

Clear Horizons



Summer 1953

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As We Go to Press

During the summer months most of us will be taking week-ends off to go to the seashore or to the mountains to enjoy ourselves. This is the outdoor season, the time of year when we feel closer to nature and hence to the springs of life. Enjoyment is good and happiness is good. Too often we fail in our quest of life by making religion something separate from the rest of life's activities. Christianity is the full life, and when we do separate it from the rest of our activities we lose its flavor and power. Jesus said that his words were life and spirit, and life and spirit invades and includes everything. Enjoy your summer and in the enjoying of it sense that life is complete, and in the completeness sense that this is joy. God is love, God is happiness, God is truth—you cannot separate yourself from Him. So, enjoy yourself.

Have you ever thought that somehow the circumstances of history have produced its heroes? An individual cannot forge the circumstances of history. He is born into a set of conditions, and at times he is swept along and "forced into greatness" without ever planning to do so. Is God in this? Is it chance? **Frank W. Robertson** (p. 1) has excellent insight into this, not only the history of the past but the contemporary events that may be forcing you into something beyond yourself . . . **Leslie E. Dunkin** (p. 13) tells us how we can create in each day the things that will make that day worthwhile. We can do something about the day instead of sitting by wondering about it or even hoping about it . . . Somebody told me that she simply could not fail. She implied that her responsibility was to do the job successfully. I wondered if that was her responsibility after all. We see so many people feeling responsible for things that are not their concern—false responsibility. **Cecile Bonham** (p. 22) does much to clear your sights about responsibilities . . . The mystery and delight of all that comes to us in life—the good and the bad—is well discussed by **Rabbi Bernard J. Bamberger** (p. 37) . . . **William H. Littleton** (p. 45) has done a very beautiful piece of work in making the Beatitudes sing through the realm of poetry. Our readers found it most striking.

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Clear Horizons

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☞ When a spirit is God-tuned, the significance of Impulsive Force is awe inspiring.

Forced Into Greatness -- Moses

Frank W. Robertson

WHO can discount the greatness of Moses as an ancient foundation stone of Civilization as we know it today? When we think of him as the leader of probably the greatest and most successful migratory movement of ancient people, as the instrument through which the strictest code of moral ethics known to Man today was established, and as the leader from slavery into the nuclear foundations of the Earthly environment within which the Christ, Himself, revolutionized Man's living motives some two thousand years later, can Moses' greatness be belittled?

What Earth-known forces made Moses the great man that he became? We realize that the Almighty Power of God was the foundation of it all. Suppose we look at the avenues through which He directed Himself. Perhaps we can find a way through which His force can move through us in this twentieth century confusion.

CREATIVE FORCE

It seems almost platitudinous to point out that the deepest roots of Moses' growth into greatness were fed by CREATIVE FORCE. After all, it may be called a truism that any real growth has to be inspired by this spark. But how many of us forget this fact when we try to embark on a venture that is a bit beyond ordinary habit? Let us refresh our memories of the story of Moses and notice some of the play of CREATIVE FORCE in his life.

The first motion of CREATIVE FORCE that we notice is the impulse of his mother to hide him as a baby in order to preserve him from extermination by the Pharaoh. The creative force that led to Moses' mother's marriage and his birth continued to live in defiance of the decree that all male babies should be put to death. And isn't it equally true that the outcroppings of that force led to a way that provided him with the very best training in Leadership and the exercise of Au-

thority available to anyone in that day?

Let us continue. When, as a young man, Moses was forced to flee from Egypt, he was forced into the country through which, years later, he was destined to lead the Children of Israel in their migration to the Promised Land. Those of us who have been forced out of environments in which life could be quite comfortable recall that such a situation is certainly not pleasant. But how many of us have found that even discomforts involved often lay foundations for later service that could never be accomplished without the resources that grow out of even these unpleasant experiences. This force was certainly active in Moses' life. The exile enabled him to become familiar with the country through which he was, later, to lead one of the greatest mass population movements in history some five hundred to six hundred miles (a rough equivalent of over ten times that far today, recognizing our present familiarity with wider areas and our ability to equip ourselves for such ventures). Then too, the training in the Court of the Pharaoh invested in him as thorough a grounding in familiarity with authority and ability to use it as was known at the time. Can we doubt the value and thoroughness of the Creative Force that was mani-

festated by THE ALMIGHTY by this chain of events?

Let us continue.

COURAGEOUS FORCE

It requires no stretch of the imagination to realize that single handed defiance of the mightiest monarch of a ruthless world requires courage. But didn't Moses exercise such courage when he demanded that the Pharaoh release Egypt's entire supply of manpower that was employed in ordinary labor? Why that was comparable in that day to the public consternation that would result from a demand by one of our Labor Leaders that the President and Congress should authorize a General Strike! And doesn't it require courageous confidence almost beyond imagination to persuade an unorganized nation of down trodden people to accept such leadership when they know **that freedom or death is at stake in the venture?** How did Moses acquire such courage?

As we examine this strand in the web of his greatness, it seems that the first foundation of Moses' up-pulling force was the loyalty to his people and their God-given Destiny that was implanted into him by his mother during his boyhood. As we realize the danger that she endured, absorbing him with their People's traditions of Patriotism under circumstances where death was the penalty of one false move, it isn't

hard to imagine that the contagion of his mother's courage completely absorbed Moses.

We notice the effect of that courage, years later, when Moses saw a Task Master abusing one of his countrymen and, throwing all thought of his own safety to the wind, killed the Task Master. He had to flee, but the seed of courageous loyalty to his own people had been sown.

Years later, after Moses had cased the country through which he was to lead his People, and when he had received his call to Duty and his authority to perform it from God Himself, he must have been a picture of Courage itself as he faced the Pharaoh, flung down the gauntlet of unrelenting demand for release of all the Slave Labor of Egypt, and with God's support, forced the demand to be granted. Can we belittle courage like that? If we are tempted to, we had better re-read our History and refresh our realization of ancient ruthlessness.

Then, when ability was demanded to calm his People's panic after their first flush of excitement had given way to fear because the Egyptian Army was about to take them back into worse slavery than that which they were escaping, the attractive force of Moses' magnetic Faith was put to a severe test. What did he do? He prayed, quieted his People, stretched out his staff, and God

did the rest. The Red Sea parted, as we know; allowed the Israelites to cross unharmed; closed again; and destroyed the Egyptians. Again, the Providence of God's Greatness had met the crisis and had won.

Time after time, as we re-read the story of Israel's migration to the Promised Land, we notice instances where the Courageous Force that was invested in Moses saved the Children of Israel for the Destiny that was in store for them.

IMPULSIVE FORCE

Impulsive Force, or Impelling Force if you prefer—that force which is necessary to enable anyone to begin a venture, is certainly noticeable throughout the life of Moses. Let us recall only a few examples.

It occurs that the incident recalled above, when Moses arose to the defense of his countryman who was suffering at the hand of the Task Master, is a splendid example of the Impulsive Force that carried him into greatness. As we who have traced impulses back to their roots realize, impulses result from forces that have been growing for appreciable periods of time, faced—often suddenly — with situations that arouse their activity regardless of immediate consequences. The Task Master's oppression of Moses' countryman set in motion an impulse that forced Moses to save his coun-

tryman, even though he had to flee from Egypt. The progressive results of that impulse forced Moses to learn to know the territory through which he later led his People; and by doing so, Moses became the instrument that set forces in motion that, hundreds of years later, nourished the Earthly life of Jesus Christ Himself, who, in turn, released an outlook among men that is still broadening in its World perspective, thousands of years after this early incident. The impact of this impulsive incident seems utterly amazing!

Then too, who can discount the Impulse of the Burning Bush, where Moses received the Directive that forced him into greatness throughout Time and Eternity?

We can read into many of Moses' acts the Force of Impulse, especially as we realize that actions taken on the spur of the incident have to be impulsive; there is no time for deliberation. When a spirit is God-tuned, as Moses' spirit was throughout his career, and as many a man's spirit is tuned today when quick, decisive, and *right* action determines sometimes countless times the significance of the acts themselves, the significance of IMPULSIVE FORCE as a Force into Greatness is awe inspiring, to say the least.

PROPULSIVE FORCE

Impulsive Force is necessary to

the beginning of an effort. But unless it is followed by PROPULSIVE FORCE the effort is futile. As we think back, God impelled Moses to take the leadership of Israel at the scene of the Burning Bush; He propelled Moses throughout his negotiations with the Pharaoh, throughout his entire leadership of the Israelites to the brink of the Promised Land, and through all the stages of the way between. The greatness of Moses is universally recognized today. It wasn't so dramatically appreciated by Mankind during his earthly career. Comparably, the lasting greatness of the works of men and nations today will eventually be recognized as great, although some of them seem ill advised and even foolhardy to many people right now. Even as Moses transmitted God's Propulsive Force to the Israelites of his day, and even as God's Force propelled His people into greatness, even so, God's Propulsive Greatness can be trusted to win the triumph of His Destiny right now.

DIRECTIVE FORCE

When Moses accepted the Impulsive Force of God's assignment at the scene of the Burning Bush, God released in him a DIRECTIVE FORCE that enabled him to maintain control of every situation in Egypt that involved the Israelites until, in desperation, the Pharaoh released them. Then Moses led them

to the frontier of the Promised Land, first as an unorganized mob without clear sense of direction, and finally as the nucleus of a nation. He left to them a framework of tradition that, as the height of personal behavior, racial pride, and loyalty to purpose, lives to this day, thousands of years later. Not many men in the World's history have accomplished so many and such dramatic results in their own lifetimes. Few indeed have accomplished such lasting results.

The above sketch, by no means complete, tries to note some of the forces that propelled a man from prenatal condemnation to worldwide greatness, thousands of years later

as the human instrument that preserved a race of men, laid the foundations of man-to-man and man-to-God relations that are the core of life today, and left us the beginnings of the Bible itself. Many other examples among men who have been FORCED INTO GREATNESS can be recognized. This realization takes on much meaning as we visualize the tremendous interplay of Forces that surround us.

Even as Moses was forced into greatness by events and Resources beyond his and his compatriots' comprehension, people today are being forced into greatness in comparably unusual ways by God's Motive Force.

Are we yielding to that Force?

* * *

I Know He Lives

Emily Sargent Councilman

I know he lives!
 And this sure truth is very part of me
 That seeming death is but an opening door
 Where just one step reveals eternity.
 I know he serves
 His Christ beyond his highest dreams.
 Unfettered by all barriers, he finds
 That joy, sublime, that endless service means.
 I know he prays
 In faith for others still, since he is there;
 And with what added vision, power!
 For I have seen the answers to his prayer.
 I know he loves!
 His tender love reflecting God's own way
 Is but more gloriously free
 To bless and heal the wounds of earth today!

Possession

Julia W. Wolfe

Like deep-set gold in silken swaddled bud,
Like one small leaf engulfed in woodlands green,
Like silver drop swept down in springtime flood—
So wrapt in Thee that self is never seen,
Lord, let me be.

Like fragrance breathing out from bud and leaf,
Like earth's green canopy in merry spring,
Like life-renewing flood that brings relief
To thirsty plains—O Living Lord and King,
Be Thou to me.

As buds give joy deep drawn from parent flow'r,
As leaves cast shade new springing from the tree,
As streams spread life from source where mountains tow'r—
The life Thou givest, Lord, be poured through me
In ministry.

* * *

Counting What Counts

Theresa E. Black

Sometimes when I feel lonely
And count my worldly pelf
It starts me feeling sorry
For others and myself.
But when I count the blessings
That fill my daily cup . . .
My worries are forgotten
And soon my lips turn up.

☞ Losing one's self in work for others is truly a rewarding attitude toward life.

The Right Approach to Life

Gwenyth Hartman

ONE DAY IN the Fleming Museum on the University of Vermont campus I saw, displayed in a glass case, a family of skunks. They were really pretty to look at and, as I mused about the sight later, I thought how they say that if a skunk is approached correctly and suddenly lifted by the tail he is incapable of delivering his shot of pungent perfume; and then I applied the principle to the many situations which arise in life which are potentially unpleasant but which if approached from the correct angle may be decidedly beneficial.

I think that the first essential to this approach to life is the losing of one's self in work for others. It's a truly rewarding attitude toward life. I find that in my school work as a fourth grade teacher it works beautifully. For example, recently I returned to my school room, which is also used after school hours for Farm Meetings, to find the place a shambles. The men had evidently enjoyed themselves, if the testimony of peanut shucks and cigarette butts and burned matches were tangible proof. The little voice which is never absent said to me very kindly, "Did you ever sweep a room?" So I decided to clean it up myself. About

that time along came the Farm Bureau man, very apologetically, and cleaned it up for me. It was during art class on a following Friday that the children enjoyed painting tin can covers with their water colors. These we utilized as ash trays, with a neatly printed verse on the board as follows,

"Gentlemen prefer blondes," they say,

I'll not argue against or for,
We just hope they also prefer ashtrays

To the tables, the desks, and the floor.

So with the little ashtrays securely anchored to the desks with tape and the merry suggestion from the board I avoided a "run-in" with the careless offenders who had been spilling their ashes in my clean schoolroom.

Later I had a very interesting experience in the school cafeteria. There was a boy in my class whom I had been trying to help but with whom I was not making too much progress. And then it happened. I had folded my expensive new fur coat and put it on a chair the day he elected to break down and come and sit beside me. Just as he got opposite my coat, his chubby hand

slipped and down came a torrent of, of all things, fish chowder! I took the coat to the wash room, cleaned it up, and casually returned to my seat as though nothing extraordinary had happened. But it was too much for the boy across the table. He blurted out, "He did it on purpose," which statement the offender flatly denied. I said, "Oh, no he didn't; anyhow it isn't the first time a fish has been near a muskrat."

I regard these incidents as *natural* victories, stemming from the experience of one who has at last learned to put first things first, not

so deliberately as automatically, for I have learned that *every* individual is a being infinitely precious in God's sight. But above and beyond that, one day when I needed Him very much I found God, or He found me, and realizing what a precious thing this experiencing of the love of God has been to me I covet such an experience for those who are within my sphere of influence, and I feel toward them at least faintly the way God must feel, and human souls are infinitely more precious than clean school rooms or fur coats!

* * *

What Are Years?

Malcolm Hyatt

What are years but tiny steps
We mount—and climbing see
The Past's declining memories,
The Future's galaxy
Of radiant hopes and starry towers,
Golden nuggets waiting, clear;
Oh, what are days but myriad pearls
Strung across each yesteryear.

