

# Clear Horizons



Spring, 1953

(Complete Contents on Back Cover)

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**T**HE LAW OF ALIGNMENT . . . . . 1  
GLENN CLARK

**W**HEN TROUBLE COMES . . . . . 7  
HOWARD W. RUOPP

**T**HE RADIANT CHRIST . . . . . 21  
E. PAUL SYLVESTER

**W**HY ATTEND CHURCH? . . . . . 41  
GEORGIA HARKNESS

**T**HE GAME WITH MINUTES . . . . . 54  
FRANK C. LAUBACH

Poems - Meditations - Articles - Book Reviews

## As We Go to Press

Our prayers and best wishes go out to all our readers during this holy season of the Christian year. The pre-Easter and post-Easter seasons have a great personal message and truth for each individual. Pre-Easter represents, in a sense, the dark night of the soul; the period when outward events appear to be shaping themselves for our defeat and death. Then comes the victory to those who trust God "even in the midst of defeat," in other words Easter! Then because we have trusted our Father to the end and have been resurrected, the windows of heaven are flung open and the increased and new power of Pentecost sweeps through our lives. Paul states the principle perfectly when he says that he dies daily in order that he may live with Christ daily. We must die daily to the smallnesses and sins of our life in order to be resurrected to the boundlessnesses of the Pentecost life. So, our prayer for you is that your every Calvary will become an Easter in the power and strength of Jesus Christ; and that your Easters may all become Pentecosts.

Glenn Clark (p. 1) wrote a book called *God's Reach*, and one of the chapters in it that captured the imagination was "The Law of Alignment." We think you'll like it, and if you have not read the book (price \$2.50) you will want to . . . "When Trouble Comes" by Harold W. Ruopp (p. 7) is written by someone who knows what he is talking about. Dr. Ruopp held large city pastorates in Chicago and Minneapolis. He knows from personal experience what trouble is, and he has some good spiritual heart-talk for everyone about it . . . Many have considered that the injunction to pray without ceasing is impossible; at best an ideal to be striven after. Well, Frank Laubach (p. 54) found out from personal experience that it was practical. He invented a "game with minutes" to remain constantly in a state of prayer. This little booklet has now been reprinted in a larger format for \$2.25. You can get it by writing to Clear Horizons.

We hope that our readers will pray for a spiritually successful Camp Farthest Out season this summer. Ask that our Lord will manifest Himself as never before at the camps.

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## CLEAR HORIZONS MAGAZINE

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# Clear Horizons

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Spring, 1953

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☐ A song ever new and fresh—to make the rough places smooth.

## The Law of Alignment

Glenn Clark

I HAVE found that the whole Art of Living is bound up in the proper understanding and proper application of this magic word, alignment. When one is in perfect alignment with God and man all work becomes play, and all creative effort becomes effortless. An aligned person is an irresistible person.

Jesus gives the secret of alignment in the last verses of Chapter Two in Luke's Gospel. When he was in Nazareth with His parents, he was "subject unto them." But in another verse in the same chapter we find that when Jesus was in Jerusalem passing by the temple he left the caravan of His family and entered the sanctuary where "he was about his Father's business."

Alignment, then, means the putting of that which is higher, high, and that which is lower, low. As a child Jesus placed himself beneath his parents, but in Jerusalem he placed his family below the Temple.

Later when he found the Pharisees and the other keepers of the Temple trying to turn religion upside down, putting the outer and lesser above the inner and greater, he put the Kingdom of Heaven and its righteousness above the Temple. In His Sermon on the Mount he gave a new, clear statement of the Art of Alignment in saying, "When ye pray stand not on corners as the hypocrites do, but enter into thy closet and close the door." It is not what you do openly but what you think inwardly that counts. And as the climax of the Sermon he sums up all the laws of alignment in one simple sentence, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and its righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you."

Let us apply the law of alignment first to the practical, three-dimensional plane where most people live. The efficient life on this three-dimensional plane consists of eliminating waste motions and putting

From *God's Reach*, Glenn Clark. Macalester Park Pub. Co., \$2.50

everything of lesser value in subordination to that which is of higher value. In the mechanical world, for instance, it consists of getting the piping as direct from the source to the user as possible, bringing water down from the hills and gas up from the ground without undue waste of time.

The efficient man is the one who walks in rhythm with the laws of the universe and not in opposition to them. Records are constantly being broken on the athletic field as new ways are discovered of eliminating waste motions and releasing one's efforts in more perfect alignment with the native powers within the body. Men can carry great loads up steep mountain paths if they place them correctly upon their shoulders; native women in Africa carry unbelievable weight upon their heads, having mastered the art of keeping all in alignment with a balanced spine.

In the industrial world we find stream-lined automobiles, stream-lined trains, diesel engines, chain stores. Efficiency experts are paid high fees to discover ways of eliminating waste motions among employees, and increasing the output of goods.

In the field of government, efficiency is undoubtedly increased by proper use of what might be called the hierarchy system. The original

plan of the founders of this nation was for it to be a republic first and a democracy second. To this end it was planned for the common people not to choose the president, but for some superior men called Electors to do so. These were to constitute the Electoral College to select, out of their superior wisdom, the proper man to govern this great nation. The Christian Science Church, the Mormon Church, the Roman Catholic Church all function through hierarchies and when the right man or group is at the head of things there is no doubt whatever that there is greater efficiency and less waste motion than in the more democratic Protestant churches. Whenever war breaks out a democracy is converted into a dictatorship overnight, as at such times every delay through waste motions might prove fatal. One of the greatest disgraces of our government, due to misuse of our democratic system, is the terrible waste in conducting our nation's business. Overlapping bureaus, red tape, duplication of service, lead to the unnecessary waste of an estimated five billion dollars annually.

The most effective way to get efficiency into the practical activities of this world is to lift our vision into the higher dimensions. One who depends entirely upon his three-dimensional brain to solve all the

intricate problems of this world is like the man who tries to lift himself over a fence by pulling on his own bootstraps. To improve the quality of a business output requires first of all improving the quality of the men who participate in it.

Arthur Brisbane in an editorial that reached twelve million readers said, "Big companies are willing to pay fifty thousand dollars a year for men who can sit in office chairs before empty desks and look out the window for four hours a day and think straight; and they can't find enough men to fill these chairs." In other words, the greatest institutions are seeking men who can put themselves in alignment with the powers of the universe.

Wherever there is a church properly wired for electricity no effort is required to bring light into the building, no labor in cleaning lamps, or filling them with kerosene; the mere touch of a switch will flood the church with light. Likewise, where there is a church properly aligned spiritually, no effort is required to bring the Light of Christ to the congregation. Where the minister is completely and utterly surrendered to God, and where those next to him—the elders, deacons, trustees, superintendent of Sunday School, and Religious Education Directors—are only slightly less consecrated than the minister him-

self, there is no need of putting on church suppers or bazaars or advertising in the paper to draw crowds. There is hardly need to preach sermons. Merely to enter a church where there is such perfect alignment, where First Things are really put first, where there is such complete, utter trust in God and among all the members, is like such perfect love and mutual trust stepping into heaven. Such an atmosphere of harmony is sufficient to light the flame of God in every one's heart.

Where a business firm has such accord among directors, managers, and workers, where a football team has such harmony among its members, success is assured before the season starts. Effortlessly, joyously, victory comes.

But how does one achieve such perfect alignment? The place to begin is within one's own soul, through prayer, meditation, and forgetting self in the service of others.

Here is a prayer that held a great Saint, Thomas à Kempis, in constant alignment:

"O Lord, Thou knowest what is the better way, let this or that be done as Thou shalt please. Give what Thou wilt . . . Deal with me as Thou knowest and best pleaseth Thee, and is most for Thy honor. Set me where Thou wilt, and deal with me in all

things as Thou wilt. I am in Thy hand; turn me round and turn me back again, even as a wheel. Behold I am Thy servant, prepared for all things; for I desire not to live unto myself but unto Thee; and oh that I could do it worthily and perfectly!"

If this alignment is perfectly experienced you will find that from that time onward God is everywhere. You will realize that He is present in all your life, the outer as well as the inner. You will become aware that He is radiating from your face and speaking through your lips and creating beau-

tiful things through your finger-tips. You will experience the exquisite bliss of His love manifesting in your work, bringing harmony among your friends, and new joy into your play.

But greatest of all, when you have come into alignment with God in all your being you will be better able to pray for perfect and heavenly alignment to come into your friends, your church, your working associates, and you will be able to pray with new power for the Prince of Peace to become the Lord of Nations, bringing Peace on Earth and good will to men.



### Power of Meekness

*Florence Janssen*

The earth is for the meek, courageous meek,  
Whose sword of faith subdues the brutish mob,  
Whose gallant dare to "turn the other cheek"  
Outflanks aggressive moves; the meek who rob  
The arrogant of sinful greed and lust,  
Disarming mad despoilers come to slay;  
The valiant meek whose strategy is trust,  
The meek who march to God's command; obey.

The earth is for the meek who humbly dare  
To arm with weapons wrought of love and right,  
Whose cause is God, whose arsenal is prayer,  
Whose force in combat springs from spirit-light.  
The potency of strength is gauged by worth  
Thus, strong in God, the meek shall gain the earth.

## Sing a New Song

*Alex Paul*

*For, lo, the winter is past;  
The rain is over and gone;  
The flowers appear on the earth;  
The time of the singing of birds  
is come.*

[The Song of Solomon 2:11]

ONCE again spring spreads its verdant mantle over the earth, and on every hand we behold the Creator's eternal miracle of renewal, rebirth, resurrection.

Joyously we welcome the spring, the time of beginning again, a time that brings new hope, faith, and understanding.

We are filled with the beauty about us, and we are drawn ever closer to God. We see His presence on every hand — in the greening fields, in the straight dark furrows of new-plowed earth, in the fragile drift of blossoms against the blue sky, in the song of birds, in the happy children at play.

Even as the springtime proclaims rebirth and resurrection for the earth, so does it bring to man the challenge to be reborn, to be lifted up, to be resurrected. It is indeed a time for beginning again.

Jesus knew of the frailties of man; He knew that man would stumble and be afraid. But as any kind, loving father, He made allowances for human mistakes by giving

us the opportunity to try again. Our rich heritage enables us to face any trial and overcome it. Now, with everything made new about us, we seem to hear a voice that says: "Forget what is past. You can do nothing to alter it. Profit by the mistakes of yesterday. Look-up! Look ahead! Use your God-given power to make today perfect." This divine power working through us can roll away from our consciousness the stones of seeming failure, imperfection, lack, despair, and doubt, even as the stone was rolled away from the door of the sepulcher on that first Easter morning, and we will find a new world revealed to us. This God-given power needs only to be put to use to reveal to us the abundant and satisfying life everlasting that can be ours.

In a spirit of praise and thanksgiving we pray: "Thank you, Father, for the gift of Your Son, and for the beauty and inspiration of the Resurrection, which gives every man the opportunity to begin anew, which places a new song in our hearts. Thank you for this glorious season and for the everlasting wonder of a world reborn.

"Help us to keep always before us the knowledge of our rich heritage and to rely on the promise 'I am the way, the truth, and the life,'

for through divine power working in us we will be able to roll away the stones of negation that obstruct our vision and go forward to new understanding and achievement, our hearts singing Thy praise.

"Thank You for the song You have placed in our hearts, a song ever new and fresh that has power

to make the rough places smooth, lighten the heaviest load, encourage and sustain every person. It is a beautiful song, a song that sweeps across the land and joyously proclaims:

"I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth on me . . . shall never die." [John 11:25]

## Mars or Christ

Allan A. Hunter

WHAT pours through the man on the cross, haunts me more and more. The question that cannot be put down is: Can we rely on this "power of God and wisdom of God?"—or must we keep on committing ourselves to Universal Military Suicide? Of course we don't call it that. The generals honey up the implications with pious words such as Universal Military Service. And churches are tempted to fall for the euphemisms. The fact remains. Our national trend is toward violating the law of mutuality as Jesus revealed it before, on, and after Good Friday. It is as if the collective ego in us were crowding out the spirit so that like men enchanted we repeat to Mars, "Though thou slay us yet will we trust thee."

The time has come to look at the whole situation through two

eyes not one, through the right eye of faith that penetrates past what is obvious into the substance of things unseen, as well as through the left or scientific eye that sees only what can be measured and weighed. Through the right eye, not yet blind, we can recognize the unseen Christ at work in men today: able to work in Chinese and Russians, in Germans and Japanese, as potently as in Americans, white, brown, or black. The point is this. "It is no weak Christ we have to do with but a Christ of power." Paul was right. That being so—though we cannot prove it mathematically—we can relax and be of good cheer as we seek more intimate connection with the ultimate power that overcomes the abilities and defenses of the world. Why protect ourselves against what God would pour through us as well as Christ?

☪ Troubles carry with them their corresponding resources.

## When Trouble Comes

Harold W. Ruopp

LANGSTON HUGHES, the American Negro poet, once wrote a bit of verse that goes like this:

*Well, son, I'll tell you:*

*Life for me ain't been no crystal stair!*

*It's had tacks in it,*

*And splinters,*

*Boards torn up,*

*Places with no carpet on the floor,*

*Just bare . . .*

*But all the time*

*I've been a climbin' on—*

*Reachin' landin's*

*Turnin' corners,*

*Sometimes goin' on*

*Where there ain't been no light at all . . .*

*So, boy, don't you turn back!*

*'Cause you find the goin' hard.*

*I've still a-goin',*

*I've been a climbin' on—*

*And life for me ain't been no crystal stair.*

That poem appeals to us because it articulates a common life experience. We know what troubles and burdens are. Life isn't always a crystal stairway. It has tacks and splinters in it. There are places where the boards are torn up and there is no carpet on the floor—just bare!

Well, suppose life is hard at times, suppose there are heavy burdens to be carried, suppose there are problems and troubles and perplexing difficulties to be faced! What can we do? For do something we must!

We may begin by reminding ourselves that trouble is not something peculiar to anyone of us. It is no respecter of persons; sooner or later, it comes to everyone.

One day, so the story goes, Dr. Samuel Johnson was approached by a woman begging for alms. As she extended her hand to receive the coins which her benefactor was about to give her she said apologetically, "I am just a struggler, sir." To which Dr. Johnson replied, "Madam, that's what I am too—just a struggler." However else we may differ, one of the common denominators of life is trouble and its almost constant companion, struggle.

I am not suggesting for a moment that we should get a peculiar kind of consolation simply because others have a lot in life as bad as, or worse than ours. But we do need constantly to remind ourselves that none of us have been singled out by God or life or fate or destiny—or

whatever you may wish to call it—as a special target for troubles and difficulties. God doesn't treat His children either as pets or pests. We are all bound together by the same rules; we all come under the same laws. The rain falls on the just and the unjust alike—and so does trouble.

In the second place, we need to remind ourselves that each new day brings not only new troubles and problems, but also new strengths and resources. Our tendency so often is to reverse the rule: we keep reminding ourselves of our successive troubles rather than our successive resources, thinking always of the difficulties that are going to arise rather than "the power to overcome." Looking ahead we see only Monday's disasters. It is obvious that with this kind of a mental outlook we cannot possibly win poise and power. These negative attitudes and suggestions invariably and inevitably sap our strength and undermine our courage.

