

Clear Horizons



Fall, 1953

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As We Go to Press

Mabel Duncan Kemp (p. 1) has written a remarkable book called "The You You Want To Be" and the article "The Hidden Pattern" is taken from part of it. We are sure you will find this one of those thrilling articles that we see too little of. We sometimes think there is a meaning to all we go through and all we are, but seldom do we know what it is. Mrs. Kemp will clear your vision and quicken your flagging faith . . . William Slamer (p. 6) brings out a vital truth when he says that there is something beyond feelings, and that we should not be too concerned about our feelings. Faith is beyond feelings, and just as we cannot live the everyday routine on feelings alone, nor depend upon them, so it is also true in the realm of the spirit . . . Ginger Rogers (p.9) comes up with an article that is close to all our desires. We feel that our present government was put in power through prayer, but we also know that continued guidance and humbleness is essential . . . Few men have influenced as many people as has the late Emmet Fox (p. 15), and his ability to put into simple terms deep spiritual truths has endeared him to a large segment of our population. These "four little words" that he draws our attention to are probably the most profound four little words in the language . . . Raymond Settle (p. 14) gives advice and counsel that everyone needs to take to heart. You can't give without getting, nor get without giving, no matter who you are and no matter where you are . . . The inner attitudes and spirit of your prayers are all important, and too often we approach prayer with the companions of fear, doubt, confusion. Harold A. Schulz (p. 19) gives you a real prescription for putting the right spirit and attitudes into your prayers, and for power in your life you better pay attention to what he says . . . Grenville Kleiser (p. 37), that old patriarch of the good life, once more comes up with a gem on the part of positive thinking as essential to the building up and care of the soul. Such techniques as he illustrates often take the general spiritual attitude out of the hazy and gives us something we can handle. . . . Winfred Rhoades (p. 46) reminds us of something we too often forget in our striving after spiritual mastery. Beyond all the necessary striving, there is a contentment upon which it must be based.

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Clear Horizons

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☐ The acorn becomes an oak and the seed like the picture on the package.

The Hidden Pattern

Mabel Duncan Kemp

A BOY once wrote in his little sister's autograph album, "I hope you will always be just as you were in the mind of God when He first thought of you." What a beautiful wish! Yet it is just like saying to an acorn, "I hope you will grow into an oak" or to a handful of seed, "I hope you'll grow to look like the picture on the package."

Plato said, "Within each individual is a hidden pattern of the radiant, glorious being he knows himself to be; and all his trials, struggles, sufferings and disappointments are his efforts to return to this inner pattern of perfection and to express it." We know there is a hidden pattern in everything God has created, together with the potentialities to manifest that pattern. But even before the pattern, there was the idea in the mind of the Father Creator. To bring that idea into being is the highest destiny of all God's creatures.

Now the acorn becomes an oak and the seed like the picture on the package because they say yes to God and His plan for them. They adjust themselves to the laws of their being; they relax, so to speak, and cooperate with the scheme of things. They "neither toil nor spin" yet all they need to manifest their hidden pattern is supplied.

As I write, I look out of the window and see a forsythia bush, so drab and bare yesterday, today aflame with gold. A feathery green is coming back into every bush. The jonquils are lifting hopeful faces from the damp earth. Yes, the miracle of spring is upon us! Thank God, all nature is still in harmony with His Kingdom. But I pick up the morning paper with its accounts of war casualties, of starving children—of death where there should be life; tragedy where there should be beauty; hate where there should be love; and I can only cry, "Oh God, why?"

From *The You You Want to Be* by Mabel Duncan Kemp, Macalester Park Publishing Co., \$2.50

There is but one answer. Human nature is not in harmony with the laws of its own being or with God's kingdom. Too few of His children have said yes to God's plan.

Now the jonquil had no trouble in manifesting its hidden pattern, nor the acorn in becoming an oak; but Plato speaks of trials and struggles, and disappointments and sufferings on the part of the individuals in their effort to express what is in them. We have but to look about us or to look within ourselves to know how true this is. Oliver Wendell Holmes once said, "So many die with all their music in them." Everywhere are thwarted, frustrated, and disintegrated personalities—discontented with themselves and overcome with a sense of failure but not knowing what to do about it. Perhaps when they were younger they glimpsed that "radiant glorious being each knows himself to be," but the picture has long since faded and they are not aware that they will experience neither peace nor happiness until that picture of their potentialities becomes clearer, and definite steps are taken for its realization.

Why is it that nature is in harmony with a plan and a purpose and

man so out of step? How are we different from all other of God's creatures? We are told in the book of Genesis that God created the world and all that is in it and then He created man in His own image. There is the difference! He bequeathed to man alone the marvelous gift of His own nature. He gave him the capacity to think, to feel, to will. In other words, we can have ideas; we can imagine; we can choose. And what we become is the result of what we choose and of what we think.

In the process of the working out of the laws of heredity a pattern is built in every person. That is his individuality. It is also God's idea of him. One is free from inner tensions and at peace with himself only when his idea of himself and God's idea of him are in harmony. So much misery is caused by one's trying to be something he was never intended to be.

I have often thought that if flowers had the capacity to think or choose they might be frustrated, too, and get so clogged up by negative thinking, they couldn't receive the gifts of life intended for them, and would consequently wilt and die. There was a simple little poem in our school reader years ago:

Down in the fields one day in June
The flowers all bloomed together
Save one, who tried to hide herself,
And drooped in the pleasant weather.

A robin who had flown too high,
And felt a little lazy,
Was resting near a buttercup
Who wished she were a daisy.

"Look bravely up into the sky," said he,
"And be content with knowing
That God wished for a buttercup,
Right here, where you are growing."

I've known many human buttercups, haven't you? Here were the flowers, all in the same environment and all blooming except one; and she drooped. The difference was not in circumstances or in advantages but in attitude. As I have observed the lives of people, and as they have come to me for help to a better understanding of themselves, I have found their frustrations and unhappiness to be, not the result of their environment or circumstances, but of their mental attitude toward themselves, toward others, and toward life.

Looking at the daisy, who was holding up her head so pertly, we can imagine the buttercup's saying something like this: "Doesn't that daisy think she's smart with her head up in the air! If I belonged to the daisy family, I suppose I could hold up my head too; but who ever heard of anyone belonging to the buttercup tribe amounting to anything?"

So she begins to think negatively of herself and her place in life, and gets clogged up with envy, jealousy, and self-pity. By this attitude she

makes it impossible to receive all that life has for her and she droops and is possessed with a sense of failure and inferiority.

"God wished for a buttercup right here where you are growing." If we could only grasp the significance of that statement! There is a plan and a place in the plan for every one of God's creatures. In nature there is no big and little place, no important and unimportant. Each is a success if he manifests God's idea of him, if each expresses his own individuality or pattern. How nature respects individuality! Eight thousand snowflakes examined under a microscope and no two had the same pattern. Why do we want to be like other people instead of being content to be just ourselves? One's best self is good enough to please God.

There is another flower to which a poet gave the power of thought. But this one thought positively instead of negatively. Goethe in his poem, "Das Veilchen," gives us a beautiful story: A modest little violet was growing in a meadow quite content with himself until he fell in

love with a beautiful shepherdess who came singing through the meadow every day. Then the violet asked just one thing of life and nearly burst his heart with the wishing of it. "Oh, if but for a moment I could be the most glorious flower in the world and my little sweet-heart would pluck me and wear me on her breast!" That didn't seem too much to ask.

But the adored one came merrily along, singing as usual, and didn't even notice the poor violet. She even stepped on it and crushed it beneath her feet. However, the violet rallied all his resources and adjusted himself to things as they were. "I can still be happy," were his last thoughts. "I can still be grateful because I can die by her and at her feet."

A woman had but one child, a lovely daughter who was very ill. Her one prayer (and she nearly burst her heart with the longing of it) was, "Oh God, save my daughter for me!" But the girl died. The mother became bitter, lost all faith in God's goodness, and became so disagreeable and negative in her thinking that her relatives and friends forsook her in self defense. She is now eking out her last dismal days in an old ladies' home.

Another woman had but one child, a lovely daughter who was very ill. Her only prayer was, "I thank Thee for the beautiful gift of this little girl. She was Thine before she was

mine. Spare her life if it is in Thy plan but if not—give me the courage and the strength to accept Thy best for her." Her daughter also died.

I went to comfort her but was comforted instead. It was a benediction just to be with her. Out of her sorrow has come such poise and strength and power that those who are in trouble go to her for help and find it. She has learned how to say yes to God and His plan. It is not the environment nor circumstances, but the adjustment one makes to them that determines the kind of person he becomes.

I became acquainted with two women, one of whom lives on the west coast and the other in the east. One was reared in poverty, with few advantages and a very limited education. The other had too much of this world's goods and was given every advantage in education and training. Yet as I studied their personalities I found them to be almost identical. Each was like the buttercup in the poem, full of self-pity, jealousy, and a deep-seated feeling of inferiority. Each thought negatively of herself, of others, and of life. Each drooped. As they came to an understanding of themselves and let go of the blocks that clogged the channels of their lives—as self was replaced by a new Spirit—each began to bloom. The environment made little difference.

Jesus came into a world of suf-

fering and discontent. His people had but one wish: to be free from the Roman yoke. Their every prayer was for a Messiah who would save them from an environment which they found unbearable. He came. But instead of setting up the expected kingdom and driving out their Roman masters, He proclaimed, "Behold, the kingdom of God is within you! . . . Love your enemies. Do good to them that hate you!" And they crucified Him.

Now the modern psychologists are agreeing with Him. They say, in effect, if you want happiness and health, make the proper inner adjustments. Hate and revenge are psychological poisons that create havoc in the personality. Mental health can be had only as the forces of one's nature are integrated about a central purpose with the result that all potentialities are given proper expression.

We are talking about the you you want to be because desire is so important. It is the motivating force of the universe. I sincerely believe we can become anything we want to become if our desire is strong enough and we are willing to pay the price.

Brother Lawrence, a young monk in the sixteenth century, received such a reservoir of power as he looked at a tree that had been gaunt and bare a few days before and now was aglow with a new beauty and fragrance. What had the tree done

to change its personality so suddenly? It had done nothing of itself but had allowed itself to be used as a channel for creative life and beauty!

Such a channel we can become. But we must first learn to think positively of ourselves, of others, and of life. Let us concede that God has a plan and a place for each of us. Then the logical thing is to say yes to that plan. We may find it necessary to reconstruct some of our thinking; we may need to change some of our values; we may need to recognize some of the tensions in our personalities that keep us from being relaxed channels.

It might be a wholesome experience, as we study together the mental attitudes that either make or mar an attractive, Christian personality, to write down the list of our personality assets and liabilities. Be honest. Recognize the assets; be grateful for them and dedicate them. Admit the liabilities and let go of them.

May I suggest an exercise that is helpful in developing a positive personality? Stand by the open window each morning. Breathe deeply. Think of yourself as God's channel while you say,

I breathe in—

The joy of the morning!
The hope of springtime!
The radiance of the sunrise!
The faith of a little child.

☞ Be my feelings what they will,
Jesus is my Saviour still.

Don't Worry About Your Feelings

William Slamer

THERE are some things a person cannot keep just to himself. For instance a solution to a perplexing problem that concerns Christians in general. My particular problem has always been a quite common one. "What shall I do when my faith seems to fade and doubts creep into my mind to confuse and torment me?"

The solution to this problem came to me quite unexpectedly a few days ago. A friend of mine, with whom I share my lunch hour in friendly conversation, gave me a booklet entitled, "God's Way to Salvation." This booklet contained the answer to my problem. I feel I must pass this solution on to others who also have occasional uninvited moods that threaten their faith.

The following is an excerpt from the booklet:

"Faith trusts not in one's feelings

but in God's promises published in His Word. An old Christian on hearing persons speaking of their feelings said, 'Feelings! feelings! Do not worry about your feelings. I just stick to the truth that Christ died for me, and He is my Surety right to eternity. I will stick to that as a limpet to a rock.' Well does the poet say:

'Be my feelings what they will,
Jesus is my Saviour still.'

"Believe in God's love to you as revealed in Christ on the cross of Calvary, and leave the rest to your faithful Lord, who has redeemed you. He will not disappoint you."

After I had read these words and absorbed them, I knew I could meet squarely any adverse moods that threaten to overcome me. May these words be a source of comfort and strength to all who read them.

* * *

Prayer Has Wings

Edna Hull Miller

A prayer can conquer miles
And barriers thereof—
It finds a mystic trail
Known alone to love.

☞ Happiness is the awareness of the real.

Fountain of Happiness

Rosemary Sakajian

HAVE you ever felt so lonely that you thought your heart would break? Even though surrounded by family or friends that void persisted? If you have had such moments, then surely you have locked yourself out.

Every time we are unhappy and depressed we feel forsaken. In reality, it is we who have detoured from the main road. Like children lost in the dark, we are trying to find our way back into the light. It is while groping we feel this pain of loneliness—because we have not set ourselves attune with the laws of life. When we dial onto that wave length again, we rejoice in finding new harmony. After many heartaches and much loneliness we learn to steer in the middle of the road while passing through this tunnel of life. We know that traveling too closely to the sides will result in battering against the walls of darkness. When we come to the end of the passage our ignorance will succumb to the light of wisdom. Suddenly, we will find ourselves illumined by the brilliance of reality.

Happiness cannot be bottled to be used like medicine and expect a dose to cure all. Neither can happiness be bought like some glittering

vial of perfume so that its pungent odor may lull the pain. Happiness is not a force that can be captured into pipes to be turned on like water from a spigot. Happiness is the AWARENESS of the real—the truth of our existence. It is a state of consciousness—free from all human ills. It flows from a fountain within—a reservoir of joy and serenity to be tapped at will. This resource will never deplete itself as long as the individual abides by the divine laws of nature. To be constantly in touch with Divinity we must pattern our lives to that end. SERVICE TO OTHERS! By serving others we not only gain spiritual recognition but find no time for indulgence of self-pity.

There can be no lasting happiness as long as we seek objectively. Stimulants from without bring greater heartaches and frustration, leaving one with a deeper void of loneliness. The attachment to outer things is a temporary mood of excitement which only results in bitter tears and disappointments.

Gradually learn to quiet your inner-self. In time a change will take place just as though you were watching the wind subside over a pool of water. As it becomes calm

and serene a more distinct reflection is seen. Finally, you will be able to look deeper into its depth and see an array of miracles there. The peace of your soul will yield as the flow of happiness rushes through your being. Finally, all feeling of loneliness and despair will vanish. Suddenly, you will find yourself enveloped in a far greater love—that unmistakable, all embracing love of God.

The shortest and quickest route to that reservoir is right thinking and service to others. By expressing sympathy and understanding you will broaden your own channel through which comes the comforting flow of Divine compassion. The more this passage is used the more flexible and wider it becomes.