What are dreams but tiny joys—
Fleeting glimpses into life,
Dreaming of a million raptures
While hewing out the cords of strife;
Oh, years are tiny steps, ascending,
Climbing out of shackled sod,
And in the twilight, stand with wonder,
Looking face to face with God.

☪ "Pray if thou canst, with hopes, but ever pray".

Prayer Leads to Renewal of Life

Glenn H. Bowlby

AS Benjamin Haydon, the great English artist, was beginning to plan for a picture of Jesus' entry into Jerusalem, he jotted down this sentence: "I earnestly prayed that I might conceive and execute such a picture of the head of Christ as would impress the Christian world."

He began the right way. I earnestly prayed . . . this is the proper way to begin any great piece of work. We live in a world requiring that we make definite decisions. In order to make these decisions, busy men and women need power, A DYNAMIC, to keep their lives running in order. In times of tension and distress we do well to recall words of Matthew regarding the compulsion to prayer which Jesus felt. "And after he had dismissed the crowds, he went up into the hills by himself to pray. When evening came, he was there alone . . ." It is a great thing when the soul can cast its longings in an attitude such as Coleridge expresses:

Be not afraid to pray—to pray is right.
Pray if thou canst, with hopes, but
ever pray,
Through hope be weak or sick with long
delay;
Pray in darkness, if there be no light.

Prayer has been described in different ways. There are four mean-

ings suggested here. First, prayer is appreciation expressed to God for something great which he has done. That "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself" should evoke in you a great sense of appreciation as you pray. Secondly, prayer is fellowship. Not only think about God as you pray; speak to him and listen for his answer. Thirdly, prayer is a discipline. Through this school you fit yourself for service. It is not only an altar where you petition God for needs, it is also a judgment seat where God tests what you bring to him, by his own Word. Here we discover our inadequate areas of life. The persistence in prayer will really make you do something about weaknesses. Fourthly, through consecration to God there emerges a new feeling which can be called integration. It is on this level that life becomes creative. To transfer your loyalties and energies from the level of self-interest to a God-inspired outside objective interest, is to be on the road toward being creative. You can successfully focus your energies and loyalties around God. In doing so there emerges a new purpose for your total life. On this level, prayer leads to a renewal of life—POWER.

But be cautious at this point. Whatever knowledge you may have

about prayer, will not bring power in itself. Both knowledge and emotions need the stimulus of the Living Spirit. It is often at this point that many trip over the hurdle. They do not get the power desired and the answers to their prayers seem so slow to come. In the face of this you can still exercise one of the greatest virtues we have—patience. Here a few suggestions may be found helpful.

First, either follow a guide or work out your own method of personal meditation for each day of the week. A combination of the two methods is also very effective. You can follow the daily guide with a reading from sections of the Scriptures or one of the great devotional classics. Secondly, practice relaxation before arising and upon retiring. If convenient, at other times of the day also. But keep this fore-

most — ALWAYS relax with the thought of the nearness and presence of God. Thirdly, spend some time each day in prayer for someone in need, or for someone with whom you disagree or who disagrees with you. Lastly, spend some time calculating how you can best harness the energies of your life to God's will and purpose.

There is enough time available in your schedule to put this plan into operation now! Start with fifteen minutes a day. If it is impossible to do this in one period, take two each day. Over a period of one year you will have over ninety hours credit toward the disciplining of your spiritual life—HERE IS POWER. Let the poet express this: "Any heart turned Godward feels more joy in one short hour than e'er was raised by all the feasts of earth since its foundation."

* * *

Lord, Take My Prayer

Grace Adsit

Lord, take my prayer and use it as you will.
Use it, dear Lord, some throbbing heart to still,
To lift some spirit bowed in heavy grief,
Some burning pain, to bring a quick relief.

Lord, take my prayer and thru some darkened gloom
Send shafts of light that joy once more may bloom.
Send melody that sings in triumph strong,
Send peace eternal, through the ages long.

☞ To guide you along the first lap of the journey of sleep,
I refer you to the Bible.

So You Want to Sleep?

Dorothy Dell

I HAVE mastered the art of inducing that state of mind and body, desired by all alike, sleep. Prior to the last World War, sleeping to me was a natural act. It was very simple—I just went to bed and slept. I lived a happy, normal life, with only the minor everyday irritations to bother me. They were always easy to overcome. But the war changed my whole course of life.

When my husband was first sent overseas I had no communication from him for over four and a half months. For the first time in my life I had run up against a situation that could not possibly be remedied. It was futile to attempt even to find out if he was dead or alive. Besides the awful anxiety I felt for him there were a lot of problems I had to meet that he had taken over before. I had to be woman enough to face my share of the burden of war, as my husband was facing his burden. I had to fill a father's shoes, as well as a mother's. I realized that I wasn't helping him or my child by lying miserably awake most of the night—then rising in the morning worn out, dragging through another endless day. So it was up to me to conquer the battle of sleep.

I had been raised in a Christian family where reading the Bible was as natural a thing to do as reading the daily newspaper. But I, like most people, read it more avidly when I needed comfort. Although we may not realize it, religion is the base coat of our very being. My favorite book of the Bible has always been "Psalms." I can always interpret "Psalms" to meet my own personal problems. Many a night I have crept up, quietly so as not to awaken my little girl, and sought assurance from "Psalms." Passages such as the 121st Psalm lead the way to solving my problem. The first verse "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help" was my keynote to the whole thing. This was my answer. So, naturally, I turned to God. I mapped out a schedule for gaining a relaxed mind just as I had mapped out one to get my housekeeping done.

I decided then and there, when I first lay down on my bed, to place my life and the life of my loved ones in the bosom of my saviour, asking him to guide me and those whom I love, through the coming day. Then I was free to relax and drift into my own private haven of rest. It is a cool, dark woods, as real to me as any actual place I have ever been.

My favorite spot to rest in is by a big old gnarled oak tree. I seem to derive strength both physical and mental from its old gnarled trunk. The cool stream seems to wash my worries away. Sometimes I nibble at an imaginary apple and read a good quiet book. I can hear the birds singing and the bees humming. Always when I awake I feel rested and ready to solve the problems on hand with renewed energy.

I am glad I was conditioned earlier in life to meet the irremediable anxiety I am faced with now. I can sleep, even now, when one whom

I love most is suffering from cancer, the most dreaded of all diseases. Once this method of sleep is mastered it is absolutely foolproof.

You, too, can sleep if you will follow my carefully calculated plan. It might take a little time and much strict disciplining of the mind, plus written assurance from the Book of our Lord, and a clear picture of the most restful place you have ever been.

To guide you along the first lap of the journey of sleep, I refer you to the Bible—but especially to the Book of Psalms.

* * *

To Free The Heart

Catherine E. Berry

To free the heart sometimes we must
Break chains whose metals leave
A jagged scar upon the hands,
Must tear the webs that weave
A blanket of security
Around a prisoned heart,
Must cut all ties that bind and thrust
Each sheltering veil apart.

And stand there naked and alone,
Each grim fear magnified,
Reach down to slumbering depths
For every faith that wavered, died.
But stones can roll from tombs, and life
Can lift on strong, new wings
The heart that dares to free itself
From all dark, secret things.

☪ "In the beginning God Created . . ."

Today I Will Create

Leslie E. Dunkin

TODAY'S highly mechanized world tends to reduce people to automatic human machines. In too many cases they do nothing more than the same one or two motions with a complicated machine all day. Such a situation does little to require or even inspire creative thought and action. In spite of this the triumphant thrill of creation is available for everybody.

You become a real artist when you experience and carry out that creative thrill. The color artist with his original painting, the writer with his manuscript, the inventor with his invention, the housewife with her favorite recipe, the florist with his new flower, and any worker who has made his work his own, knows what inner joy there is from personal creation.

The first five words of the Bible record present a key to the finest creation within the reach of anybody. They state simply, yet revealingly, "In the beginning God created—" When this first recorded creation was completed we have the concluding summary, "And God saw every thing that he had made, and, behold, it was very good." (Genesis 1:31) Here we have a challenging daily responsibility and a goal for the meeting of this. In the very

beginning God began by creating and when this creation was done the results were "very good."

The poet reminds us of our creative opportunity and responsibility:

Each morning comes
The way you take it;
The day becomes
The kind you make it.

When the light of morning opens your eyes, do you promise yourself and declare to everybody, "Today, I will create—!"? The morning is yours from the way you take it and the whole day becomes the kind that you will see fit to create.

Today, I will create a day of gratitude. Before I turn my attention to what may arise in the next twenty-four hours, I will be thankful for the experiences of the previous day. This sincere gratitude will help me to make the best use of the past in the present. I refuse to let the past become a cloud to shut out the sunshine from today. Instead, I use it to build a better present.

I will be thankful for whatever may be ahead of me in the new day, whether it is known or unknown to me at the beginning. I will show gratitude for what I have by sharing all of this with others. My help for others will be given as an ex-

pression of my gratitude for the opportunity and ability to do this.

Besides setting an example, I will encourage others to be grateful for today. This will give little or no time or desire to complain.

Today, I will create a day of love. I will strive to live to be a constant reminder of friendly love. I will have a thought of love for everybody I know I shall contact during the day, even before I start any new activities. My supply of this will be so large that I shall have plenty for the unexpected persons I shall pass also.

I will love even those who may seem to find it difficult to love me. I will seek the lovely in their lives and direct the attention of other people to those good points. No matter what they might do to me, I will maintain a love toward them so I can say sincerely, "I forgive them for they know not what they do."

I will have love back of all my words and actions in this day. This will allow no room for selfishness with all its unpleasant associates such as jealousy, bitterness, and the like. Love will be radiating from my life throughout the entire day.

Today, I will create a day of joy. My love and gratitude will invariably produce joy for everybody. However, I will make a special point of doing everything joyfully. Any previous joyless responsibility will

be transformed into a joyful opportunity.

The smile on my face will be kept there continually by the joy within. My eyes will sparkle sunshine. Even the tone of my voice will have a happy friendly warmth.

I will give special attention to those who do not seem to have joy. I will share my own spontaneous happiness so generously that a trail of pleased smiles will mark my path after I have passed along. I will be alert for creating happiness for everybody.

I will have understanding sympathy for those who are passing beneath temporary shadows. I will try to raise their eyes to the sunshine that is ready to shine through the darkest clouds.

Today, I will create a day of peace. My gratitude, love, and joy are naturals for producing peace. There is nothing irritating about sincere thankfulness, love, and happiness. Instead they combine to keep out what might disturb or even wreck the desired peace.

I will send the spirit of peace ahead of me to prepare the day for everybody. This will not be a mere passive attitude. I will be busy spreading seeds for peace. I will not wait until trouble arises. My desire will be to make it difficult, if not impossible, for unpleasant disturbances to arise.

I will project thoughts of peace to those in distant places. In the midst of the present world confusion and the clouds of war, my contribution will be militant thoughts of peace for everybody. Bitterness and ill-will find no room where sincere peace is active.

Today, I will create an ideal or perfect day. The thrill of creation will be intensified by the personal realization that it has all been good—very good. I will have the

consciousness that I have used my creative ability at all times to produce a day that will bring blessings to everybody.

When evening finally comes, I shall have no regrets for the day just finished. I may not know the extent to which the results may go in the lives of others. However, I know all of it will be good for all. I shall then turn my thoughts to the coming day to be created by me as I would make it.

* * *

Freely Give

Marjorie Allen Anderson

Do you bottle your blessings,
And cork them up tight,
And hide them away on a shelf?
Do you hoard all the good things
That God has bestowed,
And use them all just for yourself?
Or is it your habit
To give them away,
And let them all freely flow out?
God's manifold blessings
Return multiplied
If only we spread them about.

* * *

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 the God we know.

—Edwin Markham

¶ They went in and out again and found pasture.

A Parable of the Good Shepherd

Robert McCulloch

ONCE upon a time, a Shepherd bought some sheep. He paid a great price for them and secured a large island for their home and their pasture, for he considered them to be of high value.

On the island there were fields of green grass and brooks of clear, running waters. The Shepherd had a vision of an island filled with one big flock of fine sheep—and an island of perfect peace.

As the flock increased, he called attendants to his assistance and placed them here and there to see that all sheep had proper care, and that the lambs were carefully fed. But the time came when the attendants had lost the vision of the good Shepherd and were following ways and means of their own. Selfishly, they had divided the great beautiful pasture into many sections by means of cross-fences — fences made from the timber of the world about them—and each attendant had assumed authority over a little flock, the authority which belonged to the one Shepherd over the one big flock. The attendants had thought to make their tasks easier and to have a fuller devotion paid to them by a group which they could call their own! But that procedure had engendered strife, and greater strife,

and class-hatred, among the under-shepherds, and confusion among the sheep. The result was a stunted growth and an arrested development.

Not only had the sheep suffered from the lack of the wiser way of the great Shepherd, and from the misdirection of the lesser shepherds, but they had also suffered the loss of the community fellowship with all the other sheep—sheep like themselves—and from the wider reaches and ranges of the greater pasture. The attendants had been very zealous to keep their fences up and in repair, not to keep the wolves out, but to keep sheep from other sheep, as though they should contaminate one another.

Later, the cross-fences began to rot, and the sheep began to pass constantly from one division of the big pasture to another, and to the consternation of some of the shepherds. And very joyful were those sheep in the return of the greater advantages and freedom of the big pasture. They learned again more of the will and the care of the one Shepherd who owned the island—and of their own dependence and interdependence in the one flock. And they went in and out again and found pasture—in its fullness.

¶ They shall mount up with wings like eagles (Isaiah 40:31)

Rapture

John A. Mackay

THERE comes a moment when human resources give out and men reach the end of their tether. It comes equally in the life of persons and of peoples. When this moment arrives, the very best of men, men who would ordinarily manifest the glow, the vision, and the robust energy of youth, fail and falter. With a sense of utter futility and frustration they throw up the sponge.

But no human situation is hopeless if God is taken into account. Centuries before Christ a great Hebrew prophet spoke these thrilling words: "Even youths shall faint and be weary, and young men shall fall exhausted: But they who wait for the Lord shall renew their strength (that is, change their strength for God's strength); they shall mount up with wings like eagles; they shall run and not be weary; they shall walk and not faint." (Isaiah 40: 30-31).

