together. Living in heaven is more fun than any long-faced piety ever dreamed about!

Tonight as I kept my tryst with God out on the bridge at my gate, I sought to know why one prayer I had been praying for three weeks had not been answered. I had been praying for rain to break the drought of too long standing. It has rained several times following my prayer, but the rain fell on our neighbors and never reached our fields. One crop of ours will bear the brunt of the drought. That is our sugar cane which a month ago was the best crop for the time of year that the Farmer has ever grown. It was the best cane patch in the section. It is but a small patch as all our farming is done on a very small scale, but it held promise of bringing us a few dollars cash income at harvest.

As I tried to discern why all my other prayers have been bountifully answered and why this little one had not been granted, the Scripture came to me relative to the failure of the disciples to heal the crippled boy. I saw that their failure was due to their faith in their possession of power to cast out demons. They had mistaken Jesus' gift of accession for one of possession. He gave them access to the power of God as branches in the vine; He

did not give them possession of the power. They were to be channels, not reservoirs. Now I saw how I had trusted in my own "prayer power" in the matter of praying for rain. My concern was more over the failure of my prayer than for the non-manifestation of rain. I was "let down" in my opinion of my prayer strength. I had been praying on the leverage of intellectual understanding of the laws of prayer.

Now I knew that I had unconsciously expected God to answer because it was *my* prayer! As I confessed my error, I realized that the only name honored of the Father is that of the Son. All power is in His name and not in personal "prestige" of the one praying. I must be in the Son-relationship asking in and dwelling in is Name, looking only through Christ to the Father and asking only *for* the glory of God. I saw that there is a danger of our asking for the glory of prayer testimony! This might help others who are easily discouraged when they cannot bear powerful testimony to answered prayer. They may be in the error of trusting to their own "prayer rating" instead of in the Father, or of praying for some end other than the glory of God.

Seeing these things, I relinquished the rain problem entirely. I turned to the cane patch, walking down

there in the moonlight. There I gave the field to God. I knew that He could hold that crop up through indefinite drought to bring it to an even more abundant yield than rain might induce. The Farmer said three weeks ago that if the rains came the crop should yield thirty gallons of syrup. Tonight I believe that, rain or no rain, it will yield fifty. The record yield on the same ground over these years was thirty-four gallons. That was a good year when we had an extraordinarily good season.*

It was a gentle day! It was as though I went on tiptoes in the Presence all day. To live gently is to embrace the unfolding dawn and

to kiss the dewdrops upon the forehead of day. It is to pour oneself out like flakes of snow upon the winter scars of strife in other lives. Gentle looks are love's fingers upon fevered brows and gentle words are love's kisses upon parched lips.

*The yield on the cane patch of less than one-third acre was sixty-eight gallons of syrup. This was exactly double the record yield! It was unmatched by any yield from patches in the community where abundance of rain fell. More-over the patch never turned white through the sixty-day drought and much of the cane reached six feet in height, some reaching seven feet. It brought the largest cash income of any crop of the year's harvest and was all sold before the government intervened to lower the price from two dollars per gallon to one dollar.

* * *

The Final Good

Ethelyn M. Kincher

No worthy thing has ever gone astray;
No thought, nor word, nor deed of love goes wrong;
They are composed of fibers, rich and strong,
That have no kinship with a common clay.

No good is lost. No husk can quite betray
The seed of truth that bends the seeking throng
To right where they enduringly belong,
In spite of war and death and hot decay.

However wrong the weeks of waiting seem,
Or long the distance of these tragic years,
However grave or gay the final cost,
Wayfarers hold to the eternal dream,
Forgetting, at the goal, the scalding tears,
When harvest proves to them, no good is lost.

They Also Serve

Carolyn Spencer

I may not write a noble book
To stir the millions east and west,
But I can leave an imprint on
The lives I love that will be blest.

I may not thrill the world with song
That will re-echo down the years,
But I can croon a lullaby
And wipe away a baby's tears.

I may not do a deed to live
In history's pages evermore,
But I can meet a neighbor's need
And feed the hungry at my door.

Though often menial seems the task,
Obscure and small my niche today,
Yet may I fill it, Lord, with grace,
And to Thy service in some way.

☞ God is already within us. We must let that power take place in reality.

Let God Happen to You

Harold A. Schulz

66 IN THE beginning God created the heaven and the earth." As God created the world in divine order He said, "Let there be light and there was light." Fourteen times in the first chapter of Genesis the word *let* is used. The word is powerful. In creating the heaven and the earth God *let* Himself *happen* to it; He *let* Himself *happen in* it; He also *let* Himself into the life of man when He let His image become a part of humankind.

Mankind, down through all the ages, has used perhaps two words more than any other. Because man lives with continual desires in his heart and soul he is in want. In effect we are always saying, "I want." The greatest of these wants or desires are success and happiness.

Our part therefore is to let God happen to us in our life just as God let Himself happen in us. God is already within us. We must let that power to take place in reality. What a relationship this is between God and ourselves! What a team! How close we are always to the fulfillment of our desires, our wants. For through positive prayer and faith we can let God happen to us

in all our affairs of everyday living, achieving success and making progressive strides.

Jesus is the supreme example of one who let God happen in all phases of life. When the Master himself was weary he went to a mountain side, entered the temple, the secret chamber of praise and prayer, and LET God into his heart where God happened to him.

Harriet Beecher Stowe, author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* often said of her great work, "God wrote it." God, the world-creating power within her gave Harriet Stowe the inspiration and she had let God happen to her.

All great works of art, literature, music, invention, and discovery came to inspired creators when they in prayer and meditation allowed God to happen to them. They let God take place in their affairs. For God is the pure mountain stream, the true eternal Source for success, happiness, and health. Men have found the need for talking to God and allowing Him to take part in their thinking and living.

One evening a nurse in a children's hospital entered the room of a little four-year-old boy who had tuberculosis in the bone of his leg.

The doctors were contemplating amputation. The boy was gazing in wonderment at the splashing colors in the setting sun. The boy remarked, "It's pretty." The nurse replied, "God is painting the sky."

The nurse left the room for a moment and returned, watching the boy still gazing in awe at the "painted sky". Then she heard the boy say, unaware of any human presence, "God, if you can paint the sky you can heal my leg. Okay God. Thank you. Good night."

Days later the case history of the boy's illness read, "Healed." He was dismissed a healthy lad, leaving the doctors amazed.

God the Creator has not retired. He is still creating. The big moment in people's lives is still taking place because they let God happen to them. He is the creator of our health, our happiness and success. But we must let God happen to us in faith and prayer and there will be light within us as from the beginning.

* * *

The Inner Light

Iva Gibson

Let happy thoughts run through your mind,
They tend to show upon your face,
Omit the grudges and the peevs
In Jesus Christ's transcending grace.
Think thoughts of kindness, love, and peace,
Live close to one who's always true.
And let the inner light of truth
Steadfast, be shining out of you.

* * *

Motorist's Prayer

"Grant me a steady hand, and watchful eye,
That no man shall be hurt when I pass by.
Thou gavest life, and pray no act of mine
May take away or mar that gift of Thine.
Shelter those, dear Lord, who bear me company
From the evils of fire and all calamity.
Teach me to use my car for others' need,
Nor miss through love of speed
The beauty of Thy world; that thus I may
With joy and courtesy go my way."

☞ There can be no Christian integrity if it does not have in it some pain of disagreement.

Sorrow and Joy According to the Christian Faith

Reinhold Neibuhr

Man is not a creature meant simply for happiness

CHRISTIAN FAITH does not hold that God dwells in eternal equanimity. Every religion excepting Judaism and Christianity which are Biblical religions insists that the end and the beginning of all things is an eternal calm. But from the standpoint of the Christian faith there is a peace of God that, St. Paul says, surpasses understanding precisely because it is a peace that has pain in it.

The fruits of the spirit are declared to be love, joy, and peace. But the whole Christian life is described in such a way that one realizes also that it is not a simple peace and happiness. There is no happiness in it to speak of. In the Bible there is a great deal about joy and about sorrow but very little about happiness. We read, "If ye will not die with him, neither will you live with him." We are crucified with Christ and nevertheless we live. Life comes through death, joy through sorrow. It is in sorrow that that mourn for they shall be com-

forted." Peace comes out of strife; "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and speak all manner of evil against you falsely." Fulfillment through hunger; "Blessed are ye that hunger and thirst after righteousness." There is no simple peace; Christianity is the religion of the cross. A cross is at the very heart of God and a cross is at the heart of human existence.

Is not this morbid? Could we not have something simpler? The fact is that all of us look for something simpler and the Christian faith has at many times been rejected until the moment of sorrow when there is no other way of finding joy except through sorrow; "Blessed are they the truth of the Christian faith becomes known. But everyone of us instinctively would like to have happiness, simple happiness, rather than this complex thing of joy through sorrow.

Happiness might be defined as the concomitant of the natural feeling tone of any neat harmony of life. Now, thank God, there are some neat harmonies. None of us could

From an address to the Chicago Sunday Evening Club, printed in Current Religious Thought, Jan.-Feb., 1953.

live without moments of happiness, maybe even days, maybe even years of happiness.

By a neat and nice harmony I mean, for instance, the proper harmony of the body when it is healthy and gives one the pleasure of health which has an element of happiness in it. None of us can live without some friction with our fellow men, even in the most ideal family life; yet, basically, a happy family life is one without essential friction. Many of us thank God for that kind of happiness. There are wider harmonies, too. We have some fairly harmonious communities although one admits when he looks at the wider community of the world that there is not anything very neat there.

Take man himself. He is not a creature meant simply for happiness. Leaving out of account what he does wrong with himself, he is not meant to be happy because he lives in two worlds. What a contradiction—to be the judge of all things and yet to be a worm of the earth; that is man—living in two worlds.

No! The Bible goes on to say that there is something much more fundamental in man, something that creates sorrow in him; it is not that he has a body which is in time and a soul which is out of time but it is that man is a creature who contradicts himself because on the one hand he loves himself and on the other he cannot be truly himself if

he does not love others. There is friction or tension between my self-love and my knowledge that I ought not to think as highly of myself as I do, that I ought not to center my life round myself and that I ought to give myself to my fellows. Because I do not give myself absolutely to others, I have pain in my life; that is, I have an uneasy conscience and an uneasy conscience is a form of pain.

