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Clear Horizons

Personal Experiences In Christian Living

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Famous
Missionary —

Frank C. Laubach

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Changed My Life*
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THE COVER

The picture of Dr. Frank C. Laubach as taken in Oklahoma while he was attending a conference. The globe shows the places where he has served as a missionary and expert.

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I had been told that the age of miracles was past
—yet I had seen a miracle.

A SMALL MIRACLE CHANGED MY LIFE

by Agnes Sanford

SOME YEARS AGO I SAW A MIRACLE. IT WAS A SMALL THING as miracles go—merely a little child who went to sleep when a minister prayed for him, and who awoke and was well. That miracle made for me a new heaven and a new earth. It showed me that God is real, and that His Word still goes forth to accomplish His Will upon the creation of His making. So it awoke in me hope and faith and a renewed purpose for living.

I have seen with my eyes that God's power could work through an individual. But I did not know how an individual could become a channel for God's power. Before many months I wanted to know this, because I saw about me suffering and darkness that only God could help, and I saw that people were shut off from God so that His help could not reach them. How could one re-connect them with Him, so

From *Behold Your God* by Agnes Sanford. Macalester Park Pub. Co., St. Paul. \$3.00. Copyright 1958. Used by permission.

that His will could be done in them? There was no one to tell me. The minister who had prayed for my baby could channel the power, but could not explain it in words that I was able to comprehend. True, I learned from him many useful things about the care of my own body and mind. But when I asked, "What is this power and how does one use it for others?" he only replied, very truly, "It is a power of the super-mind."

Yes, but what was the "super-mind" and how could one put it into action?

There are many books today that try to explain this matter. But at the time I knew none of them. Therefore, I decided to find the answer in two ways: first by studying the words of Jesus Christ, and second, by trying what He said and seeing whether it worked or not.

This sounds very simple, but it did not prove to be so. First of all, I found that what He said went directly contrary to many of the explanations concerning religion that I had been taught since my youth. For instance, I had been told that the age of miracles was past—yet I had seen a miracle. I had been told that God no longer worked through an individual—yet I had seen Him work through an individual.

If I had at that time tried to reconcile all the teachings of today and make them conform to the words of Jesus, I would never have started any healing work. I knew this. I also knew that there was no use in trying to understand what I had not experienced. Therefore, I set myself to find an *experience of God's power*.

In order to do this, I laid aside temporarily all that I had been taught concerning Christianity. I did not disbelieve it, I merely laid it on the table to be considered later. And that is what all of us must do if we are to learn.

To learn—What? To learn two things: how to know the working of God's power in ourselves and how to pass it through us to others. This is experiencing God. Religion is an *experience of God*. Theology is merely an attempt to explain the experience. As man's experience of God changes through the ages, the explanation concerning that experience must of necessity also change. To limit the experience within the bounds of what one learned in Sunday School or in Seminary would preclude any further growth in grace and any further revelation from that very Spirit of Truth whom Jesus sent to lead us into all truth.

Christianity is already swinging away from the great nineteenth century heresy¹, the statement that

God no longer does works of power—that His hand is shortened, that it cannot save (Isa. 59)—that this is a new dispensation, one in which everything must be done by man's mind and hands—that Jesus Christ came to give us less abundant life and that the works that He did we should not do. Many people are re-discovering the eternal truth: that God is both able and eager to help us (Matt. 10:29-31); that the works that Jesus did, we should do too (John 14:12); that the greatest things are accomplished not by men's hands and minds, but by the Spirit of God abiding in them (Zech. 4:6); that Jesus came to give us more abundant life (John 10:10)—more joy (John 16:22), more power (Acts 1:8), more guidance (John 16:13), more opportunity to sacrifice for His sake (Matt. 5:10, 11).

For many years I stepped out on these promises without understanding. Time and again I found myself frustrated and baffled by the contradictions between popularly accepted ideas of Christianity and the actual things that happened. This frustration and confusion was a strain on my faith and a hindrance to my work. So I began to seek for understanding—to re-think the basic beliefs of our religion in the words of today, and to measure them according to the actual working of the power of

God. I found that each new gleam of understanding increased the power and released the joy of the new life. So it is my hope to pass on in this book an expanded concept of God and of His working through Jesus Christ Our Lord. It is my hope that the reader will, for the present, consider these matters with an open mind and that he will not try to make them conform to his present concepts until he has finished the book.

For instance, faith is the tool by which God's works are done. But when I tried to help myself in prayer, I met with an immediate obstacle—namely, I could not believe that God really wanted to heal me. It was just as apt to be His will, I thought, that I should go on suffering. In other words, I did not believe that God felt toward me as my father felt. My father was a good father. So is God. A good father loves his children. Do we believe that God loves us as a good father loves his child?

How shall we revive our faith? Not by reason alone, for so much of us is below the level of reason. We must re-convince the subconscious mind as well as the conscious! Therefore, let us use the reiteration of praise as the Bible tells us to do, so that the whole being will accept His love! I wonder if there is any command given more often in the Bible than

1. *A Reporter Finds God*, Emily Gardiner Neal, Morehouse-Gorham, N.Y. 1957.

the command to praise the Lord, to let His praise be continually in our mouths. Surely the purpose of this command is not only to rejoice the heart of the Almighty, but also to make glad our own hearts and to release their power by filling the entire being, subconscious as well as conscious, with the love and the joy of the Lord. Therefore, let us remind ourselves a hundred times a day that He is

our Father, and let us thank Him and praise Him for His love until the feeling of it revives in us.

And as this feeling revives in us, let us begin immediately to establish it by acting upon it. Let us assume that God is a Father and that He loves His people, and let us try to convey His love and His power to them, just as Our Lord did.



Leave It To Him

Conchita Morales

You'll find your life

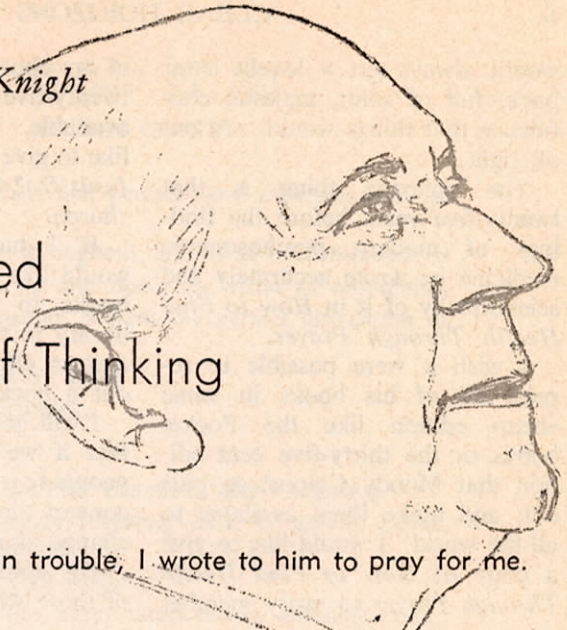
Divinely blessed

The day you learn

That God knows best.

James Milton McKnight

He Changed My Way of Thinking



Whenever I was in trouble, I wrote to him to pray for me.

I was lying flat on my back in the hospital when I first heard of Glenn Clark. A nurse handed me his book *How to Find Health Through Prayer*. I read it through twice without stopping. Later she told me of how the doctor who ran the hospital had met Glenn and how his whole life was changed.

I began to read avidly everything he wrote: *A Man's Reach; Be Thou Made Whole; I Will Lift Up Mine Eyes; On Wings of Prayer; Windows of Heaven; The Third Front; Come Follow Me; The Soul's Sincere Desire; The Way of Love; What Would Jesus Do?*

I put copies of them in our church library. I bought twenty-

five copies of *What Would Jesus Do* and gave them to the officers of my church. It changed the attitude and atmosphere of the whole church.

I took the book *Be Thou Made Whole* and passed it around among those who were sick in body, mind, and soul. It changed many of them.

I went to the Byndon Wood conference hoping to see Dr. Clark, but he was unable to come. Later I registered for the Hendersonville, North Carolina, Camp Farthest Out hoping to see him, but something kept me away.

We corresponded for many years. Whenever I was in trouble, I wrote to him to pray for me. I

would always get a lovely letter back, full of calm, majestic confidence that things would turn out all right.

The amazing thing is that twenty-five years before the findings of modern psychosomatic medicine he wrote accurately and scientifically of it in *How to Find Health Through Prayer*.

I wish it were possible to reprint all of his books in some cheap edition like the Pocket books or the thirty-five cent edition that Moody Colportage puts out, and make them available to all the world. I would like to give a copy of *How to Find Health Through Prayer* to every member

of my church. I could do it—if a twenty-five cent edition was available. The next year I would like to give a copy of *What Would Jesus Do?* to every member of the church.

If I had unlimited funds, I would like to present a set of his books to every Sunday School library in the country. I do hope that an effort will be made to put out a pocket edition.

I will never forget his statement that if we could get five million people to pray for Russia, it would convert the leaders of Russia and change that nation.

His spirit lives on in the lives of those who knew him.



As Jesus Did

by

Mary E. Newbern

If I can give a ray of hope
To him whose way is tortuous,
As for his pathway he must grope,
I will have done as Jesus did
In giving some encouragement
To one whose strength is almost spent.
It is my prayer that I may do,
This thing, Dear Lord, and follow you.

A PSALM OF JOY

GLENN CLARK

We know, O Father, that perfect Love expresses itself in perfect Joy.

This Joy radiates throughout the vistas of consciousness
As sunlight plays up and down the vistas of mountains.
No power can possibly prevent the perfect circulation of this Joy.

For it is propelled by Love,
And Love is omnipotent;
For Love is God.

This Joy is pure, perfect, complete, and life-giving,
And it is continuously revealing itself in infinite Power
and infinite Glory,

Expressing the eternal Majesty.

This Joy is absolutely pure, untouched by anything unlike Thee,

Therefore this Joy is perfect, whole, and complete,
Bringing wholeness, healing, and perfection.

Nothing is sick but this joy can make whole,
Nothing is impure but this Joy can make pure,
Nothing is hid but this Joy can bring to light,
Nothing is imperfect but this Joy can make perfect.

For this Joy is omnipotent Power,
Made manifest in man,
Irresistible, infinite, eternal,
Circulating with unfailing regularity and ease
Throughout the vistas of consciousness.

Nothing can possibly prevent the perfect circulation of this Joy,
For it is propelled by Love, and Love is omnipotent;
for Love is God.

From *The Soul's Sincere Desire*, Glenn Clark. Little, Brown & Company, Boston. \$2.50. Used by permission.

At any time of the day or night, individuals may be seen leaving or entering the little chapel.

A University Chapel for Protestants, Catholics and Jews

Judy Ann Young

INDIANA UNIVERSITY has tried to answer the quest of many of its students for a sanctuary—a place for quiet meditation and communion with God. The answer to this quest lies in the newly-erected Beck Chapel.

The Beck Chapel, built at the geographical center of the campus, is designed as a temple to the spirit and soul of man, to the place of religion in man's history, in contemporary society, and in the life of every individual.

Throughout history, religion has influenced education. Since the early colonial days, a chapel has stood in the central place of the campus of most American colleges and universities, proclaiming a common bond.

The Beck Chapel heralds the tradition that religion and education belong together and consequently have mutual concern.

The chapel is open to students and faculty members of all faiths and beliefs as a place for quiet meditation and communion. The chapel is not the scene of regular religious services because it is designed as a focus for spiritual life of the students as they go about their university affairs from day to day.

The chapel, because of its location, is within an easy pace for any student on campus. The chapel demonstrates the tradition that religion and education belong together and have mutual concern. Each, education and religion, renders an essential service to the welfare of the individual.

At any time of the day or night, individuals may be seen leaving or entering the little chapel. Many students stop for a minute or two between classes to relax and relieve some of the tensions that develop during a typical day on the campus. Oftentimes, in the late evening, couples stop at the chapel. Very often they frequent the place for nothing more than a few moments of tranquility and for the feeling of spiritual upliftedness they receive from entering the sanctuary. The walk across campus towards home, after a visit to the chapel, seems a little more worthwhile. As the couple leaves the chapel, walks down the flagstone pathway, crosses one of the many bridges that cover the Jordan River that runs through campus, they think of how wonderful the world is and how truly fortunate we all are for being permitted this great land in which we live.

Communication with God is made so easily in this, the building set apart solely for religion. In this tranquil beauty students may linger. Here they may gather inner peace before returning to the high-pressure, fast-moving pace of courses and clubs and waiting on tables. Here the students may find the strength they need to make decisions that require much reflection. Here they kneel in prayer.

Dr. Frank O. Beck, curator of the chapel, has said, "The Chapel stands for the students' individual spiritual development. The interior is designed as a refuge from the noise and confusion of routine campus life, for silence is as real and solid as sound."

