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Clear Horizons

Personal Experiences In Christian Living

50c



IN THIS ISSUE

• Why Are Some
Christians Not Radiant

by W. E. Sangster

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THE COVER

Joy, delight, love, trust and security are all wrapped up in the cover for this month. It also might remind one of the aliveness that comes with spring when we begin to see old scenes with fresh eyes and appreciation.

The psalmist says, "Delight thyself also in the Lord; and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart." Our surroundings often reflect on the inner responses and sensitivities of our being. With spring, the coming of new life, the awakening of the earth and the freshness of the air all find a response inside of man. Our dreams take on new urgencies, we feel young again, the future is inviting and the present is good.

When we delight ourselves "in the Lord" it is always "springtime," and the delight of our cover picture becomes an abiding awareness and a constant Presence.

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What The Cross Means To Me

Charles L. Allen

There is a moving Negro spiritual which asks, "Were you there when they crucified my Lord?" That question doesn't seem strange to us. Suppose, however, it were asked concerning Socrates? "Were you there when Socrates drank the hemlock?" Of course you weren't there. That happened long before you were born.

But when you think of Calvary, it doesn't seem strange to think of yourself as being there. When Rembrandt painted the crucifixion, he showed part of the crowd. Study the faces in that crowd and you will find that one of them is Rembrandt himself. The great artist thought of himself as being there. So do we. In a deep sense, we are there. The cross is not something in the dim, distant past. We know we are part of what happened that day.

As I stand before the cross, instead of trying to explain it, I feel as though I would just like to kneel before it in reverence and humility. I know something happened that day that is different from anything that has ever happened before or since. It belongs equally to every age. The hymn-writer said, "In the cross of Christ I glory, towering o'er the wrecks of time." Somehow we instinctively know that no matter what happens, the cross will stand secure and unshaken.

When I was a little boy, I recall vividly a picture on a calendar that we kept hanging on the wall long after it was out-of-date. It showed a stormy sea. The sky was overcast, lightning flashed, rain poured down. Rising above the savagely beating waves was a white towering cross. In the water below was a desperate crea-

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ture reaching out. Underneath were printed the words: "Simply to Thy Cross I cling." We can't explain it—we can and do cling to it through faith.

As I look at the cross, the first truth I see there is the fact that there are some things worse than death. Betrayal is worse than death. I see Jesus in Gethsemane. He doesn't want to die—a young man of thirty-three years. There is so much more He wants to do in life. He could have saved Himself by becoming a coward or by compromising His principles. But to betray His faith, His standards, His ideals would for Him have been worse than death. That same night Judas became a betrayer. He gained some money, he saved his skin, but later he found he made a bad bargain. There are many people today who have learned what Judas learned. They would gladly swap what they have gained for a clear conscience. It is far better to let one's body die than to let the soul die.

As I see the cross, I know life is a matter of quality instead of quantity. How long a person lives is not the most important thing about life. How much a person possesses, the honors and comforts he gains, the security he attains—none of those are important enough to give our souls for.

The cross forever rebukes and destroys the proposition that the

body is man's supreme possession. Jesus Himself said, "Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul . . ." (Matthew 10:28). There is something to live for that is more important than the body. The cross rebukes my self-centeredness.

As we stand by the cross of Christ, we see history's most complete revelation of the love of God. Leslie Weatherhead tells of being on board a ship one dark night in the Mediterranean. They were passing Stromboli, the famous island volcano. Suddenly there was a great burst of flame, lighting up the ocean for miles around. The darkness gave way to the flame of fire and then gradually the volcano subsided until it was again dark. What did it mean? It meant that for a few hours there had been revealed the fire that is continually burning in the heart of that mountain.

That is a fine illustration of the cross. As we see Jesus there, think of His reasons for being there, recognize His dying to save lost humanity, see His spirit of redemptive forgiveness toward even those who put Him there, we realize that the cross is a window through which we can see into the heart of God. The cross reveals God's love toward each of us.

*I sometimes think about the cross
And shut my eyes, and try to see*

*The cruel nails and crown of
thorns,
And Jesus, crucified for me.
But even could I see Him die,
I could but see a little part
Of that great love which, like a
fire,
Is always burning in His heart.*

In his book *The Meaning Of The Cross* Dr. Maltby tells of a father who had a reprobate son. Again and again that father got his son out of trouble until finally the father felt forced to give up. He said, "I have had to wash my hands of him. What else could I do?" Well, whatever the complete opposite of "washing our hands" of one is, God did it on the cross.

The cross does not change God, it does not pay God off, but rather does it reveal His eternal attitude toward every man. John Donne, the seventeenth-century English preacher, pointed out that the best way to think of God's love is by thinking of a circle. He said, "A circle is endless; whom God loves, He loves to the end; and not only to their own end, to their death, but to His end." And we know that God is endless. Because God is what He is, I realize I am in the hands of a love that will never let me go. Neither will His love let me off. I may go on sinning, I may do cowardly and disappointing things, I may be less than my

best, I may turn my back on His face, but God never "washes His hands of me." Like the shepherd, He seeks His lost sheep and keeps on seeking until He finds it.

Men hide from God, they refuse to face up to His claims upon their lives, they go on living day by day as if there were no God. But remember—the cross is not some incident of ancient history, it is an ever-present experience overshadowing the life of every man. It is eternal proof that God is after us. When any one of us looks honestly and clearly at the cross, we kneel before it in adoration and surrender.

One of the problems today in atomic research is the disposal of atomic waste products. Once this strange power is created, it cannot be destroyed. It cannot be burned or thrown away; even the waste of the atomic plants remains active and dangerous for thousands of years.

One day Calvary became a power plant—the power of God's eternal love was, in a very special way, released there that day. And from that day until this very moment, its power has been flowing into the lives of men. Men have run from it, fought it, belittled it, ignored it, but the power of the cross has not been diminished.

As Jesus was hanging on Calvary, He looked into the face of

God and said, "It is finished" (John 19:30). What was finished? His life? No. He meant that God had sent Him to earth for a particular and special purpose. Now, on the cross, that purpose was accomplished that day that had never been accomplished before and would never need to be done again—something once and for all time.

Some mighty deed was accomplished on the cross. What that deed was none of us can answer completely, for it was in a higher realm than the natural man: It was in the realm of the supernatural. In some way that is beyond our limited understanding, our own sins—my sins, your sins—were dealt with on the cross. The salvation of the human soul, the forgiveness of sins is connected in some peculiar way to the cross of Christ. St. Paul said well: "Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold all things are become new. And all things are of God, who hath reconciled us to himself by Jesus Christ. . . . To wit, that God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them; and hath committed unto us the word of reconciliation" (II Corinthians 5:17-19).

On the cross the door was opened between man and God. In some way beyond our understanding, the cross made a difference in man's relationship to God. In some way, my sins were dealt with that day, and when I accept Christ as my Saviour, my sins no longer stand between my soul and God. I do not need to understand it—I need only to believe and by faith to accept it. Why was the cross necessary? The reason I cannot answer that is because my little mind is incapable of understanding the nature of God and the supernatural universe. The fact that Jesus died on the cross is proof that it was necessary—and thus I know it is necessary for me by faith to claim the cross and believe in it.

We remember Christian in *Pilgrim's Progress*, struggling along with a heavy burden. Finally he came to Calvary, climbed that hill and knelt before the cross. Then, and not until then, his burden rolled away and he became free of it and could continue his journey toward the City of God. I do not need to understand it. I only need to kneel before it. Millions can sing today, "At the cross, where I first saw the light and the burden of my heart rolled away. . . ." May it be so for each of us.

*Nothing Grows When
It's Crowded—Not Even
When The Shadow Is Love.*

A

Space for Growing

D. S. PEET

Old Doc Saunders died today and a good many people here-about are going to miss him. There were those who said he was a queer old coot and tapped their heads and grinned when his name was mentioned, but they were folks who'd never come smack up against him like I did that afternoon when Buck was eight.

My wife died when our boy was five, and Buck and I struggled along together in the old house, with just a cleaning woman coming in a couple of times a week to tidy up a bit. He was the apple of my eye, and I guess I was a lot like a mother hen who only hatched one chick.

That afternoon I was busy hoeing when the school bus slowed to a stop and Bucky popped off. He struck the ground like a fire-cracker, but half-way to the house, he stumbled and hit the

dirt with an awful smack. I dropped the hoe and lit out to him like a jack-rabbit. I stood him up and brushed him off, and when we got to the house I cut him a wedge from the cake the cleaning woman had baked, to kind of help him forget the hurt. He took a big bite, and then looking all around, he said: "Where's Red?"

I realized then that the old dog hadn't met the bus. Right away, I guess, we both thought something had happened. Every day, in sun and rain, Red sat by the gate till the bus came.

Buck spied him first. He was coming home across a foot-high field of wheat, and the boy put his fingers to his mouth and whistled. It was a nasty, screeching noise to me, but to Red it had always been a pure love song. That day he didn't bound forward as he usually did at the call. He just came

on at the same slow pace, without lifting his head. By the time he reached the yard, he was dragging, and he dropped about ten feet from where we stood.

The boy got to him first. He was scared and his voice sounded high pitched and quavery: "Do something, Daddy," he kept begging me over and over. I picked the dog up, big as he was, and carried him into the kitchen. He stared back at me kind of humbly, as though he'd like to beg my pardon for causing trouble. I put him down gently and called the vet.

We heard the crunch of gravel under wheels just as the first convulsion gripped Red. "Go see if that's the vet," I told the boy to get him out of the way.

In less than a minute, old Doc Saunders hove into the kitchen, the boy beside him. He was tall and gaunt with the kindest eyes I have ever seen. The other things you noticed about him were his hands, strong and bony and competent looking, and his way of speaking. It wasn't exactly the way the words came, sort of soft and slow. You couldn't ever put your finger on it, but a mare twisting in agony would suddenly lie quiet and pacified when he spoke to her and laid his hand on her flank.

He dropped down on one knee and went over Red, then he

straightened himself and laid a sympathetic hand on Buck's shoulder.

"Boy," he said, "Red's going to die. There's not much I can do for him."

Buck winced and his face went dead white. I saw the light go out of his eyes and I balled up my fist to hit the old simpleton for giving it to the boy just like that.

I opened my mouth to send Buck away, to spare him what I could, but Doc went on. . . .

"I can't save him, Buck, but you and I can make his going a lot easier, if you'll help. Will you?" The boy nodded his head.

The dog's eyes were already glazing. Then why all the tomfoolery? I wished that I had sent the boy away in the beginning. I searched for some errand that would take the youngster out of the kitchen for the next minutes.

But Doc had Buck already on the floor, holding the dog's wide muzzle on his knees. I watched the child's stubby fingers brushing the long ears. "It's all right, Red," his voice was almost a croon. "Don't be afraid." I stared in astonishment. He was comforting the dog just as his mother used to comfort him when he awakened sick and frightened in the night. . . .

It was over in a few seconds and the boy sat in silence, cradl-

ing the big head in his lap. Finally he stood up and crossed the kitchen, walking with a kind of pathetic dignity, and went outdoors. I started to hurry after him but I felt Old Doc's hand on my arm.

"Let him go," he said quietly.

I shook him off and ran after Buck. He was moving slowly and I overtook him at the bottom of the porch. "Don't take it so hard, Son," I told him. "We'll go down to Holland's tomorrow and you can pick out a new pup."

He almost leaped at me. "I don't want a *new* puppy," he shouted. "I just want *RED!*" and he stumbled away from me.

"Let the boy be," said old Doc at my elbow. "Let him grieve."

I turned away from him, but he went on talking anyhow. "Nothing grows when it's crowded," he said. "Look at the trees on your own land, man. Nothing ever reaches its full growth in shadow." He rubbed his chin and gazed after the boy. . . . "Not even when the shadow is love."

I looked at him and I thought he was every bit as whacky as people said. He looked back at me steadily but with a kind of urgent longing in his eyes, then he clamped on his hat, picked up his bag and left.

As I stood looking after the boy, not knowing exactly what to do or say, I noticed the pines in

the grove, and it occurred to me that they needed thinning. The saplings were spindly and the needles were sparse and where they stood against one another they were mishapen. Automatically, I raised my eyes to the bluff and the one lone pine that stood there, towering against the sky.

I stared at it a long time, at its strong trunk and its full branches heavy with fragrant needles. I thought of the wind and the snow and all the storms blowing in from the Atlantic, and in between how the sun sifted down through its crest to its roots in the hillside. I looked and I knew exactly what old Doc meant. He suddenly began to make real good sense to me. I saw the years ahead when my boy would have to stand the vicissitudes of life without me. Like the pine tree, he'd need good roots, and I saw that I was standing too close. He was pinned in beneath my shadow, out of the wind and the storm's way, but out of the life-giving sun and the rain as well.

I looked back again to where he sat, his head on his knees, still sobbing, trying to heal himself a little of his grief, but I saw him with a new respect. Then it came to me what I could do to help him so I went to the tool shed and got me a spade and I climbed to the hill where the pine tree stood and I dug a grave for his friend.

WE DO NOT PUSH

WE ARE GENTLY GUIDED

A WAY OF HEALING

MRS. MARY GEARS

A genuine and deep interest in Spiritual Healing is rapidly increasing within our churches. The authority given by Our Lord for a three-fold Ministry of preaching, teaching and healing, is now being re-examined and re-established, and clergy and layman alike, from all denominations and walks of life, are heeding and obeying His command.

