

Clear Horizons



Fall, 1952

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As We Go To Press

All of us are interested in the manner in which Jesus calmed storms, but there are many different kinds of storms that our Lord had to deal with. **Glenn Clark** (p. 1) does an excellent job with this engrossing topic. It is a chapter out of his latest book, *Come Follow Me*, to be published this fall. There are more storms than those of wind and water. There are storms of passion, politics, etc. that demand our attention . . . **Lewis F. Presna** (p. 13) has written one of the most practical and inspirational articles we have seen in a long time. Everybody wants to get ahead of the crowd. We do not want to be slowed down, but a person with polio is slowed down against his will. Did you ever think there might be blessings in being stricken with polio? If you never did, you have a surprise in store for you in this personal experience article . . . The Sermon on the Mount is probably better known than any other part of the gospels, and sometimes we become so used to it that we lose the freshness of it and its real meaning. **Ernest W. Dunning** (p. 17) will give you some new insights into its make-up and value . . . There is a new idea about love that you will find by **Rita F. Snowden** (p. 23). It might be summed up by the question, "What do you see?" Are there some things we ought to see? Of course. But, then, are there some things that love will not permit us to see? We have eyes to see, that is true, but we also have eyelids to shut out what we ought not to see. Read it. You will like it . . . Did you ever stop to think about what the next step is beyond faith? What should faith do for you? The wise counsel of **Bishop Pardue** (p. 29) sheds light on this in a way that will open your eyes . . . Nobody likes to go through crises, and yet without the struggles we would really never achieve. **Rebecca Beard** (p. 37) does a most instructive job on crises. This is a chapter taken from her forthcoming book, *Everyman's Mission*, \$2.50. This will be her third book, and each one seems to thrill just as much as her previous one. We hope she never runs out of material . . . **Winslow Beckles** (p. 42) is a colored minister from Harlem who went to Merrybrook in a most discouraged state. His article tells what happened to him. Stories such as this tell us that the miracles of the New Testament are still happening . . . **Frank Laubach** (p. 49) had planned on being at the Camps Farthest Out this past summer, but God had other plans for him in India. His new work is closely allied with Point Four, and instead of working from the top down, the new approach is from the community level. Give him your prayers throughout this coming year, for prayer works!

CLEAR HORIZONS MAGAZINE

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☞ Even the winds and waves obey Him.

Quelling Storms

Glenn Clark

ONE morning the crowd around Jesus was augmented by a vast number from neighboring cities, many of whom seemed to know Simon, the Zealot, very well.

"They are members of the Revolutionist party," Nathanael explained. "They are the modern Gideon's Band secretly preparing to overthrow the Roman power. They have come to see whether Jesus is the one to lead their revolution."

"God forbid!" said Phillip frowning. "Then every one of us will be crucified. We must get rid of this crowd."

"No," said Nathanael. "You will find them very receptive to Jesus' words."

They were indeed very receptive, and Jesus healed many after he had addressed them in parables. One of them, in his enthusiasm cried out, "You are the man we want for King!" Thereupon followed a great roar of approval. The cry became a contagion and presently everyone was shouting at the top of his voice.

Jesus lifted his hand and finally quieted them.

"Do you not know that they that would achieve their ends by the sword shall perish by the sword? No, my friends, seek first the Kingdom of heaven and its righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you—even freedom from the Roman yoke. Now go in peace."

He turned to the Twelve, then, and said, "Let us cross to the other side at once." Quickly Peter and Andrew helped him into their boat and with four others pushed off.

"John and I have room for the rest of you in our boat," said James. So another seven of us climbed into his boat. Matthew and I sat in the stern and Thomas sat alone in the bow. Four, seated in pairs, did the rowing. John and James pulled the oars in the forward position while Nathanael and Philip were immediately facing me.

I became fascinated watching the long, powerful arms of Nathanael look in his eyes that boded no good.

From *Come Follow Me*, Glenn Clark. Macalester Park Pub. Co., \$2.50.

and the wide sweep of his oar. A wind from the north was rolling whitecaps toward us. Overhead, gathering clouds gave the illusion of night and presently I found myself growing very drowsy. I was sound asleep when a great wave burst upon us, drenching me to the skin and almost filling the boat.

"Start bailing!" shouted James. "You three not rowing, start bailing—fast!"

The waves kept rising in fury, until I wondered if our boat—large and strong though it was—could weather the storm. Then just as suddenly as it came up, the storm subsided. The water became smooth as glass and the oars again took firm grip upon the water.

"I never in my life saw anything happen like this," said Philip.

"That storm almost got us," said Simon Peter when our two crews met on the opposite shore. "But I have something wonderful to tell you! Now I know that Jesus is the Messiah! Even the winds and waves obey him!" In Peter's voice there was awe.

The town of Gadara was set back from the lake and approached by a road along whose sides were cave-like tombs cut out of the rocks. We had hardly landed when a giant figure of a man, completely naked, started rushing down upon us. He had a club in his hands and a wild

"We come out of one storm only

to meet another," said Simon Peter, surprisingly calm and unconcerned at this apparition. "Henceforth I am afraid of nothing when Jesus is with us. He calmed one storm. He can calm another."

This confidence was not shared by Nathanael. "I've been here before. This man is known as the Killer of Gadara. He breaks the chains they try to bind him with. No one dares go by this road for fear of him. We must hurry down the beach another way to the city."

"No," said Jesus, "let us wait. He seems to be expecting us. Let enough love go forth to this unfortunate one, and no harm shall touch any of you."

The powerful figure was now close upon us, flourishing his club and gnashing his teeth.

For a moment fear seized me and dammed back the flow of love I was trying to send, in self defence, toward him. Then I saw the serene face of Peter upturned toward the sky and I, too, looked up and opened my heart utterly to God. Instantly I felt His great love flow through me and I knew then we were safe. The lunatic stopped in his tracks.

"I destroy! I destroy!" he cried and he began to strike his own body with his club and throwing it down, seized a rock and began to gash his cheeks and breast with it.

"Now watch," said John, stand-

ing close to me. "You will see that this will not be an easy healing. If the demons are cast out it will be at a price. Someone will suffer. For there is not love enough."

The man was now mumbling and screaming, nothing articulate coming from his lips. Jesus suddenly silenced him with a loud voice.

"Come out of the man, you unclean spirit."

At once the man relaxed, looked up at Jesus with a wild stare, and fell on his knees.

"Jesus, Son of God," he screamed, "Most High! What business have you with me? By God I adjure you, do not torture me."

"See," said Philip, "the man senses that there is going to be suffering in his cure."

"Hush," said John. "It is not the man but the demons in him that are crying out. They are the ones who will suffer, not he."

"What is your name?" demanded Jesus.

"If one uses the correct name of the demon he can command it," whispered John. "That is the method of all prophets."

"My name is Legion," came from the lips of the one possessed. "There is a host of us. Send us into someone else."

"No," said Jesus, "you don't belong in the habitations of man."

"Let us enter the wild beasts—or even the sheep yonder."

"No," said Jesus.

"Then let us enter the swine."

"You are like swine and would make men swine," said Jesus, and then in a voice of command, "enter where you belong."

Instantly the man fell to the ground and lay relaxed and limp at Jesus' feet. Jesus reached out and gently raised him up. To my surprise the man had not swooned. He was smiling, and his face was simply transformed by the light of that smile. His eyes were bright and glowing and beautiful; I could hardly believe that he was the same creature.

"Put some garments upon him," said Jesus. "This man will be our apostle to the Gadarenes from this time forward."

"Thank you, thank you, thank you," said the man. And his voice was calm and clear.

Someone cast a mantle over him and led him toward the city. All the rest of the citizens followed, leaving Jesus alone with the disciples. Turning to them Jesus spoke:

"There are worse demons than those which I cast out from this man—the worst kind are those that afflict a multitude of people at the same time. When we crossed the lake just now I was running away from demons, only to run into new demons along the way. A storm in the air is only a reflection of the

storm in the soul, and one is just as easy to quell as the other. This afternoon you have seen how a legion of demons can enslave one man. This morning across the lake you saw how one demon could enslave a legion of people."

"What do you mean, Master?" asked Thomas.

"I mean that when the multitude pressed upon me the other day begging for another miracle of loaves and fishes, they were possessed by the demon of greed. They have never forgotten that I turned water into wine and have never ceased repeating Satan's request to turn stones into bread. Today the fanatic multitude came seeking to make me king in order that I would destroy their conquerors for them. That was the demon of hate—directed at the Romans. Whenever a thought presses in on a multitude that way it is like a demon—to be cast out. But alas, the fanatics of Galilee don't want it cast out.

"When individuals come asking me and desiring in their heart that I cast out their demons I easily cast them out. But when they don't want to be free it comes with effort or causes loss as when these demons went into the swine. Multitudes come possessed with demons that they do *not* want cast out, clinging to them with all their might. Then only God through His great mercy can save them. Then it is that I turn

away and leave them alone for awhile with God."

"So when you had us get into the boats," said Matthew, "we were fleeing from demons, not from people?"

"Yes," said Jesus. "From the demonic desire to destroy the Roman power by force."

Just then we saw the crowd returning from the city.

"A drove of swine," exclaimed their spokesman, "has rushed into the sea. The word is being spread that the demons you cast out from the giant entered into them and destroyed them. Please, we beg of you, leave these parts immediately lest worse things befall us."

"We shall go," said Jesus.

And as we turned and trudged northward I found that I was pondering all that Jesus had been telling us. The raving of the multitude for God to produce a king who could raise up, as by magic, an army to move and act with power—oh, how like it was in my own day—the day when the demon of Power Politics was in control of the nations of the world! So fixed are these demon thoughts, these lusts for ease, for wealth, for power, that I wondered how Jesus, then or now, could ever cast them out! And the terrible demon-thoughts of jealousy and hate that possessed the Pharisees! Because the people of Palestine did not make haste to want these demons cast out, because they did

not become poor in spirit and pure in heart, and because they did not hunger and thirst eagerly enough for righteousness, the demons in them were destined to destroy both them and him. It seemed as though all Palestine right then was possessed of demons. It was as though all the children of mammon were marshalling their forces to cast out the Son of Light.

As we walked on in thoughtful silence I found John at my side.

"What is a demon?" I asked him. John was the only one who seemed able to answer my deeper questions.

He replied, "The demons are the outer thoughts, the thoughts that destroy and take. The angels are the inner thoughts, the thoughts that save and give. He who lives amid the inward thoughts lives in the Kingdom; he who lives in the outer thoughts lives in hell. Jesus came to put men in heaven and save them from hell, to tell men how to turn within and live in the Kingdom here and now."

"How can he destroy these demon thoughts that do not willingly leave the people and which they do not willingly part with?" I asked.