There is such a thing as a guilt conscience with which psychiatrists deal—and which might be defined as a morbid conscience about fancied violations of real or fancied laws. It is strange, sad, and rather terrible that there should be a generation which thinks that a guilt complex is identical with the uneasy conscience that the Bible talks of.

But the Psalmist declared that "we are consumed by thine anger and by thy wrath are we troubled."

Recently there appeared a cartoon which showed a big, bruising criminal in the penitentiary with a little chirpy prison doctor saying, "I know what is the matter with you. You've got a guilt complex." This cartoon is revealing concerning the culture of our age.

Now the Bible says the way to get rid of guilt is not to cover it up but to allow it to flower under God until finally a new life emerges. This is in other words, the old gos-

pel of repentance. If men allow the uneasy conscience to flower under God's judgment, there can be such a thing as the old self dying and a new self being born and set free. It is part of the process of redemption that instead of being anxious and desperate about ourselves, there is a point in the relationship between man and God where the uneasy conscience so overwhelms the old self that the old self is destroyed and there emerges a new self which has a certain freedom, a certain nonchalance about life. The nonchalance and joy which comes out of the pain of repentance belongs to the good life. It is part of the Gospel that a new life comes out of the death of the old life.

But now suppose that we say that there ought to be happiness in this new life. Is it not the teaching of the Gospel that we are unhappy if we are sinful and hateful with one another and that we can be happy if we love one another? Can we not have some simple joy or happiness at least in this new life? Well, let us look at this new life again for a moment from the standpoint of the Gospel. We can never profoundly consider the possibilities of peace with happiness and joy without considering also sorrow and pain.

If there is any real integrity in Christian life, there can be no perfect adjustment with all other life. This is another one of the places

where our culture gets pretty well baffled. Are you perfectly adjusted to all other people? Are you perfectly adjusted to your neighborhood? I hope that none of us is perfectly adjusted to our neighborhood. That is to say, do we not have to regard ourselves better than the other people who live in the neighborhood? If there is any real integrity in the Christian life, there must be some point or other where these relationships which we have with others, in the shop or in the factory or in the counting house, must become pretty painful. There must be some particular point where we say to people who may be as conscientious as we are and whom we do not judge otherwise, that they are accomplishing something we cannot do and where we say, "Here I stand; I can do no other, so help me God."

Perhaps one of the reasons there is such a tremendous deterioration in public morals is because morals have become too public without enough of a sense of an ultimate judgment beyond all the judgments of man. Remember the great chancellor at the time of Henry the Eighth, Thomas Moore: how, when Henry the Eighth tried to coerce the Church and make it an instrument of politics, he said to Moore, "Now all the bishops have agreed to this and everybody in the Church has agreed to it and why do you hold out?" And Moore replied, "If they

have all agreed in England, they have certainly not agreed in the whole of Christendom. And if they should have agreed in the whole of Christendom, certainly the Church triumphant as against the Church militant could not have agreed to this. I appeal to Christians living and dead." This is an example of conscience expressing itself in the pain of disagreement. Now I know very well that with most of us it does not make any difference how good Christians we are, we are not potential heroes or martyrs although there have been good percentages for martyrs since the totalitarian regimes have appeared. But it is pretty clear that if you get a really totalitarian and demonic community, that the best you can expect—and there are an awful lot of good people besides—is five per cent of the people to be heroic martyrs. But let us not get out of this by saying that we are not built for martyrdom because the fact is that there can be no Christian integrity if it does not have in it some pain of disagreement and some heroism to the point of martyrdom. I may be wrong in a decision where I disagree with my friends. But there are certain times when I have to say, "It is a small thing to be judged of men; he who judges me is the Lord." This is the experience which in sorrow produces an ultimate serenity, a serenity that comes out of a sense of

integrity but it is not a simple happiness; obviously it is a complex form of joy rather than happiness.

But there is a much greater problem than that. Any real life of Christian integrity must have love in it. When a life has been changed from self-centeredness to one that lets go of the self and relates itself to love, then there ought to be more rather than less love in it. We must not claim, of course, that Christians love their fellow men just because, thank God, the Lord of the universe redeems us by what the old theologians called "common grace," "common grace" being manifest in a kind of family or community relationship which draws me out of myself and saves me despite myself; out of the operation of community life this common grace enters into the heart and saves me from excessive egocentricity. If there is any genuine spirituality in the life that I walk, the further I walk, of course, the more my life relates itself to the pains and sorrows of others. This is the real paradox of love. There is no simple happiness in love, only joy and the sorrow that comes out of joy. Consider the particular anxieties, worries and concerns that are carried by a father and mother, a grandmother and grandfather, nephews and nieces and aunts and uncles and wife and husband of every family. These are the pains we carry be-

cause we love other people and the more people we love, the more pains we carry.

When I was a university student I was taught that the Stoics in their idealism were closer to Christianity than any other philosophers. This is to a certain degree true. It is also to a considerable degree false. The one thing that distinguishes Stoicism from Christianity is the central point of my present theme. The Stoics believed in equanimity—complete equanimity—and the way to get it is to cut yourself off more and more from other life so that it will not be a distraction.

One of the greatest Stoics was Epictetus, a Roman slave who became a philosopher. This is what he said about the perils of family life, which shows the distinction between Stoicism and Christian idealism:

"A wise man should be without distraction. He should not be tied to vulgar duties. He should be entirely attentive to the service of God. Consider, if he is married, there are some duties due to his father-in-law, some to the other relatives of his wife, some to the wife herself. He is obligated to the care of the members of the family whenever any of them are sick and to make provision for their support. Let us speak of others things. He must have a vessel and warm the water to bathe

his child and there must be wool, oil and a bed for his wife after her delivery and thus the furniture of life increases. More business. More distraction. Must he not provide clothes for his children. Must he not send them with pens and ink and paper to the school master. Do you see how this brings our wise man down and how it robs him of his kingdom."

Now you will have to admit that this is a very accurate description of family cares by a man who presumably had no experience of them. And it is also a very explicit disavowal of them. The difference between Stoic idealism and the Christian conception of joy through sorrow appears in the solemn joy which an anxious mother has as she keeps vigil. You remember that Abraham Lincoln wrote one of his most beautiful letters to a mother who had lost five sons in the Civil War. He wrote to her about "the solemn joy that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom." In this case Lincoln, as so frequently, caught the spirit of the Bible, the solemn joy that must be yours, not happiness.

If there is really a sensitive heart which has been touch by God's grace, it will weep many a tear and will rejoice in many a song. The love, joy, and peace of God are within the pain and sorrow of the cross.

REJOICE IN GOODNESS

"Love is never glad when others go wrong . . ." — I Corinthians 13:6 (Moffatt)

HOW often have we heard it said (or how often have you said it!), "I told you so," when someone does something that brings discredit upon himself? And, was there not just a hint of self-justification in the words? Did you think that what happened vindicates your prior feelings in the matter? What you are really doing is "being glad when others go wrong," and that is not the love that Jesus lived and told us about.

When the rich young ruler came to Jesus the story says that Jesus loved him. Jesus loved someone who was not going to do what He told him to do. He loved someone who was going to defeat Him, for it is a defeat when one is unable to bring another around to one's way of thinking and living. Yet this did not deter Jesus' outflowing love. Jesus loved him. Jesus was never glad when others went wrong. Jesus went about doing good, and as in the case of the blind man, he saw wrongness and disease only as an opportunity for God to manifest Himself in their healing.

I have seen people pounce upon an ugly rumor like flies upon garbage. They eagerly discuss it. They spread its virus by word of mouth and in the process someone's reputation is lacerated. Our job, as followers of Jesus, is not to harm one's reputation. It is to build up, to bring health, to bring spiritual comfort, and to transform the ugly into the beautiful by incarnating God's love in our actions, our words and our attitudes.

So few of us really believe that all-out, all pervading, all-encompassing love will heal and transform. We tend to slip back to a lower level and try to change by vindictiveness, slander, anger, and sarcasm. It does not work. It has never worked and it never will. Those who have changed the world have been those who have been uncompromisingly committed to the way of love.

READ: **Good News**, Starr Daliy. \$2.00

GOING HOME BY A NEW ROUTE

"For if you love them which love you, what reward have you? . . ."
—Matthew 5:46.

MANY years ago I heard of a man who every so often went home by a different route. By doing this he kept alive his sense of wonder, he discovered new people and new sights, and he kept his mind alert. In this manner he grew and kept young in spirit. Life continued to be an adventure to him. I am sure that the great tragedy of most lives is that they have lost their dreams and their capacity to wonder. It is much better to lose money and friends than it is to lose your dreams and sense of wonder. One can always make new friends and more money, but if the spirit is dulled and the edge taken off the eagerness and wonder of living, then all of life becomes drab and meaningless.

The man who went home by a different route was fulfilling, in one area, the command of Jesus to love those who do not love you. Loving those who do not love us is "going home by a different route." The one who does this is adventuring into the growing edge of life. He is gaining greater depth and width and height and breadth of spirit. Most of us go home "over the same old route" day after day by loving only those who love us. We like the person who has the same political views, the person with the same religious background, the person with the same color of skin, the person with the same educational background, and the person with the same interests. All that this amounts to is "loving those who love us." A better way of putting it is that we are simply "loving ourselves in others."

If you want to grow, if you want to train yourself in "going home by another route," then try loving those who do not believe the same way that you believe, those who are not of the same background and those who have qualities that you do not like. In this manner you will constantly find a new adventure in living, you will discover God in places where you never expected to find Him, your sense of wonder will increase and you will experience the "love of God" that pours itself out on the just and on the unjust and on the good and on the evil alike. This is life, this is really living, and this is the power that is the hope and the inspiration and the fulfillment of all mankind.

READ: **Be Thou Made Whole**, Glenn Clark. \$2.50.

THERE IS JOY IN HEAVEN . . .

"Likewise, I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God, over one sinner that repenteth."—Luke 15:10.