For the clergy this is being manifested in a new emphasis on Our Lord's healing Ministry, and because of this deepened insight into Christ's plans for us and mankind, many have established Healing Services, wherein they use the Laying-On-Of Hands, and/or the Sacramental Rite of Holy Unction. A greater emphasis is also being placed upon Holy Communion as a powerful healing force. Clergy everywhere are making additional dedicated calls on the sick, whether they be ill

of body, mind or spirit, and are administering to them of the healing Gifts of Christ.

The layman has also answered His call through the formation of healing prayer groups which call on the sick, pray for those who are ill, "or in any way distressed", and circulate literature on Spiritual Healing and Prayer, as used in the church.

Inherent within the core of this growing interest is an awakening of spiritual growth and power; a witnessing to the Faith; a reaching outward to others; a sharing of awakening experiences.

The emphasis is placed on the "prayer of faith", as illustrated on many occasions by our Lord Himself. "For truly, I say to you, if you have faith as a grain of mustard seed, you will say to this mountain, 'Move hence to yonder place', and it will move; and nothing will be impossible to you".

Again, "And whatever you ask in prayer, you will receive, if you have faith". "Therefore, I tell you, whatever you ask in prayer believe that you receive it, and you will". Also, "Ask, and it will be given you; seek, and you will find; knock, and it will be opened to you". And, "Father, I thank thee that thou hast heard me. I know that thou hearest me always . . ." These are positive challenges to us today. Christ WAS positive, and still is. No negative thought patterns or actions were given through or by Him, and He admonishes us to do likewise. "Go therefore and make disciples of all nations . . .", "Truly, truly, I say to you, he who believes in me will also do the works that I do; and greater works than these will he do . . .". "And preach as you go saying, 'The kingdom of heaven is at hand'. Heal the sick, raise the dead, cleanse lepers, cast out demons."

Many of us today are traveling either of two roads in this awakened Ministry of healing. We are witnessing outwardly by words and deeds, (which in themselves may be good) but neglecting our own deeper needs and spiritual growth. Or, we are living a half hearted existence, wishing and wanting Christ and His love but never truly believing He wants it for us, or that we may have it. In

both cases we outwardly declare His glory, but inwardly reject or negate it.

Somewhere along a middle road the two factors have a common meeting ground. Not new to us, but used through the centuries of Christendom, is the prayer work and life exhibited by the saints, spiritual giants and mystics of their day. A way of life was opened to them that caused an onward search into the realm of true spiritual maturity.

So today, in the area of Spiritual Healing and witnessing, can we find this Ministry of dedication. First, as a disciplined life of prayer, with emphasis on the healing Christ; a positive, vibrant, powerful diadem, co-existing and working with us at all times, in all spheres. Secondly, a daily or weekly individual or group study of the Bible that would incorporate the Holy Spirit into our lives, and make real the presence of Our Lord, so our thoughts, words and actions would stem from His thoughts, words and actions.

Christ didn't act hastily in offering His healing powers nor did He force them upon anyone. Neither did He speak negatively of the Kingdom and our responsibilities within it. He commanded us to, "seek first his kingdom and his righteousness, and all these things shall be yours as well". And where is this Kingdom? He

again informs us, “. . . the kingdom of God is in the midst of you”. It would be well for us to heed and observe His commands beginning with ourselves to strive to know Him more fully.

We can find a great expression in His healing Ministry and witnessing to His power at work, by being “living examples”, of His love and light to others. “You are the light of the world. A city set on a hill cannot be hid. Nor do men light a lamp and put it under a bushel, but on a stand, and it gives light to all in the house”. We can go about our daily routine filled with His posi-

tive attitudes, believing and knowing that He is indeed in us; and we can look at and regard others with His love because we are getting to know Him better daily. As we journey with Him, the Holy Spirit will guide us to fuller adaptations of His wonders and the use of His powers. We do not push, but are gently guided. We do not mistrust, but are led by faith as a lamb. The healing power of Christ will be fully within us, body, mind and spirit, and we can go joyfully on our way, trusting and thanking Him for the wonderful Gift of . . . Himself!

God's Wings

By

Edith Dahlby

A little bird
Came up to me
He sang, we sang
Together.

For he had wings
And so had I
To soar in any weather.

With faith wings, love wings
And a song
Bird, God, and I
Together.

HAROLD S. KAHM

Fear not . . .

Only Believe!

Why did Jesus exhort against fear, worry and all other useless, negative thoughts and utterances? Did not He know that fear is so much a part of the average man's consciousness, his background and his training, that he is actually afraid not to be afraid?

Of course Jesus knew this, for human nature was not different two thousand years ago than it is today, and men had in the main the same causes for anxiety. If anything, they had more to worry about—illness, for one thing, in an age when there were no modern physicians, hospitals, drugs; and old age at a period in history when it was common enough for old people to die of starvation when they could no longer support themselves. The people of

Jesus' day—primitive people for the most part—lived in constant peril of their lives in the midst of extremely harsh conditions. They would have laughed at the spectacle of a modern man worried into a tizzy about next month's payment on his car! Their worries all too often involved life-and-death issues!

Yet to them, the great Master said, “Fear not, only believe!” And he declared that they must take no anxious thought for the morrow, because tomorrow would take care of itself.

Why did he tell them—and us—these things?

He knew, for one thing, as does every genuinely intelligent man today, that worry and anxiety are not only useless but detri-

mental. Fear, as many mistaken people have believed, is not a safeguard against the common dangers of life. There is a great difference between alertness to danger and fear. There are hundreds of cases of swimmers who drowned when their boats capsized because they were so panicked by fear as to be unable to remember the simple fact that overturned boats float and make highly satisfactory life rafts. To be alert to danger, without fear, is to be able to face a threatening situation calmly, and thoughtfully; and it is only under these latter conditions that we can determine the right thing to do.

Fear, a primitive emotion that is wholly unrelated to such calm and thoughtful consideration, is not only inducive to wild panic, but is in itself a form of panic. No one can think straight under such conditions; logic and reason fly out the window, and thus it becomes impossible to do anything helpful and constructive about the situation.

But how can one overcome the almost overwhelming impulse to be afraid? How is it possible to crush an emotion as virulent as this one? The psychologists tell us that it is quite impossible for a human being to experience two different emotions at the same time. That is why a hysterical person can be snapped back to

normalcy by a slap in the face. Indignation, shock, and anger at the unexpected slap floods him with a new emotion, and the new one replaces the hysteria! Jesus offered *belief* as the substitute emotion for fear. "Fear not, only believe!" To believe in Him implicitly at all times, to think only of Him in moments of seeming crises, is to provide oneself with a powerful emotion against which fear cannot prevail.

But Jesus, let it be remembered, taught common sense, and obedience to the laws of nature. He demanded of no man that he jump off a cliff to demonstrate his lack of fear and the superlative power of his faith! Jesus did not expect that men should go through life blind to its numerous dangers. True fearlessness never takes the form of daredevilry, because true fearlessness is founded squarely upon good common sense, while daredevilry is its very opposite.

There seem to be so many situations in life that cause one to experience the emotion of fear that it might be said, with a good deal of justice, that the average man spends most of his waking hours in varying degrees of fear. Yet, at the same time, this same man is ever searching for happiness, unaware that fear and happiness cannot dwell together. No one can achieve happiness who

has not first banished from his daily life the evil habit of fear. The only thing to do when you are confronted with a situation that makes you want to be afraid is to turn your eyes inward, to the divine power that dwells within you, and to say, with Jesus, "Of myself I can do nothing . . ." One must indeed be as a little child who, faced with some seeming peril, runs to its father for protection.

Perfect faith—the kind of faith that obliterates fear, worry and anxiety—is always available, the instant that we recognize and completely accept the truth that God alone has the power to change conditions and circumstances, and that so long as we trust Him fully and completely, knowing that only good—God's good—will be forthcoming, — is the perfect and complete antidote to fear.

At the first onslaught of worry or fear we may repeat this statement, aloud or silently. It is a reminder to ourselves that God, and God alone, is the complete master of the situation, and that of ourselves we can do nothing whatever. He is the sole power, against whom not all the forces of hell can prevail!

When we are conscious of His Presence, of what need is there to be anxious or afraid? Alerted to some seeming danger, we may

calmly and intelligently do what seems sensible, knowing that He is guiding our hand, and that God cannot fail. No matter what happens, we do not turn to Fear: we turn to the indwelling Christ, as a bewildered, frightened child to its tall, powerful father.

Only then, with a mind unclouded by the raging storms of fear, a mind calm and serene, can we examine the situation objectively and decide wisely just what to do about it. And if there is apparently nothing to be done, then we simply leave the matter entirely in His hands, knowing absolutely, in our hearts, that all will be well.

But how can it be well, some fearful inner voice cries? Here are the dreadful facts! Here is the real situation! How can God do anything about it? Perform a miracle? Not very likely!

How indeed can God do anything about it?

Did not the Master say, "I have ways ye know not of"?

One is reminded of the famous story about Napoleon who, on the occasion of his showing a certain plan to one of his most important officers, was told, "But, General, that's impossible! The circumstances are all against it!"

"Circumstances?" retorted the great general, "I *make* circumstances."

God has His own way of mak-

ing circumstances, and what He does is infinitely better than what we can do with our puny, confused, ill-informed efforts. Nor are any miracles required. God operates within the laws of nature that He has himself created, and these laws are ample to regulate, control, shape and re-shape any kind of human circumstance. Nor does He require our assistance. He requires of us but one thing: that we believe.

"But—" one might say, worriedly, painfully cognizant of a seemingly ominous situation—

"But?" There are no "but's" with God! That is why Jesus admonished us to "Judge not by the appearance . . ." for it is when we see through our eyes—the eyes of gross, distorted materialism—that we blind ourselves to

the truth. We do not see reality, but shadows, and we judge the events of our lives by these twisted, unreal shadows. Oh, they seem real enough! They appear to be reality itself! They are the "facts"! But the mighty, indwelling Father smiles at such "facts"; He alone sees clearly and perfectly. That is why we must not "judge by the appearance, but judge righteous judgment." And what is "righteous judgment" if not the utterly final decision that, "Of myself I can do nothing; the Father that dwelleth in me, He doeth the works"?

True happiness comes only to those who, like little children, trust their Father in all things, in all places, at all times.

And did He not say, "I shall not suffer your foot to stumble"?



Louis Pasteur, French scientist (1822-95): "I hold the unconquerable belief that science and peace will triumph over ignorance and war, that nations will come together not to destroy but to construct, and that the future belongs to those who accomplish most for humanity."

IN THY CROSS I SAW
THINE OPEN FACE,
AND FOUND THEREIN
THE FULLNESS OF THY
GRACE

Be Of Good Cheer

Robert P. Montgomery

In the world you have tribulation; but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world. (John 16:33)

"It was like a breath of fresh air." That was the reaction Evelyn Waugh had when the priest made the sign of the cross on his forehead and spoke the words, "Dust thou art, and to dust thou shalt return." Some people might think this Ash Wednesday ceremony rather morbid, but to this English novelist it was refreshing and exhilarating. It had the bracing quality that accompanies truth.

Probably most of us would not think of such a reminder as invigorating any more than we think of Lent as a season of good cheer. Nevertheless, the meaning of our Lord's words, "be of good cheer,"

and the context in which they were uttered, provide the perspective from which any Lenten self-discipline or self-denial should be viewed.

"In the world you have tribulation." Moffatt's translation reads, "In the world you have trouble." Now, on the face of it, there is nothing profound in that observation. Many centuries before our Lord lived, Solon of Athens wrote, "No mortal man is happy, but all on whom the sun looks down are miserable." The same refrain appears, a century after the Resurrection of Jesus Christ, in the "Meditations" of the Stoic Emperor, Marcus Aurelius. It would appear that Jesus was only adding his voice to the chorus of many before and after his time in the lament that

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man's lot in the world is trouble.

But there is a significant difference. "In the world you have tribulation." Who is being spoken to here? It was not a public address. Jesus was talking to his disciples. He speaks of a trouble unique to the Christian disciple, whether of the first or of the twentieth century. Sickness, sorrow, death come to all regardless of race, color, or creed. Yet these are not the tribulations to which he refers. What then, is this unique tribulation?

The special pain of the Christian is called in the technical terminology of theology *sanctification*. It does not have anything to do with "sanctimoniousness," that "holier-than-thou" assumption of virtue which has for most of us a repugnant connotation. Sanctification is the process of our being gradually transformed into the likeness of Jesus Christ. It must always be preceded, for the Christian, by what is called in theological language *justification*. The word *justification* expresses the fact that in Jesus Christ God has made known his love and mercy toward those who are indifferent or hostile toward him. An old Russian proverb runs, "Love me black as I am; when I am white, everyone will love me." Justification is the term that describes the fact that God loves anyone, no matter how black his

character, how great his guilt. A Christian is one who comes daily before God in spite of his stained character because he has heard this amazing news about his justification.

Justification points to the pain which God endured to win humanity from self-destruction. Sanctification points to the pain that must be endured by those already won back. It degenerates into sanctimoniousness wherever one assumes that this partially transformed self is the *evidence* upon which God grants his pardon and help to man. Even before the process begins, man is forgiven by God solely as a gift of God's mercy. Furthermore, a person's relationship to God all along the line of the process is grounded in this same mercy and is never conditioned upon the fruits of sanctification.