"If a man clings to rubbish when it is cast out into Gehenna, then he, too, along with the rubbish which he clings to, will also be cast out into Gehenna."

"Then all will be destroyed? Is there no other way?"

"Apparently the only other way to make men lose their clinging to outward thoughts is for one to die, Jesus tells us. For that reason it is beginning to grow very clear to him, he says, that he must let these demon thoughts, these demon desires and demon hates of people that are seeking to make him king, and of the Pharisees seeking to make him a victim—he must let those thoughts lift him up—what he means I do not know—and destroy his body. Only by giving his body a ransom for the many who are obsessed by outer thoughts, he says, can he awaken their love sufficiently for them to look within and find the kingdom. Sometimes it seems clear that it is actual death he means—for he so often speaks of himself as a sheep led to the slaughter—and sometimes it is life I think he means, for he always speaks as though he can pick himself out of the tomb they lay him in. In case they try to kill him, I think he will rise right up above the torture and move away to safety, and they will find they cannot touch him, even as when he moved from the crowd on the Nazareth hill and none could touch him. And yet—and yet—at that time and at other times he says, 'They cannot hurt me for my time has not yet come.' What means he by this? My time! My time! What is that time?"

☞ Conquest by force always loses more than it wins.

Blow Hard or Shine Hard?

Irene Merrill Mason

ALEXANDER, from the dizzying heights of his realized ambition, wept because there were no more worlds to conquer, and died in a scene of debauch.

Hannibal, who crossed the Alps and made Rome's foundation quake in terror, finally tormented with fear of the very ones who had once done him his greatest homage, put an end to his life in a foreign country, unloved and unwept.

Caesar, who conquered 800 cities, who dyed his garments with the blood of millions of his foes, who pursued his only rival to death, was assassinated by his friends.

Napoleon, whose law kings and popes obeyed, who filled the earth with terror, and deluged it with blood, died in exile, where he could see his country's flag waving over the deep, but which could not succor the once mighty but now fallen emperor.

Heil Hitler—

Well, no need to tell the present generation how he ruled and died.

Whatever the above men accomplished, was accomplished by the law of force. Their conquests were not for the good of mankind, but for the good of themselves. To achieve, and as a result of, those conquests, millions suffered and died. Good came to none. Their only legacy to mankind was the knowledge that conquest by force always loses more than it wins.

Jesus came to teach the law of love. His aim was to help mankind, not himself. He died at the hand of his enemies, it is true, but he rose again and his influence endured not merely for one brief span, but will remain eternal.

Briefly, it's the same old story of the sun and wind and which could make the man remove his coat. Way back then, Aesop was telling us. How slowly we learn!

The Golden Age Fairy Tales

Evelyn Whitell

Glenn Clark considers this the most spiritual fairy story book he ever read. He and Mary Lou enjoyed reading them together. They have the mythical quality of Hawthorne and a joyous uplift that children love.—Cloth \$2.00; paper \$1.50.

☞ The reason God permitted me to lose my sight and hearing seems clear now.

Helen Keller

Jennie Esmond Wright

HELEN KELLER celebrated her 70th birthday in 1950 by touring Europe on what she called "My first vacation in 50 years."

She was thrilled as her companion spelled into her hand vivid descriptions of cities, lakes, rivers, and magnificent scenic beauty of the Swiss and Italian Alps.

The saying, "There is no wall without a door," seemed untrue in her case. When but 19 months old scarlet fever deprived her of both sight and hearing, engulfing her in a deep, black silence, yet she found a way out.

Her parents were shocked and heart-broken when their baby did not respond to the ringing of a bell, nor her blue eyes blink at a brilliant light. She soon forgot the few words she had learned.

Before the door opened the little deaf mute grew strong and well formed but, bitterly resenting her inability to make herself understood, would throw herself on the grass in tantrums and fits of screaming.

When six years old her father took her to see Dr. Chrishold, who said she could be educated, and advised that Dr. Alexander Graham

Bell of Washington, D.C. be consulted for information about schools and teachers for deaf and blind children.

Miss Keller writes, "Dr. Bell held me on his knee while I examined his watch. I did not dream that interview would be the door through which I should pass from darkness into light, from isolation of friendship, companionship, knowledge, and love."

Three months before Helen's seventh birthday an Irish girl, Anne Sullivan, who had been blind, and recently graduated from Perkins Institute, became Helen's beloved teacher and inseparable companion for the next half century. Of her Helen wrote:

"When I heard approaching footsteps I stretched out my hand as I supposed to my mother. Some one took it, and I was caught up and held close in the arms of her who had come to reveal all things to me, and more than all things else to love me.

"The morning after my teacher came she led me into her room and gave me a doll. When I had played with it a little while Miss Sullivan slowly spelled into my hand the

word doll. I was at once interested in the finger play and tried to imitate it."

When Helen finally succeeded in making the letters correctly she was flushed with pleasure and pride, but not knowing she had spelled a word.

She wrote, "Another time when some one was drawing water my teacher placed my hand under the spout. As the cool stream gushed over my hand she spelled into the other the word, water, first slowly, then rapidly. I stood still, my whole attention fixed upon the motion of her fingers. Suddenly I felt a misty consciousness of something forgotten—a thrill of returning thought, and somehow the mystery of language was revealed to me.

"I learned many new words that day. It would have been difficult to find a happier child than I was as I lay in my crib at the close of that eventful day and lived over the joys it had brought to me."

Helen's mother had given in to her unfortunate daughter at every point, and when Miss Sullivan failed to do so there was such a resistance that Miss Sullivan moved her young charge to an adjoining cottage where the battle raged for several days. Miss Sullivan would hold Helen down by force for two hours at a time to quell her fierce resistance and so finally won.

When she was eight Miss Sullivan took her young charge to Per-

kins Institute where she picked out words in Braille books before she could actually read them, and she associated with children who knew the manual alphabet.

Later, Helen was taken to see Miss Sarah Fuller, principal of the Horace Mann School for the deaf in Boston. Miss Fuller placed Helen's hand lightly over the lower part of her face, and Helen's fingers into her mouth, so she could feel the position of the teacher's tongue, teeth and movement of her lower jaw.

Then she put Helen's forefinger against her teeth and a finger on her throat and repeated the sound "I" several times. Then Helen put her fingers in her own mouth and on her throat and made a similar sound. After her seventh lesson she was able to say to Miss Sullivan in a hollow, breathy tone, "I am not dumb now," her first use of words.

While preparing for college she was intensely tutored at Gilman School in Cambridge, Mass., where Miss Sullivan read the lectures into her hand and said, "The eagerness with which she absorbs ideas is delightful."

When twenty she enrolled at Radcliffe, the first student thus handicapped to enter college. Four years later she graduated with special honors in English.

On making her first speaking appearance she wrote:

"My mind froze. I prayed. Words rose to my lips but I could not utter a syllable. At last I forced out a sound that felt like a cannon ball going off. Later I learned it was only a whisper." But later she and her teacher made many appearances in public.

She reads lips by vibration. Placing the middle finger on the nose, forefinger on the lips, and thumb on the larynx she hears what others say. It is said that, "With her fingers on his lips Caruso poured his golden voice into her hand."

"Literature is my Utopia. Here I am not disfranchised. No barrier of the senses shuts me out from the sweet, gracious discourse of my book-friends. They talk to me without embarrassment or awkwardness."

In Paris she met Gutzon Borglum, who took her to the Rodin Museum. She wrote, "And for two hours—a flash from Eternity!—one genius showed me the masterpieces of another. Call me not deaf-blind after I had beheld their miracles."

When at her attractive home in Westport, Conn., she rises early, spends hours at her typewriter, often filling requests for messages to the blind in various countries throughout the world.

Her daily routine includes a forty-five minute afternoon nap after which, by aid of a hand-rail and ac-

companied by her dogs, she goes on a long walk in the woods, enjoying the woody smell.

She has her own suite, makes her bed and keeps her rooms tidy. Miss Thompson reads to her the newspaper headlines. Items in which she is especially interested are Brailled for her.

Deeply interested in unfortunate people, she has raised some two million dollars for the handicapped, and has received honorary degrees and decorations from various countries. The first public library established in Alabama was named "Helen Keller Library."

She wrote, "The reason God permitted me to lose both sight and hearing seems clear now—that through me He might cleave a rock, unbroken before, and quickening streams flow through other lives desolate as my own once was. I am content. For me there is never a dull day."

In 1936 she and Miss Sullivan were awarded the Roosevelt medal, "For Cooperative Achievements of Unique Significance."

The tireless industry of this triple handicapped woman still persists, increasing her already highly developed powers.

While living in her own dark quietness she has risen above seemingly insurmountable barriers and become one of the best known per-

sons in the modern world—an inspiration to the blind and to the seeing everywhere.

Helen Keller's amazing mastery

of speech through super-human efforts has been called "The greatest individual achievement in the history of education."

* * *

Dream Into Reality

Jeanne Ackley Lohmann

AND a Voice came unto me, saying — "Declare now your faith in the world you are building. Put aside your tools for an instant; show us the structure, and tell us what you believe about tomorrow."

Then suddenly the whiteness dazzled me and I saw the world radiant and alive and changing. And I lifted my head and answered.

"This then is my faith for the world I want. It shall be a community of mankind, and all nations shall bring their gifts and their failures to its councils. And no people shall say which contributes most nor shall any dispose of another's genius and use it as his own. And its people shall be the poetry of every nation, free as there is freedom in singing when the great laws of music govern its harmonies; beautiful as light where all colors are blended into radiance!

"Each man shall find his own faith that it may be strong, nor shall he who has faith impose it

on another, but only share that both may grow.

"And the world shall need creative love more than all else—be it expressed in momentary conformity which seeks the slow growing of seeds dropped into darkness, or in rebellion which flings itself whole-souled against injustice. In the economy of brotherhood both are needed, and God in history alone shall judge.

"And the world I want shall not be finished nor complete, for always there will be struggle and a striving after perfection. But we shall thank God for this divine discontent which sends us from the valleys into the mountains, and from the mountains again to the cities where men labor and suffer and seek together! For the only hell shall be isolation from those who are our brothers, and from the heart of the universe, which is God!"

Then the Voice whispered, "It is a dream, but it is good. Go and work, and believe it into being, and it shall be yours."

☪ We are brothers in the deep currents.

Declaration of Brothers

Otto Mallery

We speak:

Sons of God:

Black and white, red, brown and yellow—men of all nations;

The halt and the hale;

The filled and the empty; the naked and the clothed;

The builders of buildings, the dreamers of dreams—

Women, too, and youngsters still growing:

All sons of God;

All brothers in our deep currents.

If the belly pain, the mouth cries out;

If the limb weary, the heart aches also.

(And if my brother starves, shall I not hunger?

If he sickens, is there health in me?