ONCE in awhile someone wants to know why so much attention is paid to the person who repents in this story told by Jesus. You might as well ask, and it would mean the same thing, why a teacher is so thrilled over a student who "repents" and applies himself to his studies. She is more happy over that one student than she is over the other thirty or forty who are doing what they are supposed to do. It is not that this particular student is inherently any more important than the other students, but it is simply that because he is not measuring up to his abilities he is constantly on the mind of the teacher. And, because he is on the teacher's mind, when he does come to himself and begins functioning as he should, she is most happy over his repentance (turning about and going in the direction he is supposed to go).

Parents are familiar with exactly the same situation. If there is one of the children who seems to be having a difficult time adjusting to life, they are concerned over that child. That child is more in the center of their thinking than all the other members of the family. If the child is overly shy and finds it painful to mix with others, it is cause for concern. When such a child finds himself and begins to enjoy the company of others and to demonstrate confidence in himself, the parents are certainly more happy over the changed life than they are over the other children who did not have to overcome so much. They love all their children, but their concern was for the one who needed "to repent."

We are all members of a heavenly family. God is our Father and He has a purpose and a plan for the fulfillment of each member of that family. When one child finally becomes aware of his heavenly relationship, there is joy in the whole family of heaven. It is not that this person is more important than the rest of humanity, but rather that the heavenly family is relieved and joyful for a child who has found himself.

READ: *Lessons In Successful Living*, Albert Cliffe. \$2.75.

Books of Interest

Norman K. Elliott

BE THOU MADE WHOLE, Glenn Clark. Macalester Park, \$2.50, 161 pages. This is a book on spiritual healing and it is written in the best inspirational Glenn Clark manner. If the reader is in ill health (physical, mental, or spiritual) I'd recommend this book most highly. If the reader wants to learn the underlying principles of healing and also techniques he can use for the healing of others, this book is made to order for him. Instead of chapters, the book is divided into lessons, and each lesson is divided into three parts: an introductory letter by Glenn Clark, the interpretative text of the lesson, and exercises for the reader. Each exercise is divided into three parts: "Reading Exercise", which is usually something from some other book or books, "Memorizing Exercise", which might be some passage out of the scriptures, and "Visualization Exercise", which gives the reader something specific to do. Some of the lessons are: "The Divine Law of Wholeness", "The Healing Power of Light and Water", "Bathing the Soul", "Bathing the Emotions", "Bathing the Mind", "Bathing the Lungs", "Bathing the Blood Vessels", "Bathing the Inner Tissues", "Bathing the Skin", "The Mighty Levers of Prayer", and "The Secret of Overcoming Death." For anyone in ill health, and for anyone interested in healing, this is one of the finest books on the subject.

TO LIVE IS CHRIST, Ralph A. Herring. Broadman, \$1.50, 107 pages. This is a study manual for the book of Philipians. He does a good job of preparing the way for understanding by describing the environment of Paul, the conditions of the church to which his letter is written, and then taking the letter bit by bit for explanation.

LET ME ILLUSTRATE, Jerome O. Williams. Broadman, \$1.75, 135 pages. Good stories and illustrations of evangelical slant out of the life and experi-

ences of the author, a minister, on such subjects as Assurance, Bible, Christ, Conversion, Faith, Love, Missions, etc.

BE STILL AND KNOW, Georgia Harkness. Abingdon, \$1.25, 96 pages. This is a warm little book of devotions that can be used either privately or for public worship. Each page has a verse from the Bible, a poem that is based on the verse of scripture, and a prayer that ties in with the theme of the poem. The categories of the devotions are as follows: "Poems of Faith and Aspiration", "A Sequence on the Beatitudes", "Sonnets on the Life of Jesus", "Nature Poems", "Poems of Special Seasons", "Poems of Social Concern", "Poems of Tribute", and "Prayer Poems and Hymns."

LIVING IN FOUR DIMENSIONS, Gaston Foote. Revell, \$2.00, 160 pages. As far as I can see the "four dimension" part of the title means taking God into partnership with you in all your activities. The author does a good job of analyzing the problems of life in a clear manner, and then suggesting remedies that make common sense. I am sure the book will especially appeal to men who want their religion served to them in intellectually respectable forms. For such people I am sure the book will fill a need that is real and worthwhile. The book will also be valuable, too, for those who find the generalities of religion too elusive for practical application. Some of the chapters are: "No Use to Alibi", "Guaranteed to Win over Worry", "What's the Use of Praying?" "Help Yourself to Happiness", and "The Last Sprint".

THE CHURCH WE CANNOT SEE, Nelle Morton. Friendship Press, \$2.00, 118 pages. The book is illustrated with black and white drawings. This is a book for young people about young people of different nationalities who find their life-meaning and direction by discovering that

church is more than a building, that the church is a fellowship and a way of living. The stories are true ones about boys and girls in this country, Mexico, Africa,

and India. Any young person reading these stories cannot help but have a broader and more helpful idea of what belonging to Christ means.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233)

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None.

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

C. O. Dunham
(Signature of business manager)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1953.

(SEAL)

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

☞ You are not sufficient of yourself.

Twelve Rules for Happiness

Grenville Kleiser

HAPPINESS IS A HABIT—a by-product of right thinking and living. Here are twelve rules for happiness:

1.—Live a simple life. Be temperate in your habits. Avoid self-seeking and selfishness. Make simplicity the keynote of your daily plans. Simple things are best.

2.—Spend less than you earn. It may be difficult, but it pays large dividends in contentment. Keep out of debt. Cultivate frugality, prudence, and self-denial. Avoid extravagance.

3.—Think constructively. Train yourself to think clearly and accurately. Store your mind with useful thoughts. Stand porter at the door of your mind.

4.—Cultivate a yielding disposition. Resist the common tendency to want things your own way. See the other person's viewpoint.

5.—Be grateful. Begin the day with gratitude for your opportunities and blessings. Be glad for the privilege of life and work.

6.—Rule your moods. Cultivate a mental attitude of peace and goodwill.

7.—Give generously. There is no greater joy in life than to render happiness to others by means of intelligent giving.

8.—Work with right motives. The highest purpose of your life should be to grow in spiritual grace and power.

9.—Be interested in others. Divert your mind from self-centeredness. In the degree that you give, serve, and help, will you experience the by-product of happiness.

10.—Live in a daytight compartment. That is, live one day at a time. Concentrate on your immediate task. Make the most of today.

11.—Have a hobby — nature study, walking, gardening, music, golfing, carpentry, stamp collecting, sketching, voice culture, foreign language, chess, books, photography, social service, public speaking, travel, authorship. Cultivate an avocation to which you can turn for diversion and relaxation.

12.—Keep close to God. True and enduring happiness depends primarily upon close alliance with Him. It is your privilege to share His thoughts for your spiritual nourishment, and to have constant assurance of divine protection and guidance.

Depend upon yourself. Make your judgment trustworthy by trusting it. You can develop good judgment as you do the muscles of the body—by judicious, daily exercise. To be

known as a man of sound judgment will be much in your favor.

Your sufficiency is of God. Nowhere else is it possible for you to find complete satisfaction and contentment. You are transformed by the renewing of your mind and being filled with the fruits of righteousness.

You are not sufficient of yourself,

for alone you can do nothing. You are wholly dependent upon the Divine Father. Trust, therefore, implicitly in Him, and lean not on your own understanding.

In all your ways, in every thought, aspiration, and enterprise, seek and acknowledge Him, and He will direct you in the paths of truth, love, and righteousness.

* * *

Awakening

Theobel Wing Alleeson

Dear heart, the Father knows your need
Though the lonely road is grim,
Though your tears may blind you, He will lead
For the way is plain to Him.

In the silver hush of dawn, dear heart,
He will help you meet the day
When life and hope and love take part
To roll your stone away.

Mid loveliness of leaf and flower
Look up, dear heart, and sing,
And know in this glad Easter hour
Your soul's awakening!

* * *

Trusting Can Be Prayer

Edna Hull Miller

Dear Lord, the duties crowd today
I cannot find the time to pray,
Yet in my heart there is a song
Of happiness the whole day long
Because I trust my life to Thee—
Can that be prayer? O, let it be!

☞ Christians can get something out of anything, even failure.

What is Happening to You?

J. Wallace Hamilton

“I want you to know, brethren,” said Paul “that what has happened to me has really served to advance the gospel” (Phil. 1: 12. RSV).

“What things do you mean, Paul? Do you mean this prison—these bonds?”

Things happen to everybody—in varying degree the same things, good and bad. There is no assurance that, because we are Christian, we shall be spared from calamity or protected from adversity. In the New Testament certainly, there is no encouragement for the ancient belief that prosperity is the mark of God's approval and adversity is the evidence of his wrath. We are in a world of amazing impartiality. Rain falls on the just and the unjust; good things happen to bad people and bad things happen to good people. And if God should begin operating His universe on a bargain counter basis, all he would have here would be a lot of coddled saints and scared hypocrites.

When Jesus told the story of the two houses, one built on sand, the other built on rock, he significantly pointed up the fact that the climate and weather conditions for both

houses were exactly alike. The storms that broke upon one, also beat upon the other. The winds that blew upon one, blew also upon the other. The difference was in the foundations.

Things happen to everybody—the same things. They are the stuff out of which we make life. We all walk the same streets, look up at the same sky, go through the same experiences. The difference is in what we do with the experiences and what we build out of them. The same letters of the alphabet, the same words in the dictionary are available to the comic book writers as to Shakespeare or Dr. Buttrick. The gulf that separates them is determined by the skill and purpose in the use of them.

Two men sit down to a piano—one gets music, the other discord. Same instrument—the difference is in the players.

Things happen to all of us—the same things, and while we cannot always control what may happen to us, we can decide what happens in us. In Paul's letter to the Philipians, we are confronted with another thrilling example of the Christian answer to the problem of ad-

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versity, of which the cross of Christ is the supreme and transcendent illustration.

While there are many forms and variations of the problem, there are only three major ways of handling the upsetting, annoying things that happen to us. We may take them resentfully, set ourselves rigidly against them, look upon them as intrusions on our welfare to be resisted and resented. It's the perfect formula for a neurosis. If we are not prepared to cope with anything except success, we are not conditioned for life.

Too many people stand resentful in their problems because they have never come to terms with the simple reality that life was not designed to run smoothly, and that in the very nature of existence there is a certain inevitableness of opposition essential to the maturing soul. Brought up on a frothy success psychology, they start out with the idea that the ideal life is the unruffled life, that happiness is the goal. Then when the upsetting experience comes, they stand baffled and resentful. They are so taken by surprise they cannot adjust to the unexpected event. They develop a sort of arthritis in their emotional joints.