What does it mean to be changed into the likeness of Jesus Christ? Do we become gods? No, we are and ever will remain creatures. We shall never be transformed into the likeness of our Lord's deity, his godhead. But Jesus is not only God; he is also the representative human being. This means that his humanity is the prototype, the archetype, the pattern of true humanness. To come into possession of a human nature like this—that is the destiny to which God has called us

all. Sanctification is the name for this process of growth whereby our nature is replaced by the kind of nature Jesus possessed as a human being. When his sanctifying work in us is completed, "we shall be," writes John, "like him" (I John 3:2).

The first ten or fifteen milestones on this road to a new self are marked with a word that to many in our day is a dirty four-letter word. It is the word *duty*. Our inclination is to seek to satisfy our selfish desires. Our duty is to be concerned about the rights of others.

The Holy Spirit, the Comforter, is promised by Jesus Christ to his Church. Only for comfort? "It is the work of the Holy Spirit," writes the English theologian Alec Vidler, "to humble and fortify mankind, and to fortify by humbling. A man cannot persuade himself but it is a favorite work of the Holy Spirit to persuade him that he is the last, the least, and the lost. The Holy Spirit can keep the mighty in intellect or virtue or power aware of their perilous condition and show them that they are strong only when they confess their weakness." Again and again it is a work of the Holy Spirit to unveil, perhaps in what Kierkegaard has called each man's midnight hour, the hidden egoism that drives him in his business, or pursuit of knowledge, and perhaps

most painfully in his pursuit of piety.

Christians can endure this work of the Holy Spirit only because they know of the love that motivates the probing, the amazing love manifest in their justification. Yet even the certainty of that love seems at times hardly sufficient to enable us to endure. Perhaps the writer of the Hebrews experienced this when he wrote "no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous" (Hebrews 12:11 KJV). Is it not plausible that this unique tribulation of the Christian's life was what prompted the apostle Paul to tell the congregation at Galatia, "let us do good to all men, and especially to those who are of the household of faith" (Galatians 6:10). Yes, especially to them, for Christians need the loving support of one another to help each bear the unmasking inseparable from our sanctification.

The Christian is frankly told that in this life he will have tribulation. He is just as emphatically encouraged by his Lord to "be of good cheer, I have overcome the world."

In a recent address, President Nathan Pusey of Harvard spoke of the help the Church should give to humanity. The Church must above all, he stressed, "help each of us to see that where torment and darkness lie there also

is light, and in the depth of mystery, a face." Our Lord did not, and we dare not, deny that there is torment and darkness, but he did promise light in the midst of such darkness. Human beings can put up with almost anything but meaninglessness. Paul Tillich, in his provocative book *The Courage To Be*, ventures the opinion that the deepest problem of twentieth-century man is his sense of the meaninglessness of life today. Indeed, how can one feel in a universe so vast, and on an earth so torn with tension and strife, that there is a thread of meaning running through it all? Is a world hanging on the brink of nuclear warfare a meaningful world? But let us recall what lay before our Lord when he spoke the words "be of good cheer" to his disciples. Before him lay the desertion of his closest disciples, the humiliation of his trial, and the lingering agony of his death on the cross. Nevertheless, he tells his disciples, "In the world you have tribulation; but be of good

cheer, I have overcome the world."

If life is not just a tale told by an idiot signifying nothing; if there is a road in life that is not a dead-end street ending in despair and death; if indeed we are called by God to become sons of God, then tribulations of all kinds can be borne with patience. The tribulation of sanctification will result in our becoming "partakers of his holiness" (Hebrews 12:10 KJV). If it is to such a destiny that we are assuredly moving, what pain can we not courageously bear with his aid?

Immediately before he spoke to his disciples of the tribulation that would be theirs, Jesus said to them, "I have said this to you, that in me you may have peace." This peace—the peace of God that passes all understanding—is not the calm of culture, nor is it the beneficence of breeding, nor is it the panacea of positive thinking. It is a peace that appears in the midst of the most intense suffering.

The Universal Christ

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

—John Oxenham

* * *

Christ is the great central fact in the world's history; to Him everything looks forward or backward.

—Spurgeon

LOOKING

LOVING

LISTENING

LOOSENING

LIFTING

LIVING

ZACCHAEUS' SIX L'S

ETHEL TULLOCH BANKS

From St. Luke's account of the conversion of Zacchaeus we can draw a delightful plan for a meditation or for a prayer group. (St. Luke 19:1-10.)

Recently I heard the plan outlined by the Rev. Joseph Ray White of the University Christian Church in San Diego. He acknowledged he had learned it from a friend. I appreciated its possibilities and shared the plan as a meditation and as the basis for prayer groups at the spring Redlands Camp Farthest Out. Many found it fresh and stimulating so I am sharing the six L's with you, to be developed according to your own spiritual resources.

LOOKING—First, Zacchaeus made an effort to look at the Lord Jesus as He passed through Jericho. "He ran before, and climbed up into a sycamore tree to see him."

The earnest seeker must strive to get above the round of duties and distractions and frustrations and take time to look at Jesus. The Abbe Cure tells of the old peasant who used to kneel silently in the cathedral by the hour; he explained, "I just look at Him and He looks at me." A Glad Song tells of the transformation that takes place:

"Turn your eyes upon Jesus;
Look full in His wonderful face,
And the things of earth
Will grow strangely dim
In the Light of His glory and grace."

LOVING—Next, Zacchaeus loved what he saw,—a Man with compassionate, understanding eyes and a friendly smile.

Likewise, as we take time to look at Jesus, to recall some of the stories in the Gospels or the blessings He has brought to us or our friends, our love grows. "We

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love Him because He first loved us."

LISTENING—Then Zacchaeus listened. Words reveal the inner man for "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." Zacchaeus heard the gracious words, "Zacchaeus, come down; for today I must abide at thy house." Friendly words, reassuring words.

As we look and love, we too, listen. Gospel words of our Lord come to us and glow with added meaning. Our personal words for our need. Or just the pregnant silence two friends know where there is no need for words as spirit with Spirit meets.

Jesus promised, "The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life." (St. John 10:63) And He promised that they would never pass away. His words come down the centuries to all who need them and welcome them. If we feed upon them in our hearts with thanksgiving, they become life within us.

LOOSENING—As Zacchaeus looked at this friendly Man and loved what he saw and listened to his self-revealing words, Zacchaeus realized the difference between himself and this new-found friend. He wanted to be more like Him, to be worthy of His friendship. The comparison urged him to say, "Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor, and if I

have taken anything from any man by false accusation, I restore him fourfold."

As we look and love and listen, what have we to loosen? Sin is defined as "the difference between my life and the life of Jesus". We are not unjust tax-gatherers like Zacchaeus but do we have the faith that Jesus had in God as our Father, infinitely near, infinitely loving and infinitely powerful to help? How many "if's" and "but's" and the like do we express about God in word and thought and deed, to whittle Him down to man-size? Jesus spent much time in prayer, sometimes whole nights. Are we happy when we compare our prayer time with His? Jesus' compassionate understanding enabled Him to help all who came to Him in need. How successful are our relationships?

He will help us to Loosen the differences. There is a tried and found-true saying, "Looking, longing, loving, we grow like."

LIFTING—Zacchaeus not only loosened himself from his ill-gotten gains but he began to lift others. Half of his goods he promised to the poor, and to restore fourfold anything he had taken falsely. To become more like the Man upon whom he had looked, and loved and to whom he had listened he must feel responsibility for the welfare of

others. The Man before him had said, "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." (St. John 10:10) Zacchaeus recognized that one of the demands of friendship with this Man was accepting His charge, "As the Father sent me, so send I you."

Are we accepting this charge?

LIVING—So Zacchaeus entered into life that was life indeed. Fellowship with the Lord Jesus. "He that hath the Son hath life."

As we, too, practice looking, loving, listening, loosening and lifting, our own life-quickening fellowship with Jesus strengthens.

"He comes sweet influence to impart . . .
And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.
And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness
Are His alone."

(Harriett Auber)

LOOKING, LOVING, LISTEN-
ING,
LOOSENING, LIFTING, LIV-
ING.



Spring Praise

Louise Darcy

O Lord, in springtime may we praise Thee now
For greening loveliness on branch and bough,
Fresh views of earth with growth on every hand,
The budding richness of the vernal land.
The beauty of the waking world each year
Makes us realize that Thou art always near.
Our great Creator, may we ever praise
Thee as we do in these resurgent days.

God's Love for You — *and How to* *Receive It*

Abbe de Tourville

How happy God is in loving us! Like parents who adore their children. It is really just like that and it is *grand*, and just what we should expect of God. It is also necessary for us, poor little creatures that we are. Praise God!

Be bold enough always to believe that God is on your side and wholly yours, whatever you may think of yourself.

As for that which is beyond your strength, be absolutely certain that our Lord loves you, devotedly and individually: loves you just as you are. How often that conviction is lacking even in those souls who are most devoted to God! They make repeated efforts to love Him, they experience the joy of loving, and yet how little they know, how little they realize, that God loves them incomparably more than they will ever know how to love Him. Think only of this and say to yourself 'I am loved by God more than I can either conceive or understand.' Let this fill all your soul and all your prayer and never leave you. You will soon see that this is the way to find God. It contains the whole of St. John's teaching: 'As for us, we have believed in the love which God has for us'. I have asked God to teach me this and now understand it. I know that it is the true way, the best way and the way which is so often lacking in souls. Find it without delay.

Accustom yourself to the wonderful thought that God loves you with a tenderness, a generosity, and an intimacy which surpasses all

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your dreams. Give yourself up with joy to a loving confidence in God and have courage to believe firmly that God's action towards you is a masterpiece of partiality and love. Rest tranquilly in this abiding conviction.

The thing which may for long prevent the soul from thus accepting our Lord, is that it forgets to think of Him always and above all as compassionate. Yet in everything, that is the first idea we must try to have about Him. We shall be quite differently affected by His great splendor if we first realize that He to whom it belongs and who offers it to us, is compassionate beyond all words. How gladly shall we then rejoice in His Divine splendors! For they are the splendors of the All-Compassionate, the Intimate, and the Familiar God!

We must think of our Lord as loving us more than any one else, upholding us even when we are ready mercilessly to condemn ourselves; think of Him as being our other self, bolder in approval and more ready to rejoice over us that we are ourselves. That is the ideal of fatherhood, of friendship and of love. When we know our Lord thus, we know Him well and every thing is easy. The terrible God, the angry, exacting, narrow God, has completely disappeared. We are attracted to our Lord and profoundly reassured. And so we love with confidence and joy.

Rejoice that you are what you are; for our Lord loves you very dearly. He loves the whole of you, just as you are. In spite therefore of all your troubles, troubles about people and things, remain at peace. Drop all your spiritual anxieties and do not goad yourself to efforts which will only overburden and overstrain you. Such efforts are not only useless but even harmful, for they war against that peace which the Christ-God demands: the peace which, in this world, must always exist in the midst of our imperfections; the imperfections of things, the imperfections of people. Imitate the calm of the sailor standing on the deck of his ship, which is in itself never still: or that of the man who walks quietly through the city, indifferent to the noise and the winding of the streets, picking his way through the people and the traffic. . . .

Be reassured and comforted. Rejoice from the bottom of your heart at this assurance I am giving you, as if it came from our Lord Himself. For it is only in this blessed certitude that you will find that freedom of spirit which is absolutely necessary. I implore you in God's name, not to think of Him as hard to please, but rather as generous beyond all that you can ask or think. Get rid, once and for all, of the idea that God is displeased or intolerant towards our weakness.

The truth is exactly the opposite. Accept that fact and act upon it.

You have not grasped the right idea of God and of His service. You always come back to the thought that God must be dissatisfied, which is not so. Remember that it is our souls, yes! our own souls! which are God's joy: not on account of what they do for Him, but on account of what He does for them. All that He asks of them is gladly to accept His kindness, His generosity, His tolerance, His fatherly love. Let your adoration of God, therefore, take this form and do not worry any more about what you are or are not. You are the object of His mercy. Be satisfied with that and think only of that.

The essence of the matter is that our Lord loves you dearly. The more keenly therefore, you realize that the weakness is of your own nature, even of your own will, the more you must adore Him. For in spite of everything, we *are* the weak creatures whom our Lord loves, and loves deeply, with a love worthy of that name, which to Him is no idle word.

You want to compete with His affection before you have understood it; that is your mistake. You are like a child who wants to help his mother before allowing himself to be trained by her. You are like St. Peter; he wanted to wash his Master's feet, but refused to allow his Master to wash his feet. He did not understand. Our Lord showed him his mistake with the clear and decisive sharpness of a friend: 'Peter! if I do not do this, and if you will not let me do it, you have no part in me!' And St. John, who knew all the depth and tenderness of God's love, was constantly ravished by the thought, 'He loved us first!'

Come then! show a little deference to our Lord and allow Him to go first. Let Him love you a great deal, a very great deal, long before you have succeeded in loving Him, even a little, as you would wish to love Him.

That is all I ask of you, and all that our Lord asks of you.

Say to yourself very often about everything that happens, 'God loves me! What joy!' And reply boldly, 'And I truly love Him too!' Then go quite simply about all that you have to do and do not philosophize any more. For these two phrases are beyond all thought and do more for us than any thought could do; they are all-sufficing.