The secret of inner-peace is not to get overjoyed nor too grieved. Over-enthusiasm often results in remorse. Too much grief often makes a person calloused. Becoming calloused makes one compassionless, and being stolid, one misses the resounding bliss when sympathy is poured forth. When feeling compassion, your own resentments and

prejudices dissolve by the warmth you expell to others.

Be a COMFORTER and watch loneliness wane away. What you wish for others often returns to you in disguise. Nurse an injured pet. Straighten a sapling bent by the wind. Support an over-laden branch bearing fruit. Aid the poverty-stricken. Visit the aged. Do something for the lower kingdoms even if it's only removing fleas from a dog. If nothing more, send out loving thoughts to drift in the atmosphere. It will surely attach itself to a weeping soul. Spray your surroundings with kindness and you will feel that Fountain of Joy surging forth with your cup of happiness brimming over. Happiness so vibrant, so stimulating that your soul will never sob out in loneliness again. You will have earned that eternal Fountain of Peace. Open wide the portals of your inner temple and let the windows of your soul reflect the abiding sunlight of your heart. Let it shine! Help lift saddened faces to the ever vitalizing love of God coursing through your body out to them.

* * *

Response

Dorothy Burnham Eaton

There is an inner being
That gives an outer sight.
It is when clouds are darkest
We know there is the light.

Divine Guidance In Government

Ginger Rogers

HOW deeply comforting it is when we hear our national officers asking for God's help!

The earnest citizen feels more safe about his country's future when he knows his chosen leaders are seeking divine guidance, that they might discharge the arduous duties of office after the pattern of His judgments, His law, His commandments.

We have become a great nation because inborn in the heart of the human race is an unquenchable desire for religious freedom.

Though our nation was born of revolution, today we are able to see that uprising as more of the spirit than for the protection of the flesh.

Our forefathers hated the tyrannical exactions of the power-hungry England of that day, but over and above this was the love of God and the freedom His love bestows on man. This they wanted. This they fought for. This they won. The human privileges of freedom followed.

Searching history we find a small group of men, wise in the ways of life and death, writing a Constitution for a new nation. They were God-loving men and they prayed for

divine guidance. Today scanning that living document, we envision their prayers.

Then we find something else. They listened for divine direction. Unafraid, unappalled by the threat of death for this act, should it fail, they wrote what they heard, and, they brought into being a document that today is still "the last, best hope of earth."

Is there a man alive today capable of governing the universe by his own wisdom? There is not one! God governs the universe. In asking for divine guidance and listening for that "still small voice" that speaks through selfless prayer, our officials find the right answer to the problems of government.

Man is free to do right. Wrong is never required of him. Complication in world affairs today is huffing and puffing and threatening to blow the house down. Men stand trembling before it, knowing not which way to turn, whether to the right or to the left.

Then softly comes the promise of Isaiah:

"And the Lord shall guide thee continually, and thou shalt be called

the repairer of the breach; the restorer of paths to dwell in."

That impenetrable Iron Curtain, behind which much of the human race lives under the inhuman dictates of godless masters, is not impenetrable. Every time our prayers embrace these enslaved people the Iron Curtain is penetrated, for, on the other side of the Iron Curtain there God is. Men may deny his presence, but that does not make it so.

Few people know that, during the first eighteen months of the Russian revolution, the Russian people had adopted a constitution patterned after our own, expressing their faith in God to guide them, and stating and restating individual freedom in all its phases.

Then, without listening, they tried to appease the Communist uproar in their land. They had chosen their officials and were holding preliminary congresses when the godless Communists seized their halls of state and murdered their leaders. Many of these people are gone, but the spirit of freedom and the desire for freedom has not passed away.

Our prayers will reach these people, through God, and will keep alive that determination for freedom until it is won.

To GOD there is no Russian mind, no Chinese mind, no Communist mind. To God there is only

his child without race, creed, or color. But, where God is not accepted the people are in bondage, individually and collectively.

There is a right answer to every problem of government. It is an established answer, ready to be activated if we will but ask for guidance to it and listen for the outline, selflessly.

Love for the human race and a desire to see it free, without regard to credit, praise, or power, will bring to our governing officials the right answers, straight from God, full-born.

Could there be a problem in arithmetic to which, within the principles of that science, there is not already an answer? Then, within the steadfast principles of God's government, every problem of the world has its already established answer . . . the right answer.

Our officials, and we the people, have the freedom of God by which we may reach out to the downtrodden and lift them up.

We are blessed with the riches of earth with which to help them help themselves materially.

Yet, the greatest gift we shall bring is the freedom to worship God, each man, after his own understanding.

Those other privileges of freedom will follow after, in sequence, naturally.

☪ Not Charity but a chance.

Help Them To Help Themselves

Doris E. Tull

NOT long ago, an absorbed audience viewed one of the most amazing fashion shows ever to be witnessed by any audience, anywhere.

It was not that the gowns, suits, or other wearing apparel in themselves were odd or different. Far from that. For, modeled by members of Zeta Chi Sorority of San Francisco College, chic outfits of every description as well as heirloom gowns appeared at their best upon San Francisco's lovely younger set. But many among the spectators felt lumps swelling their throats and moisture fogging their eyes, along with a prideful sense of achievement. For this affair, held in the big attractive dining room, was presented to San Francisco by the Goodwill Industries of the city, and every garment in the smart array of fashions had been renovated and re-styled by an army of handicapped workers.

It was the annual Open House last fall, where for two days the Goodwill Industries of America threw open its doors to Mr. and Mrs. Public, in order that they might see for themselves what is being done with their donations of cast-off clothing, furniture, and un-

usable of every kind which they are glad to be rid of, but which helps elderly or handicapped people to happiness, better health, and new leases on life. For this is the spiritual transformation Goodwill has wrought for literally thousands of souls, who, were it not for the very fact of Goodwill's existence, would be unable to make living wages; would, because of age, infirmity, or disability, feel unwanted, uncared for, and lost.

It all began nearly half a century ago. Edgar J. Helms, a young Methodist minister in Boston's south side slums, had just returned from calling at the homes of some of his parishioners. The stark misery of their lot appalled him. Some had scarcely a stick of furniture to use; none possessed warm clothing. All had illness in the family from lack of good nourishing food — and something had to be done about it!

His lips set grimly, Pastor Helms grabbed a gunny sack, and on foot set out for the elite Back Bay section of Boston to collect cast-off clothing for his suffering flock. Half-way there, he stopped suddenly. This was not really the way. It would help, certainly, but would be, at best, only temporary relief. He

had just realized one of the basic truths in the art of human relationship—the best way to help anyone was to help him to help himself. And so help him, God!—he was going to do that very thing!

Providence itself must have opened the door to service in its broadest sense, for out of Helm's conviction, born on that cold winter's day, evolved an enterprise which was later to become the Goodwill Industries of America. And the movement has enlarged and multiplied until today the Goodwill plan has been established and is working in over one hundred cities scattered the length and breadth of the nation.

California alone has four such units—in San Francisco, Oakland, San Jose, and in Stockton, which built an excellent new plant in 1945. San Francisco, where the largest plant is located, has a payroll of 205, and in the past ten years has paid out more than one billion dollars in wages to the handicapped, besides providing practical training in sixteen different trades. For Goodwill believes in discovering what work these people are capable of doing best, then training them for the job. It is bent, also, on rehabilitation for nervous or mental cases, who may through wise council and guidance, and progressive work adjustment, be socially and spiritually trained to fit them for steady jobs elsewhere. Possibly one-

third of all employees are listed as organically or generally disabled, while one-fourth are too old to be accepted for ordinary work, but if a man or a woman is able to work only part-time, his labor is accepted at Goodwill.

All Goodwill employees begin the day in Chapel, where they may worship for half-an-hour and it's counted as working time. In the San Francisco plant a new Hammond electric organ now graces the beautiful Monroe H. Hess Memorial Chapel, named for the man, who, through the years, helped build the organization to its present high standing among other social agencies.

In almost all Goodwill institutions there are cafeterias where, even in these days of prevailing high prices, an employe may eat an excellent lunch for only thirty-five cents. Operating on the knowledge that better work is turned out by well-fed employees, a two-hundred dollar yearly loss is provided for in the budget.

Let's follow one of the big blue Goodwill trucks, which circulates regularly in many cities, collecting articles of unwanted clothing, worn-out clocks, lamps, bric-a-brac, delapidated furniture, or anything owners consider just plain junk and have given as donations.

When it arrives at a Goodwill plant and is unloaded, the sorting process begins, with the various items taken to their respective de-

partments, where they are made usable. In the furniture repair department, for example, although the ones doing the work may be lacking an arm or some legs themselves, they can skillfully and painstakingly fit or make a missing arm or leg to a chair, demoth and re-cover a living room suite, or do a complete paint and varnish job on a desk or dinette set. In this department, a great deal of valuable old furniture shows up, but regardless of its worth, it all goes on sale at one of the Goodwill Outlet stores at moderate prices. Dealers in antiques have picked up many priceless old pieces at these stores, and have learned to visit them almost daily on their rounds.

And in the other departments, just as much care is exercised in restoring these cast-offs from the prosperous life of a great city. Every bit of everything that can possibly be remade or used again in any form is incorporated into something worthwhile. Out-of-style dresses, suits, and coats are re-styled to graceful modern design; mattresses are cleaned, sanitized, and re-covered; toys painted and given a perky new look; re-blocked hats gain a touch of elegance with a done-over feather, veil, or flower from another hat, and when the renovation process is finished, the whole moves on to a Goodwill Outlet store, where it is placed on sale at very real savings as compared to

new goods. People who can't afford to shop other places can always find smartly styled, modish garments and merchandise priced to fit their purses. Many young couples just starting out have completely outfitted their homes at these stores, for practically everything is to be found there, in a reasonable price range.

It's true enough, the clerk who waits upon customers may be using a crutch. The Cashier isn't apt to be a dashing young thing, either, but an elderly man or woman with a handicap. But one gets service with a smile, and carries home a "Goodwill bag" and a memory of the mottoes displayed everywhere throughout the store, like, "Not Charity, but a Chance", "Turn waste into Wages", or "Discards become Timecards".

Yes, the Goodwill Industries of America is moving ever onward and upward in its field of service to disabled mankind. It is a service that helps him to help himself by making it possible for him to do so. And the exhortation Pastor Helms so often made to the public in those far-away days of the past still carries its emphatic message of truth to people everywhere: "be dissatisfied with your work until every handicapped person in your community has an opportunity to develop to his fullest usefulness, and enjoys a maximum of abundant living."

☞ Blessings shared are not only blessings retained, but blessings multiplied

Open An Outlet!

Raymond W. Settle

ONE LAW of the spiritual life, from which there is no escape, is that we can receive nothing unless we share with others. This was what Jesus meant when he said, "Give, and it shall be given unto you." Stated negatively, it would read "Give *not*, and it shall *not* be given unto you."

To those who were privileged to see and hear him personally he said, "Freely ye have received, freely give." These sayings were not merely good advice, kindly spoken, but the statement of a fundamental spiritual law which applies to all men.

It is commonly believed that by study alone one may become learned. Nothing is further from the truth than this. It is a fact that endless poring over books, and the effort to absorb information without also pouring it out, inevitably results in mental stagnation. He who would be a scholar must also become a teacher. There must be an

outlet. The first is of little use without the second.

So, in the Christian life there must be both impression and expression, inflow and outgo, reception and bestowal. Gifts from God, spiritual strength, Christian joy, in fact all those choice blessings we hope to possess may be likened to an electric current which cannot enter where there is no exit. The tragedy of many a barren Christian life is not that there are no blessings to be obtained, but that those which are obtained are not allowed to flow to others.

All of this is but another way of saying that where there is no Christian service there is bound to be only a meager inflow of Christian blessings. Is the life impoverished, barren, and incompetent to withstand the pressures of daily experience? The proper course, then, is not to attempt to enlarge the inlet. That would result only in additional stagnation. Positive action should be taken at the outlet in the form of a broader, more consecrated service.

* * *

The religion which stands the test is one which consists of *doing* what Jesus *said*, instead of being content with *saying* what Jesus *did*.

H. Elizabeth Dalbey

☞ "Thy will be done."

The Invincible "Four Little Words"

Emmet Fox

THY WILL BE DONE. This is one of the most familiar phrases used in the Christian religion. It is naturally a quotation from the Lord's Prayer that everyone has learned in childhood. I doubt if any other text from the Bible is used more frequently.

It is a most powerful and inspiring prayer—if it is used in the correct sense, that is, with true understanding of its meaning. In that case there could be no greater or more important prayer; and obviously it takes less than a minute to repeat it once, although of course, you can repeat it as often as you feel led to do.

Unfortunately, however, it seems that comparatively few people ever do use it with correct understanding; in spite of their very good intentions. In such cases, it is of very little practical use, and occasionally may even do a certain amount of harm.

These results arise from the fact that so many excellent people when they use this prayer assume (perhaps without always realizing the fact) that the Will of God is sure to be something sad, or even unpleasant.

In this instance they are using

the words from a lofty though mistaken sense of duty. They mean that they are perfectly willing that the Will of God shall be done even though it involves suffering for them or others.

The truth is, naturally, that the Will of God will always be something good, and joyous, and inspiring, for every human being, because we know that God wishes only these things for His children. Therefore, when we say Thy Will be done, with understanding, we are praying for those very things, and God will bring them into our own lives, or into the lives of those for whom we are praying. This prayer, only four little words, will wipe out the trouble whatever it is, and bring comfort and healing in its place.

Of course, when people use those words in the negative sense they are believing in the reality of trouble, and expecting it to continue or even increase — and we know that whatever we really believe in or expect, will happen to us.

Train yourself to use these words in the true sense and you will have acquired an invincible weapon against difficulties.

What Do You See?

What do you commonly see in life? Are you constantly witnessing error and negative things? Or, do you bear testimony of the inherent goodness of God and His creation?

These are important questions because by your answers you can get a better understanding of yourself.

What we see in the outer is but a reflection of the inner, because we surround ourselves with a picture of our own beliefs. In other words, we manifest in general what we seriously think and believe.

So if we want to find out what our habitual thinking is like, we have but to look around us and ask ourselves what we really see.

The Bible says that we shall not bear false witness, but that is just what we are doing, for example,

The two articles above are from *Stake Your Claim* by Emmet Fox.

when we do not see the presence of God in every situation, or when we accept the appearance for the reality.

On the other hand, we are a witness for God when we see the "whole" man where the sick one seems to be; when we forgive someone who has injured us and then see the Christ in him; when we see prosperity instead of lack, knowing that God supplies every need; or when we see harmony and peace regardless of seeming outer conditions.

Perhaps you will recall the lines of Shakespeare: there is nothing good or bad but thinking makes it so.

Are you seeing good everywhere? If not, start today to train yourself. You will be surprised to find how soon your own life will change for the better.