That is what resentment is, a brittleness in personality that will not bend to the new demand. Psychologists are writing much today

about mental health, and emphasizing as an important factor a resiliency of spirit that will bend as a tree bends in the wind, not break. Tire manufacturers first tried to make a tire that would resist the shocks of the road. It was soon pounded to pieces. Then they learned to make a tire that would give and absorb the shocks. That tire is enduring because it is resilient. It is conditioned to anticipate the bumps.

Things happen to everybody—the same things. We can take them submissively, take them like a turtle takes the prodding of a stick; accept them because they are inevitable, and because there is nothing else we can do but “grin and bear it” —take whatever comes to endure it as bravely as we can.

Too much of our Christianity is Stoicism with Christian labels. Our peace-of-mind cults are more Buddhist than Christian. And there isn't too much difference between them. They are all passive ways of handling the materials of life.

For example, the only difference between Stoicism and Christian Science is that Stoicism recognizes the reality of pain. Christian Science denies that there is any fact there, or even the raw material to make one. “All is mental,” says the Christian Scientist with a toothache. “There is no matter there to ache.” The Stoic, a bit truer to the fact,

gets set to endure it saying, “There is matter, but it doesn't matter if there is.” While there is much in the endurance religions to be admired and in a measure emulated, they are all far short of the positive, redemptive principle of which the New Testament is full.

There is a third and more excellent way. “What has happened to me,” said Paul, “has really served to advance the gospel.” Here was a man who had learned from Christ to take all things creatively. He learned that the adversities of life are not misfortunes to be resisted or resigned to. Nor are they merely burdens to be bravely borne and passively endured. All things that happen to us are raw material that can be used for building better life and opportunities to advance the good news of God to men.

Back in 1931, when a grasshopper plague swept through the Midwestern states, somebody asked one farmer what he was doing about the pests. “Wa'll, they took most of my crops,” he answered. “They've just about et it up. But,” he went on “I've gathered about ten tons of the critters—got 'em dried and stored in the barn. Gonna feed 'em to the chickens this winter. Figure if I can't raise a crop, I can raise chickens. Reckon I'll come out ahead on it.”

That is what you keep seeing all through the New Testament. It is

an undiscourageable spirit that seems to know by divine instinct how to take advantage of every disadvantage and how to make every disaster pay a dividend

Things happened to Jesus—ugly things. He didn't merely endure them. He employed them, used every one to promote the kingdom of God. When the Pharisees criticized his morals—eating, as they said, with publicans and sinners, he did not merely bear their ugly taunts. He used them as the back drop for the loveliest story in literature — the story of the Prodigal Son.

The Cross happened to Him too—this ugly thing. He did not merely submit to the Cross. He used it. He didn't merely bear the blows life hurled at Him. He took them and turned them—made them a weapon against evil. The Cross He bore became the creative instrument of redemption, until every foe arrayed against Him became the unconscious servant of His cause and the fierce winds that blew against Him became a lifting force up to the feet of God.

Now this is no theological dogma to be shut up in a church or cathedral. It is an intensely practical principle which we can use every day of our lives. Things happen to all of us—the same things. Suppose we should begin now to look upon them, not as intrusions to be re-

sented or crosses to be resigned to, but as opportunities to be used and triumphed in.

As we study the Life and Letters of Paul, we see the principle in its practical application. Those first Christians had learned from Christ how to make the winds of opposition lift them to higher altitudes. Fling these New Testament Christians into jail and they will start a revival meeting there, convert the jailer and his family. Persecute them, scatter them through the cities, and they will break out in a passion of preaching. Hale them before courts and kings and they will turn the courtroom into a church and the prisoners' dock into a pulpit from which they witness to the power and presence of Christ. Put them into prison to silence their tongues

and they will make the prison cell a printing press, and come out of the dark dungeons with the New Testament in their hands.

Christianity teaches that we should get something out of everything, even out of failure. We ought to get something out of sickness, not just go through it. We ought to get something out of criticism, not just bear it. We ought to make every disappointment and defeat, every broken hope and frustrating experience, pay a profit.

Are things happening to you now—upsetting, ugly things? Then the creative Christian question for you to ask is not, How can I escape this? or How can I endure it? but How can I use it? How can I make it pay a profit for the kingdom of God?"

* * *

The Presence of God

Robert Masters

Even in war, I have felt Him in the trenches;
Even at night, as carbines spurted flame.
And mid the vast, hellish battlefield's stench
I have heard brave men whispering His Name.

At other times, when desolate or despairing;
When thinking of some loved, departed face;
Or when some too-heavy burden I was bearing;
That burden has been lightened by His Grace.

Whether in time of trial or happier hour;
Whether in time of peace or time of sword:
I have been glad in the knowledge of that Great Power,
Been strengthened by the Presence of my Lord.

☞ I wanted that immense throng to know
the meek and lowly Jesus.

India's Ramayana

Frank Laubach

THIS is Hindu holy week.

Today is the great climax. This afternoon we went by invitation to the biggest annual religious festival of India. There were, according to the papers, 400,000 people gathered in Delhi alone.

The Hindu holy week has no cross nor resurrection as the Christian Holy Week has. It is more like Christmas than Easter, a happy holiday rather than a holy day. But the theme is far from either Christmas or Easter.

All week long there have been dramatic presentations of the popular epic called Ramayana. Briefly here is the plot of the drama we saw today.

Many thousand years ago King Ravana was an unbearable tyrant. So Lord Vishnu became incarnated as the son of a king and bore the name of Lord Rama. He married Sita who was a king's daughter.

One day while Lord Rama was away from home, wicked King Ravana kidnapped Sita and flew through the air with her to his kingdom. Lord Rama, upon his return home, learned that King Ravana had stolen his wife, and went in hot pursuit. A duel between the Lord and the king was pantomimed by two chariots which circled round

our field. In one chariot Lord Rama and his brother were shooting arrows and in the other King Ravana was throwing huge spears. There was a magic liquid of immortality in the stomach of King Ravana. But Lord Rama shot an arrow into the King's stomach, the liquid leaked out and King Ravana died. Then three huge effigies of King Ravana, his brother, and his son were burned amid brilliant fireworks and loud explosions.

To the Hindus this epic symbolizes the victory of truth and right over untruth and tyranny. It represents to them the wars between nations and also the war between right and wrong in every human soul.

Lord Rama is the incarnation of every good virtue, courteous, unselfish, husband of one wife, the perfect nobleman. The Ramayana contains many pages describing his sweet character. Lord Rama is the most blessed influence in Hinduism.

But oh, I wanted that immense throng to know the meek and lowly Jesus, who was born not in a King's palace but in a stable, who walked day after day down the road healing and saving people, who taught the immeasurable value of every little human being, for we are

called to become sons of God and members of his royal household. I wanted them to know Jesus going to the cross still, saying "Father, forgive them."

Lord Rama never showed India how to go down seeking to save "the poorest and lowliest and lost." Jesus showed men how to lose their lives in humble and often painful service for those in need. The British missionary C. F. Andrews was a modern incarnation of this spirit of Jesus. He spent his time going from country to country where people were suffering and seeking to help them by the ways of love.

Andrews met Gandhi in South Africa and the two men worked together to relieve the Indians of their misery. The sweet unselfish self-sacrifice of Andrews so captured the admiration of Gandhi that the Mahatma said: "If every Christian were like Andrews, I would not hesitate to become a Christian." Gandhi read the gospels daily the rest of his life. He never joined a church but he captured the compassion of Jesus for the poor, and so became incomparably nobler than the Lord Rama he professed to adore.

I hear Indians saying many times "Unless we catch the spirit of the missionaries we can never lift India." It is because the gods of India lacked the humble compassion of Jesus that India has tolerated pov-

erty, disease, and ignorance in her masses. They needed the spirit of Jesus who took the sufferings of all mankind on Himself. Gandhi took this from Jesus and injected it into Hinduism where it is working as a powerful leaven. It shattered caste, set the outcasts free, and began the most colossal social revolution ever seen in one generation in all history.

Today not only India but the United Nations and the United States in particular have adopted the compassionate effort to help all people out of misery no matter of what country, color, or creed. We are witnessing in India and throughout the world the most stupendous progress toward the spirit of Jesus in two thousand years.

Never since the world began have the illiterate under half of the world had a break or even a thought excepting by a small group of "impractical dreamers" called foreign missionaries. Now the great nations have adopted this foreign missionary program as priority—number-one basis for world peace.

One of the busiest programs in Asia is the dividing up of big estates so that the little people may have land of their own. Along with this is a vast program to show them how to raise better crops, to have better homes, to conquer disease, and to live more abundant lives. They are being taught to read and

then given books and papers that he has been waiting all these centuries until the eyes of the world were opened to see that his was a happiness. gospel for the poor, the blind, and the captives.

All this is the result of the leaven of Jesus Christ. His heart sings for

To be alive in such a day
To live to it, to give to it
Give thanks with all thy flaming heart
That in it thou canst have a part.

* * *

An Experience

Jewell Mong

The way was dark, nowhere to turn
The days and nights were long
But when I turned to Him in prayer
He filled my heart with song.

I found when sorrow came to me
That faith would help it lead
To open doors of new insights
To truths to meet my need.

For in the midst of life's dark days
His Presence came to bless.
He said "I'm with you, all is well,
Drop all the strain and stress."

I felt the prayers of Christian friends,
I felt His love and care,
I put my loved one in His hands,
In trust, I left him there.

And then I did the best I could,
In patience and in love;
There came a peace, I can't explain,
It must be from above.

I know not what the future holds
But this I know through prayer,
That if with Him we're always yoked
There can be no despair.

¶ Robert C. Fletcher is vicar of the century old St. John's Episcopal Church for the Deaf in Birmingham, Ala.

The Silent Speaker

Kathleen Warren

FOR the first time in history, the session of the United States Senate was opened by prayer in the sign language on the 26th of March, 1952, when the Reverend Robert C. Fletcher, vicar of the century old St. John's Episcopal Church for the Deaf in Birmingham, Alabama, delivered the customary opening prayer.