Shall I see past his blindness?

I am my brother.)

I said: Hold my hand; we shall walk together;

We shall destroy fear, you and I;

We shall fill the empty ones and ease them who suffer; we shall strengthen

the feeble; the tyrant shall flinch from us; we shall impart knowledge;

And feeding them, be fed; and healing them, be healed. So shall we profit,

the one by the other;

For we are the sons of God;

We are brothers in the deep currents.

You and I moving forward united; so it shall be. I swear it;

Who whispers evil of you, I will not hear him.

Who strikes at his neighbor through greed, you and I will not add to that striking.

We will not march in the army of the aggressor.

Swear with me; for we are brothers in our deep currents.

From "Declaration of Brothers", Personal Growth Leaflet, Copy on request from Otto T. Mallery, 9006 Crefeld St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Surely, where one rests, his brother may rest also; and where one eats, his brother may break bread; there shall be no discrimination between us.

Send me your bales. I will buy them, and send in turn; we will exchange freely according to our needs.

Seek forthrightly your particular good; I will help you.

For it was said, "No man lives to himself, and no man dies to himself; but living or dying, we are the Lord's and each other's."

We say to our leaders, Lead us in the ways of love and reconciliation, and we shall follow;

We shall toil up the steep slopes,

Till we greet the day of justice and love, the day of freedom from fearing.

This is our pledge and our contract—

The black and the white, the red, the brown and the yellow, men of all nations—

This is our pledge to our Father.

For we are Sons of God: Brothers in our deep currents.



Rondure

Lois Christy Tewell

The year is at autumn,
And autumn is best
For it leads into winter's
Luxurious rest.

And after? Awakening;
Awakening to sing
Praise to the Maker,
The Maker of Spring

Who added the summer
With purpose, no doubt,
For happy reunions
At Camps Farthest Out.

☞ Almost every day I was finding new uses for polio.

A Preacher's Experiment with Polio

Lewis F. Presnall

WAR time disabilities and the increase in polio epidemics have greatly increased public interest in the problems of the physically handicapped. New articles and books constantly appear on some phase of emotional, physical, or occupational adjustment of the disabled. We are deluged with suggestions, most of them good, about ways to meet these crisis situations. It is all very confusing, and if one's rehabilitation depended upon following this mountainous mass of advice, he would be as frustrated as the mother who reads every book she can find on child guidance. It is a compliment to the resiliency of the human spirit that so many people make reasonably good adjustments to physical handicaps in spite of this flood of instruction.

But there is a better way. The method is not original with me. There is nothing essentially new about it. But having experimented through nearly twelve years with polio, I can say with some assurance that if one follows this simple technique he will achieve a better, easier adjustment to normal living than if he tries to follow the detailed and often Pollyannish advice of every Tom, Dick, and Harry. He will be

able to meet the difficulties and embarrassments of his situation with a high degree of confidence. The inconvenience of his handicap will not appear as a major catastrophe. And he will be able to face the future, not only with fortitude, but with zestful interest. Best of all, this method can work as well for the man in a wheel chair as it does for the person with a hearing aid.

My own handicap turned out to be a relatively minor thing. But we did not know that at first. When polio struck I was twenty-eight years old—a lean, athletic individual who liked to climb mountains and who enjoyed the company of people. My wife and I had met at college and had been married four years. We had one child. I was doing graduate study at Berkeley, California, and serving as student pastor of a small community church. Polio completely paralyzed both legs and I spent three months in bed. The doctor told my wife he doubted whether I would ever be able to walk again. At the end of the fourth month I was able to be in a wheel-chair, and began re-learning to drive my car. Soon after, I resumed the work as a pastor, still in the wheel-chair.

As a Christian clergyman I had

often preached about the resources of faith in meeting crisis situations. But as I made pastoral calls on the sick, the disabled, and the bereaved, I used to wonder whether my assurances about the helpfulness of faith had much meaning to these people who were really undergoing trouble.

A short while before I contracted polio I had read E. Stanley Jones' book, "Christ and Human Suffering," in which he develops the idea that the Christian attitude toward suffering is to *use* it. That sounded like good preaching, and when I found my leg muscles atrophied with paralysis it occurred to me that this was an opportunity to explore the possibilities of Christian faith in personal experience. As I later explained it to a friend, "The things we preachers talk about are of little use unless they work in our own crises."

But how could one *use* polio? That was just the trouble. It was the use of my legs that I had lost. How could one use something that seemed so obviously useless? In spite of the apparent paradox, I was convinced that if Christian faith would not work in this situation, then nothing would work. Lying there in bed, I began to reason it out, and came to the following conclusions:

1. I would keep alert for ways in which the polio experience could be used.

2. Few people live over eighty years. Even this is such a short span that time itself limits the occupations one can pursue, the experiences he can have and the good he can do.
3. Paralysis had arbitrarily limited me. Nevertheless, if I had to spend the rest of my life in bed, there were still so many possibilities open to me that I would not have time to explore them all, even if I did live to eighty years.
4. Why give any thought, then, to those things that were obviously beyond my limits? I would refuse to think about doing anything that was beyond my physical powers.
5. I would replace such negative thought by devising ways to do things that were within my scope.

With these simple working principles, the experience of polio became a game. As strength returned to my body and, later on, as some muscles began to move in my legs, I became so busy exploring the possibilities of my new life that there was no room for self-pity. To my surprise, I discovered that I was actually enjoying each step in the rehabilitation. Almost every day I was finding new uses for polio.

There are two ways that a man can experience more than his contemporaries. One is to move faster

than the general stream. The other is to slow down and I found myself hearing more, seeing more and having more interesting contacts with people than when I had rushed about in the hurried flow of able-bodied folk.

As a clergyman I found many other uses for polio. It was easier to get acquainted with new people. They might forget my name on the first meeting. But they would remember "that fellow in the wheelchair." I became more effective in calling on the sick. My presence in the hospital or sick room brought more encouragement. Invalids felt that I understood them.

Anyone who tries to use his disability will soon be able to make out his own list of advantages. At the same time, he will find the disadvantages taking on less importance.

By keeping alert to the possibilities of my handicap and by continually experimenting I found my physical condition progressing in better fashion than medical prognosis would anticipate. When I fooled the first doctor by learning to walk with braces and crutches, the medical advice predicted that this was the termination of my improvement. But the application of the Christian philosophy to the handicap had, by this time, become a habitual attitude. I just *had* to find out what more I could do.

First, I devised a method for driving my car without special equipment. In doing this, certain leg muscles continued to receive increasing experience. That resulted in better walking ability. Then, I began experimenting with canes and developed other minor muscles until better balance could be achieved. Finally, I got rid of the crutches altogether. Today I use one brace and two canes and have recently been trying to get rid of that last brace.

Generally speaking, the attitude or the philosophy one adopts toward his disability has much more to do with his adjustment to normal life than the apparent limitations of the physical mechanism. It has been demonstrated time and again that a bed-ridden paralytic can often lead a more useful, happy life than many people whose limbs are normal, but whose attitude is crippled. A crippled spirit is more disabling than a crippled body.

The doctors, the advisors, the psychologists, and the article writers will tell the handicapped person that he can surprise himself with his achievements if he will try—and keep on trying for years, and years, and years. But few of them tell where he is going to get the motivation for such long-range effort. Advice comes cheap to the displaced person. He is told to "grin and bear it," to "keep a stiff upper lip," "don't

let it get you down," and "it could be worse." But he will find that trying to be cheerful when he feels otherwise or adopting a stoical attitude in spite of pain and embarrassment are methods that only exaggerate his difficulties. Even "making the best of things" is a poor solution, since it implies that one thinks he is in a sorry mess.

But the teaching of Jesus pro-

vides both motivation and method for rehabilitation. If one can accept this situation, he is then in a position to meet the disability as a part of the total raw material out of which he can build his life. When he adopts the Christian attitude of trying to *use* everything that comes to him, he will find himself in partnership with God in a new creative venture.

* * *

Rodeheaver—The Man

Sue Kelley

HOMER Rodeheaver, who started his evangelical work with Billy Sunday 40 years ago, has begun a new phase in his battle against immorality.

He is setting aside 320 acres on his huge property in Florida as a ranch for delinquent boys. A vigorous man in his 60's, Rodeheaver says, "You've got to start somewhere when a country is as morally sick as this one is and it's the youth you have to start with. We've set aside land for Rodeheaver's Rainbow Ranch for Boys. It will be like Boy's Town. That is, we'll take boys who have fallen into trouble and give them a chance. They'll ride horses, swim, study and learn a

trade and they'll be removed from the temptations of city life."

Head of the largest hymn publishing house in the world, he owns three farms in Indiana plus his ranch in Florida and still travels all over the country for revivals. He points to the revival meetings which have gone on in some colleges as a sign of the times. "It shows that the young people are restless, unhappy, searching for something. They read about the increase of crime, they hear how much crime is committed by young people and they want something different from a psychiatrist's couch." He hopes to provide the answer for some youngsters on that ranch in Florida.

☐ And what are you seeking first?

Is the Sermon on the Mount Practical?

Ernest William Denning

TODAY is full of trouble. A dollar is worth a quarter. Tomorrow it may be worth a dime. There isn't time enough to do all that must be done. Cruel death lurks at every grade crossing.

Who's going to get our vote in November? How can we save money to pay the insurance premium? What shall we do about Russia?

In the face of all these pressing problems, the Church holds up the Sermon on the Mount. Sometimes religion seems like a headache. We don't want to get rid of our head, but it hurts to keep it.

Tom shrugs his shoulders.

Dick says, "Of course, Jesus was a righteous and benevolent man. But the Sermon on the Mount isn't practical."

Harry agrees, "You're right. It doesn't suit our modern struggle. What'll we do about competition in business and politics?"

You can't be sarcastic at a time like this. It won't do any good to say, "Well, anybody who puts aside his religion just because he's going into business or politics, is like someone who takes off his shoes when he's about to walk among thorns."

To be perfectly honest, the Sermon on the Mount does seem sometimes like an old-time idea that's not

much good now. Even the church finds it impractical to give alms in secret. The right hand always knows what the left hand is doing. Every annual report tells the budget for social service and foreign missions.

"Well, if we can't make it practical," we complain, "why can't we be released from it?" That's when we don't take our religion seriously.

As a matter of fact, unless we have a statement of our faith, we might lose it. Don't you think so? Vague idealism won't stand up to face such dangers as indifference and opposition. Besides, lots of us think the Sermon on the Mount contains the heart of Christianity.

So let's look at the Sermon again. After surviving for 1900 years, is it possible that the Sermon means nothing to us today?

In the first place, the Sermon on the Mount really isn't a sermon. Just try reading it out loud at one standing! The ideas pop out so fast that any listener is confused. There is no introduction, body, nor conclusion that a good sermon needs.