* * *

Grandma Dee

Dawn Flanery Parker

I would like to grow old as gracefully
As a friend of mine called Grandma Dee;
Kind thoughts have woven a pattern of lace
Of gentleness all over her face.

She spends her time in smoothing the road
For others or helping them carry their load
Of troubles. I hope life softens me
And makes me like dear Grandma Dee.

¶ He leaves us to put the capital letter on Faith.

Real Faith Comes With A Capital "F"

Edward C. Lyon

FAITH IS UNIVERSAL with men. However, many individuals fail to capitalize on this commodity for, while indulging themselves with faith in physical objects, personalities, and abilities, they place a halter on faith, a restriction to hold faith within bounds. By so doing they lose the bulwark for happiness, for success, for Christian life, only practicing faith as it applies to physical aspects, incapable of applying it to spiritual affairs. They have no capital letter for faith.

Not long ago in my office, I talked with a man who has made a moderate success. He was reminiscing, "Why in 1930 I lost my job, had a second mortgage on my house, no prospects. What did I do? Well, I will tell you. I had one thing more precious than money, friends in firms with which I had dealt. I went to them and said I had nothing, but I proposed to open my own business. And they said, 'Good,' and they extended me credit and I—well, you know how things have turned out."

Thus we see faith exemplified first by my friend, who had nothing really except faith that he could run a successful business and, sec-

ond, faith on the part of a number of business acquaintances who were willing to advance credit on little more than faith that this man would emerge from his dilemma.

There is a young fellow up the street who makes a business of acquiring some jalopy, taking it apart and laying all the parts around on the grass. Then he puts them back together and the result runs, pretty good too. Now here is a youngster with faith, faith in his knowledge, in the skill of his hands, in the result of his efforts. Faith is a part of him.

Again, some while ago the building in which I work required a paint job. The edifice is an antiquated affair with a vast front tower. We engaged in speculation as to the manner in which the contractor would approach this problem, and, when the time came, we observed the preparations with interest. The fellow to whom this task was assigned took the longest extension ladder available and lashed a short ladder to the top end in manner such that this addition held the extension several feet from the building. Then he lugged a third ladder and lashed it to the upper end of his contraption, dropped it

against the tower, went up and finished the painting.

When he came down I asked him, "That was some problem you had. Weren't you afraid of falling?"

He shook his head, "Fall? Why should I fall? I had the ladder to stand on, didn't I?"

That is about right. He had the ladder to stand on. And from his knowledge of ladders, he had faith the ladder would be there as long as he had need of it.

For the past several years it has been my privilege to be associated with a woman who had established and brought to a high degree of perfection, for a moderate-sized high school, a Basic Skill Program. The hope of this program is that certain children who are finding their progress in secondary education blocked will find a new lease on life and once again begin to make progress. Almost every day those connected with this effort see examples of faith as some child takes on new hope, even though informed that progress may be as much as two years away.

Faith is never missing entirely

from an individual's make-up, even a most unusual personage, apparently even a prospective suicide, perched high above some chasm. Evidently he feels his venture represents some improvement over his present situation.

No, it is not faith that is missing, but rather it is the failure of many men to develop faith from the physical world into the spiritual world. They have faith to burn so long as they do not need faith to maintain their faith. They lack a capital letter for their faith.

Perhaps these men would do better if only God would come around and talk to them man to man. However, God does not operate in this fashion for He demands faith, not merely in the physical but in the spiritual. He helps us attain this by placing in our way, everywhere we venture, manifestations of His presence and of His care. He visits us in the sunshine of a little child's smile, in the glory of a rose anointed with morning's dew, in the majesty of His universe.

But He leaves us to put the capital letter on Faith.



Daniel Webster and some friends were quoting their favorite passages of Scripture. One man gave the great opening chapters in Genesis, the story of creation. One man gave the Beatitudes.

Then Daniel Webster quoted some lines that are not very famous, from the Book of Habakkuk: "Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vine . . . Yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation."

Not when it goes easy with us but when a crisis is upon us, then comes the high point, he said, of our faith in God and of rejoicing in that faith.

☛ There are no grey, black, or blue days except we make them ourselves.

Is There Sunshine In Your Prayer?

Harold A. Schulz

A MIDDLE AGED woman, a lover of flowers, complains of heart trouble, arthritis, aching legs, difficult breathing and constantly worries about what people are thinking of her, lest she lose her friends and they become enemies. This woman in speaking to a Sunday school class came up with the following statements about moods. Said she, displaying a calendar page with several gruesome colors on it, "This represents our days. Some days are grey," she spoke pointing to one of the numbers on the calendar. "Every day can't have sunshine. There is some sadness that creeps in."

Next she pointed to a blue colored day: "This is blue Monday," she explained. "Then we have black days filled with danger and dread. But," she concluded, "once in a while there is a sunny day when everything is bright and gay."

This great panorama of colored days was a definite give-away to the cause of her several ailments. Her thoughts of illness, her worry over whether people loved her or not were the black and grey blotches on her days, the clouds of illness in her life. The secret to her success

of being a miserable person was her negative prayer life.

She loves flowers and grows the most beautiful and lavish garden aflame with heaven's colors. If she were as gay on a cloudy day as her flowers are when the rain falls, she would be a joyous, radiant, and healthy person. The flowers in her garden look to the sun as though in prayer and receive the store of the sun's healing warmth which makes them beautiful on a cloudy day as well.

Jesus called our attention to a few humble truths packed with powerful possibilities of practicality. "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they neither toil nor spin . . ." Are we not more than the lilies of the field? Are you not more than a flower? Are you? "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? Does He?"

Prayer is nothing if it is a prayer with clouds of fear, doubt, anxiety, or worry hovering over. But prayer with faith is the resurrecting prayer, the healing prayer, the joyous, wondrous, sunshine prayer. Prayer with

faith and trust and love, acknowledging the goodness and omnipotence of God is the prayer which clothes you with the Heavenly Father's eternal virtues. This faith-resurrecting prayer is a personal conversation with God, for it comes from the heart and lips of the seeker. Consider the flowers in your own garden. There is sunshine in their lives because they open up and let God entertain them with sunny blessedness.

I was called to the bedside of a lady whose only trouble was in her own mind. A great-grandmother, she told me that she constantly worried about the welfare of her granddaughter and her family who lived two thousand miles away. They were successful and happy in their business and home life. Before I prayed I said, "You must make this prayer your own prayer and in your quiet moments go to the mountain top and in positive faith, trust, and belief know that God is your health, that the healing Christ is working in and through your body. Know that He is your friend, the constant friend and protector of your loved ones. He is here within you waiting for you to recognize Him."

Gradually she improved and became well. Weeks later she celebrated her fiftieth wedding anniversary with the joy and radiance of a young bride. She came up to thank me for all I had done. I re-

plied, "I didn't do a thing. Your faith made you well. Keep it up!"

"Yes, you're right," she admitted. "The biggest joy now in my life is when I pray. I think of the perfect Christ as being perfect in me and perfecting my life with health and trust and happiness and security. I open myself to Him."

Those flowers in the garden blooming beautifully don't ask one another to get the sunshine for them. They look upward to the sun with no effort. Their response to the sun brings the sun and them together in joy and blessedness. It is as though they worship through prayer in letting the sun rays bathe upon them.

When Jesus went to the mountainside to pray, he prayed with God as friend and friend. He said, "Our Father who art in heaven . . . Thy will be done . . ." He had no doubt about the limitless possibilities of God. He knew that the Father was ready to hear and above all ready to respond. God is ready at all times to listen and willing to answer. God's will for us is only good.

Thoughts of worry, dread, distrust, and anxiety destroy the cells of the body and deplete the power to carry on a normal life with joy. These thoughts cause the mind to be ill and the body dis-eased. They are the clouds which color one's days with hideous hues. There are no grey, black, or blue days ex-

cept we make them ourselves in our own thinking. The sunshine is always available; the sunshine of God's goodness.

One early morning while riding through the mountains we went through a mass of cloud and fog in valley below. Going up the mile-high mountain we reached the top and were suddenly in a wonderful bath of sunshine. Below us were the clouds moving in the deep valleys. No wonder, I told myself, the Psalmist said, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. My help cometh

from the Lord . . . The Lord is thy keeper: . . ."; and Jesus himself inviting the disciples to come apart into a mountain to pray. For on the mountain of prayer the heart and soul finds for its every day the sunny hope of God, the Eternal Giver of life and its ultimate fulfillment of happiness.

Go to the mountain of prayer, above the clouds of the world to the higher consciousness of God. Let God have precedence in your thought-prayers by thinking His thoughts after Him. Let there be sunshine in your prayer.

* * *

Together

Helen B. MacGibbon

I bind the countries of the world together
With a thread of prayer:
United States and Canada,
Mexico, Central and South America,
Great Britain and Ireland,
Europe, Africa, and Asia
Australia and the Island of the Sea,
And let God tie the ends.

One little thread may break,
But if you and you and you and you
Will send another thread of prayer,
The threads together will become a cord,
The cords a rope, the ropes a cable,
The cable strong enough so naught can break it.
Then shall we realize a united world
Worshipping and serving at the feet of Christ.

Your Actions Are Your Faith

Ora A. Clement

FAITH without works is dead." This statement from the New Testament has been quoted and misapplied until its significance has been all but lost. Yet these few short words hold the key to successful living. At the same time they explain our failures.

There is no double meaning in the words, nothing figurative. The sentence means exactly what it says. It is axiomatic, to be accepted without proof, as one might say: "A human body without breath is dead." In fact, the author of James' epistle makes that very comparison and is translated by Moffat: "For as the body without the breath of life is dead, so faith is dead without deeds."

In the material world man cannot live without a demonstrated faith. The more complicated his surroundings become, the more need he has of faith. We must have faith in the carrier—bus, tram, steam train, or private auto which takes us to our work each day; we must have faith in the bank where we deposit our money; we must have faith in the employes to whom we entrust certain details of our business. If we declare our faith in these

and then refuse to make use of them our faith is dead and useless to us and our lives are correspondingly limited and futile.

In the spiritual world faith must be demonstrated. Prayer cannot be answered unless it issues from a living faith. This is not a condition imposed by an arbitrary God, but an immutable law of being. As the body must have breath, so faith must have expression, or demonstration. All the air that surrounds this planet cannot keep a man alive if he does not draw it into his lungs for the purification of his blood according to the laws of our physical nature. Similarly, surrounded by all of God's infinite good we are dead, spiritually, if we have no working faith in His love. It is not that God is unwilling or unable to bless us, but our unworkable or "dead" faith makes it impossible for us to receive.

The miracles of Jesus show us the relationship between faith and works (or action).

He said to the paralytic: "Take up thy bed and walk." The man's natural response would be: "My body is helpless. I cannot get up *until* I am healed." But, instead of waiting for something to happen,

the faith that was in him responded at once to the authority that was in Jesus. Without a doubt or a negative thought he *acted*. He got to his feet and with that act his body became whole. If he had clung to his pad and lost the blessing of healing, it would not have been because Jesus was unwilling but because the sick man lacked faith.

The nobleman who came to Jesus asking him to make a long journey for a dying boy had a living faith. When Jesus told him to go back home for the boy would live he started at once, without doubt or argument. Finding the boy improved, he made inquiry of the family and learned that recovery began at the very time when he demonstrated his faith in the Christ.

The woman who had suffered for many years from an incurable hemorrhage had a powerful faith in Jesus, and she demonstrated it in a powerful effort. In pain and humility she forced her way into the crowd that surrounded Him. No doubt the nature of her malady made her reluctant to be seen. She did not mean to ask any favor of Him. All she wanted was to get near enough to touch the edge of his garment, having faith that this contact would heal her. Which it did. The hemorrhage stopped and she felt herself healed. Jesus, when He knew who had touched Him and why, said to her: "Thy faith hath made thee whole." He did not need

to ask her to demonstrate her faith—she had done so, unasked.

A little story, often told, relates how a child met a neighbor and asked him where he was going.

"To the church," he told her, "where people are meeting to pray for rain."

She looked at him wonderingly.

"Where is your umbrella?" she wanted to know. Her child mind sensed the inconsistency of faith without works.

A more recent story is that of a pilot who was unable to control his plane in a storm. With ice forming on wings and fuselage he was losing altitude and it seemed certain he must crash into a rocky ridge which he knew to be ahead, somewhere, but could not see because of the storm.

"God," he prayed, "take over, quick!"

With the words fear left him. With a steady hand on the controls he did the best he knew, trusting God to do what he could not. Almost at once, with no apparent change in outward conditions, the big ship began to rise. God had taken over. The plane reached a safe altitude, the pilot did his part, assured of God's help and guidance, and eventually a safe landing was made. "Luck was with you," they told him at the airport. But the pilot knew it was God. Faith and works had wrought a present-day miracle.

A very homely illustration of faith and works is that of a mother with limited means who felt very keenly her little daughter's disappointment because there was no new dress for a certain school function.

"Let us pray about it," she told the child, "and ask God to show us what to do." Which they did.

"How shall we make your dress?" she said next morning and the little girl studied the pattern book and also decided on the color she wanted. She got out her stock of ribbons to see what was suitable.

After she had gone to school her mother oiled her sewing machine and went through her box of findings for thread, buttons, and tape. "God will supply our need," she told herself over and over.

During the day a friend stopped for a chat.

"By the way, Ella," she interrupted herself to say, "those ribbons you have there remind me of something. Do you remember that Alice-blue dress I used to wear? It is perfectly good yet, but I can't get into it. Could you use it for Betty?"

Blue, the very color and shade that Betty had chosen! And the soft, ruffy dress could so easily be cut down to make a beautiful program-day frock for a little girl.

Faith, with works, had accomplished another miracle. But in such a natural way that only the mother

and child recognized God's hand in it.

No doubt many of us can look back over past experiences and see where faith was unavailing or dead because it was not accompanied by deeds.

A certain businessman faced a crisis. He stood to lose money and prestige through a mistake in judgment. Being a Christian, he took his problem to God in prayer. Alone in his private office he prayed earnestly for help in his need. As he sat, thinking it all over again, a new solution came to his mind. It involved a very bold course of action.

"I believe it would work," he told himself. "I'll have to think it through." So he did. All day he weighed the *pros* and *cons* of the question. He talked about it to a friend who could see nothing in it. He worried about it all night. In the morning, unrested and confused, he decided that it was impracticable.

"I was crazy to think of it," he told himself and put the plan out of his mind.

Weeks later, after the crisis had passed and he was trying to adjust himself to his losses, he learned that the idea he had dismissed as a "crazy notion" could have been carried out successfully if he had implemented his faith with prompt action. He had prayed in faith and God had answered him showing him a way through his trouble. But

his faith was without works—therefore was not faith at all. It was dead and God's plan for him did him no good.