Troubles? Of course there will be troubles—that is the price of our humanity. Let them come as they will, but let us keep our minds constantly focused on the resources that will also emerge with the troubles. "Heavy responsibilities tomorrow? Yes; but tomorrow will also bring a new supply of strength. Bewildering problems on Tuesday? Yes; but

when those problems come there will be resources to help solve them. A presumable disaster on Wednesday? But if the disaster should materialize, the fighting spirit within the heart will also materialize."

There is a statement in the book of Deuteronomy which is worth keeping in mind: "As thy days so shall thy strength be." Mind you, it does not say: "As thy days so shall thy troubles be"—that is assumed; but rather: "As thy days so shall thy strength be." God never laid any burden upon anyone for which he has not given a corresponding strength—that is, if we let him give us the strength. That "if," however, is an important condition!

Now then, if we have reminded ourselves of these two things: first, that trouble comes to everyone; and second, that troubles carry with them their corresponding resources—then we are ready to go on to a formula for effective and victorious living. Happily for memory, there are four key words in this formula, each beginning with the letter R.

First of all, when troubles come, receive them. Accept them as a part of life and not as something extraneous to life, or at best marginal to life. One does not need to go out looking for troubles, but once they come we must learn how to receive them.

In the second place, learn how to

respond to them, for the response is all-important. It isn't what happens to us that counts, but always the way we react to that which happens to us. The most common response to trouble is to ask, "Why should this have happened to me?" Recently I took the time to go through my files of personal letters received over a good many years, and I was interested to note how many of my correspondents, in the face of one kind of trouble or another, raised the questions, "Why should this have happened to me; or Why should this have happened to us?" Well, why shouldn't it happen to me? Who am I to think that I can escape that which is ordained as a part of life?

*"A trouble's an ounce  
Or a trouble's a ton,  
A trouble is what you make it;  
It isn't the fact that you're hurt  
that counts,  
But only, How did you take it?"*

One person under trouble is crushed, defeated; another under the same trouble mounts up with wings as an eagle. The difference is due to the response that is made; and the response in turn is conditioned by one's interior resources.

Receive your troubles, learn how to respond to them; then in the third place, learn how to rejoice in them—without becoming a Pollyanna. Do not rebel against them. Do not

go around cursing your fate in life. Do not try to run away from them—for it is never that easy.

As a wholesome tonic, especially in the ebb-tides of life, read St. Paul's letter to the Philippians, noting the number of times the word "rejoice" appears. Remember as you read, that the man who wrote this letter knew what it meant to be mocked, stoned, scourged, shipwrecked. More than that, remember that this letter was written from a prison cell in Rome while he was awaiting the prospect of a martyr's death. And yet he says: "Rejoice in the Lord always: and again I say, Rejoice."

That is not Stoicism; that is Christianity at its best. For Christianity at its best sees both trouble and beyond trouble; and what it sees beyond trouble illumines and transmutes the trouble of the present hour.

There are so many people these days who are bemoaning the situation in which we now find ourselves, not so much because of the suffering it is causing others as because of the irritations and discomforts and hardships it is bringing them. Obviously, few of us would vote for the present world situation with all of its suffering and tragedy, its uncertainty and insecurity. And yet there is a sense in which we Christians ought to rejoice that we have

been born to this hour—this testing time of our souls and the values to which we have been giving our allegiance. We ought to rejoice that we are making the discovery that God, far from being a one-day-in-the-week luxury, has become an absolute, daily necessity; that without him our souls hunger and at last shrivel up and die. We ought to rejoice in the tremendous opportunities we now have to get off life's surface and to live deeply, creatively, redemptively.

Receive your troubles, learn how to respond to them, rejoice in them—and then redeem them.

The redemption of a trouble depends upon at least two things. You redeem a trouble, first of all, when you assume there is a purpose in it, even when you cannot see it, and when you use it to become a more sensitive, more loving, and more courageous person than you would have been without the trouble.

Katherine Mansfield's "Journal" is the record of one person's struggle with loneliness and suffering. In this journal there are entries like these: frightful day, horrible morning and afternoon, lonely, horribly depressed, terribly weak. But Katherine Mansfield was never defeated. Down at the end, only shortly before her death, she makes this "confession" about suffering: "One must submit. Do not resist.

Take it. Accept it fully. Make it a part of life . . . . Suffering must become Love . . . . It must pass from personal love to greater love . . . . It is to lose oneself more utterly, to love more deeply . . . . Oh Life! accept me—make me worthy—teach me . . . ."

Beyond that, you redeem trouble through the power of faith. "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." He whose faith is deep enough and large enough sees beyond his troubles.

When Ray Palmer was only twenty-two years of age, he had to carry on a fearful battle against poverty and illness and discouragement. But deeper than his perplexities was his faith. And out of that faith he prayed:

*"My faith looks up to thee,  
Thou Lamb of Calvary,  
Saviour divine!  
Now hear me while I pray,  
Take all my guilt away,  
O let me from this day  
Be wholly thine."*

"In the world, ye shall have tribulation." That is a realistic view of life. But it is precisely because the Bible is realistic about life that it also says, "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." To have faith in a God who is like Jesus Christ is to receive the victory that overcomes the world. More than that we cannot ask.

## The Victory That Overcomes the World

Rose Mary Love

THE difficulty had plagued me for months. Each day things seemed to grow worse. There were two sides to the question, then there was God.

For a long time my heart had ached until it had become a physical pain, because the whole problem concerned one I love as much as I love anything that could concern me.

There was certainly never any question about whose side I was on. I had argued and prayed about the whole matter until I was exhausted, though I am sure I had listened to God very little. It seemed to me that I was praying without ceasing, though I know my prayers were making little headway. I read, studied, walked the floor, stayed awake nights, talked to my best friends, and finally became silent.

Out of the silence came the conviction that I was too concerned with everyone's fault but my own. Who was I to be seeking to help another when something was so amiss in my own life that my own prayers could not be answered?

If I must defend any act of my own, Christ could not be my full support and strength. Any defense that I had to make in my own be-

half became more and more a burden to my life.

Any praise or approval of self that I was able to muster became more embarrassing the closer I came to God.

Out of this deeper silence I was experiencing, came a clearer and fuller light of God's perfect love for others, as well as for myself and those I loved best.

Thus I began to see myself more as God might see me. We talk about seeing ourselves as others see us; we might well see ourselves as God sees us and seek to see Him outside our own small prejudices concerning Him.

Finally, I was on my way to do my worst or best. An opportunity had come for me to face the situation and to talk things over more intimately with everyone concerned.

When one is brave enough to come out in the open in this day and age to say "Life is sacred; I will be the one to treat it so in spite of what others may do;" when one is brave enough to say, "Father, let me take the burden of this problem on my own shoulders as if I had committed all the wrong myself—that God might get through some channel to clear up the whole sit-

uation;" that one knows something about Christ's own sacrifice and victory and knows the cross most intimately.

Life in its truest form claps its hands in applause, and the angels stand by to sing the "Hallelujah Chorus."

Time, life, and varying circumstances had gone into the making of the situation I was facing. Many lives were concerned and the well-being of a number of people was at stake.

God has not put us here to conquer one another. Sometimes we imagine that we are to overcome one another because the cause we sponsor is more splendid than the cause of another. It can never be true, as we learn in war. After the fighting is over, we can never wear the victor's crown without having paid for it.

We are placed here to learn to choose the right above wrong, to be submissive to God's will above our own, to become powerful in His righteousness according to His way of love. We are to win our battles by the grace of God.

The victory of the human spirit, or that part of us that is made in God's image, over everything that

can or will thwart it is the one thing that has God's total support, has all of His interest and is the recipient of His every grace, promise, and blessing in His power to give.

On the way to the place of my difficulty, I had to spend a number of hours between trains. I visited a bookstore to pass some of the time away. I was still seeking help for my problem.

I browsed around and through the shelves and tables. I snatched at random some smaller books on my favorite subjects. One of these was a little pamphlet—fifteen or twenty-five cents worth—called "The Master Guide to Prayer." In a phrase of one sentence was the one thing that climaxed my victory over self, the problem I was facing, and a lot of temptations I would face in the future. It was, "The victory of God over us all." The words are written large and full on my heart. Perhaps no one can see their influence on my life as I feel it, but through the years it will be showing more and more.

It is worth everything I could have experienced. No victory any person can win over another can be half so complete and satisfying as "The victory of God over us all."

\* \* \*

After all, the kind of world one carries about in himself is the important thing, and the world outside takes all its grace, color and value from that.

—James Russell Lowell

☞ Without prayer there can be no peace of mind.

## Personal Serenity

Paul I. Sanders

IN A WORLD overwrought with pressures and uncertainties it is necessarily difficult to find personal serenity, or inner peace; there is much written about it and yet we go on finding ourselves torn by many loyalties and ideologies.

One of the primary prerequisites for personal serenity is the ability to select the things that are most vital in our lives. We so often find ourselves overwhelmed with countless details that tread on each others' heels and we are thereby defeated by the things we have to do, therefore we often accomplish little—Christ seemed to do few things but what He did counted. He never allowed the petty demands of men to destroy His personal serenity. One of the reasons He went off by Himself was to pray in order to gain perspective. From His example we should also take time to evaluate the demands of our lives—in order to select the things that will have lasting significance, and cast aside that which will have no lasting value.

Another important path to personal serenity is the care of the physical body. A starved, ill cared for body cannot bring inner peace. The body demands rest in order to rebuild itself; the rebuilding of the

physical body comes when we rest or are sleeping. Most people find it difficult to sleep because of overstrain. In the press of life today we have so often cheated ourselves of sleeping hours. Most people find it necessary to get up at a definite time in the morning but they can retire when they please—in the early years of life the body can take the punishment, but as years go on it takes its toll.

The food we eat also plays an important part, because, after all, the fuel we put into our body-machine determines how that machine will perform—unbalanced diets, poor eating habits, all bring their toll.

Our physical body also requires time for relaxation; we cannot overstrain a machine and expect it to perform well. Common sense should tell us that hours of long overstrain can only bring dire results.

If we are to find personal serenity, we must therefore remember that rest, proper food, and relaxation are important even though they may seem unrelated.

The third step we would suggest in finding inner peace—is the importance of making decisions. One of the things which tears people



apart is indecisiveness. Indecision in small things creates strain and destroys peace of mind—after all we learn by our mistakes—in all things decisions are necessary and if we do not make them they will be made for us and we become victims of our environment. If we make a mistake it is important that we admit it and try again and not let the mistake hang over our heads.

The fourth step we would take is to try to learn to meet other people without letting them destroy our peace of mind. Many people are bound to irritate us because they come from different backgrounds and degrees of understanding. We must learn to live objectively; by that we mean the ability to lift ourselves up above our environment and look at people in the light of their limitations and background. If we meet people with this understanding love, they cannot hurt us.

The last step is to follow Christ's example and find peace in prayer. By this we mean to get in tune with the eternal source of serenity—which we call God. In the eternal order of things there is no confusion—first things come first—the material world is in order; our physical bodies come from that source, eternal decisions never vary, and all people are the same with God. In prayer we can bring our desolate minds and bodies into tune

with the infinite source. We rely so often on our inadequate finite minds to make eternal decisions for us when around us and in us is the infinite mind that is all seeing and all powerful. The source of help is as near as the air we breathe but we often pass it by in our mortal confusion.

The word prayer is easy to say but implies great discipline and adventure. By prayer we mean the willingness to turn over our own wills to the divine will and say, "not my will but thine be done." It implies the willingness to seek as well as apply and follow the guidance we receive.

We must remember that if prayer is to mean anything in peace of mind—it must mean that we recognize a power infinitely greater than ourselves—and our willingness to submit our lives to that power we know as God. The effectiveness of prayer is in direct proportion to our surrender to God. Without prayer there can be no peace of mind.

We have tried to suggest five ways to find personal serenity—mainly to learn to select first things first; care of the physical body; ability to make decisions; ability to meet others without letting them destroy our peace of mind; and prayer, and the greatest of these is prayer.

☞ Heaven won't be too different from this.

## Farm Faith

Ann Truth

MY MOTHER frequently quoted the lines: "Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod . . . has faith in God."

For a long time this seemed so obvious a thing to me that I saw nothing wonderful about it—but fifteen years of city living have somehow brought home to me how deep and sincere is the religious faith which farm folk possess.

Not that all of the farm family members can put that faith into words, or that each one of them is conscious he has it—for some farm folk are not.

Sometimes one can be so near the woods that he cannot see the trees, so to speak. Perhaps that is why I see more clearly today the faith which my husband and I possessed than I did at the time of his death, or during those days when we, too, were farm folk.

I can picture him as he would come from the barn, a bucket of corn swung over his arm as he went to feed the pigs we were fattening for our winter meat. We were small farm people, tending a few acres in addition to the salaried work which my husband did.

As Fred would move along with his bucket of corn, across the pas-

ture would come Dolly, the one horse we found necessary for our small jobs of hauling, or other tasks not big enough for tractor work.

With all the coquetry of a belle of the ball Dolly would nicker in a wheedling way—and sure enough my husband would toss to her an ear of corn.

Noting the smugness with which she would accept this tribute I would give him a meaningful smile. And he, knowing full well that knee deep grass was providing her all the food she needed while working so little, would say, like a small boy caught red-handed in mischief:

"She likes a little corn—it won't hurt to have a bite any more than it hurts a kid to have candy."

As he watched our well-cared-for porkers eat, ten to one he would be shelling some kernels of corn from one ear to toss to our bantams, knowingly conceding to the strutting small rooster the claim that he had provided the feast.

On a cold night, when rain or snow was blowing, Fred found a certain happiness in knowing his cows were snug, housed in the barn, or that Dolly was munching hay in her stall.

"I'm glad the stock is in—hate to think of stock standing out in

bad weather," he would say before he dropped off to sleep.

For him there was a certain satisfaction in watching our cat stretch out in the sun for a nap, a bird splashing in the birdbath he had improvised from an old disc plate, a pet rabbit eating a handful of clover.

One day during that short time between his last stay at a hospital for x-ray treatments and the time when that final summons he was awaiting came, Fred was sitting on a big block of wood in the back door yard, sunning himself and watching the chickens in the adjacent chicken lot also sprawled lazily in the sun.

"You know," he said suddenly as if he had been clearing the matter in his own mind, "I think heaven won't be too different from this. I know I'm not going to be playing any harp—I just sort of picture myself doing all the things I wanted to do and never got to do here. I think God feels about me and everyone else just as I've always felt about the animals in my care. If I can plan to make them comfortable and contented, how much bigger and better plans must He surely make for people who are His children."

\* \* \*

Character gives splendor to youth and awe to wrinkled skin and grey hairs.—*Ralph Waldo Emerson*

Once after that Fred spoke about religion. He was a quiet man, not much of a talker, certainly not a man who liked to speak in public.

"I believe different people need different kinds of religion just the same as they need or like different kinds of clothes. Some like things which make a show—they like a religion like that. Some like to have a religion they sort of keep back for special occasions only. Me, I like a sort of plain, everyday, serviceable religion, maybe like my old mackinaw there, which keeps me warm and dry when the weather is bad. The kind people can see me using all the time if they care to notice, but not the kind that startles them. A kind they can get, too, if they want it."