What the prophet meant may be paraphrased thus: Even when things are at their lowest and the prevailing mood is one of cynicism or despair, quite ordinary people for whom God is God can rise above the bludgeoning of circumstance; they

can prove themselves superior to conventional standards and accepted possibilities. For the man who takes God seriously becomes more than a mere man. By allowing God to be truly God in his life, by saying in all modesty and humility, "Thou art my God," he has a source of strength and can live a quality of life which is more than human. God is his strength, and God makes the difference. Frail, fickle, human effort is transformed into divine strength. A plain man is transfigured. He becomes God's man, a Christian at his truest and best. In the inspired imagery of the prophet, he who changes his strength for God's strength, so that God is active in his soul, soars aloft like the king of birds. He runs unweariedly like a well-trained athlete. Calmly and fearlessly he keeps on walking to the end of the road. There is in the Christian life this divinely constituted sequence—a rapture, a race, and a walking pace. Each of these phases of spiritual renewal is unique.

The first manifestation of God-giving energy is of the nature of a rapture, an uplift. It resembles the soaring flight of an eagle, or, as one

First of a series of articles titled, "When God is Our Strength." Reprinted by permission from *Presbyterian Life*, Witherspoon Building, Philadelphia 7, Pa.

would envisage it today, the thrilling take-off of an airplane from the runway of life. ". . . they who wait for the Lord . . . shall mount up with wings like eagles."

The experience of spiritual uplift is associated in the Bible with a sense of God's forgiveness. It is linked to what, in the Apostles' Creed, is called the "forgiveness of sins," that glowing sense of liberation which ensues when a burdened, depressed human feels lifted up toward God, for whom he has longed and waited. According to the Bible, the man whose sins are forgiven experiences peace with God and enjoys, in the fullest sense, beatitude.

Nowhere in the literature of the Christian Church is the rapturous release, the sense of spiritual liberation which follows the forgiveness of sins, so dramatically portrayed as in Bunyan's great allegory, *The Pilgrim's Progress*. Let me quote the passage. The Pilgrim, we read, all doubled up because of the heavy load he carried on his back, came to a certain highway fenced on either side by a wall which is called Salvation. "Up this way, therefore, did burdened Christian run, but not without great difficulty because of the load on his back.

"He ran thus till he came to a place somewhat ascending; and upon that place stood a Cross, and a little below, in the bottom, a Sepulchre. So I saw in my dream that

just as Christian came up with the Cross his burden loosed from off his shoulders and fell from off his back and began to tumble and so continued to do, till it came to the mouth of the Sepulchre where it fell in, and I saw it no more.

"Then was Christian glad and lightsome and said with a merry heart, 'He hath given me rest by His sorrow, and life by His death.' Then he stood still a while to look and wonder; for it was very surprising to him that the sight of the Cross should thus ease him of his burden."

As in the great tradition of evangelical religion, so here: "The wondrous Cross on which the Prince of Glory died" became the source of a mysterious influence, the radiation of light and the communication of power. "Christian," we are told, "gave three leaps for joy and went on singing:

"Blest Cross! Blest Sepulchre!
Blest rather be
The Man that there was put to
shame for me!"

No longer the earth-bound weary trudge, but three leaps into the air. No more the grip of dark depression, but a melody. The Pilgrim had encountered a reality which gave forth brightness and strength. He had found a truth which validated itself in his life not by the cold logic of rational cogency, but by the warm power of spiritual liberation.

He found a truth with a lilt, a doctrine which set his heart a-singing. In this way he attained that exuberant joy and peace which millions of human spirits long for, which thousands of psychiatrists seek to produce, and which the Christian gospel alone can bestow. In "a look at the Crucified One" Bunyan's Pilgrim found God and a new selfhood.

What a splendid affirmation is that of Saint Paul, who was one of Bunyan's spiritual masters, that those who experience liberation through the Cross "rise" with Christ. The same power that raised Jesus Christ from the dead lifts them into a new spiritual realm. This realm Paul describes as being "in Christ," or "in the heavenly places in Christ." God becomes in a very real sense their dwelling place, their soul's true home. "Seated" in the heavenly sphere, they enjoy communion "with the Father and with His Son, Jesus Christ." Paul's most classical expression of this experience is the rhapsodical outburst in his great letter to the Ephesians. This sublime rhapsody (Ephesians 1:3) is the key to the whole letter. It is analogous, as has been suggested, to "the overture of an opera which contains all the melodies that are to follow." Listen. "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who has blessed us in Christ with every spiritual blessing

in the heavenly places." It is precisely this rhapsody, with all that it means for thought and all that it holds for life, that we Christians must recover in this grim time. The truth we need is truth that lifts us, truth that sings in us, truth that leads us to the "Secret Place of the Most High," to that "place of quiet rest near to the heart of God."

But the rapture gives outlook as well as uplift. It does not end in mere ecstasy. The person who is "risen with Christ" finds himself in a new perspective for the study of God and man. The "man in Christ" receives, though in lesser measure, such insight into things divine and human as Moses received on the summits of Sinai and Pisgah, such as came to John the Divine in the solitude of Patmos Island, and to the disciples of Jesus on the Mount of Transfiguration. Such illumination may come to us today at the Lord's Table or in moments of secret prayer, as we quietly read the Bible, or listen to the Word being preached. From his perspective "in Christ" God becomes a new reality to the Christian's gaze. A traveler in the Orient, during his stay in Tokyo, was never able to glimpse the holy mountain of the Japanese because its summit was shrouded in perpetual mist, but soon after his plane soared aloft for Korea, he beheld the snowcapped peak of Fuji in all the glory of the morning sun.

So the Christian, risen with Christ above "the encircling gloom," sees the splendor of God.

No one whose experience is limited to the natural world of space and time with which science deals, or who passes his days in the narrow sphere where the categories of reason hold exclusive sway, has any conception of that vast realm which is the native home of faith. It is in this region, however, and only in this region, where any true understanding can be obtained regarding God and his ways. Only here can be grasped the great principles and patterns of God's moral government. For here the Christian is enabled to think not like a mere man, but like a man whose intellect is illuminated by the light of Christ. In a new sense he thinks God's thoughts after him; he surveys all things in God's perspectives. The Bible becomes a wholly new book to him. Fresh convictions grip him.

He knows now that righteousness is more basic than security, that it never pays to be vindictive, that love alone is creative.

In the same way and from the same perspective he obtains new insights into the human situation, both as historical process and as contemporary reality. No longer is he condemned to think and live in terms of a frog's view of things. The universe of the frog is confined to his muddy pond, to the blue sky,

and to the grass and the rushes around the water's edge. The frog knows nothing of the fields and the streams, of the woods and the hills and the great sea that lie beyond the rushes. Very different is the outlook of the bird. The skylark or the eagle, soaring aloft far above the pond with its rim of obscuring rushes, glimpses the vast world of nature. From his perspective "in Christ" wider horizons open up before the Christian.

Two things become apparent to him who views the world from this perspective. The first thing he grasps is this. The tragic secret of human life, yesterday and today, is that man, more interested in possessing a kingdom of his own than in becoming a citizen of God's Kingdom, has wanted to be a divinity in his own right. He has balked at submitting to the Eternal God. For that reason he has, time and again, experienced judgment and disillusion. He has seen his outer world dissolve in disaster and his inner world converted into a sepulchral vacuum. For man without God ceases to be man; and the pursuit of purely earthly objectives leads to the abyss. Again the word of Christ shines with meaning as the true secret of life, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness."

From this same perspective the Christian becomes aware of something else. Amid the social wreck-

age of man's world he sees a society of hope. That society is the Christian Church, which is the Temple of Christ, the Bride of Christ, the Body of Christ, the instrument whereby Christ fulfills upon earth his invincible, redemptive will. Despite the sins of the Church, notwithstanding the schisms that rend it, and the persecutions which afflict it, the Christian Church is the "light of the world" and "the salt of the earth." It is a society whose members are summoned to witness to Jesus Christ in every phase of their thought, and in every sphere of their life. To the Church and only

to the Church is assured victory at the end of the road, when "the kingdoms of this world are become the kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ." This is the one community against which the "gates of hell shall not prevail." And human imperialisms shall lose their power, all human cultures shall lose their lustre; but the "City of God remaineth."

The vision of these things garrisons the Christian's heart with a holy, dynamic peace. The peace, which is "like a river," ensures that a celestial rapture shall become a terrestrial race.

* * *

Duet

A. Thomas Buckingham

Stars at night wink
Through the pin-pricked,
Blue-black window shades,
And say to me:
"I know you know,
But we won't tell."
And the grass
Pulls at my trousers legs,
And I look down
And they bend their heads upward
And nervously say:
"Someday, when you meet God,
Please, mention my name."
How can I live
In apathy
When
The stars at night wink at me,
And the grass
Pulls at my trousers legs . . .

¶ If you are laboring under a cloud of responsibility, try changing your thoughts about it.

Freedom from False Responsibility

Cecile Bonham

IT seems to be the lot of many people to shoulder a great burden of responsibility. Year after weary year they struggle along with no way of freeing themselves from a task which often makes them bitter and defeated. That much of this is false responsibility which they, themselves, have invited never occurs to them. Indeed, sometimes they are quite stubborn about loosing themselves when they are shown the way. Yet, one who is saddled by this idea is never free at any time. Always and forever there is the haunting suggestion in the back of his mind that someone or something depends wholly upon him and that without his help the life of someone else would go sadly awry. This, of course, is never true.

In the case of small children our responsibility is clear and inescapable, but it sometimes becomes a vicious thing when it is carried over into adult life. Both parties are made slaves by such action. Sometimes, too often, I fear, a mother refuses to let go of her children. If circumstances force her to let go she transfers her allegiance to some friend or relative and goes through the same routine again.

It is most often the loving, unself-

ish person who falls a victim to this form of slavery. The selfish, unloving person would not care enough for anyone else to be bothered with them. But what starts out as unselfishness too often becomes just the opposite thing and the stronger character imposes his will upon the weaker one.

One example of the unselfish person assuming a load of false responsibility came under my notice. A young woman, still in her early twenties, was left with two babies to care for. She had always depended upon her own mother implicitly, so she reared her two babies to depend upon her. She had to be the bread-winner, father, mother, and friend to her children. Of course, there is no question that these children were her responsibility until they were able to support themselves. However, the time never seemed to come when she could drop the burden of other lives.

When the boy married and was killed in the war his young wife was left with two tiny babies. Immediately the older woman exchanged the responsibility which she had only given up a short time before and adopted these babies as her own. Her body was no longer

young; she was tired mentally and physically from almost twenty years of constant work and worry, but it never occurred to her that there was anything else she could do except support and guide these children also. It was at this time that a wiser, older woman showed her the way that released her from this burden, and has made her a happier and a freer individuality.

First, it was pointed out to her that each mortal must learn to face life himself. No parent can live forever, and the more a child learns to depend upon someone else, the greater will be the shock and disruption of his life when he is forced to depend upon his own initiative. Children and parents, alike, are released from lifelong bondage by this right idea. It is every person's right to be independent, subordinate to no one except his heavenly Father.

Consider for a moment the meaning of the word Responsibility. It is a lovely word when its real meaning is understood. It means freedom instead of just the opposite. Divide it and we have two words—*Response Ability!* This, surely, means the ability to respond. Each of us has the ability to respond to our "Father who art in Heaven." Each of us recognizes that he has a mind and that he can think. If this is so, his Father must have created it. Then, must not the right ideas

which guide him come to him from the Father Mind?

All the leaders of the world who are placed in high positions of authority where true leadership is essential are what we have learned to think of as responsible people. Before they can become leaders they must have become responsible. They must have known how to respond to a higher authority than they, themselves.

What are the ideas that can make a responsible man? Are they not faith, trust, unselfishness, justice, mercy, vision, and the humility which every man needs in order to listen to "the still, small voice" which is ever present? These qualities give man dominion over the baser qualities which destroy a man when listened to.

When a man has learned to listen he is in a position to point the way to others. His advice is reliable. But he never points to himself. He constantly encourages others to depend upon the one heavenly source of all good.

We speak of a man having "presence of mind." Many a desperate situation has been overcome because someone in the group had that "presence of mind." In other words, he had made it a daily habit to listen to the voice within that told him what to do, where to go, and how to proceed. He had learned to respond instantaneously, even with-

out time for thinking. His actions were the result of daily communion with the Power that always knows the right thing to do and is always there when we need it.

When we look for help we always go to the responsible person. And yet, that person will never encourage us to depend upon him or upon any other human being. He will lift our thoughts to the Father of us all. He will show us that we are all offspring of the parent Mind and that we are under His constant supervision. Thus we shall be able to free ourselves and others of the woeful burdens we have carried so many years.

It has become the modern thing to disbelieve and sometimes to scoff at the Bible phrase: "If God so clothe the lilies of the field . . . how much more shall he clothe you, O ye of little faith?" Perhaps there would not be so many who scoffed if they only understood that when the Bible was written the word "clothe" meant "to guide and direct."

How much easier it would be for the scorner and the stubborn materialist to accept this command, or really this promise, if he knew that it could be interpreted mentally instead of literally. For surely, guidance and direction is always men-

tal. There are many of us who can take the beautiful promises of the Bible on that intangible and heavenly thing, faith. But there are others who demand to be shown. This new understanding and definition of the word "clothe" should help everyone to see where his faith should be placed and how to place it there. It is merely a process of thinking; merely concerned with our responsibility to respond to God.

If you are laboring under a cloud of responsibility, try changing your thoughts about it. Realize that every human being "lives and moves and has his being in God." Mentally, place all your friends and relatives in His care and see if your life is not happier immediately.

This new idea gives no one the right to neglect real responsibilities, or to turn a deaf ear to those whom he should aid. It will bless everyone concerned by turning their thoughts where they should be turned for help. God will provide the right channels when we turn to Him first. The "still, small voice" is always ready to guide and direct us to ever-present help. He, and He only, knows the right way. God, and only God, is really capable of assuming responsibility, and of guiding and directing our lives.

* * *

Faith is a bird that feels the light, and sings when the dawn is still dark. —*Tagore*

☞ Every time you show kindness you are feeding them.

You, Too, Can Feed the Multitudes

Frances Denham

DEEP in the heart of you is a desire to be happy and successful whether you recognize your longing as such or not. Happiness and success are two of the gifts of God and since the gift and the giver are one you really want God, more of God manifesting as happiness and success.

The Christ is God in man, you believe, and the Christ was perfectly and wholly manifested by a gracious, gentle Galilean, whose name was called Jesus.

So you go to your Bible to find out about this Jesus and you follow Him in His travelings up and down His homeland. After the din of the market places in the ancient city of Jerusalem, you gratefully walk one and a half miles to the soft quiet of the small hamlet of Bethany, the home of His beloved friends. He had His friends just as do you and you begin to find other parallels in His life and yours and those homey similarities make Him seem very close to you.