Faith is like the electricity in your home. You cannot see it, but you know it is there and you know what it will do for you. Day and night it is available—power enough for all your appliances. But your

rooms will be unlighted, your toaster will remain cold, and your radio silent until you make the contact between the appliance and the current. The power is there, but it is of no benefit to you unless you claim it and use it.

God's supply of good is unfailing and ever-present. It will enrich our lives only as we claim it and use it, in faith.

* * *

More Than Gold

Myrtle C. Jackson

Lord, make me worthy, this I pray,
Of all the friends along my way;
The old friends, Lord, "the tried and true"
Who can forgive the things I do
And love me still.

I pray, dear Lord, I may prove just
And worthy of my new friends' trust—
These strangers who have been most kind,
Whose smiles have eased both heart and mind,
With honest skill.

Recalling this, I am aware
That ever kindly I must share
My love with friends, the new, the old;
More precious than a kingdom's gold
Is friendship's thrill.

Carry Them High

Mary Gustafson

Dreams are the hope we carry
Hidden and held in our breast,
Turning the drab to laughter,
Giving each moment zest.

They are the essence of longing
Distilled from the lonely hours,
To scent the path of the coming
With fragrant memory flowers.

* * *

I Went A-Traveling

Grace Barker Wilson

I went a-traveling last night.
As soon as I put out the light.
The dark a cloak of magic spread,
And took my soul right out of bed.
I traveled high, I traveled low,
Saw lands at peace, and war-time woe.
I dipped to circle shining farms.
And rose mid storm winds' wild alarms.
And I saw people, white and black
And red and yellow, on the rack
Of sorrow, torn the selfsame way;
And little children at their play.
And over all, a God supreme,
Waiting to help fulfill a dream.
This morning, when sun came again,
It seemed to me that other men
Had grown in stature and the right
To life and freedom, over night.

¶ Minds trained to make the trip to home base
in spite of handicaps.

"Coming In On A Wing And A Prayer"

Ruth Weston

THE SONG "Coming in on a Wing and a Prayer" inspires us as we thrill at the courage of the plane pilot limping home through the air. But those human beings known as the physically disabled are mostly *living their lives* coming in on a wing and a prayer.

You Blind, who have had the wing of sight clipped away from you, have been coming along with the best that you have and a prayer in your hearts ever since part of your equipment got away from you. And you have trained your hands and your minds to make the trip home to the base in spite of the handicap. With the prayer hitching you up to the Eternal, no force can hold you down or hold you back from a life well lived.

You, in beds or wheelchairs, on crutches or strapped into braces, or you who have hearts, or lungs, or other equipment that has been shot away. You! Why you have been developing a spirit and a stamina that is bringing you in to the base with

a prayer in your hearts that no power can destroy. You know what it means to zigzag in with a prayer. How well you know! You know what it means to use what you have to the utmost, and to pray many times without words for what I can't explain—just to pray. Just to hitch yourselves up to the Infinite.

On a wing and a prayer you accomplish all the duties of any housekeeper, cook and launder, can and sew, and send the kids to school. Some are working in offices, some in defense plants, or in your own little or big business.

Some of us with almost no wing are coming in, all day long, with what little we have, not being able to do much except smile as we limp in with a prayer. Most of the equipment has been whipped away, but these lives are infinitely worth while for the inspiration and love they give. Even more than all the rest they give a big thrill to the world. They have such a small piece of their wing left, but it matters not, for they are coming in on a prayer. They are indomitable.

"They might not need me—yet they might,
I'll let my heart be just in sight.
A smile so small as mine might be
Precisely their necessity."

Gratitude - Tragedy's Overflow

Mary Searles

TWENTY-THREE and a half years ago, an automobile accident, on the way to an Epworth League union meeting, caused, along with other injuries, a fractured spine resulting in partial paralysis of the legs. Eventually came graduation from bed and wheelchair to crutches on which I have walked for most of those twenty-three years, until October of 1951, when I realized God was saying in His still, small voice, "If you mean it—if you really have faith—step out on your faith." Now the walking is with only a light cane, with slow but definite improvement from day to day in that . . . Truly He does keep His promises when we meet the conditions.

So "Thank you, God," is the only way I can find to express the feeling that keeps welling up in my heart and overflowing . . . My prayer is that my gratitude to Him may show in my every word and thought and action as I go among people from day to day, in the expression in my eyes and on my face, for everything and in everything, and that I may continue to complete wholeness for His glory. This is my prayer:

Thank you, God, for the sacrificial love and care of my family in

those many months of complete dependence; for the love and devotion of a wonderful Christian nurse; for the skill and understanding of the doctors and physiotherapist; for the interest and concern and prayers of friends through all these twenty-three years; for the faith of many who helped make my university education possible; for the Church, with consecrated pastors and laymen and women who have inspired and encouraged and strengthened my faith; for the faith manifested by those who first were willing to "take a chance on me" by giving me an opportunity to work; for pastor and people of my precious home church who had faith and love enough to call me back to work for it and thus make a living in doing work I love best and have long felt called to do; for the difficult places and the discouragements which have drawn me closer to Thee; for wonderful new friends and comrades of the Way, with insight and love and faith enough to see wholeness for me NOW; for the multiplied prayers and love of those in distant places and of others at home, which have strengthened my own faith to the point where I have been able to hear Thee saying to me, "Get up

and walk, my child—if you have faith, in the name and for the sake of Jesus Christ, *start walking NOW.*" Forgive me the times of doubt that you even heard the prayers, and thank you that they were being answered all the time, even when I was not able to see it. Thank you, Father, for showing me how to leave the crutches, the props, at home, and "rise up and walk."

I now KNOW that "I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me," and nothing in my own strength. These words have had my intellectual assent for many years, but they are now part of my life. May my life be an open channel so that Thy love may flow through me to and through all whose lives I touch. . . Thank you, God, in Jesus' name, Amen.

* * *

I Know He Lives

Emily Sargent Councilman

I know he lives!
And this sure truth is very part of me
That seeming death is but an opening door
Where just one step reveals eternity.

I know he serves
His Christ beyond his highest dreams.
Unfettered by all barriers, he finds
That joy, sublime, that endless service means.

I know he prays
In faith for others still, since he is there;
And with what added vision, power!
For I have seen the answers to his prayer.

I know he loves!
His tender love reflecting God's own way
Is but more gloriously free
To bless and heal the wounds of earth today!

Make Us A Blessing Today

Flora Jones Seaman

WHAT comfort and strength there is in that line from the most beloved of our Psalms:

"He leadeth me in the Paths of Righteousness."

How reassuring are those words!

How often have they brought renewed courage and faith.

The thought implied roots deep in the past. The Old Sanskrit speaks of the *rita* way—meaning the right path or path of right living. But the actual words of the Hebrew text bring even stronger meaning to these words. They suggest far more than the idea of a simple pathway through a forest glade or an upward trail toward a mountain's top.

To translate these words literally we would say: "He puts me back on my planetary path."

Not on some small pathway in some earthly setting but some celestial pathway that is the soul's true orbit.

This idea and this figure of speech was found not infrequently in the Old Testament writings. It was a beloved symbol of the Heavenly life.

It had definite and positive meanings for the spiritually minded. Its

words seem to say that as each planet moves in its own particular orbit around its Central Sun, so each life is intended to move in constancy around the Sun of its Soul.

There is a Divine plan and pathway for each life; and in this path, and this alone, life moves harmoniously and securely.

There it can know the "music of the spheres," there live and move and have its being in a heavenly atmosphere, and there receive light and love and power from that Central Source of all Light.

Each one is meant to have his being in fixed unalterable relationship to God, to Him who is the Creator and Sustainer of our life.

The illumination that comes with the full realization of all that is implied in this one single sentence is full of riches for the spirit of man.

Next to the importance of the soul's coming awake to its own identity, and the sense of its own eternal significance and worth, there is no conception of equal value to this tremendous fact . . . the realization that each has a defi-

nite place and a definite relationship to the Universe.

We are not, and we never can be, let loose like a wandering star—we are eternally polarized to our Center; we are not a short lived spark flung aside from some blazing meteor in a vast space—tiny perishable fire from some circling flame lost from some greater Flame. We are not finite particles in a miscellany of beings and circumstances, creatures of time and accident. We each have a definite place and a definite course to pursue. We can know our place and be secure in our place—our *rightful* place "near to the Heart of God."

Only as we are truly awake to our rightful place and moving about our Central Sun do we find "rest" to our souls, as a sphere finds "rest" in its right place where there is no longer a pull of earth's gravity at its heart.

Only in the line of right relationship can we know the full splendor of life and the glory of the infinite wonder that surrounds us.

It is by coming in harmony with his will that we attain this perfect place and this perfect Peace.

Dante has stated it simply and truly:

For 'tis essential to the state
of Bliss

To keep our wills within the
Will Divine:

Our Peace is in His Will.

As we live within that Will, and pursue the pathway of the Heavenly world, we find light on our path, illumination for our minds and hearts, and the warmth of love that is the Love Divine, active and aflame within. We find ourselves magnetized into an attracting force for all men, drawing them toward that Kingdom of Light within which we are encircled and sustained.

We become a healing power, bringing life to those who seek renewal of life, radiating that life which energizes our own hearts and spirits; and goodness and love flow forth from us to all men everywhere, in unceasing blessing and benediction.

We have become receptive to that Divine Power which is forever available and the power that transforms all earth life into the beautiful and the good and the transcendent . . .

There is not only serenity in our lives, but tranquillity in our very atmosphere. There is a steady progress toward our goals.

And as the starlight falls in tender radiance on this earth below, shining from its secure and beautiful place in the heavens, so our lives become star-like, shining with sweet radiance in the spiritual skies of those we know and love, speaking with bright starry tokens of the permanent, the immortal and the true, steadfast and enduring above all earthly change or harm.

MINE OWN SHALL COME TO ME

All that the Father giveth me shall come to me; and him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.—John 6:37.

WHY do you like certain people and why do they like you? Why do you seem to find yourself part of certain events, instead of other events?

Jesus explained attraction for people and events by going to the Source of Life. Everything that happened in his life was referred back to God. Pilate thought that he had power of life and death over Jesus but Jesus told him that he had no power except that which was given him from God, and if God wished it otherwise legions of angels would come to his rescue. In the scripture at the top of the page Jesus reasons in the same manner. Further on in verse 44 he says, "No man can come to me, except the Father which hath sent me draw him . . ." This throws light on the whole subject of his healings. One may quote scripture to show that "he healed them everyone," but it is quite obvious that "everyone" did not come to him. Those who did come to him, or were drawn to him, were healed. He matched their needs with his supply and the result was their healing. We may also assume that Jesus needed them for his fulfillment—the accomplishment of his work. This divine logic is the higher consciousness and reality that is completely in the hands of the Father.

Depending upon the level of life on which we operate, we "draw" people and events to us (or the Father does the "drawing"). If we try to account for it in terms of human psychology we are as frustrated as if we tried to account for astro-mathematics in terms of the multiplication table. When we reach up spiritually and come to the level of "all that the Father giveth me shall come to me" we shall no longer fight the people and the events that come to us. We shall eagerly accept them and see in them the good guidance of God working through us for our fulfillment and the fulfillment of others. As we consciously recognize Him in everything we do and are, He resolves the inharmonies, releases the tensions, and satisfies the frustrations.

John Burroughs caught the heavenly vision in his poem "Waiting" when he wrote, "Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high, Can keep my own away from me." Let us agree with Jesus by saying, ". . . and I will in no wise cast them out."

Read: **The You You Want To Be**, Mabel Duncan Kemp. \$2.50.

AT ONE WITH THE FATHER

"That they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us . . ."—John 17:21

YOU cannot read this prayer of Jesus in the 17th chapter of John without being struck with the theme of **Oneness**. All that he has—his deeds, his friends, his words, his power—all these, he says, came to him from the Father. All that he has is the Father's and all that the Father has is his. Another lesson in this prayer is that Jesus does not ask anything for himself that he does not ask and desire for everybody else. "And the glory which thou gavest me I have given them; that they may be one, even as we are one . . ." The supreme glory of Jesus was his **Oneness with the Father**, and it is this that he desires for us all.

At one with the Father! That they may be one with us as we are one! All that the Father has is mine, and all mine is His! Jesus said that the words he spoke were not his own words but the Father spoke His words through him. He says that the things he did were but what he saw the Father doing. His Oneness was epitomized in the words, "Not my will but thine . . ."

Can you catch the importance of this truth that Jesus prays and promises and desires for us all? Are you short of money? All that the Father has is yours. Think about it. Open the windows of your soul to it and let its light warm you and give you the peace of security. Are you filled with fear? All that the Father has is yours. God is love. Perfect love casteth out fear. Let your mind and spirit and soul look to God and think on Him. He created the heavens and the earth. This power and might that brought it all into being is His; and all His is thine, and thine His. In Him there is no fear and as you come to Oneness with Him fear vanishes. Jesus said that "they may be made PERFECT in one." How can That-Which-Creates fear the creature? When you become afraid say, "At One with the Father." Do you feel inferior? Say "At One with the Father—all mine are thine and thine mine. You in me, Jesus in me, Christ in me, and I in You and I in Jesus the Christ, all in perfect Oneness." Let your mind dwell on it, play with the magnitude of it, rest in its reality. Keep saying, "At One with the Father . . ."

When we realize Oneness, this prayer of Jesus actually becomes our prayer. Let's keep it foremost in our lives just as He did.

Read: **God's Perfect Way For You**, Hazel Pickett. \$1.25.

GO UP INTO THE MOUNTAIN

"When Jesus therefore perceived that they would come and take him by force, to make him a king, he departed again into a mountain himself alone."—John 6:15.

I LIKE THE word "again" in the verse above. Time and again we read that Jesus went on alone to pray and John is merely stating something that was known to all the disciples. Going off alone to pray was a necessity that became a habit with Jesus. He especially felt the need of it when he had an important decision to make. In the context of the above verse the people were going to take him by force and make him a king, but whether it was kingship, raising someone from the dead, or preparing for martyrdom, he first of all got his guidance direct from the Father.

Going up into a mountain does two things for anyone. It changes one's perspective and it permeates one with the quiet rest and the security of the eternal hills.

I can remember being in the town of Estes, Colorado, some years ago. Estes is a tourist town and during the height of the season it is packed with hurrying and excited people. Everyone is trying to cram all the sightseeing possible into the short space of a few days. Each individual is intensely concerned with himself. As one gets pushed around in the crowds he is seized with the impulse to fight back. The result is that before long he is completely worn out, and has a good case of jangled nerves.

I drove out of town and got out of the car far up the mountain side. In the distance the town looked no larger than a silver dollar. In the stillness and largeness of the great out-of-doors I wondered why people let themselves become so involved in the unimportant and permit their peace to be destroyed by the trivial. As I sat there all the tensions of town life dropped from me as I gazed at the eternal hills. These hills were the outward symbol to me of an inner mountain—the trysting place with God. So, inwardly, I went up into a mountain, the same sort of a mountain that Jesus periodically found so necessary. There the trivial dropped off and first things became first things once again. Strain disappeared, nerves were soothed, and I was bathed in perfect peace.