Fred waited awhile, then added, "Seems like, on the farm, when you come to realize how the animals come to trust you to look after them you begin to understand how God must feel about looking after you. You get to know, too, how He does some things for your own good, even if you don't like it. And after awhile you come to understand that He knows His plan—and that when He has finished the job will be good."

☞ . . . it is at hand, within the midst of us now.

## Living in the Kingdom

Royal Satterlee

THERE are two common ideas in our day concerning the Kingdom of Heaven, which I believe need some comment. Some people believe you cannot enter into the Kingdom until a future date, either after death, or until certain events happen in the course of time. The other idea held by many is that you must grow a lot spiritually before you can enter into the Kingdom. In my opinion both are wrong in a sense, and both are right in another sense. The Kingdom of Heaven exists now, and is eternal. It existed yesterday, and it will exist tomorrow. We people need not wait for God to proclaim certain things to bring it about. Rather God is being forced to wait for us to step into it. Jesus said, "The Kingdom of Heaven is in the midst of you," and He urged, "Repent, for the Kingdom is at Hand."

It is true that there is a glorious Kingdom in the next world, following our life here. However, it is also true that it is at hand, within the midst of us now. Spiritual growth is a wonderful thing, and by all means to be desired. Yet, we need not wait until we have grown so far spiritually. Every spiritual step you make in that growth is a

part of the Kingdom. If, whenever you have grown a notch spiritually, you have not experienced that Kingdom, the idea you had of the growth is a mistaken idea. However, I think all would testify that life had something beyond the ordinary in each step of their growth. It is true that at first one will not know the greatest there is in the Kingdom. Yet, the first experience within its gates may be had by anyone.

My first experience occurred when at sixteen I desired to see a friend go with better company. The situation moved me, so that I could see a needed change in my own life if I was to influence changes in others. That night I began a process of giving up myself for the greater self. Life is a continual process of giving that self more wholly to God. As we reach that objective, more and more our experiences of the Kingdom become more beautiful, meaningful, and valuable. It is as though there are realms of God consciousness, and we step from one realm to another even as one climbs a ladder. The closer we get to the top, the more blessed the experience will become.

Every spiritual experience of God that you have is a part of Kingdom

living. However, as you grow you will discover that there will be periods wherein you will live in the Kingdom for days or weeks, only to suddenly fall from your nest at a very unexpected time. These experiences are possible as you follow the two commandments of Christ on loving, for you will find that that is exactly what you will be doing. A definition of the Kingdom could be, sharing God (love) with others. For the wonder of it, read over and over again Jesus' descriptions of it in the gospel parables.

There has been a question in the minds of many people as to Jesus' idea on perfection. "Be Ye Perfect, even as your Heavenly Father is Perfect." Many persons who follow the Bible quite closely have told me that they didn't think that He really meant that, rather that it was an ideal to strive for, but never reach. I have found that when Jesus said something, He meant it. I find that everytime I step into the Kingdom, all things become perfect, in every way. Jesus' message centered around entering the Kingdom. This command on perfection is another drive to anchor your mind on the Kingdom. You become perfect there, because your self-consciousness is God, and God's consciousness of you as was planned for your life is performed. I have always been amazed as to how all things I do

come in perfect order, when I am in the Kingdom. It is because God will coordinate all things for us. We merely need to be the channel.

Once I worked on a night shift in a factory. I had a job that was thought by most of the fellows the dirtiest and most difficult to make extra money. Night after night I worked hard at it with confidence but could not make extra. Then one night I stepped into the Kingdom of Heaven. The supply boy was absent that night and the fellow who had worked there for sometime, and was considered by others as very fast on this type of machine, took over the supply job. I turned off the first job he gave me in record time. I was unfamiliar with the next one. He told me I had to turn out 800 of that kind an hour to make the largest extra amount. He said that at times he made 900 an hour. So, being in the Kingdom of Heaven, and knowing that God can use my body and mind to perfection if given such control, I said to myself I will do 900. I did; I averaged over 900 for each hour. That night I earned the largest amount possible on that machine. Thereafter, I discovered that I was incapable of doing it alone, but in the Kingdom I never failed.

The easiest time I ever prayed for persons to be healed was during a summer when I had been living in

the Kingdom for some number of weeks. I found that there was no stress or strain in the prayers uttered then, but that they came true with ease, and seldom failed. I never will forget one of the experiences, because all of the family trusted in God for the healing. All I needed to do as the minister was to help direct the love to the two girls in the family, with the rest, and help keep strong the faith. These girls had been stricken with poliomyelitis. The younger sister had a severe case of it.

When I arrived at the family's home, I discovered that she had bulbar polio, and that her neck was already paralyzed. The night before my arrival, she almost choked to death. I spent an hour with the family sending the love of God to the girls, and felt within that all was working. The rest of the day, in the parsonage, I felt an urge to pray every few minutes. In the early evening, I was suddenly overwhelmed with a tremendous amount of peace. It was so strong that it seemed like something had struck me. I hurriedly made my way next door to the church and down the aisle. I fell before the picture of Christ and praised Him. I knew that all was being fulfilled that instant for the cure. There was no doubt in my mind.

For more than a quarter of an

hour I trembled in joy, with praise on my lips. When I became quite calm, as usually occurs at the next step of the experience, I went back to the parsonage and phoned the mother. I told her I knew that all would be all right.

Both girls were released from the hospital in several days, and the paralysis left in less than fifty hours.

I received several letters when I was at camp in New Hampshire the following week. The family, all well and happy, wrote lovely letters and a sentence which stands as meaningful was included in a letter from the mother. "I thank God many times daily for his care and proof of his Allness and Power." This kind of thing proves God. You can know this proof also, if you try Him. It will prove to you, in no uncertain terms, the reality of the Kingdom.

I believe the greatest thrills I have received in Kingdom living have been when a group share it together. I have experienced this many times with a large group in camps, but fewer times in an everyday situation. I trust a day will come when it will be a rich experience of all people in day to day living.

One of my semesters in college proved the beauty of such living, where for weeks three other fellows shared with me constant Kingdom

living. None of us was in the Kingdom all of the time, but it seemed that one of us always was, and the one always helped draw the others back. The love, fellowship, joy, and peace of that semester will never be forgotten. Neither will some of the late evening talks when inspired thoughts would come from our lips. We were young in our growth, had much to learn, and slipped in and out of the God-consciousness; but with the grace of God and our surety of His being, I knew we, others, and you too can look forward to a Kingdom life.

If you are looking for the answer that Jesus proclaimed, if you are seeking peace of mind, if you want reality and things that are best you can find it by losing yourself in the hands of God.

Living and growing in the King-

dom is likened to a sunset. The more the sun loses itself, the more it disappears in its trip over the horizon, the more beautiful it becomes. It appears much the same in the high part of the sky; it is only as it disappears that it displays the gorgeous array of loveliness our eyes enjoy feasting upon.

Lose yourself. Tune your prayers above the level of selfishness. Then get attached to the greater self. Then as you serve God and others, proof will come to you in varying ways that God is real; and the strife of worry, anxious thoughts, and fear will end and be replaced with joy, faith, hope, and love. You will then know what the disciples discovered when they were touched by the joyous Man of long ago Who had faith and hope, and drew people to Him in love. You will step into His Kingdom and know Eternal life.

\* \* \*

### **Red Cross Plasma**

*Edna Hull Miller*

I am showing my love in my sharing of blood  
 With some boy who is battling the day's weary length;  
 And my rhythm's strong urge may mean living for him,  
 For like water to thirst may my plasma give strength.  
 And when battles are over and peace comes again,  
 I'll be proud to recall that I loaned him some years  
 At the crystal white moment when death hovered close—  
 In a battle surrounded with horror and fears.

☐ Life, even for the most radiant personality, is never easy.

## **The Radiant Christ**

*E. Paul Sylvester*

OUR Christian faith can and will help us to live more fully, more purposefully, more usefully, and more happily. We have not been left in this confused world without a guide.

Jesus is that guide because he is the ideal personality. I do not speak of Jesus in sweet and sentimental terms—but in terms of stern reality. Jesus achieved the ideal personality not miraculously nor easily, but through perseverance, discipline, and high thoughts. Jesus was human; he was not a puppet. What he achieved came to him only after temptation and trial. He had to work to master an ideal personality—even as we must work to achieve a personality that is vibrant, radiant, full-orbed, and outgoing.

Let us consider the characteristics of his personality and make the personal application in our lives, adding discipline and determination to insight. These characteristics which were fundamental in the personality of Jesus are fundamental for us, too.

*The Joy of Jesus.* It is slander to think of Jesus as sad. The record of the New Testament does not depict him in this way. I have never known little children to be attracted to a person with a dour face and weepy eyes. But the little children clustered

around Jesus. He had a joyous disposition. It showed through his face. And face values are important.

*The Kindness of Jesus.* He never pushed aside an inquiring mind. When the children came romping over him, he bade them come even though the disciples would have pushed them away. When they brought to him the woman taken in her sin, he bade those without sin cast the first stone. He did not condone the sin, but his kindness toward the unfortunate woman was stronger than his condemnation. We need to remember the need for kindness when salesmen come to our doors, or when we are jostled in the streetcar or the store. Kindness, which costs so little, is an essential quality for a Christian personality.

*The Patience of Jesus.* Patience is almost a forgotten virtue. But Jesus had it. Even though people tragically misunderstood him, he was patient though his soul was sorely tried. His enemies wanted to crucify him, but with utmost kindness he met their attacks and slander. Patience can never be divorced from radiant personality.

*The Forgiveness of Jesus.* It is hard for us to forgive. Our natural impulse is to return in kind, but one cannot imagine a gracious person-

ality without forgiveness. The greatness of a person is judged by his ability to forgive.

We so little understand this. But once having conquered the feeling of revenge and practiced the principle of forgiveness, the personality of the individuality takes on new life. Forgiveness works wonders both for the person forgiven and for the forgiver.

*The Endurance of Jesus.* Jesus was no weakling. He was a carpenter, and carpenters are strong men—strong of muscle and calloused of hand. Not only physically but also morally and spiritually, Christ knew the gruelling tests of endurance.

One of the most glorious verses of the New Testament is the one that says: "He steadfastly set his face to go to Jerusalem." To the north lay safety, ease, and peace; to the south lay danger, accusation, torture, and death. Jesus chose to go south. Life, even for the most radiant personality, is never easy. What has been won has been won through struggle. The ability to endure is a prerequisite for a radiant personality.

*The Faith of Jesus.* Here is the key to a full life. Christ was a full person because of his faith in God. Everything was done in the light of God's presence. There was a constant relationship between faith and life. It was not an emergency relationship, but one that entered into Christ's inner being through everything he thought, said, and did.

Faith and life are inseparable. One can't have a personality that brings joy and usefulness to self or others unless this vital, vibrant relationship be real and constant.

Faith is never achieved easily. Even for Jesus there were low moments. So it is with us. Life follows a rhythm. Valleys surround all hilltops. Faith that nothing—either in life or in death—can separate us from the love of God is the basic essential for the person who would live and serve usefully and happily.

These are some of the simple attributes that we find in the ideal personality of Jesus. In the same degree as we seek with discipline and determination to make these our own, can we approach unto the ideal.

\* \* \*

### Easter Thought

*Margery Mansfield*

Like the lilies, whitely growing,  
Blooms His love for all of men!  
May our world, oh may it, also,  
Rise in truth and love again!

☞ You are not a statistic.

## You Are a VIP

*John H. Crowe*

**G**OT the regimentation blues? Feel lost in this day of mass movements, mass production, mass warfare, mass relief?

Then you need to get this fact into the very center of your thinking. You are not a statistic. You are a Very Important Person, and for three reasons.

In the first place, *you can appreciate the care of Divine providence.*

Have you considered the marvelous construction of the universe that makes your life possible? A modern author says there is a Great Balancer, keeping in check and in balance those forces around us that enable us to live on this planet. The stars in their courses are always on time. The balance between earth and sea makes life possible.

If the rotation of the earth on its axis and its swing in its orbit were to vary a few degrees you and I could not live. The red and the white corpuscles in your blood stream are held in delicate balance according to altitude. When you go to a higher or lower altitude there is a revision of this balance. We live in a delicately adjusted universe and this makes life possible.

Now, you are a very important

person to be the end product of this majestic, creative sweep. Certainly we do not believe that God has ceased his creation, as of now. But, to date man is the highest order of creation. Let us be thankful for this. A thank you is just about the easiest thing in the world to say. Why don't we say it more often? Why don't we say it to the Creator of all life more often than we do?

*You are an important person because you can build.* I am not thinking about building a house or a skyscraper, or anything that can be built with a blueprint. I am concerned with the building of a better world for all to live in. You can improve the social order.

We must wholeheartedly support those plans of men that seek to make this world a peaceful brotherhood. Take just one objective, for example—the United Nations. If its ends are to be achieved, we must give it more support than we did the League of Nations.

"Everybody," said James Hilton, "wished the League of Nations well, but nobody really believed in it enough to make any sacrifices for it."

Let us build concretely, let us

build constructively, in and through every effort on earth that represents an outreach toward the best for the most.

Let us create a sound moral order in which to live. At a recent dinner of the chamber of commerce I sat next to a leading businessman and across from another. I was most interested in their conversation.

The man who sat next to me employs a large number of people. He said one can depend on very few persons in business anymore.

"When I employ people, there are three questions that are asked of me: First, how much does this job pay? Second, how many hours a day do I have to work? Third, do I have to work on Saturday?" And he said that "with the loafing that goes on, the idle conversation, and the running out for coffee in the middle of the morning and the middle of the afternoon, my employees do not put in three honest hours of work a day."

Then he said an amazing thing. "We have adopted a new policy. We are not going to employ any more people *under* 35 years of age." He claims those in this category have been ruined by their attitude that the government owes them a living. They refuse to return, in terms of service, the value that they receive.

It is obviously true that some-

thing has damaged the moral life of our people—young people and older people. They have been shot through with the idea that somebody owes them a living and it is not necessary for them to give honest service for an honest dollar received.

A lugubrious note is often sounded as we say we are coming to the end of an era. By the same word we are at the beginning of a new era. And a new day offers a new chance to build an improved social order.

A third indication that you are a very important person is the fact that *you can choose*. You can choose the direction you take. You can choose the causes you will support.

Remember, your vote counts. One vote elected Governor Morton of Massachusetts. One vote added the state of Texas to the Union. One vote made California a state. One vote put Oliver Cromwell in the Long Parliament. As a result, a revolution came along and King Charles' head fell. One vote can make a big difference. And your word, your vote, your choice is vital.

It is a good idea to become interested in important matters. Too often we spend a lot of valuable time and energy complaining and criticizing small matters that may mean absolutely nothing to us personally. And yet, our very attitude

can keep us from rendering the larger service that others expect and demand of us.

Choose the way of courage. Too many persons today are too fearful. We need to find a new faith that will sustain us.

In "Don Quixote," Sancho Panza clings all night, with fear, from the ledge of a window, afraid of falling, only to find when daylight comes that his feet all that time had been only an inch from the ground.

Too many of us are like that: we cling frantically to little half-truths and man-made customs, fearful of accepting the larger values and virtues. Only as we discover and rely on truth and justice and good will as the solid foundation of the universe can we be whole and creative.