Why Are Some Christians Not Radiant?

W. E. SANGSTER

A church official paused one Saturday evening on the fringe of a Salvation Army meeting in the open air. He was one of those grim-looking men who sometimes hold office in the church. (Nobody doubts their integrity, but nobody wants to be like them.) All the lines of his face seemed to run down at acute angles, as though he lived all the while with an unpleasant odor under his nose, and he looked the very opposite of all that we mean by radiance.

One of the Salvation Army lassies, hovering on the outskirts of the crowd, asked him if he was saved. Embarrassed by the question, he replied tartly: "I hope I am."

According to the report, the girl who asked the question called out to the leader of the meeting: "He says that he *hopes* he is saved. *What a face for a child of God!*"

Now that poses a question we can no longer avoid. Why is it that many people in the church, whose character and Christian standing we cannot possibly doubt, lack the radiance which we say is the inevitable consequence of Christ living within? They are emphatically not hypocrites; they are good men and women. But they are not radiant or even clearly and quietly serene, and they do not put a longing in other people to share the life they claim to possess.

It is an undoubted fact that many people outside the churches think that if they become Christians they will become miserable. They think that life in Christ is less and less rather than more and more. They think that it is giving up most of the things which make glad the heart of man. At the mere thought of entering this way of life, something chill strikes at the heart of them and they

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race away like animals almost trapped. And they are sincere!

How come this wide illusion to infect the thought of honest people? Are we Christians not compelled to admit that—somehow or other—we have given the impression that Christianity is anything but abundant and radiant life? Does not our general demeanor often suggest that religion is a heavy load which we are carrying rather than something which carries us? And is there much hope that the Church will impress the world unless its members recover this conquering life—and the radiance which is its outward expression?

I met a depressed minister the other day. He had been suffering from gastric ulcers and his local doctor had sent him to a specialist.

"He examined me with great care," he explained, "and then he told me that there was no reason really why I should have the ulcers. 'I suspect that you have a worrying nature,' he said. 'Trifles fret and annoy you. If only you could take things more calmly, trust more, and keep quiet inside you. . . .'"

And here the poor minister almost broke down. "I was never so humiliated in my life," he said. "A doctor of medicine talking to me like that!"

Then he added: "And the bit-

terest part of it all is this—that I know what he said was true."

We may as well face it. Many of us are not good samples of the faith we profess. We affirm our fixed belief that we have a divine Father who has numbered the hairs of our head and is watching over us all the time for good . . . and yet we worry! We are sub-Christian. John Wesley—that robust Christian—said: "I could no more worry than I could curse or swear."

We claim as Christians that the center of our life has been shifted from ourselves to Christ . . . yet some of us are chronically selfish still. We say that the first of all the graces is humility . . . but we are proud. We talk of "a peace that passes all understanding" . . . yet we are restless within, and our inner restlessness betrays itself in a lack of repose. We claim to be "children of the heavenly King" . . . but we still feel inferior. We say that from the heart of the Christian perfect love has cast out fear . . . but we are as fearful as the next man. Daily we pray that we may be forgiven our trespasses, "*as we forgive those who trespass against us*" . . . yet we harbor resentments and are not strangers to bitterness. "There is no joy like the joy of a Christian," we have said . . . but we are moody. We complain over trifles, are some-

times guilty of meanness, and time and time again are negative in our thought.

It is true that we do not swear, steal, get drunk, or philander with the other sex, but neither do thousands of people who make no claim to be Christians at all. People who watch us closely are not commonly struck by our radiance and forced to believe that we have some deep and secret joy. With our worries, inferiorities, complaints, and moodiness we seem just like the worldly . . . except that when they go to the movies on Sunday evening we go to church. But how much does it do for us?

If Christians are people in whom Christ lives, how does it happen that many of us give so little evidence that he is inside us? If he has the secret of radiant personality, how came we to miss it? Can a man be a Christian and be a stranger to this inner light?

We must be frank. The term "Christian," as it is commonly used, is a vague term. Many people are regarded as Christians because they were born into a nominally Christian country, though they never go to a church and know next to nothing of the faith. Others regard themselves as Christians because they were baptized, though—like vaccination sometimes—it did not "take." Some base their claim to the title

on an occasional visit to church (on Easter Sunday perhaps) and the fact that they have kept out of the hands of the police. Still others have made an honest dedication of their life to God but have experienced no conscious inflow of divine power, and life is toiling self-effort for them—as much after their dedication as it was before.

Some think that it all depends on knowledge—but that oversimplifies it! Is an eminent and scholarly theologian who cannot keep his temper more a Christian than a charwoman who can—even though (alas!) she cannot repeat the Apostles' Creed? Is the famous and popular preacher who is proud more a Christian than the church caretaker who is humble?

I would be loath to deny the name of "Christian" to any man who earnestly claimed it for himself. Only God knows the depth of sincerity within us and the divine help we have resisted and received.

But this we *can* know—each one of us for himself. With the New Testament open before us, and the picture of Christ plainly in view, and our consciences allowed to give an honest testimony in our souls . . . we have not been the men and women we might have been; we have lived on a lower level than the New Testa-

ment teaches us as normal; we have not "sold" our way of life in the world by the obvious poise and gladness which it gave to us; we have not made the worldly think that we have something they dare not miss.

All the saints of God have joy. It is one of their marks. St. Francis of Assisi was God's minstrel. St. Teresa frowned on frowns! Reformer though she was, she would take the castanets and dance like a girl in the hour of recreation with her delighted nuns. Plymouth brethren are supposed (by those who do not know them) always to be solemn, but Edmund Gosse, who grew up in such a home (and broke from it), gladly conceded that there was nothing gloomy about his home; it was a place of wholesome jokes, innocent laughter, "always cheerful and often gay."

Who could help being radiant with God living in them?—who could mope and fret who *honestly believed* that Infinite Wisdom and Infinite Love were attending to all things?

But why are some Christians so grim?

The best of these people have surrendered their *wills* to Christ, but have never given him full control of their minds. They are, in a sense, dedicated men and

women; but Christ has never been allowed to reshape their thinking. And thought is life! The Bible says: "As a man thinks in his heart, so is he." These joyless powerless Christians acknowledge Christ as Lord and may do nothing deliberately to displease him, but their thinking continues on the old low level; and so fear and inferiority, restlessness and resentment, pride and complaining, can still have a major place in their life. So far as the *mind* is concerned, Christ is not in them. Sometimes knowingly—but usually *unknowingly*—they have kept Christ out of their thinking and they are almost the same defeated people that they were before they took him as Lord.

This is what Paul, who knew more than most men what an utter transformation Christ's indwelling could make, would say to them:

Be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind.

Have this mind in you, which was also in Christ Jesus. (A.S.V.)

Be renewed in the spirit of your mind.

If Christ is not in our *minds* (in the warp and woof of our thinking), he is not in us, and "a Christ not in us is a Christ not ours."

WAS GRACE LIKE
THE RAIN THAT FELL,
AND DIDN'T CARE WHERE
IT FELL?

Amazing Grace

by Robert Drake

I didn't much want to go with Daddy and Mamma out to Salem Church that Sunday. They were going to have dinner on the ground after preaching, and then after that the Barlow County Singing Convention was going to meet. I was 12 years old and it looked to me that I never was going to get away from the country. Every Sunday afternoon we had to go out to Uncle Frank and Aunt Laura's at Maple Grove, where Pa Drake used to live. Pa had been dead for several years, but it looked like Daddy and Mamma didn't know how to quit going. And every time we had to sit around and listen to all those old tales about when the Drake boys were growing up and all the fun they used to have with their neighbors like the Powells and the Sweats.

Pa Drake had come from Virginia after the war and married Grandma, who had been a Sanders. Daddy used to tell Mamma and she told *me* that they would

all have starved to death if it hadn't been for Grandma. Pa had been raised with slaves to wait on him and had gone off to school and learned to read Latin and Greek before he went off to the war, and I reckon he wasn't ever about to learn how to do anything else.

But anyhow, it looked like everybody in my family was from the country and wasn't ever going to be anywhere else. None of them had ever been off to college because they didn't have any money for *anything*, much less education. They just all went to school out at Maple Grove a few months every year and went to church every Sunday, and that was about as far as any of them got—except Uncle Buford, and he finished high school because Daddy quit school to let him go. But I was bound and determined that that wasn't going to happen to me. I was going to get all the education in the world so I never would have to be ashamed of say-

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ing *seen* and *done* and *taken*, and I was going to go places and do things. They needn't to think they were going to keep *me* in Barlow county all my life. I had already had a big argument with Daddy, though, because I said I wanted to go to school at Harvard, which was supposed to be the best school in the whole country. But Daddy said No, sir, I wasn't going to get above my raising and go up there to school with a lot of Yankees.

Well anyhow, somebody in the Salem community had asked us out that Sunday, so about ten o'clock we got in the car and drove off. But it was hot as a fox, and I wasn't looking forward to the prospect of eating off the ground with all those ants and worms crawling all over the food and me too.

It didn't take us long to get out to Salem; it was only about five miles out from Woodville. The church, which was a Baptist church, sat back off the road under some great big oak trees, and people had parked all over the yard without any system at all. Most of the cars were old and broken-down looking and there were a lot of pick-up trucks too. Daddy was always talking about how poor farmers were and what a hard time they had, so I was used to them looking pretty run-down. But what made me kind

of tired was the way Daddy seemed to *enjoy* talking about how bad off they were, like there might be something good about having to work so hard and never having any money and never going anywhere or doing anything. For my part I just couldn't wait to go to New York and see all the museums and theaters and famous people and everything that was going on.

There were still a lot of people in the cars, but then they began getting out to go in the church, and they were all laughing and hollering like they hadn't seen each other in a thousand years. I thought it was all pretty disgusting and common. It didn't look like any of them had any refinement, and I didn't see how Daddy could be so crazy about them. But he was. He was always talking about some old man out in the country who probably didn't know how to read and write and saying, "He's one of the best men that ever had on a pair of pants." Or he would mention some old woman that was ugly as homemade sin and say, "Yes, I know she's so cross-eyed, when she cries the tears run down her back—but she's one of the best women you ever saw." That kind of thing worried me because it looked like you had to be ugly and ignorant in order to be good, just like if you really enjoyed some-

thing, like going to the picture show, it was probably bad for you. Or at least that was the way a lot of people acted.

So I was pretty glad when church was over and it was time to eat, even if we were going to eat off the ground. The women went on out in the yard and started unloading the food from the cars and spreading their white Sunday tablecloths out under the big oak trees. There was lots of fried chicken and country ham and sliced tomatoes and stuffed eggs and all kinds of cake and pie. And somebody had gone into Woodville right after church to get the ice for the iced tea. Then everybody got a paper plate and started going around and helping himself to everything. When we started around, Mamma whispered to me that we had to take some of everything so as not to hurt anybody's feelings. That was another thing you had to worry about—whether or not you were going to hurt somebody's feelings. But it didn't look like to me anybody was sitting up late at night worrying whether he had hurt my feelings.

There was going to be a Bette Davis movie on that afternoon at the Dixie theater in Woodville, and I begged Daddy to let us go on back home so I could see it. But he said, "Now, Robert, we're not going to eat and run like that.

That would be just plain ordinary." I didn't like it, but I had to stop and think. It never occurred to me before that *I* could be ordinary; it was uneducated people out in the country that were ordinary. I didn't exactly know what to make of it, so I followed Mamma and Daddy on into the church without a word.

Everybody got real quiet, and then the Boyd's Landing Quartet got up to sing. They were supposed to be the best quartet in the county, and Daddy said that Mr. Tom Newman, who sang bass, had a voice like distant thunder. They started off with "Alas, and Did My Savior Bleed?" which was another one of those hymns where you had to low-rate yourself and say you were a worm. ("Would He devote that sacred head for such a worm as I?") It was just like everything else; you never could enjoy anything without thinking maybe you didn't have any right to and were probably going to have to pay for it some day.

I looked at Mamma to see how she was holding out, but she and Daddy were sitting there looking like they couldn't think of anywhere else in the world they would rather be than right there. So I decided I might just as well make up my mind to sit there all afternoon, but I sure hoped God was taking notice of how good

I was being and was putting it down by my name in the Lamb's Book of Life or wherever he kept all his records.

Finally, after they had sung "Near-o My God to Thee" (they always pronounced "nearer" that way out in the country) they got to "Amazing Grace." That was the first hymn I had ever learned; my nurse Louella had taught it to me when I was five years old. And it was written by John Newton, who was a converted slave trader. So I followed right along with the quartet in my mind. The first verse went:

Amazing grace! how sweet the sound,

That saved a wretch like me!

I once was lost, but now am found,

Was blind, but now I see.

There you were calling yourself a wretch again, and yet there was supposed to be something sweet about it. I looked around at all those people, and I could see, from the way they looked so far off from the world, so calm and peaceful, that they all thought there was something sweet about being a wretch too. But why was it so sweet to be a wretch? If it was good to be a wretch, it might also be good to live out in the country and have nothing but lamps for light and have dinner on the ground. Did it mean that

maybe God didn't really care whether or not you were worrying about Jesus coming tonight? Was grace maybe something like rain that just fell anyhow and didn't care where it was falling and that was why it was so amazing?