And you stop for a while in Nazareth about the shop where He helped His father, where he played as a little boy, and you press on to the northwest shore of Galilee's sea to Capernaum, and you remember that it was the chief resi-

dence of Jesus and His apostles. You cross the turbid little brook known as Kedron at the very entrance of the Garden of Gethsemane. And in your following you come to the small fishing village of Bethsaida—behind which there is a vast desert-like plain, and you start toward that place for there a great crowd has gathered. You arrive and just as the others are doing, you, too, sit on the grass and you listen. Then you see one of His followers, Philip it is, approach Jesus. From the look in the eyes of this Jesus you know that His thoughts are upon His listeners—He knows that they are hungry and you hear Philip tell Him that there are not enough funds in the treasury to buy food for the throng—and then you see Andrew, another follower, approach Jesus and Jesus' eyes following the pointing of Andrew's finger—and those understanding eyes rest on a little lad who is carrying a small package. And you see Jesus smile at the boy as He takes the package from him and unwraps it. It contains five barley loaves and two fish. And very human-like you feel that it's so little for so many—and then you hear this wonderful Teacher thanking the Father for the abundance

that shall feed all. Then you watch Him place the food lovingly—yes and confidently—in the hands of His disciples for distribution.

Of course, your journey has been a mental one but you have wished, as countless others have, that you had lived at the time He lived, that you could have had that blessed physical contact with Him, that you could have been just one of those five thousand hungry ones to have eaten food that He held in His hands and blessed.

But you, you are living today—a time far removed from the days in which He lived—but you read on in the book—and you stop at John 14:12. "He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do." But the personal in you argues, "But you can't feed a multitude"—but still you believe the verse and have faith in His promise.

You think about your home and the family and your neighbors, and the thought comes to you that every time you show kindness and consideration you are feeding them blessed food. And your thoughts scurry to your work and your business associates and it dawns upon you that every sincere good wish, every cooperative attitude represents food you are placing before them. These are some of the portions of the daily bread for which

you asked the all-providing Father when you prayed Our Lord's Prayer.

And you begin thinking about you. You know that each day myriad thoughts present themselves to you for handling. You recognize that the food you eat builds your body to make it strong and vigorous and you readily see that the spiritual food transforms weak negative thoughts into strong positive ones. Perhaps you had the thought that you were doing too much and not being justly rewarded—but you nourish that thought with the Truth that "all things work together for good to them that love God." Perhaps there's some difficult task given you and the personal physical part of you rebels and persists in feeling that it's impossible, and too, too hard but by the food you give that thought you transform it. You feed it with the blessed knowledge, "I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me." And perhaps fear and disappointment thoughts seek to inhabit your mind but you give unto them the hallowed bread—"Be still and know that I am God," and "I am thy God, I will strengthen thee." You behold fear and disappointment transformed into Faith and Thanksgiving.

And you rejoice for you feel your Father's approval and you listen for His benediction.

☛ Today is the day to live, to be happy and kind.

You Have Only Today

Katherine Bevis

YESTERDAY has slipped quietly away forever into eternity and all the TOMORROWS are held securely in the palm of God's Hand and given out as He thinks best.

And so there is only TODAY!

The story is told of three Mohammedan wise men who sat on the sand around their small, evening campfire. They loved the vastness of the desert and the stars, and as they sat together they talked about TIME.

The youngest, Sha, said, "Time is endless—it has existed for thousands of years before our time and will remain for thousands of years after we and our camels are gone; yet, time is harnessed and recorded by dividing it into years, then the years into days, each year having 365 of these days."

The next oldest wise man, Mashej, shaking his head, said, "Not so, brother, you are wrong. There are not 365 days in a year, but, only three — YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW!"

But the oldest wise man, Ejaii, smiled and said, "My sons, you are both wrong, for there is only ONE day, TODAY." Then, looking up to the stars, he quietly quoted from an old Sanskrit prayer, "For Yes-

terday is but a dream, and Tomorrow is only a vision, but Today, well lived, makes every Yesterday a dream of happiness, and every Tomorrow a vision of hope."

Today is the day to live. To be happy and kind and count our blessings Today.

Living Today should not mean monotony, or dullness, but beauty, grandeur, joy. Today brings new experiences, new attitudes.

Today "all things" are made clear, pure, and perfect, and there is no past, no future, as each moment of Today unfolds a more complete understanding of life, and it is ours to choose to live so closely to the Divine pattern that we can express through our every word and act the perfection of our Saviour.

Today, we can be alert to our livingness, alert to our thoughts, and we can be thankful for the power of choice which is ours to use, to draw upon the abundance of good that is in our Universe, Today.

Then claiming the quality of love, Divine Love, as ours right now, we can be in love with Today, for our life is full and rich and is immersed in love.

Today, we can know that God's

presence is near to guide us through each task, to help us through each trial.

Today, we can enjoy the sunrise, listen to the singing of the birds, smell the sweetness of flowers, walk in the rain, revel in the beauty of the sunset, and watch the glow of fireflies, as they flit through the trees and flowers in the darkness of the night.

Yes, NOW, TODAY, IS THE TIME TO LIVE! It is never too late to begin to live Today, for Today is here, now. Yesterday is only a dream. Tomorrow is only a vis-

ion, but Today is NOW. So as we cherish our YESTERDAYS and vision our TOMORROWS, LET'S LIVE TODAY!

We meant to write that letter, but put it off; remember, there's no mail delivery through the stars to Heaven.

The little things can mean SO much as we live Today.

But, if we are not careful, while we are preparing for "big" things, the better things, those little things that make up life, may slip away. SO LIVE TODAY!

* * *

Trust

Alma Schierbaum

When tasks cry loud, 'there's much to do,'
And round I look—it does seem true;
I close my eyes, and open wide
My thoughts, to know that I abide
With God! He gives me strength.

If tasks cry out, 'so much to do,'
I sing a song—no longer new—
'Not much to do, but much to share
Of good.' And then I cast my care
On God! He knows the way.

So quickly burdens lose their weight,
So gently opens heaven's gate
And ways to give—before unseen—
Are found. I've learned to lean
On God! He leads the way.

☞ Our true gift is well known to the Husbandman of the vineyard.

The Unimportance of Being Important

Emily Sander

A LONGED FOR experience may be delayed by a smoke screen concealing a secret desire to be important. This urge to power is so much a part of the psyche of the frustrated that the analyst takes it for granted and is seldom disappointed. But is it necessary? Do we really need this power motive? Is it important to be important?

To whom men give much, much is required. When success comes, responsibility comes also with ever increasing demands. On the other hand, it is fun to be an amateur! When there is time for selection, for little adventures on the side, large dreams and secret thrills. A busy doctor, once a frustrated farmer, has a garden that is the envy of his neighbors, fruit trees, chickens, a cow and a horse all on a suburban lot. A man who is even now taking his dream trip by air to Europe and Egypt, traveled for many years mainly through the pages of the National Geographic. A would-be opera singer, who long ago realized that her failure to attain her goal was not lack of money and opportunity as she had thought but a faulty technique, has spent many an odd moment in her busy home life increasing her knowledge of music, even to cor-

rectly placing her own voice. Being important is not important. Doing a work for the joy of it, this is important.

The first step in overcoming frustration is to realize that the cause, the obstacle to successful accomplishment, is always to be found in ourselves. That true growth toward our sincere desire does not skip a season, nor bear this year, next year's fruit. We can always be sure that the environment in which we find ourselves can be useful to us, and that living will become a satisfying adventure only when we settle down fully in the time that now is.

Life is a series of choices. Often if we look honestly at our frustrated desires we will discover that the experience we think we want is not ours because something else is more important to us. If one is so endowed and gifted with talent that he is quite sure he knows what he wants to do, the sooner he points up his life and streamlines his efforts to the end desired the better. But most frustrated souls are not in this class. They are uncertain of just what they want or find their interest fickle, varying from one love to another. When this is true of us we can be sure that none of these interests are vital to our prog-

ress. They are among the "things added" and are meant to be enjoyed, but not made an end in themselves. We may need to look deeper for our true heart's longing. One woman thought herself frustrated in her desire to be a writer until she realized that what she wanted most was an understanding heart.

If we are to bear fruit in the Vine which is Christ, then the nature of that fruit is already determined. The fruits of Christ are the qualities of God. Our fruit, our real contribution, may be a warm, kindly nature, thoughtfulness of others, patience, self-control. We may be peacemakers or among the meek and the pure in heart. Our true gift is well known to the Hus-

bandman of the vineyard and last to ourselves. Even a stranger may recognize our unique quality better than we do. All these outward acts, so important to us, add quantity but not quality. Our quality is our God-given gift and can only be increased and other qualities added by our capacity to receive of the Giver, and this we are told is our faith.

When Jesus said, "I am the vine, ye are the branches;" he was saying: "My part is to nourish the branch and this I do by my Spirit. For I give Life, and Light, which is wisdom to live by, and Love which is fulfillment. Ye are the branches. Your part is to abide in me and let my words abide in you. Then shall ye bear much fruit."

* * *

For Every Gift

Edith Shaw Butler

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

They Also Serve

Carolyn Spencer

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

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

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

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

* * *

Sunday Morning Prayer

Edna Hull Miller

God, may olden peace and comfort
Found by Christ in secret prayer
Permeate the pew and pulpit
Leaving faith and healing there.

Let thy tender spirit loosen
Knotted cords of fear and pain—
Then refreshed, renewed, and strengthened
Lead us forth to work again.

YOU CAN HELP PRISONERS

"I was in prison, and ye came unto me."—Matthew 25:36

WHEN we think of a prison we think of walls, towers, guards, searchlights, guns, and regimentation. All this is true but these are but the outward appearances. The real prison is of the mind and the spirit. The real prison is the loss of liberty, the being treated as something less than human, the deadening monotony that numbs the ability to think freely, the system that kills initiative and withers the spirit, and the atmosphere that paralyzes the imagination. Mental and spiritual stagnation is the real prison; the prison that cripples after the legal sentence is completed.

Jesus said that he came to free the prisoners, and he meant not only those inside walled enclosures, but also those in the prisons of their fears, ambitions, traditions, and the many other conditions that prevent our complete development. "Freeing the prisoner" means freeing the mind, the spirit—the life. I have become acquainted with a marvelous opportunity that enables every reader of this to help Jesus "free the prisoner."

Last February I visited Central Prison, Raleigh, North Carolina. There is a critical shortage of books in the North Carolina prison system. Prisoners crave books, they read them, and they read them again and again. Books do not last as long in prison as they do outside because prisoners read them so much that before long they simply fall apart.

Books, ideas, thoughts are what can help free the prisoners. Without them life becomes immeasurably more depressing and deadening. If you have any books that you do not use (and we all have lots of them), put them in a box and send them to "The Library, Central Prison, Raleigh, North Carolina." This is the distribution point for books for all prisoners in the prison system of the state (I think the prison population numbers around 9000 in all). They need all kinds of books, on any subject at all. Any books you can spare—religious, mathematics, fiction, biology—send them to a place where they will be appreciated.

If you do this, I feel sure that you will feel the benediction in your heart of Jesus saying, "As you have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Read: **Change Your Life Through Faith and Work**, Stella Terrill Mann, \$2.00

AMEN ! AMEN !

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen."—Revelation 22:21.

A CLERGYMAN told me that when he was ordained he was asked to speak in a nearby Negro church. Many of these people had known him as a boy and had seen him grow into manhood. When he entered the pulpit, a man whom he had known for years was seated there. He assumed that the man was there simply because he was an old friend, but he soon found that his friend was there for a very different reason. Whenever the speaker would say something that rang true spiritually, this gentleman would say to the congregation, "Amen," and the congregation would say, "Amen." At another time the man would say "That's true," and the congregation would say, "That's true." The minister says that it was not long before he felt new inspirations coming to him, and he spoke as he has seldom spoken since. The old "Amen Corner" in some churches performed the same function.

What does the word "Amen" mean? Literally the Hebrew root means "So be it" or "It is so." Basically the word is one of affirmation. It is used in a peculiar manner by Jesus, and only by Jesus. Where He says, "Verily, verily, I say unto you . . ." the word translated as "verily" is the word "Amen." So Jesus is actually saying, "Amen, Amen, I say unto you . . ." Or, he is saying, "It is true, it is true, I affirm the promises of God, I say unto you . . ."

When we place the word at the end of a prayer it means that we are in agreement with the promises of God and are basing the fulfillment of our requests on those promises. We are saying that all we have asked, and hoped, and desired will come true because we have faith in the promises of the Bible, in Jesus Christ and our Heavenly Father. In Revelation 3:14, "Amen" is used as a title for Jesus. He is the great Amen.

Whenever you feel lonely and lost, think back on the promises and actions of God and realize that He is your help and say "Amen." "Amen" should bring to your mind the history of God's faithfulness, Christ's ability and willingness to comfort and share the load of everyone, ashes turned to roses, prisoners given freedom, the lame leaping like the hart, and wasted years that have been redeemed.

Read: **Angel Unaware**, Dale Evans Rogers, \$1.00

GOING CHRIST'S WAY . . .

"Then Jesus said unto his disciples, If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me."
—Matthew 16:24.

JESUS always differentiates between the things that are of men and the things that are of God. In every case the things that are of God are true, and the things that are of men are false. In one case they are infinite, true, eternal—"the Word of God," and in the other case they are finite, false, temporal—"the word of men."

After Peter's great confession, Jesus tells his disciples that He must go to Jerusalem and be killed there. Peter rebukes Him and Jesus turns to Peter, calls him Satan, adding that Peter did not understand the things of God but of men, then He goes on to say, "If any man would come after me, let him deny himself, take up his cross and follow me." How would we say it in modern terms?

If Christ lived and lives the sort of life that appeals to you, if you are weary of living the way you are living, and you sense that Christ has the answer, then there are some things you must do.

First of all "deny yourself." I do not know of any statement that more repulses the modern temperament than this one, but when we see it in all its implications, it is precisely what we really want to do. The things of God are eternal and true; the things of men are temporal and false. To deny oneself is to deny that which is finite, temporal and false. Science is continually striving to burst through our human limitations and we accept that as the right thing to do. Jesus is saying that in the spiritual sense we must do exactly the same. We must go all the way in turning from self to God. Then we are at the source of all truth and all power and all completion and all satisfaction.

Now, "take up your cross." One's cross is the criminal thing, the shameful thing and the sinful thing. Everyone has something of this sort in his life. Jesus is saying, "Lift it up! Lift it up in the sunshine of God and have it purified, regenerated, restored into its rightful place in the Kingdom of Heaven, made new by the very life of God." Use your divinely inspired creative imagination to do this each day, many times a day if necessary.