There is a story told of an air raid over the city of London during the war. A father and mother with their two children, a boy and a girl, were seated one evening on the front porch. Suddenly the siren sounded, announcing the arrival of the German planes. The father and

son rushed one way to the bomb shelter, and the mother and daughter went another way.

The bombing was terrific: buildings tumbled, homes crashed. After the all-clear signal the father and son frantically looked for their loved ones only to find them dead. Amid the wreckage they found their own home a pile of rubble.

The father sat down on the debris while the boy wandered out into the garden. It was growing dark. The stars were beginning to shine in the sky.

Remembering his son, the father called to him, "What are you doing?" And, as he stood in the garden looking up at the sky, the boy replied, "I am watching God hang out the stars."

In the midst of so much that is destructive, in the midst of so much that hurts and bruises, twists and torments and tortures, remember God still lives and is hanging out his stars. Stars of promise! Stars of hope! Stars of power!

And these are for you and for me. You are indeed a very important person.

\* \* \*

Still in mutual sufferance lies  
The secret of true living;  
Love scarce is love that never knows  
The secret of forgiving.

—John G. Whittier

## Words Never Die

Katherine Bevis

**W**ORDS have accomplished more than all the bombs ever dropped. Moses wrote the Ten Commandments on tablets of stone from Divine inspiration. The stone has long been dust, but the WORDS LIVE!

Man's greatest and noblest works of genius built from brick and mortar crumble and perish, but WORDS NEVER DIE!

Friendly words open broad, bright vistas to him who uses them.

Hildegarde, that famous and beautiful woman, tells us that she carries with her a poem by Ruth M. McKeon, daily reciting it to herself:

*With this, the talent I possess  
Dear Lord, let me bring  
happiness*

*In some small way to those who  
read*

*With saving laughter as their  
need.*

*Let it be said no word of mine  
Shall turn a heart away from  
Thine;*

*But, if frivolity can make  
A little less the bitter ache  
That fills one soul; or for awhile  
Induce a tired face to smile;  
Dear Lord, perhaps you will not  
care*

*If this is what I call my prayer.  
Disraeli and Gladstone were bit-*

ter political opponents; but when Gladstone attacked Disraeli in Parliament, Disraeli would heap coals of fire on his head by completely ignoring the remarks.

You see that old saying about sticks and stones breaking bones where words never will isn't always true. Words not only can hurt you but they can ruin you, that is, the words you speak to others or about others.

From the time of the Psalmist to our present-day psychologists, wise men have advocated a virtue, that of "guarding the tongue." Loose your tongue—lose your friend! As Douglas Jerrold put it, "The last word is the most dangerous of infernal machines."

Avoid the LAST WORD. Let the other fellow have it—if he is foolish enough to take it.

As some one has said, "Before you uncork some 'language' don't just look at the label, but what is INSIDE the bottle!"

Robert Butler of Walter Butler Shipbuilders, Inc. at Superior, Wisconsin, has a motto in his office which reads, IF YOU CAN'T WRITE AND SIGN IT—DON'T SAY IT.

Remember, WORDS NEVER DIE!

## First Things First

Pamela Dawn

**T**HE first hour of the morning is the rudder of the day," said Henry Ward Beecher.

For many of us the first hour after rising in the morning, however, is the most crowded hour of the day. Our family needs us, or we have to dash away to work. Every minute of that first hour seems crammed with outer activity.

Perhaps before we leave our rooms we think of God hurriedly, or ask Him to bless the day, but we do not stop to listen to what He has to say to us. A "rudder" is defined as anything that guides or that directs a course. Yet how many of us let God get a suggestion in edgewise during that first hour, with which to form our daily rudder?

Recently I spent a few days with a group of people in a rather isolated mountain section of California. One evening a slight gray haired Missionary from India gave a talk on Following God's Guidance. He said Jesus had an UNDISTURBED POISE in every emergency. That He always had the answer at just the right time! How did He do it?

Well, that radiant faced Missionary went on to say that God woke

Jesus VERY EARLY every morning and gave Him his instructions for the day. That Jesus believed God and depended upon Him implicitly—and He knew God's leading was PERFECT.

And he added that we, too, may trust God and have the same POWER Jesus had. That we can secure that leading one day at a time as Jesus did. Jesus received His instructions from God the FIRST THING every morning and NEVER WORRIED. To Him each day was an unfolding of the Father's Will.

If you are seeking spiritual enlightenment, why not begin to wake up early enough to let God come first? Let your family sleep on undisturbed if necessary. Think of Him before you take any steps toward planning your daily activities.

A woman who disliked housework, and most of all rising early to get breakfast, began to ask God during those first moments of waking, to PLAN her household tasks for her. She said that as soon as she began to think "God First" that even the teakettle sang a merry tune to the rhythm of those words.

Can't you imagine the way one's daily tasks and problems would

dovetail together—like a finely formed jig-saw puzzle—if we would emulate Jesus' system of asking God's leading the first thing every morning?

If you are expecting guests, put God First in your thoughts. He will help you prepare the guest room, plan the meals and inspire the little excursions of pleasure for them. Put God ahead of all the things you want to talk with your friends about, and they will enjoy every minute of their stay.

Or, if you are planning a vacation, put God First in your plans. His Spirit of Divine Order, protection, and security will go before you to make your way joyous.

Put God First in your financial matters, and He will bless and increase all your transactions. Put Him at the head of your grocery or shopping list, and He will inspire you to make only those purchases which will satisfy. When we put God First we set all of the affairs of our day in order.

During my three decades as secretary in the business world I recall how my employers invariably made tentative outlines for the day. One boss even had a large page blocked off for days of the week, and under each day listed the projects which were due to arise. Another kept his calendar pad filled with scribbles of appointments, calls and tasks. Always our activi-

ties pivoted around those schedules.

One morning as I sat down to pray and plan for the day's needs at home, it occurred to me that if a good business executive accomplishes so much with his daily memo, so that nothing important is overlooked, how much more effective would be an outline for our personal living, headed by God. I seemed harried by a thousand and one tasks needing attention, so decided to write them out and ask God to engineer their performance for me in their rightful order.

Life had become very strenuous for me because of a loved one who had been ill for many months. This caused me to be on my toes day after day with what seemed more than I could humanly do. I was already lengthening my working hours and shortening my hours of rest in an attempt to keep up with the demands. Then it was I felt inspired to write out a schedule of daily "musts" first thing every morning, one such being as follows:

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1952

Dear God:

Please guide me spiritually and serenely through this day. Please help me perform all necessary material tasks quickly, easily and in their proper order. Thank you, God!

3 special "diet" meals to prepare.

Marketing

Cleaning

Doctor's appointment

Visiting Nurse help 1 hour.

Telephone calls to:

..... and .....

Write letters to:

..... and .....

Income tax to work on.

Laundry to make up.

Mending.

Prayer time.

Article writing.

Thank you, Father, for guiding me through every task of this day. Thank you for precious moments to study and write. Thank you for protection and keeping me safe in all my comings and goings.

It has been most illuminating the way things began to *adjust themselves*, so to speak. Things clicked and happened in Divine Order. I would be inspired to make telephone calls at the propitious moment. Callers would come at opportune times between my errands. It was more difficult to find moments to sit down with peace of mind to write or study. But even such spiritual respites arose. I would run across the street to beautiful Golden Gate Park for some precious trysts with God.

With the advent of daily written

schedules, matters began to ease up in my routine, as I let God have precedence. Often the first tasks listed would work out best last, and the last became first!

Dear Reader, why don't you DETERMINE TODAY TO PLACE GOD FIRST? Begin by listing your burdens and then ask God to show you how to solve them as they arise. Keep such list sacred and hidden from prying eyes of others. Then as each item is "wiped off the slate" pause a minute to write "THANK YOU GOD" across the finished item. Put God First as you scan the morning paper. Then you will be strengthened in consciousness instead of frightened or wrought up. Put Him ahead of the news items that concern your friends; and the healing, soothing peace of God will flow out from you to bless all people everywhere.

But remember, GOD WANTS SOME MINUTES OF THAT FIRST HOUR of each new day. God will bless you quickly if you will give Him freely of your first waking moments. And in so doing you, too, will find yourself possessed of that UNDISTURBED POISE which Jesus had. You will be amazed at the RIGHT ANSWERS and wise decisions you will be able to make when you depend on GOD'S LEADING—which is PERFECT.



## Faith

Mary Helen Jones

A TALL slim girl came slowly from the steps of the chapel, turned to the left, and melted into the sidewalk traffic of San Francisco. She was lost in her own thoughts and no one noticed her. It was as they had planned it. Nothing sensational; just another day like many, many more days to follow. She could feel the rightness of it all and a little contentment for having successfully come through a time of testing. It was just as Paul had said it would be if they kept their courage.

She and Paul had returned from Europe six months ago. Paul had been told that he would have six months in the States and would then go to Korea. Each of them had enjoyed his Army career and up to this point they had not been separated. They had known, but had never dwelt on the fact, that someday he would be sent where she could not go.

When the orders to return to the States came, Paul began to talk about going to Korea. He spoke of it not emotionally, but just as though it was the next job to do. He began to make some plans for her. She remembered one day on the boat coming home. The sea was calm; they were leaning over the railing

watching the ocean break against the boat. "I think I want you to live in 'Frisco. We both like it there and I can dream of you looking out of the harbor and over my way."

It had been such fun getting home they had forgotten about Korea a while. Then the months at Camp Carson were good ones. They enjoyed the thrilling sights of Colorado. The orders came thirty days ago. Captain Paul Davis would leave from San Francisco October 31, 1952.

Two weeks ago they arrived in the city with a fourteen day leave. They had found her a comfortable apartment on a street close to the sea—you can look over at me every night, Paul had said.

One day as they were window shopping, they came to an old church. When it was built there was probably plenty of space around it, but now it is in the middle of stores and office buildings. It was noon and several people were going in and out. Paul held her hand as they walked up the steps; the chapel was dusky—only what small amount of sun light could penetrate the heavily painted windows lifted the darkness. If I can keep this strength, she thought, I can stand the months ahead.

That night Paul read that a book shop about three blocks from the church needed a saleslady. "That would be perfect," he said "Each day at noon you could go to the church like we did today."

The next morning they went to the book shop. The arrangements were soon made. The little man wanted someone who would love his books as he did and who would want to share them with others. From the store they went to the church and each day at noon they went back to gain strength for the shortening time.

October 30 came. They walked by the sea that day. "You must come this way often," he said. "Always you will know that I am walking along with you. Each day I want you to go to the church at noon. I'll adjust the time and whatever I am doing at that time, I'll think of you in the chapel and I will be there with you. As you sit there, you will feel me next to you. You will feel my shoulder against your shoulder and you will feel my hand on your hand. At all times I will think of you but I won't know exactly where you are, but at noon we will be together in the chapel. There we will gain our strength for the next hours, and each day will follow another and before you know it I will be back again. Tomorrow we will go to the chapel and I will

leave you there."

On the way to the chapel the next day, Paul chatted as he had on other days. He checked his papers again to be sure he had the right orders and he repeated some of the things he had cautioned her about their allotments and the name of the man at the bank he wanted her to see if she needed any help.

They reached the chapel steps. "This is it, dear. This is what we have been working toward. Keep your chin up." He held his arm around her waist as they walked into the chapel. There was only one other person there. She was amazed at how calm she felt; she had a feeling of great crisis ahead but somehow she felt she was prepared for it. They sat very still; she felt the pressure of his shoulder against her shoulder; he held her hand tight in his. "I'll be with you here tomorrow, sweetheart," she heard him say and then he slipped from the seat. She had promised she would not look after him and that she would stay in the chapel until she was sure he was gone. As she heard his steps she felt sudden panic—and then a reassuring calm as she made herself stay with her head bowed.

Then she rose and left the chapel, turned left, and walked up the street toward the book store. Many hard days lie ahead but she would not be alone; she would live with courage.

MY LORD, AND MY GOD

"And Thomas answered and said unto him, My Lord and my God."—John 20:28

WHAT do you think is the most important event in the life of Jesus? Is it his birth? The loftiness of his ethics and teaching? The miracles he performed? His voluntary crucifixion? His resurrection? His ascension? Which of these is absolutely necessary if Jesus is to be Lord and Savior?

The Himalayan event in the life of Jesus was his resurrection. Without the resurrection it is questionable that we ever would have heard of him. He had contemporaries who said lovely and inspiring things, who healed, who had disciples and large followings. You can take most of what Jesus said and match it with something similar or identical from the lips of the Hebrew prophets, the Greek philosophers, and the religious teachers of the East. They saw the need of goodwill, of trusting God, of overcoming the harshness of life, of conquering death, and they had visions of a new heaven and a new earth. But not one of them was able to match his vision with accomplishment. Jesus stands alone here in mighty grandeur.

The disciples were a beaten group of men at the time of the resurrection. They did not believe the "old wives' tales" of the women who first reported it. Once they had been satisfied as to its reality, they became a transformed and invincible body that was to establish the Christian Church and to change the world. Without the resurrection they might well have evaporated into the silences of history.

The spiritual hydrogen bomb of all history is that it was this Jesus "whom God hath raised up, having loosed the pains of death; because it was not possible that he should be holden of it." On this fact swings the "door of history."

Paul puts into words the desire that leaps up within all of us when he yearns, "That I may know him, and the POWER of his resurrection . . ." It is the resurrection that makes Jesus, the Christ!

Read: *The Resurrection and the Life*, Leslie D. Weatherhead. \$1.00

HOW TO AVOID A "RESITTING"

"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me . . ." —Matthew 11:28-29

I WENT TO a photography studio and as I was waiting to have my picture taken I noticed a sign which read, "Your cooperation will be greatly appreciated in order to avoid resittings." As Jesus drew his parables from the experiences that were common to the people of his day, I wondered what he might find of spiritual value in this sign in a photographer's studio.

Jesus never told anyone that he could go on living the same old life he always had lived and still receive the spiritual benefits He talked about. He demanded cooperation. When the cripple with the withered hand stood in the temple with hope in his heart, Jesus said to him, "Stretch forth thy hand." In other words Jesus was saying something like this, "Yes, I can heal you: I can make your arm well and strong just like the other, but there is something that you must do. You must cooperate with me. I have complete faith in my Father. Now, cooperate with me by one little act of faith — **Stretch forth thy hand!**"

The greatness of the Sermon on the Mount is only equaled by the insistence of its demands for the cooperation of the reader. "Love your enemies." "Do good to them that curse you." "Be not anxious for tomorrow." "Pray to thy Father who is in secret." "Judge not that ye be not judged." ". . . first be reconciled to thy brother, and then offer thy gift at the altar." "Do not swear at all, either by heaven, for it is the throne of God, or by the earth, for it is his footstool, or by Jerusalem, for it is the city of the great King." "Resist not evil, but overcome it with good."

Paul states the principle perfectly when he says, "Be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind in Christ Jesus." Cooperate! Do something about it! He cannot help us if we idly sit by expecting him to do it all. If we are not willing to at least "stretch forth our hand," then, in the words of the photographer's sign, "A resitting will be necessary."