I looked around at Daddy, and his eyes were full—just like they always got whenever he talked about Grandma and Pa or whenever he told me he loved Mamma even more now than he did when they were married or whenever he said he wanted me to have all the opportunities he had never had. Then the quartet went on to another verse and sang:

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,

And grace my fears relieved;

How precious did that grace appear,

The hour I first believed!

I was sitting there thinking that grace must be about the most wonderful thing going if it could do all that and that that must have been the way John Newton felt when he wrote that hymn, when all of a sudden Daddy put his arm around me and whispered, "Son, you just don't know how much Daddy loves you." And then, right there, in front of all those people, I just reached up and hugged him around the neck.

THOUGHTS ON THE APPLICATION OF SPIRITUAL TRUTH AND PRINCIPLES TO GREATER LIVING

Thoughts Farthest Out

by Norman K. Elliott

VICTORY THROUGH DEFEAT

Father, into thy hands I commit my spirit! (Luke 23:46) . . . It is interesting to speculate about what Jesus Christ would have meant to the world had his human life been unremittingly successful. Suppose he had not known misunderstanding, suppose his earthly ministry had been marked by growing crowds and that the religious rulers of his day had welcomed him, and suppose he had died a natural death and not known the agony of the cross! It would undoubtedly have made a remarkable story, but it would have been outside the orbit of our experience.

It is not in spite of the Cross and the Agony that he is Lord and Savior and Master, rather, it is because of it. To plumb the depths of living, to taste the bitter as well as the sweet, to know the joy of acceptance and then also to know the loneliness of rejection, to be able to say that there is nothing in human experience that one has not known—that is living; and if in the process one has not lost his dreams, his dedications and his loves—that is victory. This certainly is one of the basic reasons why the life and the story of Jesus has penetrated to the inmost being of men and women for so long.

At the point of complete defeat this man said, "Father, into thy hands I commit my spirit," and a soldier at the foot of the cross found himself saying, "Truly this man was the son of God." His defeat was his victory!

There are many things about life that defy satisfactory explanation. No matter what we may say about suffering, there is something about it that defies one's ability to accept it. When it happens to us or to one whom we love, the explanations do not satisfy. If the only victory over suffering were to never experience it, then all of us have missed the mark and failed.

But when the flood of man's hate and ignorance and insanity swept over Jesus, when death covered him with its shroud, the story does not end there, for this same Jesus arose the third day and com-

forted his followers and broke the grip of human futility forever. Because of Jesus Christ we know that our existence has direction and meaningful purpose, and that it ends with life and victory, that God's Will will be done and man's life results in fulfillment.

Read: **Dark Road to Triumph**, Clayton Williams. \$2.75

LEARN TO REMEMBER

Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits. (Psalm 103: 1-2) . . . I have seen a prayer group transformed into enthusiasm and expectancy by simply having the different members relate some incident in their lives of answered prayer. People often come to a prayer group burdened with either their own ills or the problem of others. A good way to get out of this condition are stories of answered prayer.

One lady told about the saving of one of her eyes. The specialist had urged an operation to remove the eye. He was sure there was a malignancy. Both the lady and her husband told the doctor that they would have to have a few days to think it over. The "thinking over" consisted of prayer and praise. When they went back the specialist was amazed to find the eye perfectly well. This had happened some twenty years before and the woman had not thought of it for many, many years. As she related the incident a lightness and joy took over her entire personality. And, of course what it did to the group was almost magical. Everyone *knew* that their God answered prayer!

Another person told of being employed in an impossible situation, and that there didn't seem to be any way out of it. After a week at a retreat in which prayer was offered to the Father of all perfect solutions to take care of it, she returned to find her supervisor completely cooperative and she was able to be changed to another section in which she was most happy. With unbelievable ease it had been solved.

It is an ancient and good habit "not to forget the benefits" which God has made known to us in the past. We all must give our minds and memories to something. The big choice that we have is to decide what it is that we are going to think about. Many problems will not seem so impossible when we remember the "impossibilities" of the past that were taken care of so readily.

Remembering fills us with gratitude and thanksgiving and praise, and there is no faster or surer way to power and the conscious presence of God. Try it next time.

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

THERE IS A PLACE FOR YOU

Then the mother of the sons of Zebedee came up to him, with her sons, and kneeling before him she asked him for something. And he said to her, "What do you want?" She said to him, "Command that these two sons of mine may sit, one at your right hand and one at your left, in your kingdom." But Jesus answered, "You do not know what you are asking. Are you able to drink the cup that I am to drink?" They said to him, "We are able." He said to them, "You will drink my cup, but to sit at my right hand and at my left is not mine to grant, but it is for those for whom it has been prepared by my Father." (Matthew 20:20-23) . . . Someone has said that there is a niche into which your life will fit. I think it was Thomas Kelly. There is a place for you that is just right—a place prepared for you, and one for your wife, and one for your son and one for your daughter—one for each person into which he "will fit."

Sometimes we try to live our lives over again in our children, or in our friends, by selecting for them the place which we think is best for them. The mother of James and John wanted the best she could think of for her sons. It was a perfectly natural thing for her to do. Jesus teaches all of us a lesson here in saying that there are some things that only God can decide. It was not his to decide such a matter.

I remember an excellently trained chemist who was for many years the assistant to a famous man. Most people assumed that when the famous man died the younger man would take over his job. It seemed logical and natural. He could do the job well. But it was not to be, and as it turned out it was best for him. If he continued on he would merely have been trying to fill someone else's shoes. He would have been trying to wear the mental hat of another man. As it turned out, when he had to venture out on his own he made a name for himself. He was no longer only remembered as the "assistant." He became well-known in his own field. The "best" that others could think for him would never have been fair to him.

But the main point in the story is that God has prepared a place for you, and it is a place that will fit your own bent remarkably well. Saul thought his lot was to be a good Pharisee, but God had a place that would fit him perfectly as the Apostle Paul!

One of the most important desires and prayers we can offer for ourselves and for those we love is that they will find the place in life the Father has prepared for them.

Read: **The Divine Awakening**, Brother Mandus. \$3.00

"Father into Thy Hands, I Commend My Spirit"

James Furlong

In Psalm 5, verse 8 we read these words, "I will lay me down in sleep for it is Thou Lord only that makest me dwell in safety."

The ultimate source of spiritual health and healing come only when we live our lives with a vital awareness of God's presence and God's power surrounding us!

"Closer is He than breathing, nearer than hands and feet" writes one believer. BUT who is there among us that can say his or her life is fully committed to God? That He has such a consciousness of God's presence?

To have such an awareness of God in our lives as we begin each day, begin a journey, begin some new venture, some precarious test of faith and to have the ability to say, "Father into Thy hands I commend my spirit" this says Christ is to find inner poise, inner confidence and inner peace!

Christ was human and his human spirit was entrusting itself to the mercy and providence and

the love of His God to carry Him through the approaching hour of death and in His hands his spirit found strength and peace.

How fully do we commit ourselves into God's hands each day we live? How much do we entrust ourselves and our loved ones in our prayers to God's protecting care and love? No, not merely when they are sick or facing some trial or struggle in life but in every waking hour?

In what person is the basis of our peace of mind? Upon what or Whom have we founded our life and our faith? These are the questions which face us when we see the end of our world and the end of physical life is at hand!

To whom or what shall we turn when the hour strikes for us?

Shall we gather together a list of the good things we have done? the degrees we have acquired? the honors we've won? the trophies we've accumulated? Shall these be our source of peace at the last?

Shall we call for our insurance policies, our investments, our bank accounts and securities; shall these be able to give us the rest and the peace we long for at the last?

Or shall we hear too late the voice of Jesus as He wept over Jerusalem and said, "If thou hadst known at least in this thy day the things which belong to thy true peace but now they are hid from thine eyes."

In Christ God wishes to teach us the source and solace of our true peace, that when we reach the end of this earthly life we too shall find our rest in Him.

He tells us that our peace at the last will depend upon the depths to which our thinking and our faith have gone in seeking the Lord our God!

Carl Sandburg once wrote of a man who returned home after many years and could hardly recognize the face of his father. His father said to him, "If you had come to me as often as I have thought of you these many years, I would not be such a stranger to you now."

In other words a faith which rests in the love and providence of God is not found over night. A faith that can trust God with the final and most vital things of life is only developed by a continuous effort and a growing spirit that has learned to trust Him with

the every day needs of life!

In truth there is peace to keep our hearts and minds, in the knowledge and the love of God and His Son Jesus Christ our Lord!

And Holy Scripture assures us that we shall seek Him and we shall find Him when we seek Him with our whole heart."

Oswald McCall in his book entitled, "The Hand of God" writes this: "Sitting down I watched you there. I looked at you for a long time and afterward I said, 'Master, can you speak to me?' and a great silence was broken and you said, hanging there:

"Man is a fearful contradiction against himself. I would rather be here with my faith in him than elsewhere sharing his unbelief in me." I have seen a great thing in man to be hanging here. By this fidelity to the God in me, man may yet hear me calling to the God in him. God is everything to man and man is everything to God! To the measure that he does not know this he has nothing—but to the measure that he does he has eternal everything!

When you and I, writes Halford Luccock, know not only by fact but more deeply by faith that God and His love stand at the end of life, it changes the face of life. It changes the face of life's insecurities, life's incompleteness, life's unfulfillments, life's lone-

liness, life's futilities!

Many a parent has seen a child who has been spanked and sent to bed without his supper and a goodnight kiss. In his childish way he will gather to his bosom the playthings, the dolls and toys, the symbols of security and love. We too like children, continues Mr. Luccock, falling asleep at the end of life would gather around us merely tokens, symbols figures of the true—But to those who believe, Christ moves between us and the brink of loveless sleep with the promise that we shall never go to sleep unloved, never suffer or die alone or unloved.

Surely the face of life is changed when we can know and be-

lieve there is a love that goes with us all the way and stands beyond to await our coming! By this we know that death is but this:

To lose the earth we know for greater knowing,

To lose the life we live for greater living,

To leave the friends we love for greater loving,

To find a land more kind than home;

Think, says the poet, of taking hold of a hand and finding it God's hand, of breathing new air and finding it celestial air, of passing from storm and tempest to perfect calm, of waking and knowing I am home! Father into Thy hands I commend my spirit!



Resurgence

Louise Darcy

In the spring the butterfly,
Coming forth into the light,
Leaves the dark cocoon behind
As it takes its winged flight.

So we leave the dark behind,
Dark of doubt and grief and fear,
And we know resurgent hope
When we feel God's presence near.

by Helen Carey Pyle

First Woman to Cross Africa ALONE

This is by way of introducing Mrs. Louise R. Morrill, to you who have not yet met this intrepid Ambassador for Christ. She has proven herself a remarkable example of exultant faith—the most colorful adventurer for Christ I have ever known—and has rightly been proclaimed, “The first woman to cross the heart of Africa alone.” This in her mission of Literacy and Literature evangelism, using Each One Teach One methods developed by Dr. Frank C. Laubach.

What of Africa? Who can know it? Land of mystery, beauty and danger—a continent almost 5 times as large as the U. S. A., with 220,000,000 people.

Africa—the land where the mourning doves sob, the hermit crabs grow as large as lobsters, where the wild beasts are still king of the desert plains and forest highlands. “Yet—(quoting from one of her interesting letters), “Nowhere are man's efforts more futile, without the power of the Holy Spirit, in the face of the complexities of Africa today.”

I first met Louise Morrill at the CFO in Ormand Beach, Florida, the winter of 1959. At that time she was planning toward this almost unbelievable safari through Africa. First, however, she planned to study at the Koinonia Foundation in Baltimore, Mary-

land. This is the Training Center for specialists in Adult Literacy techniques, which was originated by Dr. Laubach 30 years ago in the Philippines, where he was a missionary.

The Lord had already begun to open hearts and hands—for this was to be a trek of faith—never a word about material needs, except to thank God for supplying them. I find it difficult not to exaggerate in trying to give you a true word-picture of this missionary-at-large, and indeed without portfolio, as no special church board was backing her.

In less than two years in Africa (from her carefully kept records), she has trained 2092 native leaders and missionaries. These missionaries were sent out by almost all denominational boards from our own country and from European countries as well.

With the raw courage, which characterized her, Louise Morrill drove 12,000 miles in a little second-hand Volkswagon, purchased in Africa, with gifts from loving friends.

The roads traveled scarcely deserved the name—through jungle and equatorial forests, over mountains, by makeshift ferries and through miles of burning hot savannah grasslands. After that long, lonesome journey, many exclaimed: "You drove all that way ALONE?" She replied, "I might

have looked like I was alone, but Jesus was with me every mile of the way!"

An example of a scare with native tribes was this: for a whole day she traveled along the Ubanga River, among a people who offered human sacrifice to evil spirits, and then ate the flesh. This from a letter, not only in her spirit of gratitude, but her keen gentle humor: "Yes, they *are* cannibals—real, live, practicing ones; but I praise the Lord, for He kept my little car going along, and I didn't end up in the soup!"

Another never-to-be-forgotten experience, on her trip, she recorded thus: "A herd of elephants blocked my way—they warned of real danger, being with young. Only your prayers and mine got me out just in time for the lead bull started his charge on my little toy of an automobile. When I reached the place where I was to spend the night, I had to sit in my car until the bones replaced the water in my knees. All I could say, over and over, was, 'Thank you Jesus, thank You!'"