The cemetery and the land around it can hardly be matched for natural beauty and peacefulness, qualities fitting for a chapel. Norwegian spruces, arborvitae, myrtle, and in the spring, wild flowers make up the landscape. Adding to the significance of the natural setting, three trees were planted in 1942, representing the Catholic, Jewish, and Protestant religions.

The choice of location for the chapel was no accident. The spot was chosen because, like every other phase of the chapel, it has historical and traditional significance.

The chapel was built southeast of the Dunn Cemetery. The burial place and the land around it was set aside by George Dunn in his will, making it legally impossible to use the land for public property.

At one time the Dunn family owned a 160-acre tract in this area. In 1884 the University bought 200 acres surrounding, but not including, the cemetery.

A three-faced stone monument set in the wall around the cemetery bears the names of three Revolutionary War heroines. Eleanor, George Dunn's grandmother, and her two sisters, Jennet and Aness, were born in England and settled in Virginia. During the war they served George Washington by making garments, providing food, and melting metal objects into bullets. The ashes of these three women lie at the foot of the monument, linking the site to the pioneer past.

According to tradition, from the East comes the Sun of Righteousness. That explains the position of Beck Chapel. Each morning the sun, a symbol of God, floods the sanctuary from the Rose Window high on the east wall.



Chiaroseuro

—John Beauchamp Thompson

Beauty growing on a thorn,
Love victorious on a tree—
Conquer every cynic's scorn,
Prove life's Immortality!

We all influence people. The question is, for good or for evil . . .

EVERY MAN IS A BRIDGE

Allan A. Hunter

EVERY MAN IS A BRIDGE. Each of us here is a bridge over which there passes—it may be every moment, certainly every day—some idea.

All too often the idea is a discouraging one. In that case, if we catch ourselves redhanded, we are full of remorse. The remorse is only harmful if we do nothing about it. It is creative the moment it shocks us into becoming a different kind of passageway, the kind of which Jesus speaks, toward which his whole life points. In the Sermon on the Mount we read: "You are the light of the world"—meaning: you are a bridge over which God's own spirit would pass to reach the minds of men and share with them His inmost nature.

What a beam from the sun does for the sun we are to do for the Source of all truth and life. It serves as a bridge from away up there to right down here. Over each beam wave after wave of the warmth and awakening power on which every living thing on earth depends keeps coming, coming, coming. If that wasn't constantly

happening, every little plant would wither and die. Because it does happen, the terrific life-giving energy at the heart of our solar system is given a chance to get across to the chlorophyl in the leaves. As a result, what is inorganic is transformed into what is organic. As a further result, you and I are enabled to eat and breathe.

We are all somewhat familiar with this chemical process that works in weeds and flowers, shrubs and trees. What we need information on is the even more basic movement our Lord asks us to join. He asks each of us to be a bridge between the eternal caring, healing, helping energy and the will to live abundantly that without encouragement might wilt.

Heinrich Grueber chose to be the second kind of bridge during World War II. Because of his utter fearlessness, thousands of Jews were able to escape the gas chamber and cross over into freedom. In Dachau concentration camp he restored to despairing men the faith in life they had lost. Today, in East Berlin as pastor of

a church, he tries (and sometimes succeeds) to communicate even to officials in the power-struggle, something of what his Father in Heaven would say to them.

In the slums of London once a man had the privilege of allowing his body itself to be a bridge over which human beings passed from death into life. It was in the days before our modern methods of ensuring safety. The lower floors of a tenement were blazing. Trapped in it on the fourth story was a father with three children. There was no way of running downstairs. The only escape was, somehow, to get across the street into another building. The distance was about five feet. Inspired, the father took hold of the ledge of the window, dangled his feet till some rescuers across the street could grab and hold them. Making himself as stiff as possible, like a plank, he urged his children to crawl across his body into safety. They were small and frightened. But one after the other, they passed. He was tired then and in his efforts to get a better hold, slipped and fell, down to his instant death below.

To me, that is what Jesus does—on a big scale—for us human beings. He offers not just his body but his whole being, his whole personality, everything of himself: as a bridge over which the goodness and the caring spirit of God

can pass and get through to our inner citadel to make Himself at home there.

There is a friend of my church who, because years ago she experienced healing in her own life, was moved to pray that she herself could be such a bridge over which this strange binding, healing energy of God's will to help might pass into the deep will to live in other people. For something like five years she offered up this burning desire. Then the gift was given and now she tells about talking with a mother who was worrying about her daughter. "My little girl," complained the mother, "is cross and disagreeable. She just never smiles. She's dismal and unhappy and she acts as if she feels she isn't loved."

My friend, Mrs. Sanford, made this suggestion. "Why not, at night, when the child is sleeping, try standing by the bed and laying your hands on her head and the back of her neck. That would make the connection necessary with her subconscious mind. Then you could make in your mind the picture of the little girl the way you would like to see her, or rather the way you think God would want to see her. So, imagine her smiling, sweet and gay, loving, friendly, happy. Then just say 'In the name (or nature) of Jesus Christ, let this be so.'"

"I'm not sure I believe in Jesus Christ," the mother objected.

"Well, then, just say 'in the name of Love, my own love for this little girl'—expressing the universal love of this little girl—'let it be so.'"

Two or three days later the mother got in touch with Mrs. Sanford and she said: "You know, that was perfectly amazing what happened. In the morning my little girl got out of bed and ran and kissed me, nice and friendly as could be."

The mother kept up the praying. You guess the result? Of course! The little girl caused the mother to change and the mother knew what was happening for the little girl knew that the mother was coming to love her more and more. Incidentally, although this mother didn't at first believe in Jesus Christ, her willingness to be open-minded and to act on the best insight she was capable of, before too long led her to have increasing faith. In time both she and her daughter became members of the church in the community back East where this spiritual healing took place.

We all influence people. The question is, for good or for evil, for well-being or for ill? Perhaps the deepest longing we have is to be a bridge over which God's love for people, His goodwill for them, may pass. We would all, surely,

like to be light, carrying the warmth of the sun so that the small, tender plants about us may be given the confidence to grow. But how?

There's an old saint who died the other day. A minister, Dr. Ryland. He was a bridge if there ever was one. And he worked at it, he thought about it night and day. Before he went into a situation he asked God if he couldn't be a bridge to let the eternal Goodness into somebody's life that day. Again and again he thought of this. If he went over to the grocery store on Vermont he would try to remember. Before approaching the cash register (he confessed this once to two or three of us meeting with him in the prayer room) he would try when he could think of it to offer up this petition: "O God, before I pay for these potatoes or apples, I know that the Japanese woman there is probably tired; if it is possible, may there show on my face such love of You that she will find it easier to believe in You."

How do you and I do that? May I suggest one simple thing we can all attempt so that a good habit may be formed and grow. Again and again as we go into a store or as we purchase a ticket on the bus, or whenever, even under our own roof, we encounter another human being, we can say "Oh God, I'm *Your* bridge. What,

then, do You want to send over me right now into the mind or into the life of this person I'm about to meet?"

Let us pray: For this chance You give us each moment to be a

light in the world, a bridge over which You can send wave after steadfast wave of friendly, healing, encouraging, strengthening energy—for this unspeakable privilege we give You thanks. Amen.



Fans and Fanatics

J. W. Mellick

We hear him yell his lungs out at the stadium or on the bleachers. His antics to express his emotions are beyond description! At the office, on the street, or in the shop, everyone knows that he loves the game. He never seems to tire of mentioning the "big names" in baseball. You'd think that he was every player's first-cousin . . . judging by his familiar talk about them. As for money, time, and energy . . . he spares nothing when it comes to showing his devotion for the game. He never swats a ball, nor does he run a base, but he still loves it and he shows it so that everybody knows it! He is a fan!

We hear another fellow who ventures a mild "amen" in a church service or hums and sings hymns around the shop or office. He even shows a love to "talk Bible" to his fellow workers. The tone of his voice and the light on his face shows that he is no mere side-line spectator. You are convinced that "he's got something," that's different. There is a certain settled joy, and peaceful way about him that leaves you wondering . . . a bit hungry for the thing yourself. You marvel how he can be genuinely happy and not do the "costly" things that you do. He gives heavily, and goes to church constantly. It is a delight instead of a burden, and somehow he prospers in more ways than one. Strange, is it not, that in baseball we say "fan," and in Christianity some say "fanatic"?

"OH FOR THE FAITH OF A MOTHER!"

RELEASE WAS THE SECRET OF HER PRAYER POWER

Harriett C. Anderson

IN A LARGE MIDWEST hospital, one of the many fine Nurses' Aids is a pleasantly-plump, motherly woman named Ruby. She comes on duty in the late afternoon and works until eleven at night.

Ruby hasn't the quick brisk step of the Nurses or the other Aids; rather, she calmly ambles about her duties, yet she gets them done as well and as quickly as the others. She is like a moving mountain of sunshine. Into every room she enters she brings an atmosphere of peace and calmness. She is quite a talker, and, as she gives back-rubs and prepares the patient for the night, she chats.

One night the writer learned that Ruby's grown son had been in an auto accident. He had been taken to the large University hospital in a neighboring city, where the eye specialists were not sure

whether or not they could save his sight.

Yet, here she was, caring for the sick, calm and confident that her son would not lose his sight. During the conversation, she explained that she was praying about it, and trusting her son to God's care. She told the story of how she had "learned to pray right."

She said that when she had learned to pray right, such prayers had met all her needs during the years of raising a large family, and meeting problems she could not otherwise have faced.

Many years ago, when one of her daughters was a tiny baby, the baby had been taken seriously ill and was in constant great pain. The doctor expressed little hope that the baby would live. Ruby said she had prayed unceasingly, yet to no avail. She was sick with fear and heartache.

One day, as she stood by the crib, weeping and praying, it was as though a voice spoke to her. Suddenly she was made to realize she had not been praying right at all. She had been *telling* God what should be done, and how it should be done. She had been saying she trusted God and relied upon His care, yet she suddenly realized that she hadn't been trusting God at all. She couldn't be if, even as she prayed, she held to a great sense of fear and doubt.

She dropped to her knees, and this time prayed as Jesus had taught his Disciples to pray, with trust and confidence, "*Thy* will be done." Instantly a sense of peace came over her. *Now*, she was praying that not *her* will, but God's, be done. She talked to God as to a loving understanding father, trusting His way. Giving up her human desire, her mother-possessiveness, she prayed, "Father, if it be Thy will, let it be so. If it be Thy will, take my little one without too much more of this terrible suffering." She rose from her knees enveloped in such a deep sense of peace that it was as though a gentle hand had been

placed upon her shoulder. And with this peace came a firm conviction that all was well, that her baby would live.

She had made a complete surrender to God's Divine way, which is always the right way for His children. She had grasped the firm conviction that God is ever present, knows the needs of His children, and is supplying it.

When the doctor returned, she told him she knew her baby was going to live. He replied, "Oh for the faith of a mother!"

The baby's condition had changed almost at the instant of the mother's complete surrender to God's will. The baby lived.

Ruby says she has never forgotten this lesson on the right way to pray, and has used it through all these years. It never fails.

Now that her children are grown, she is using her time serving as a Nurses' Aid, to help ease the suffering of others. Her inner calm, her firm trust in God's goodness, is like a benediction of peace to the patients as she goes calmly from room to room, preparing them for the night.

This treatment many times dissolves the offense "in mid-air"

*The Time
to Forgive
Is - NOW!*

ETHELYN A. SHATTUCK

AMONG THE MANY WORKINGS of God's love is one of singular power and unique function. It is forgiveness, that gracious action of God whereby our sins are dissolved and we stand acquitted before Him. This initial experience we receive with joyful alacrity, revelling in release from burdens and in awareness that we are His and He is ours.

But with less warmth and diminishing vigor we pursue the

second phase of forgiveness—the forgiving in our own hearts and emotions all others who sin. We Christians, whole hearted as we desire to be, seem to have only a fractional comprehension that God's forgiveness must be projected through us to all others in order to complete itself. It is as if the river of God's forgiveness must engulf our forgiveness faculty, then surge over banks out to all others. Regardless of the individual size of our forgiveness faculty it must, by the inflowing pressures of His love, be constantly enlarged to include all men under all circumstances. Perhaps it is in the enlarging and functioning of our forgiveness faculty that we come closest to the Father's heart which so loved the world of offending people that He gave His Son that they might be forgiven, and in turn become channels through which He can pour that same forgiving love.

Why, then, do earnest Christians proceed through life with only fractional comprehension of the outflow and the power of forgiveness? There are at least four reasons. 1. It is opposite to human nature to which we have a life-long conditioning—this nature is with us from the bassinette to the casket. 2. The nature of forgiveness is so little understood because

so little practiced. 3. To practice it consistently as a way of life has been found hard and expensive in prayerful effort and willing obedience and we are found lazy. 4. There is much ignorance as to when and how it should be practiced. It is with one amazingly practical area of this last reason that we deal in the following paragraphs.