If we do the first two, "come follow me" takes care of itself.

Read: **The Practice of the Presence of God**, Brother Lawrence, \$1.00

Books of Interest

Norman K. Elliott

CHANGE YOUR LIFE THROUGH FAITH AND WORK, Stella Terrill Mann. Dodd, Mead & Co., \$2.00 152 pages. This book completes the trilogy that began with Mrs. Mann's two previous books, *Change Your Life Through Prayer* and *Change Your Life Through Love*. Those two books dealt with the use of our desires, and the need to harness them to Jesus' commandment of love. The present one shows us that the kingdom is already here but it will do us no good until we reach out and take it by faith and work. One of the good features of the book is that her instructions are backed up by many examples of how others have done it. These examples really show us how to go about it in our own life. It's a good book, a practical one and a spiritual one. Some of the subjects she discusses are "use or lose" the faith God gave you, the nature of faith, God is good, people are inherently good, you have undreamed of powers; and then there is a section on putting your faith to work—in your health, mental conflicts, the use of wealth, spiritual growth, and in helping to create a better world. The book will give much help to anyone who is honestly seeking for a better life and a better world. It will be as welcome to those outside the church as to those in it.

ANGEL UNAWARE, Dale Evans Rogers. Revell, \$1.00. 64 pages. Any reader who has children will not fail to recognize the name of "Dale Evans," the television and screen (as well as the actual) wife of the cowboy Roy Rogers. I do not know as I have ever read a more moving story than this one of little Elizabeth Robin Rogers. Elizabeth was born a mongoloid and also with a bad heart condition. She died after two years sojourn on earth, but the impact that she made on her parents shows, in the words of the book, that it was all "in the Plan." The story is written as

if Elizabeth herself were telling it to God—her experiences while on earth. Anyone who has had a child go to heaven will appreciate what a remarkable job Dale Evans Rogers has done in telling this story. It's a beautiful story, one you will never forget. The book ends with Elizabeth saying to her Heavenly Father, "And now, Father, please . . . could I just go out and try my wings?" All royalties from the sale of the book go to the National Association for Retarded Children.

THE PRACTICE OF THE PRESENCE OF GOD, Brother Lawrence. Revell, \$1.00. 64 pages. This classic is not new, but this is the first time I have seen it in a hard binding. It is so much nicer to handle than the paper covered edition that I am sure most people will want it. The fifteenth century monk was one of the best spiritual counselors the world has ever known, and if you haven't met him in this book of his "conversations" you better not put it off another day.

WITH CHRIST IN THE SCHOOL OF PRAYER, Andrew Murray. Revell, \$1.25. 249 pages. Just from sheer bulk, 249 pages, I would say this is a book bargain that seldom comes along. I do not see how the publishers do it. This is not a "new" book either, but it is one of the most widely read books on prayer that has ever been printed. There are thirty-one chapters on the nature of prayer, the secret of believing, the certainty of answered prayer, the power of prevailing prayer, and the chief end of prayer.

THE TREASURY OF ANDREW MURRAY, introduction by Ralph G. Turnbull. Revell, \$2.50. 255 pages. Andrew Murray was born in South Africa, of Scottish parents, educated in Scotland and Holland, and spent his life as a minister of the Dutch Reformed Church.

During his lifetime (1828-1917) he found time to author more than 250 books and pamphlets, pastor his congregations, go on evangelistic tours all over the world, and become recognized as a missionary statesman. Some have said that the secret of his power and insight was a "sane mysticism." That mysticism was bound up in Jesus Christ. The present selection is from *With Christ in the School of Prayer, Like Christ, Abide in Christ, The Master's Indwelling, The Spirit of Christ, The Full Blessing of Pentecost, The Ministry of Intercession, The School of Obedience, The Two Covenants, Humility, The Deeper Christian Life, The Inner Chamber and the Inner Life, Working for God, Thoughts for God's Stewards and Love Made Perfect.*

A SPIRITUAL JOURNEY WITH PAUL, *Thomas S. Kepler.* Abingdon-Cokesbury, \$2.00. 157 pages. These are forty meditations on the life of Paul. It is not a technical book, but it is devotional in character. I think that for anyone who wants such a resumé of the life of Paul along with the spiritual implications of it, Dr. Kepler does a good job.

WITH WINGS AS EAGLES, Helen Chappell White. Rinehart, \$2.75. 246 pages. Mrs. White had two sons who were in their country's service during the past war, and both were in the air force. One son did not come home. When he was reported missing, his mother was sure that he would be reported as a prisoner of war, but the time came when there could be no doubt that he had been killed in action. Her world was shattered. All the securities she had, or thought she had, were swept away. This is the story of how Mrs. White found the way out of the depression, the uncertainty, the spiritual desert into the light of God's surety, security, awareness, knowing and complete liberty of immortal joy. It is a beautifully written story of eternal life and how one woman found the faith that overcomes the world. The book is full of human interest, and the story flows with a power that makes it hard to lay it aside. If you are interested in the subject of death, life after death, the faith and joy that is not dependent upon this physical body, Mrs. White's book is for you.

* * *

Service

Nona Keen Duffy

Lord, help me to devote myself
 To doing what the hours demand;
 May I reflect the Christ within
 By doing things that lie at hand.
 Where there is hate, may I bring love;
 Where there is dark, may I bring light;
 By my example every hour,
 May I speak out for truth and right.
 Where there is weariness and pain
 May I draw comfort from above,
 By loving heart and willing hand
 May I exemplify your love.

☐ . . . a room far larger than any of the others, packed to the ceiling with every imaginable precious thing.

The Last Treasure Chamber

Bernard J. Bamberger

THE SUPREME TEST of every human being is his ability to meet trouble. We often call suffering "a trial"—that is to say, a test. It is the test of our manhood or womanhood and it is the test of our religious stamina. As the strength of any material is discovered by putting strain upon it, so our reaction to pain, sorrow, or disaster reveals how solid and genuine a faith we possess.

When troubles come upon us, we are bound to ask: why? Philosophers ask this question in a general abstract way: what is the nature of evil and why does evil exist in the world, especially what is the place of evil in a world created by a good righteous God? But most of us are not philosophers and the question we ask is much more direct and immediate. Why, we ask, did this misfortune happen to me?

Some of you may be asking that question with aching hearts at this very moment. I speak not only to you, but also to those who are happy and tranquil and carefree today. For sooner or later trouble comes to us all and when it comes, we dare not be entirely unprepared. And in such moments, when we ask the question: Why did this dreadful

thing happen to me? there are two dangerous mistakes we must try to avoid.

Some troubles are plainly our own fault. Everyone knows the consequences of feasting on green apples. Everyone knows what can happen when an intoxicated person takes the wheel of an automobile and steps on the gas. It is easy to foresee the results of neglecting your work or of dodging your family responsibilities. It does not require exceptional wisdom though it sometimes takes a great deal of courageous honesty to recognize our own responsibilities for many of the misfortunes that befall us. Courageous honesty is necessary because we are so strongly inclined to justify and excuse ourselves and to find some other cause of our unhappiness than our own obvious shortcomings. How comforting it is to shift the blame to others! It was John's fault or Sarah's not mine. It was not my neglect or my selfishness that wrought the trouble, but my bad luck. It was the fault of the government or the fault of the Jews or the Catholics or the communists or the Congress. It was God's doing and He didn't treat me fairly. With so many tempting avenues of escape from the sting of our own

conscience, it takes a brave and honest person to admit: it was my carelessness or laziness, my selfishness or unkindness, my lack of responsibility or judgment, that brought this trouble on my head. Let us strive and let us pray for the strength and character, in such a situation, to admit our own guilt and to take our medicine without complaint or whining.

But often misfortune is far more mysterious. Disaster or sorrow comes like a bolt out of the blue. Unforeseeable accidents, natural disaster, disease which we had no means of preventing, bereavements which we could not ward off—these terrifying and crushing blows fall—and we ask: Why did this happen to me? It is a strange thing that human beings, who so often avoid the blame for their obvious misdeeds, are likewise tormented by a sense of guilt for faults they have not committed. In the midst of sorrow or pain, they will cry out: "What have I done to deserve this?" and ponder the unknown sin which may have occasioned their present misfortune. There is no line of thinking more dangerous and destructive. When pain and sorrow come upon us, not as the evident results of definite errors, but as a heavy and perplexing mystery, the mystery is not solved by assuming that we are the culprits expiating an unnamed crime. We do not know all the rea-

sons for suffering but this we do know: suffering is not always a punishment for previous sins, just as success and prosperity are not always the reward of virtue. And when misfortunes that we could not have prevented come upon us, we only make our situation worse by probing our consciences for wrongs we might have committed. Of course, none of us is perfectly righteous. Each of us can find in his record faults to regret and opportunities for good unrealized. But our faults and virtues are not always proportioned to our good or evil fortunes. There is often a deep mystery in pain. And we meet that mystery best not by wild self-accusation but by courageous and humble acceptance of the heavy lot God has decreed for us.

One of the most impressive passages in the Bible represents Moses as asking God: "Show me, I pray Thee, Thy glory." What did he mean by this request? The rabbis of the Talmud explain that it was precisely the answer to our question that Moses sought. Why does it happen that evil men are successful and apparently happy while the good, sometimes the noblest and finest, experience disaster, pain, and sorrow? If he could penetrate this mystery of evil, especially of undeserved evil—so Moses felt—then indeed would he behold God's glory in all its fullness. But to his

request, Moses received the reply: "Thou canst not see My face, for no mortal man can look upon Me." In our short pilgrimage on earth, with the weak and limited minds we possess, we get some faint glimpses of God's greatness and His purpose and especially of His will for us. But we can never enter fully into the workings of His ways, we cannot behold His full glory nor question His decisions. Sometimes when trouble comes upon us, honesty may compel us to say: "This was my fault." Sometimes, the only honest thing to say of our trouble is: "I don't understand why it happened—but I bow humbly to the will of God."

To stop here, however, would be only a counsel of despair—submission to the inevitable. But the religious man goes further. In recognizing the mystery of suffering, he does not forget the mystery of goodness and beauty. When God told Moses, "Thou canst not see My face," He added, "I will cause all my goodness to pass before thee." That is to say: you cannot penetrate into the inner workings of providence, you may not understand the hows and whys of evil and sorrow, but it is given you to perceive the manifest and unmistakably divine goodness in life.

As a rule, we see the world in terms not only of our own viewpoint but of our present mood. To

happy lovers everything in life seems beautiful and wonderful and gay; the dreariest landscape has charm and the suffering of other people seems remote and somehow unreal. To the broken hearted, just the reverse is true; only sorrow and pain have reality; the beauties of earth and sky seem but tinsel; and happy folks appear foolish or heartless. Just as it is a form of narrowness and selfishness for the lighthearted and successful to forget the needs and the pains of the less fortunate, so too it is a kind of narrowness—even though it be a pardonable kind—if preoccupation with our own grief or difficulty closes our eyes to the loveliness and wonder of life. The world is still beautiful. The heavens declare the glory of God. The human spirit is capable sometimes of meanness and cruelty, sometimes of incredible nobility and saintliness. The same society that produces slums and wars has created great hospitals and universities. Indeed the glory and the pain of life are intimately connected. We would not feel the bitter grief of bereavement if we had not known the joy and splendor of love. Physical pain, which seems to us so horrible a curse is an indispensable protection to life so that the occasional freak who is entirely insensitive to pain is in constant danger of being seriously injured without knowing it. And the same

marvellous drugs that bring blessed relief from physical suffering can be a terrible curse if improperly used. The religious person, in short, does not merely resign himself to the sorrow of life; even in the midst of darkness he does not forget the light. At all times he recognizes and praises God for what is good and beautiful and wonderful in life.

The rabbis relate that when Moses questioned God about the purposes of His providence, he was taken into the heavenly halls and there he beheld a room filled with all sorts of gorgeous treasures. "What are these?" Moses asked and God replied: "These are the rewards stored up for those who study the Scriptures." Thence he was taken to another treasure-room, and when he asked about the contents he was told: "These are the rewards of those who care for orphans." Still another compartment contained the rewards for those who displayed integrity in their business dealings. And so he passed from room to room, beholding the treasures reserved for those who practice every virtue. At last, however, Moses came to a room far larger

than any of the others, packed to the ceiling with every imaginable precious thing. "What is here?" asked Moses and God replied: "These are the benefits I bestow on the people who have not earned them—as the Bible says: 'I will be gracious unto whom I will be gracious, and show mercy unto whom I will show mercy even though they are not worthy.'"

In the hour of trouble, we are prone to ask: Why did all this happen to me? What have I done to deserve this? But these questions are equally appropriate in the hour of happiness and contentment. Why should I be vouchsafed all the wonder and beauty of life—the simple joys of health and work, of family and friends, the majesty of earth and sky, the marvels of man's ingenuity and creative power? The darkness of pain and sin and suffering are a mystery to which we mortals see no full solution. But the light and the joy are equally a mystery. The man of faith sees both sides of life and bows in humility and awe before the God who forms light and creates darkness, who makes peace and creates evil. May we be among those who never lose hold of God's presence because we see life honestly and see it whole.

* * *

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

—John Greenleaf Whittier

☞ It is never easy to leave the certain present for an uncertain future.

The Adventure of Faith —One Man's Journey

Harold W. Ruopp

ON DECEMBER 1, 1951, illness compelled me to resign my position as one of the ministers of Hennepin Avenue Methodist Church in Minneapolis. In the months that have followed, I have been forced to go deeper than I have ever gone before, which is the great compensation of any enforced retreat from the normal, routine flow of life. The Bible which heretofore has been the source of "texts for sermons" now is yielding up unexpected and exciting resources for renewed faith and courage in my own life, which only goes to prove that what the Scriptures bring to us depends upon what we bring to the Scriptures.

One great passage has proved a special blessing. It is to be found in the eleventh chapter of the Letter to the Hebrews. "By faith Abraham . . . went out, not knowing whither he went. For he looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God."

In the light of my own experience, I am quite sure that the decision which Abraham made to venture out into a new land was not an easy one. It is never easy to leave the certain present with its

known problems and to venture out into an uncertain future with its unknown difficulties. Nor is it an easy matter to leave one's home and friends to become a stranger in a strange land.

If we could have looked into the soul of Abraham, my guess is that we would have found it to have been a battleground. We would have found the same desires at work which are present in our own souls.

And what are those desires? To answer that question, we need only to look in on ourselves. What do we find there? Many different desires! If we had only one great desire, life would be relatively simple. It is precisely because we have so many desires, which time and again come into conflict with each other, that our souls so often become turbulent battlegrounds.