Much of this trip was through disturbed country, and Louise M. was caught in the diamond mines area of Kasaii, in a tribal war. The only safe means of travel was with a convoy of the Force Publique soldiers. The trip took them through ravished villages which had been burned and the

people killed; with the mutilated bodies nailed onto the trees. This was from Tshikapa to Lulua-bourg, a full day's journey.

She describes the Congo revolt as, "A tragedy far beyond the worst we could imagine. Hatred ran wild, and horror and atrocities so committed shocked the world—and my sensibilities."

This story could not be complete without quoting from Louise Morrill's final letter from Africa: "In Jotdotville, Katanga, in the Congo—at the close of my stay there, over 400 Africans gathered in the Sita Methodist Church for a special ceremony of farewell and thanks. They gave speeches of appreciation and offered many prayers for me. Two choirs sang hymns, one being sung to the lively tune of Jingle Bells. They didn't know—and I didn't tell them. I practically melted in a pool of tears, as they individually brought gifts to help pay my expenses in taking this Literacy Evangelism to others. They came in love, some dressed in rags and barefooted, to give me the total of \$7.50, many gifts being a tenth of a cent."

I'd like to insert here a tender message which Dr. Laubach wrote to Louise Morrill while in Africa: "Our hearts have been going out to you as you made your courageous journey across Africa. We have been thanking God for your

marvelous dedication. You have what it takes!" And to me concerning her: "I do not believe we have a more courageous woman in this century than Louise Morrill was, when she crossed Africa all alone."

She longs to express the gratitude of her heart to all her Prayer-Partners for prayers and gifts; to Dr. Laubach, her older brother in Christ, now 76 years old, for inspiration and help; to Mrs. Flora Pease, Co-director at Koinonia Literacy Center—letter-wise; and to Lorenzo Lowe for 1001 aids. These, and so many more!

She is now, by God's grace and miraculous care, safely back home in Tampa, Florida—her headquarters. Her plans, as God leads, are to spend this time lecturing and writing, organizing Literacy workshops, and assisting missionary training schools not already using a literacy program—before returning to Africa in 1962.

Louise Morrill's first messages were joyfully received at the Florida Winter CFO in Ormand Beach, on January 14, 1961. May God grant *you* the privilege of the inspiration and challenge of hearing her messages on Africa; and reading from her own pen what God hath wrought.

* * *

About the author: (Mrs. Helen Carey Pyle)

She was a Foreign Mission Volunteer in her youth; and took that dream through college. Following that star, she graduated from The Carver School of Missions and Social Work, in Louisville, Ky. (1924). However unable to go abroad, for physical reasons, has served as a Y.W.C.A. Religious Education Sect., and

Church Y.P. Worker until her marriage.

She now lives in retirement with her husband, and keeps busy with church work and her writing hobby. Is the happy mother of two Christian laymen and three ministers of the gospel and grandmother of 17.



The Glory of Life

Is to love,
 Not to be loved,
 To give, not to get,
 To serve, not to be served;
 To be a strong hand
 In the dark to another
 In the time of need,
 To be a cup of strength
 To any soul
 In a crisis of weakness;
 This
 Is to know
 The glory of life

Anon

Living —

Without Might

and Without Power

JOEL S. GOLDSMITH

As we practise faithfully the primary principles of spiritual living, eventually we are prepared to accept the more difficult commands of the Master, and then begins our apprenticeship in truth.

At that stage of our spiritual unfoldment, we are brought face to face with the passage: "Resist not evil." It takes a long, long while to work out that principle in demonstration because it has so many different connotations in our experience and it has to be applied to so many different facets of our lives.

When we begin to live the spiritual life, we learn a whole new principle—one that is not known to the material world, although it has been in Scripture all

these thousands of years: There are not two powers—there is only One. Every religion in the world professes to believe in one Power; every religion pays lip service to that one Power, singing hymns to the Lord God Almighty, all the while its followers are giving power to disease, power to fear, and power to sin.

The object of the message of The Infinite Way is to lift us from the material sense of life to the spiritual, and it does not do that by giving us a new remedy for the old diseases or by giving us another power with which to overcome those things in which we place power. It does it by lifting us into a state of consciousness in which there are not two

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powers operating. There is not a power of good and a power of evil; therefore, there is not one power to be used over another power.

In The Infinite Way, we come into a state of consciousness in which we discover that there are not two powers. We discover that there is not good and evil, and that we do not even need the power of truth to overcome error, nor the power of prayer or the power of God to overcome disease. The power of God is already functioning, and we have come to that place of recognition: "God is. I do not have to tell God or ask God. I do not have to pray to God. What do I have to do? Pray—not pray for, and not pray to, just pray in a silent recognition, 'Thank You, Father.'"

God is. That means infinity is; that means, nothing else is but good. Therefore, there is not one power to be used over another power. There is not one power to destroy another power. There is only one Power. It is not easy to make the transition from the material sense of life, in which there are two powers, to the spiritual awareness of life in which God alone is power and where there is not any other power, nor anything for which to use God. There is not anything for which God is to be entreated; there is not anything for which to demonstrate

God. There is only one thing to be done, and that is to live a life of praying without ceasing:

Thank You Father. As You have said: The way is not by might, nor by power, but by MY Spirit—not by the power of Truth over error, not by the power of right thinking, not by physical powers, not by mental power, but by MY Spirit. MY words are not your words. MY thoughts are not your thoughts. Why take ye thought for your life, as if you by taking thought could add a cubit to your stature? And if you by taking thought cannot do these things, what do you think you are going to accomplish by taking thought in the major things?

All of this takes us into a whole new state of consciousness where life is lived on a different plane. We are not now merely trying to overcome the physical discords of life, but we are trying to realise the spiritual grace of God through a life lived without might and without power, a life lived without taking thought.

Then we can relax and, as we awaken in the morning, remember:

This is the day the Lord hath made. God brought the light of this new day without my praying for it. God is about His business. I am satisfied and content to rest in that.

In that assurance, we have

brought ourselves into God's grace; we have brought ourselves under the influence of God.

There may be several more times during the day when outer things become pressing, and then we have to sit down quietly and again realise: "Is it possible that these twenty-four hours can go by without my helping God? Does not God need me to advise Him about these next hours? No, God is forever about His business, so I shall sit here quietly and peacefully and be a beholder of God in action." By this acknowledgment, we have brought ourselves back into the orbit and under the government of God.

There may be another period for self-examination: "Have I been entertaining thoughts of envy, malice, hate, bigotry, bias,

resentment, or fear this morning? If so, let me purge myself again. Forgive me, Father. I forgive this universe, and You forgive me as I have forgiven this universe." Again, by this inner purging, we have brought ourselves under spiritual Grace.

Another time we may ask ourselves: "What am I doing? Am I accepting two powers? If I am, then, that accounts for my fears, because nobody who believes in only one Power has anything to fear. So, if I have felt any fear this morning or this afternoon, I have forgotten that there is only one Power." This is another way of bringing ourselves into the orbit of God and under His government, and then we experience the grace of living without might and without power, but by His Spirit.



"Now more than ever we must keep in the forefront of our minds the fact that whenever we take away the liberties of those whom we hate, we are opening the way to loss of liberty for those whom we love."

Wendell L. Willkie

"Fear not, Little Flock"

EDWARD WINCKLEY

It is your Father's good pleasure to give you the Kingdom.— Luke 12, v. 32.

Life is, by and large, a conflict between fear and love. There was a time when I thought that fear must be the greatest thing in the world. It seemed to me to be the great arch-enemy of abundant life. I had been told by a Harley Street, London, specialist that fear is the root cause of 60% or more of all modern physical and mental disorders. Fear, he told me, often lay behind asthma, stomach ulcers, glaucoma, high blood pressure and many other psycho-somatic diseases. My reading of history also convinced me of the destructive power of fear, as fear seemed to be a root cause, not only of many diseases, but of wars. One nation fears another nation, and so builds up its armaments, always on the pretext of

defending itself, if necessary. But no sooner does a well-armed country feel itself to be safe, than someone or other will arise in it, and lead it to use its armaments for aggressive purposes. Fear indeed lies behind disease, which is as widespread as the human race, and also behind wars, which have occurred with peculiar regularity throughout history. I was reasonable in judging fear to be the greatest power in the world; but I was wrong. St. John tells us that "perfect love casts out fear." If there is a power that can cast fear out, that power is greater than fear. Love is that power. Love, not fear, is the greatest power in the world.

Our Lord said: "Fear not: it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the Kingdom." What is this thing, the Kingdom, which Jesus tells us God wants us to

have? After visting America, one would not be blamed for considering that color television, chromium-plated kitchens with innumerable gadgets to make life easier, highly scientific instruments in hospitals to assist in healing the sick, outer space travel and the like, had something to do with the coming of the Kingdom. All these excellent things will, not have come. The Kingdom to which our Lord referred was not a more scientific world, but the reign of love.

Whatever is uppermost in our thinking, whatever dominates our words and actions, might be said to reign in us. Our Lord said that the Kingdom is within you. I ask you a searching question: "Does love reign in you?" If it does, then the Kingdom has come for you. If it does not, the chances are that fear reigns in you, because fear dominates you.

There is no fear in the Kingdom; there is no hatred, resentment or jealousy in the Kingdom; there is no cancer, polio, arthritis or insanity in the Kingdom; and living in South Africa, I must add: there is no racial prejudice in the Kingdom. And it is God's good pleasure to give you the Kingdom. This single sentence spoken by our Lord seems to me a complete answer to the question: "Does God will sickness?" The answer is "No: it is His good

pleasure to give you the reign of love in you."

We are made physically, mentally and spiritually for love; we are not made for fear. Love builds up; love is health-giving; love stimulates effort; love is the very purpose of life. Fear breaks down; fear is disease producing; fear paralysis effort; fear ruins life. Release from fear is a physical necessity, as well as a spiritual and moral necessity. Not where I breathe, but where I love, I really live.

How can we be filled with love? We must first seek to be aware of the pressure of God's love on our lives. We sing—

"Wide, wide as the ocean,

High as the heavens above,

Deep, deep, as the deepest sea
is my Saviour's Love"

—but we go to God, when we pray, as if His Love were the size of a bucket of water. Or we live as if there were no such thing as the Love of God. We must learn that the highest experience open to man is to fall in love with Jesus. He is the Perfect Lover. Salvation is to fall, and remain, in love with the Perfect Lover. Damnation is to fall, and remain, out of love with Jesus. Are you in love with Jesus; or are you out of love with Jesus? If you are in love with Him, you are living by love. If you are out of love with Him, you are living by fear.

As we fall in love with Jesus, the Divine Love which is in perfect focus in Him fills us. The Kingdom comes. Love reigns within. Our love is the one thing about us that is not our own. We may claim that the color of our hair, or the shape of our body, and even our bad humor, are all our own; but love is the very life of God within the soul. And Jesus says: Fear not; it is God's good pleasure to give you the Kingdom. You are made for love and not for fear. Fear not; it is God's good pleasure to give you the reign of love in you.

His love is large enough to meet your every need. Teenagers, nowadays, say: "I couldn't care less." When Jesus was nailed to the Cross, with His arms outstretched to their uttermost limit, as a symbol of the infinite love that was being made available for you and

for me, He was, as it were, saying to everyone, everywhere, for all time: "I couldn't care more."

Could we with ink the ocean fill,

And were the skies of parchment made,

Were every stalk on earth a quill

And every man a scribe by trade,

To write the love of God above,
Would drain the ocean dry,

Nor could the scroll contain the whole,

Though stretched from sky to sky.

Divine Healing is the rediscovery of the Kingdom. The Kingdom has not been overadvertised, but underbelieved. The Lord Jesus Christ as a Healer has not been overestimated, but under-trusted.



Easter Flowers

Not from the borrowed tomb alone
Was Christ raised up on high,
For in each flower He comes forth
Loving the Easter sky.

—William Walter De Bolt

NOTHING CAN REALLY HARM US

Why Do Men Suffer?

by

Clifford Homer Richmond

Omar Khayyam once said,
"Oh, to grasp this sorry scheme of
things entire,
Shatter it to bits, and remould
it

Nearer to the Heart's desire."

I suppose all of us at times have had a feeling similar to this as we have faced the inescapable fact of human suffering. "Why do men suffer?" This is a question which has baffled the wisest minds down through the ages. Why are there disease germs? Why should a baby be born blind or even worse, feeble-minded? Why is Nature "red in tooth and claw?" Why are there earthquakes, famines, volcanic eruptions? Why are there slums? Why the unspeakable sufferings and horrors of war? Why all the troubles, disappointments, bereavements and frustrations in life?

I would not even intimate that I know the answers to these questions. I am not sure that, in this life, we shall ever fully solve this

Problem of Human Suffering. We do not, however, have to stand helpless before it, nor need we become bitter and cynical in the face of it. For, after all, there is a great deal of light which can be shed upon this problem to help us better understand it.

In the first place, and we may as well face it, MOST OF OUR SUFFERING WE BRING ON OURSELVES! There is War. Who makes war but human beings? Or consider Slums and Economic Injustice. Men are responsible for these conditions, either through sins of commission; greed, selfishness, pride, etc.; or, sins of omission; indifference to the claims of God on their lives; or failure to discharge their obligations toward our fellow men.

Or take our own personal troubles, sicknesses, failures, and unhappiness. For the most part these are due to our violation, either consciously or unconsciously, of the laws of life; and the

Scriptures tell us that "whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." We eat too much, we drink too much, we turn night into day; we yield to fear, resentment, and anxiety; we neglect prayer, worship, meditation in God's Truth and then wonder why we suffer!