We readily agree with the Scriptural injunctions to forgive and we know also by the teaching of the Holy Spirit directly to our hearts and by instinct that we must always forgive even to seventy times seven in a day. When we come to specific people, events, and emotions we meet practical difficulties, but it is with these we live and in them we come face to face with crucial times and ways of practice.

The most crucial of these times has eluded most of us—it is *while the offense is in process*. Some have found it and have learned to practice forgiveness in that hour in the Jesus way to their great good. At once we think of two examples: *while* Jesus was *being* crucified, at the very apex of total suffering, He cried out, "Father, forgive them." Stephen *while* stones were *being* hurled at him exclaimed, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge." Without waiting for their persecutors to ask for forgiveness or even to desire it,

these men cut through all emotions to the one essential for the hour—forgiveness, love in redemptive, specific operation. Their example precisely fits us in the hour of offense, regardless of its nature or degree. It is hard—but must things be easy?

In forgiveness we are primarily concerned with the transformation of our own life into the image of Christ as it is reflected in the flow of God's love toward others. It is a matter between us and our Lord. How the offender responds is between Him and God; we have neither right nor responsibility to change him. But if forgiveness is real, atmosphere will be created that will make it easier for him to change himself. As often as otherwise he will change, for forgiveness as love in operation is stronger than the offense.

Here are a few of the several effects of forgiving while the offense is in process: 1. It places a "lid" over our hearts and emotions which prevents the offense from sinking down into us, fermenting, and bringing forth responses after its own kind: resentment, self-pity, disgust, hurt feelings, fear, bitterness, anger, and despair, all of which must themselves be forgiven. 2. It prevents an accumulation of offenses and responses which some time must be dealt with if we are to grow in grace. 3. It is love's first

stern step in making us able and eligible to deal with the wrong situation. Without it we are incapable of seeing the situation or the people involved in their true light or of sensing the right action to take. 4. It is a peace-maker by dissolving the offense as fast as it develops. "Blessed are the peace-makers" for they are acting like God's Son. 5. Personal relationships of all kinds develop in love, appreciation, and joyfulness within the realms of business, marriage, parenthood, neighborhood, and the church.

There are certain attitudes we need to consider before passing on to the method of forgiving while the offense is in process. 1. There must be a sincere desire to grow in this aspect of God's love. Without such desire there can be no progress at all. 2. We must forgive not as a judge of the other person, as wrong as he may be, but as a fellow-offender. God alone is judge. Paul said to consider ourselves lest we also be tempted. If we have not offended in the same way we certainly have in other ways. Neither one is superior or inferior. James indicates that we have all offended in many ways. 3. Forgiveness is love and as such it is stronger than the offense and can overcome it. 4. The offender's heart and emotions at the moment are our concern only secondarily—he

has the chief responsibility for himself. 5. There is always a small space of time in which we can deliberately decide our reaction. 6. This is a matter between ourselves and God. The other person need not desire nor ask for forgiveness nor know that we are projecting it. 7. Our full forgiveness as a fellow-offender creates a favorable atmosphere which may inspire the offender to deal with himself effectively. 8. Forgiveness while the offense is in process must not be confused with weakness and inanity in meeting the situation. Everything forgiveness is, weakness and inanity are not. It is the first rugged step to putting things right. 9. Earnest, sometimes vigorous, self-discipline must be applied at the moment as well as in personal devotional life preceding the event. Self-discipline is one of the hardest and most valuable exercises the Christian has, but there is little progress without it.

Now comes the exclamation, "How can we do it?" Blessed indeed are the ones who have developed a healthy inward prayer life, that constant awareness of communication with God. Their habits of thought meet the offending situations at their inception.

The following general effectual steps are followed by those whose inward prayer is well developed: 1. They refuse to be defensive but

rather accept the situation with thanks to God, welcoming the chance to forgive. "In all things give thanks for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you." It is love's prerogative to forgive—it is so like the Father who forgave them. Unless there is acceptance there can be no forgiveness. 2. At once by *inward* prayer they address the Father, even as Jesus and Stephen did. They do one additional thing: they include themselves in the request for forgiveness since it is entirely possible that in some unrecognized way they are responsible for the offense that is going on. They do not analyze the degree of wrong on the part of either one. The only thing now is to let forgiveness flow through. 3. In conformity to Jesus' advice to "Do good to them that despitefully use you," they say a sincere complimentary thing about the offender to him at the time, if at all possible, or do a kind, considerate act. If these cannot be done at the time, they do them as soon as possible. They pray for the offender, asking the same things they desire for themselves. 4. They actively maintain a conscious prayerful attitude of forgiveness up toward God and out toward the other person for

the duration of the offense. This calls for maximum self-discipline but the result more than justifies the effort. 5. They discipline themselves to relax so that they show by facial expression and manner that they are taking no offense.

This treatment many times dissolves the offense "in mid air" and is potent therapy for both sides. Not always, however, do offenders want or will accept forgiveness even when offered. Jesus' persecutors continued on as they were, but one centurion exclaimed, "This must be the Son of God," and countless people down the ages have accepted the forgiveness offered for them on the cross. Stephen's stone-throwers continued to persecute the new church, but the young coat-holder was pricked to the heart and became the dynamic Paul, blessing the world for these hundreds of years.

To many the need and the privilege of forgiving during the time of offense seems an ideal impossible of attainment. But to many others it is not an ideal but a way of life—the offended and the offender standing side by side on equal terms before the Father, who has given us in Christ the prerogative to forgive—now!

Jesus Christ felt the same eager desire for everybody in need that we feel for our children . . .

A New Compassion Began With Jesus

FRANK C. LAUBACH

THE NOBLEST CHARACTERS before Jesus had taught a benign good will toward men, no matter how weak or wicked they might be. But the compassion of Jesus was not just a benign good will toward weakness and evil. He loved men too much to leave them as they were, or to wink at their weakness and sins. He had a passionate yearning for men to be born again, for they were not good enough. He

loved people for what He could make out of them, for their possibilities, for the perfect pattern which they had failed to attain. He loved them so much that He wanted them to fulfill their destiny—to become magnificent sons of God!

It is true that we do care for our own children and grandchildren this way. We start to help them the day they are born, and continue to watch them and

From *The World Is Learning Compassion*, Frank C. Laubach. Fleming H. Revell Co., Westwood, N. J. \$3.50. Copyright 1958. Used by permission.

help them and hope for them until they are full grown, indeed, as long as we live. Anyone who does not feel this way toward his own child we call an unnatural parent. If we are decent, we love our nearest relatives and perhaps our dearest friends at least this much.

Jesus Christ felt the same eager desire for *everybody in need* that we feel for our children and for our closest relatives. Every child was His child. All of them were, as He said, "My brother, and sister, and mother." This attitude toward the whole human race was a new phenomenon in history.

Open the pages of the gospels and you find Jesus spending all His time every day, all day, lifting people out of their misery and sin. Every minute of His waking hours was devoted to healing and helping and feeding and saving, except when He retreated to solitary prayer to renew His strength.

The compassion of Jesus was indeed unbounded. Any stranger of any faith or race in need anywhere called forth His compassion and His help. He did not stop with feeling sorry. He did the thing each man needed most. He healed the lepers. He opened the eyes of the blind. He fed the hungry. He never threw a coin to a beggar! He healed him of his disease or blindness, so that he no longer needed to

beg. He healed twisted minds and sin sick souls. He always finished His job before He left the person who had been in trouble, so that the healed man could help himself.

The philosophy of Jesus concerning compassion was diametrically opposite to that of the Buddhists or Hindus or Moslems. Hindus and Buddhists have the doctrine of "karma," which teaches the unfortunate sufferers are paying the penalty for sins they committed in their previous incarnations. The Moslems attribute suffering to "kismet" (destiny). So they believe that everything and everybody is exactly the way God has decreed. The greatest virtue therefore is to lie still and take it, without a protest or complaint!

Jesus, on the other hand, declared that God does not want men to be the way they are, in destitution or oppression or despair or sin. "All things are possible," He said, "to him that believeth."

Three years of that kind of compassion every day, all day! It was that boundless, powerful loving-kindness that made His disciples more certain every month that their teacher was the Son of God. They had never dreamed that God Himself could have so much compassion. The greatest compliment ever paid to God was

that He is as compassionate as Jesus.

Jesus has made Christmas Day the most wonderful day of the year. The Christian church took an old Anglo-Saxon day of merry-making and transformed it into the divinely beautiful day it now is. A humble maiden in a stable, with a baby in her arms and shepherds for visitors, has become the symbol of hope for every poor person.

When compassion for the multitude was born on Christmas Day, with it was born new hope among the multitudes. Sullen despair chained to the wheel of karma is fading from the hearts of the underprivileged four-fifths of the world. They feel a great, ever-rising determination to lift themselves and their children out of hunger and disease and misery, up to a higher level. Jesus started a fire upon the earth, and it is burning hot today. The fire of a new hope is in the hearts of the hungry multitudes.

Until recent decades, nobody dreamed that we *could* lift the world out of misery and want. But now science has made it pos-

sible. We *can* change the world from an economy of scarcity to an economy of plenty. Medical science has made it possible to change the human race from wretched victims of disease into healthy, vigorous bodies and minds.

Now that we see *it can be done*, we begin to see that this is what Jesus Christ started to do, and what He wants us to finish. The kingdom of Heaven is a kingdom of abundance and health of body, mind, and soul—for the *whole* human race, for this life and for the next.

Now we are beginning to realize that the Lord's Prayer is for everybody in the whole world. The "O" which begins that prayer is as big as the earth!

This prayer, all of it, actually is a dedication of ourselves to helping His will be done, His Kingdom to come, His people to be fed in every corner of the earth. This is prayer at its highest, for it is not asking God to shrivel down to our small purposes. It is trying to stretch our hearts to the size of His world plans.



THE ONLY POWER WE HAVE EMANATES FROM GOD, AND WE ARE COMPLETELY DEPENDENT UPON HIM FOR OUR NEEDS.

THE POWER OF HELPLESSNESS

BY HAROLD S. KAHM

PEOPLE OFTEN COMMENT WITH LOVING SYMPATHY ON THE complete helplessness of a baby, and its utter dependence upon others. Certainly there is no human being less capable of fending for itself. Without care and attention it would starve or die of thirst. Yet, how often does a baby perish for lack of adult attention? There is scarcely a man or woman in the world who would ignore the cries of a helpless infant.

A baby, in effect, wields a mighty power: the power of its very helplessness. It does not know it has this power, but it exists nevertheless. It is the power to command the love and attention and self-sacrifice of those able to supply its needs.

One thing is certain: babies do not worry!

Jesus said, "Only as a little child shall ye enter the kingdom of heaven." As adults, we are as

completely dependent upon God as infants are dependent upon us, and He does not fail us any more than we fail them. For in His sight, we too are as helpless as babies.

In the material sense, we are dependent upon the sun, without which life upon the earth would be impossible. One cannot imagine the terror that would grip mankind if scientists were to announce that in a few months, due to some

gigantic cosmic convulsion, the sun would be forever extinguished. It would mean the end of mankind. Yet, such a thing has never happened. Our utterly helpless dependence upon the sun, our childlike helplessness, has been answered. The sun always rises.

For in our hearts we have the utmost faith that the sun will always rise, and no one worries about it. The sun has proved its dependability. Yet we have not the slightest control over it! Just as a baby has no control whatever over the actions of an adult—save its own helplessness.

Too often people fail to realize that God is not only the Power that keeps the sun shining that man may live, but that He is the sole source of all power, of all supply, and that we are utterly dependent upon Him for absolutely everything. It is only when we recognize and accept this fact consciously and completely that we become "as a little child" and are thus enabled to enter fully into the kingdom of heaven, a happy state of mind from which all care and worry have been banished.

It is simply a matter of recognizing an absolute fact: that we are helpless to do anything of ourselves; that the only power we have emanates from God, and that we are completely dependent upon Him for our needs, and that He will never fail us any more than

His sun has ever failed us.

Not long ago, like so many Americans, I found myself living in a state of nervous tension. I was worried about my business reverses, about unpaid bills, and the threat of the loss of my credit. I was troubled by the passing of my youth and the eventual prospect of old age. I was worried about my health.

I raced around like a frightened rat trying to pull myself out of my hornet's nest of woes. But worry feeds upon itself, growing fatter and stronger with each mouthful. Before long, I was in a state of almost total despondency and faced with the possibility of a complete nervous breakdown. I had become one with that vast army of people who live on aspirin, sleeping pills, and tranquilizers, and who crowd the doctors' offices because of their innumerable psychosomatic ailments—some of them extremely serious.

Like them I had forgotten God, and thus denied Him. I had done this by denying my own helplessness, my full dependence upon Him. I was the one who had to pay the bills! I was the one who had to pull myself out of my mess! My power, not God's, was going to do it!