Silence was indeed golden as it "spoke" through the deaf-mute priest's eloquent hands. The prayer was then orally interpreted by Dr. Irving S. Fusfield, dean of Gallaudet College for the Deaf, Washington.

Robert Fletcher is becoming nationally known through his tireless efforts in behalf of the deaf throughout the entire south. Totally deaf since birth, he attended the School for the Deaf at Talladega. When he was eighteen, shortly before entering Gallaudet College, he visited a friend in Birmingham and attended the services which the deaf in the city held each Sunday in a parish house offered for their use by a local church. He was impressed by their religious enthusiasm, although they had no minister. He vowed to educate himself for the ministry, and return to them as their leader.

When Robert Fletcher became the minister for the deaf in Birmingham, the small group took over the vacant hundred-year-old St. John's Episcopal Church and made it their own.

Mr. Fletcher prefers to be called a Christian Missionary, rather than an Episcopal Missionary. His church is the mother church to missions for the deaf in Talladega, Mobile, Montgomery, Tuscaloosa, Jasper, and St. Mark's Mission for Deaf Negroes in Birmingham, and many regular attendants at his services are Baptists, Catholics, Presbyterians, Jewish, Methodist, and members of other denominations and faiths.

Rev. Fletcher administers to the deaf throughout the south. His heavy burden is soon to be shared by young Steve Mathis, a deaf boy of Mobile, whom Rev. Fletcher is sending through the same kind of training he himself had.

Robert Fletcher is married to a deaf-mute, like himself. They have raised four normal children (three girls and a boy) in a tremendous, historical old house, with ceilings a "mile high", and six bedrooms, one for each member of the family.

¶ Sin means a wall of my own making between me and the very source of life.

Call Sin by its Name

Allan A. Hunter

THE Prodigal who cried "I have sinned" had no illusions about that in the human will which ruptures relationships and disintegrates personality. He called sin by its name. We don't. We prefer more highfalutin' nouns such as maladjustment, deviation, immaturity. Would that we were as allergic to sin itself as we are to the word!

One reason we shy off from the word is that over-pious people do sometimes become morbid in dealing with "shortcomings," especially other people's. Just as certain invalids enjoy being sick, these people enjoy pointing a selfrighteous forefinger at someone who may only have broken some not very important convention. They get so angry at others because they are repressing deep in their own unconscious minds a corroding sense of guilt. They forget Jesus' clear word "Judge not." The result is they are always kicking the bruised places not only in others but in themselves, always blaming, always preoccupied with faults. How easy it is to magnify the trivial! In Jesus' day you could get a bad case of inflamed conscience over eating an egg laid on the Sabbath, since a hen's labor was involved. And ladies just weren't

supposed to look into a mirror over the weekend lest they see a gray hair and go to the blasphemous effort of pulling it out. Not many years ago you could be dealt with vigorously in the woodshed for whistling on Sunday. We know better now. But is that sufficient reason for being afraid to call sin by its name when we bump into it, in ourselves?

Sin is something that will manage us if we don't manage it. It isn't a matter so much of breaking a man-made law. It's a matter of going against the grain of the universe, violating the deepest thing within ourselves. Our bodies understand. When we lie, it registers there; in the breathing maybe or the eyelids or, if you're smart enough to observe, in the Adam's apple. A member of our church made the statement the other day to the effect that when we're mad or fearful or despondent, we are choosing during that time to be morons; we are deliberately reducing our intelligence from thirty to seventy per cent. "Sin is war," the theologians say. The war is against the structure of life out there and in here. It is also in defiance of neighbor and God himself. When you sin you are anti-social. You put yourself into a thermos bottle with a vacuum

around you. At the same time you are setting your little will against the great will of the Father, and that which is most aware within us knows very well that the time must come when we have to be honest about the fact and cry from the depths, "I am no longer worthy to be called Thy son."

An animal can't sin. But we can. And that is our terrifying significance. It's no use our trying to act like an animal. We only sink down far lower than an animal can. We don't go to the dogs. We go beneath them. That is because we are free to choose as no animal is free. And sin means selfishly choosing to deteriorate instead of to grow as a child of God.

Suppose I do wrong; wrong against the moral code, wrong against the deepest thing in myself, wrong against society, wrong against the trust God has placed in me. You won't do me a service by calling my sin by some fancy name. What I have to reckon with personally and unevasively is God. Sin means a wall of my making between me and the very Source of Life. That barrier, that resistance inside of me has to be broken down. What then must I do?

The first thing I must do is to acknowledge frankly, boldly before God that I have been saying "No" to Him; and now I see that by myself, in isolation, on this old basis

of self-centredness I can do nothing. I have to call sin by its name and then go on toward redemption. That is what the cross is there to do for us. As T. R. Glover points out: "The cross has lit up the real nature of God; the love that chose it becomes the supreme thing; the record is not ignored, but its paralyzing effect is gone." The sense of having rebelled "as a creature against the Creator" no longer hypnotizes me. It stimulates me to throw myself out on Him who alone can create in me a clean heart and put a new and right spirit within me. Did not the Son of Man come to seek me and to save that which is lost? The fact that I am lost makes me eligible for being found, so that the blurred image of God in me may be restored. I can now relax and turn attention to Him who as Brother Lawrence confessed "never fails to offer us His Grace at every action." I can now say "Yes" instead of "No" to that Will for Overflowing Life I see in Jesus. I am free now to grow in a wonderful relationship with the Father because my attention is turned toward Him. Lois Chrisler, asked what was the most beautiful thing she saw in the Rockies, gives us the clue: "The sky. Up there it is so clear that as you look it *unprisons your soul.*" That is what redemption, the answer to sin, actually is: the unprisoning of the soul.

☪ "All authority in heaven and on earth has been given to me." Matt. 28:18.

He is the Manager

Wayne McLain

I dreamed I was in a dime store. Somehow I felt that I had been treated unjustly by someone of the store personnel and I demanded angrily to see the manager. I was led to a short stocky man in a blue suit seated with his back to me at a desk. Standing behind him I asked impatiently, wanting immediate attention, "Are you the manager? Are you the manager?"

He did not turn around immediately but continued to work with some papers on his desk. Then, just as I was walking away in pride and anger, he turned around and said quietly—as if he did not need to argue about it at all—"Yes, I'm the manager." I was moving on away from him when the thought occurred to me that God dwells in all men and that here I was being very discourteous to a child of God. I felt that I should go back and apologize but my pride and anger were too great. Then, as I looked back at the face of the manager, I saw his face merge into the face of Jesus!

This dream taught me two things. First, it taught me that the light of God dwells in all men and that I should try to treat my fellowmen as I would treat Jesus if He were visibly present. "If anyone

says, 'I love God,' and hates his brother, he is a liar; for he who does not love his brother whom he has seen, cannot love God whom he has not seen." (I John 4:20.)

Secondly, I was taught that *Jesus is the Manager!* When He was resurrected He said, "All authority in heaven and on earth has been given to me." (Matt. 28:18.)

One of the marvels of Christianity is that the man Who wiped the sweat off His brow in a carpenter shop in Nazareth, Palestine, about 1930 years ago, is now on the throne of the universe. The Word became flesh, the invisible mind of God was made a human being and that human being has been glorified and is now omnipresent through the Holy Spirit. He is the Manager.

Jesus said, "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they neither toil nor spin; yet I tell you, even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." (Matt. 6: 28, 29.) Jesus tells us that the very hairs of our heads are numbered by the mind of the Father. The Father is aware of everything. *How* this is possible we cannot understand; but our highest thought tells us *that it must be*

possible since a divine omniscient intelligence is essential to the explanation of the marvelous order of the created world. The Father is aware of the botanical processes by which the lily grows and realizes its design. He orders the movements of electrons around the nuclei of the atoms which make up the keys of this typewriter and He directs the movements of the amoeba in the bottom of the Congo in central Africa. Someone has said that God is a divine mathematician Who daily employs formulae which would drive an Einstein mad. He manages everything from the atom to the sun. Not a sparrow falls to the ground without the Father knowing and caring. And we are of much more value than many sparrows. Jesus saw this and said, "If God so clothes the grass of the field, which today is alive and tomorrow is thrown into the oven, will he not much more clothe you, O men of little faith?" (Matt. 6:30)

Our best thought forces us logically to the conclusion that God will take care of us but sometimes something within asks, "Can it really be true?" We are somewhat like the lady who rather tremulously took her first airplane ride. When she was asked how she liked the ride, she replied, "Oh, fine. But you know, I could never quite let myself put my whole weight down." Actually our "whole weight" rests

perpetually on the Lord. The one thing we often lack is the trust and inner serenity to assent to this.

The word of God came to Jeremiah telling him to go down to the potter's shop. There he saw the potter taking a marred vessel and fashioning it into a new vessel. God said to Jeremiah, "Like the clay in the potter's hand, so are you in my hand, O house of Israel!" (Jeremiah 18: 6.) And so are we.

As we begin to respond to the promptings of the Holy Spirit, we are led to do and say the right things in the right way at just the right time. The other day, while praying for a hospital patient, I was led to repeat the words of Jesus, "My peace I give to you; not as the world gives do I give to you. Let not your hearts be troubled, neither let them be afraid." (John 14:27) As I was leaving the room the wife of the patient told me that the great need in his life was inner peace. Once when I was praying for another patient I was led to pray that the healing blood of Jesus would flow into her bloodstream. I made this petition without being told what her disease was. The next day she went to her physician and found that her blood pressure had descended from a usual high of 200 to a normal 120. The doctor exclaimed, "A miracle has happened to you!"

I have often been struck by the

marvelous order and continuity of many religious services in which I have participated. Usually the minister of a church will plan his order of service independently of my preparation of the sermon. Yet almost always the service develops with logical and spiritual continuity and order. Even the things that seem to occur in a sort of *ad lib* fashion are later seen to fit a rather clearly discernible divine pattern. The Holy spirit is the Spirit of order. In Him alone is found the perfect synthesis of perfect spontaneity and perfect order.