You can go up into a mountain wherever you are. It is imperative that you do so. Get quiet and go to the Father by turning your thoughts to Him. Do not bombard Him with pleadings and questionings. Simply get still and wait in His presence. You will find that without asking, His serenity, His peace, His security, His "all is well" signal will do the transforming if you but wait on Him.

Read: **Look Up And Live** by Margaret Palmer Fisk. \$2.50.

Books of Interest

Norman K. Elliott

GOD'S ANSWER TO JUVENILE DELINQUENCY, Starr Daily. Macalester Park, \$2.50, 155 pages. In my opinion, this is the most inspirational, interesting, and instructive book that Starr Daily has ever written. Perhaps the title gives one the idea that it is a technical manual on juvenile delinquency, and as such does not have a message for the general reader of religious books. Both of these observations are entirely incorrect. It is not a technical book but rather one of the most inspirational books on the power of prayer, believing, and the reality of the promises of the Bible that I have ever read. It is of interest to the general reader because it deals with problems that every parent has to face with her children. Every teacher and every worker with youth will find it invaluable.

The book is the result of eighteen years of counseling with young people and their parents and friends. It is not a book of theory, but rather one of experience. In every chapter, Starr Daily gives examples of flesh and blood people who came to him, he tells candidly what the problem was, what was said, the procedure and therapy used, and the result of it. The result is a book that I would call a mighty faith stimulator! I fail to see how anyone can read these stories and ever be unbelieving about the power of God to solve his problems.

Here are some of the problems and their stories that are related in the book. . . . A mother came to the author about her young son who tortured and killed pets, was mean to other children, and had unwholesome sex curiosities. Starr told her how to get God on the job and solve the problem. It worked. . . . An exceptional warden of a prison did an exceptional act of faith and in the process reformed and transformed an incorrigible criminal. He made him his personal chauffeur, a position of great trust and pride. This warden tapped into one of the main lines of God's high-power trans-

mission lines. Do you know this great law? . . . God performs his works of mercy in mysterious ways. A young lady who was addicted to narcotics went to the aid of some Gospel Tract passers, and was herself thrown into jail with them. In their company during the long night in prison, she found her soul. It's a magnificent story. . . . There are so many captivating stories that space simply will not permit here, that all I can do is urge every parent, teacher, and youth worker to get hold of his book immediately.

I think that the main value of this book is that the author shows us specifically how to enlist God's aid in the solving of our problems. It is easy enough to say, and even trite, that God is the answer to our problems. What we lack is the specific method, the "how do I go about it," and it is here that this book is marvelous. I wish I could buy it for everyone, but as I cannot do that the most I can say is that it is the best \$2.50 you will ever spend.

LOOK UP AND LIVE, Margaret Palmer Fisk. Macalester Park, \$3.00. There has been a desperate need for a book of this sort for a long time, and no one more capable than Margaret Fisk could have done it. Our age has paid so much attention to the development of the mind and the nurture of the spirit in later years, that we have neglected the function of the body in the Oneness of our own Trinity. Says the author, "The way you stand, the way you hold your head and move our hands, all speak revealingly of your true attitude toward life. Even though your religion urges you to be an upward looking creature, do you find yourself trudging along with your jaw set, your chest sunken and your head down?" In harmonizing the posture and the movement of the physical with the mental and the spiritual, Mrs. Fisk helps us to experience a new freedom and to choose a new frontier in re-

leasing power, joy, peace, and contentment that is impossible with the mental and spiritual alone.

If you have ever gone to a Camp Farthest Out and experienced the release that comes with "rhythm"—the merging of the spiritual and mental with the movements of the body, and have wished that there was some book on the subject you could take home and practice throughout the year, this book is the answer to your yearnings. Mrs. Fisk takes well known hymns, songs of praise, and gives inspirational and precise instructions on using body movements to really "feel" the praise and the prayer of the words. Artist Sally Turner has drawn full page sketch sequences that picture for you what you are to do. The page size of the book, 8½ x 11 inches, provides enough space for an attractive layout of the type, the drawings, and the full musical score with the words.

Every sequence described and pictured in this book has been tried and tested on groups across the country—in camps, in business groups, churches, and conferences, so these are "proven techniques" and "tested recipes" for getting more joy and release out of living. Those who have seen the book, and whom I talked with, are enthusiastic about it.

The contents of the book are: I—Harmonize Your Body With Your Mind and Soul, II—Stretch Out Into the Infinite (hymn, "There's a Wideness in God's Mercy"), III—Sing With Joy (hymn, "Rejoice, Give Thanks and Sing"), IV—Link Your Relaxation With Faith (hymn, "Dear Lord and Father of Mankind"), V—Don't Ration Your Prayers (hymn, "The Lord's Prayer"), —Walk Alone, Yet Never Alone (hymn, "Jesus Walked This Lonesome Valley"), VII—Swing Through Those Troubles (hymn, "Nobody Knows"), VIII—Look Up And Laugh, IX—Live Eternally Now ("Christ the Lord is Risen Today") X—Face This Hour (hymn, "God of Grace and God of Glory"), XI—Experiment Where You Are, and Bibliography.

Anyone who has anything to do with children and also those who work with old folks and shut-ins will find a lot in this book that will be of value in taking them out of themselves. Many of the sequences can be done while sitting in a chair.

Aside from the basic techniques of harmonizing body and mind and spirit, the text is written in a most instructive and inspirational manner. I would say it would be impossible for anyone to practice what is in *Look Up And Live* without finding new and vital life surging through them.

* * *

Revelation

Emily May Young

The note, they said, was written
With "invisible ink," which flame
Would change, there! in bold writing
I saw my friend's whole name.

So character is written
Completely out of sight,
Until some crucial moment
Reveals it in true light.

☞ Only positive thoughts are constructive.

Thought Builds Character

GRENVILLE KLEISER

RIGHT THINKING gives tone and vigor to the physical man, purifies and enlarges his mental world, and leads him into spiritual realization. While our thoughts are building body and character, they are also shaping human destiny.

"What a man thinks in his spirit in the world," declared Swedenborg, "that he does after his departure from the world when he becomes a spirit." To think that our thoughts comprise "the city of man's soul" should awaken in us a determination not to waste this precious substance in reckless prodigality.

A MAN WHO THINKS RIGHT has reason to feel proud of himself, and he walks abroad with "the holiday in his eye." There is no weakness, no timidity, no hesitation, since to him right is might. He has learned to make his thought selective, by aid of which he takes the good and rejects the bad. He knows, too, how to fit each thought into its proper place, make correct inferences, and form well-considered judgments.

This clear and positive thinking is constructive in its character; it builds new power and discloses ever-widening fields of usefulness.

Wrong or negative thinking is destructive; it produces nothing but paralysis, fear, hopelessness, and heart-rending failure.

RIGHT THINKING MEANS CHEERFUL THINKING. It means that a man is an intellectual optimist, who sees nothing but good in himself and in those about him. His thought goes out to clarify and brighten the lives of other men. Let Robert Louis Stevenson inspire discouraged men to similar heroism. Propped up in bed for weeks at a time, and racked by pain, not a weak or negative thought escaped his lips. But his glorious mind framed this:

"A happy man or woman is a better thing to find than a five-pound note. He or she is a radiating focus of good will; and their entrance into a room is as though another candle had been lighted. We need not care whether they could prove the forty-seventh proposition; they do a better thing than that, they practically demonstrate the great theorem of the livableness of life."

When a difficult question was put to Webster, he would say, "Let me sleep on it." He must give his thought time to mature. Deliberate-

ness and patient meditation played a prominent part in the building of his mind.

HOW SHALL A MAN EXCLUDE FEAR THOUGHT FROM HIS LIFE? Certainly not by affirming such sentences as "I have no fear," "I am not weak," "I do not lack ability," "I am not a failure."

Remembering that only positive thoughts are constructive, he will avoid even the use of negative symbols, as "weak," "fear," "lack," "failure." He will say, rather, "I am selfconfident," "I am strong," "I am able," "I am a success." These affirmations will be made both silently and audibly, always with deep conviction and earnestness.

These affirmations must be confirmed by actual performance. A man might sit in his office chair and continually affirm that he was a success, and nothing but success, until he fell over from heart failure.

WHEN YOU SAY, "I AM COURAGEOUS," you must demonstrate it in your daily life. You may say, "I am hopeful, powerful, buoyant, cheerful," but if you then proceed to sit down in a corner by yourself and bemoan your fate, you are simply deluding yourself. It is not sufficient that you believe what you affirm; you must be it, live it, act it.

* * *

Thy Will Be Done

Doris Wilder

"God bless my buds!" the fuchsia prayed
While looking round the room,
"And when they open, let them look
Like that begonia's bloom!"

"Dear Father, let Thy life in me
Fulfill Thy wondrous plan!"
So prayed the rose geranium,
As budding time began.

"I wonder why," the housewife said,
My fuchsia has a blight,
Whereas my rose geranium
Is such a lovely sight!"

Why Not Yes, Instead Of No?

Garland Havill

THE DAY was dark, the rain beat against the window pane, and my spirits were as dreary as the weather. I was feeling definitely useless and bored with life in general.

Suddenly the jangle of the telephone cut into my vague thoughts. It was with a sense of relief that I walked over to pick up the receiver. The voice on the other end of the line informed me sweetly that she was the leader of the Camp Fire girls at the near-by school, and needed my help in working with my daughter's group.

Immediately I started frantically to search for some excuse to get out of helping this woman. Then the thought flashed into my mind, "Well, for heaven's sake, why not say yes?" Why not, indeed? There was no logical excuse for refusal. Nobody in this world was more at loose ends than I, with nothing interesting or worthwhile to occupy my spare time. All my life I had harbored a feeling of inadequacy, and felt that jobs of community service should be undertaken by other, more capable, people. As a result, I had fallen into the habit of saying no to *every* request for my services!

Consequently, my answer to the Camp Fire leader was a surprise,

mainly to myself. Doing a complete about-face, my reply was that there was no excuse on my part to avoid helping her, and that I most certainly would do so.

A few weeks later, the captain of the Red Feather drive rang my doorbell. She asked me to volunteer my services in the current drive for funds. My immediate answer was "Yes." It was obvious to me then that I had begun to learn my lesson well, for my acceptance was given without hesitation. It was a gratifying experience to take part in this house-to-house canvass, collecting money for charity. And it was especially gratifying to me, because it indicated my gradual change of personality. I had at last started to adopt an affirmative attitude instead of a negative one.

This new attitude began to make itself felt in everyday life, in many little ways. When my twelve year old daughter asks, "Mom, may I make a cake?" the answer is "Yes." In the past, her request would have been refused because of the mess she would undoubtedly make in the process. When the man of the house expresses a desire for popcorn, when I had just that minute emerged from the kitchen and settled in front of the television set, the popcorn is made.

If there is no good reason to veto a suggestion which comes from a member of the family, why not go ahead and agree to that suggestion? Why *not* play a game of canasta, whip up a batch of fudge, or help your offspring fly his kite? Why *not* sit beside your daughter while she plays the piano, or dance the Charleston with her? Would you stop your housecleaning to play a game of "catch" in the back yard with your little girl? The other day I did just that!

These seemingly unimportant

* * *

Not My Brother

Iva Gibson

RECENTLY I sat in the sanctuary of a great church in one of our cities. A lyric soprano, a Negro, gave the concert. She was sponsored by one of the classes of the Sunday School of that church. Her enthusiasm was great, yet not more than the humility that filled her soul and seemed to fill the room with radiance. Her appeal to the audience was powerful as she gradually led up to the climax. You could have heard a pin drop in that great auditorium, when for one of her encores she sang, "The Lord's Prayer." It was as if she were a channel of utmost clarity drawing all souls with power. She was certainly a perfect

acts have created a new harmony in our home. The atmosphere around the home has changed because I, myself, have changed.

There must be other people in the world who, like myself, have no concrete reason to refuse every favor which is asked of them. Refusal gets to be a habit, and a bad one. If some particular request requires more thought, there's no need to be impulsive. Take time to think the situation out. But, by all means, keep an open mind, an affirmative mind. You'll begin to live a fuller life, if only for the effort.

example of dedicated personality.

The climax came when she sang, "Not my brother, not my sister, but it's me, O Lord, standing in the need of prayer." The pastor, with the spell of humility cast upon him, rose, and with a hand hushed the applause, saying: "This has been the best sermon ever preached from this pulpit." The class mother gave the closing benediction—"Not my neighbor, not my mother, but it's me O Lord, standing in the need of prayer." Man must crucify the flesh and lift Christ up. As we eliminate self, manifest Christ in our daily lives, we evolve into the consciousness of Christ. This is the moral demand of God.

Paris War Orphans

Maurice Moyal

You have heard about them, read about them, seen their pictures—these gangs of ragged, hungry waifs who roamed the streets in Paris after the war. Children with harsh, sullen features who had experienced only violence and hatred. Perhaps, you sent money to whatever organization was making an appeal just then for funds to help them.

These children were among the most tragic casualties of World War No. II. Their homes had been wrecked, often enough, their fathers had been killed in action, and their mothers gassed in a concentration camp. For a living, they relied on petty thievery, black market operations, and begging. One hardly dared wonder what sort of men and women they would become.

But there was one young man to whom these tragic youngsters were more than propaganda or a news story, who did not shake his head. "Tsk-tsk, what a pity."!!! and turn the page, who gave more than money.

In 1946 Robert Arvin, a youthful ex-Maquis, hardly older than the waifs themselves, was making a precarious living peddling newspapers and sandwiches in Paris streets. Moved by the highest ideals

of human brotherhood, he felt that he must get these waifs away from the moral and physical squalor they were living in then. He meant to transform these misfits, nurturing a subconscious hatred towards the ordinary run of mankind of which they had never been made to feel themselves a part, into members of a community, valued by it and with a useful job to do in return. But how to do it? He had no money, no social welfare training, no official support. In fact, he had nothing but his faith in the Lord and his burning love towards all his fellow-creatures.

He pondered the question of why these waifs kept fleeing from the security of the orphanages the police sent them to—to return to the streets, with their promiscuity and hunger. He found the answer: these institutions were staffed by cold, heartless official machines. More than security, more than bread, the children needed a warm home of their own and the attendant feeling that they BELONGED to it.

Robert began his unique experiment in child welfare in a very small way. He enlisted the help of three other likely-minded friends—two youthful ex-Maquis and a teenage girl nicknamed "Colibri"

(Humming-Bird—for her cheerfulness), whom he was subsequently to marry.