But this did not happen. It never happens. It can't happen because man has no power of his

own to do anything. Oh sure, there are innumerable cases of men who have seemingly pulled themselves up by their bootstraps, who have solved the most impossible problems, who have built up empires out of rubble. I have personally known many such men. But always I found them still battling with new problems, struggling to save their empires, doing their worrying on a bigger scale. What had they really achieved? Nothing. For without peace of mind even a multimillionaire is a pauper. A rich man with fear gnawing at his mind like a worm has no more achieved happiness than the lowliest clerk who lives in fear of having his salary garnisheed.

Then one wonderful day I suddenly came to my senses and remembered God. I realized my utter helplessness, my total dependence upon Him. With Jesus, I said, "Of myself I can do nothing. . ."

It was as if an unbearable weight had suddenly been lifted from my shoulders. I knew, with an irrevocable conviction, that no matter what I did, or didn't do, only my Father had the power to alter my situation; that my frantic efforts had been as silly as the hocus-pocus of a tribal medicine man trying to command the elements.

With this acceptance of my helplessness came the simple

realization that, inasmuch as God was the sole power, I could obtain what I needed only by asking Him. I knew that whatsoever I asked of Him, in prayer, believing, I would receive.

"Dear Father," I said, with all my heart, "I am only a helpless child. You must tell me what to do, for I have no wisdom of my own. You must provide for my needs, for I have no way to provide for myself. Wholly and completely I give myself up to You, in the full faith and confidence that my every good desire will be fulfilled."

Outwardly, nothing seemed to change. No sudden flash of lightning revealed the presence of a ministering angel. But God, like the mighty atom, is invisible, and His answers to prayer are silent and often go unseen, at the moment, by our limited human vision.

But one answer I had had the instant that I had become aware of my helplessness, and turned blindly to Him: Peace! That night I slept like a baby.

I knew that somehow, from now on, everything was going to be all right.

I still can't quite understand how it all happened. I don't know where the idea came from. But suddenly I found myself with an idea for an invention, a very simple device that could convert two ordinary auto tubes into an

extremely safe raft for swimmers. I managed to scrape up some money to apply for a patent. The first manufacturer I approached with my invention, the "Safe-T-Flote," offered me a very satisfactory royalty contract and went into production immediately.

Perhaps I would have had this and other good ideas long before had not my mind been made into a raging battlefield by my savage doubts, fears, and worries. My prayer had in a sense answered itself by clearing my mind of the terrible debris that was preventing it from functioning clearly.

My royalties, in the beginning, were not large enough to solve all of my financial problems. Before long I found myself once again threatened by the dark shadows of disaster.

But this time it was different. I now recognized these shadows for what they really were: just shadows, wholly unreal, unable to touch me. I knew this because I knew I could do nothing about them! Because only God had the power to do anything!

Proudly, happily, I repeated my daily statement: "Of myself I can do nothing." I smiled at the shadows.

Would you like to know what happened? I'd had the big idea of coming to Florida to establish raft rental concessions at beaches, using my own "Safe-T-Flotes" for

this purpose, for I could obtain all I needed on credit from the manufacturer because of my royalty contract. I got to Florida in time for the big winter tourist season only to discover the fact that there is very little raft rental business in Florida except during the summer! Kids were the big raft customers, and they were in school. The tourists mostly left their kids at home.

Somehow I managed to get by until summer. And then? It turned out to be the rainiest summer in the history of the Florida weather bureau's records! My raft concessions barely paid my expenses because people don't go swimming when it rains. And it rained nearly every day.

Yet somehow, unfailingly, I was always able to pay my rent, buy my groceries, and have plenty of time for the full enjoyment of God's limitless blessings. And every day I repeated my statement: "Of myself I can do nothing."

I wasn't worried about what tomorrow would bring, just curious.

Before long another idea struck me. An idea for a new business, one that I could start for a few hundred dollars. I went ahead with it, and found myself making a cash profit from the first day! Within two short months my little enterprise was paying all of my

expenses. Before long, I was beginning to pay off some old debts. Soon after that I was able to move into an air-conditioned apartment in the most exclusive place in town!

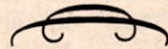
God was managing my affairs a million times better than I had ever done!

Your power—and mine—is the power of helplessness. For the instant that we acknowledge and

accept that fact which is the most important fact in our lives God takes over, for we have become in all truth one of His children. His loving care is as enduring and as dependable as the sun.

Do not forget the key to this Door:

“Of myself I can do nothing. The Father that dwelleth in me, he (and he alone!) doeth the works!”



Manifestations

Doris Wilder

We see within a milkweed pod
 The ingenuity of God;
 His love of all that's lovely shows
 In beauty of a briar rose;
 His breath is in the rain-cool breeze
 That whispers in the willow-trees;
 His guidance supervises flight
 Of honey-sipping moths at night;
 With awe, we listen to Him speak
 When thunder rolls from peak to peak!

Her life is proof of what can be accomplished when we live and love truth.

MURIEL LESTER

A RICH DISCIPLE
 WHO EMBRACED POVERTY

Aylesa Forsee

*Follow with reverent steps the great example
 Of him whose holy work was doing good;
 So shall the wide earth seem our Father's temple,
 Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.*

Perhaps no woman in our time has taken this admonition of Whittier's more literally than Muriel Lester. Although born into a wealthy English family Muriel's compassion for the poverty-stricken was aroused when at the age of nineteen she attended a party for factory girls in London's East End. Repelled by the filth and overcrowding and dismayed by the raucous shouts of children who knew no playground except the streets she determined to make her home among the forgotten people of the Bow slums.

To arouse Londoners to take action in behalf of the down-trodden, Muriel spoke from soap boxes in Hyde Park and served as alderman for the Popular Borough Council. She also helped to establish Children's House which provided the first nursery school and first graded Sunday School in the congested East End.

With money left by their father Muriel and her sister founded Kingsley Hall, a settlement house similar to Hull House in Chicago. Here students or social workers willing to enter a life of voluntary poverty worked, lived, and prayed together. Through the years some of the world's great personalities visited Kingsley Hall. While attending the London Conference on Indian Affairs Gandhi lived there.

Influenced by Gandhi, the writings of Tolstoy, and the teachings of Jesus, Muriel became an ardent advocate of peace. Yearning to carry the message of good will to all classes, races, and nations, she visited America in 1930 and three years later made a round-the-world tour.

Later under the auspices of the Fellowship of Reconciliation energetic Miss Lester made extensive lecture tours in the United States and Canada. Traveling about in severely plain but colorful clothes and always avoiding publicity she was sometimes mis-

taken for a reticent housewife. But once Muriel Lester began to speak, whether in private conversation or public lecture, her face lighted up and listeners immediately became conscious of her dynamic personality. A professor of speech who attended one of her lectures for the purpose of analyzing her techniques later confessed that he forgot what he came for.

The professor's experience was shared by thousands of others who heard Muriel Lester preach banishment of war and the substitution of world amity through adherence to Christian principles. No scholar or theologian, she still imparted new vitality to old truths. Envisioning a new social order in which no individual could be exploited for the profit or pleasure of another she told her audiences, "Your business is to stop war . . . to comfort the sad, to wake up those who have not yet found God, to create joy and beauty wherever you go."

In 1950 Miss Lester visited the Orient. Wherever she spoke in Japan, where she was a guest of Japanese Christians, the churches were packed. With characteristic modesty Miss Lester commented that it was not so much that people wanted to hear her as that they wanted to hear truth proclaimed.

In Hongkong, Burma, the Philippines Miss Lester visited stu-

dents, mayors, the wives and parents of war criminals. She spoke to war criminals themselves in a Manila prison chapel. Orientals loved her gentleness, her compassion, and recognition of the fact that nations like individuals have distinctive personalities.


Whether at home or abroad Muriel Lester leads a life of Spartan simplicity. But she is not a sombre person. Joy, she asserts, is a Christian attribute. Witty and full of good humor she enjoys a good joke on herself. Although her schedule includes very few social activities, Miss Lester takes time out for walks under the stars and for music—especially that of Bach. Music, she says lifts her into the presence of God.

Muriel Lester sets aside at least an hour and a half each day for prayer—often in combination with a walk. In cities her walking is

usually done in the slum areas. She pauses frequently to give an elderly hand an encouraging pat or to tell a group of grimy-faced youngsters that God loves them. For her, prayer and action are closely related. Love, she believes, is not something to be cherished in solitary moments of spiritual uplift—it is something to be shared with all those beset by war, poverty, selfishness, suffering.

"The kingdom of heaven can come on earth," says Muriel Lester, "if we pray and live the expectancy of it."

Her own life is proof of what can be accomplished when we live and love truth. Self-giving, radiantly spiritual Muriel Lester has insisted on remaining a disciple of poverty, but she is rich in influence for a better world and rich in the esteem of those she has helped find a better way of life.



Love's Hand

Arthur Wallace Peach

Love's hand will guide uncertain feet
Through a street's loud strife;
So those who walk with Him fear not
The street called Life!

Learn to Face the Sun

SIDNEY H. WILSON

ONE BRIGHT, SUNNY DAY my little grandson was playing out of doors when he discovered that if he turned his back to the sun it would cast his shadow on the ground before him. He then began to "chase his shadow." But however fast he ran, he could not chase it away! For while his back was turned to the sun, his shadow fell before him and all his young and vigorous efforts to chase it away were doomed to failure. Now isn't this an analogy of what happens to us in our spiritual pilgrimage? As long as we face the Light which beckons us onward, the shadow of our sinful self falls easily behind us. But when we yield to the subtle temptation to do battle with our sins, it is as though we turned our backs to the Light in a vain effort to struggle with our shadow

and to be rid of it!

No amount of struggling will ever bring us victory over our sins. For by battling with our sins we direct attention to them, thereby becoming more and more entangled with the very sins and habits we would be rid of! The secret of victory is to turn our thoughts away from our weaknesses and to contemplate the Divine Love and Goodness made manifest in Jesus Christ. If we make a daily habit of this, we shall find that all that is un-Christlike in us will gradually drop away and that we shall manifest more and more of the Spirit of Jesus in all that we do and say.

But we must not pretend that we have not sinned when we know we have! We must confess our sin to God. Having done so, we can accept His instant forgiveness and restoration to sonship. Then we can go straight on again to live the life of Divine Love and Goodness as if nothing had happened! Yes, by God's Grace, it's as simple as that! For our temporary failures do not weaken the presence of Christ in us. He is still at the centre of our being. And as we rise from our honest confession of sin, He it is who lifts us up from the dust of our humility so that his own beautiful love and goodness can find unhindered expression through us once more.

by *Norman K. Elliott*

Thoughts Farthest Out

HOW TO BEAT TENSION . . .

AND HE SAID TO THEM, "COME AWAY BY YOURSELVES TO A LONELY PLACE, AND REST AWHILE." FOR MANY WERE COMING AND GOING, AND THEY HAD NO LEISURE EVEN TO EAT (Mark 6:31-32) . . . We are apt to think that our age is the only one in history when people are pushed to the limits of sanity, yet, the pioneers of this country worked from dawn to dusk in order to make a living from the soil, and all the while they were subject to hostile attack. Not long ago men, women and children worked in factories under the most unimaginably bad conditions. The age of Jesus had its tensions too. The Scripture verse at the head of this short piece shows that Jesus and His disciples had not even time to eat! And, if you will read on in the story, even when they got away the crowds followed them.

What is the way to handle such conditions?

One way is to recognize, just like Jesus did in this instance, that we have to get away from the pressures periodically. Often-times He went off into the hills to be alone with God. A change of environment makes a big difference. Too often the everyday sights and sounds and smells remind us of responsibilities. Getting away physically is good medicine.

In the second place, look to God day by day in simple trust. Much of the striving we do is motivated by fear and insecurity. When we truly realize that our destiny and future is in the hands of God; that God is trustworthy; that God takes care of His children; that God has more ways of providing for our security than we can imagine; then, we find inner rest in the present moment, with more contentment, serenity, faith, and assurance.

In the last place, make love your motive drive for life. That which is done in goodwill is done with less tension. The energy loss is doubled when we do something and our interest is elsewhere. If we view life as

training for the life of the spirit, both here and hereafter, we can accept the disagreeable elements of life with goodwill because we see obstacles as opportunities to develop spiritual attitudes and strength. We shall then wholeheartedly accept and welcome life rather than fight it.

Read: **As A Man Thinketh**, James Allen. \$1.00.

JESUS COMMANDED US TO HEAL . . .