The Sermon is a collection of individual units of material brought together by Matthew and Luke into one place in their books. Oh, didn't you know that Luke has it as well as Matthew? Well, he does. In both books, each unit is complete in it-

self, but unrelated to what has gone before or what follows. Read it for yourself if you don't believe me.

Now, as to contents, the Sermon is not a program for reforming the world. Any program can apply to a community only for a short time, because conditions change from day to day. There are changes, too, from place to place.

In spite of its not being a program of reform, the Sermon has been useful for nineteen centuries. It has been read with equal meaning in Japan, India, and Egypt. This would never be true if the Sermon was a program, because a program for Jerusalem would never fit Rome, nor would a program for Cairo fit Chicago.

The Sermon doesn't contain authoritative decisions about questions of our day, nor problems we must solve. We can't find, in the Sermon, specific rules about our relations with the butcher, the baker, and the man who sells electric light bulbs.

Any time somebody says to you that the Sermon is aimed at reforming the world, just remind him that a reformer's song seems likely to be made up wholly of refrains. Reformers try to tie people up in knots. But Jesus' religion has a distinct positive emphasis.

Rather than being a reformer, Jesus was God's ambassador. Instead of outlining reforms for the Temple and the market, he pro-

claimed God's will by his teaching and his living. He did what he thought was right in the town or country-side where he lived.

A third false idea about the Sermon is that it is a collection of rigid commandments. The Jews of Jesus' day, you may remember, did just what was written in the Law and that only. Anything that was not written was not done.

If the Sermon were law, then God's will would be rigidly defined. It would tell you what to do in every situation. It would limit your actions.

The subject of the Sermon is Love; its theme is the Golden Rule. The key word, there, is "whatsoever" and that means that Love has no boundary. So we take it for granted that the Sermon is not law, because "whatsoever" is not definite enough for law. It permits too much flexibility.

The Sermon says we should be loving. It is a collection of illustrations of what Love does. It helps a person to become a new type of person who knows God's will and His aim for the world.

We know that conditions in 1952 America are different from what they were in 33 Palestine. Since we accept conditions as we find them, we live as we believe God's will is for us here and now. We can't accept the Sermon as a program for Love nor as a law of Love.

Jesus' purpose was not to improve the conditions of the world, but to proclaim the will of God. The Sermon declares the will of God—quite independent of the situation Jesus found, or you find. People felt in Jesus the nearness of the Kingdom of God. The sayings now collected in the Sermon stirred them and transformed them spiritually.

It seems to me that this is our job, too: to proclaim God's will in our conduct so that people will feel in us the nearness of the Kingdom of God. If we do this strongly enough, we can stir men and transform them spiritually. Then they will feel at home in the eternal world.

At the same time, all of us will be willing and able to solve our problems in a Christ-like way. The Sermon is a standard by which we can measure the solutions for our problems.

When we tackle modern problems, God wants us to do it in harmony with the spirit of Love as is illustrated in the Sermon. There can be no direct application of the Sermon to any of today's problems, but we can use it like this.

Suppose you have a problem to solve. Through reading books, discussion with other people, and prayer, you have discovered some possible solutions. Then use the

Sermon on the Mount to measure your proposed solutions. If there is harmony between your idea and the Sermon, then it is a Christian solution. Isn't that simple?

Now, let's look back over the road we've been traveling. Because of the nature of today's problems, we have dismissed the Sermon on the Mount because it seems impractical. But that may be because we haven't understood what the Sermon is and how it can be used.

Instead of being a sermon, it's a collection of sayings. Instead of being a program of reform, the Sermon is a collection of illustrations of what God's will is. Instead of being a collection of rigid commandments and laws, the Sermon illustrates what Love does. Instead of being a plan to improve the world, the Sermon is an attempt to transform individual people.

Some people think the Sermon on the Mount is impractical because its day has gone. It's a document of the past, and nothing more. So they want to forget it.

Other people believe that the day of the Sermon on the Mount is coming. It's a document of the future; conditions of this world won't let us be truly Christian. So they want to postpone the Sermon until it can be practical.

But it seems to me that we Christians have a special assign-

ment, just as Jesus did. We are under special orders from God to carry out the principles of the Sermon on the Mount regardless of the consequences.

Jesus performed signs of the times to show people what the Kingdom of Heaven is like and how much better everyone would be if it were here.

Our task is to perform signs of our own times—to perform them as individuals, as communities, as churches, and as nations. We have Jesus' promise: He that believes on me, the works that I do shall he do

also and greater works than these shall he do.

"The text of the Bible," wrote the late Havelock Ellis, "The text of the Bible is but a feeble symbol of the Revelation held in the text of Men and Women."

The Christian has a special task. He is under special orders to carry out the Sermon on the Mount. The Sermon may be impractical in business and politics—maybe even church life. But the Sermon is completely practical in the Kingdom of God.

And what are you seeking first?

* * *

Life's Autumn

Lulu Walton Quick

In summer time how green the leaves,
But now that autumn's here
They turn to gold and crimson hues,
The brightest of the year.

There's nothing in the autumn time
That needs to make me sad,
For seedtime follows harvest
And new life will make me glad.

All the lessons Life has taught me
As I've journeyed toward the goal,
Have shaped me to God's pattern
Of a calm and happy soul.

Until I feel within my heart,
Though Youth is far away,
Life's colors, like the autumn leaves,
Grow richer day by day.

☪ Prayers for Peace must come from hearts at peace.

Effective Prayer Is More Than Words

Lola Munford Henderson

THE word "peace" can be repeated from now on throughout eternity and avail nothing unless the one who prays is peaceful. It is only a hollow, empty sound when spoken by those who do not have inner-peace.

Individuals complain, grow angry over trivialities, turn on their fellow men with abusive language over incidents so inconsequential they are not worth the breath it takes to utter them. The same individuals put on long faces and sanctimonious airs and say, "Isn't war terrible? I am constantly praying for peace to come to the world."

Peace like charity begins at home. If there is disharmony in the home, if mankind doesn't live in harmony with his own people and with his fellow men, he cannot expect his prayers for peace-among-nations to be effective.

*"In prayer the lips ne'er act
the winning part
Without the sweet concurrence
of the heart."*

—Herrick

In God-Spirit we live, move, and have our being; God-Spirit is perfect Peace, and prayers that have a background of feelings that are contrary to the Pure, Perfect, and Peaceful Spirit into which they flow are as though we poured a jar of muddy water into a jar of clear, pure water and expected to still have pure water to drink. Words of peace muddied with ill will, anger and intolerance intermingle with Pure Spirit as the muddy water does with the clear, but Peace does not come out of it. Prayers for peace *must* come from hearts at peace.

Jesus said, My peace I leave with you . . . and from the record that we have of Jesus' life we know that when He spoke "Peace," it was not a mere word sullied with feelings of anger, intolerance, or ill will for His fellow men but came from a heart filled with God's Peace. Let us realize the peace of Jesus and *then* pray. Let us "first be reconciled to thy brother (our fellow men) and then come and offer thy gift (our prayers) to God for peace."

While Washing Dishes

Clara Ewing Espey

ABUNDANT hot water, scald-
and steaming, a creamy
white powder, then cold
water added, a thousand bright
bubbles that gleam with small rain-
bows! The water is ready, now for
the dishes!

Dull glassware is shining, clear
and transparent; soiled silver is
brilliant as new; the chinaware
cleansed is pretty and gleaming;
pots, kettles and pans with this
magic detergent have lost all their
traces of grease and of food, are
transformed.

Often thrice daily I've witnessed
this wonder, accepting it stupidly.
Dully I've followed the daily rou-
tine. Let my mind wander far else-
where, and hated the constant re-
curring washing of dishes. I was all

unaware that here is portrayed a
new thrilling secret in beautiful
parable, mine for the knowing, one
that can change a whole outlook for
living as much as the window above
this nice sink.

Words from the long ago have
startled my thinking. I try to recall
them more clearly. "Whatsoever
things — are lovely — whatsoever
things — are of good report — if
there be any virtue—and if there be
any praise—think on these things."

The choice then, is mine; new
views down life's vistas—or only
the dishes; thoughts bright as these
bubbles—or grumblings at grease!

(Lord, have mercy upon us and
incline our hearts to keep this law!)

—*Anglican Prayer Book.*

* * *

That I May Rightly Live

Julia W. Wolfe

Each day I pray, God, give me strength
To do the task I do not wish to do,
To yield obedience, not asking why,
To love and own the truth and scorn the lie,
To look the cold world bravely in the face,
To cheer for those who pass me in the race,
To bear my burdens gaily, unafraid
To lend a hand to those who need my aid,
To measure what I am by what I give—
God give me strength that I may rightly live.

"Love Has Eyelids"

Rita F. Snowden

DURING lunch-time the other
day I stepped into a friend-
ly optician's and stumbled
upon a subject of absorbing interest.
No, not eyes—eyelids!

"Eyelids," according to his port-
ly American Medical Dictionary,
may be said to be, "the two movable
folds of skin which protect the eyes
in front."

Then, my friend read on, "each
eyelid consists of four layers. On
the surface is the skin similar to the
skin elsewhere on the body, save
that it is especially thin, loose and
pliant. Behind this skin comes a
layer of muscle—the fibres of which
run round and round from one lid
to the other, and serve to shut the
eye." I was hoping that we were
not going to strike too many hard
words. Alas, the next moment, we
had left the Obicular muscle and
were going on to the Tarsal Plate,
to the Meibomian glands and still
on to a layer of membrane, the
Conjunctiva.

To strike a new note in our con-
versation and to induce him to close
his portly tome, I asked him if he
remembered Olivia's eyelids in
"Twelfth Night." I recalled to
him the inventory she made: "I will
give out divers schedules of my

beauty," said she. "It shall be in-
ventoried, and every particle and
utensil labelled to my will; as item,
two lips, indifferent red; item, two
grey eyes, with lids to them; item,
one neck, one chin, and so forth."

As I returned to my work, I
found myself fascinated by that
second item on Olivia's inventory:
"two grey eyes, with lids to them."

Why lids? Because they are so im-
portant. It was a word of Spur-
geon's that made me see it all clear-
ly. That great man, on one occa-
sion, uttered a truth which tied it-
self up with my thoughts with a
strange and illuminating signifi-
cance. "Sometimes," he said, "see,
and sometimes do not see: God has
given us eyelids as well as eyes."

I thought of that famous college
where the staff was called to hear
a complaint against one of its stu-
dents. It was a serious occasion. The
points were gone over carefully. At
last, one of the professors, loved
and honored among them, rose.
"We must be tolerant, brethren,"
he said, "toward these young men
whose confinement in college is
sometimes irksome."