No matter how great the predicaments we face, we can always rest assured that Jesus will never permit us to be tested beyond our ability in His grace to bear. We can, therefore, meet with joy, faith, and thanksgiving every problem situation knowing that *we are led to this place* by the Manager and Arranger for His own high purpose. And we can know that if we respond to the situation in His wisdom and love everyone concerned will be permanently helped and our own souls will grow in the process. The predicaments with which we are daily faced are really agents of our redemption. Whether it be the baby's yelling and demanding attention when someone is knocking on the front door while potatoes are boiling over on the stove or a crucial decision in business or politics, pre-

dicaments have "opportunity!" written all over them. As we meet them in patience and in love, knowing that patience leads to experience and experience creates hope, we are led through the school of Christ who teaches us just the things we are ready and need to learn in the right way at the right time. Wonderful are His ways!

When we turn over to Jesus any business which is basically honest and serves a real human need, astonishing success for the best of all will be the order of the day. So many problems in the industrial world would vanish if turned over to the Manager. When both management and the unions find union with the Manager, they will become unqualified friends of each other. If we are shoemakers, carpenters, or plumbers, we shall find as we dedicate ourselves and our work completely to Jesus and His plan for us that we have an unseen but real Helper Who works wonderfully well for no pay except our love.

God orders and arranges events in the inorganic world by what we call natural law. He orders and arranges events in the organic and animal world through biological processes and the instinctive urges of animals. Somehow He leads the birds south and the pigeons home. Somehow he guides the bees in the beehive and the ants in the anthill. Animals and plants do spontaneously

and instinctively what they must do in His order. We, however, being sons of God, possess the freedom to choose to follow His plan for us or to reject it. By following the dictates of selfish "common sense," by "keeping our powder dry," we become drier and deader and all our best laid plans somehow go awry. When, however, we choose to follow His way, it seems as if we are like a sailboat moved along effortlessly by an unseen wind which blows where it listeth. When we try to go against God's plan for us, we

are like a man in a sailboat with sails up, attempting to row against the wind. We may be trying to reach a temporary island refuge from God when we should let the mighty winds of heaven blow us to the permanent security of the mainland of the Kingdom. Ultimately, His yoke is easiest and His burden lightest because it conforms to the structure of the universe itself which was formed by the Eternal Word or Wisdom of God made flesh in Jesus.

* * *

Take Faith

Daisy Ridings

Take faith with you this year,
And if some days thick clouds hang low,
If winds of pain and sorrow blow,
If poverty descends on you
And only trouble meets your view,
You will not fear.

Take faith with you this year,
And if some nights there is no star
To light the pathway where you are;
If dangers press on every hand
And darkest, blackest skies expand,
You will not fear.

* * *

We do not need more law, we need more religion. We do not need more of development. We do not need more intellectual power, we need more spiritual power. We do not need more knowledge, we need more character. We do not need more law, we need more religion. We do not need more of the things that are seen, we need more of the things that are unseen.

—CALVIN COOLIDGE

☞ The purpose of life on earth is to learn how to use the tremendous powers which God has given to us.

Use or Lose the Faith God Gave You

Stella Terrill Mann

"If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth."

FOR the past twenty years I have been watching people from all walks of life heal their bodies, minds, spirits, and fortunes, change their whole lives for the better through means of faith. I have worked with them, kept records of their successes and failures, and have come to the conclusion that there is nothing wrong with the world today that can not be made right if enough people will put their faith to work!

For all people have faith. More than they realize. We are born with this gift from God and as children we use it. But as we grow older we either let it die from lack of use, or we use it so seldom it becomes corroded and we think it will no longer work, so we stop trying to make it work.

Recently my grandson, aged three, reminded me all over again that all people are born with faith. He was visiting me and several times had said, "I may have this. It is okay for me to have this," of something he wanted. It was not a question. Each time it was a simple statement of a happy fact.

From *Change Your Life Through Faith and Work*, Stella Terrill Mann. Dodd, Mead.

"John Robert," I finally asked, "What makes you so sure it is okay for you to have that?"

"Because," he answered without hesitation, "I am a good boy and Grandma loves me." Presently he added, "And I am careful. I will not break it."

The child was unconsciously using the three levels of faith which are faith in God, faith in man, and faith in self, which we must all use if we are to change our lives from all that we do not want to all that we desire them to be.

We all come to earth equipped with this knowledge. We should accept Jesus' advice to become as little children in our prayers and relationship to God. For that is the kind of faith that gets results—child-like trust without doubt.

The purpose of life on earth is to learn how to use the tremendous powers which God has given us.

One power that we are using hourly is that of free-will choice. It has to do with our gift of faith and we must learn to use it correctly or suffer. Here are some examples from the lives of people who learned how to use their gift of faith, who with free-will choice put it to work in

the right way. In each case the whole formula of desire-prayer-faith work and love was used.

The great men and women of all times have always had three-level faith. They believed in God, fellow man, and in their own powers. The Founders of this country all had such faith. Benjamin Franklin reminded the disagreeing framers of our Constitution they needed the guidance of God and moved that they have prayer every morning before the business session opened. His emotion carried and from that day, the work went on smoothly.

Abraham Lincoln believed in God and prayer. He said he often was forced to his knees, convinced there was no place else to go. He believed in his fellowmen. He said, "No man is good enough to own another." He believed in his own powers. He said, "Right makes might." The world can never forget that under his faith this nation was set free from a spiritual sickness called slavery that threatened to destroy it.

Dr. George Washington Carver, Negro genius, who as a boy was once traded for a horse, believed he could ask questions of God about the peanut and get specific answers. The world knows he did just that. He said "Anything will give up its secrets if you love it enough." He always worked and lived within the law of love.

Roger Babson's business reports

year after year have always stressed the fact that the men who believe in America, the free enterprise way, are those who also believe in God and are the same ones who earn the greatest fortunes. He recently reported that over fifty-one percent of the wealth of America belongs to Christians. These same people believe in tithing as their giving around the world proves. They believe in God, brother man, and in their own powers.

Newspapers recently carried the success story of a Polish refugee who landed in America only five years ago, Mr. Leon Jolson, a penniless foreigner who did not then even speak our language. Today he is head of the multi-million dollar Necchi Sewing Machine Company. The significant point in his success story is this: "He had unflinching faith," said the report. He "prayed for guidance" in every step of his way up. He also—most important to note—worked! He said "head and foot work." No nation on earth can keep a man down who knows these facts about life and puts them to work. Mr. Jolson left his native Poland when he "realized the Russians were going to run things."

Mr. Jolson proved a law I have stressed again and again in lecturing, writing, and counselling. I here advise the reader to believe it with his whole heart. It is this: The Individual can always go through, no

matter what the group, the nation, the family is doing or thinking or failing to do or think.

Shortly before he died the great Charles P. Steinmetz said, "Some day the scientists of the world will turn their laboratories over to the study of God and prayer and the spiritual forces . . . when this day comes the world will see more advancement in one generation than it has in the past four generations."

For thousands this day has already come. They are at this moment waking up to the fact that man is unlimited under law—that there is a better way of life, easier, more fruitful, and far more satisfying than any man ever has tried. Thousands are just now starting to learn about their gift of faith and how to use it. The great souls of all ages have known to a degree. The whole world can learn to a full degree. For both science and religion are now urging them to learn. It is man's greatest hope for a better world for all men, and both science and religion are agreed on it.

Changing one's life for the better begins with desire. It gets no farther than that unless followed up with faith. But many are like a man who came to me saying, "I just can't believe I will get good things.

I seem to have no gift for faith." He was defeating his own purpose by his belief that "Faith is a gift from God," meaning that some have it and others do not. The Bible does say that faith is a gift from God. But so is all life and the universe. So are the laws which operate the universe. All men have faith. The difference is that some learn how to use it and others do not. The reason for this is that some try to learn to use it and others never really try.

Just so with us, my friend. God has given us not only the gift of Life, but all that is necessary to go with it to make life happy, useful, and full. God has a stake in the matter. God stands to benefit by our growth. Therefore we cannot fail if we will do our part. But we cannot begin to do our part without faith.

Learning how to use faith is necessary. No two engineering problems are exactly alike, but every engineer must learn that two and two are four before he can build a bridge that will stand up. There are certain principles to be learned about faith and until we do learn them our faith bridges will collapse. We want them to stand, for it is over these bridges that our desires come into our lives as realities.

* * *

Before me, even as behind,
God is, and all is well.

—John G. Whittier

The Prayer that is Always Answered

Glenn Clark

WE SEE facts with our eyes; we see ideas with our minds; we see ideals with our souls. Whatever we see with our souls is real and permanent and cannot be destroyed.

An idea is a mere figment of the brain, something that today is and tomorrow has passed away. It has no roots, no reality. But see an idea in all its entirety, in all its interrelations with all other ideas, then breathe into it the life of love, and behold, it ceases to be an idea and it becomes an ideal.

The only apparent difference, as far as looking at the two words is concerned, rests in the fact that one word has the letter "I" and the other does not. The letter "I" is a simple letter, the twelfth in the alphabet, and by its addition to the word "idea" it changes it to a five letter word. It seems a very insignificant change, but if I were a believer in the meaning of numbers I would be inclined to say that four is symbolical of the beginning of a new thing, a new idea, a new era, but that five is symbolical of its fulfillment.

But whatever way we try to explain it, this is a fact: that a man will not spend two minutes over an idea, while he will fight for an

ideal, will let his life be governed by it, and if need be, will die for it. Ideas do not often come into manifestation, while ideals always do. We see facts with our eyes, ideas with our minds, and ideals with our souls.

By the mere act of converting an idea into an ideal by seeing it whole, and in its proper relationship with all other ideas, and by breathing love into it, we have lifted it into a place where God can take it and grasp it and bring it to pass. That is prayer in its highest sense. That is the kind of prayer that is always answered.

A marvelous thing was this faith of Jesus that anything, any miracle, could be accomplished by anyone asking in his *Name*. To Jesus the *Name* or the *Word* signified the entire *being*, the whole idea in its entirety. This *whole being*, this *totality* and *unity* comprised all *Infinite Power* focusing at one point, as it were. To Jesus, every individual, if we considered him as a *whole* individual and not as a fragmentary individual, as most people of his day did—in short, if one considered him as a *man* and not as a publican or a sinner or as a harlot or as a carpenter or as a husbandman — in other words, if one considered a

person as a *whole, total unit united with God*, he would become for the moment, as it were, *the entire universe conscious at one point*. Christ looked at people this way, and his way of telling people they were this was by saying they were sons of God, or had power to become sons of God. The trouble with the people he came in contact with, even with his disciples, was that no one seemed able to get a complete realization of this oneness with their Maker. Jesus alone possessed this inner realization of his own inner unity, and he therefore used continually the term to describe it as *the only begotten Son of God*. In him only was begotten this consciousness of oneness of God, therefore of being in himself all the universe conscious at one point. To have this consciousness was to enable one to be a channel through which *all the power of the universe might flow*. That was the reason he said continually, "Whosoever asks in my name—my inner name—my real inner self—will find their prayers always and forever answered."