AND THEY CAST OUT MANY DEMONS, AND ANOINT WITH OIL MANY THAT WERE SICK AND HEALED THEM (Mark 6:13) . . . The past ten years has seen a resurgence of the ministry of healing in the churches. It is still just a trickle as far as the whole church is concerned. In fact it is limited to individual clergymen within many denominations. In a book published a year ago, the clergyman-author said that all healing in this age was rightfully confined to the work of medical authorities. One finds this attitude hard to reconcile with the admonitions, and even commands, of Scripture to preach, teach and heal. Our Lord Himself did as much healing as anything else.

One cannot go to a church such as St. Anne de Beaupre without the multitude of crutches, braces and straps giving mute but effective evidence that many, many people received their healing there by religious faith. One cannot travel across this country without meeting many people who claim to have been healed by prayer, the laying on of hands, or by anointing with oil.

I recently saw a woman who was in obvious pain from a heart condition. When prayed over by those of faith, she smiled and said the pain had ceased. She had been intermittently in pain for days beforehand. Even a physician must rely upon the word of the patient to a large extent when it comes to the matter of pain.

George A. Hales of Oklahoma City is a wonderful channel for the healing power of Jesus Christ, and perhaps the main reason is that he himself was healed by prayer and faith. A few minutes after Glenn Clark prayed for him his migraine headaches left him never to return, and that was eight years ago. His back was healed for he never again had to resort to braces, being taped, special mattresses and medical treatments. Is it any wonder that George Hales has faith to spare when it comes to healing by prayer?

Healing is one of the great commissions from Our Lord. How shall we do it? Believe in healing, anoint with oil, lay on hands in faith, ask specifically for healing, know that healing of disease and handicap is the will of the Heavenly Father, and claim it. In doing this, which is our part, we enable God to do His, which is the actual healing.

Read: **The Case for Spiritual Healing**, Don Gross. \$3.95.

"FEAR NOT, ONLY BELIEVE"

BUT IGNORING WHAT THEY SAID, JESUS SAID TO THE RULER OF THE SYNAGOGUE, "DO NOT FEAR, ONLY BELIEVE." (Mark 5:36) . . . Each situation in life calls forth one of two kinds of faith. One kind of faith says, "No matter how bad the outer appearance might be, I know there is a higher Power than can overrule and make good." The other kind of faith says, "No matter how good the outer appearances might be, I know that something will go wrong, that it cannot possibly be as good as it looks." The latter remark, and it has only been put into words in order to demonstrate an inner attitude, is usually accompanied with fear and discouragement.

The ruler of the synagogue had just heard the worst news he could possibly hear. His daughter was dead. One can well imagine the shock, the pain, the draining off of what little faith there had been, the wanting to cry. It was precisely at this moment, when things were at their absolute worst, that Jesus turned to him and said, "Fear not, only believe."

Fear only affirms the worst, gives strength to tragedy and visions defeat. Affirming our belief in the Higher Power of God, (especially when things are at their worst) brings into play invisible legions of strength and power that overcome the tragic and defeat mechanisms of the mind and spirit.

It is easy to have faith when there is nothing to have faith about! We demonstrate our faith when, in the face of tragedy, we affirm our faith in the omnipotence of God. We demonstrate our faith when face to face with death, we affirm our belief in eternal life. We demonstrate our faith when, in conflict with ugliness, disease, injustice and discrimination, we affirm by word and action our faith in beauty, health, justice and equality.

Get into the habit of meeting each situation in your life with a verse of praise, a statement of the overcoming might of God, an affirmation that God's good will shall prevail, a remembrance in your own personal life when the "impossible" happened, a simple statement of honesty like, "I believe, Lord, help thou mine unbelief."

When disappointment happens say something like this, "Heavenly Father, I believe that Thou art more powerful than all the kingdoms of this world, I believe Thou art God, that there is nothing too hard for Thee! Though heaven and earth pass away Thy power shall not fail; in the midst of death there is life; in the midst of sorrow there is joy; in the midst of tears there is laughter; and in the midst of defeat there is victory. I thank Thee."

Read: **The Law of Faith**, Norman Grubb. \$2.00.

KEEP DREAMING

DREAMS ARE ESSENTIAL. God's Word says, "Where there is no vision, the people perish." Miracles happen because people dare to dream and to put their dreams into action. A dream is like a tiny mustard seed. If placed in the soil of God's power, it will grow to tremendous proportions. A group of people want a church for spiritual nurture. They organize; put faith into action; look beyond their own to the needs of others; gain a world-wide vision. Is there any stopping such a congregation? No! It cannot perish for it is alive with vision. That which is alive grows.

The miracle of such a congre-

gation is, first of all, the miracle of individually changed lives. It is not the work of mere man, but the power of God! A minister of the gospel has never saved a single soul or transformed one life. But God has! It is a never-ending marvel to me as a pastor that God uses sinners like myself as His instruments. He only asks that we keep dreaming and yielding our lives to His power that He may make miracles of our dreams. We need not perish if we dare to dream.

The world today needs great gamblers. Now please understand that phrase. Gambling is a God-given instinct. And there are no bad instincts, just as there are no

From *The Pathway To Peace*, Reuben K. Youngdahl. T. S. Denison & Company, Minneapolis. \$3.00. Copyright 1958. Used by permission.

bad notes on the piano. But there are bad players who make discords come out of that piano. The gambling that naturally comes first to one's mind is the roulette wheel or the "daily double" of the race tracks. This is just a perversion of a good instinct. God created man to live a life of high adventure. His future is all uncharted as far as man's own mind goes. "Every man determines which way his soul shall go." Nobody really knows what tomorrow will bring forth.

Our Bible has a name for this adventuresome living. It calls it living by faith. In Hebrews we read the record of the saints, "By faith, Abraham went out, not knowing whither he was going." Columbus sailed into the open sea and right off the maps of his day. The Pilgrims came to America, staking their all on a great gamble. You see, gambling is a good instinct when it is faith's gamble—betting your life on God at any cost. We stake everything on the premise that God exists and that He is a rewarder of them that trust Him. God would have us do this if we are to find full satisfaction in our Christian faith.

The seventeenth century knew the stirring days of the Reformation and it was a glorious time of living. The eighteenth century is known as the age of reason. The

nineteenth century can be called the century of economic revolution. Our twentieth century, sadly enough, will be known as the age of the drive for security. We will pay any price for security. The spirit of adventure has faded out. We do not dare half enough. I am afraid it has all come about because of a loss of faith. Do we really mean it when we confess, "I believe in God, the Father Almighty"? Why, that one phrase means that nothing is too hard for God. He is sufficient for any need that can possibly arise in our lives or in the church which is His body. We and God can handle any possible exigency.

We have not begun to show what the additive faith can mean in a single life. A little girl was playing a Christmas game. Her father, watching her, noticed she was not playing the game according to the rules. So she was not getting full satisfaction out of it. He kindly put her straight. After playing it the right way, she turned to her daddy, saying, "Oh, Daddy, this game is much more fun than ever I thought it was."

Each morning we face a new day. Will we work harder at learning the rules of being a Christian? Then we will find each succeeding day to be more fun. I use that word advisedly because living the Christ way is really fun. It cannot help but be a daily adventure if

you give yourself over to God. You will know His directing hand which is laid so willingly on each of His children.

Christ staked His life on a few fixed qualities. It is because He did that there are dreams worth our dreaming. The first was that "truth and righteousness will prevail." Many upsetting things happen in our world, but Jesus has given us the assurance that, "This is my Father's world." Ultimately, all things are going to turn out right for God, but our sin and disobedience make for much evil and pain and delay.

Let us be willing to pay the price. Living in an age when security is everything, we need to remember the story about the man with but one talent. He hid that talent, burying it in a napkin in the ground. When the time of accounting came, he unearthed it in order to give it back. It was still only one talent. He was so frozen with fear that he did not dare risk investing it. The spirit of adventure was all washed out of his soul. He did not get any place because he did not start out for any place. Now if we will set forth bravely into the unknown, God will meet us out there. As we look back upon the years, has He ever failed us? Always at our disposal has been the strength and courage we have needed to face absolutely anything. Out of the winnowing

years, I can speak with more assurance now than ever before that "all things work together for good to them that love the Lord Jesus Christ." As Christians, we are on the winning side. "He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat." "Truth and righteousness will prevail."

Secondly, Jesus staked His life on the brotherhood of man. If our dreams are ever to come true, we need to keep this truth always before us. Everybody is important in the sight of God, even the least and the lost. People ask me why I repeat my visits to Africa. It is because I believe Africa to be a key continent in our world. We need to be reminded that two out of three people of our world's population would set out to murder the white minority. Unless we generously share a vital faith with this dark-skinned population and do not delay, such a possibility is not unthinkable.

Said an African leader, "If you charge us with being dirty, we can clean ourselves up. If you say we are stupid and unlettered, we can remedy it by education. But if you despise us because of our skin color, we can only refer you to God who made us what we are." Do you wonder at my interest in Africa?

Officials in Kenya, East Africa, told me that the Mau Mau atrocities were halted largely because

of our Lutheran missionary activity in Tanganyika. The Christian Africans told the Mau Mau leaders, "You may rob and kill us, but you will never succeed in stopping us from being Christians." Thousands were martyred without creating panic among the remaining Christian population.

You say, "Well, I am not prejudiced." But isn't it prejudice to sit on the sidelines and do nothing while two-thirds of God's children on the face of the earth are treated as inferior or even held in subjection? They will not meekly tolerate our prejudice forever. They cannot be starved and mistreated forever without flaring up in bloody anger.

We need Tommy Lewis' enthusiasm. Any sports fan will tell you about him. As a halfback for Alabama University, he scored their first touchdown and then was benched. On the next day an opposing player getting the ball started for the goal. Tommy Lewis could not account for what happened but he leaped from the bench to tackle the fellow. His enthusiasm to win for his team temporarily blocked out his knowledge of the rules. On a broadcast that night a sportscaster remarked, "The world needs more men like Tommy Lewis who are so enthusiastic over what they want to do that they are willing to take any risk to do it." Too many

people sit on the sidelines doing absolutely nothing while time is running out. It is either wake up to recognize the brotherhood of man or blow up!

Thirdly, Jesus staked His life on the fact that there is something in man to which He can appeal. The cross is, for me, a very strange paradox. While it shows God at His best, it also reveals man at his worst. It was because all men have sinned that Jesus had to die on the cross and make available forgiveness and redemption and life. But why would Jesus die on the cross if there wasn't the possibility of man's accepting through faith this available righteousness and being made good by the power of God? There is that possibility for every human soul. The soul's destiny need not be eternal damnation. Through Christ that soul can live forever.

We are going to have to live all our lives with the selves we are making today. That is why we need to build carefully that we may dream hopefully for tomorrow. Ease and comfort may elude us. Who can foretell what life may bring to any one of us? Yet each of us can certainly know deep within our hearts that if we live close to God there will be resources sufficient to handle any difficulty.

When Sir Francis Drake needed sailors he recruited young men on

the coast of England. He told them the most harrowing stories about the perils of the deep and the narrow escapes he had experienced. When his tales were finished, the youths became so aroused they actually ran away from their comfortable homes to join him on his dangerous expedition. Jesus said, "If any man would come after me, let him deny himself, take up his cross, and follow me." Following Him would be anything but a snap with "three squares for life." But he did promise that in this adventure of faith there would be a peaceful harbor on the other shore and that within our hearts we could have the assurance that Rowland Hills talked about when he said, "We two are so joined that He

can't be in heaven and leave me behind!"

A man over in a foreign land went to the market one day and bought twelve birds, each one in a separate cage. After he had paid for them, he opened the doors of the cages and let every bird free. As he did so, he said, "Now you are free, and I know how you must feel because I was in jail once myself."

That we might know and feel the freedom from sin and every fear related to it, Jesus came saying, "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free." Abundant living is ours if we will but commit our lives to Him. Remember God's marvelous dream. There is a pathway to peace!



The Candles of Love

J. Corson Miller

If, in the windows of our hearts,
 Love's little candles stay alight,
 Then will the storm-lashed, darkened world
 Be saved from hatred's evil might.

"The war will be over someday," he'd tell them.

Lew Ayres Loved

His Wartime Enemies

by Will Oursler

WHEN I WAS A CORRESPONDENT in the Pacific theatre during World War II, I interviewed a Hollywood screen star named Lew Ayres. This young hero of the Dr. Kildare series had created a storm early in the war by insisting that his religious beliefs would not permit him to kill anyone in combat. Since the army would not assure him of assignment in a non-combatant post, he was classed as a conscientious objector.

In the midst of war the "conchie" is not looked on with great affection and for a star like Mr. Ayres to take such a step seemed professional suicide.

After all the headlines and editorials denouncing him had their hour, Lew Ayres quietly was

shifted, with no announcement whatsoever, from conscientious objector into the army—attached to a forward area hospital.