"But God has given us eyes,"
barked out the complaining pro-
fessor.

From "Love Has Eyelids", Rita F. Snowden. *Life and Work Magazine*. Edinburgh, Scotland.

"Yes, that is true enough," replied his colleague, "but He has also given us eyelids."

Exactly!

In that kind of tolerance is something Christlike. There are many times when our best service may be rendered God and our fellow-men by keeping our eyes well open; but there are times when it is wisest to remember that we have eyelids. I think that is one of the fundamental teachings of Jesus. With a greater wonder than ever now I recall His approach to street-stained Mary Magdalene; His dealings with Peter, the lovable, blustering fisherman; I think of His quiet demeanor when He found Himself called to pass judgment upon the wretched unhappy woman taken in adultery, before whose accusers He stooped and quietly wrote on the ground. In the lives of each of these, whose stories are in the Gospels, miracles were wrought, because Love has eyelids as well as eyes!

How beautifully is this expressed in Moffat's rendering of I Corinthians, 15: "Love is very patient, very kind. Love knows no jealousy. Love is never glad when others go

wrong. Love is gladdened by goodness, always slow to expose, always eager to believe the best, always hopeful, always patient!"

Where love is there are miracles. Why? Because knowledge and tolerance are very beautiful things, and Love is the beginning and end of each.

Someone, in mistaken zeal, once ushered into the presence of Wesley a young convert whose hand was heavily ringed. "Look at that! Look at that!" cried the scandalized one, pushing the unhappy girl's hand under the eyes of Wesley. The great man paused, his eyes well open. Then he said softly, "It's a beautiful hand."

Knowledge and tolerance combine in the strong and the true. It is said that the young lady never again appeared before Wesley wearing her showy rings. It is a human story that has come down the years to merge with those great stories of the Gospels.

"Love is blind," the old saying used to declare, but we can see it now for what it is—only a half-truth; it would be truer to say, "Love has eyelids as well as eyes."

* * *

Faith

Ida M. Pardue

Faith is believing without a sign
Accepting what comes as His design.

☪ Healing is a creative partnership with God.

God Loves Me

Frances Durland

FOUR months ago I became very ill. Apparently it would be a long time before I would be fully recovered and able to live normally. Today, my physician expressed delight at my recovery far ahead of schedule, with none of the complications that frequently follow the illness I had.

No doubt healing could have taken place much sooner, if I had not had lessons to learn. A long period of time for meditation was important. And at first it was very discouraging. But if one can accept the illness and its problems as an opportunity to learn more of God, at the end of the time one looks back and realizes the growth which has taken place.

First of all, I learned anew that healing is a creative partnership with God; a reciprocal relationship. The experience is one of spiritual unfoldment, of inner guidance, and a sincere search for a deeper realization of the Christ within. It is a recognition that an intellectual grasp of Truth is never enough for healing, no matter what the trouble may be. Nor does it follow, I found, that having met other challenges immediately created a feeling of peace within me. Apparently lessons come that have new demands

upon our faith. I found that certain steps had to be taken in this creative partnership with God.

First, I asked for prayers for myself, since I was too ill and disturbed at first to help myself much. With this request I felt that I had assumed a responsibility towards God. I was promising Him that I believed in healing, that I accepted His promises for me. This, in itself, gives the sick person that first sense of peace, so essential to prayer and healing. I promised myself to believe that all things are possible to God. This was my tiny mustard seed of faith, planted when pain and illness were so severe that health seemed far away.

There is a sense of confusion and fear, when one is very ill, which gives one a sense of separation from God and His Love. I believe this is doubly true today, with so much turmoil in the world. I found, too, that I was possessed by an awareness of past wrongs, psychological and spiritual. It was a weight, a burden. I could not put into practice the truth, which I know.

To overcome these feelings, I tried to meditate upon God even when my mind did not focus too well. At least one can think on God's goodness, His gifts, His

Love, and His forgiveness. No one is too ill to think: "God loves me, and is healing me." Soon a sense of peace began to come. I could not always keep it, but I knew it would come back. There are so many beautiful promises of healing and comfort, and as one begins to get better, ever so slightly, these can be read, or remembered. Every time the thought of pain, or illness, or fear, or discouragement begins, it can be dissolved by the quoting of some promise. "My peace I leave with you." Or, "I am Come that ye may have life more abundantly," or, "Fear not, for lo, I am with you always." Whenever I thought of one of these beautiful promises I dwelt on it, and said: "That is true for me, NOW."

I asked God to forgive me for any mistakes I had made, and *for dwelling on them*. From this came a sense of God's Blessing. "Come unto me," became a reality. I began to loose my tensions and let them go, and in doing so recovery was noticeable. Repentance, not remorse, began to heal me. An illumination of God's love gave me a wonderful sense of peace. Quietness of spirit and body resulted, and I

KNEW that illness was not a reality. There was no place for it.

From then on healing came almost hourly. And with its coming long hours were spent in contemplation of what God meant by living more abundantly. Selflessness, peace, love, surrender, the sincere wish to say and mean, "Thy will, not mine," were part of healing. As strength began to return, I "loved" my illness into nothingness. I "loved" the tormented world, any who had ever hurt me. And above all I spent hours "loving" God.

I do not know at what point healing came. One day I was ill, the next better, and soon aware of an inflowing Life which was wonderful; of a peace that was glorious, and a new evaluation of Truth. I do not always remain on this high level, but I am deeply aware of having reached a new place in my creative understanding of God and His will for me, a new sense of His Presence. And I do know that if I seek Him I will always be renewed by His love. I know God does love me, and that I love Him, and that through this healing has come.

* * *

For if our world is to survive in any sense that makes survival worth while, it must learn to love, not to hate; to create, not to destroy.

King George VI

☞ To be really well, you must be thoroughly good.

Your Mental Health

Grenville Kleiser

TO BUILD and maintain mental health is of prime importance. The mind must be kept inviolate in order to be creatively occupied with positive thought.

Whenever a negative, depressing, undesirable thought enters the mind, switch instantly to the opposite thought. For fear substitute courage, for worry substitute serenity.

In this way you can destroy such mental enemies as anxiety, resentment, jealousy, which emerge as the most dangerous foes of man's happiness.

Says a writer, "When we give ourselves over to negative and destructive emotional indulgences, we suffer radical and immediate diminution of our power to live well. We find ourselves impoverished and ineffective. We are unfed by the Great Invisible Life of God."

Three habits that promote mental stability are calmness, deliberateness and serenity. These should be patiently and persistently cultivated and applied throughout the active day.

* * *

Constructive and systematic auto-suggestions can be effectively used to establish mental health. They

should be repeated many times a day, with faith in their efficacy.

You may say:

1. I think pleasantly.
2. I relax completely.
3. I breathe deeply.
4. I praise generously.
5. I rest quietly.
6. I yield graciously.
7. I wait patiently.
8. I act deliberately.
9. I speak slowly.
10. I trust implicitly.

Supplement these with affirmations of your own. Repeat them the last thing at night and the first thing in the morning and fifty or more times during the day.

Cardinal rules for affirmations are: (1) They must be simple. (2) They must be reasonable. (3) They must be positive. (4) They must be earnest. (5) They must be unselfish.

Earnestly endeavor to put your affirmations into practice. Only applied affirmations are of any value.

* * *

Obviously to have a sound mind in a sound body, due attention should be given to the recognized rules for physical well-being.

These include eating plain, wholesome food, thorough mastication, deep breathing, temperate

habits, judicious exercise, regular bathing, ample rest and diversion, and sound sleep.

The conquest of self—the overcoming of fear, worry, resentment, irritability, and other negative states—is the greatest achievement to which one can aspire. It pays rich dividends in mental stability.

Good health, mental and physical, depends upon right thinking and consequent right habits of life.

Vigilantly guard your mind against erroneous and destructive thought as you would guard your house against intruders.

To be really well, you must be thoroughly good, and goodness is primarily of the mind and heart. Right thinking strengthens, stimulates and nourishes you. Cheerfulness and good humor are a tonic for the mind and body.

* * *

The Prayer Of Perseverance

Starr Daily

When he is young the Christian prays,
Lord, Thou hast said in many ways
Knock and the door shall open wide:
In faith I knocked, in faith relied,
And, lo, the door swung wide for me.
Revealing all life's mystery.

Now older grown the Christian prays,
Lord, Thou has said in many ways
Knock and the door shall open wide;
In faith I knocked, in faith relied,
And still in faith I knock today,
And still in faith I kneel to pray.

Now in the fullness of his years,
And now the master of his fears,
Upon his brow a lustre grown
The Christian kneels in prayer alone
Behind the door of sturdy lock,
Lord, teach me further how to knock.

(The door opens into character, not by success in prayer, but by failure. The defeat on the Cross becomes the Crown of Christ. The knocking prayer calls for heroes in the spiritual life. Babes are wooed by demonstration.)

☪ A vital faith cannot remain static.

Guideposts to a Vital Faith

Austin Pardue

FORMULA FOR THE FUTURE

There is a formula for frustration and disaster; it is a way of life which inevitably invites evil and sorrow. But there is also a formula for achievement and victory; this is a way of life that invites blessings and opportunities. Each man's future is largely determined by the formula, the way of life, he adopts in the present. Most of us are quick to recognize our misfortunes — social, economic, physical, personal, and familywise— though we are seldom aware we have brought most of them upon ourselves by following a negative, harmful formula. On the other hand, if the Christian fundamentals operate within us, we live constructively and we reduce the number of our misfortunes. What is more, we have the power to stand up to the troubles which remain.

INGREDIENTS IN THE CHRISTIAN FORMULA

What are the fundamentals of our religion? What are the ingredients in the Christian formula for successful living? They are known as the "Theological Virtues" of Faith, Hope, and Love. God willing, I shall write a continued series on these

fundamentals; this first article is an outline, a condensation of those to follow in the months to come.

THE GREATEST ELEMENT

The greatest element in the Christian formula is Love. Basically, love is expressed in humility toward God and compassion toward mankind; but these attitudes have many ramifications. They include: surrender to the will of God; willingness to face the truth about oneself; the rooting out of self-pity and selfishness; open warfare against all hate, resentment, vindictiveness, and jealousy; and fearlessness and good will toward all people.

Granted, no one on earth can fully express such an attitude of love; but if we adopt it as our foremost standard, God will be well pleased. We may slip and fall, but if our desire to be loving remains dominant, God will never cease to forgive us and to grant us the power to start anew. At Confirmation we do not promise to be perfect. When asked, "Do you promise to follow Jesus Christ as your Lord and Saviour?" we reply, "That is my desire." The desire to be loving—not unsullied perfection in love—is what God expects of us.