Among the desires of the human soul (at least of my soul) are these two: on the one hand, the desire for security; and on the other, the desire for adventure. The one urges us to be cautious; the other says, "Once in a while at least throw prudence to the winds and venture out." The one says, "Safety first"; the other says, "Adventure

first." The one says, "Better stay with the known, however difficult"; the other says, "Nothing risked, nothing gained"—and then adds, "There's more beyond, go and find it."

Abraham, I am certain, must have experienced that struggle within his own heart. But the record has it that by faith he went out, not knowing where he was going. For he was looking for a city with foundations, whose builder and maker is God.

There are two key words in that statement — "faith" and "God." Either without the other is meaningless. *Faith in God* was the formula for Abraham's life. And in that formula he found the principle which will resolve the conflict between the desire for security and the desire for adventure; and it is the only principle which will resolve the conflict. For *in God, and in God alone*, one finds a real and lasting security—at the same time he finds an endless satisfaction to a never-ending quest.

Faith, I keep reminding myself during these days, is not blind credulity—"believing things you know ain't so," as one small boy put it. Nor is it "a magical formula by the mere repetition of which supernatural powers are harnessed to do your bidding."

No, faith is "reason in a courageous mood"—venturing out on the

truth and beauty and goodness it knows in order to find more truth and beauty and goodness. Faith is "believing further than you can understand and then setting to work to bring to pass what you see." Faith is "the soul's insight, or discovery of some reality, that will enable a man to stand anything that may happen to him in the universe." Faith is "betting your life there is a God"—even when all the evidences are against Him.

In Halle, Germany, there stands (or used to stand!) a statue of the devout German preacher, August Hermann Francke. On it is a simple inscription which I have never forgotten, "He trusted God."

God either is or He isn't; and if He is, either we trust Him, or we don't trust Him. And the measure of our trust in Him is the courage with which we daily commit our lives to Him, during the dark days as well as the bright.

All this doesn't mean that the way ahead will suddenly be clear—at least I have not found it so. For the road of life on which we travel is shrouded in uncertainty. There are bends in the road around which we cannot see. We do not know what is ahead around the next curve; nor, I suppose, would we want to know even if we could. But that isn't the most important truth about life. Here is the all-important truth: God made the road; God made the travellers on the road;

and God Himself is on the road—here, there, around the next bend and every bend. Even though the way ahead is unknown, the God of the road is known. The road we travel doesn't matter much; but the God, with Whom we travel, matters everything.

What it comes to is this: Not is there a God or isn't there a God, *but given God, are we really willing to put our trust in Him?* Are we willing to put our hand into His, and say, "Take my hand, and lead me on?"

Some years ago, my twelve year

"When you come to the place where the shadows are,
And light ahead is withdrawn;
Put your hand in God's and keep it there
Till He carries you over and on.
You may have to tarry awhile in the dark
Till God is ready to lead,
But while you're waiting just pray and pray
To Him in your great need;
Then hold on to God's hand with a solid grip,
Let nothing deter your stand;
Keep waiting and waiting and holding on
Till the shadows pass from the land."

I recall hearing Dr. Adolphe Keller tell of an airplane trip to America shortly after the outbreak of the Second World War. He told how, as he flew out into the night, leaving the lights of Europe behind him, with only the vast ocean underneath and the vaster skies overhead, he felt unutterably alone—a tiny, weak, helpless being in a limitless universe. Then one by one the stars began to come out. And as he looked up at them a new confidence came to him, for out of the night he

old son and I were on a camping trip in the woods of northern Ontario, far removed from civilization. On the first night, lying side by side in our camp, with strange noises close at hand and the rumble of thunder in the distance, I said to my son, "Are you afraid?" Whereupon he slipped his hand into mine and replied, "No, I'm not afraid because you are with me." And in that trust and confidence, he went to sleep.

Someone, whose name I do not know, has said it about as well as it can be said:

seemed to hear a Voice saying, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." And his fear melted away, and an inner calm possessed him.

So it is, so it has been, so it always will be, to those who know that God is always present. No matter where we may go, no matter what the road ahead may hold for us, He is there—our refuge and strength—a very present help in trouble—Soul of our souls—and our everlasting Homeland.

True, our hearts may be frail, and there may be places where the road is very steep and very lonely, and our courage at times may falter; but nothing, "neither death nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come . . . shall be able to separate us from the love of God." In the confidence born of that faith, and strengthened by that love, we too may go out, not knowing whither we are going—knowing only that the road we travel leads to God, because *the road is God's*.

* * *

Sensitivity

Ruth M. Parks

Too sensitive a mind can be
A blessing or a curse,
Depending on the way it runs—
Ahead, or in reverse!

When driven forward by a heart
As steady as its hand,
Its lights reveal the agony
That other hearts withstand;

And seeing their courageous walk,
Beneath depressing load,
The mind, in giving them a lift,
Approaches joy's abode.

But when it slides back down a hill,
And drags its light behind,
The glare upon its petty grief
Will strike perception blind.

* * *

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

Songs of Beatitude

William H. Littleton

I.

Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Rejoice ye poor in spirit. Thou art blest
Beyond all expectation of thy years;
For streaming through the portal of thy tears
Is God's eternal light; and thou, His guest,
Shall have emblazoned on thy soul His crest
Of triumph, joy complete, of sorrow born.
As falls midnight's despair to conqu'ring morn,
Thy lowliness foretells a heavenly rest.
O Proud, behold thyself, or dost thou dare?
What lovelessness beside the Master's love!
By rugged Peter's faith how dost thou fare?
In suff'ring, whence thy help, less from above?
In death, O Proud, how feels the dark, damp sod?
The poor in spirit are the heirs of God.

II.

Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

There is no pain nor suff'ring now can pale
The spirit with a fear of its design,
Nor liquify the sternness of the mind
That trusts in Thee, O Lord; Thou wilt prevail.
Tho' mourning be our lot, we will not quail;
For Thou the price of suffering hath paid,
A fellowship divine of suff'rs made,
To share Thy joyous promise without fail.
Yet greater pain it is that tears my soul—
When I perceive the sin that grips my heart,
And pricks the spirit with its fatal dart—
'Till billows of Thy mercy o'er me roll.
With eyes bedimmed by happy tears I see,
Thro' suff'ring Thou hast called my soul to Thee.

III.

Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are the meek; but who are they?
A modern Moses daring to believe

The voice of flame within his soul, receive
 The hand of God to mould his mortal clay;
 A Paul whose savage passion knows no stay,
 'Till it be harnessed by a nobler will,
 Transforming life, a mission to fulfill
 Thro' Him who is the Life, the Truth, the Way.
 Sing me no more of kings, the crowns they bear
 Thro' conquered lands to earth's remotest parts.
 Show me a Socrates, a Christ to dare
 Uplift, restore the spirit, win men's hearts.
 Blessed are the meek, the gentle, mild;
 Inherit thou the earth as God's own child.

IV.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

"I will," the Halls of Heaven echo still,
 While angels weep, rememb'ring deeds undone,
 Of righteousness conceived but just begun,
 When purpose faded in tumult of self-will.
 This righteousness is but a dream until
 The dream becomes a rapt desire, a thirst,
 Not so much willing as a wanting first,
 A quest that God has promised to fulfill.
 We live the kind of lives we want. 'Tis true!
 If we want long enough and hard enough
 For Christ, His will can use this human stuff,
 Performing things our wills can never do.
 'Twas not the righteous Jesus named as blest,
 But him whose heart-cry held him to the quest.

V.

Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

There is a sanctuary in my soul,
 Where all the broken bits of dreams, the pain,
 The guilt and sorrow of the years had lain
 In loneliness, no comfort to console,
 Until in mercy Jesus took control.
 He touched my arm, and all the guilt was gone;
 He smiled, and in His eyes new dreams were drawn;
 He made the wounds of pain and sorrow whole.

Thy tender mercies, Lord, are as a song,
 A melody of hope for a hopeless heart.
 O Father, use this life, in echoes strong
 Of Thy refrain, Thy mercies to impart.
 The merciful are blest eternally;
 Who treads the path of mercy walks with Thee.

VI

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

Would you see the Lord, behold His face?
 "Impossible," you say, "how can it be,
 "That these too human eyes can ever see
 "His countenance, whose form the angels trace,
 "Whose glance emblazoned stars and moon in place,
 "Whose fleeting moment is eternity,
 "Whose love bore suffering for those like me,
 "His mortal children of a lower race?"
 'Tis true these eyes were made for mundane things;
 But the heart, my friend, the pure heart sees beyond
 The clouded visage earthly vision donned,
 And with the promised hope, rejoicing sings;
 For happy is the one whose heart is pure,
 To whom God's countenance is ever sure.

VII.

Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

Whisp'ring—whisp'ring—endlessly the sound,
 As if on zephyr wings uplifted, borne,
 From lonely lips of those who sadly mourn
 The silent ones at rest on bloody ground,
 From those whose churning spirits rage and bound,
 From weary multitudes, again the sigh,
 "Lord, give Thy children peace, or else we die."
 Whisp'ring—thund'ring—endlessly resound.
 Wouldst thou have peace, O Man? Then seek ye first
 Not peace, but Him whose gift and power are peace.
 Take Him, that He may take thee, and with thee burst
 The chains of discord, bid the madness cease.
 Be thou His harbinger of peace, and share
 God's promised kingdom as a son and heir.

VIII

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake:
for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Must righteousness forever bear a scar,
And struggling truth support a cross of pain?
So long as there's a half truth left to reign,
Or goodness finds its measure by the bar
Of little lives content with what they are;
So long must Calvary be climbed anew,
And persecution crown the blessed few,
Dissatisfied 'less striving for a star.
Thus cling to goodness, undiluted, true;
Tho' men may persecute, despise, and shun,
You journey where the strong in God have run;
Your strength is measure of the God in you.
For Him and righteousness bear all, endure,
And know your home eternal is secure.

* * *

When Angel Lifts*Mary Gustafson*

When irritation thrusts its way
Across my tasking path,
It nets my day to nothingness
And fills the hour with wrath.
Then afterward a little Voice
Sends healing into me,
And I regret the arrowed words
I've spoken hastily.
Then I humbly ask for patience
To meet what blocks the day,
For I need strength and fortitude
To walk the better way.

Make Up Your Mind*P. G. Wright*

DECISIONS have to be made every second of the day, and you have to make them. How long does it take you to make a decision? If you spend most of the day worrying whether or not your choice will be wrong you're just confusing the issue and making your life unpleasant. Even your friends will find it hard to forgive this failing.

Up to now you've been making decisions, and most of them have been neither too bad nor too good. They've worked out. Sometimes it was for the best and other times it was for the worst, but you managed to survive.

So, what's bothering you. Decide to do something creative, and start. Watch it grow from the mere idea into a concrete fact. Once you've made up your mind about one definite phase of your life the everyday decisions you'll have to make will be easy.

Make up your mind, quickly and surely. If it is wrong, remember time will erase it and you always have another start. Each new day

is the beginning of a whole new life for you, so the simple little habit of making up one's mind isn't so bad after all.

Once you've started making up your mind you'll find that the problems of life, itself, will begin to vanish. You'll find that living will take on a newer and deeper meaning. Things will get done, and you'll have time left over for the many wonderful things you've planned to do, but never have had the time to do before. Your friends and family will admire you, and they will want to be more like you.

"He knows where he's going," they'll say, and you will. Make up your mind beginning today and watch life unfold itself before you. The best accomplishments and dreams you've ever entertained within yourself will suddenly be realized—slowly but ever so surely they will flower. Life will be a richer and more beautiful experience for you. Don't sit on the fence, get over it—be on one side or the other! You'll find life so much easier to live.

* * *

Maker of Dreams*Edna Hull Miller*

All lovely dreams must come from God,
Their preciousness is token—
And He alone can safely mend
The parts when they are broken.

Uncle John

Marion Ullmark

IT was Matthew who said, “Therefore when thou doest thine alms, do not sound a trumpet before thee, as the hypocrites do in the synagogues and in the streets, that they may have glory of men.”

That is truly the spirit of Christianity isn't it? The giving of help in the spirit of loving kindness, with no thought of thanks or reward to yourself. All my adult life I have remembered a man who lived in the small town where I was born and raised. He was my Father's closest friend and so I knew him very well. His life has always seemed to me to typify this sort of loving goodness at its best.

Uncle John, as I always called him, owned a farm implement store in partnership with another man, and he was known and loved all over the surrounding country side. When my Father died, leaving Mother and myself not too well provided for, all through the first terrible days of grief and loneliness, Uncle John was always ready with help and comfort.

In the fall, instead of entering the state university, I enrolled in the local business school. When I finished my secretarial course in 1932, the great depression was in full

swing. Jobs were practically nonexistent, and of course being young and impatient I was easily discouraged. I just couldn't find a job anywhere in our small town, and Mother was in no condition to live alone if I went out of town to work. So when a friend phoned with the news that her cousin was looking for a secretary, I dashed through the hot Iowa sun all the ten long blocks to his office. I found to my dismay five other girls waiting to see him. Naturally he engaged the most experienced applicant, and I found myself dismissed with a smile and a prefunctory “Sorry.”

Hot and unhappy I dropped in at the town's confectionery for a soda. I was sitting at the fountain, brooding over my misfortunes, when Uncle John came in the door and took the stool beside me.

When he learned that I was still looking for a job, his whole face brightened. “Janie, dear,” he exclaimed, “what luck for me. Mae Briggs, our secretary you know, is retiring in a couple of months. She is going to California to live with her sister. Could you come in tomorrow and help us out, Janie?”

I stared at him wordlessly for a minute. I couldn't believe my ears. Someone seemed to be actually of-

fering me a job. “Tomorrow?” I stammered. “Will you need someone that soon?”

“Absolutely,” he told me. “You'll need time to learn the ropes and Mae should start taking things a bit easier. Anyway she will have lots of outside things to see to, you know, selling her home and packing up. Do you think you could possibly start right away, Janie?”

His words were like healing balm to my wounded and sore young heart. Someone needed me and actually wanted my help. I was not a total misfit after all.

So, the next morning I went to work at my first and only job. I stayed there with Uncle John and his partner, until I married several years later. Those were hard years for any business large or small. I have always felt that the genuine love and respect of his customers for Uncle John was the biggest asset the firm had. Surely his customers' loyalty did a great deal to keep the business solvent and going through those hard times.

About a year after my marriage, Uncle John died of a heart attack, and his wife asked me to help her with his personal papers and letters. It was in his home office one afternoon that I discovered what has always seemed to me the sweetest act of charity I have ever known of personally.