At Montreuil, a dreary suburb on the outskirts of Paris, the four friends found a rambling, dilapidated house, which had had no tenants for forty years. With the perseverance of ants and precious little more than their bare hands to work with, the teen-agers devoted all their spare time to repairing it. With the help of other ex-Maquis who meant to redeem the offspring of fallen comrades-in-arms, they formed up every evening in bucket brigades, lifting one brick after another out of the rubble left by strategic bombing and passing it to the end of the line. They cleaned off the cement and transported the bricks on their backs to repair the house and divide its vast rooms into cosy, cubicles. Soon, local businessmen were to lend a helping hand, gifts poured in in the form of tiles, sand, lime, plaster, and lumber. Once whipped into shape the friends called the house "Le Clair Logis"—The Home of Light.

By night, Robert and Colibri toured Paris, during that arctic 1946-47 winter, on the look-out for homeless children. They found them, for the most part, huddled one against another in the underground stations, sharing their lice and warmth. They stressed carefully to the children that "Le Clair Logis" was no institution, but a

strict children's affair, run by children for children that the community would form into a republic, with elected officers and would govern itself. The members could leave it at will and the older were to care for the younger.

Little by little, the fame of "Le Clair Logis" spread far and wide. Children began to stream to it by their own accord. Widowers who could not give their children the proper care brought them in—together with what little money they could spare.

Nobody has ever been turned down, but Robert and Colibri spent many a sleepless night, praying the Lord and trying to figure out ways and means to feed their ever-hungry "family." Feeling a sense of responsibility towards their younger comrades, the teen-agers went out to work and brought their pay-checks into the community's treasury. After a thorough enquiry, the Social Security Administration paid the community each child's social welfare allowance—adding up to the equivalent of \$13 a month. The working people of Montreuil, in a neighborly spirit, also took a hand. They were soon to form the "Friends of Paris Children's Association," which now includes well over 5,000 workers (many among them ex-Maquis), housewives, and high school students who contribute modest, but regular monthly contributions towards the upkeep of

the community. Subsequently, a Committee of Honor, upon which serve many Parisian Church, society, and business leaders, was established under the chairmanship of Mrs. George P. Vanier, wife of the Canadian Ambassador to France.

But soon, the "Home of Light" came apart at the seams and however reluctantly, Robert was planning to stop admitting newcomers, when he got a deeply moving letter from Mrs. Pierre Daumas, a French lady-philanthropist:

"I possess an estate in southeastern France, at Vercheney. Oh, it is only a collection of derelict houses and 400 acres of fallow land, all overgrown with weeds! Perhaps, with much toil, you could bring it back into life again. Vercheney, is yours. I want it to echo anew with the laughter of children. May your young comrades sink roots in this land and grow into good, God-fearing men!"

To visit Vercheney is a heart-warming experience. At twenty kilometers from the town of Die, its ancient houses climb up the slopes of a foothill of the lofty Alp mountains, overlooking the Drome River valley, in an irregular, straggling procession. On the outskirts of the village, a team of little men are hard at digging straight, right-angle intersecting trenches—the ground-works for the future Community-Center. Another team of smaller

folk trot back and forth, carrying soil in baskets to cover up some rocks in a nearby field. From their intensesness, you can feel that all this little world are putting all their pride and heart into the job.

On the scene, only one grown-up will, now and then, measure the trenches or show some little man or other, endowed with more good will than skill, how to handle properly a shovel. This supervisor is René Galland, Ph.D. and M. A., with honors of the Paris Sorbonne University. He has left a good teaching job as a University-Lecturer to devote benevolently all his time to something bigger than himself. On top of his acting as the architect to the community, he teaches the members the three R's at the local school—built with their own hands.

And René still finds the time to edit a small mimeographed bulletin, sent every month to the members of the "Friends of Paris Children's Association" to keep them posted on what is going on at Vercheney. They hear how many new acres have been put under the plough, how many houses repaired or built. They learn that thirteen-year-old Serge has contracted mumps, but luckily the disease has not spread; this busybody of Elaine spilt a kettle of boiling water over her legs, but the burns are only superficial.

When, two years ago, Robert came to Vercheney with some of the older members, the place seemed

as dead as a door-nail. Toiling sixteen hours out of the twenty-four, it took them a year to repair the ancient house of Mrs. Daumas and five other ruinous houses, and bring in the first crops.

Now, the smaller chaps could arrive and how they DID arrive. The community was swamped by a tidal wave of newcomers, 100, 200, and now 300.

But just imagine so many slum-dwellers, with no previous agricultural experience whatever, suddenly thrown together in a hilly countryside and having to coax their living from a meager soil, harsh after so many years of neglect! Of course, the beginnings proved very hard on them. Their typical "townee" outlook might have antagonized the local villagers, more interested in tending their fields than in child welfare experiments. But they proved eager to lend a helping hand.

The most precious help has been extended by Jack the Ukrainian, a seventy-year-old local farmer, who has unstingily put at the community's service his life-long agricultural experience. When Robert arrived here, Jack told him simply:

"I'm only a childless, useless old fool; would you care to adopt me, too? We'll put my estates and your estates together and we'll all toil for the common good!"

"Likewise, good wills from totally unexpected quarters were to provide the needed agricultural machinery, tools, and implements"

Robert Ardovin told me with an easy and contagious grin, on his return from Die.

Colibri, his wife, a very attractive young matron, with big, tender green eyes and upswept hair, put in:

"One fine morning, the Railways Administration served notice on us to come and collect a rather bulky parcel. The 'parcel' turned out to be a fine tractor, sent in by some Canadian friends. An Italian workers' co-operative contributed a concrete-mixer. Our Paris friends sent in a combine and even a transformer. A small power plant is being built. Two Marseilles Trade-Unions gave us all the machinery for a printing-shop and a weaving workshop."

"It has been our privilege to find out that kindness and good will are far more widespread than it is commonly realized," added Robert. "Why, the poorest among the poor in France sometimes send us gifts they just can't afford! But, please do convey our heartfelt gratitude to our friends the world over; their valuable help has greatly furthered our own efforts and enhanced our faith in the Lord and in human nature. Yes, under a scheme sponsored by UNESCO, young people from the U. S., Canada, Great Britain and sixteen other countries came here last summer to work alongside us, in a fine gesture of human brotherhood."

I asked Professor René Galland about his educational methods:

"We have no hard and fast rules, no educational methods to speak of. We always keep in mind that we have to deal with human beings, endowed with various tempers, so, we are pragmatic in an American way. After having completed their elementary schooling, our comrades divide their time between further studies and work on the fields. We are soon to start a printing shop for boys and a weaving industry for girls. In that way, if agriculture

does not appeal to them, we shall be able to give them training in other pursuits. Our only aim is to develop, in a cheerful, homelike, and Christian atmosphere, all the latent possibilities of every member of our family for a fuller and better life. Mind you, the most important thing in life is to be useful and create things. As to the material side, things have a way of taking care of themselves. But the Lord only helps those who help themselves."

* * *

Service

Nona Keen Duffy

Lord, help me to devote myself
To doing what the hours demand;
May I reflect the Christ within
By doing things that lie at hand.

Where there is hate, may I bring love;
Where there is dark, may I bring light;
By my example every hour,
May I speak out for truth and right.

Where there is weariness and pain
May I draw comfort from above,
By loving heart and willing hand
May I exemplify your love.

☞ Problems and difficulties can be faced without fear.

In Quietness And Confidence

Winfred Rhoades

IN QUIETNESS and confidence shall be my strength.

Keep those words in the back of your mind all the while, day and night. Bring them up into your conscious mind repeatedly during your waking hours. Say them over to yourself in definite utterance. Then see what a change comes in the way you are affected by the experiences the day brings forth. See what a change comes in the way you take life and the responses you make to life.

The alteration of a single word can make the difference between what you think of as a general truth which applies to people here, there, and anywhere, and a personal appropriation which gives strength to your own body, peace to your own mind, and courage to your own spirit.

I have not quoted the words precisely as they stand in Isaiah 30:15, but have made that one alteration which spells the difference. By saying "my" instead of "thy" you take quietness and confidence for your

own individual way of thinking and feeling day by day. There is the threat of a sudden and undesired change in your life: "I will face it in quietness and confidence." Pain and weakness assail you: "In quietness and confidence shall be my strength." Someone whom you have trusted and loved brings great trouble upon you: "In quietness and confidence I will meet this crisis." To a greater extent than most people realize the thoughts we permit ourselves to think determine whether we shall be sick or well day by day, weak or strong under the strains that come, failures or successes as personalities. Therefore while we use our powers of mind and body to the best of our ability let us do so in quietness and confidence: mental and spiritual quietness, confidence in God and also in our own powers. Say: "I rest myself in Thee, O my God." Problems and difficulties can then be faced without fear. Strength and peace can find their way into both soul and body.

* * *

We shape ourselves the joy or fear
Of which the coming life is made,
And fill our Future's atmosphere
With sunshine or with shade.

—Whittier

☞ Our successes and our failures are determined by our thoughts.

Thinking Molds My Life

Elizabeth Searle Lamb

HOW OFTEN has it been demonstrated that by our thinking we mold our bodies, develop our environments, draw to us many of our experiences! Our successes and our failures—these are determined by our attitudes and thoughts, which in turn produce the basic consciousness of mind and soul.

Therefore I see that I have brought upon myself by my thinking my seeming limitations and weaknesses, as well as my capabilities and achievements. The potentialities were there, are there, yes. What use I make of them is determined by my thinking. So I must turn away from errors in thought which have held me back. Perhaps I can see clearly what wrong attitudes I have held; perhaps, however, the basic causes of failure or

* * *

"All we have willed or hoped or dreamed
of good shall exist;
Not its semblance, but itself; no
beauty, nor good, nor power
Whose voice has gone forth, but each
survives for the melodist
When eternity affirms the conception of
an hour,
The high that proved too high, the
heroic for earth too hard."

Browning

Dance Of The Dead Leaves

Edgar Daniel Kramer

When the moon was gleaming,
And the stars leaned low,
I beheld the dead leaves
Dancing in the snow,
Though no wind was walking
On the silent air,
And I leaned to watch them
With a startled stare.

Withered leaves of roses
And of hollyhocks;
Wind-blown leaves of lilacs,
Marjoram and phlox,
Wildly danced together
Down the garden ways
In the shifting shadows
Of a morris-maze

In a ghostly stillness
They moved in and out,
Swayed and pirouetted,
Sharply turned about,
Until I grew dizzy,
And I closed my eyes
To the dancing dead leaves,
To the earth and skies.

Then a wind came wailing
From beyond the moon,
And my eyelids lifted
To a mystic tune,
As the dead leaves scattered
Like the lilacs' breath,
And I heard them laughing,
"Lo, there is no death!"

☛ God works through people at work.

Run A Little Bit

William J. Murdoch

A SMALL boy arrived home, round-eyed and panting, after dashing from the school playground through a severe thunderstorm.

"Why didn't you ask God to protect you?" asked his mother.

"I did," the boy protested. "But He was busy with this storm, so I thought I'd help Him out by running a little bit."

Out of the mouths of babes! How many of us, when we pray, do our part by "running a little bit?"

God's power is not limited, of course, by the extent to which we will knowingly put ourselves out for Him. He can do anything and everything without our conscious help. But He who made us knows better than we how much capability He gave us. He knows what we can do, and therefore He never refuses our help when we offer it.

Pray, by all means, for the recovery of a loved one who is desperately ill—but don't forget the good you yourself may do by giving a pint of your blood. Ask God to remove crime and corruption from your community—and show Him you mean business by trying to eliminate the conditions that spawn these evils. You can even

petition Him for a new roof for your home or a new set of tires for your car—and while you're at it, you might eliminate a few unnecessary expenses and perhaps the money you need won't seem so far beyond you.

Often, too many of us go to one extreme or the other in this most intimate relationship with God. At the one end of the scale there is the misinformed individual who says he doesn't need God's help and therefore never asks for it. At the other end there is the equally mistaken person who asks without hesitation, without offering God any help, and hence often without results. Midway is the petitioner who finds help and relief available more often than not, because he has found from experience that God works through people at work.

I could spend all my waking hours on my knees, asking God to make me a great writer, and there is not the slightest doubt in my mind that I would accomplish nothing. Or I could determine to be a writer without God's help, and my accomplishments would still be zero. But if I pray for inspiration and guidance and insight, and if I work at developing these gifts as

I work at my typewriter, I will some day probably be a better craftsman than I am now.

And so with you. Whatever it is you want, don't overestimate yourself—you can't get it without God's help. None of us can do a thing—take a breath or blink an eye or wash the dishes or go to the store for a quart of milk—without God's help. But don't underestimate yourself, either, as you're much more likely to do. Your capability may seem insignificant, when you compare it with God's indescribable might, but your potential is really tremendous. You can help God get it or do it for you.

God denies no man. That's how we know humility is a truly Godly virtue. God disdains no man's of-

fer of help. He accepts every bit of assistance tendered Him. He who made the Earth and each of us in it and every bit of everything in the universe, He who has a might we cannot imagine, He will welcome us when we want to help Him heal a kitten with a broken leg.

Pray to God, and then go to work to help Him, secure in the knowledge that He welcomes your efforts. He can, if He chooses, work miracles, but it seems clear He prefers that people accomplish His will in what appears to be their own acts. After all, miracles are so few in number compared with the acts of grace and goodness we see every day.

During the storms of life, do pray, indeed—and having prayed, "run a little bit."

* * *

Using

Julia W. Wolfe

I sought
A God that I might use
To work my will my way
And give the gifts that I would choose;
I thought my busy heart knew best its need.
God did not heed.

I found
A God Who worked His will,
Not mine; Who had His Own
Unchanging purpose to fulfill.
And now, instead of using God, I see
He uses me.

☛ In Christian work, as in salesmanship, it's really the product that counts.

Layman Extraordinary

William Folprecht

WHEN an ordinary layman in a local church wins even ten people to Christ during the course of a single year it's a topic for conversation. But when a layworker brings in more than 200 a year—three years running—that is shouting news!

Roy M. Huntoon, meat merchant of Des Moines, Iowa, has turned in that kind of record. He says it's all pretty easy—if you love God and people enough to invest a little intelligent effort at getting the two together.

Although businessman Huntoon has been a member of the University Christian Church (Disciples of Christ) in Des Moines, since 1910, and was active in many departments, it wasn't until his wife's death that he began soul-winning in earnest. As he tells it: "One day Dr. Marvin J. Sansbury, my pastor, came to see me and we discussed my future. He knew how much I loved the church, and he knew that I was feeling lonely, right about then. 'Why don't you give an hour a week to some special work for the Kingdom?' Dr. Sansbury asked

me. That didn't sound too hard, and I agreed. Then I found out that he meant evangelistic visitation! But I tried—and have kept it up ever since."

He's kept it up quite successfully, too. In one three-year period alone, Mr. Huntoon was responsible for bringing 647 people into his church. "And since I started, I've been blessed beyond my deserving!" is his way of expressing the satisfaction he finds in his freelance soul-winning.