THE NECESSARY COMPONENT

Jesus repeatedly said that no great spiritual acts could be accomplished without faith. Faith means to believe. "Only believe," and "Thy faith hath made thee whole," are the kind of statements Jesus made constantly. There are no limits to what can be done if faith is present.

Some "intellectual" may protest that he can live without faith; yet most of his activities are done on faith. He buys food, takes medicine, accepts checks, travels in airplanes, crosses bridges, rides in elevators, sails oceans, starts a business, gets married, has children, undergoes operations—all without proof or assurance of successful completion. He lives by faith, whether he likes it or not. He may say, to be sure, that he acts on the basis of the experience of other people—others, for instance, have successfully done all the things which he undertakes. But this same reasoning can be applied to Christianity, for millions have been able to live victoriously and to accomplish miracles because of their faith that the love of God would never fail.

THE ACTIVATING AGENT

A vital faith cannot remain static; it must become transformed into hope. Hope is activated faith in the form of expectancy. It is faith in action. Faith makes us agree with

St. Paul that "all things work together for good to them that love God"; but hope makes us live in the knowledge of that truth. Hope means living in the confidence that there is a Divine Process of Unfoldment working out a plan for the good of everyone who loves God and believes in Him. It means having the assurance God has plans for us better than anything we can "either desire or deserve."

When I look back upon my own life I can see that God has led me through a fantastic series of surprises which have come in spite of what sometimes seemed to be hopeless situations. I know now they only appeared "hopeless" because I did not see with the eyes of faith.

THE LABORATORY

The ingredients of faith, hope, and love are not poured into an individual all at once. No one can make the formula work simply by saying to himself, "From now on I'm going to possess the virtues of faith, hope, and love." These elements are produced in a "laboratory," which consists of regular, faithful worship.

Worship is devotion to God expressed in praise and thanksgiving. The more we praise and thank God, the more He is able to "bless and keep us." This is because our recognition of His gifts makes us worthy of having them, and prepares the

way for us to receive more of them. To worship, therefore, is to recognize the good that has already come our way, and to thank God for the greater good that is on its way. And by such a worshipful attitude we grow in faith, hope, and love.

A CAUTION

However much we may make this formula our own, Christianity is not a guarantee for the elimination of

problems and trouble. All of us have burdens to bear at times; none of us escapes being confronted by death, disappointment, and tragedy. Sometimes we may even be called upon to carry a cross for someone else. But we can "be glad and rejoice" in those things, not cringing from them like pagan cowards, for in Christianity is the power to go through pain and hardship to victory.

* * *

I Ask a Miracle

Elizabeth Searle Lamb

WHEN a situation arises that has apparently no solution, when there is a desperate need to be met, when an emergency of body, mind or soul arises — then I ask God for a miracle.

Miracles are not confined to Bible lands and times; they are happening all the time. With God are all things whatsoever possible. He can bring into action a higher law that does not set aside or reverse the natural laws of the universe but that transcends those laws.

In time of great stress I turn to God, my very urgency forging a stronger link with Him than I often achieve under ordinary circumstances. Yet that link cannot be forged if I allow fear to block my mind and soul, freezing into im-

mobility the thought that must move Godward. If I can reach through to God it may be that God will use me as a channel through which to work another miracle. Or it may be that another person, some inanimate object, or some force of nature may be His instrument. No prayer ceases until its answer has become manifest. By miracle, by natural development, through whatever means God wills, every problem given to God is solved at last.

"Behold, Jehovah's hand is not shortened, that it cannot save; neither his ear heavy, that it cannot hear." (Isaiah 59:1)

Dear God, I ask; I know that I shall receive. My need is already known and I accept with thanksgiving, with praise, with humility, the answer, whether or not it appear to be a miracle.

SEEK YE MY FACE

"When thou saidst, Seek ye my face: my heart said unto thee, Thy face, Lord, will I seek."—Psalm 27:8.

THE SOUL of man has an irresistible affinity for God. "As the hart panteth after the waterbrooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God," says the writer in Psalm 42:1. St. Augustine declares, "Thou hast made us for Thyself and we are restless till we find our rest in Thee." God is our homeland. He has made us in His image and likeness. He has planted in us that which can only be satisfied by Him, and by Him alone.

The summer is over. Now is the time to decide to accept the constant invitation that all of us feel within, "Seek ye my face." The only answer that will give us happiness is to answer, "Thy face, Lord, will I seek."

When you wake up in the morning have a quiet time. If you are parents, have a morning period of family worship. Touch base, so to speak. Feed on something from the Bible. Read a page from some book of daily devotions. Bow your head for a few moments as a family unit and thank Him for the day, for "this is the day that the Lord hath made." This is the only day you have. The past is gone forever, and the future is but a dream. Today is real. Ask Him to guide you, to lead you, to live in you and work through you. Ask Him in some way or other to glorify you that you may glorify Him. Ask Him to take charge of your brain and your tongue so that your thoughts and your words carry His presence as they affect others.

You will be tempted to give up the practice, but keep it alive. A friend told me that one morning her teen-age daughter said with sarcasm, "Do we have to do this every morning?" She was shocked. Should she continue morning devotions, or not? She decided she would continue the next morning as usual. Next morning there was not the slightest hint of rebellion, and the practice has continued for years. The daughter knows she has been blessed by it. Another woman hearing this story said, "Oh, if I had only done that. When my family objected, I stopped it, and our days have never been the same since as a family unit."

Be jealous and zealous about seeking His face every morning as a family unit. It pays dividends.

Read: **Spire of the Spirit**, Frederick Harris, \$2.00.

THE HEAVENLY VISION

"I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision."—Acts 26:19.

IN MANY WAYS Paul is the most successful of all the apostles. He did the most to universalize Christianity in its infancy; he covered more territory and it may be assumed that he reached and converted more people than any of the others. He was the super-salesman for Jesus Christ. I think that if someone had asked him the secret of his success, this statement would serve the purpose admirably, "Whereupon, O king Agrippa, I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision."

Paul had a tremendous experience on the road to Damascus. Undoubtedly the seed of that experience was planted long before, probably at the stoning of Stephen. It had to take root, but "in the fulness of time" it burst forth in a heavenly vision. The important thing is not the vision, but his obedience to it.

There are moments when God breaks through into everyone's life. It might be in church, some chance remark of the preacher; it might be seeing a little act of kindness; it might be wandering the woods when autumn has painted them into fairyland; or it might be a night when you are quiet just before dropping off to sleep. You see, or you sense, human relationships as they might be. You catch a hint of a new heaven and a new earth, just as did John. You see life with a meaning and a goal. Kindness and love take the place of cruelty and hate. You feel the closeness of God and you know that He is life and truth and all that matters. For a little space of time you have been transformed by the renewing of your mind in Christ Jesus. The unrest within is completely satisfied.

What did you do about it? Were you obedient to the heavenly vision? If you were not, have you ever been as happy since that time? If you have, you know that the only way to keep the vision is by being obedient to it; by doing your part to live it and show it to others.

The choice is yours. You can live in the ruts of life amid the spites, the hates, the suspicions, the cruelties and the fears, or you can lift up your eyes and be obedient to the heavenly vision and have life. One choice leads to death, the absence of everything that makes life worth living. The other leads to vibrant living. "For I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth, saith the Lord God; wherefore turn yourselves, and live ye." (Ezek. 18:32)

Read: **Come Follow Me**, Glenn Clark, \$2.50.

THE DISCIPLE AND DISCIPLINE

"Take my yoke upon you and learn of me . . ."—Matt. 11:29

THE INTERESTING thing about these two words, "disciple" and "discipline," is that they both come from the same Latin root (*discere* - to learn). We Americans are not attracted by discipline; and certainly no one who has ever been in the armed services has any liking at all for it. We associate it with being forced to do something we do not want to do. Yet, when we think of the word "disciple" we immediately associate it with the twelve who were so close to Jesus, and that little band has a great attraction for us.

A disciple is one who has learned to take upon himself the discipline (the rule, the drill, the habit of obedience) of his teacher. Jesus himself had a rule of life, a habit of obedience, and he invites everyone who would be his disciple to take that same habit (or, discipline) upon himself. It might be stated in his own words, "My will is to do the will of him that sent me and to accomplish his work." He asks us to take this yoke, or discipline, upon ourselves and to learn of him. And, the surprise he has in store for us is the promise that his yoke is easy, and the "burden" of it is light, and he tells us the result of such a course of action is "ye shall find rest unto your souls."

When a young man came to Jesus and asked him what he should do that he might have eternal life, Jesus told him to keep the commandments. The youth insisted that he had kept them, and Jesus then said, "If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: and come and follow me." The word for "perfect" here means "complete." Jesus was completely abandoned to God, and he knew that our completion would only come about to the extent of our complete discipline to the will of God. Jesus was completely God-centered. Nothing was permitted to interfere with that devotion.

According to Jesus, the will of God was not some nebulous feeling, but it was concrete action shown in the feeding of the hungry, watering the thirsty, freeing the prisoners, sharing his thoughts and hopes with the Father in prayer, giving hope to the hopeless, instilling courage for fear, raising the dead, healing the sick, and establishing in men's minds their kinship with God the Father. The disciple is one who learns through a habit of obedience, and this is the key to why Jesus so emphasized the discipline of "doing."

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

Books of Interest

Norman K. Elliott

MARCHING OFF THE MAP, Halford E. Luccock. Harper, \$2.50. 191 pages. A book of good sermons by one who is well known for his conciseness and insight into the problems that we all face. For anyone who likes to travel along with a sharp, analytical mind, and with a deep and humble spirit, this book by the "Simeon Stylites" of *Christian Century* is an adventure you will like. Some of the sermons are: "On Trial for Your Life," "Going Around in Circles," "The Hearing Ear," "Maximum Living," and "The Rim of Your World."

POSSIBILITIES UNLIMITED, Daniel L. Morris. Harper, \$2.50. 191 pages. The sub-title is "A Scientist's Approach to Christianity." I think the book will be especially profitable to the budding scientist and to the scientific worker who has not gone far enough in the study of science to be aware of its basic assumptions. To the Christian with little scientific background it will clear up many points about science and the men of science and their connection with Christianity. It is an honest book and an interesting one. The whole point is that Christianity and Science are not opposites, but that indeed they hold more in common than has been thought. It might be summed up by saying that it would be most unscientific to say that the Christian Faith (used very broadly and certainly not in any denominational sense) is impossible, but that rather Christianity for the scientist and Science holds 'possibilities unlimited.' There are many excellent illustrations for the speaker and the writer and the teacher. I think that mature young people, the college student particularly, would find it most worthwhile and that it would give them the incentive to try Christianity without feeling they had compromised their intellectual respectability.