I interviewed him in Hollandia, New Guinea, at an army hospital consisting of tents and wards unfloored and open to the elements in the midst of New Guinea's mud. He was weaving jungle greens, in the little office he had set up at the end of one of the tents. All through the interview we were interrupted by calls: Corporal Ayres was wanted by this lad or that; a man on crutches would drop in to ask a favor or thank him for something—a book, or a letter the actor had written home for the man.

Lew Ayres told me a little

From *The Healing Power of Faith*, Will Oursler (1957). Hawthorn Books, Inc. Published by Hawthorn Books, Inc., 70 Fifth Ave., New York 11, N. Y. \$4.95.

about his ideas, his desire not to be just another actor after the war, his hopes to work in the field of religion, perhaps making use of his knowledge of screen techniques in carrying out these ideas.

His own effort in the war he tried to dismiss. It was only when the men he had helped came in and began to tell me their side of the story that the full picture came clear. "Ask him about the night the ammo dump went up and the place was being splattered all night long with shrapnel and some of the injured guys were screaming murder," one of the men said.

Corporal Ayres didn't tell it, but I got the story. Men shivering in their beds, cripples crouching in holes while death was dropping out of the skies from the exploding ammunition.

In the midst of this, a man walked from tent to tent, bed to bed, chatting with these beleaguered patients. Nothing dramatic. Nothing put on. This was Lew Ayres, a real Dr. Kildare, doing a job few people knew about or understood.

When injured Japanese prisoners were brought in for first aid before being sent on to prison

camp, Corporal Ayres gave them cigarettes and treated them as people. Some of the G. I.s in the hospital did not understand: sometimes they called Lew Ayres a dirty Jap-lover.

Lew didn't mind. Some day, he said, they would understand.

"But he's a stinking Jap, Lew."

"The war will be over some day," he'd tell them. "This man is your brother and he's a child of God."

It was not popular to say things like that in a hospital in Hollandia, in the middle of a war.

But Lew Ayres did. Ultimately he was to come back after the war and turn to the production of films of a special kind, seen by millions, telling the story of world religions, carrying out his pledge.

But back in the mud of New Guinea, and later in the Philippines, he made his first effort to drive out restless shadows of the war hate.

He did it in terms of aid for the injured, regardless of who they were, in terms of a cigarette and a light for a wounded enemy in the jungle heat.

This was his brother and also—as Lew said—the child of God.

IS CHRISTIANITY A WAY of life possible of practice in some lines of human endeavor, but not in others? In some localities, but impractical in other places?

A group of business people located in a town thought by many to be outside the sphere of Christianity, and working in or closely connected with an industry where it isn't "good business" to profess Christianity, are proving to the world that the business of being a Christian is everyone's, everywhere.

Their town is Hollywood, California; their business, show business.

"It used to be that if you worked in Hollywood, like a lot of other places, you hesitated to admit that you were religious," explains one actor, a member of the Hollywood Christian Group. "This group was organized so that people in Hollywood who are religious can feel at home."

The group's purpose is explained simply. "To inspire men and women in our industry to commit their lives to the Lord Jesus Christ. To provide Christian fellowship and a means of growth in grace and to encourage an effective Christian witness through our daily life and occupation."

Non-profit and non-denominational, the organization includes in its membership men and women

The group's purpose is explained simply. "To inspire men and women of our industry to commit their lives to the Lord Jesus Christ. To provide Christian fellowship . . ."

The Hollywood Christian Group

Duane Valentry

in many varied occupations. A meeting will have its quota of big-name stars as well as bit players, hairdressers, writers, directors, technicians, studio workers and business personnel, tailors, singers, wardrobe workers.

The merely curious are not encouraged but all those employed in any of the entertainment industries and allied professions, sincerely interested in religion, are welcome. The group aims to strengthen its ranks in order to have increasing influence in production matters in the motion picture and television industries.

Meetings, held once each week and including active religious discussion, usually overflow with 100 to 150 straining to capacity the quarters provided.

"I commend your efforts to sell Christianity right where each of you is now, in a way that will best glorify the Lord," said a visiting minister recently, speaking before the group.

Founded in 1949, the Hollywood Christian Group is very serious about doing a good job in the entertainment industry, each member in the place where he finds himself.

"We feel it is up to us to infiltrate throughout the industries we represent and work unceasingly to further Christian ideals," says Tim Spencer, former singer and member of "Sons of the Pioneers" radio group and now active in leadership of the religious group. "Although we are as yet a very small segment, we know that 'one with God is a majority.' We hope to make our growing strength count for something here in Hollywood."

Tim and his wife Velma spend much time working for the group. Tim also appears in various churches, singing and giving the account of his conversion, while Velma contacts speakers and arranges for special music and entertainment for meetings. Both emphasize the importance of every

member of the group.

"The names of some of these people may never go on the bright pages of history, but their individual lives are tremendously important in the sight of God," says Velma. "Any one of these might be the instrument used by God to win a 'big' star to Christ. What I mean by a 'big' star, is one who is big in the eyes of the world, and one who has a great influence upon a great number of people. Then, in turn, this 'big' star could win hundreds and perhaps thousands to the Lord Jesus Christ."

Among the lesser-known group members are many who have appeared in films as extras, character actors, and bit players—many of whom have given their efforts to acting chiefly in religious films. Robert Cherry, radio and movie actor now dedicates his life to full-time Christian service. Rue Barclay, formerly a western singer in night clubs, is now actively engaged in Youth for Christ rallies all over the nation, and also visits jails and prison farms.

"Nudie Cohn, who operates a cowboy tailoring plant in the San Fernando Valley, found Christ in a group meeting," relates Tim. "Nudie, a Hebrew, and his family are now Christians, striving to exalt Christ in their daily lives. Nudie is truly a real missionary, and as he measures and sews for all the western stars, he relates the

numerous spiritual blessings he has found through knowing Christ as his personal Savior."

Walter and Louise Jolley are other members who offer their home for group meetings and support it in every way. A superintendent at 20th Century studio, Walter comes into contact with many top stars and daily demonstrates "the power that is furnished through faith."

Robert Clarke, Georgia Lee, Redd Harper, Cindy Walker, and singers Buddy and Abigail Dooley are others whose names may not be well known to the public but who, through their talents and convictions, are able to bring their influence to bear in various phases of entertainment.

Sally Hadley, a hairdresser for many of the major studios, has been a faithful member of the group. "She is a Bible student, and at what better time can one witness for Christ," asks Velma, "than when arranging a star's hairdo? What wonderful opportunities are given to enter into conversation about Christ and His claim."

Publicity is something the Hollywood Christian Group avoids whenever possible, as it is felt it may offset whatever good work is done, since many people believe what goes on in Hollywood is primarily for effect.

Unavoidably, however, there

has been some publicity. With meetings including such stars as singer Connie Haines, Stuart Hamblin, Roy and Dale Rogers, Joyce Compton, Colleen Townsend, Jane Russell, Marjorie Rambeau, Barbara Britton, and other well-knowns, news of such an unusual Hollywood activity was bound to leak out from time to time.

Colleen Townsend, one time star who left pictures for religious activity and study and who is now married to minister Louis Evans, Jr., attends group meetings and states emphatically she has never regretted the decision which once made nation-wide headlines.

"Jesus Christ does change your life—I wanted to be where God wanted me."

Stuart Hamblin, singer and ex-horse trainer and gambler, likes to tell people, and especially young people, how Christ has changed his life. Once, he relates, he sold \$100,000 worth of false teeth on the radio in a month and was fourth leading horse trainer at Santa Anita racetrack. These activities he discontinued with his conversion to a more Christian life, content with being fired from his radio job after twenty-one years because he refused to accept a beer sponsor.

"You cannot be a 9/10th Christian and 1/10th working for

the devil," he says.

Also an active group member is character actor Paul Power, as well-known for his Christian work as for his many movie and television roles. Paul Power and Luther Vestergard are one and the same, son of a preacher and, under the name of Vestergard, a lay preacher in the film colony.

"Luther believes with all his heart that one can be a Christian *and* work in the movies in Hollywood," says Tim Spencer. "Many of his friends at the studios know of his Christian work and go to him with their problems."

Of his unusual double-career Vestergard merely says: "I believe that one way that God's love can shine through us is by service to others."

Which might be said to be the credo of all members of the Hollywood Christian Group, which is seeking to do its work where it is needed. According to member Porter Hall, also a character actor, "there is quite a hunger in the entertainment world for God. Some lives in show business are empty. They try to find happiness in dissipation and carousing. We have no holier-than-thou attitude—we want to get people interested in church, any church."

All group members are Christians first and entertainers or industry workers secondly. They feel it is perhaps more important

for them to "let their light shine" than it may be for others, and tell the story of the Christian businessman who came to Hollywood to meet the head of a well-known Christian organization, also visiting the town.

After considerable searching, he finally located his man obviously hiding in a corner of the lobby. In some surprise, he asked him why.

"The newspapers say Connie Haines is stopping here—I've met her and know she's a Christian, but I'm afraid she might recognize me," he was told.

On being questioned further the man answered, somewhat lamely; "Many Christians can't understand how a professional entertainer can be a Christian. If they saw me talking with Miss Haines, I fear what they would say."

Hollywood Christian Group members try to live lives that will, insofar as possible, help remove this kind of stigma from the entertainment industry.

Doctrinal controversies are avoided at meetings, and no attempt is made to have new members leave the entertainment field. He or she is urged, rather, to "seek the Lord's guidance along this line." Christians can, it is felt, remain at their jobs, using the opportunity to declare the testimony of Christ within the ranks of show

business, utilizing the prestige of their position to add weight to this testimony.

All of which is not easy. Nor has the career of the group been without obstruction and difficulties. But faith has seen the members through these, and sufficient financial support has come freely from members to keep their organization going. Hymn-singing and discussion at meetings are spontaneous and enthusiastic. Said one visitor:

"Amid the sophistication of Hollywood I saw the earnest faces of 'catacomb Christians.'"

All meetings begin and end with prayer, heartfelt and sincere; prayers that ask for guidance and protection, such as one which asked recently "God's help to

avoid the pitfalls we face in our profession."

Hollywood is as good a place as any other and perhaps a better place to practice active Christianity, and the entertainment industry is as fertile a field for reaping a harvest in quickened interest in doing and living good. Members of the Hollywood Christian Group continue to set an example for their fellow-citizens and to demonstrate in their lives and contacts the practicality of Christian ideals even in such an "impossible" business as show business.

"These Hollywood Christians are trying their best, in *their* field of activity, to make Christ known." Asked a pastor, "What are we doing, in *ours*?"



Look to Your Reaping

Mary Gustafson

We are the keeper,
Of thought and of deed,
Beautiful flower
Or pestilent weed!

WHATEVER IS YOURS IS NEVER LOST

LEN REAGAN

NORMA SLIPPED HER fingers into her gloves and tried to quiet the rising fear within her. Turning toward the mirror she observed herself critically. This job was important. She had been as long without work as she dared go, yet if her nervousness revealed itself she would never stand a chance. The whole purpose of the work was the un-failing poise of the worker.

She stared at the image of the neatly-suited girl. It was a good tweed, this brown thing, and had served her long and well; the new hat which she bought yesterday to go with it looked pert; and she reached up and drew the veil over

her eyes, swallowing at the tightness in her throat.

It is the fear in them, she thought miserably, that will show and she would lose because of it. Shutting her eyes and gripping the back of a chair, she whispered a little prayer.

As she opened them they fell on a book beside the table. Emerson . . . and a flash of memory ran through her mind. Wasn't he the one who said that whatever was yours was never lost, but was reaching out toward you even though it came from the end of the world? She nodded slightly at the thought and remembered, too, that Glenn Clark said that a

Christian never really lost anything that was his. Only he was wrong about that. She started to look at her watch, remembered that it was gone, checked the hall clock. Just an hour before the interview. Slowly she gathered up the letters to mail and made her way to the car. If only something would happen to take away this dryness of throat and mouth, this awful interview ahead.

Walking out the door she began thinking about Glenn Clark and her watch. She had had one, a beautiful one with diamonds, that her husband had given her the year before he died. She had lost that, and it had never been found. Eleven months ago she'd left it at her sister's and her sister had mailed it to her. But it never arrived. Yes she had lost that, and it was truly hers. And she was trying to live a victorious life, too. No, they couldn't be right. She crawled into her car and made her way through the traffic to the post office. If only there were a letter offering a chance at another job or something.

But there wasn't. Nothing was in her box but something with postage due. She mailed her letters and took the slip to the window for the clerk. The postmaster saw her, stepped up and took the slip. Trying not to think of the interview ahead she watched without interest.

He took down a badly damaged box of nearly four inches square with one side torn out, cotton peeping through. Picking up the pennies he indicated the delapidated condition.

"It's in bad shape, Mrs. Anderson," he said quietly, "but it is insured. You better examine it to see if it is all there." Puzzled, she took the box and turned it over. She hadn't ordered anything. The post office card on the outside gave no clue. She frowned and bit her lip.