Some idea of the remarkable results of Roy Huntoon's "evangelistic visitation" may be had from looking at the rolls of his church for the year 1948. Additions to the congregation numbered 503, and he personally garnered 225 of them. Now seventy-three years old, Mr. Huntoon is as enthusiastic as ever. He especially likes to bring young couples into the church and to see them establish Christian homes, even as he and his bride did more than half a century ago.

He has no "technique." He smiles and claims, "Anybody can do it! After all, in Christian work, as in

business and salesmanship, it's really the *product* that counts. A salesman in the business world has to be sure of his product, have confidence in it, before he goes out to offer it to people. Church members have the greatest product in the world!"

Roy Huntoon disagrees with those who think that evangelism is the preacher's exclusive job. "It's up to everyone who believes in the Lord to tell someone else about Him." In all his thousands of calls in homes and offices, he has never been received with discourtesy. Some people respond quickly, others do not. "But they all need Christ and the offer of redemption ultimately wins most of them," has been his experience.

This enterprising layman knows something about get-up-and-go. Born on a farm near Atlantic, Iowa, Roy attended grade school and commercial college in East Des Moines, carried newspapers, handled home chores. Later he found a job in a large meat company which supplied hotels and restaurants. He did so well that eventually he bought out the concern. For more than forty years he ran the company and only recently sold out his interest. Now, as he puts it, he

is in "semi-retirement." Since he doesn't have to put in long hours as a meat merchant, he has upped his church visitation quota from an hour a week to four hours a day.

When he drops in on new people who have just moved to the city, Mr. Huntoon hands them his neat business card. It reads: "University Christian Church, 25th and University, Des Moines." And in small letters on the bottom left hand corner, "Roy M. Huntoon, Sr., Layman." There's an idea that more churches might latch onto!

To his pastor and fellow church-members, Roy Huntoon has been a startling inspiration. Dr. Sansbury told a minister's institute that the evangelistic success of his congregation had to be credited to doorbell-ringing Roy Huntoon. "He's the spark behind the whole flame of soul-winning in the church."

But the retired meat merchant doesn't share their rapture. "This work I am doing for the church is not as outstanding as some of you folks try to make it out to be," he tells them. "Anyone can do what I have done, if he is interested enough in God's Kingdom."

What God's Kingdom would be like with a few thousand Roy Huntoons is a contemplation to stagger the imagination!

* * *

The more difficulties one has to encounter, within and without, the more significant and the higher in inspiration his life will be.

Horace Bushnell

☞ The grudge-bearer is the one who foots the bills.

We Spoil Our Own Fun

Roy L. Smith

THEY had saved rather carefully for three months in order to accumulate a small fund with which to pay for their vacation. It was to be a trip they had planned for several years, and they were anticipating it with great eagerness.

The morning they started out was a beautiful one. For something like 150 miles they drove merrily along, laughing, chatting, visiting, and enjoying the whole situation thoroughly. Then came the stop at the filling station.

To this day he cannot tell exactly what happened. Another driver—a woman—cut in ahead of him in getting up to the pump, and that made him angry. Then when he protested about the damaged fender she answered him in a particularly nasty fashion. The total result was that he was completely upset.

As they drove away from the filling station, he launched out into a tirade against "that crazy woman," declaring that if she had been a man he would have "knocked her block off." Two miles

down the road, when he paused for breath, his wife said—quietly, of course, "We began planning for this trip three months ago. We have saved our money and made sacrifices to get this far. The scenery around here is something we have wanted to see for years, but you are not looking at it because you're so mad and upset about your fender.

"Now why not forget about that woman? I know she was to blame. And I know she dented that front fender. But your anger isn't helping any. It is robbing you of the very thing we came out to see. Now if you'll allow me to do it, I'm going to forget 'that crazy woman' and begin enjoying the trip again. It's all right with me if you want to miss the scenery, but don't rob me of it while you are robbing yourself."

Half a mile farther down the road he said, with just a little tone of penitence in his voice, "Isn't that a lovely sight across that field, with the row of poplars standing out against the sky?" He had shifted gears, emotionally, and was enjoying his trip again.

All of us spoil our good times so often. We lose our tempers, pity ourselves, become preoccupied with injuries we have suffered, spend time thinking about our woes, and all the time good fun is going on all about us in which we might share if we could forget ourselves.

Somewhere in the New Testament there is a bit of Scripture which warns us against the danger of thinking of ourselves "more highly than we ought to think." Nothing is more expensive than self-centeredness.

"That crazy woman" was at fault. There was no question about it. She had been careless and the damage was costly. But she had no power to rob the vacationer of the

fun of his trip without his cooperation.

This is one of the fixed rules of life. The angry person pays heavily for his own anger. The person who hates pays a greater cost than does the one who is hated. The grudge-bearer is the one who foots the bills, not the one against whom the grudge is held. We spoil our own fun when we fail to forgive and forget.

"When we forgive an enemy we are likely to do something very splendid for him and at the same time restore our own soul. The real value of forgiveness is not the effect it produces in the life of the forgiven, but the new life that it opens for the one who forgives.

* * *

God Is Everywhere

Love has no space for loneliness,
Why should it seem so real to me?
Was Jesus ever lonely on the shores
of Galilee?

No . . . Jesus conquered loneliness as He
prayed in Galilee.

He lived the Christ, was one with Love,
As He taught by the Jordon Sea.
Loneliness . . . it has no place in Love,
And now, through understanding faith
and prayer,

I know . . . it is no part of me . . .
For God is everywhere.

By: Harriett C. Anderson

☞ Prayer is the daily bread by which
our souls are fed.

The Resource of Prayer

Robert W. Putsch

PRAYER is the handle of the hammer of religious faith, by which the great principles of Christian truth get nailed down in our lives, and the beams and joists of each man's temple of faith are secured in their places.

Prayer is the key to the innermost courts of the temple of devotion—the key which you can never leave at home in another suit of clothes, or mislay in a drawer, but which you have with you wherever you may be, and under whatsoever circumstances.

Prayer is the very breath of faith; the lifeblood of living religiously; the daily bread by which our souls are fed; the "river of the water of life, clear as crystal," cleansing and refreshing us upon our way; the fire in the furnace of faith, thawing the chill of our lives at their center.

Prayer is the vital nerve and tissue of dedication. By it our enervated wills and paralyzed muscles are made alive again with hope and new eagerness.

Prayer is the first great resource we have for helping ourselves, our world, and the people in it—as it is likewise the last earnest sealing of

our efforts to help ourselves and others; and it is a possible corrective for the things which we have done amiss in all the blunderings of our best intent.

Prayer is a resource open equally to us whether we are rich or poor, sick or well, confined or active, brilliant or slow. It is a resource we can use anywhere, in any position, at any time. You can pray alone or in the midst of busy activity; you can pray kneeling, standing, sitting, crouching, or lying down—in the morning, at noon, in the night; you can pray when the mind is at rest, or when it is applied to rapidly moving events—in joy as in sorrow, in agony as in triumph.

Find a man, a woman, a youth, or a child whose Christian faith is vital and flowing, free, strong, and constructive, and you find a man, woman, a youth, or a child who walks and lives and grows in prayer.

Prayer is the anvil on which our souls are forged under the bludgeonings of experience, as by God's own sure and ample grace we are led to him in this deepest communion where his life flows into ours, and our life is made anew.

From *Advance*, April 28, 1952

From the Desk of Glenn Clark

Twenty-Five Years With The Camps Farthest Out

A Look Ahead

Twenty-five years ago I sat on a rock on the Island Farthest Out off the coast of Maine and dreamed a dream. That dream has been fulfilled beyond my fondest expectations.

And this is what I dreamed.

To draw a group of people out of the crowded centers of life to some quiet spot away from telephones, newspapers, neighbors' gossip and the League of Nations, where we might learn together the secret of balanced living—to integrate physical, mental and spiritual life so fully that we would stay in balance the rest of the year.

Now as I look back over the twenty-five years since that dream came to me, I witness the development of the Camps Farthest Out which began as one summer's vacation retreat and has now spread all over the nation, spilling out into Canada, Mexico, and Hawaii, with Camps every month of the year.

Into these retreats have come the world's outstanding spiritual leaders of today, and out of them have been born prophets of the future. Potential geniuses in every field of the arts and sciences have been dis-

covered and sent on the Kingdom way, while a powerful "army" of praying people have formed prayer groups from one end of the nation to the other. Merrybrook in Vermont, Homa Arcadia in Florida, Koinonia in Maryland, and the House on Nineteenth Street in Washington were born of the Camps Farthest Out.

Next year we shall celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Camps Farthest Out and take a preview of the next twenty-five years.

The first dream came to me as I sat on a solid island gazing upon the sea. But another dream came this year as I sat in a flying plane gazing into the sky.

And this is what I dreamed.

Henceforth the Camps Farthest Out Movement will be a world movement. God gave us our name for a purpose whose full magnificence we did not at first comprehend! A Kingdom of God Movement of Good Tidings that is destined to spread throughout the world—a movement that can unite all the spiritual forces of the world in one common meeting place, the place of prayer.

This message is a clarion call to all friends of the Camps Farthest Out to undergird our second forward step, with prayer, love, tithes, and offerings. For we set forth, as Abraham did, into a land we know not of.

This year we have held forty camps in United States and Canada. After Thanksgiving we make our first full "invasion" of Mexico. From San Antonio we go by bus or private car straight to Acapulco where, by the grace of God and off-season rates, we will hold a Camp Farthest Out in one of the most beautiful hotels on the finest beach of the continent. There we will share our experience and vision with social workers and missionaries of Mexico. Then we tour across the land, enjoying the festivals and seeing the pageants, until we come to the fascinating jungle land where the Archers are building a training center and permanent Camp Farthest Out to spread the

Jesus way of life throughout all Mexico.

Immediately after Christmas Roland Brown, Marcia Brown, and I start our world-girding journey to answer the call for Camps Farthest Out in England, Germany, Holland, India, Japan, Formosa, and Hawaii.

Twenty-five years ago I presented my dream of the Camps Farthest Out to my Bible class in St. Paul and twelve men came forward and offered to underwrite that dream to the extent of fifty dollars each if I would undertake to bring it into reality. Now, to expand this into a world movement, I vision twelve men underwriting the Kingdom-building dream to the extent of five hundred dollars each.

We do not hesitate to plunge into a world-wide program with all our hearts and minds and souls. We had faith to steer us safely through the first twenty-five years and that faith will not leave us as we start on the second voyage into still deeper waters.

* * *

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

—Alexander Pope

On Prayer Groups

Ethel Dow

**"When the spirit of God is come
He will instruct you."**

Following the summer Camps Farthest Out hundreds of Prayer Groups are being formed, as yet new, timid, but trying to relax into that perfect oneness with Him.

Because of the trend of this month's letters which are more searching and serious than ever before we are facing the question of "What can a Prayer Group do?" rather than how to form one. In most cases it forms itself because of a great need.

Something new is certainly in the making and how are we to help?

We can't sit tottering on the edge of our own secure stone wall *wishing* and yet afraid the old wine skin will break, the old garment tear. We really want to be of some help but at this point we should realistically ask ourselves "Am I in the kindergarten spiritually?"

At the beginning it is good to face ourselves and ask, "What are my fixed habits of mind and what is my life trend? Am I willing to fix my mind on Him for leadership in all that I do or change my life trend to His purposes?"

We can't just mind our own business and stay snugly within ourselves. How can we perfect ourselves to be His ambassadors? We must learn more about peoples, more about what is being done, about food, and pressures, and relief. We *must* learn more about our faith and how to deepen it. We want to resolve to do more ourselves.

In our quietness we turn back to our scripture verse,

**"When the spirit of God is come
He will instruct you."**

and we wonder what would be the result if suddenly this could happen to a whole community or unto a friendship of nations.

The whole New Testament is a family conception of no favoritism. Nothing can take the place of the social gospel.

There are many patterns; work with children, shut-ins, teaching, reviewing of helpful books, church outreach, helping your minister to inspire and your church to be an answer to each need. There is government, technical assistance, food, clothing, and hospitals. The call is endless and yet we say, "What can we do?" This is where our togetherness in a Prayer Group can really serve.

Together we can take need after need; personal, business, health, activities, church, the need of those present or absent. Each day's problems are supported in prayer by those in your group. In remembering a sick one have him or her join in with you at the time your group meets.

Lives are changed through prayer. After hope has left, a stubborn habit overcome, or a healing taken place, God in us creates what seems to us a miracle. Infinite love harmonizes our entire being. A tottering business has ceased to always try to get and has begun to serve and prayer has stabilized its officers and the business. A shut-in instead of just wanting attention and gifts begins through prayer to send her love to others. She gives herself to Him, her sick room is a benediction to others.

"Draw nigh unto Me and I will draw nigh unto you" becomes a reality. And so in this wonderful sharing, companionship, discipline, and utter faith we move unto the Kingdom's work as an inte-

grated group willing to put our faith and ourselves to the test.

Our children are the ones that are going to have to live with and handle the attitudes of the next generation. What have we taught them in spiritual understanding? Even our children are spiritually hungry and are wanting to be instruments of use. They are forming Prayer Groups in colleges, also young married couples are meeting together to make their lives and education count for something in the making of a better world, willing to ask themselves "what would Jesus Do?", willing to apply his principles, willing to "abide with Him" and having the joy of seeing again and again what happens when God takes over. These groups usually have a study period followed by meditation and prayer.

I hope that the suggestions sent for prayers for children are filling the need of all who are working with children.

A letter from Oregon says, "I just wanted to share with you my daughter's experience after I read your department in the Spring issue, 1953. It will encourage her with her little boys in their early formative lives."

Another correspondent says: "I am just now past my three score and ten years and I myself do need to learn to make closer my walk with God. Our world is in such confusion we do need a refuge that is unshakable and I rejoice to know that we can transcend any denominational or color lines and all of our prayer groups join our Spiritual forces as one group."

From Kansas: "Our prayer group is filling a great need. Just now we are taking the sentences of the Lord's Prayer as 'Thought patterns', we are praying and working for family needs. In our Hospital the surgeon, even the janitor

believes in prayer—it's a prayer filled hospital. So I could reach out to the many who were in need."

From New York: For those interested in the World Day of Prayer programs, Church Retreats where there is a printed service, the statement that the printed service doesn't mean much was well answered by one writer who stresses the preparation, "Especially having a meeting in the evening, calling on Negroes and other nationalities, having all members prepare themselves by Prayer."

From Wisconsin: "Our prayer group has become a vitalizing force in the lives of each member and now reaches out in appreciation for commitment. I know of no other force affecting us so profoundly as the corporate prayer of all these living people."

"You would never believe the change in this household,—is pleasant and happy. Just isn't the same child. He has lost all of his nervous irritability, nervous habits, and the ability to upset others. Prayer does help."