THROUGH VALLEYS TO VICTORIES, Starr Daily. Doubleday, \$2.50. 220 pages. This is the third book that Starr

has had published in two or three years, and I am sure that some people will consider it the best of them. It is a very good book—deeply spiritual, clear, warm, and sharp with the insights of one who has lived what he has written about. The book is made up of entries from Starr's prison journal of 1928 when he applied the 23rd Psalm to daily living. You will like it, and there are few people I can think of who will not want it. Starr says that the book has been rewritten, but that the original entries remain unchanged except to try and make his experience and understanding more clear to the reader. Being written in the first person, one has the feeling of sharing the intimacies of a great soul.

EMMET FOX, Harry Gaze. Harper, \$2.00. 150 pages. There is probably no name that is better known in the metaphysical field than "Emmet Fox." His books, the best known of which is *The Sermon on the Mount*, are world known. The remarkable thing about the book, at least from my point of view (and still I am not too surprised by it), is the remarkable reverence shown by Mr. Fox for Jesus. In fact, depending upon how one interprets the words used, one might even assume that to Mr. Fox Jesus is more real and more sincerely worshipped than by some of the more orthodox. I enjoyed the book immensely. The story of the shy Irish lad, an electrical engineer educated in England, the lad who got his introduction to metaphysics by writing a paper for a Roman Catholic school in Ireland, and who became world famous for his ability to make spiritual truths real to the average person, is well told and inspiring.

SPIRES OF THE SPIRIT, Frederick B. Harris. Abingdon, \$2.00. 174 pages. Frederick Brown Harris is now Chaplain of The United States Senate, and the author of the syndicated column "Spires of the Spirit" which appears in numerous newspapers throughout the

country. This book of meditations is made up of selections from his newspaper column. As one might expect from their source, they are cosmopolitan, well written and will appeal to the average person.

GOD'S WORD IN MAN'S LANGUAGE, Eugene A. Nida. Harper, \$2.50. 191 pages. I did not begin this book with much enthusiasm, but I ended it with a lot of joy. I thought it would be a somewhat dry chronological account of the work of the American Bible Society in translating the Bible into many languages and dialects, but instead I found it to be an intensely interesting and anecdotal story of the men and women who do the translating in the field, the problems they face and the effect of their work. Then, there is one chapter that is worth, many times over, the cost of the book. This chapter is called "Greek and Hebrew Treasures" and it takes up words like "Love" and gives you the precise meaning of them as they are used. This is done in a manner that is so illuminating and instructive that you immediately want to go around showing these "treasures" to your friends. There is also the story of the spread of the Bible from the early church, great names like Waldo, Wyclif,

Tyndale, etc. come alive, and you begin to sense as never before that the Bible does indeed contain "words of life." There are a lot of illustrations that speakers and writers will find valuable.

A MAN AND HIS GOD, Russell J. Humbert. Abingdon, \$1.50. 124 pages. A blurb on the jacket says, "Inspirations for men who want a faith that works," and this is a good description of the book. These 22 meditations, or inspirations, will appeal to men (and to women too). They talk about realities we face day by day in the home and offices, and the prescriptions are definite and practical. I cannot imagine any man who is even remotely interested in God who will not get much good inspiration from these pages.

PERFECT EVERYTHING, J. Rufus Moseley. Macalester, \$2.00. 152 pages. This is a new revised edition completely reset, with two extra chapters. The longer one lives with Moseley's *Perfect Everything* the greater a book he is convinced it is. When one understands Jesus as does Rufus, then truly He is "Perfect Everything," I like it very much. The book is very popular in the British Isles, even more so than it is here.

* * *

Thou art a gift of God to me, my friend,
 To Him I will in gratitude commend
 Thy life, that whatsoever may befall
 Thine outward being, He be all in all.
 That neither grief, nor joy, nor loss, nor gain
 May bring excess of happiness or pain;
 But in a holy calm thou mayest move
 To fullest knowledge of His faithful love.
 Thy soul, that day by day, His light may glow
 Within its depths, and other souls may know
 The peace that Love of Christ alone can bring,
 To those who deem the soul a God-like thing
 Thy life, thy soul, and thee, I thus commend
 To Christ, whose gift thou art to me, my friend.

—Selected

☐ If we can move completely through the crises, we pass into a higher dimension of being.

The Value of Crises

Rebecca Beard

THE Chinese word for crisis is made up of two characters; one stands for disaster and the other for opportunity.

Crises represent extremes of tension. The waves of the ocean rise to their crest, then fall back into a trough. After these peaks and dips of ultimate position, a complete reversal must be made. At the point of highest tension an explosion takes place with a tremendous release of energy.

Years ago, Thomas Troward, the great English metaphysician, compared the crisis in an individual life to the octave. We go through a full octave of experience until we reach the last note. That note becomes either the first note of the higher octave or we drop back to begin the same octave again.

One's life is usually made up of smoothly moving cycles. There is seldom anything to show where one cycle ends and another begins until we are challenged by suffering, loss, frustration, or deep desire. Then we are shaken out of our usual daily activity and brought to a point of extreme tension from which one of two things must happen—either we

go on over into the next step or drop back into the trough of the wave. If we can move completely through the crisis, we pass into a higher dimension of being. If not, we fall back and must repeat the experience.

We have witnessed this phenomenon for years in medical practice. We have known, for instance, that a person carrying a syphilitic infection which has resisted treatment might have a sudden virulent infection of another germ, and in the violent fever which followed be cleansed of the syphilitic infection, if the organism had sufficient vitality and strength to go through the crisis. It seemed to be literally burned out of the system. This idea has been used in a courageous manner by artificially inducing high fever to cleanse the blood stream and tissues of old infection. It is dangerous because there is a nice point of tolerance involved, but if the organism can take it, the results are satisfactory.

Recent experiments in reducing substances to a temperature near absolute zero give us a perfect illustration of the transcendence of the

From *Everyman's Mission*, Rebecca Beard. Merrybrook Press, \$2.50. To be published this Fall.

laws of a lower plane when we are able to move into a higher dimension. Results of these experiments are confusing the physicists themselves. Laws are being discovered which do not conform to the laws of matter as we have always known them, and scientists find it difficult to adjust to these later findings that are coming in constantly. Yet, they are facts that must be accepted and faced. In the study of metals and substances brought near to absolute zero temperature, many phenomena have been reported similar to those that DeBroglie found in the subatomic world while pursuing his study of wave mechanics (See page 56 of *Everyman's Search*)—phenomena which prove that the laws of matter do not apply in the areas below matter where we deal with pure energy.

It is now possible to reduce substances to temperatures of almost absolute zero. For some strange reason it is not really absolute, as 2.2 degrees of absolute zero is as low as it is as yet possible to go, but for the sake of brevity, we speak of it as absolute. An ordinary loop of copper wire, attached to an electric light wire, will transmit a current of electricity when it is plugged into a light socket. That is a law of physics which we all know. When contact with the socket is broken,

the current stops flowing. That is also a law of physics familiar to us all. But if the copper wire is reduced to absolute zero, something happens to the substance of the wire which reverses all known laws! The current will pass through it as before when it is plugged into the socket, but withdraw the plug from the socket and the unexpected thing happens—the current continues to flow through the wire! That is not a law of physics. What is it? And how do the physicists explain it? They say that the resistance of the wire is reduced to a minimum; and since there is no longer resistance, the current, once started, can continue to flow as long as the temperature of the wire is not changed. At absolute zero the known properties of matter—density, specific gravity, and cohesion—cease to exist; therefore the current will continue to flow until the temperature is raised and restores the resistance.

Our resistance is our ego. When we come to the zero hour, we can pass through the crisis if we are willing to reduce the resistance of our little self to a minimum by learning the true humility which Jesus taught us. For some of us, the zero hour is not reached until we go through tragic sorrow or pain. This need not be. Those are indeed blessed who can believe without putting their fingers into the nail

holes or living through the horror of the crucifixion. But those of us who cannot accept by faith have to experience the suffering and catastrophe.

The teachings of science and humanistic philosophy have brought many young students to the point where they believe that if they are not self sufficient they are helpless. They have not developed faith in a source beyond themselves of inexhaustible power upon which they can draw. I was one of them—an intellectual snob of the first water. When my colleagues said to me, "You are through; put your affairs in order for you cannot survive another heart attack" I could scarcely believe it, even though the attacks had been terrifying. There was a tenacious hope that I could, by sheer force of will, bring myself out of it. But when they gave me up and I stood alone, at last I realized it was going to take something more than my own will power to pull me through. Besides, my vitality had been sapped to the point where I no longer, of myself, had the strength or the courage to fight. Where was I going to go? Upon what was I to depend?

There was only one place to go and that was on my knees. I cried out, "What are you? Where are you? I don't even know what to call

you, but come and talk to me. If you are there, help me. Either take me out of this, or send me on."

And because my surrender was complete and my admission of failure absolute, there came a tremendous illumination of Reality. I saw my real self as always existent. I saw that there was nothing wrong with the real me except the beliefs which had been piled upon me and accepted. I was covered, as it were, with barnacles, scales, and chains that weighed me down because I believed them.

With blinding clarity, I saw that I was part of the life of the universe. I was one with it. It was not a thing apart from me; it was part of me and I was part of it. The words of Jesus came back to me, "I and my Father are one," and I knew what he meant! Out of the crisis and that great illumination I went on over the crest into another dimension—into perfect health and another form of life.

In our personal lives there are often emotional crises which are the result of accumulated tensions. Due to the piling up of negative emotions within us, our daily cycles of living spiral into a crest of intensity. When we reach the climax, the struggle becomes fierce. Something of the lesser self within us must die, and the ego does not die easily in most of us. The willful, imperious self which wants what it

wants when it wants it and in the way it wants it regardless of what it may cost, has to be crucified. The earth man or Adam-self must be reduced to a point where the Christ-self can be resurrected in us. Only there, can we rise into a higher plane of expression.

But suppose we reach that climax and the ego in us refuses to die. Some acute disappointment, some deep hurt, or tragic loss brings us up to the crest of the wave, but we rebel and fight rather than let go and accept; the ego in us cannot quite give up. Then all of the tremendous energy that is released there at the zenith of tension becomes polarized in the negative and hurls us back into the depths of the trough. Out of the darkness of that reaction come hate and revenge, viciousness and bitterness, and sometimes, a cruelty that stupefies us. It is only when we go on over and the little self is really lost that we come out of the spiral into the next dimension. But if we cannot let go of the ego and so lower our resistance, then the release of energy will throw us back upon ourselves, rather than up and over.

Recently we have witnessed the extremes of cruelty exhibited by minority groups when they were not able to go over the crest, and all the generated power released was polarized into negative expressions of hate, bitterness and revenge. On

the other hand, we have seen a defeated nation, humbled in acknowledgment of its tragic mistakes, slowly being transformed into greatness.