"I can't imagine what this could be," she said, trying to think of what anybody might be sending in such a size and shape. The postmaster indicated the card.

"Suppose we check under this," he said, taking the card off the box. Her sister's handwriting stared up at her. With a flash of amazement she guessed the contents. Five different addresses had been marked on the outside of the box. But this should be the watch, the very watch lost eleven months before! But the box was damaged and the cotton stuck out — had the watch dropped out, or was it there? With trembling, excited fingers she pulled out the little pad of cotton.

It came easily, and broke apart at her touch. There, lying as though it had never been troubled, was her watch! The postmaster, watching, gulped.

"If I'd known it was something like that, I'd have been more careful," he said, awed. Mona slipped it to its rightful place over her arm.

"It's been eleven months," she said. "The insurance was paid long ago. But I'll gladly return it, for it was my watch I wanted!" She laughed with the unexpected delight. "Imagine it coming this late!"

Like a person in a dream she turned and hurried back to her car. What was that Glenn Clark said? You never lost anything? And Emerson pointed out that your things come to you from across the world. She'd been in five states since she'd lost that

watch.

Feeling awed and uplifted she went back to her car. As she crawled under the wheel she paused again to look at the watch. It was hers, and had been returned!

The job flashed into her mind. Was it hers? If so, she did not need to fret, the interview would go smoothly! If it wasn't — why then the one she should have would be the one she would prefer, and she'd find it, or it would find her. God was watching after things. With a strange, beautiful peace she started the car and lifted her head as she drove toward the important appointment.



Some Things We Do Not Lose

Dawn Flanery Parker

Our father taught us wealth of purse
 Can anytime be lost;
 We keep the things of truest worth
 We've garnered without cost.

The Lord's Prayer Healed My Asthma

by

ANYA P. SALA

Prayer is indeed the mightiest force in the world. And the most powerful prayer of them all is the *Lord's Prayer*.

It has been demonstrated many times that prayer can change the course of events. It can even, someday, bring true and lasting Peace into the world. But there cannot be peace until man himself, collectively and individually, has created in him a clean heart and renewed in himself a right Spirit. This the Lord's Prayer will do—if it is made a constant part of ourselves. It did, for me . . .

Not so many years ago I was a completely negative person. My thoughts were turned inward upon myself. Worries lay heavy upon my soul. I was literally afraid to breathe for fear some dire disaster would come upon me. Fear, anger, hatred, and all their attendant evils crowded my heart. Asthma became my selfish way of avoiding the necessity for self-analysis and re-creation.

Then a wonderful thing happened to me. At a Camp Farthest Out, where miracles happen to many, a personal miracle occurred. I saw the Living Christ. And I knew that there must be a complete character change, if that experience was to become a per-

manent part of me; if it was not to be dissipated in the mists of material living.

But how to change a character which had been mine for more than forty years? How to change the habits of thinking? Of acting? Where did one start? What did one do?

I had a copy of Glenn Clark's analysis of the Lord's Prayer. That started me off. I studied it carefully, prayerfully, making his thoughts my own. As an exercise, at first, to memorize the Prayer, I began to repeat its words whenever I could—the first thing in the morning; the last thing at night before slipping over the edge of sleep. I also repeated it whenever my eyes closed for a few moments during the day. *I still do.*

At first this was only an exercise. Then I began to notice strange things taking effect. Worries could not accumulate in a mind and heart filled with the thoughts, conscious or unconscious, known or still to be realized, contained in that Prayer! Fear vanished. Hatred and anger

were harder to summon up—and disappeared completely when I suddenly realized the meaning of the words, “forgive us our offenses as we forgive those who offend us.”* *Complete forgiveness. Complete surrender.* No holding back. No “I forgive you, but—.” Forgiveness means forgetting, putting out of your mind and heart all thought, all remembrance, all recollection of the injury done to you.

When that realization came, the character change was complete. What had been nastily negative was now prayerfully positive. What had been greedily grasping for self was outgoing, and willing to give and to share. And with the banishment of fear and anger and hatred from my heart, asthma also became a thing of the past! There no longer was any need for the unconscious indulgence of

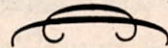
self-pity.

This personal battle is won. And yet there remains the need of constant vigilance—if there is not to be a return to the foolish ways of the past. There can never be a letting down of the guard. The moment there is, bang! Seven devils worse than the others appear—and have to be battled again!

But my shield and my buckler, my armor, my strength are found in the words and the thoughts of the Lord’s Prayer. It is a means of communicating with Jesus, the Christ. His lips formed those words during His ministry on earth. He taught His disciples to “pray after this fashion.” He told those who would learn how to pray to use His words and pattern.

Its great power has changed me, and my life. It can change yours, too. Try it.

* Early version given in the *Manual of Prayer*.



If my people, which are called by my name, shall humble themselves, and pray, and seek my face, and turn from their wicked ways: then will I hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin, and will heal their land.

II Chronicles 7:14

Each one of us is the sum total of a lot of habits.

Life may be defined in different ways by different people, but whatever else it is, it is always habit or—better said—it is a set of habits, good, bad, and indifferent. It is never a question of habits or no habits; the question is, What kind of habits do we have? Are they constructive or destructive, life creating or life destroying? So many of our habits become crippling *impedimenta*—useless and needless baggage that constantly bogs us down. They become weights instead of wings!

Whenever I think of *bad* habits, I invariably think of barnacles. My dictionary defines a barnacle as a “cirriped crustacean.” In other words, it is a *low* form of marine life, with a crust! In addition to its crust, it has a feathery appendage with which it gathers food—and with which it attaches itself to any floating objects passing its way, including ships at sea. When enough of them collect, the efficiency of the ship is impaired so that it must be hauled into dry-dock and scraped.

It is bromidic, but none the less true, to say that no one can run “the race of life” effectively when

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Habits Can Be Weights or — WINGS!

Harold W. Ruopp

he is cluttered up with bad habits of thinking and feeling and acting, any more than it is possible to operate a ship at its maximum efficiency when its hull is covered with cirriped crustaceans.

Everyone—with no exceptions—regularly needs to take himself into some dry-dock, as it were, and do something about the habits which are slowly destroying the best of which he is capable. He needs to replace those habits with good ones.

In the beginning, this will require an act of will. One must

want (sometimes desperately!) to get rid of this habit or that one. No alcoholic, for example, has ever been "cured" who deep down didn't want to be cured. One of the curious quirks of human beings is that they say they want to get rid of this faulty attitude or that destructive emotion, at the same time they cling tenaciously to it.

Many years ago, Professor William James of Harvard University wrote a little book which he called "Habit." It was—and is—a classic in its field. In it, he gives four important "rules" for the breaking of old habits and the starting of new ones.

The first rule is that "in the acquisition of a new habit or the leaving off of an old one, we must take care to launch ourselves with as strong and decided an initiative as possible."

In short, *begin greatly!* Call the habit in question upon the carpet and say to it: "Habit, I've carried you around long enough; you've got to go." Then—and this is important—get the force of public opinion with you and behind you by telling as many people as possible about your decision. Publish it abroad! If you keep it to yourself, it is so easy to break it, for no one would be the wiser—except yourself! As a rule, one doesn't like going back on the thing he has told other people he

is going to do.

The second rule is "never to suffer an exception to occur until the new habit is securely rooted in your life."

Never make an exception! That, too, is tremendously important.

We sometimes say to ourselves for every fresh exception, "I won't count this time." We may not count it, but it is being counted none the less. Our brain cells and nerve cells are counting it, storing it up to be used against us when the next temptation comes. That is why the second dereliction is easier than the first, the third than the second, the fourth than the third.

Rule three is: "Seize the very first opportunity to act on every resolution you make and in every emotional prompting you may experience in the direction of the habits you aspire to gain."

Act—to put it into a single word. No matter how many or how splendid one's intentions and resolutions may be, intentions and resolutions are never enough. The road to Hell, so goes the familiar statement, is paved with *good intentions*. One finally must get his intentions into expressions and new experience. What was once in his sensory nerves must get into his motor nerves. Out of the brain and heart and into the hands and feet!

Professor James tells of a Rus-

sian woman who went to the theater and wept over the suffering of one of the characters in the play—while her coachman almost froze to death in the sub-zero weather outside! Weeping over evil may give us emotional relief and release—but it does nothing about the evil. It may be a good place to begin; it is no place to end. Emotion, of the most wholesome and genuine kind, must finally be translated into action. Jesus looking at Jerusalem wept. But he didn't stop there. He went into Jerusalem to confront the very people who made him weep.

The fourth rule is "to keep the faculty of effort alive in you by a little gratuitous exercise every day." Then Professor James continues: "Be systematically ascetic or heroic in the little unnecessary points; do every day or two something for no other reason than you would rather not do it." Even, it might be added, if you have to do things you fear doing!

Each one of us is finally the sum total of a lot of acts—some of them big, most of them little. Just as we may become drunkards by so many separate drinks, so we may become heroes in the moral world by so many separate acts and hours of work.

It is strengthening, during the difficult periods, to know that God is always present to help us. But it still remains true that God can-

not do anything for us if *we* refuse to take the steps which only we can take.

There are great numbers of sick people who go from doctor to doctor frantically in search of some pill which will cure all their varied aches and pains—whether they are real or "imagined." It is easier to take an aspirin for the relief of a headache than to enter upon what may prove to be a long search for the cause of the headache. It is less painful—or so we think—to put the burden of responsibility upon the doctor rather than upon ourselves. As a matter of fact, much prayer turns out to be futile simply because we are trying—consciously or unconsciously—to transfer to God what is in reality our responsibility.

In a very profound sense, it is true that God helps those who help themselves. The "Prodigal Son" had to come to the point where he was willing to say, "I will arise and go to my father's house." His father could not make that decision for him. Involved in the son's "coming to himself" was the acceptance of the responsibility for the state in which he found himself.

God cannot do for us what we do not want done. He cannot give us habits which in our conscious or unconscious depths we do not desire. He cannot take for us the steps to *the new life* which we

must take ourselves. The pressures of His life and love are everlastingly upon us, *but we must choose to yield or not to yield!* Beyond that mighty choice are the daily—and often tedious—self-disciplines from which no one ever escapes!



The Yield

Jean Aston Fulkes

Believe whene'er some good you loose
 That good returns, its strength and power unspent;
 That when you wrong ignore and evil scorn
 They silently depart in discontent.
 Believe these things, and in your heart
 Expect the slow, sure crop in season due.
 Exactly like the chosen seed you sowed,
 A yield select will find its way to you.

Plow Straight And Don't Look Back

Estelle Finnegan

WHEN AN INDIVIDUAL HAS accepted the yoke of Christ and has put his hand to the plow it is necessary that he forget the past and not look backward. There is a passage of Scripture that gives us a real message on this. It is: "No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God."

How many of us waste our perfectly good time living in the past! Many are unmindful of its effect on our physical body and on our spiritual growth. One simply cannot look back if he is to find the Kingdom of God. He must forget the past, with its worries, regrets, and disappointments, and keep the eyes on the goal.

Recently I found myself recalling some happy moments, moments which could never return, and for the instant I was thrown into an ineffable sadness, because I knew I could never experience that happiness again. Then I remembered the above verse. I remembered I had put my hand to the plow, I was progressing, I must not look back upon that which could never be recalled.

Too, I have found myself looking backward on many unhappy events of my life. My sorrow seemed great but again I remembered the step I had taken and how wrong it was to look backward.

"No man, having put his hand to the plough." Can't you see yourself with your hand on the handle, going down the row, plowing deeply, your face straight to the future, not looking back? You realize that if you do you will not make your row straight. Plowing speaks of progress, and we have our hands out to it, to go on to righteousness—watching and pray for the body to be as strong as our spirit is willing and then on to our goal—on to the highest attainment—happiness.

Have you ever thought of the meaning of Christ's yoke? "Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me." Is it to be a burden to the person who wears it? Certainly not. It is just the opposite. It is to make the burden light.

Attached to the oxen in any other way than by a yoke, the plow would be intolerable. But when worked by the means of a yoke, it is light.

A yoke is not a means of torture, but rather an instrument of mercy. It is a gentle device to make labor light. Christ meant "Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light."

Until we have accepted Christ's yoke and have learned of Him, we never have truly lived. Christianity seeks to teach men the art of life. And its whole curriculum lies in the words "Learn of me."

What are the universal sources of man's unrest, his desire to look backward instead of forward? They are to be found in the petty friction of our life with one another, the jar of business and of work, the discord of the domestic circle, the collapse of our ambition, all of which make peace impossible. In other words, when the going gets rough we think of days in the past and long for their revival, feeling that then life was worth living.