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

## THE LORD GOES BEFORE YOU

*"And David came to Baalperazim, and David defeated them there; and he said, 'The Lord has broken through my enemies before me, like a bursting flood.'"—2 Samuel 5:20.*

**G**OD WAS MORE THAN a Sabbath personality to David. "The Lord has broken through my enemies before me" is an open window into the thinking of David. He went into battle, but David did not rely solely upon himself. He sought the counsel of his God in the affairs of war, just as he did in family and personal matters. David was sure that God was as interested in this area of his life as He was in the "religious" exercises of ritual and prayer. The picture that David held in his mind was that "the Lord went before him" to prepare the way for him.

A minister whom I know uses his creative imagination when he "sees" Jesus going beside him when he makes his church calls. Jesus rides in his car, he goes into homes with him, and in all things and in all ways our Lord is his constant companion. Is it any wonder his pastoral work has been more successful than it was previously? A purchasing agent comes to his desk each morning and "sees" Jesus going through the papers and preparing them for his decisions. His co-workers cannot figure out why he is so successful and so "lucky." When Jesus told his disciples not to worry about what they would say when they were hailed before magistrates and kings, that at the last moment they would be given what to say, he was teaching them that "the Lord went before them." Peter saw the Lord going before him when he told the cripple that though he had no silver and gold, "In the name of Jesus Christ arise and walk." When Paul was in prison it was made known to him that "the Lord had gone before him" when he was told, "Ye must be my witness in Rome."

Now, all this is more than a technique, it is more than a game, and it is more than autosuggestion. The act of opening a window might be considered a technique, but it is more. Open a window and something happens because of this act. Fresh air comes in and floods the room. The result of imagining Jesus "going before you" is that you have opened a window of your soul and he enters the affairs of your life with power and vitality.

Read: **Through Valleys to Victories**, Starr Daily. \$2.50

## Books of Interest

Norman K. Elliott

**STAKE YOUR CLAIM**, Emmet Fox. Harper, \$1.50. 123 pages. This is a collection of short, one to three page, meditations and explanations on a variety of spiritual subjects. For condensed inspiration they are hard to beat. For Emmet Fox fans, they are a collection that will be wanted and devoured with happiness. For those who are either not familiar with the man, or who have some reservations about his approach, there is much that is good and lovely and stimulating. A few of the titles of these fine meditations are "The Sunshine of God's Love," "How Much Can God Do?" "The Greatest Temptation," "The Bible Has An Answer," "Fasting," "Spring Cleaning," and "Be Practical."

**THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE**, Leslie D. Weatherhead. Abingdon-Cokesbury, \$1.00. 64 pages. I do not know when I have read a more lifting, lucid, practical, and inspiring book than this one. It is perfect for Lent and Easter, but no more so than for any other time. It is timeless. The chapters are "Christ Is Risen," "Christ Is Alive Today," "Christ Offers Life Now," "Christ Offers Life Hereafter," and "Christ Is Relevant To Life Today." It is smooth reading, clear thinking, and the Gospel of Christ from beginning to end.

**MOMENTS OF DEVOTION**, Grace Noll Crowell. Abingdon-Cokesbury, \$1.50. 144 pages. These moments are twenty-six meditations that consist of a Scripture passage, the message (sometimes including an original poem), and a closing prayer. The meditations are personal, easy to understand, warm and inspirational. Some of the titles are "As the Day Begins," "Through God We Shall Do Valiantly," "Bravery," "Like As A Father," and "Abide With Us." Good for personal and group devotions.

**HERE'S A FAITH FOR YOU**, Roy M. Pearson. Abingdon-Cokesbury, \$2.00. 155 pages. There is a lot of good writing here about the Christian faith and beliefs and how to get started on them. The author does a good job of explaining them for the average person, and he has some sound advice about how to practice them. Some of the chapter titles are "A Faith for Tough Times," "A Way to Get Started," "Thank God You Feel Inadequate," and "God Takes Care of His Own."

**THEY DARE TO BELIEVE**, Robert M. Martlett. Association, \$2.00. 158 pages. Here are the stories of seventeen men and women who dedicated their lives to self-sacrifice for the good of mankind. They all make for good reading, and this is the kind of reading that old people and young ought to include in their diet. The stories, as the lives they portray, are strong, heartening and examples for all of us to follow. Some of the men and women written up are Eivind Josef Berggrav, Ralph J. Bunche, Bhimroa Ramji Ambedkar, Charles Malik, Vijaya Lakshmi Pandit, and Hachiro Yuasa. This is also good material for speakers, teachers, and writers.

**THIS IS THE LIFE**, Starr Daily. Harper, \$2.50. 189 pages. I like this book of Starr Daily's because it is an honest book of the spiritual life and its growth. There are flights of the Spirit in it, but they are honest and genuine and not something forced to give the reader a thrill. The author does not pad the book with a catalogue of his successes, but tells of his struggles and failures as well as the events of his spiritual growth that turned out well. If anyone is seriously sick and tired of the life they are now living, if there are some who do not feel they have achieved the growth and content-

ment that they should have, then I would highly recommend that they get this book and do what it says. The book is made up of the flesh and blood of experience, the wisdom that comes from walking with God, and the new life that comes from Jesus Christ. Some of the chapters are "From Experiment to Experience," "The Disciples of Faith," "Growing in Grace," and "A Collection of Personal Experiences in Counseling."

THE CARILLON, Lawrence W. Pearson. Morehouse-Gorham, \$2.00. 136 pages. A volume of brisk and refreshing two page meditations. They are divided into three general categories: The Church Year, General, and Special Occasions. The thoughts are clear and pointed, the instruction is warmly Christian, and reading the book ought to make the reader take stock of himself according to the standards of Christ.

\* \* \*

### Peace Waits

Mary B. Wall

The peace  
We have not won  
Waits at the edge of hope  
Until the hearts of men grow bright  
With love.

\* \* \*

### Tell Me, Oak Tree

Doris Hanks Enabnit

Oak tree, rooted deep in sod,  
Oak tree, speak to me of God.  
Tell me how you came to grow  
Through the drought, the heat, the snow.  
How an acorn hard and small  
Fell to earth—bed in the Fall,  
Through long Winter knew no pain  
Of the cold, the frost, the rain.  
How these broke your shell apart,  
Which concealed your Oak-tree heart,  
Of this too, I long to know,  
Did you from a longing grow?  
Did you grow to greater height,  
Reaching up to seek the light?  
Home that squirrel and wild-bird seek,  
Mighty Oak tree, will you speak?  
"In the acorn hard and small  
Lives the tree, its root and all."

☞ By their fruits ye shall know them.

## God Gives No Monopoly

Ruth G. Crocker

INDIANS didn't know about Christ; still their "Great Spirit" led them in amazingly Christian ways. Just how do we Christians stack up beside these "heathens" in our daily living?

First, religion was an integral part of the daily life of most Indian tribes, and colored all their activities. The idea of one "Great Over-soul" was widespread; he was an intangible spirit, omnipotent and beneficent. From cradle to the grave, each individual felt personally responsible to this "Great Spirit." They courted his favor by prayer, sacrifice, and a life of kindness and generosity to others. They sought knowledge and guidance of Him by fasting, by discipline, and by lonely "retreats." Each man was consecrated to the service of his people.

Each day was started with prayer and thanksgiving; thanks was given for food. The first religious retreat was an event comparable in a youth's life to that of conversion in a Christian. At the solemn hour of sunset or sunrise, the youth took up his lonely vigil; erect, silent, motionless, for as long as two days and nights; seeking communion with His Maker. Later, most men had

their own "holy place", where they slipped away for retreats of prayer and praise.

Honesty—who has ever heard of a dishonest Indian before they were corrupted by the White Man? They despised a liar, and their word, once given, was to them a sacred promise and had to be kept even though it meant much peril in the process.

Indian children were well loved—while they were disciplined and reprimanded, they were not spanked or beaten. The Indians were not only fond of their own children—they loved children in general. Orphans readily found a home.

The poor, the sick, the aged, and the widows were always taken care of first. When camp was moved, they were among the first; and after a hunt they were always remembered.

Also, the Indians did not believe in laying up for themselves great treasures of blankets, horses, and other "worldly goods." If through the fortunes of war or trade, one accumulated a great stock, it was customary to give a feast and divide up the goods with those in the tribe who had little. Is that far off from Christ's teachings?

A fairly universal custom entitled

Reference: "Gospel of The Red Man," by Ernest Thompson Seton

any man, if hungry, to go into any one else's lodge and help himself to food. Generally, privacy was held in as high regard as you and I hold it.

How do you rate these "wild savages?" Are the Christians you know as "Christian" in their daily lives? Truly, Christ has said: "By their fruits ye shall know them . . ."

\* \* \*

### Prayer for a New President

*Katherine L. Ramsdell*

O God,  
Thy finger marks once more  
This man of destiny  
Who leads us in a new crusade  
To keep our country free.

The tasks that lie ahead,  
O Lord,  
Need more than human aid;  
With courage fill his humble heart  
To face them undismayed.

Show him, we pray,  
The better way  
To make our nation strong;  
The devious paths of compromise  
We've traveled far too long.

That faith  
Which his forefathers knew  
May he claim for his own;  
Give him the firm assurance  
That he never stands alone.

Dear God,  
Within his eager mind  
Thy wisdom's store increase;  
May he who knew  
The depth of war  
Lead us to heights of peace!

☞ There is a blessedness of having what is offered not rejected.

## Receiving and Giving

*Elza Clare*

AS WE are made in the image and likeness of God, and as He is constantly giving, so giving is to the health of the spirit as essential as food is to the health of the body. We are conscious of this in ourselves and are always striving to make ourselves more generous and to find new outlets for our giving. But I wonder whether we are as aware as we should be of the need to give that is in other people. There is a grace in receiving, too, in allowing others to fulfill their own need of giving.

Someone has said, "Truly it is more blessed to give than to receive, but to me there is a blessedness beyond either of those and that is the blessedness of having what is offered not rejected." It seems to me that we need to be on the alert for those in whom the need to give has been thwarted. Watch a child giving some small but cherished gift of its own making. See the delight in that small face if the gift is received with the same heart-felt joy with which it is offered. See that same small face stricken when such a gift is carelessly accepted. A child reveals its joys and sorrows easily and one can learn a lesson there. But there are others among us who

stand in the same need of being allowed and even helped to give.

I knew a young woman once, very wealthy and able to give more than most. She had a loving heart and when a new chapel was opened in her town, it was with great joy and with the loveliest intent that she gave an organ to that chapel. During the dedication service, she sat in the chapel and listened with deep joy to the playing of the organ, her heart full of thankfulness that she could give this gift of music to all those people in that little chapel. But then she heard whispering behind her and heard someone say, "Look at her so proud of her rich gift and so pleased with herself!" That remark put a sort of fear in her that any gift of hers would be misunderstood and made it difficult for her forever after to give as she truly wanted to give. I have known others to whom the act of giving was a natural and simple expression of their freely given love but who soon learned that others were inclined to take their offering as a sort of "buying" of friendship and so became afraid to give. Every church probably has within its membership those whose offerings, not so much of money, but of themselves, have been rejected or laughed at until

they have become walled in by their own fears of rejection.

It is to these that I feel we have a responsibility to free them from these barriers. I think we need to be on the watch for them and to open up channels for their giving. Did Jesus ever refuse anything that was offered to Him in love? Have we the right to reject what is offered to us? Is it not a sort of pride that makes us feel that we cannot let any-

one do too much for us? Have we looked deep enough to know whether the person who would give more than we feel we can allow is not perhaps giving because his soul demands that its need to give be fulfilled? May we not be denying that other soul its chance of growth when we refuse what is offered? Truly, it is more blessed to give than to receive, but let us not deny that blessedness to others.



### Behind the Night

*Otto Tod Mallery*

To any watcher for the dawn there comes  
A moment of uncertainty  
When neither night nor day prevails.  
Long hours the night its dark dominion holds  
With undisputed sway. Unseen the source  
Of coming light below the horizon —  
Unseen but certain — certain to sweep away  
The night as mother's broom the transient dust  
Of yesterday.

Tonight I will pretend  
I am a sailor man on masthead watch  
When oceanic night has draped such dark  
That every cheery star has fled to seek  
A brighter playground. Is the lookout man  
Downcast? He whistles in the wind and clogs  
His feet. He knows the helmsman kens the course  
And holds the prow as true on Portland Light  
As though its unseen gleam were clear and bright  
As now his glowing pipe before his eyes.  
— Night is the time for trusting the Unseen.

☞ To turn our backs on the church is to cast off our cultural parentage.

## Why Attend Church?

*Georgia Harkness*

THERE are various reasons why you should go to church. The first is that if you do not attend—and not merely attend but enter into its ongoing life—you are a parasite.

The church is the chief conservator of spiritual values, and it is the institutional embodiment of our Christian heritage. To turn our backs on the church is to cast off our cultural parentage.

The second reason why you need to go to church is that the church needs you. Every criticism which can be brought against it is true—in some places and in some respects.

But a very large reason why the church is not in better health is that many educated people have

shunned it because it was sick. Its major need is for active and intelligent leadership. It has done great things; it can do greater.

The basic reason for attending church is that it offers you corporate worship of God in the name of Christ. Conceivably one might maintain a growing religious experience without the church—especially with some other religious organization as a substitute. But not many people do.

Among a hundred who say they are going to worship in nature or at home on Sunday morning, there is perhaps one who does. Instead of asking "Does one need to go to church to be religious?" one might better say, "If one is religious, will he want to stay away?"

From *Advance*—March 17, 1952



### Sing Unto the Lord

*Edna Hull Miller*

There came, where the maple leans to touch  
The strings of the winds gay lyre—  
The golden notes from one small throat  
That seemed a feathered choir.

If one small bird can spill such joy  
Who has no home but a tree,  
How much more should I praise God  
For common mercies to me.

☞ A mirage! a glimpse of beauty hidden beyond the horizon.

## Look for Hidden Beauty

Clara Brown Chiles

FOR a number of years, mirages have been considered in an unfriendly light. That is easy to understand because of the unfortunate experiences of the westward-bound pioneers. My observation convinced me that they also have a lesson to teach—at least they taught me something that I very much needed to know.

Several years ago my work took me to the Panhandle of Oklahoma, where I spent a year. At first I was miserably unhappy and almost ill from longing for the mountains, foothills, and trees of my old home. North, south, east, west—as far as the eye could see—there was nothing taller than a windmill. I felt as if I were in the middle of an enormous pan.

I knew there must be beauty somewhere and in something if I could only find it. One morning when the sameness seemed almost unbearable, I looked off to the western rim of the pan. There was a range of mountains, snow-capped and tall. Was this an hallucination? Was I seeing things that were not there? Then I remembered something I had read. This was a mirage! a glimpse of beauty hidden beyond the horizon.

A few days later, I saw the lake.

It appeared to be at least a mile long and was as blue as the sky. Trees lined the water's edge and cattle grazed nearby. Strangest of all, a car approached the lake but did not stop. It seemed to be running along on top of the water amid clouds of dust.

One foggy morning an ancient city appeared out in the center of a wheat field. Castles were reflected in the mote surrounding it. Smoke rose from the chimneys.

My interest in watching for mirages brought other things to my attention. I began to notice the colorful sunrises and sunsets and the purple shadows that move unexpectedly over the landscape. In time I learned to like the unbroken view across the miles of space to the perfect circle where the sky reaches down to touch the grassland.