Paradoxes are wonderful. Anything that you want, just turn it around and do it in reverse. If you want people to pay you what they owe you, you start giving out money. When you are in trouble, go up in the attic and see what you can give away. For realization, accept the promises in the Bible and try the

about-face paradoxes. Turn the other cheek. Everytime I wanted to slap someone, I got slapped. But not when I turned the other cheek.

When you want something from God, relinquish it. Tell God you are willing to take whatever he wants to give you. That is the quickest way to get it. John and James wanted to be first in the kingdom. Jesus told them to erase themselves and become as little children and serve others. They relinquished their desire, and eventually they became leaders. John wrote his Gospel and James became head of one of the branches of the Church.

George Mueller never asked for money but \$7,000,000 came to him. He trusted this verse: "The Lord will take care of widows and orphans . . ." The China Inland Mission never asked for money—they only asked God. The secret is to go into the inner room of your soul, and turn yourself inside out.

The way to overcome a thing is to come up over it. If you want to become an orator, learn more about it than you need. If you want to be successful, give your customers more than you need to. Whenever you are in a fix, the best way out is just up. A drop of water in mud can be purified only by being drawn up to God.

I don't force things. My power is greater when I agree with the other fellow, and let him have his way.

On Prayer Groups

Ethel Dow

Tic and Margaret Watson with Gale and Doris Kurtz came to our town on their prayer builders' journey. God's call to the shut-ins might be another title for the love and enthusiasm these workers are bringing across the country. Write the Prayer Tower for the little booklet "To Shut-Ins, the New Rescuers."

Many churches now make their shut-ins members of their Prayer Groups (though absent) because, as Glenn Clark says, "They have time to think constructive thoughts and time to pray."

Prayer reaches in to us because whatever get our attention get us. Also we become and we overcome by praying with and for each other in the group, further extending it to someone else. Prayer releases power in the person for whom we pray. Missionaries and patients everywhere testify to a peace beyond understanding and a solution to an apparently unsolvable situation.

When we pray we really are "In tune with the Infinite." We link ourselves to that power which controls the Universe. We are filled and strengthened. Also we are united one with another for we are incomplete without each other. We add our gifts and accomplishments, we share and encourage each other, and our faith is encouraged and made stronger.

All across the world comes the news of the Prayer Groups. We can share only a few.

From Ohio comes the word: "Our Prayer Groups are growing in numbers and in power. There are at least eight in this area alone and probably many more. Our church has started cottage prayer groups that promise great things. Of course the Camps Farthest Out are largely responsible for this as people learn to pray there."

Kansas—"Remember me in your Camp Prayer Groups. I know the power of

prayer and that He can send His healing. I trust Him perfectly and do my part to bring about perfect wholeness."

Utah—"My first Camp, and I have learned to pray. A week in heaven and now I know it is possible to live in the Kingdom here!"

The response to the suggestions about work with children has been thrilling! Our love and expectancy gives the little child a glimpse of good and glad things to come. Touch nature, and she sees God's goodness. Expose her to fine art and music, and she finds a sense of beauty and rhythm. Prayer gives a closeness with the giver. Things of the spirit are real to such a child. The Oxford Press has a book by Alice Jones called *Inspired Children*.

A letter from Canada says, "A young people's Prayer Group, what a challenge! A young man, youth leader of a Y.M.C.A. discussion group, was thrilled when for the first time he realized the power of group prayer."

California—"We have a Prayer Group of girls, nine to twelve every Thursday after school. This is their second year. They love to pray together and are overjoyed to go on another year. Have you any new material?"

Oklahoma—"You mentioned in Clear Horizons that you have material on prayer for young children. I am working with children, first to third grade, in Sunday School and need help."

Indiana—"In Clear Horizons you have mentioned new material on prayer for young children. We need your prayer and help."

Just write to this department and we will give you all the help we can.

From Brazil comes a plea, "Pray for us and send us garments for men, women, and children; and shoes and hats. Through Clear Horizons I read your

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article and we do need your Prayer Groups to help us in our sufferings."

Brazil—"The Literacy Program is the most wonderful thing I have seen. It must be something like when Jesus touched the eyes of the blind and made them see. Your prayer and love and gifts have brought light and hope to many."

From an Eastern state Hospital—"Prayer is used freely around here. Material for at least fifty persons can be used at once. We are asking for the prayers of your Prayer Groups and are looking forward to seeing the wonderful works of God manifested in and through these people."

From India "Prayer Groups are conducted regularly in different places by the members—we pray, we work, we tithe. Hospitals, shut-ins, and prisons are visited by the Prayer Group members. Our Prayer Group thanks God for all the wonderful things He has done in the healing of souls and bodies. Pray for us that God may even more answer the many requests."

From Ceylon—"Daily the 'cry of the children' who are orphans is brought to our Prayer Group. Anyone can write to us for help. Be with us in prayer that their need may be answered in a practical and spiritual way."

We cannot approach God in any better way than a young Evangelical and United Brethren Pastor did in a recent prayer group, "Let us prepare ourselves for our meeting and conversation with God. When we men have an appointment with a pretty important person, or go into the pulpit, we are careful to see that our ties are adjusted; that our hair is combed—that we are ready. With you women, it is the same. You powder your noses, smooth your hair, etc. Well, God is pretty important so let us prepare ourselves in the first part of our time

here together and then—just pray. So let us picture God with two great, loving, outstretched arms ready to receive us and those for whom we pray. Now as you pray for some one, perhaps someone it is not easy for you to like, let's see one of God's arms around that person on one side and our arm around him on the other, and let us love and pray for that person."

The fabric of our world can be made by what *we are* and what *we express* in our immediate world, our town and our church.

Frank Laubach says, "If enough of us pray enough, we can do anything that is good enough."

So let us all pray for the healing of the Nations. For the minds of men are the leaves of the tree and the "leaves of the tree are for the healing of the Nations."

"They will maintain the fabric of the world.

And in the handicraft of their work is their prayer."

PRAYER

As thou keepest the stars in their courses, so shalt Thou guide our steps in perfect harmony, without clash or discord of any kind, if we but keep our trust in Thee. For we know Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee. We know that, if we acknowledge Thee in all our ways, Thou wilt direct our paths. For Thou art the God of Love, Giver of every good and perfect gift, and there is none beside Thee. Thou art omnipotent, omniscient, and omnipresent, in all, through all, and over all, the only God. And Thine is the Kingdom, and the Power, and the Glory, forever and ever.

Glenn Clark

This is your department. Write to: Ethel Dow
3124 W. Calhoun Blvd., Minneapolis 16, Minn.

The World Needs Prayer

Miles Clark

"For when the world with all its wisdom failed to know God in his wisdom, God resolved to save believers by the 'sheer folly' of the Christian message." I Corinthians 1:21 (Moffat)

ATOM BOMBS AND PEACE: Last August Russia exploded a bomb of the H-bomb type. According to the *U. S. News* from initial explosion to bomb production will probably take Russia three years. So the world has until 1957 to try to find the wisdom of God. The United States staged an explosion of the H-bomb type two years ago so presumably we will be ready with production next year.

Reaction of official Washington has been to take the news of the Russian development with some seriousness. President Eisenhower had a press meeting October eighth and released a statement showing the government's concern.

"The development (of the Russian H-bomb) did not come as a surprise . . . We conclude that the Soviets now have the capability of atomic attack on us, and such capability will increase with the passage of time," the President said.

"It is my hope, my earnest prayer," Eisenhower continued, "that this country will never again be engaged in war. As I said in Atlantic City this week, with reference to atomic energy, 'This titanic force must be reduced to the fruitful service of mankind.'

"Real advances made by our government in developing peacetime atomic power and the other benign uses of atomic energy is evidence of the constructive goals we have set for ourselves," he concluded.

What are the defenses? There are several kinds. One is the Maginot line of static, complacent defense of a worthless barrier. This is the way of

spending billions in quickly outmoded weapons such as aircraft, anti-aircraft, radar nets, etc. Another approach to defense is the "hide and seek" method. Here you build thick concrete bombshelters in your basement or back yard or at least build a forty dollar timber leanto in your cellar against atomic attack. Another attitude towards defense is in frenzied research for even more destructive weapons, atomic artillery, guided missiles and rocket planes. Every day a new way of defending America is expressed in the nervous press.

Each of the above ideas has strong support and the responsible citizen should take it upon himself to understand the purposes of all these. It is up to each one to decide for himself what is most important in life.

Your reporter had a talk with Val Peterson, Civil Defense Administrator, in Washington several weeks ago. Peterson is a former governor of a so-called isolationist state. Yet he is burning with a zeal seldom found in government administrators. He feels the hot breath of the "enemy" on his neck. He is eager and open to talk and write and arouse anyone, anywhere if it would help prepare the people of America to accept the fact that Russia may have her preparations made in a year or two for world dominance. But while Peterson is doing the best job a man can do, behind him is the specter of fear—paralyzing fear.

One of the great differences in being a Christian is in believing and having confidence and hope. Even a Humanist knows the danger of wrong thinking and the importance of human courage.

What shall we do? This is the season for pacts and talk of pacts. The European Defense Community treaty so long in the debating stages is now being ratified slowly by member nations. While

it has the negative purpose of presenting a united front against Russia, in it are the seeds of the long dream for a United States of Europe. France is hoping to ratify its provisions during October or November.

The Korean peace treaty talks are under active consideration but are snagged at the moment over whether Communist China should have a seat. The United States has felt Communist China should have a seat. The United States has felt that only the two active participating sides should sit down at the start and then determine the membership of the conference. The United Nations which is debating this has turned down anything but this proposition.