To help establish the thought of God in relation to every activity, to help know the joy of that constant companionship, the healing of body, mind, and spirit and that deep sense of security that can only come by complete dependence on that love, which is able to encompass any problem or fill any need, is our high privilege.

Once when I was sympathizing with a friend over a great loss her answer was "God is in charge; this is my appointment with God" The overflowing love, compassion, and helpfulness of her life is a benediction to all.

God keep our nations and their activities and responsibilities from sea to shining sea. Help us to see and help our brother's need wherever that need is.

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

The World Needs Prayer

Miles Clark

"SO FEW AMERICANS UNDERSTAND". Do we understand India? One of the top American officials in the Far East has revealed his deep concern for India in a message reaching Koinonia Foundation (Christian overseas training center just outside of Baltimore, Md.)

His heartfelt plea for further aid and understanding of the steps Democratic India can take towards peace in the world comes just as the U. S. Congress is voting new restrictions on funds for foreign aid programs.

"My feeling," he says, "is that the outstanding battle of the Cold War is under way out here in Asia. It is that between Red China and Democratic India, to see which can do the best job of raising the level of their ever hungry, sick-ridden, and illiterate masses. Both start with millions of people living under very primitive conditions on crowded land, but with great undeveloped resources. Both start with new governments in which the people place high hopes. *On which does the best job may depend the fate of the world in the next five hundred years.*

WHO WILL WIN? "If Red China does the best job and Democratic India falls down, communism is likely to sweep over India, too, until it engulfs not only all of South East Asia, but also the Middle East and Africa. If Democratic India does the best job, the expansion of communism will be brought to an abrupt halt on the Indian front.

WAKE UP AMERICA. If only America saw the picture in its true light, and began to give India the whole-hearted support which Russia is giving Red China! Then India might win the cold war for us and succeeding generations of free people.

"But so few Americans understand what is going on. They think India should line up with us *militarily*, when to divert any of India's slight resources into trying to equip a modern army, in place of trying to lift the level of living of a needy people, would be so tragic a mistake *from our standpoint.*

"India hasn't money for that job and modern arms, too. If India joined in a militaristic program, which blocked other progress, it would just about throw the country into Russia's hands. And, since India has no facilities for production of modern arms, and so little to spend on them, it would cost us billions upon billions of dollars. And what would we have when we got through? An undependable army, because it would come from a country dissatisfied.

WHAT CAN AMERICA DO? "I do hope new Washington properly sees the problems in new India before it applies the policies it has developed for Europe to this area. It will be sheer tragedy if we do not properly assess the situation out here.

"Here in India we need to win the *cold war*," he concludes. "Here we can win it. But not by trying to turn India into a *hot war* battleground."

RUSSIA . . . ONE DOWN! Beria, that dread name, is the first of the three most powerful men to find that his number is up. Beria, who was arrested last month and accused of some of the worst crimes a Russian leader can commit, is written off as good as dead. Life in the jungle is only for those who do not make mistakes and obviously he made his.

Beria was little known except by his many titles and the power he seemed to wield. The world is asking now—why

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THE WORD NEEDS PRAYER

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was he sacrificed and does this mean steps towards peace or war?

Beria was Deputy Premier, head of the MVD, the Russian Gestapo, head of the Russian Atomic Energy Commission, and head of the vast army of forced labor. According to some he was what would be the greatest single industrialist of Russia. Secret Police heads have rolled regularly in the last twenty years, so it might not have been unexpected.

While he is supposed to have sided with Malenkov in opposition to the West in the past, his listed "crimes" indicate that he was the "hireling of international imperialism". This is interpreted to mean he was responsible for the recent "soft" policy resulting in peace offensives.

Observers of Russia differ on whether the revolt of the people of Germany has anything to do with the revolt of Russia's captive nations. Nevertheless, hunger is behind each event.

On the one hand there stands the "hunger" of men, women, and children revolting against their meager diet of black bread, fish head soup, and water and on the other hand there stands the "hunger" of power-mad men.

Some autonomy had been granted to the Russian satellites in Ukraine, the Baltic states, and the state of Georgia. However, Beria's passing may mean that the Soviet leaders now believe they cannot relax any of their authority within their country and those who advocated it must go. While this does not necessarily mean that Russia will return to a "tough" policy, it may be that Malenkov has dropped an old co-worker the hard way and that a tightening up is in order.

As one commentator says, "In the Soviet Union, when a policy is tried and found wanting, somebody's head is offered as a scapegoat."

Another observation one can make is that a new fear has arisen to fester and plague the Soviet underlings. Each will be watching to see if he has correctly understood the events in the Kremlin, with probably as little information as we

have to go by. While fear cripples honest men in their planning, it fortunately does the same for evil men who are not sure on which side their own survival lies.

It took seven years for Stalin to oust his co-leader Leon Trotsky after the Bolshevik Lenin died, but these modern plotters evidently cannot wait so long.

Christ-believers know that "the peace makers shall be called sons of God." Never was it more apparent that they who live by the sword shall meet a similar fate.

KOREA AND THE TRUCE . . . Three years have just now passed since the Russian-trained North Korean farm boys, indoctrinated with a new "religion" of hatred and fear, swept down on their fellow country men. In less than forty-eight hours the forces of the United Nations were on their way to protect this orphan of the last great war.

Now new hope is again on high. Millions of Americans watched on television the happy return of Walter S. Robertson, President Eisenhower's special envoy to the bitter South Koreans and their valiant but implacable President Syngman Rhee. Rhee, whose fight for the freedom of his native land might match George Washington's, opposed the final truce with the Communists on the ground that it would leave his nation torn and still divided. Finally he gave in to the Eisenhower representative that he would not again obstruct the proceedings after assurances were given him.

And once more the way was cleared for what seemed to be an end to fighting only to have the Communists balk.

Prayer can break this deadlock.

GERMANY'S BRAVERY. While the world thrilled to the courage of East German and Czechoslovakian mass revolts against the "hunger" and abuses of their Communist rulers in June, a little known revolt of the churches was bearing fruit.

Bare handed men fought Communist tanks in the streets of Berlin and workers of all classes refused to work in one

of the most heroic examples of men against machines since the days of the Gandhi-led Indians against their British rulers.

This was not just politically inspired action by extremists. The strength of a living church stood behind these Germans. It had already proven itself under the same kind of fire.

The Evangelical Church of Germany (Lutheran and Presbyterian combined) with 90 per cent of its members in Soviet-controlled East Germany has resisted the Communist threats since 1947. After six years of harassment, the East German puppet government moved against the Protestant youth groups last spring. But they found a solidarity they had not expected. It spurred them to new efforts. Students were pressured to sign opposition statements. Many young people were expelled from school because they refused to sign. Their pastors were arrested and the students were forced to report every three days to parole offices.

But in June their strength bore fruit and they were again released from most of their objectionable restraints. Many of the pastors were let out of prison. The faith of the church has been vindicated and the faith of the people in the dedication of pastors and young people to Christ is reaching a new height.

Still they need the prayers of praying people everywhere. And the thousands of refugees to the West need prayers and food and clothing. CARE is working harder than ever sending food to both Germany and Korea. It is one way we can express the faith we manifest in our praying.

President Eisenhower's offer of food to Germany was scornfully rejected by Molotov who now considers the incident closed. But the very act has heartened the hungry East German workers and helped revive their flagging spirits. Here we can act too.

PRAYER THOUGHTS FOR AMERICA.
ARE WE GOING BACK TO 1929? President Eisenhower has called in his econ-

omic adviser, Arthur Burns, and the National Security Council to assess the softening economy of the United States. A large number of economists gloomily predict recession in the next six months. Economics and morale are closely related. Bad as the effect of the dropping of income and loss of job, the psychological effect is worse.

Praying people can help stem any tide of collapsing of morale in any losses that come. Courage in the face of temporary slow downs can help those without moral foundations. Here too are the ramparts that Christian courage can hold against all attacks.

SHOULD THE CLERGY BE INVESTIGATED? Congress has authority to investigate the people of our country, but such men as President Eisenhower and Senator Harry Byrd (Va.) have now told the country and the Congress that attacks on the clergy unsubstantiated by facts, are not a part of American tradition.

Senator Byrd, who previously had sided with the investigators, told the Senate on July 10, "The chief bulwark in the world today against communism is the Christian faith as represented by our spiritual leaders. To undermine the confidence and faith of our people in these spiritual leaders will impair our most virile and effective force for preservation of Christianity and combating communism and all the evils this ideology stands for."

Deploring attacks on religious leaders as "going far afield", he said "It endangers the unity we must have to meet our problems in the dark days ahead."

A new note has been added to the voices that have protested the excesses of certain Congressional leaders in their hit and run investigations which have spread fear and dissension immobilizing entire departments of our government without regard to the innocent as they track down the few who have been undercutting USA.

Prayer Works!

"Thank you more than I can say for your most helpful letter and literature. I do not need to wait to hear from my daughter that she is better. I KNOW she is. When I was at choir rehearsal the other evening (the day your letter to me was written) I found that the words of the anthem were "God cares for the lowly sparrow. God is caring for the lillies and He surely will care for you." So great a feeling of relief and peace welled up inside of me that I had all I could do to keep on singing. I winged the thought instantly to my daughter. I shall always love to sing that anthem . . . I am enclosing a small check. I didn't send it before because I did not want to link my request with money. Well do I know that no one with my income or that of the Ford's for that matter could pay for such a service. There are some things that one just doesn't connect with money. On the other hand, I know that you do have certain expenses and that every little bit helps to meet them. . . . Thank you again and may the Lord bless you all.'—*New Jersey.*

"I just had to let you know how much I thank you for helping me. We feel our prayers have been answered, not in the

way we asked, but a much better way . . . what God directs us to do is always for our best advantage so I'm going with all smiles and even more determination to do more of God's work. May God bless everyone in your work"—*Arkansas*

"Thank you so much for your wonderful letter of May 21. And thank you so much for your special prayers. The operation was completely successful and I was able to go home in a few days. After several days there was no pain and I have been able to do some housework. I'm so grateful to my Father . . . It is a wonderful privilege to be a member of the Ministry of Prayer receiving each month the Victorious Life Lessons to help in my understanding."—*Arizona*

"I do not want this day to pass without expressing to you and the others who have united with you in prayer for my sister . . . because I have had a wonderful and direct answer to my prayer and to yours. Last night I received a phone call telling me that although they did remove two tumors there was no malignancy, not even one cell. The doctors could not believe it, and were so disbelieving they spent two days testing and re-testing, thinking they had over-

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: DSota 5036; after 5 P.M., Saturday afternoon and Sunday, call Mrs. Fisher at PRior 7041, St. Paul, Minnesota, or Mrs. Ecoff, DEsota 7365.

looked it . . . I prayed "Father, regardless of the result of this operation, THY WILL BE DONE and I will never question it." It has taken me many years to arrive at this place in my prayer life but I have at last reached the place where I can say 'Lovingly in the hands of the Father,' and I thank Him for this privilege."—*Louisiana*

"I wish to thank "my friends of the United Prayer Tower" for the peace that those pamphlets and letters brought me. My faith in God cannot waver again and I think for the first time I know what it's like to pray effectively. The booklet "Prayer avails" has shown me how. The manual of prayer is such a help and comfort but without the booklet I should still be lost. Thank you for all your help, until you are better repaid."—*California*

"I hope you will be able to read this. My eyes have failed so I can not see too well to write. Your prayers for me are being heard. I realize there is a whole lifetime of error to be given up and the prayer card you sent me is helping me to find the answer. May God bless you every one. Some day when I am able to walk again I will send you a telegram to show what the Lord has done! I am just now beginning to learn HOW to pray."—*North Carolina*

"Thank you for your letter of April 27 enclosing the booklet, 'How to be healed and How to keep your healing'. That is a most helpful compilation of God's healing truths. I am so much improved and very grateful to your ministry. I'm looking forward to attending the Camp Farthest Out at Rollins this summer. I find much real joy in the use of your Manual of Prayer. God's blessings on each of you."—*Montana*

"Last fall I wrote to you as I was very much concerned about my nephew who was entering a Veteran's Hospital, fearing the amputation of a foot. You answered my letter telling me of your prayers for him. He entered the Hospital and instead of amputation the doctors

decided to use new medicines and grafted new bone into the foot. He is at home now with his wife looking after his farm duties. There was no amputation. Thank you for your prayers and thank our Heavenly Father for answering."—*Pennsylvania*

"Some time ago I wrote you requesting prayer for a nervous condition from which I had been suffering. I gradually started improving and now feel better than I have for some time. I thank God for this answer to prayer and also want to thank you friends for your prayers. God bless you and your work."—*Minnesota*

"Thank you! thank you! thank you! From one who was thirsty, I now am refreshed. From one who was hungry I now am filled! Words are too feeble to express what my heart truly feels."—*Florida*

"Thank you for the Manual of Prayer and other material I've received from time to time. Since I wrote you last, in health I am better, or I might say, much better; enough to be able to work part time at least, which is very much better than I could report last summer. I am grateful to you for your prayers, your aid, in the only way which will help."—*Illinois*

"You will be glad to hear that my niece . . . for whom we prayed, has had her baby and both came through with a minimum of difficulty. The doctor and friends and neighbors were amazed at her quick recovery. We are all so happy and thankful to the Great Physician and to you for your prayers. I wanted you to know and share our joy."—*Wisconsin*

"Your airmail letter, after receiving the telegram which was sent, was a joy indeed. Your quick and loving and definite help was really help and I like the way you begin the letter to me personally using my first name. It seems so much nearer. Thank you more, more than I can express for love and help."—*Oklahoma*

God's Answer to Juvenile Delinquency

Starr Daily

Not all the stories in the book are concerned with "delinquents" as that term is commonly used. Most of the stories are about young people who might well have become criminals if the proper understanding and sympathy had not been given in time.

The most helpful aspect of the book is the wealth of detail that is given. From the first time that someone comes to Starr with a problem until the solution is achieved the reader is led along listening to the give and take of conversation, the planning, the goals, the crises and all the emotional overtones and undercurrents. The result is a book that is decidedly hard to put down until it is finished.

Mr. Daily does a masterful job in precisely showing how God is the answer to our problems. How can we use God in the solution of these problems? Some of the ways the author discusses are how to believe and act upon the promises in the Bible, what is love as it is used in the Bible and how can it be used, the art of trusting the untrustworthy, putting first things first and knowing which things are first, what is our part in judging, the desire to be needed, the problem of retaliation, how your moods affect situations, what you should not believe, and how to put yourself in the place where God can use you for His own ends. These methods, and many more, enable Mr. Daily to take the attitude of trusting in God out of the general into the practical where we can all make use of it.

Every parent, friend of youth, teacher, group worker, and every man or woman associated with our penal system may well find the missing key to all their techniques in order that these techniques may accomplish what they are intended to do.

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