I now believe, with all my heart, that there are interesting things, even beautiful things, in every part of the land which the Great Creator planned for human habitation. They are there if we hut school our eyes to see them. Likewise, there are worthwhile qualities in the lives of all His people, if we but train our minds and hearts to see the beauty hidden beyond the horizon of appearances.

☞ This is the deepest secret of all, to love greatly and to delight in Him.

## The Perfect Key and Keys

J. Rufus Moseley

THE glorified Jesus comes in to us as we want Him and invite Him to come. He comes to abide forever if we are wise enough to want and choose for Him to abide and increase unto perfect triumph. After we receive Him we have but one problem, and that is to choose to abide in Him and to be perpetually giving His Love to all. This might be called the first key.

In my quest for abiding in Him, I had become aware that it was so all-important I must give up everything that separated me from Him. I was willing to make the separation and expected it to be very costly. I was seeking to find out what to give up when it was spoken through me, "My presence shall go with thee and give thee rest. Go in love and I will always go with thee." A new world opened to me. I did not have to give up, but I had to give forth—I had to give forth love, only love and all possible love to everybody and everything.

One may do so-called spiritual work and render so-called Christian service in an unloving spirit and thus be dry, uninspired, and dull; and one may wash dishes or dirty clothes or plow a mule in the new

ground and do it in love and joy and conscious, intimate fellowship and union with Him. The love test is the Test of Tests. He being love, we have to abide in love, go in love, and do all things in love in order to abide in Him. When we get out of love we get out of Him. And when we repent and get back in love, we get back in Him, and get back where we went out.

Paul Moody, the youngest son of Dwight L. Moody, says the most precious memory he has of his great father was the night after he had been somewhat severe on him during the day. After little Paul had retired he felt a large hand over his head and his father was there asking his forgiveness. When you go in love and humility it is easy to receive forgiveness and to be more loved, and to be far more loving.

So as we have seen, wherever you get out of love is where you must get back in love. If you have violated the spirit and law of love in dealing with your own wife, you'll have to repent to her as well as to God. You could not be sweet enough with all the other women in the world to get back.

This is illustrated in mathematics. Whenever you make a mistake the

correction has to be made in terms of the mistake. You might be correct in all the rest of mathematics but you will never be happily at one with mathematics until correction is made at the point of error.

Jesus Christ Who is perfect Love is reconciling us to God who is perfect Love, and we have to be reconciled to be loving in the whole of life. And whenever we miss the way of love we have the blessed privilege of seeing our mistake, asking forgiveness, and becoming more loving than before the violation.

The second key made known to me of ineffable union is to put this union with Him first. As Jesus put it, keep first the Kingdom of Heaven and everything else that is good and desirable will be added. Whatever we do we have to do in love and this love will always be a pure love if we always keep first this keeping in union with Him. If we are not in union we have to get in union before we are of any real service to Him or to anyone. We are as worthless when separated from Him as a branch is when separated from the vine.

In union with Him everything clicks. You hardly have to do things. They seem to do themselves. Outside of union with Him we are of no value except to repent and get back.

If you are away from home don't try to find out which of two wrong

things you should do. Leave everything and return to Him. In union with Him you will know what to do; let your supreme concern be to be in union; if you are out of union get back in union and when in union increase in union. If we put first that which is first, which is perfect union with Him and perpetual outflow of love towards all, everything else is cared for.

Another key is to humble yourself as a little child at the feet of Jesus. The smaller you are the easier it is to get in. The gate is just large enough to let you and all possibilities of good enter, and narrow enough to keep out all that would keep Heaven from being Heaven if it were not kept out.

At the place of utter yielding and humility with the key of holy love, we enter into Him and are placed where we belong in the body of Jesus Christ or Kingdom of God. Each is placed just where he belongs and given the work that he can do best of all. Here one does his work so well and so happily if necessary he would pay for the privilege of doing it, and yet does it so well he gets the best pay of all.

Until one finds something so good he must tell it, he really has nothing worth saying. If you have to pay a man to preach, you had better pay him not to preach, for he really has nothing worth listening to. We are

all comparatively worthless and inefficient outside of Him and His will and best work for us. We are all tops in His best will for us and doing the thing and the things we can do best of all.

Another key or secret of ineffable union with Him is to have great delight in doing His will. This comes with the new covenant. The old covenant failed because it sought to force us to do things we knew we ought to do but did not enjoy doing. The new succeeds be-

cause right desire and delight are written in the heart and in the mind, so like Jesus we delight above all else in doing His will. When we love to do what we should do, we are essentially in Heaven no matter how much hell there may appear to be around about us. Here we go to His will like birds go to the air. Yes, this is the deepest secret of all, to love greatly and to delight in Him and in doing His will. Here we find His will is always that which is the wisest and the best and the happiest for all.

\* \* \*

### Spinning From Within

*Harold A. Schulz*

Spider, we could learn from your design  
How you have built your great domain, a sphere  
From limb to limb, suspended, arched with strength  
And free from bonds of vanity and fear.

An engineer would fill with bursting pride  
Could he construct a kingdom for this life  
As you have done; for you have built with calm  
Collected poise and peace—away from strife.

We know you are a spinner in the sun,  
We know you work with patience as you spin  
Your orb, with power not sought without yourself  
But with eternal essence found within.

\* \* \*

### Beyond Words

*Theresa E. Black*

I'm knee-deep in clover,  
I feel good all over,  
My lot is complete without end.  
She avoided our meeting  
And today with my greeting  
I made her forever my friend.



☞ Self-examination is a path to rebirth.

## Be Born Again

John E. Hartman

THE New Testament refers and alludes to rebirth. We have all read of the miracles done by the Great Healer. And how many of us at one time or another have thought: How I wish that I could meet Jesus Christ tomorrow so that I might be healed of my affliction. Most likely all of us. The great problem then is to make the rebirth, or healing, a contemporary occurrence.

How are we to bring the ancient miracles up to date in our lives? By church attendance? By a steadied study of the Bible? By putting into practice His principles of human relations? Yes, we must do all of these. But isn't a sense of awareness the most pressing demand of our spirits? Our attending church, studying the Bible, and application of the Golden Rule subconsciously nurture a hunger for fulfillment in our daily lives. We seek a rebirth, a way to be born again.

Self-examination is a path to rebirth. A close analysis of ourselves many times reveals that it is we who need the changing and not the exterior conditions and circumstances in our lives. When we finally achieve a peace within our souls we find that the things we sought were not on the far horizon, but very

close at hand. If we sincerely believe in our hearts that there is a Divine Personality, Force, or Spirit which binds our lives, some miracle in our thinking processes inevitably attunes us to the stresses of living.

When we automatically and continuously assert in our minds that a Divine Power is present and will aid us, we become released. Circumstances which once confounded us become stepping stones to a new plan conceived outside of ourselves.

When we revamp our thinking processes we become more and more optimistic about ourselves and the world in general. We radiate in a newness of life. We begin to see opportunity in calamity. And, of course, the feeling of opportunity seeks unconsciously to be satisfied. Herein our lives are changed from a state of inertia to one of action.

Believe with all your hearts that a Divine Power exists in every situation in which you find yourself, and soon you will find that you are being carried along by a vast, new momentum which leads to the solution of difficulties.

It will *seem* that way because you have been reborn, but actually that Power existed all the while. It only awaited your self-examination and harnessing of it.

☞ The "Christ of the Andes" has become the world's most impressive peace monument.

## Pattern for Peace

Vincent Edwards

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

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

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

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

The great congregation present never forgot his words. With moving eloquence, he urged that the bitter boundary dispute be sub-

mitted to international arbitration.

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

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

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

When that day came, another movement was well under way. The idea that had appealed most to the average Argentine had been the Bishop's suggestion for a statue of Christ high up in the Andes on the Chilean border. Organized by the

women of the country and headed by Señora de Costa, President of the Christian Mothers' Association of Buenos Aires, plans for such a peace monument rapidly took shape.

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

At last came the important day of dedication. This was on March 13, 1904. The night before, hundreds of persons made the long climb into the mountains and camped at the site.

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

There was music and also the

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

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

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

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

☞ Christ was always emphasizing the permanent in the impermanent.

## Links Across the Centuries

Arthur W. Peach

LIVING, as we do, amid ceaseless change in every day of our lives, I have often thought that our tendency to be confused by change is not so surprising, after all. Also, it is not puzzling that we confuse what is transitory with what is permanent. In days like ours, when over the entire world there is an ebbing and flowing of vast material changes and even more shifts in ideas, perhaps it is wise to think a moment on the question of what is passing and really not too important and what is lasting in terms of our mortal lives. And here are a few simple and appealing examples, it seems to me, of what I mean.

One of the really great minds of our day is that of Gilbert Murray, the Greek scholar of England; the centuries seem to be very clear to him; and I like this statement of his: "Beyond all changes of life the main web is permanent." As to what is permanent in the web, he refers to the fact that an Egyptian child of the First dynasty loved her clay doll just as much or more than a little girl of today loves a much better doll. When one remembers that the "First Dynasty" in Egypt history dates about 3000 B.C., the little girl's love for her clay

doll covers centuries of change—abiding to this moment in the little girl we know, happy with her much better doll.

Another bit of evidence is found in the poem, "Love, Weeping, Laid This Song," by the American poet, Lizette Woodworth Reese, which is based on the fact that a copy of Homer's Iliad was found with the mummy of a young Egyptian girl. The poem, if one muses upon it, symbolizes many values in our changing lives and changing times—the love of a mother and father for a child, of a girl for a favorite story and poem, for instance, and other values that will come to mind as one ponders the incident.

Here is the poem:

Lo! an old song yellow with centuries!

She, she who with her young dust kept it sweet;

She, in some green court on a carved seat,

Read it at dusk fair-paged upon her knees;

And looking up, saw there beyond the trees,

Tall Helen through the darkling shadows fleet;

And heard out in the fading river-street

The roar of battle like the roar  
of seas.

Love, weeping, laid this song  
when she was dead

In that sealed chamber, strange  
with nard and musk.

Outliving Egypt, see it here at  
last.

We touch its leaves: back rush  
the seasons sped;

For her, as once for her, in  
that old dusk

Troy trembles like a reed be-  
fore the blast!

The sound of arms has long since  
died away, and empires once so  
seemingly strong have vanished in  
the past, but the memory of the  
girl with her loved story lives on,  
a symbol of permanence across ages  
of change.

It so happens, that in speaking  
on the theme of literature that holds  
evidence of man's soul though the  
outer garb of literature shifts from  
age to age, I referred to this poem  
in a public lecture, and after the  
lecture a member of my audience  
came to me to say that just before  
coming to the lecture hall, a young  
daughter of his had been reading  
at home with fascination a trans-  
lation of the Iliad.

In 1923 the world followed with  
tense eyes the opening of the tomb  
of King Tutankhamen who reigned  
in Egypt about 1350 B.C., but in  
all the newspaper and magazine

reports I saw, one small but signi-  
ficant incident was not mentioned—  
one that like the examples I have  
given links the centuries, not in a  
material way, but in what we call  
a spiritual way—love outlasting the  
centuries.

On the coffin of the young king,  
resplendent with gold and gems,  
was a "tiny wreath of flowers"  
around the symbols on the king's  
forehead, "the last farewell offering  
of the widowed girl queen to her  
husband," according to the state-  
ment by Howard Carter who was  
the first to explore the tomb. He  
adds: "Amid all that regal splen-  
dor, that royal magnificence—every-  
where the glint of gold—there was  
nothing so beautiful as those few  
withered flowers, still retaining their  
tinge of color.

Of course, Christ was always em-  
phasizing the permanent in the im-  
permanent, and his quiet words,  
"Greater love hath no man than  
this, that a man lay down his life  
for his friends," were true in Jeru-  
salem two thousand years ago, and  
they will be true when the last hu-  
man heart beats for the last time.  
While at times, in the uproar of our  
chaotic days, it is often difficult to  
listen beneath them, we can, if we  
pause a moment, find again the  
golden links of words and thoughts  
that the ages neither tarnish nor  
destroy.

☞ God can accomplish nothing on earth except through us.

## Rise Up, O Men of God

C. L. Emerson

WHEN a layman is called  
upon to stand in a pul-  
pit, it is right that he  
do so with humility. Yes, he should  
do so with humility, but he should  
at the same time be sustained by the  
thought that the fathers of the  
Church who were imbued with  
power at Pentecost were also lay-  
men, many of them simple fisher-  
men.

We remember also that the first  
people to be called Christians were  
laymen. Their names we do not  
know. The Bible says they were  
men from Cyprus and Cyrene who  
brought the message to the Greeks  
at Antioch in Asia Minor.

Then too, on this day we are  
given a great text to consider to-  
gether, a magnificent hymn which  
rose in the heart of Dr. William  
Pierson Merrill after reading an  
article entitled "The Church of  
Strong Men." This country, the  
world, and in particular the Chris-  
tian Church needs strong men and  
women. The four stanzas of the  
hymn—"Rise Up, O Men of God",  
are not only beautiful, but they ably  
point up the great need of the  
Church today. In a sense, the words  
are prophetic of the hope of the  
world.

With our mechanized kitchens,  
our television sets, and other mo-  
dern gadgets galore, we tend to con-  
sider ourselves very civilized indeed.  
But despite these luxuries and de-  
spite the fact that we live in a land  
of plenty in a world of want, many  
of us are not—as a usual thing—  
happy.

When a person has been wise  
enough to put away some of the  
lesser things of life so that he may  
devote more of his time, effort, and  
abilities to the work of Christian-  
ity through his church, he begins  
to encounter a change in outlook.  
His decision, no doubt, has led him,  
as an intelligent person, to study  
and restudy his Bible, and to make  
an effort in the great field of prayer.  
He finds particularly in the New  
Testament an ever recurring cen-  
tral motif of brotherhood or friend-  
ship. The teaching is to be helpful  
to all those with whom he comes  
in contact, no matter if the person  
is a stranger like "the certain man  
who fell among thieves."

Of course, the central theme to  
such living is love, but this is a dif-  
ficult word because of the different  
interpretations placed upon it. I  
mean the sort of love which led the  
four chaplains to go down with the  
foundering ship without life pre-

servers, so that some unknown soldiers might save themselves.

In some lesser way we can begin our pilgrim's progress by developing a sympathy for our fellow human beings. We do not know what their trials and tribulations are but we do know that they have their measure of suffering.

Not only should sympathy lead us to loving kindness toward our fellows, but toward the Church itself, certainly our greatest and, perhaps, the least appreciated for its worth of any earthly institution.

We may remember that Christ owned no land or buildings. When He quit the trade of carpenter, He even left behind Him His tools. The only thing He ever laid personal claim to was His Church. You will remember His words to Peter when He said, in effect, the gates of hell shall not prevail against My Church. When we consider that this Church, established in apparent failure and weakness, has persisted for 2000 years and is stronger and growing more rapidly than ever before, and when we consider the weakness of some of the leaders as chronicled in history, its persecutions, its traitors, its worldliness in certain denominations—when we consider these things, we are filled with wonder and awe at the truth of this prophecy.