No fever of unrest can disturb a soul which has learned the ways of Christ. Christ gave us His own words in two things as a guide to forward living. They are meekness and lowliness. "Learn of me," He says, "for I am meek and lowly in heart." When these are followed there is no desire to live in the past. If we look backward upon the past years of our lives we shall find

that unhappiness has come chiefly from the succession of personal mortifications and trivial disappointments. By keeping our hand to the plow the ceaseless chagrin of a self-contented life can be removed at once by learning meekness and lowliness of heart. In other words, happiness can be found by taking Christ's yoke upon ourselves and keeping our hands on the plow daily, forgetting the past entirely and dwelling on the now, and of God's blessed promises for our future reward.

Nowhere in the Bible can we find where Christ looked backward. His was a forward view and we learn about His yoke by living with Him.

I believe too many of us are sighing for what we called "the good old days" when in reality today is the good day, with its bright promises. If we make the best of today there can be no vain regrets, no looking back into the past, grasping for that which can never return. I believe it was Horace Mann who said "Lost, yesterday somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered, for they are gone forever."

Recently I was talking with a friend who seemed unable to live in the present. She lived almost entirely in the past, a past filled with both joy and sorrow, but to

her it meant a great deal to continually dwell on those lost days. "What has today to offer?" she asked of me. "My latter years have been spent in watching two terrible wars and now with the deadly bombs it looks like mankind has reached the stage where it will destroy itself. There just doesn't seem to be any peace any place."

Not only was my friend living in the past but she had allowed herself to be filled with fear. In other words, she had taken her hand from the plow and was looking backward, backward to days she could never live again, no matter how hard she tried.

Plowing with a steady, believing hand and heart will destroy the worst fear, for he that abides in Christ will bring forth much fruit; and bringing forth much fruit is happiness.

When we put our hand on the plow it is but the first step to a full life. Each day should be dedicated anew to Christ and there should be a daily prayer that our rows will be straight and that no seeds of unhappiness will be allowed to drop into fertile

soil. It is almost a certainty that we shall grow weary at times; that we may feel our yoke is too heavy and our rows too long, but if we ask God to put His hand along with ours on the plow, then the task will not be a difficult one, at least we shall be able to plow ahead if only we will not allow ourselves a backward glance. Yesterday's fields have been plowed and the fruit and grain harvested. Today there are new rows to plow, new tasks to be done, and certainly we desire to have straight rows, a field that fills us with pride and one we shall not be ashamed for those passing to view. Whether we are aware of it or not there are many people observing our plowing, taking notice of the manner in which we perform our duty, whether we work with a smile or whether the task is a burden. Let us then go about our task living in the presence of God, asking His guidance and protection, fully aware that each of us must reap what he sows. Let us make our harvest a bountiful one, one that is pleasing to us and to our God.

Faith

Dorothy Conant Stroud

God planted in my heart a seed of faith
And nurtured it within the fertile soil
Of His vast love; it could not dormant lie
When His voice called, "O, come ye forth! No toil
Do I require. I ask but this of thee:
Look up and trust, and leave the rest to Me."

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.

Prayer Works

by Alma Fisher

DIRECTOR, THE UNITED PRAYER TOWER



A group of young mothers, from Aldersgate Methodist Church in Minneapolis, just left our Prayer Sanctuary, having blessed us with their presence and shared with us the answers to prayer in individual lives as well as in their corporate group. We feel it is a glorious privilege to share our prayer times with these precious groups who drop in from time to time. More and more we are witnessing the truth of God's plan in the lives of those for whom we pray.

We know that prayer is a real channel through which we can become aware of the Almighty Power of God in operation in our lives, and those for whom we pray daily. All of God's plan is not revealed to us. We do not understand why some prayers bring forth a miraculous experience, and others produce no outward appearance whatsoever. In every prayer room we know there are records of many healings of seemingly incurable diseases, others of progressive improvement, and yet in others an illness may continue to the point of death.

But with our Lord, Jesus Christ, we can only come to the conclusion that the Father knoweth best and that He is ever trying to work out His purposes in our lives according to His divine plan. The apparent disaster which came to Jesus at Calvary proved to be the greatest event in the history of mankind.

By following the example of Jesus we can always be victorious in every situa-

tion of life if we abide in Him. Many people have witnessed to the power of prayer in every conceivable situation. But more important is the overwhelming testimony that whether or not physical disease be completely healed, tremendous spiritual power has come to these lives.

We simply cannot know or understand fully the marvellous working of our Lord. Yet, despite every appearance of difficulty, disease, or disaster, we must learn to commit our lives and those of our loved ones, those for whom we pray, entirely into His loving care. "Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in Him, and HE WORKETH."

Knowing the truth of this, we invite you to write to us for prayer. We gladly give of ourselves each day, lifting into the Healing Light of His love the needs that come to us. We want every member of our family to pray with and for us daily.

Here is a definite answer to prayer from the Farmers' Postal Tract Service, in Harrogate, England.

We had sent them one of our little booklets, "Making Life Sing" by Dr. Clifford Richmond, of Chevy Chase, Maryland. It struck a responsive chord in the hearts of the leaders who requested us to send a large supply for their ministry of faith. The prayer request was sent to Dr. Richmond's group who responded in a marvellous way making it

possible for the little booklet to be printed over there and distributed to thousands. The leader writes, "Will you kindly convey our deep appreciation and grateful thanks to all your people who prayed this production into print and who so lovingly and sacrificially gave so that our society may have this gift for free and prayerful distribution. They will never know until they reach the heavenly shores, the tremendous blessing this booklet will have been to thousands who have been privileged to read the contents, for it will bring much fruit from day to day. We had needed extra help in our work and a lady who had been helping us part time could not make a decision to go all the way in faith by becoming a full time helper. After reading *Making Life Sing* she made a decision for full time service for the Lord. They also went to a Military Post in Iraq where the lives of both men and women were changed and brought to Christ."

The last few years of Glenn Clark's life he longed so for peace for our world. He asked each state to take a certain day

to pray for PEACE. We specifically ask all who read this page, and all in our Prayer Tower family, to make a special effort on the 12th day of each month for the rest of this year, to pray for PEACE, some time during the day. Continue to use your own State day but add the 12th as a special one. "Lord, make me an instrument of thy peace; let there be peace in the world and let it begin with me."

We feel certain that these prayers will touch those in power in our governments. We do not need to advertise this adventure—it can be spread by word of mouth by those who firmly believe in the power of PRAYER. And we can rest assured that we will have the prayers of a great host of witnesses who have gone on ahead.

If you do not belong to our Prayer Tower family and wish to become one with us, please feel free to write to us. We will gladly send you the descriptive booklet concerning our ministry as well as our monthly devotional booklet, the **MANUAL OF PRAYER**.

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, 5829 27th Avenue South, Minneapolis 17, Minnesota, Telephone PArkway 2-2766; after 5 P.M., Saturday afternoon and Sunday, call Mrs. Fisher at TAYlor 2-7396, Minneapolis, Minn., or Mrs. Ecoff, Midway 8-7365, St. Paul, Minn.

"IN GOD WE TRUST", selected and edited by Norman Cousins (Harper and Brothers, 464 pages, \$5.95), ought to be in the library of every church and on the booktable of every serious religious thinker. The religious beliefs of the founding fathers of this country make inspiring reading and give one a sense of pride and gratefulness to be a part of their heritage. The book is easy to read and the selections are embedded in an enlightening commentary. For the general reader, the book is a pleasure to dip into at odd moments and come up, always, with something intellectually stimulating and religiously illuminating. Not all the men who might come under the heading of "founding fathers" are listed, but rather the few that the years have come to acknowledge as those at the top. Mr. Cousins states that the others add nothing to the religious ideas and ideals of these treasured few. Those listed and examined are Benjamin Franklin, George Washington, John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, The Jefferson-Adams Letters, James Madison, Alexander Hamilton, Samuel Adams, John Jay and Thomas Paine. There is a good reading list for further exploration; and an excellent index. The book is important. Our children ought to be acquainted with its content.

THE SCHOOL OF PRAYER by Olive Wyon (SCM Press Ltd., 127 pages, \$1.50) is about the finest and most complete treatment of prayer, from the Christian point of view, I have ever read. The chapter on "Prayer and the Will of God" is one that will be hard to forget for its clarity and good common, Christian sense. The remarkable thing about the book is the undoubted scholarship of the author, her acquaintance with contemporary and international ideas and people, and her grasp of the entire history of Christian prayer and its application to this day and age. It is wonderful.

SO YOU'RE ONLY HUMAN, Lily M. Gyldenvand (Augsburg, 116 pages, \$1.75) is an excellent prescription for the person who excuses himself by saying "Well, I'm only human." We are

books of interest

comments, summaries
reviews & opinions
on religious books

NORMAN K. ELLIOTT

not *only* human for we are also divine, made in the image and likeness of God. One unique thing about the book is the appendix which outlines for group discussion and prayer, each chapter of the book. The appendix lists scripture to read, suggests topics to discuss, a prayer and a hymn. A good book for adults; a perfect companion for young people.

SO YOU WANT TO PREACH by Frederick Keller Stamm (Abingdon, 109 pages, \$2.00) is not a book about the mechanics of preaching, but rather advice about the heart and the attitudes that are necessary to a successful ministry. Any man in the early years of his ministry will find that this advice by a great preacher will save many a heartache.

THE CASE FOR SPIRITUAL HEALING by Don H. Gross (Thomas Nelson and Sons, 263 pages, \$3.95) is just what the title indicates. This much must be said for the book — it is a magnificent defense and presentation of the entire healing movement, from its roots in scripture to the evidence (to anyone with an open mind) that seems incontrovertible. So much of what the author says deserves to be underlined with pencil

that there is little doubt it will be a standard and loved work for many years. I think it is one of the really important books to be published in the religious field this year. The author came out of the navy after World War II to enter the Episcopalian priesthood. His mind is alert, questioning, incisive, logical and deeply dedicated to the God who overcomes all. Some of the chapters are: Where Is The Healing?, A Physician Is Healed, Nature and Supernature, The Biblical Basis of Spiritual Healing, Principles of Spiritual Healing, Faith, Hope, Love, Difficulties, Gifts and Sacraments. The index, bibliography and appendices are excellent. Every Christian ought to read it.

A COMPANION TO THE BIBLE, edited by J. H. Von Allmen, introduction by H. H. Rowley (Oxford, 479 pages, \$6.00) is a European work translated into English. It is more than the traditional commentary. For what words and subjects are listed, you have the interpretations and explanations of international scholars. I like it for the completeness it affords to words, subjects, and meanings. As a companion to the Bible and Bible commentaries, it is without equal.

SECRETS OF SELF-MASTERY by Lowell Russell Ditzen (Henry Holt & Company, 169 pages, \$3.50) is an inspirational guide to the mastery of life. The theme is that one must master himself before he is capable of mastering anything else, and that this is impossible apart from God and Jesus Christ. The book is applied Christianity — practical, inspirational, comforting, helpful.

WORSHIPPING WITH WOMEN OF THE BIBLE by Florence C. Brillhart (Revell, 150 pages, \$2.00) is a book of worship services built around women of the Bible. Very interesting, good, solid. Women's groups in churches will find them excellent.

JESUS IN HIS HOMELAND by Sherman E. Johnson (Scribners, 182 pages, \$3.75) is a serious study of the background and culture of Jesus, relating Him and his movement and mission to His time in history, culture and geography.

THE WORLD IS LEARNING COMPASSION by Frank C. Laubach (Revell, 251 pages, \$3.50) is quite a thrilling book to read. The theme is that a new compassion started on Christmas day with the birth of Jesus, that the "compassion" of Jesus differed from "compassions" before Him, that the compassion of Jesus was a long time in growing and developing in the church, and that the 20th century is seeing it burst into a torrent. The first three chapters of the book describe this new compassion and tell why it is new. The rest of the book describes the many ways in which this new compassion is being manifested in our world today: Medical Missions, Compassion for illiterates, The Rockefeller Foundation, Philanthropy, The UN, World Health Organization, United Nations Children's Fund, and so on. The result of reading this book is two fold: (1) a new understanding and love for the Jesus who began it all, and (2) the desire on the part of the reader to give his support to a practical program that is related to this new kind of compassion.

for Summer reading

● *Behold Your God!*

by Agnes Sanford. Those beliefs and practices that enable us to better help and heal the sick and troubled — and bring our Lord's Kingdom upon the earth. The way to prayer and healing power. \$3.00

● *The Case for Spiritual Healing*

by Don H. Gross. A survey of the remarkable resurgence of spiritual healing in the Christian church. A brilliant presentation of the command of Jesus, "Heal the sick." \$3.95

● *The World Is Learning Compassion*

by Frank C. Laubach. A thrilling account of the new compassion that began with Jesus, the compassion that demands as much for your neighbor as for yourself. The wonderful of the agencies — church, government and private — that are lifting the world with this new compassion. \$3.50.

● *Order from (add 15 cents for postage and handling)*

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