Then there is that suffering which we do not bring upon ourselves, but which comes as the result of living in human society. Other people do wrong, make mistakes, and we suffer. A drunken driver comes down the street, runs his automobile upon the sidewalk where your child is playing and kills or cripples him. A druggist makes a mistake in filling a perscription and serious injury results.

You may think you would be better off out of human society where you would be free from all blunders, follies, and futilities of men; but, suppose that were to happen? Think of what you would lose! You would LOSE infinitely more than you would GAIN. The bread you eat, the clothes you wear, the oil you burn, the scientific discoveries you use, the books you read, the medical help you call in when you are ill, all come to you through other men's labors. Now you can not have the assets of living in a society without also accepting its liabilities. It costs to live in

human society, but most of us feel that it is worth the price!

Then consider if you will the problem of pain. Pain is not an unmitigated evil. Pain often comes as a warning to save us from greater disaster. Without pain for example, the appendix would burst, the system poisoned and death would follow. A certain amount of pain is our friend to warn us of approaching disaster. To a certain extent then we can say, "Thank God for PAIN."

Consider also the suffering that comes from the working of the laws of nature. There is the law of gravitation. The working of this law may mean death to a falling child or the crash of an airplane. It may mean scores of accidents and disasters every day; but, remember this, with Gravitation, you would not walk along a ship, or span a river with a bridge. Life would simply become unlivable.

Even grim facts like earthquakes and volcanic eruptions are the result of the working of beneficent laws. The very forces which occasionally produce these devastating outbursts are the same forces which, working continually beneath the earth's surface, make and keep this planet habitable for the sons of men. Of course, with all these points of light, there is still an element of mystery with respect to suffering. But, the my-

stery need not be as deep as before.

Then there are others who face the Problem of Human Suffering in self-pity. "Why did this have to happen to me?" they ask. "What have I done to deserve this?" "I am always getting the bad breaks in life," they continue. "Everybody, everything is against me." Such an attitude, of course, can only lead to unhappiness, frustration, and despair.

There is but ONE WAY in which you can face Life adequately and that is the CHRISTIAN WAY. On one occasion Jesus, with the disciples, came upon a man who had been blind from birth. "Who sinned," the disciples asked, "this man or his parents that he was born blind?" Jesus answered "Neither. There is a lot of suffering we can not understand; but it can be faced in such a way that it can become redemptive. Here is a chance for God to work in a situation and make it redemptive." Whereupon He moved to restore sight to the blind man.

So the Christian believes that no matter what happens, no matter how dark or how tragic a situation may seem to be, if we trust God He will make it redemptive. He will make it contribute to our best and ultimate good. We believe with Paul, "All things work together for good to them that

love the Lord and try to live according to His purpose for life."

Let us take a moment and look back through history and see how this has worked. There was Joseph. As a lad he was sold into slavery through the cruel jealousy of his brothers. In Egypt he was unjustly accused by his Master's wife and spent long years in prison. He faced the ungratefulness of one of the men he had helped while in prison. Certainly if anyone had justification for self-pity and rebellion it was Joseph; but, during all these discouraging and tragic experiences he kept his faith in God and God worked in and through them all and eventually brought Joseph to a place of power and influence in Egypt, second to Pharaoh himself. Not only did God make these experiences redemptive to Joseph, but used them to save the lives of countless Egyptians and even the lives of Joseph's own people.

Then consider, if you will, Job. If anyone had trouble, it was Job. He was stricken with boils, financial loss, the death of loved ones, and the cynicism of his own wife, who urged him "to curse God and die." At first Job tended to be rebellious, but later in humility learned three most vital lessons. First of all, he said, "I KNOW GOD IS GOOD. I cannot understand all this suffering through which I am going; but, even

though he 'seems' to slay me, yet, will I trust Him."

In the second place, Job said, "God knoweth the way that I take. When He hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold." In other words—SUFFERING IS NOT PURPOSELESS! "I cannot understand it," he said; "but, I know God is using it for my ultimate and best good. Out of it all I shall be purified as gold and come forth a better person." No suffering is purposeless for the Christian.

Jesus Himself discovered that all things contribute, even in this life, when we trust God. He died amid the shadows of Good Friday; but Good Friday was not the final word. On Easter Morning He came forth to resurrection and life.

So, if we trust God, if we put our lives and all our affairs in His loving keeping; then, no matter what happens—shadow, sickness, pain, failure, despair, even death—He will make all things redemptive. The chances are that we shall see it even in this life; but, if not clearly here, then perfectly in the world to come!

Remember, amid all your trials, tribulations, pain, and suffering, **YOU ARE NOT ALONE! GOD IS WITH YOU!** As you trust Him, He will take all the hues of your life—light and dark, bright and dull—and weave them to-

gether into a pattern of good, and some day you will see the meaning of it all and **YOU WILL THANK HIM!**

WHY DO MEN SUFFER? I do not know the full answer; but I know that God is with us in our suffering and, if we let Him, He will use it redemptively and **NOTHING CAN REALLY HARM US.**

Pliny, in a letter to Trajan, tells the story of the brave Christian prisoner standing before a famous Roman magistrate. "I will banish thee," said the magistrate. "Thou canst not," was the reply, "for the whole world is my father's house." "I will slay thee," said the magistrate. "Thou canst not," replied the Christian, "for my life is hid with Christ in God." "I will take away thy treasures." "Thou canst not," he answered, "for my treasure is in heaven." "I will drive thee away from man and thou shalt have no friend left." "Thou canst not," said the Christian, "for I have a Friend from whom thou canst not separate me."

NOTHING CAN TOUCH A SOUL WHO HAS COME TO THAT PLACE OF CONSECRATION! When our soul gets there, absolutely nothing can harm us; for then, we can go through trials, to triumph, pain to peace, heartache to happiness, fear to faith, the cross to the crown, and chaos to Christ!

"FOLLOW AFTER THE THINGS WHICH MAKE FOR PEACE"

Russell J. Fornwalt

As you know, the United States has set up a Peace Corps. Young men and women will be sent to backward nations to wage war against poverty, disease, and ignorance. The government may even organize a separate Peace Corps for the slum areas and "Tobacco Roads" in our own country.

Almost everyone favors the idea of a Peace Corps. The very term itself is appealing. The project will cost plenty. But the price will be small along side what we now spend on armies, arms, and atom bombs.

If you are financially and physically fit, you might want to volunteer for the Peace Corps. Training for overseas assignments will be vigorous. You will have to make personal sacrifices. But such service will be a source of everlasting satisfaction.

Millions of us, however, will not sign up for the Peace Corps. For some good reason or other

we will not be ready, willing, or able. We might not even be accepted if we do apply. But Peace Corps or no, we can all serve the peace cause.

"Let us therefore follow after the things which make for peace" we are advised in Romans 14:19. And what are those "things"? Are they conferences, conclaves, and cocktail parties for diplomats? Are they meetings at the "summit"? Are they endless debates at the United Nations?

Many have the idea that world peace starts in Geneva, London, Moscow, or Washington. Many feel that peace is up to Kennedy and the Kremlin. Others see world peace when things settle down in Hong Kong, Cuba, or the Congo. Millions are pinning their hopes on the newly-founded Peace Corps.

Diplomatic debates, conferences, summit meetings and all the rest are important. But they are not the answer; they never have

been. The peace the world is seeking *begins* in the hearts and minds of men. The peace you and I want starts *within* ourselves. Not in Africa or Asia. You may recall that Emerson said, "Nothing can bring you peace but yourself."

"Follow after the things which make for peace." And what are those "things"? The first is faith. When you are ill your body is at war with conditions of some sort. Along with whatever else your physician may suggest, "Thy faith hath made thee whole" (Luke 17: 19).

Follow after *faith*. When you are angry, anxious, or in anguish, reassure yourself with such statements as: "There is no power but of God" (Romans 13:1); "Is any thing too hard for the Lord?" (Genesis 18:14); "The Lord's hand is not shortened, that it can not save; neither his ear heavy, that it cannot hear" (Isaiah 59: 1); "All things are possible to him that believeth" (Mark 9: 23); "The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me" (Psalm 138:8); and "All things work together for good to them that love God."

Follow after *understanding*. The more understanding you have of people the more inner peace you will enjoy. If, as a teacher or parent, you do not understand children, they will

frustrate you or get on your nerves. They will never let you have a minute's peace. Take a course in psychology or read a book on the subject. Learn why people do the strange and funny things they do.

"Thou wilt light my candle; the Lord my God will enlighten my darkness" (Psalm 18:28). Darkness is ignorance or lack of understanding. Learn what is behind delinquency, divorce, and drug addiction. This does not mean you will condone the misdeeds of people, but you will be less likely to despise or deplore the doer.

Follow after *optimism*. One who sees only the dull, drab, and dreary is at peace neither with himself nor his world. His trouble, we might say, is his untrained and wayward emotions. As soon as he gets up in the morning he finds fault with everything—the weather, the family, the bacon and eggs, the headlines, the children next door, and the day's work ahead.

Perhaps such a person should get more sleep so that he feels cool, calm, and collected when he awakens. Then he should resolve to start the day right by following after optimism and cheerfulness. This might be hard for the person in the habit of having those early morning temper tantrums. But it is a sure way to peace with one's

self and with others.

Follow after *unselfishness*. It is important to stop thinking about yourself and how you feel every minute of the day. Start thinking of others and your responsibility in making others happy. The moment you think of how to increase the joy of others, your own level of happiness will rise. The less you think of you, the less depressed you will be, and the more inner peace you will enjoy.

It is healthful to have the habit of doing something for others as you begin each day. If you have no family or can think of nothing specific to do for others, then pray for them. There is no one so busy that he can not manage to squeeze in a little blessing for another. It may be only to wish him a good day or the return of health and the blessing of prosperity. Even to give out with a smile for someone at just the right time may enrich a life more than you think.

Follow after *kindness, courtesy, and consideration*. This is a complete program for peace in itself. Even the very simple matter of keeping to the right when on sidewalks or going down the stairs can make for better feeling among people. So can a little less shoving in subways. So can moving to the rear in buses. So can less door slamming in apartments and

hotels when others want to sleep. So can turning down the radio or television set late at night. So can taking one's right place in line at the bank or check-out counter in the super-market.

You see, world peace doesn't begin way over there somewhere. It starts in your mind and heart—and mine. No one need pack up and join a Peace Corps headed for Pakistan, Panama, or Peru. Our Peace Corps work is cut out for us here and now—in our hearts, homes, offices, factories, schools and even churches. Every day and every minute of every day we can "follow after the things which make for peace." We can follow after truth, tact, and tolerance. We can follow after patience, poise, and politeness. We can follow after love and the light of understanding. We can follow after prayer rather than pride and prejudice.

Lord make me an instrument of Thy peace.

Where there is hatred let me sow love,

Where there is sadness let me sow joy.

O Divine Master,

Grant that I may not so much seek to be

Consoled, as to console;

To be understood, as to understand;

To be loved, as to love.

—A Prayer of St. Francis

An untitled poem written some years ago after an illness . . . and found among her things.

*When first I awakened from my sleep
For like a sleep it seemed to me,
I lay and marvelled for the pain was gone!
Gone, too, the grieving dear ones.
I could not see their tears;
Their sobs were silences.
I lay relaxed in one great sea of peace
And then I felt myself grow light.
My heart began to sing. . . .
Before I thought, I was afloat
Upon a buoyant sea of air. . . .
Within a world all vibrancy . . .
And . . . how can I tell it . . . I lived, I moved,
I rose into the blue,
I soared, I swooped adown long aisles of colors rare . . .
And then, Oh, then I saw them,
The childhood friends, the loved ones I had missed
All young and beautiful
As made of crystal light in colors far beyond my words to tell.
They sang and laughed and welcomed me.
The music swelled and grew.
I drifted on among new sounds, new joys
Till I was all athrob with such a loveliness and quietude
Through the open aisles of light I saw bits
Of the vast life process that is Heaven.
Words fail, thoughts pause, life holds its very breath
At such a vision.
Beyond man's wisest thoughts
But yet within man's swift sure intuition . . .
For lo, we are alive forevermore!*

—Jessie Burrall Eubank

THE STORY OF SARAH WALKER

Faith, Suds and Miracles

ROSS PHARES

Sarah Breedlove Walker believed implicitly that faith overcometh all things. Through faith she worked miracles in business. With a patience, doubtless only the supremely trusting can know, her faith *endured* all things.

When nearing forty, she was making her living over a wash tub—as she had done for over twenty years, ever since she had graduated from a cotton chopping hoe to a rub-board. Yet, when she died at the age of fifty, she left a fortune of more than a million dollars, and a name familiar in many nations.

Her fabulous success came as a direct result of industry, careful preparation, and keen observation, motivated by an unwavering faith in Divine Providence and in herself.

Sarah was born at Delta, Louisiana, the daughter of Owen and Minerva Breedlove, poor Negro farmers. Poverty, privation, and neglect were her lot. At six she was an orphan placed upon an already over-burdened older sister. At fourteen she married C. J. Walker. And by the time she

was out of her teens she was a widow with a daughter to support.