The Master said when giving God

credit for the miracles He wrought, "Of Myself I can do nothing". He also said to His disciples that they could accomplish nothing except through reliance on His power as provided through His contact with God. So it is today, we laymen can accomplish nothing in the field of the mind and the spirit except through a child-like reliance on Him and as we are used as an avenue of His power. It is a marvelous thought that we can become in a minute way a channel for the power of God and that we can do nothing worthy except through the Master. It is equally startling to think that God can accomplish nothing on earth except through us. He has set this limitation by His own volition, but nevertheless it exists.

What a challenge and what a responsibility to become a working partner with God through His Son. How can we sit here all day idle, when the establishment and the development of His Kingdom waits only upon us and our willingness to exercise the powers which He is ready to bestow upon us. We are His Church and we can be as great in His service as we elect to be.

The second line of the last stanza of the poem which is our theme admonishes us "Tread where His feet have trod".

When we are enjoined to tread

where His feet have trod, we can have the thrilling experience of remembering the faithful down through all centuries who have caught the vision of what Jesus preached, were filled with the Holy Spirit, and threw themselves wholeheartedly into the job of winning others to their Lord. The sense of participation in this unending train of disciples can make life take on a newness, a purpose, and an unimagined vitality!

We recall the words of the Master, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, take up his cross and follow Me."

A child is never afraid to follow its parent who takes it by the hand. Perhaps we too may be led in paths not too difficult for our strength by one who also said, "Ye shall find rest unto your souls. For My yoke is easy, and My burden is light."

This day in history is probably the one on which it is more important than any other for the layman to realize and fulfill his responsibility "to serve the King of Kings" through his Church and in his personal life.

Can this statement be lived? I think it can. But self-sacrifice must play its part.

When Jaques Duclos, the communist leader of France, was arrested recently, the secret records of the Communist Party were confiscated

by the French police. It is stated that these pragmatic individuals were impressed by the willingness shown in these private records of the communist rank and file to sacrifice their property and even life itself for their mistaken and evil cause. It makes us wonder whether we have an equal spirit of self-sacrifice toward the maintenance of our form of Government as well as the Christian Church upon which it is founded.

In the last analysis, science has made it mandatory that the world be ruled as a unit. It is only a question of the time when this consummation will be effected. The unification can not be accomplished permanently by force of arms, but it must be done by ideas and ideals. There is no truth, validity, or strength in ideas unless they lead to action, and if necessary, to sacrifice. I have no doubt but that Christianity will rule eventually, but if this is to be in terms of hundreds of years hence, there will be a period of horrible suffering between.

If our Christian laymen will demonstrate the same or greater intensity and sincerity of belief as the godless communists, we can advance to a peaceful and happy world order without the necessity of an intervening ordeal such as the six centuries of the dark ages. What are we laymen going to do about it?

## The Game With Minutes

Frank C. Laubach

### CHRIST IS THE ONLY HOPE OF THE WORLD

“**D**ISILLUSIONED by all our other efforts, we now see that the only hope left for the human race is to become like Christ.” That is the statement of a famous scientist, and is being repeated among ever more educators, statesmen, and philosophers. Yet Christ has not saved the world from its present terrifying dilemma. The reason is obvious: Few people are getting enough of Christ to save either themselves or the world.

How can a man or woman take this course with Christ today? The answer is so simple a child can understand it. Indeed unless we “turn and become like children” we shall not succeed.

1. We have a study hour. We read and reread the life of Jesus recorded in the Gospels thoughtfully and prayerfully at least an hour a day. We find fresh ways and new translations, so that this reading will never be dull but always stimulating and inspiring. Thus we walk with Jesus through Galilee by walking with Him through the pages of His earthly history.

2. We make Him our inseparable chum. We try to call Him to mind at least one second of each minute.

We do not need to forget other things nor stop our work, but we invite Him to share everything we do or say or think. Hundreds of people have experimented until they have found ways to let Him share every minute that they are awake. In fact, it is no harder to learn this new habit than to learn the touch system in typing, and in time one can win one hundred per cent of his minutes with as little effort as an expert typist needs to write a letter.

While these two practices take all our time, yet they do not take it from any good enterprise. They take Christ into that enterprise and make it more resultful. They also keep a man's religion steady. If the temperature of a sick man rises and falls daily the doctor regards him as seriously ill. This is the case with religion. Not spiritual chills and fevers, but an abiding faith which gently presses the will toward Christ all day, is a sign of a healthy religion.

Practicing the presence of God is not on trial. It has already been proved by countless thousands of people. Indeed, the spiritual giants of all ages have known it. Christians who do it today become more fervent and beautiful and are tireless witnesses. Men and women who

had been slaves of vices have been set free. Catholics and Protestants find this practicing the presence of God at the heart of their faith. Conservatives and liberals agree that here is a reality they need. People who are grateful for what this booklet has done for them are ordering wholesale quantities to give to friends. Letters from all parts of the world testify that in this game multitudes are turning defeat into victory and despair into joy.

The results of this program begin to show clearly in a month. They grow rich after six months, and glorious after ten years.

Somebody may be saying, “All this is very orthodox and very ancient.” It is, indeed, the secret of the great saints of all ages.

### RADIANT RELIGION

This game is not a grim duty. Nobody need play it unless he seeks richer life. It is a delightful privilege. If you forget to play it for minutes or hours or days, do not groan or repent, but begin anew with a smile. It is a thrilling joy—don't turn it into a sourfaced penance. With God, every minute can be a fresh beginning. Ahead of you lie limitless anticipations. Walt Whitman looked up into the starry skies and fairly shouted:

“Away, O Soul, hoist instantly the Sail!

O daring joy but safe!  
Are they not all the seas of God?  
O farther, farther, farther sail!”

### WHAT IS MEANT BY WINNING

You win your minute if, during that minute, you either:

1. Pray.
2. Recall God.
3. Sing or hum a devotional hymn.
4. Talk or write about God.
5. Seek to relieve suffering of any kind in a prayerful spirit.
6. Work with the consciousness of God's presence.
7. Whisper to God.
8. Feel yourself encompassed by God.
9. Look at a picture or a symbol of Christ.
10. Read a scripture verse or poem about God.
11. Give somebody a helping hand for the Lord's sake.
12. Breathe a prayer for the people you meet.
13. Follow the leading of the Inner Voice.
14. Plan or work for the Kingdom of God.
15. Testify to others about God, the church, or this game.
16. Share suffering or sorrow with another.
17. Hear God and see Him in flowers, trees, water, hills, sky.

# From the Desk of Glenn Clark

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

QUESTION: *Is it possible and practical to relate prayer to every activity of one's life?*

ANSWER: I received a letter from a clergyman in the deep south that answers this question completely and precisely. Of course, the answer is, "Yes." Here are some quotations from this remarkable letter.

"You will very likely be interested in an event which demonstrates your parable of the positive and negative way which appears on page 160 of *I Will Lift Up Mine Eyes*.

"Mrs. Whitsitt and I left the CFO at Monticello College in Godfrey, Illinois, Sunday afternoon and went to our daughter's home in Macon, Missouri. Our daughter and her husband were in the process of building a new house and she wanted very much to dispose of her dining room furniture in order that she might acquire a drop leaf table. We thought her furniture was quite nice in spite of the fact that she thought it was old fashioned and that no one would want to buy it. I related to her your account of the two cottages which your sister wanted to sell and then I also pointed out that there was very likely somebody who would be delighted to have her furniture and suggested that she begin to think positively about it and surrender the whole thing to God. Up to then she had felt that \$60 or \$70 would be the most that anybody would want to pay for the dining room suite. We thought that at least a \$100 should be asked.

"I am giving you herewith a part of

her letter which was written Saturday, July 12, which was just three weeks after she had begun to put your plan to a test. She writes:

'Let me tell you about the dining room outfit! I put an ad in the paper for one night only. Just as soon as the paper was delivered, the phone started ringing. Charles Pason (hardware dealer) came over immediately and bought it for \$100 and in addition offered us \$30 off on a clothes drier if we ever wanted one. He and his wife were delighted with the dining room set which made me feel so nice. I took the check and went down town and bought a lovely red mahogany drop leaf Duncan Phyfe table and four chairs for \$105.00 just like I have always wanted. Jim [her husband] bought two more chairs to match (lyre back), also two beautiful step-tables in red mahogany to go on both sides of the divan. He also surprised me by showing me a brand new automatic Kelvinator stove and refrigerator that he had picked out at another store weeks ago. I had no idea of getting any new ones. My new kitchen is going to be a dream — prettiest room in the whole house . . .'

"Here is an example of what you so often state and what Jesus himself tried so hard to get us to believe: that God not only gives us what may be our soul's sincere desire, but makes us and others happy in the process; and then He gives to us that additional that is described as

'good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over' [Luke 6:38].

"My wife and I both were especially enriched by our experience at the Camp Farthest Out at Monticello. It was our first opportunity to attend and we are grateful to our Heavenly Father for the privilege. We determined not to do too

much talking about our experience, but to let our attitudes and actions indicate to our people whether there was any change in us.

"May the Lord continue to bless you and the others who are contributing in such a unique way to the spiritual life of America."

\* \* \*

## Immortality

Harry S. Crede

IT happened last night. I was standing beside an open casket with a grief-filled woman, a widow in the fullness of life. There were many around, but she asked me to pray — just a short prayer.

Only one urge filled me — that somehow I might bring not sympathy, but Christ. I took her arm in mine and Christ took over for me.

I know not what came to her, but surely God in Christ was speaking to me. It came as a new revelation yet surely it was as old as the New Testament. "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me: and he that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me."

That is the answer! Christ at the center. Only then can human love be truly free — free to give itself without the haunting fear that giving all, it shall one day be left desolate.

I awakened early this morning conscious of a strange new freedom, the freedom to give myself without fear. I know for the first time that I could go on without the physical presence of my wife, my children. I knew, oh how deeply I knew, that human love would never again be stained for me by the fear of its ending — for I knew that it would never end, that love truly belongs to eternity!

\* \* \*

Here is the Truth in a little creed  
Enough for all the roads we go;  
In Love is all the law we need,  
In Christ is all God we know.

Edwin Markham

# On Prayer Groups

Ethel Dow

"I am the door."

"Come unto me all ye that labour  
and I will give you rest."

"Behold I make all things new."

Our first act at the beginning of a new year is to thank God for His eternal *faithfulness*, and to pray for a deeper understanding of what the birth and life of Jesus means to this world.

And we thank God for big men and women who realize the Spiritual importance of that life and what the *acceptance* of Him means to the evolution of this world. The Lord has preserved and comforted us and often gone before and prepared the way.

When Jesus said "I am the door" he gave us a present-day *key*. Something for us to accept and know. That by going through this door — we may have the wisdom, the renewing, the love, the power to receive new ideas and help to express His nature.

Here is where we need each other. We hold each other up and keep from drifting. We desire to commune, learn, and experience together, and if we agree and draw close to Him in love, He is with us. Then who can be against us. All of us in our groups are aware that we cannot contact Him without something happening.

That all things are made new!

As we cooperate with God's divine purpose *we* are used. Ever our silent, secret prayers, our *holy attitudes* which are the result of our thoughts. Our love for the human race and all the apparently hidden aspects not only make us new, but God takes this silence to Himself and re-creates into a vibrant vehicle an instrument for His use.

Keep your group knit by the law of love which is the basis for all attraction; human, scientific, and spiritual. Yet there is no separation if there is cohesion for in that is the power.

Oneness with Him, oneness with each other.

In this communion we move in a new direction for God is also "love in action."

Study *His* promises, *His* healings, *His* dependence on His Father. Think *His* thoughts and surrender to Him in the silence.

Jesus said, "I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done." God also has a plan for us. Learn so that you can begin to see that plan over and above the experiences of testing. God has a plan for His world. May God help us to be members of that Department of Peace that Glenn Clark talks about, so that humanly, scientifically, and spiritually as a vast army, our Prayer Groups individually and *en masse* may be used to bring the Kingdom to this world with its concern for all mankind.

From Florida: "I do want your prayers and suggestions as to how to tell people of their opportunities in Prayer. I am weak and no leader, but I come in contact with a great many older people and I do want to know how to help them."

We are advising that "Tic" and Margaret Watson are in Florida at Homosassa right now.

Some wonderful letters have come in answer to the call from New Mexico asking for help in teaching children real prayer. This is being answered from this department but some suggestions from the letters must be shared with you.

From South Dakota: "A minister's wife says *Clear Horizons* came this morning and I have just finished looking through your department. From it leapt the paragraph from New Mexico. For many years my husband and I have been practicing this thing. We have not attained any kind of technique or done all that can be done, but because of the vast neglect of the *power* of *praying* children, we have faith we were pioneers in the richest field God makes available.

"Children *CAN* pray. They can out-pray, out-believe, and out-receive any adult met with and that includes the

saints of today . . . "Unless you become as little children" . . . "And a little child shall lead them" has been proven and our own Christian experience has found its greatest richness from the inspirational guidance we have received from the very children we sought to lead. Our own children lead us in family prayer for every one they have noted in need. The sicknesses, those unhappy who quarrel all the time, the little girl who cannot get her lessons, the newcomer unadjusted. With the simplicity of child-like faith *they ASK* and *EXPECT* to receive. They are deeply grateful for answers to prayer but never (like ourselves) surprised by answers to prayers.

"Our conviction is that the most essential quality in asking children to pray is that we ourselves believe absolutely in the rightness and effectiveness of prayer.

"*Attitudes* are catching. We must have faith enough to dare to pray with them for the perfectly breath-taking visions they suggest carrying to God. This was the first lesson we had to learn. There are three cardinal points:

1. Give the children the stories of Jesus in real, alive, believing form.

2. Give the children the stories from the Book of Acts. From watching the humble men who followed Him we learn that Jesus really meant "The things that I do, ye shall do."

3. Acquaint the children in vivid and dramatic form with the lives of real living men and women who are writing today a new Book of Acts.

"The 4th, 5th, and 6th graders are centered around mission study. They are finding the Presence of God as health, protection, and conversion. They like to pray for courageous people like Pennell of the Northwest Frontier armed only with the Bible, prayer, and medicine kit."

Referring to the attitude planted early in life, one of the dearest things I ever witnessed was a senior church member, a teacher and lover of children, who en-

tered a primary room and just sat quietly on a little chair before a large easel picture of Jesus blessing the little children. Without a suggestion from anyone one little child then another left their play, dropped on their knees by this woman's side and both said a little prayer.

An Editorial from Shreveport, Louisiana, tells us about a downtown chapel provided by the citizens. It is interdenominational and the privileges are offered without charge. The sponsors of the program have kept their identity undisclosed since the purpose is to give thanks to God for His blessings. We quote, "Our sincere prayer is that this chapel will be a great storehouse of spiritual blessings to the friends who made the space possible, to every contributor, to all who will avail themselves of the privilege of using it."

This invigorating letter came from Kansas: "One thing we are *not* doing, we are not relaxing in Prayer, now that the election is over. We are working in groups here, — with the ladies, myself with the men. We are not pushing for results, but for deeper certainty, conviction, and purpose. God will take care of the results much better than we can."