The North Koreans and Russians have asked for a roundtable conference on Korea and many other Far Eastern questions. England wants to get on with the talks and reportedly may seek acceptance of some Communist conditions to get it under way.

Meanwhile Winston Churchill, British Prime Minister, recovering from a minor heart attack, has called for a "friendly, informal, personal" conference of leaders of the world and for a treaty or pact of non-aggression to keep the Soviet Union and the Western nations from "tearing and blasting each other to pieces in a third world war."

"The world needs a period of calm rather than vehement attempts to produce clearcut solutions," Churchill said recently. The United States has opposed talks with Russia until she has proved her peaceful intentions by deeds rather than words.

At the same time delegates from thirty-four nations meeting at the forty-second Conference of the Inter-Parliamentary Union in Washington, D. C., urged that the world leaders confer to find a road to peace.

Again and again just such facts as the above cause Christians too often to throw the evening paper down and turn on television.

Yet here is where "the world needs

prayer." Remember the well known admonition: Lord, don't make any tasks easy, but make me strong enough to meet them.

WHAT IS THE FARM PROBLEM?

A new reorganization of the United States Department of Agriculture was announced recently while a group of Congressmen reached the midwest in the longest searching tour of American farm country ever made. If you read the financial pages, you will also see that farm prices have dropped again. What is happening?

The nation's economists as well as the man on the street are becoming worried over the possible future consequences. A serious drop in farm prices came before the depression of 1929 and was its harbinger, many believe. Now there is a feeling the pattern may be repeating itself.

Many farmers say that they want assurance soon that this government is not going to let it happen again, even though the price break began two years ago under another administration. The present administration has been working with the problem but has been trying to adopt a new kind of approach on the theory that farmers did not want what they had been getting. However, the recent off-year special election of Lester Johnson to Congress from the Ninth District in Wisconsin will cause even more work for the administration. Johnson, a Democrat, was the first of his party to win the seat in the history of Wisconsin. Both he and his well known opponent, Arthur Padruitt, agreed to make the campaign over the administration's policies. But Johnson's victory points to a severe criticism of those policies.

Secretary of Agriculture, Ezra Taft Benson, a ruling elder of the Mormon Church, has never been under attack for his motives. Even such a rough and ready columnist as Robert Allen has told this reporter that Benson is an honest, sincere man. He is one of the most deeply religious Cabinet members in many years. He is certainly asking

himself and God what the answers are now. It may be that he is the victim of an insoluble problem that could not be solved by any man. One economist, Kenneth Gailbraith, writing in *Harpers Magazine* recently called the job of Secretary of Agriculture the most impossible job in government. While all Christian people are anxious to see a specially designated man of God succeed, some wonder if he is too unbending and lacking in understanding of what the farmer needs. Again comes the ancient question: should government do what it feels the people should have or should it do what the people feel they need?

Witnesses in many states have told the hard working, hard travelling House Agricultural Committee that Benson should resign. This farm group is asking for words of confidence and trust. Such words Benson finally spoke at a meeting in Wisconsin recently but the farm people have moved beyond him now and ask for a program. Benson has announced that he will not present a program until Congress convenes in January. It may be too late then.

The new reorganization plan, while it is not supposed to be the specific program that will help the overall situation, will emphasize better marketing plans which may relieve the situation somewhat. Farmers find themselves in the position of getting less for their crops while the goods they have to buy continue to go up in price. They hesitate in

being forced to operate on a "free market" while other elements in the economy do not. Benson has honestly told the farmers to tighten their belts but even this has increased their fears. The war forced an increased demand for food and to get it the government has to impose controls and, what seem now, tedious regulations. Some of the confused agriculture situation derives from the war's dislocations but some of it comes from Congressional mandates that are often contradictory, departmental precedents, and pressures from business as well as the powerful farmer groups which are split up in factions advocating conflicting plans.

What to do? This is another kind of problem seemingly insoluble that can find itself coming to solutions much more easily than the problem of the H-bomb. Through hard work, cooperation, harmony, willingness to learn, willingness to give in occasionally and through those practices of the famous Sermon on the Mount some way will be found. As Abraham Lincoln said, "Sometimes I am driven to my knees for there is no other place to go."

Out of this specialized problem of the farm may come some of the answers to the world situation.

Our Father, our prayer is that the scales of our eyes may slip away that we may become part of the solution rather than part of the problem. Amen.

* * *

Small Blessings

Emtelle Mason Clisby

There aren't so very many pews;
The altar isn't smart.
The pastor isn't erudite
But words come from his heart.

I pass by the cathedral
And sometimes when I do,
I come away inspired by
A tiny Church, a faithful few.

Prayer Works!

"Thank you so much for the poem 'The Traveller,' you so kindly sent us. It was most comforting, as indeed all the literature we receive from you has proved to be. Sometimes the load seems to be heavier than we can carry, then along comes the Manual and again we find our way back to our 'Father' and find strength to go forward and again count our blessings. The lessons for this month are most helpful and bring us a quiet peace."—*Michigan*.

"About a month ago, I wrote you for prayer to help my mother. Strangely and miraculously the situation cleared up. Through it all were signs of divine guidance for which we give grateful thanks."—*Indiana*.

"God is working out the answers to my prayers and yours. I want to thank you for every help you have sent me. I follow the Manual of Prayer with earnest desire to grow in grace and feel so much nearer to God every day. It is wonderful."—*Pennsylvania*.

"You will never know what your prayers did for me to help me through my operation just a month ago yesterday. I wired Dr. Clark and I know that he tuned in to the Prayer Tower also. Your letter arrived the day that I went

to the hospital and it seemed as if you were with me all the time. It really was a joyful experience. My operation was so successful and I was up the next day, though I had been two and a half hours on the table. The wonderful promises of God that you sent to me were used to help many others in the hospital. God bless you in your divine work."—*Canada*.

"I want you to know how grateful I am to you for your prayers and I wish I could show you in some very tangible way how I appreciate your being there, a tower in the time of need, not just in distress but always, for our need for God and light and truth is eternal. I am fully recovered and I have never been happier or healthier. I know truly God IS the Answer."—*Michigan*.

"I am deeply grateful and I also express the gratitude of the men of this Battalion and of the Base Stockade for the splendid shipment of literature which you sent. The number of men who are hungry for literature such as you have sent is surprisingly large. Please be assured I heartily endorse the great work you are doing and will ever remember you in our prayers and our gifts such as may be possible."

Chaplain, USAR, Korea

THE UNITED PRAYER TOWER

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

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

Address: The United Prayer Tower, 1571 Grand Avenue, St. Paul 5, Minnesota. Telephone: DEsota 5036; after 5 P.M., Saturday afternoon and Sunday, call Mrs. Fisher at COLfax 7396, Minneapolis, Minn., or Mrs. Ecoff, DEsota 7365.

"Thank you so very much for all of your help. The day your telegram came, I had just said to my husband: 'If I could just be sure I'm doing the right thing by going for this operation.' In a few minutes we were to leave the house for the hospital when the telegram arrived. You may be sure we read the promises and while each one of them I knew, yet this was God's way of reassuring me and I went with peace of mind and quietness of heart. The operation was a long one . . . but the ear is healing 'quickly and beautifully' in the words of the specialist. I know the Great Physician is guiding and healing."—*Ohio.*

"Thank you so much for remembering me during the arrival of our little son. He came so much quicker and so much easier than we expected and I felt the power and presence of our Father watching over me and your being with me in prayer gave me so much assurance."—*Virginia.*

"Thank you dear friends for your love which surrounded my husband and grandchild. Both are coming along nicely and we feel that their healing is due to God's great love. Thank you for being His instruments. God bless you. We wish the love gift were more but it comes doubly blessed."—*Minnesota.*

"In March I wrote asking for your prayer as I entered the hospital for surgery. The assurance that you were praying for me gave me a peace of mind that helped me face this experience calmly. I made remarkable progress after the operation. Continue to hold me in your prayers as I remember all whose names are in the Prayer Box."—*Kansas.*

"I have for several months been receiving, using, studying, and enjoying the little Manual of Prayer. But I have not said 'thank you' to you. Tomorrow I shall undergo surgery and while spending the evening hours in reading and meditation I decided and I feel led by the Spirit of Christ to write these few lines to you."—*Wisconsin.*

"Two years ago I wired you to pray for a young boy who was not expected by the doctor, to survive the night. He not only survived the night but is alive today looking healthy and strong. His parents hope he may return to school next fall instead of having a visiting teacher each day. I am positive that prayer was the determining power here and thank you, thank you."—*Virginia.*

"I have been receiving your valuable little booklet for some time. In 1951 I sent to you for help in praying for our son . . . who had leukemia. You will never know how much you helped me through that trying period. Altho our son died, he lived long enough to know our Jesus as his saviour and what more could we ask? He gave his eyes to the hospital and I received a wonderful letter telling how we could have the satisfaction of knowing that someone could now see that had hitherto been blind. I'm telling you this so that when you are on your knees praying for someone you do not know and perhaps feeling like your prayer may be futile just take courage and know that one's honest prayers never are in vain and never return unto you void."—*California.*

"How grateful I am to you dear folks for responding to my request for my grandchild. She is healed. The doctor found the manifestation of Bright's disease all cleared up the last time my daughter took her to be examined. Shortly after I wrote for your prayers she showed great improvement. The doctor told her mother to let her get down on the floor and play. She had been in bed for six weeks. When her mother told her she could walk she walked across the floor saying: 'I walk, I walk, I walk, and she continued walking all thru the rooms. God bless you always.'—*Minnesota.*

"I continue to pray with you and benefit from that communion with God. I found your March lessons on worry and fear especially helpful."—*Indiana.*

A NEW BOOK

by **GLENN CLARK**

Be Thou Made Whole

Glenn Clark

This new book by Glenn Clark is the result of many years' counseling with those who were ill in body, mind, or spirit. For years he experimented with a correspondence course in healing. This has now been completely revised and the result is *Be Thou Made Whole*. Instead of chapters there are lessons. Each lesson has a personal letter from the author to the reader, the interpretative text of the lesson, and three exercises for the reader. The book includes excerpts from the best writings on healing. The result is a highly inspirational book for the general reader, a teacher for the one interested in healing, and a friendly spiritual physician for the one who is ill. **\$2.50**

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