She moved to St. Louis, Missouri, where she supported herself and daughter by taking in washing. Sarah Walker backed up her faith with energy and ambition. Long hours over a washboard, soapsuds, and dirty clothes did not dampen her optimistic spirit. She just rubbed and dreamed and sang of better times in a "sweet by-and-by." She made every penny count, and laid careful plans for the education of her daughter. After the day's wash was hung out on the line, she went to night school with her daughter, and together they studied their lessons.

Sarah began tinkering with a formula for improving the appearance of the hair of the Negro, and after long trial and error, hit upon one that seemed to work. It was not considered anything stupendous. But as she and her daughter talked about it, the same silent thoughts ran through their minds. It would be nice not to have to wash clothes every day.

Sarah was then in her late thirties, and had experienced enough hardships and drudgery to break most women. She did not become over-enthusiastic about her hair preparation, and abandon her laundry customers for a get-rich-quick scheme. She spent months experimenting on herself and family. After some improvements both in the formula and application she went to Denver, Colorado, where she spent another year in preliminary work.

Sarah was nearly forty now, and all she had was an idea, a daughter, and undying faith that all would turn out well. The modern adage that "life begins at forty" might aptly be applied to Sarah Walker.

She spent two more years traveling to promote the product.

Then mail orders began to pour in by the hundreds. The business necessitated an office. She established one in Pittsburg, left her daughter in charge, and went on the road again.

She designed other cosmetics, and orders flooded in. "Kitchen" production turned to big business. In 1910 the Madam C. J. Walker laboratories opened in Indianapolis, Indiana. In various parts of the country she established schools for her agents and beauty culturists. Before long her agents totaled over two thousand, and

her income amounted to over \$50,000 annually.

Her methods and preparations were popularized by the "straightening" feature, upon which she capitalized to create a market of international proportions. She helped to enlighten her race on matters of personal hygiene. It has aptly been said that during her lifetime she "revolutionized" the personal habits and appearance of millions of human beings."

At the time of her death in May, 1919, she was the president and sole owner of the Madam C. J. Walker Manufacturing Company. Among her other many assets were town houses in New York and Indianapolis, and a magnificent country estate called "Villa Lewaro" at Irvington-on-the Hudson. Two-thirds of her fortune went to charitable and educational institutions.

Sarah Walker throughout the years of her prosperous career was easily approached, kindly and simple, devoted to those now less fortunate than she. She expressed her belief, in her yet simple way, that the Lord, though seemingly sometimes too busy to give immediate attention to all his children's problems, answers prayers, even of little pickannies—if they will just have faith, and patience to work and wait.

Teach Me To Pray

Bula Lemert

"Seven days without prayer make one week."

Thus read the motto hanging on the wall of the pastor's study.

"But," I protested, "I don't know how to pray. I try but I never seem to succeed with prayer."

"H-mmmm." The pastor stroked his chin thoughtfully. "Sounds like you need practice. I suppose the first time you sat down at the typewriter you typed a perfect page?"

"Well, no. I think I began with gh jk."

"I see. And after your first music lesson you played the Moonlight Sonata?"

"Er-no. I seem to remember quite a struggle with scales first."

"Yes. Well, it's the same with prayer. The first time you try to talk with God, the mountains may not tremble nor the Heavens split open. You see, there is nothing quite like practice even with prayer.

"Did I ever tell you about the praying soldier?"

"One night a British soldier was caught creeping back to his quart-

ers from the nearby woods. He was charged with holding communications with the enemy. The soldier pleaded that he had gone into the woods to pray.

"'Down on your knees,' roared his commanding officer, 'Pray now. You never needed it so much.'

"Since he expected immediate death, the boy fell on his knees and poured out his very soul in prayer.

"When he was finished, the officer said simply, 'You may go. I believe your story. If you hadn't drilled so often, you couldn't do so well at review.'

"But," I rationalized, "I haven't any private woods to go into. The Good Book says go into one's closet to pray and I don't even have a closet. If I did, about the time I got into it my husband would want to know where his clean shirts were, one of the children would need me, a salesman would come to the door or the telephone would ring."

"A closet is not a requirement for prayer," I was told. "Don't you know you can pray anywhere

and in any position? A man I once knew stumbled and fell through the cover on a well. His foot caught on the curbing and he hung head downward over ten feet of water. He later declared that in that position he made what he was sure was the most eloquent prayer of his life."

"Well," I said, "I've sincerely tried to pray but I think my prayers were not heard."

"They were heard, all right. And no doubt many of them were answered. But they may not have been answered the way you thought they should be. 'God moves in most mysterious ways His wonders to perform'.

"Maybe you need to be reminded that the Age of Automation hasn't been reached in prayer. We can't just press a button and expect something called 'Instant Answer' to appear. You still have to do your part, you know.

"Do you remember the story of the boy who went fishing with his father? They set a lot of bank hooks at night and the next morning when they checked their lines

they had a big catch. They were both delighted but the little boy said he wasn't surprised. 'Because,' he said, 'I prayed last night we would catch a lot of fish and God has answered my prayer.'

"That night they again set their hooks but the next morning there was not a fish on them. The little boy was not surprised.

"'You see,' he said, 'I didn't pray that we would catch a lot of fish.' 'And why didn't you?' asked his father. 'Well,' the little boy said, 'After I had gone to bed I didn't pray for a big catch because I remembered we had forgotten to bait our hooks.'

"You do have to do your part, you know," said the pastor kindly.

"Here," he continued, "Take this." He pointed to the Bible on his desk. "Here is your guide, your recipes, your pattern—the greatest How-to book ever written."

He looked at me with compassion and then he said, "Hesitate and you are lost. Meditate—you may be saved."



Prayer Works

by Alma Fisher

DIRECTOR, THE UNITED PRAYER TOWER

"I have a heart full of thankfulness and praise for God and all His blessings. The letter I received from you people was such a 'lift' and knowing that a large united group, along with friends, were praying brought so much peace that when I went to the hospital I was able to know that all was in His tender care. And it was so, for after the operation was begun it was found that the growth, which had been so evident before, had entirely disappeared. God led me to tell those doctors and nurses that this was the answer to prayer. I am thrilled to have a part of the United Prayer Tower, that God led me to write to you and also to become a fellow member." . . . *Ohio*

"I like to write to you. I feel that you are my friends, and I do appreciate the helpful sympathy and your prayers. My dear friend, about whom I wrote you was in a mental hospital, is getting her discharge papers next week. She is perfectly normal again. All hail the power of Jesus' name. Another friend who was in the hospital for a short while, to whom I gave my Manual after I am finished with it, passed the Manual to another patient there who said it gave her strength and courage. Then one of the nurses read it and she said she had never read anything that helped her so much, and that she thought she would be a better nurse now and more able to help her patients." . . . *Nova Scotia*

"Last year I called you long distance asking prayers for a young boy and his father. The mother had passed away and the father drank heavily, had lost his job, and was losing control of his three sons. The seventeen-year-old was the most difficult. He wouldn't attend school, would stay out all night, and would not help with the work at home. Soon after our prayers began for them I begun noticing a change in the father. Now he has stopped drinking and he and his sons are on good terms. The son has entered school and is making good grades. He brings his friends home with him. The father knows prayer has been the answer to his problem. He is reading books on prayer, attends church, and knows that through God he is saved. I know that in time the job will come and all the needs will be met." . . . *Alabama*

"I want to say a big thank you for your marvellous ministry. We are amazed as we go through our dated requests and dated answers. Our son for whom we asked your support has been told by several specialists not to worry, that his eye is better. His daughter secured a splendid scholarship at a fine university. The bike that was stolen was found and returned in an unusual manner. The fine of eleven dollars for a wrong turn was remitted. Kindness at the grocery store, business places, and elsewhere is a daily thanksgiving. My prayer box is full of

requests and answers which I cherish too much to part with, for they represent hours, yes days of concern; then follow the wonderful answers. I see how unmistakably our God has led, step by step. Do continue to pray for me that I may live a worthy life, a small return to God for His unpurchasable Gifts to me." . . . *Canada*

"Thank you for the May-June copies of the Manual of Prayer. Several of our church women are reading them prayerfully with the hope that a prayer group will be 'born' here soon. Truly my recovery following surgery has been remarkable. The stiffness in chest and arm and shoulder are responding to massage and exercise. I know well that prayer has brought about great results." . . . *Washington*

"Previous letters to you have been written by my husband, but now I myself want to tell you that our little girl's last test was all clear. She has entered the first grade at school and comprehends very well and has received stars on all her papers. Her doctor has been a fine person through it all and has surely been

God's helper. I can't say how grateful I am to God through you and all our friends. It has surely taught us a lot and has strengthened us. I am happy to be considered a part of such a group as the United Prayer Tower." . . . *South Dakota*

"Once you sent me in a letter the words of St. Theresa, 'Let nothing disturb, nothing affright thee,' and when I wrote back I said that if I ever had a little daughter I'd call her Theresa. Denied the privilege of bearing a daughter of my own, God planted the idea in my mind to adopt a baby girl. Obstructions were overcome but the waiting time was long, and we were impatient. A dear spiritually minded friend (an elderly lady) helped me in many ways and assured me that God would choose just the right little baby for us. As I felt that the idea was of Divine planting I knew that she would in a very real sense be spiritually born to us. I asked your prayers. They have been so gloriously answered. For Theresa is now a very real and precious part of our household and we thank a kind Father every day for giving us such joy and comfort." . . . *Australia*



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.

The Prayer Tower ministry is supported entirely by free will love offerings. We wish to thank those whose contributions make this work possible. PLEASE NOTE THE CHANGE OF POLICY REGARDING THE *Manual of Prayer*. It is now on a subscription basis of \$2.00 per year. Ask for free booklet about the work of the United Prayer Tower.

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 PA 9-4944, Minneapolis, Minn.

ON A HILL FAR AWAY, J. H. Baumgaertner and Elmer A. Kettner. Concordia, 120 pages. \$1.75. This book consists of two complete sets of sermons, and sermon meditations on the crucifixion and the events leading up to it. It is good reading for Lent. There are enough good thoughts herein to keep one thinking and examining himself for a long time. The second series of sermons deals with "Hands." It should stimulate your imagination, and act as a springboard for your own creative thinking. He has good thoughts on "Helping Hands," "Folded Hands," "Healing Hands," "Tied Hands," "Clean Hands," "Royal Hands," "Loving Hands," and "Pierced Hands."

BENEATH THE CROSS OF JESUS, A. Leonard Griffith. Abingdon, 96 pages. \$1.00. The author is the successor to Leslie D. Weatherhead at City Temple in London, England. Here is a quote from the book, "The Church will never recover its ancient power until we pay heed to the New Testament and restore the Cross to its central place in our faith. Pink-pill Christianity may appeal to semi-neurotics, but only Christianity capable of capturing the imagination and loyalty of intelligent, red-blooded men is Christianity with the Cross at its heart and center." I think this gives a pretty good idea of the direction of his thought. The chapters are: The Scandal of the Cross, The Magnetism of the Cross, The Judgment of the Cross, The Triumph of the Cross, The Glory of the Cross, The Challenge of the Cross, The Paradox of the Cross, and Beyond the Cross.

12 WAYS TO SOLVE YOUR PROBLEMS, Charles L. Allen. Revell, 64 pages. \$1.25. This is a pocket-sized, hard bound, little book that will make a wonder gift item. It is based on the idea of Alcoholics Anonymous, their twelve steps. It is excellently done, and Charles Allen has the knack of putting truth in rather unforgettable terms. Another good thing about the book is that it is short enough so that one is not going to get lost in a lot of extra words. This is

books of interest

comments, summaries
reviews & opinions
on religious books

NORMAN K. ELLIOTT

concise, to the point, well written, and high-lighted by good illustrations. The 12 steps to solve any problem are: I Admit I Need Help, I Believe God Can Help, I Decide for God, I Look at Myself, I Confess My Wrongs, I Am Ready to be Changed, I Ask God to Help, I Think of Those I Have Harmed, I Make Amends, I Continue to Look at Myself, I Draw Closer to God, I Help Others. Well, there is little doubt that if anyone will follow this program that problems will be solved.

FAITH HEALING: FACT OR FICTION?, John Pitts. Revell, 159 pages. \$3.00. This is a good balanced view of the entire ministry, and the history, of spiritual healing. The author has done much research, and it shows in his writing, although it must be said that his writing is easy to read and most interesting. He says in the preface that he has to carry on his own ministry from a wheel chair, due to a medical accident that happened many, many years ago. His is a ringing affirmation of the reality of healing as a law of the universe, healing as a fact due to the interpenetration

of mind and body, healing as revealed by Jesus Christ, and healing as an established fact today through the ministries and publicity of such people as Agnes Sanford, Oral Roberts, healing services in the churches of many denominations, etc. Well worthwhile.

BLESSED ARE YOU, Janex Merchant. Abingdon, 112 pages. \$1.75. There are 84 meditations here based on the Beatitudes. Each one opens with a verse of Scripture, then follows an original poem by Miss Merchant, and a closing prayer.

They are excellently done. They speak to the place where everyone lives. They lend comfort, strength, vision and deep understanding. Small enough to fit the pocket. Large enough to fit the heart.

IN THE PRESENCE OF GOD, O. W. Toelke. Concordia, 72 pages. \$1.50. Devotions for the newly married that ought to be in the hand of every newly married couple. Warm, instructive, pointed, Christian, warm and gracious. Young people starting out on married life need this book.

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G. Frederick Owen in *ARCHAEOLOGY AND THE BIBLE*
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