From Louisiana comes this glowing letter: "We have over 400 Prayer Groups. These groups meet in homes and churches, Y's and chapels. Once a month we meet at a great downtown church — I could write pages of all the things that have happened through Prayer. One of the men's groups prayed for a downtown prayer room and this editorial is about it. One group sends notices around. Several of them are studying the Bible."

The writer of this letter goes over all of the section speaking in churches and starting groups.

We will be waiting to hear about what the World Day of Prayer meant in your community. All nations, all creeds, all colors in Prayer!

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

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# The World Needs Prayer

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Miles Clark

DEPARTMENT OF PEACE. A well known "hard headed" newspaper publisher, Frank Gannett of Rochester, N. Y., has suggested what many thoughtful Christians have long been discussing — the establishment of a Department of Peace in the Federal government. In a letter to President Dwight D. Eisenhower, Mr. Gannett proposed that an official with full cabinet rank be chosen for the leadership of such a department.

He said in his letter that opposition to war is not enough and that "there should be definitely planned, organized promotion of peace." Our State Department, he indicated, is too often more concerned with the manner and protocol in which policy is carried out than the purpose of the policy which should be peace.

"Peace is too precious to be entirely in the hands of diplomats. It should be all-pervading rather than confined to diplomacy or subordinate to it," said Mr. Gannett.

Eisenhower has made no comment on the proposal but praying people might well take pen in hand to write their first letter to the new administration asking consideration of such a vital idea.

Mr. Gannett, who is publisher of the Rochester Times-Union and a large number of New York state papers, is known to have many friends in the new administration. He may be able to get serious consideration for his plan.

He said that among the implements to peace are "such matters as youth organizations; exchange of students, teachers and librarians; exchange of ideas between scientists, medical men, agricultural experts, and the common yearning of all religions."

SECOND MAN TO EISENHOWER. Next to the President himself, the person with most opportunity for presenting the true picture of the United States to the world is the Secretary of State. John

Foster Dulles, the new Secretary, has had almost as much top level church activity as a layman as he has experience in international law and diplomacy. His family tree is laden with leaders in each field.

His grandfather, John Watson Foster, was Secretary of State under Benjamin Harrison, and his uncle, Robert Lansing, was Secretary of State under Woodrow Wilson. On the other hand his father was a Presbyterian minister in upstate New York. The affable, buoyant Secretary brings to his new position a vitality which is equally apparent in his religious life.

The Dulles family was uninhibited. According to George Kennedy, "After church [on Sunday in Watertown, N. Y., his home] the family, father, mother, two boys, and three girls used to parade home singing hymns at the top of their lungs. The children all enjoy good health to this day."

A famous international lawyer, Mr. Dulles has headed committees under the late Federal Council of Churches and the National Council. One of the most important was the one during the war which produced the famous report, "On a Just and Durable Peace." Mr. Dulles believes that this report played an important part in making possible a United Nations with the membership of the United States. He believes in the United Nations and has high hopes for it. One of the greatest difficulties in it is the wide differences in ideas of right and wrong around the world, he says.

The faith that moves him in politics is certainly based on his religious beliefs. In discussing the Korean war, he said, "there is a moral or natural law not made by man which determines right and wrong and, in the long run, only those who conform to that law will escape disaster. The law has been trampled by the Soviet rulers and, for that violation, they should be made to pay. This will

1953

THE WORLD NEEDS PRAYER

61

happen when we ourselves keep faith with that law in our practical decisions of policy."

Mrs. Dulles has been her husband's constant companion on his many trips as U.N. senior advisor, special consultant to the State Department under Acheson when he negotiated the recent Japanese treaty, and other diplomatic missions.

A NEWSPAPERMAN'S VIEW OF PRAYER. One of the most widely read newspaper men is Drew Pearson. Many disagree violently with him and many feel strongly that he has done a great service in promoting Friendship Trains and other humanitarian plans. But one day he went to church and thought these thoughts:

"Knowing that the hydrogen bomb announcement was due to be made later that day or the next morning, I did quite a bit of thinking about prayer, and the fact that maybe if we had relied more on prayer and the things that go with prayer we wouldn't be in the predicament of building bomb shelters and going underground for fear of explosions that could burn up our civilization.

"On the other hand, I also figured," he said, "that bombs never killed an idea, and our greatest natural resource is not plutonium or tritium but our moral and spiritual strength.

"Religion and communism cannot survive together. But one trouble is that religion has got to mean more than a refuge from ruthless force. It must be a pattern for life, not a ritual for one hour on a Sunday.

"Another trouble is that men of all faiths and of little faith have been seeking ideas to defeat communism, when right around the corner the best idea is neglected—the Sermon on the Mount, given us 2,000 years ago as a daily guide for living with each other."

CODE OF ETHICS. Public servants may have an opportunity this year to submit their actions to a public code, like the Hippocratic oath of the doctors.

Rep. Charles Bennett, D. Fla., pro-

posed a Code of Ethics in a bill last year. Senator Paul Douglas, D. Ill., and others of both parties made a serious study of its proposals and testified in favor of such a bill. Hearings were held on the bill, but it did not pass. However, the bill has been submitted again in Congress and chances are better. The Code would be as follows:

"1. At all times I will consider public office as a public trust.

2. I will uphold and obey the Constitution and all laws and regulations of the United States and all governments therein.

3. Mindful of my obligation to those I serve, I will give a full day's labor for a full day's pay, seeking always to find more efficient and economical ways of performing my task.

4. I will never discriminate unfairly by dispensing special favor or privileges to anyone, whether for compensation or not, nor accept favors or benefits from any person that might influence me in the performance of my duties.

5. I pledge my best efforts to expose corruption wherever it may exist in public life, and to bring about universal acceptance of the principle that nothing is politically right that is morally wrong.

6. I will never take advantage of my position or use any information available to me because of my public position, for private profit or selfish gain.

7. I pledge my best efforts to influence my associates in the public service to observe the principles of this code."

Perhaps we cannot legislate morality, but such a Code would provide increased opportunity for the many fine public servants to publicly accept the responsibilities of their positions.

Our Father, we thank Thee for Thy precious promises. We ask only Thy forgiveness in not accepting them, stepping out on them and living in them. May Thy blessing be on those that rule our land. Give them wisdom, poise, determination, and yet sensitivity to Thy guidance. We do not despair. We believe in the eternal Christ and in his name we pray this prayer. Amen.



## "Behold I Make All Things New"

(Rev. 21:5)

Gertrude de Kock

America! Be quiet and listen to the Voice of God.

It is trying to make itself heard above the din of human thoughts and voices saying to you:

"I thy God have entrusted you with much. Now, at this time of international crisis, it is important that only those who love and honour *Me*, shall be appointed to lead the way *I* will lead, so that America shall reach a height of Spiritual leadership, such as the world has never known. Your foundation must be grounded in *Me*, then the winds and the storm may come and beat upon the house which you will build, but it will stand firm.

"It is not only the giving of your earthly possessions, but the giving of *yourslf* to *Me*, which will open the door to *World Freedom*.

"I alone hold the key to that door.

"Seek and find *Me* within the depths of your being, for the Kingdom of Heaven is *within* you

"At the *Centre* of America's life, is a heart, throbbing with Love, Truth, Wisdom, and Beauty, waiting to be brought forth as a living, vibrant force. Contact this Centre by being quiet and still. Then *listen* and obey

*My voice*. Thus you will bring this living force into perfect activity. The circumference of your works shall then be a true reflection of the *Centre* where *My Spirit dwells*. The chaos in the world today is the reflection of *man's ideas*, for he has neglected to contact the *Centre* where

*My Ideas are established.*"

America! Awaken to this truth.

Power and wisdom will be given to you.

This *Power is Love*, for God is *Love*.

Only *Love* shall save the world. It is in every atom, a force so great, beyond man's comprehension, and yet when it is *used* by *one individual*, it *shatters life-time barriers*.

The teaching in the Sermon on the Mount given by Jesus, when *lived*, is revolutionary, yet bloodless, and brings a victorious freedom.

Love will ultimately reign supreme, in the Golden Age which is dawning, so why not link up with all the great ones, invisible and visible, NOW.

*American Citizens, you are America.*

*Be Quiet, and Listen to God.*

☞ Excerpts from letters to the Prayer Tower.

## Prayer Works!

I want to thank you for your prayers for . . . and me. I have read your letters over and over, also the booklet you sent. I have almost memorized them since I have been ill. I spend most of my time reading and praying . . . My health is improving and has been since I walked to the mail box with my first letter to "The Tower." I pray that I will have a deeper and wider channel that God may use me more completely . . .

—Tennessee

You may discontinue prayers for my mother as the . . . of which I told you has disappeared, and surgery will not be necessary. We are all so grateful and her healing has done much to strengthen our faith in God's healing power. Thank you so much and God bless you always.

—Minnesota

It is with great joy that I write you to thank you for your wonderful help and kindness and the prayers of the prayer group who were praying for our son. Our faith grew and was established and I know it was due to the prayers of all who were praying for us that he has been healed . . . We have truly been transformed and are trying with all our hearts to do HIS will in every part of our lives. Please thank every single one in the prayer group who were praying for us.

It is our prayer that God will bless every one connected with the Prayer Tower.

—Texas

I sent you a request for prayer for our little grandson last Sat. He was the little boy that got into the tetrachloride and was so very ill. Dr. didn't give him much hope Saturday night, but on Sunday he began to improve and Thursday they brought him home and after a check up, the Dr. said he is fine. We know that prayer is what did it, for our community was praying and I always feel better when I know the Prayer Tower is praying with us. God bless you.

—Kansas

I must write you tonight to thank you for all the benefits of faith exercised in your prayers for me. They have had a strengthening effect of giving me courage to go forward and meet life's problems. God has worked marvellous things for me because someone prayed for me . . . Please continue to pray with me.—Iowa

Dear friends of the UPT, I had to write and tell you of my marvellous recovery from a gall bladder operation "Praise The Lord!" I have always had such bad reactions from medicine, couldn't even take a sedative without being under oxygen for days. I went through this without one bit of trouble.

### THE UNITED PRAYER TOWER

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

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

Address: The United Prayer Tower, 1571 Grand Avenue, St. Paul 5, Minnesota. Telephone: DEsota 5036; after 5 P.M., Saturday afternoon and Sunday, call Mrs. Fisher at PRior 7041, St. Paul, Minnesota, or Mrs. Ecoff, DEsota 7365.

"Thanks be to God." I'm feeling wonderful. It has been 15 years since I've been without pain . . . May God send His blessing on your wonderful work. Thanking you for your prayers . . .

—Texas

*We of the Prayer Tower would like for everyone who reads this P. T. column to know that "Of myself I can do nothing . . . the Father WITHIN doeth the works." We wish to be merely His channels, to lift to Him all the needs that come to us, that by their faith, they may receive the Power of Jesus Christ's healing light within their lives.*

I asked you a few weeks ago to pray with me that a pounding heart condition which I had had intermittently for a year and a half, (and which doctors had been able to alleviate only partially) be overcome. By the time I heard from you it had stopped completely (the thumping, abnormal beating) and the trouble is entirely gone. It is one of those things which seems too wonderful to be true; it is heavenly to go to bed at night, to get up in the morning, and to live thru the day with a heart beating so quietly I am not aware it is there . . . Thank you so much.—Florida

I have no words that would express my appreciation of the prayers offered for me by members of the United Prayer Tower. The prayers were heard in Heaven and answered in a marvelous way for which I daily thank our Heavenly Father and all who participated. I pray daily for all members of your group and with them for all whose names are in the prayer box. At the age of 75 I am back to near normal health and was led to a wonderful home in which to spend the winter. The Lord be with you and bless you all in His own blessed way is my prayer.—Ohio

Your christmas letter with the wonderful little picture of the Christ of the Upward Look has come and I must express my thanks and my love. I cannot tell you how much you have meant to me over these last few years. Several times

I have written for your help, which has always come. The problems, mine and others of which I wrote you, God has worked out in his own quiet way so that there has not been a time when I could sit down and say "NOW the answer has come." But come it has and I thank the Father with all my heart and you for your love and help. The joining of the 2 families of prayer this last year has been a delight for I have joined you in my thoughts for several years.—Texas

"Words are inadequate to express my gratitude to you, my praying friends. Last August I asked that my name be put in the prayer box and that you pray for me. The beautiful letter you sent in reply, along with the Divine Plan, Under the Shelter of His Wings, and A Healing Prayer have helped so very much.

—Oregon

About two months ago I wrote requesting that you put my name in the P. B. as I have been on the verge of having to drop out of college due to a nervous condition. When the Thanksgiving holiday came I went home with the intention of not returning to school; I didn't feel I could fight any longer. But while I was at home your letter came in reply and together with the encouragement I received from it and the prayers of a friend of mine I decided that I would try once more. That was the turning point for me. Until that time I had been getting progressively worse; since then I have been very slowly improving. It is my faith that God will continue my healing until perfect health is mine. Thank you, thank you, thank you for your prayers and please continue until I feel that I can continue on my own.—Virginia

Dear friends, I want to thank you for your prayers for my health. There has been steady improvement since I first wrote you several months ago. I have practically overcome the skin trouble and the painful back condition. I am sure both will be entirely gone soon. I thank God for His wonderful healing power. And again my thanks to you.

—California

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by Glenn Clark



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## CONTENTS

The Law of Alignment .....	<i>Glenn Clark</i> .....	1
Sing a New Song .....	<i>Alex Paul</i> .....	5
When Trouble Comes .....	<i>Harold W. Ruopp</i> .....	7
The Victory that Overcomes the World .....	<i>Rose Mary Love</i> .....	11
Personal Serenity .....	<i>Paul I. Sanders</i> .....	13
Farm Faith .....	<i>Ann Truth</i> .....	15
Living in the Kingdom .....	<i>Royal Satterlee</i> .....	17
The Radiant Christ .....	<i>E. Paul Sylvester</i> .....	21
You Are a V.I.P. ....	<i>John H. Crowe</i> .....	23
Words Never Die .....	<i>Katherine Bevis</i> .....	26
First Things First .....	<i>Pamela Dawn</i> .....	27
Faith .....	<i>Mary Helen Jones</i> .....	30
Thoughts Farthest Out .....	<i>Norman K. Elliott</i> .....	32
Books of Interest .....	<i>Norman K. Elliott</i> .....	35
God Gives No Monopoly .....	<i>Ruth G. Crocker</i> .....	37
Receiving and Giving .....	<i>Elza Clare</i> .....	39
Why Attend Church .....	<i>Georgia Harkness</i> .....	41
Look for Hidden Beauty .....	<i>Clara B. Chiles</i> .....	42
The Perfect Key and Keys .....	<i>J. Rufus Moseley</i> .....	43
Be Born Again .....	<i>John E. Hartman</i> .....	46
Pattern for Peace .....	<i>Vincent Edwards</i> .....	47
Links Across the Centuries .....	<i>Arthur W. Peach</i> .....	49
Rise Up, O Men of God .....	<i>C. L. Emerson</i> .....	51
The Game With Minutes .....	<i>Frank C. Laubach</i> .....	54
(excerpts from booklet)		
From the Desk of Glenn Clark .....		56
On Prayer Groups .....	<i>Ethel Dow</i> .....	58
The World Needs Prayer .....	<i>Miles Clark</i> .....	60
Prayer Works .....	<i>The United Prayer Tower</i> .....	63