I was going through some rec-

ords of loans he had made, and his wife was sitting in the low rocker by the wide east window. She was turning the pages of a sort of daily business and personal record that Uncle John had kept in a series of old paper-bound note books. When she came to one entry she stopped and sat for a while without turning a page.

I noticed how strangely she was looking at me, and asked anxiously, “Is something the matter?”

“No, dear,” she assured me, “quite the contrary. I was just wondering whether to show you this or not. It concerns you, Janie. Surely at this late date, you will not be hurt by it.” She hesitated a little longer and then handed me the book. I read where her finger pointed.

“June 25, I have hired Janie today to take Mae's place when she leaves us. Have been worried about the dear child for some time now. Spoke to my partner about it; but he cannot see the need of hiring anyone until a week before Mae goes. However, there are other needs than business ones. Shall pay Janie's salary for the two months out of my personal account!”

Even now, years later, that still seems to me the perfect gift; the giving out of the spirit of love and kindness, the giving with no thought of return, the giving so that the recipient of the gift keeps his pride and self-respect intact. In my own

small way I have tried to repay my debt to Uncle John. I have tried to help where I see help is needed, and to give that help as he gave his, in the spirit of love.

Uncle John was a truly great and good man. No trumpet went before him during his lifetime, but during his life he was loved by many and

after his death he was mourned and remembered by many. There is hardly a family in our town which has not at some time or other received from him the spiritual or physical help that he gave so lovingly and unstintingly. Truly he had no "glory," but he had his fellow townsmen's deep love and respect.

* * *

Thank You, God

Frank W. Robertson

For the strength to keep on living,
Thank you, God.
For the wish to keep on giving,
Thank you, God.
For endurance of life's stresses,
For Thy faith that conquers guesses,
For Thy power that wins successes,
Thank you, God.
For the wish to help my neighbor,
Thank you, God.
For enjoyment of life's labor,
Thank you, God.
For Thy guidance of our courses,
For Thy patience with Thy forces,
For the power of Thy resources,
Thank you, God.
For the will to represent Thee,
Thank you, God.
For the gifts we can present Thee,
Thank you, God.
For our growth from its beginning,
For the faith to keep on winning,
For the victory that is gleaming,
Thank you, God.

☞ "I Had an Emptiness in my Heart that is Gone Now."

The All-American Christian-- Donn Moomaw

Robert L. Carl

HE was alone—tired of college and with no spiritual faith to carry him through. Then suddenly it happened and today All-American Linebacker, Donn Moomaw, is head of the UCLA chapter of Campus Crusade for Christ.

If you had a positive cure for a dread disease you would want to tell people about it, wouldn't you?

"That," said Moomaw, "Is just the way I feel about Christianity. I'm going to give people who will listen a chance for a better life. I'm willing to devote a lot of time to it."

And, to be sure, a great deal of Donn's time which became so vitally important to him only a few weeks ago, is given over to this willing assignment.

Still at college, Moomaw is carrying a very heavy schedule for one who had no other concern. In addition, he clears tables for his meals, never fails to keep in training, and, most important to him now, devotes many hours each week to telling people about his new heart-enrooted faith.

The spare time he had, is now filled with lectures. With others

who believe as he does, he travels some two hundred miles from Los Angeles to direct evening church services for those who want to hear his vivid testimonial. He is more than willing to do it, but it is quite a job.

When his restless mind became bored with a life empty of faith, Donn Moomaw's conversion soon followed. It reached its apex during a football game last fall against Southern California University when through prayer, as he so strongly believes, he was able to make a touchdown and salvage a season.

"It had been a bad year for me until then," he said. "I thought I had everything," he continued, and reflected how he was as typical a college student as a star athlete can be.

For his first two years of college, Donn Moomaw never attended church, but one day a girl friend asked him to visit a meeting of the Campus Crusade for Christ.

This organization is nondenominational and headed by a businessman, Bill Bright. This organization holds weekly gatherings on many campuses and many outstanding

Christian speakers are presented. Donn found the meetings informal and keenly interesting. Later, he spoke to Bright who, in turn, asked him to attend church.

Through the sincere efforts of Bright's urgings, Moomaw went to church and began to pray regularly. For the first week Donn could not discover his praying had done very much for him.

"That Saturday we were playing SC," he said. "During the game I was praying hard. About midway through the third quarter, I don't know why, but I was over where the ball was. I intercepted it and stepped over into the end zone. My heart was just crying.

"I was happy because I knew for the first time there was a power beyond myself.

"The day after the SC game I went to church with Bill Bright. That afternoon, right in his living room, I knelt down and accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as my Saviour."

Donn Moomaw started to read his Bible regularly. He prayed for the Lord to enter his heart and use him as He saw fit. He wanted to learn more about Christ so he began to "listen to the preacher in-

stead of looking around for pretty girls."

"Then I started to grow," he said.

Donn realized now after learning more about the true meaning of prayer that his personal touchdown was "pretty selfish," but he feels now the Lord answered it because "He wanted me to have a good season, to be someone people would listen to."

Moomaw has had many listeners to his testimonial. A goodly number of his listeners have been his own college and university friends.

"They ask what they have to give up to turn themselves over to Christ," said Moomaw. "We tell them it isn't what they give up—it's what they get."

Donn said the fellowship he'd found in knowing Christ and the general happiness he'd discovered were reason enough.

"I was never really bad. But I know that wasn't enough. I had an emptiness in my heart that is gone now.

"There is a lot more to accepting Christ than merely leading a good life. That isn't enough. You have to realize that there is sin in the world. You must ask Him to take over your sins for you."

* * *

The "Love" principle is stronger than the "Force" principle.—*Bishop Potter*

-But How We Play the Game

Marie Hand

BILL DEVERS twisted uncomfortably upon his bed and mentally observed that this day was the gloomiest . . .

From the next room a man's voice drifted softly, "Somewhere the sun is shining."

Blast the guy! Bill felt angry. If the fellow was so cheerful, at least he might remember that this was a hospital and some patients were suffering. Bill ruefully looked at his leg suspended in the air. Broken! two places and it hurt! Of course, he had been driving a little too fast but he hadn't counted on that patch of ice. He shuddered as he relived those terror filled seconds when the car hurtled from the highway and met the concrete bridge with a tearing crash. Bill cursed a little as the remembered and present pain merged.

"Be not dismayed whate'er betide God will take care of you."

The pleasant voice penetrated the thin walls with confident assurance.

There should be some rules around here, Bill fumed to himself. And he wasn't very well cared for when he got smashed up, either. And there was his work to be done, yet he was lying trussed up like a holiday turkey. Of course his job would be waiting when he was well

again, but who wanted to lie and hurt and hurt?

"On Calvary's cross," intoned the voice.

Surely his neighbor could keep quiet long enough for the other patients to get a little rest. And creepers! how that leg hurt! Maybe if he would call the nurse, she would give him a pill and ask that singing fool to pipe down. He reached for the call switch and pressed it.

The Prettiest Nurse stepped into the room and smiled in question.

Bill peevishly asked, "Can I have something for this pain? And when you go by, can you ask the guy next door to quiet down? What does he want to sing for anyhow?"

The Prettiest Nurse answered sadly, "I have wondered about that myself, Mr. Devers. You see he has a broken back and besides he is blind."

She walked briskly away to get Bill Devers' pain pill but didn't stop at the next door.

She wasn't needed there for courageous melody floated out into the corridor,

"I'm pressing on my upward way, New heights I'm gaining every day."

Power of the Meek

From the Desk of Glenn Clark

THE Camps Farthest Out have grown and spread until there are now forty-three including three in Canada and one in Mexico. If they should continue to grow and spread at the rate they have been growing, which is ten new camps a year, by 1960 there will be one hundred camps, with every state in the Union represented by at least one. By 1970 there may be a CFO in every country in Europe and Asia. At this rate the Camp Farthest Out movement may become a power to reckon with for the Kingdom.

We have a right to rejoice as long as it remains a power for the Kingdom.

I am writing this to urge all friends of the CFO to help to keep the movement humble. From the beginning, my wife and I tried to keep it from being called a Glenn Clark movement. I wince whenever I hear that name used. The only times I can tolerate it is when the capital letters are erased and I recall the humble glen beside my father's home that served as a channel for the water of life to reach the lands farther down.

But movements can become cocky as well as individuals and I dread the moment when the Camps may become too glorified. Loyal campers in their enthusiasm and grati-

tude are in danger of doing just that thing. May the friends who have been blessed by attending these camps keep their loyalty and enthusiasm, but direct it toward God and Him alone, deflecting it from the horizontal to the vertical.

Because what I am saying rests so deeply on my heart let me suggest some specific ways and means by which this may be done.

First, let the CFO groups which now exist in most of the large cities of the United States become known more and more as "Christ For Others" groups open to minister to and serve all seekers for a deeper spiritual life no matter whether they ever attended a camp or not.

Second, take special care that this movement does not draw people away from their churches, but returns them to their churches to serve them more humbly and loyally than ever before.

Third, let the annual CFO retreats in the large cities cease to be held as CFO retreats and become instead church or inter-church retreats. In short, continue to hold the regular monthly CFO meetings as such, but once a year remove the label entirely and find some minister or group of ministers so eager to have his entire congregation blessed by a three day visitation of outstanding CFO leaders

that they will spend weeks of preparation through their sermons, book reviews, and prayer groups to secure a splendid attendance at these meetings. Once find this church or churches, word can be sent to all CFOers in the city and in neighboring cities to pour forth their prayers for the welfare of these churches as they attend the lectures. During these three day retreats there is no reason why an "exclusive reunion" of all local CFOers cannot be arranged at some dinner hour or luncheon hour or even after an evening lecture.

He who would lose his life shall save it, is true of movements as well as of individuals. He that would be great shall be as a servant. Only as I, as the founder of the camps, step aside for other leaders as great or greater than myself will this become a powerful movement for the Kingdom of

Heaven. And only as the CFOers serve the churches and assist the other worthy movements such as the Disciplined Order, the Ashrams, the Wider Quaker Fellowship, Meals for Millions, and Heifers for Europe, do we deserve to grow and spread and bless the nation.

One final word in regard to the churches. It is the cities where the CFOers have thrown themselves loyally into the support of their home churches, leading Bible classes, developing prayer groups, and supporting the minister, where the great audiences turn out to greet the leaders of the CFO. What CFOers have done in Shreveport and in Norfolk and in Benton Harbor and Oklahoma City—that is the kind of church loyalty we would love to find in all the cities of America. Let us all try. God bless you all.

* * *

I Shall Rejoice

Theodine Brandt

No bitterness shall dwell within my soul
Though I have walked deep shadowed paths of grief;
I set my course to reach the sunlit goal,
And pray for grace to stem the unbelief.

Humbly I ask for strength to bear the pain
That tries my faith, and veils the quested height.
The hurt will pass and hope shall rise again,
And I shall walk rejoicing in the light.

On Prayer Groups

Ethel Dow

"We would be building; Temples still un-
done
O'er crumbling walls their crosses scarcely
lift;
Waiting till Love can raise the broken
stone,
And hearts creative bridge the human
rift;
We would be building, Master, let Thy
plan
Reveal the life that God would give to
man."

Purd E. Deitz

God made one World (if you will let
Him).

With God all things are possible (if you
only believe).

God is filling all space (pull yourself
up, not God down).

God is Love (and can work through
me).

We have failed to put ourselves and
our affairs completely in God's hands and
we have failed to make our prayer life
an hourly habit. There is a Divine pat-
tern and so, on the way, don't think of
your troubles as mountains or valleys,
but that "all things work together for
good" and for redemption. Our trials
or temptations can be our most mo-
mentous appointments with our God.

We are learners through Him, and one
day's practice is worth more than a
whole life spent on theories. This is
where the Prayer Group can be of help
as we come together to share, to agree, to
be as one, and to attain that conscious-
ness of Oneness with Him. The *indi-
vidual purpose* is to be like unto Him.
The *group purpose*, to be dedicated to
Him and receptive to His power and
guidance.

There is a discipline involved here for
we make the CHOICE between the multi-
plicity of thoughts and natures within
us and a willingness to rest in silence.
Someone has said that the Silence means
when all of our natures, physical and em-

otional and spiritual are in perfect bal-
ance. In the group as individuals we re-
alize that God has not made us uniform
but has given us a freedom to help to
fulfill one another and help answer each
other's need.

Our perfect realization of four little
steps could make us into a vital instru-
ment.

I am One with Him
through Love and desire.

I am One with each of you
through Love and understanding.

I stand ready to be used.

I am in His keeping and wait for
guidance.

My faith is Sure
because *I see God in action.*

This realization has been used in Staff
meetings, with little children, in busi-
ness, in Circles, in Stewardship groups,
Church and Mission groups, with Lay-
men, World Day of Prayer, Healing, and
in many other circumstances. That does
not mean that your Group should follow
this particular plan. It *does mean* that
God does want us serene and whole and
able to reflect His will.

Study the prayers of Jesus. To be
open and receptive to the will of the
Father, *including them* is to operate in
a NEW DIMENSION. Let us learn how
to enter into the healing receptive Sil-
ence. Let God pray through your group
and use you. The Kingdom is advanced
by deeds and acts. The world lies in
Your Hands. Whoever wills can work for
the Kingdom.

If Gertrude DeKock is in your area, be
sure to make the contact. She is an Eng-
lish woman from Africa and has had
amazing experiences in prayer and Prayer
Groups. She lives and preaches the Ser-
mon on the Mount.

Not long ago a Prayer was sent to all
of the groups asking for guidance in
choosing the right man for President.
Last month millions knelt on the World
Day of Prayer, and judging from the let-

ters to this department, the yearning
cry was expressed in words like these.

"God save us from our own sins and may
Thy will be done in earth. And we be-
seech Thee, our Father, to unite the will
of those in the United Nations to the
bringing of true Brotherhood and Thy
Kingdom on Earth." Another wonderful
thing about the day was the better un-
derstanding regarding the Silence, that
the Silence is not impersonal, but is the
way the Spirit works.

If you can, keep your Prayer Groups in
touch with others but above all keep your
prayers rising whether you are a shut-in
or active. He takes the responsibility.
Things within and without take place
when we behold Him and realize His
Presence. Read the great Missionary
Book of Acts and read the message of a
sweet teacher named Jesus—a message
for our age. Frank Laubach said in a
talk that in the course of history man-
kind is brought to its knees again and
again by a threat or a great need, and
mankind might not be brought there by
any other method.

"Work for the Kingdom of Love
By the method of Love."

LETTERS

New material has come in about
prayers for children. Contact me if you
need a suggestion as there is not room
to name them here.

From Pennsylvania—comes a sugges-
tion, "May I say, from my experiences,
that real prayer from the heart must be
caught not taught, and that example is
the best teacher. Our prayers before chil-
dren must be sincere, simple, and dealing
with known objectives, not abstract

values. The technique at a Camp Farth-
est Out is especially good for Children."
What should we pray about today? Who
will put it into words for all of us? Or
let any one who wishes say a thank-you
prayer. They all will. As an illustration
of "caught," Teddy, five years old, has
a brother, four, in the hospital for an
operation. His regular evening prayer of
blessing the family ended this way,
"Listen, God, I'd like to have you do
something for me. Please make my mid-
dle-sized brother well. Thank you.
Amen."

Marilyn, three, was recovering from
measles; Davy, two, had pneumonia fol-
lowing measles; the baby, three months,
was well, so far. After an earnest prayer
by the mother, Marilyn's P.S. was, "And
please bless Baby Kenny so he won't
get the sickness." On Christmas Day it
was Larry's turn to say Grace. He hesi-
tated. His mother prompted, "God is
great. God is—." But Larry carried
on, "Thank you, God, for Christmas and
the tree and presents and Mommy and
Daddy and all the family and thank
you for our food."

Would these children have prayed like
this if they had not heard their parents
pray, not once, but many times?

From Pennsylvania—"Count on us at any
time. God sent me my group one by one
and not one from the same Church. What
lessons we learn and the miracles He
performs within us."

Texas is brimming over with thank-
fulness.

Kansas appreciates our help. The
World Day of Prayer Groups were "an
inspiration and a pattern for the future."

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

The World Needs Prayer

Miles Clark

RUSSIA AND PEACE. The world waits hopefully for one single word—peace. As the year advances on, all at once that hope, vague and limp, springs to life. Suddenly the Russian rulers find it in their purposes to ease their part of the world tension. Leading up to these new hopes that may take months to fulfill are these:

1—Death of Stalin. The old revolutionary died as all men must and the world breathed a sigh of relief. To many he might have been “friendly Joe,” but he was a ruthless dictator, too, who hoped to take over the world.

2—Malenkov. Is he the real successor? He may be in the testing process and need a respite from foreign intrigue to solidify that position. At least the world will have a chance to catch its breath during that period.

3—Prisoner of war exchange in Korea. For two years UN forces in Korea have talked to the Communist leaders and only one issue stood in the way of a truce, the question of what prisoners of war should be returned. Now the Communists have suggested that they would like to exchange sick and wounded which may be the prelude to general prisoner exchange. The UN has maintained that prisoners who do not want to be exchanged should not be forced to.

4—Agreement on a new Secretary General for the UN. After forcing Trygve Lie, the Norwegian statesman who has driven himself doing a commendable job for several years, to resign, the Russians have fought all choices for the position and presented an unacceptable candidate

of their own. The recent announcement of the Swedish diplomat, Dag Hammarskjöld for the position has been met with friendly acceptance by the Russians. The important fact here is that the UN might have floundered into the oblivion which the League of Nations met, if this issue could not have been solved.

5—A plan for disarmament. The western nations have submitted a plan for disarmament to the UN Disarmament Committee which had previously met with violent Russian objection. Now with good grace for the first time in seven years the Russians have accepted defeat of their own plan which means that the Committee can continue to study plans for what may be eventual disarmament by all nations in honorable ways.

Many more plans will be heard in the next six months. Some may give more hope and some may make us wonder if we are right in thinking of peace. While filled with hope, it is well known that the sudden interest in friendly relations with the west may be only a means of getting a breathing period for the Russian rulers. It is important to be aware of the fact that easing the tension could be part of a grand strategy to undercut U. S. Congressional legislation for adequate defense funds.

Our Father, With full understanding of the past acts of the Russian rulers and with forgiveness in our hearts we kneel in prayer reaffirming our belief that God's great kingdom may come on earth, a kingdom of peace and light, and that God's will may prevail in the plans of world leaders and that His love may flow to the leaders of the world. Amen.

1953

THE WORLD NEEDS PRAYER

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WORLD THOUGHTS AT PRAYER TIME

ATOM BOMBS. Yucca Flats, Nevada, was the scene of the most widely viewed atom bomb explosion in its short history recently. How many turned off the radio or television in those morning hours to blot out the thought that the bomb exists? Overwhelming as the bomb is, we can no longer treat it as we would an auto accident—something messy to shut our minds against.

Is there a minister to preach the message of God in and above the atom's release of tremendous power? Is our God too small not to encompass the bomb? Do we believe the bomb is stronger than God? The atom bomb has become the center of fear for many; it replaces the boogy man in the children's stories. And yet it is merely another source of power God has given us for the saving of man. Will it be used to save or annihilate?

KAGAWA'S PLAN FOR THE UN. One of the world's leading Christian leaders, Toyhiko Kagawa, outlined a three point plan recently for making the United Nations “a more effective instrument for world peace.”

Speaking to a group of Methodist students after a visit to the UN, Kagawa called for “a parliament of the peoples of the whole world, revitalization of the Hague Peace Court, and limiting of the sovereignty of Japan, England, Russia, and even the United States.” He said that the politicians of the world have lost sight of the Christian principles of redemptive love and service—paying the debts of others—which is at the foundation of world rebuilding.

TURNING BACK TO FAITH. A South Carolina Professor has found that college graduates may have been cool to religion in school but as they grow older they come to a deeper understanding of God. Studies made of 887 college students in sixteen universities in 1936 have

been compared with similar tests of the same men and women fourteen years later and show that 86 percent, while attending church less, grew stronger in their faith in the church and in the reality of God.

FAR EASTERN NATIONS HELP THEMSELVES. A new six year self-help plan is now changing the lives of the people of southeast Asia as the result of the meeting of British Commonwealth nations (United Kingdom, India, Canada, Australia, Ceylon, New Zealand, and Pakistan) which began their own plan of technical aid. The plan which runs from 1951 to 1957 and will cost five billion dollars is scheduled to increase agricultural production, provide new health programs, add to the electric power supplies, and increase the standard of living. Non-Commonwealth nations have been invited to join in the plan which will dovetail with the United States' Point 4 program. The nations participating insist that the plan was not devised merely to combat communism, but they are well aware of the deterring effect it may have on that way of life.

GERMAN REFUGEES FLOOD THE WEST. Each day about a thousand Germans flee from Russian controlled East Germany. In the last few months the numbers of refugees have increased rapidly. Russian sources indicate they are happy over fewer mouths to feed. But while the crowds of refugees develop into a major problem, all the free world believes the human personality in God's image is more important than mere saving bread. And the exodus is demonstration to all the world that oppressed peoples still have a haven. Any effect of the new “friendly” attitude of the Russian rulers has not been apparent yet.

FREEDOM OF SPEECH. All men must at one time find their powerful ego-centered drives come up against God. Senator McCarthy from Wisconsin won re-election last November with the smallest majority of any national or state

officer and probably made it riding firmly on Eisenhower's coat tails. Now McCarthy is keeping the U. S. Senate in an uproar every day. The Democrats have, in general, allowed the new administration time to organize their ranks of governing men and realign the goals of the governmental departments. But McCarthy's ego seems boundless. The administration has acted with as good grace as a long suffering mother with a wayward child while its own prestige has suffered. Many feel that while the Democrats were fair political game, the Republicans are being seriously hurt by the hit and run tactics of their own member. Now it is wondered whether McCarthy was attacking the Democrats for real defections in government, or just using any means to build his own ego by attacking someone else.

Tremendous forces seem to drive the Senator from Wisconsin. No one can believe that it is impossible for God to take over here as with the atom bomb and make some redemptive use of the power expressed. Working "with" the team of Eisenhower would make a persistent force for effective government, if this one man can see his own self interests submerged in the interests of God and his country.

EGYPT REBUILDS ITS WASTE-

LANDS. Under the new government of Egypt, peasants will soon begin to learn elementary democracy according to Worldover Press. Instead of control by corrupt "mayors," the people themselves will soon elect village councils to supervise the health, cultural, and social problems locally. The Army has been set to work in a tree planting program under the new government which will also rebuild the land as its peoples are learning what self-rule means. The reforestation plan will take six years and will plant the countryside with thirty-five million trees. Volunteers also assist in the project that will save the country thirty million dollars a year in extra cost of importing the wood. The government is under what might be termed a military "benevolent" dictator, General Naguib. He is a firm Moslem, who devoutly prays five times each day.

LET US PRAY. When the problems of the world crowd in on us, Father, we ask Thy strength to meet them. Give us courage not to spend our time evading the rough edges of life but look unflinchingly at the sore spots. For it is only through our hands and Thy grace that these sores can be healed and it is only when we are awake to them and Thee that we can see where we should act. Thank Thee for Thy blessings on us, Our Father. Amen.



Through a Mirror

Irene T. Cole

I have a little ego that is very fond of me,
Though what may be the use of him I often cannot see.
For he follows close beside me, wherever I may go,
And whenever I would be good, he always tells me "No!"

He is my sensitive feelings, that are always getting hurt;
He is my self conceit, that needs rubbing in the dirt.
He's all the little cranky ways, to which I am so wont—
Lord, help me to get rid of him, this little pesky runt!

Prayer Works!

I am writing to thank you for your continued prayer for my brother _____, my sister, and myself. Also for the leaflets and affirmation which you sent us, and which have been so helpful. You will rejoice with us to know that God has again manifested His great healing power in _____. He returned to work several days ago, remarkably renewed and strengthened in body, mind, and spirit. Truly the victory is Christ's, for only He could have so richly rewarded the faith of each one of us. And we praise Him for all our many, many blessings . . .

Pennsylvania

About a week ago, I wrote the Prayer Tower in haste for prayers for _____ who were hurt in an automobile accident, a bad wreck. This letter is just sent in happiness and delight to let you know that the accident was not nearly as bad as at first expected and that all three are up and around and will soon be back at work . . . I know God allowed this to be less serious, because, from the looks of the car, everyone says that it seems as though all three would have been killed outright. . . So glory

and glory unending thanks to our Blessed Lord and Saviour.

Michigan

Oh the wonderful power of prayer. I pray I may be led to help people learn more about it. I am very happy to report my sister _____ who went to Arizona for God's glorious sunshine is improving every day and I have been just fine ever since I asked for your prayers last November. You'd think so if you knew what a delightful 72nd birthday I had Feb. 23. Please keep my name in your prayer box and accept my heart-felt thanks for your kind thoughts and prayers.

Netherlands

You may discontinue prayers for our minister's son. He is entirely healed. I wrote to you in October when the minister told us his son had been ill from polio for several months already and was entirely paralyzed. After about six or seven weeks we were told the young man had been out of doors. Last month he was in church, the picture of health. Though I expected this answer I must say I was overwhelmed to see it come

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.

to pass so soon and it has strengthened my faith immensely in the goodness and omnipotence of our Heavenly Father.

Oregon

I have just received such a rich blessing in the way of my own healing since writing you a week ago, and I give to you and God my grateful thanks. All praise to Him who hears us always. . .

Oregon

I wrote to you about a year and a half ago asking prayers for my dear _____. I do wish you could know him and see the wonderful change that has come over him . . . I want you to know that I am most grateful to you this Easter for helping me and also for the *Prayer Manual* and the wonderful lessons I have learned from it. I am saying thank you to all of the members of the prayer Band and wishing for you all a very pleasant and joyous Easter season.

Iowa

By now I should not be amazed at the results of prayer, but I always am. I am so glad to report that the prayers for my _____ have been almost completely answered. The report is no malignancy. And the eye is healing so well the doctor doesn't believe the proposed second operation necessary . . . I am so grateful that God is everywhere.

Montana

Please accept this little love gift. It is given in deep appreciation for the prayers you have had for my husband and his business. Never have I witnessed such a miraculous answer. He is in such good spirits and so grateful for the increase in business. We shall never cease to give thanks for The United Prayer Tower and God's great goodness.

Tennessee

Thank you so very much for your prayers; for your wonderful letters . . . when I wrote you some months ago for

prayer I knew when the letter would get to you and I recognized a spiritual and physical strengthening. My convalescence has been slow, it is not God or your prayers that have made my recovery slow, but it has been myself. But the dear Lord is giving me the victory. Your letters are precious. I love them. It is wonderful to be able to call on The United Prayer Tower and other prayer groups. How grateful I am to the Lord. Yours is a wonderful work. How thankful I am. The Lord's richest blessings continue with you.

Washington

Please accept this small love offering with my grateful and humble thanks for your prayers on behalf of my Father. He is wonderfully and almost entirely recovered and I know that it was due to the combined prayers of all of you there and our friends here, that he is so marvellously healed. May God bless you in your truly inspired work for others.

B. C., Canada

I have been wanting to write to you to express my appreciation for the inspirational literature you have sent me and for the prayers that have been offered on behalf of my mother. Since I wrote to you previously it has not been necessary for her to go to the Dr. and I feel sure she is improving slowly but steadily. Your continued prayers will be deeply appreciated. I am enclosing a small contribution for your good works.

Oregon

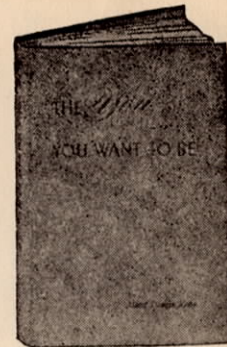
May I say thank you for the help I get from studying *The Prayer Manual*. I enjoyed your Christmas message very much. I pray each day for the people whose names are in your prayer box. My wish for you is a peaceful 1953 that is bright and shiny and filled with gladness.

Texas

How to become the person you want to be

THE *You* YOU WANT TO BE

by
*Mabel
Duncan
Kemp*



Price \$2.50

If you have not read Mabel Kemp's book, *The You You Want To Be*, do yourself a favor—buy it, read it, live with it . . . and watch yourself grow! It's really a wonderful book. Try It.

Here is a paragraph from her chapter on charm:—

"The charm then that we all want is, after all, a gift. It is simply receiving a new spirit to take the place of the old self with which we and others find so difficult to live. It is asking for the spirit of the One with such charm that He was called the Rose of Sharon and the Bright and Morning Star, to live in us and to radiate through us. Then in the midst of chaos we may reflect His calm, in the midst of fear His faith, in the midst of war, hate, prejudice, and revenge, His redemptive love. Yes, and we may reflect His charm, remembering what He said, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth will draw all men unto me." If you have the kind of Christian charm that attracts others to Christ, it may be truthfully said of you, "If you have it, you don't need anything else, and if you don't have it, it doesn't make much difference what else you do have."

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