The large scale crises which affect human destiny seem to come not in steady cycles, but in great mutations. Today we are probably in the midst of one of these epoch-making changes. We have reached the crisis of a wave and are at the point of moving over into another dimension. We have traversed the scale of advancement and are at the last note of the octave. The disturbing vibrations of the diminished seventh chord are in our ears, and we long to hear the full major chord of the higher octave.

In the passage of a comet near the sun, when it reaches a point where the attraction to another center is very great, it is turned out of its original circular orbit and is "captured" by the sun. As the attraction becomes greater, it is forced into an elliptical path at an accelerated speed. Within the next few years masses of people will understand this analogy and experience transformation. For the first time in two thousand years the attraction of Jesus Christ, standing as the central figure in the world, will draw men as the sun draws the comet. Many will be moved out of their self-centered paths into a tremendous orbit around Him. There

will be a release of powerful energies. If only we can conquer our national ego, along with our individual ego, we will touch the seventh note of the octave. The world

will call it a sweeping religious revival. But it will be more than that. It will be high destiny. It will be the next step in evolutionary advance of the race.

* * *

Creeds

Grace R. Ballard

I may not ask the creed
 which you subscribe to;
 Quite rightly it may differ
 from my own;
 The query on the rugged path is
 "Are you
 Facing toward
 His Universal Throne?"

* * *

Thanks Be to Thee

Alice Miles

Thanks be to Thee for all Thy good,
 For cool summer shade in the quiet wood,
 For rain, the smell of earth, and everything that lives
 Upon this earth, and all it gives.
 For winter snows which blanket every growing thing,
 And feed the soil that it may bring
 Renewed vitality for Spring.
 For Autumn when abundant harvest's in,
 When all the grain is stored in crib and bin.
 And for the feel of hard-packed, cold wet sand on feet when bare,
 One walks along the beach and breathes the clean sea air,
 The while one greets the dawn, a spectacle so rare,
 If seen but once, would find men prostrate everywhere.
 For blazing sun at noonday, which warms both sea and land,
 For all Thy bounteous goodness one sees on every hand.
 For cool of summer evening, a garden in which to rest,
 One is serene and knows how greatly he is blessed
 But most of all for Thy great Peace, to live
 With thanks to Thee for all which Thou dost give.

How My Life Was Changed

Winslow A. Beckles

IN EARLY 1950 I suffered from a serious attack of diabetes and was rescued from death largely by the skill of my physician and friend, Dr. A. George Daly. Acting on medical advice I decided, during my days of convalescence, to go on two weeks' vacation. A brother minister of another denomination, who had just returned from Saratoga Springs, strongly advised me to take advantage of these healing waters, and I made up my mind pretty definitely to accept his advice.

About a week later, while preparing to deliver a sermon before the first post-war Synod of the Moravian Church at Bethlehem, my colleague, the Rev. Samuel P. Reinke, suggested that I visit Merrybrook, Vermont, which he described as "a place of spiritual renewal." Merely as an act of courtesy I promised to consider the suggestion. I just couldn't see overmuch what "a place of spiritual renewal" had to do with my physical health. In point of fact I forgot all about the suggestion.

But "Sam" followed his suggestion with a free copy of Rebecca Beard's *Everyman's Search* which aroused my interest in spiritual therapy, so that when I next met him at our Church's Convocation a little later and he questioned me

about "Merrybrook" I felt I had no alternative but to transfer my affections from Saratoga Springs to Merrybrook because of the fascination which the subject of faith-healing had begun to hold for me.

However, I first took the precaution of writing to inform my prospective hosts that I am a man of color. This was necessary to avoid embarrassment on either side. The reply I received to my application was, "Come along!"

In September 1950 I left Harlem for Vermont and on arrival at Merrybrook I was received by Mrs. Martha Bussinger who introduced me to the others.

And this introduction was the beginning of a fellowship that became more fruitful with each day. Although the people there and I were complete strangers, belonging to different ethnic groups, different religious denominations, and having different national backgrounds, we found in Christ a common center of communion. We practised the presence of Christ, prayed and meditated together, and did all we could to live out the principles of His gospel.

One result of this fellowship was that we found the experiment in Christian love and Christian living both enriching and rewarding. An-

other was that I experienced a mystic fellowship with Christ such as I have never had before. And last, but by no means least, I found myself completely healed of diabetes. I have not found it necessary since that time, nearly two years ago, to consult a doctor. Needless to say the experience has completely altered the course of my thinking and in consequence my life as a whole. It has aroused in me a practical interest in spiritual therapy and caused me to dedicate the rest of my life to the healing ministry.

The great change which has come over my life may be gauged from the following excerpt of a letter of gratitude which I wrote the Rev. Reinke during the latter part of my first week at Merrybrook:

"Dear Sam—Peace and health be unto you and yours! I am making fine spiritual progress. We live here as a family and meditate at 12 noon and 6 P.M. daily. I am, however, in addition, reading avariciously by day while I spend hours at night in union and communion with Christ.

"Since coming here I have completed Rebecca Beard's *Everyman's Search*; Joshua Liebman's *Peace of Mind*; John Maillard's *Healing in the Name of Jesus*; and William Axling's *Kagawa*; and I am now reading Glenn Clark's *How to Find Health Through Prayer* which I hope to finish tonight.

"I am bludgeoning my body into

subjection and am dying daily unto sin. I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live; yet not I but Christ liveth in me. I am enjoying the rapture of fellowship with Christ Who is Incarnate Love, whose light illuminates my body and whose love fills me to overflowing.

"Merrybrook means a lot to me, for it is here I crossed the border from error to truth; from darkness to light; from sin to salvation; from death to life. Merrybrook is my garden of Gethsemane and my Calvary.

"When the Holy Spirit, Incarnate Love, directed you to commend Merrybrook to me I at first shrank from taking the bitter cup, but Immortal Love would not let me go and I made the Great Decision. From then on I found I could do nothing else but follow the urge that grew ever deeper and stronger. I wanted to go to Saratoga Springs but the Holy Spirit chose Merrybrook for me, and here I am having a baptism in His cleansing stream, washing, as Glenn Clark so ably describes it, the seven layers of my being—the skin, nerves, blood vessels, organs, mind, sub-conscious mind, and soul.

"This crossing of the border, this baptism, this new cleansing, this death, and the displacement of the former old man by a temple of incarnate love opens up a new situation. Far beyond my little congregation, and even beyond our denom-

ination, my thoughts reach out to suffering humanity the world over. I can no longer keep them in chains, and as I write I feel His Love, His Spirit, His Light and His Power vibrating throughout my body. He is with me now. I'll stop and rest in His everlasting arms.

"His healing Love and Light I commend to your tired body.

Winslow"

On my return to my pulpit at the end of an eventful two-weeks' vaca-

tion at Vermont my congregation listened with unprecedented interest to my sermon without notes.

At the close of the service quite a few remarked, "Reverend, you have changed." The following Sunday I preached at a sister church in New York where members expressed their thanks to me for revealing Christ so vividly to them. Yes, ever since my Merrybrook experience, people have been taking note that I have been with Jesus.

* * *

My Lamp

Louise Woodman

Joy is the wick in the heart of my light,
Hope is the match to make it bright—
Love is the flame, whether clear or dim,
Peace is the steady glow lit within.

* * *

Pathway to Joy

Emily Sargent Councilman

I used to think that joy
Was only found in ways of service
To God and others, in His name.
But now I've learned that joy is gained
By yet another path, as well:
The path of suffering.

There comes a deepened joy through loss and pain,
When vision clears and larger love is born;
More radiant courage, increasing faith
That through these seeming fetters,
The soul is building greater strength
For service unto God.

☪ Koinonia is putting faith to work.

Koinonia

Harold R. Harding

THERE'S a puzzling new word bouncing into the national vocabulary — *Koinonia*. Can you pronounce it? . . . spell it? . . . define it? Do you know what it is?

Answers to the first three are easy. It is pronounced *coy-no-NEE-ah*, with the accent on the third syllable. K-o-i-n-o-n-i-a is the proper spelling, although some thirty variations have appeared in *Koinonia's* mail!

The word is from the classical Greek, (*κοινωνία*) and its meaning is rich in Christian implication and tradition. Literally, it is "the holding in common," freely translated as *co-operation, partnership, participation, friendship, and communion*. Paul and the gospel writer John use it to describe the fellowship of the Holy Spirit and the ritual of Holy Communion.

What is it? It is an experiment in combining prayer-girded faith and love-girded service to help meet the very real and desperate needs of the world. It is a training center for helping men and women to weave the eternal threads of God-consciousness into their worldly techniques, to make a whole cloth of vibrant service. It is a center for information, for projects to help the world, for enlisting and recruiting techni-

cians who can work abroad with love in their hearts.

The idea and originating force behind *Koinonia* came from many sources, but the Camps Farthest Out were the channel for combining the ideas and enthusiasms into a reality. The basic idea is found in the pamphlet *Daring Religion*, published in 1943 by a group of 14 men (Glenn Clark, Starr Daily, Glenn Harding, Rufus Jones, Stanley Jones, Walter Judd, John Magee, Rufus Moseley, Frank Laubach, Orris Robinson, Henry Lee Robison, Samuel Shoemaker, Howard Thurman, Abraham Vereide) who met annually at New Year's in the national capitol. It sprang into flame at the Rhodes Grove CFO in 1949 with Frank Laubach and Starr Daly.

Walter Fiscus became the spearhead and first president of the newly-incorporated (October, 1949) *Koinonia* Foundation, serving for two years. *Koinonia's* home, a former estate near Baltimore, Md., was secured under his leadership.

Frank Laubach and Glenn Harding assumed leadership last fall, with Laubach as president and Harding as executive director.

Koinonia training, launched in the mid-winter of 1950 with a pilot handful of trainees, is a prayer-based approach to a strictly modern

problem. Its aim is to build a fund of Point IV-type technicians whose skills are not limited to engineering, farming, teaching, etc., but who know and can use the techniques of the spirit with vitality and contagion.

That people of this sort are desperately needed is a widely-recognized fact by administrators of government, mission boards, and private agencies. Thoughtless Americans, over-proud of high living standards and a multitude of gimmicks, have sabotaged our reputation abroad. We must send our best and most dedicated people, these leaders warn.

Koinonia's training is built on the thesis that Christ-motivated people, living by prayer and faith expressed in vibrant action, are the only ones who can do the job. The grand aim of the Foundation is to start a steady flow of such Christian technicians into all channels of foreign work, whether Point IV, United Nations, industry, missions, or private agencies.

A real and inclusive Christian fellowship is the base element of the training course at Koinonia. Seminars, discussions, and practice of the vital elements of prayer and the Bible follow. Semi-academic work is included to give trainees a factual understanding of the world: psychology and counseling techniques, foreign cultures, public

health, literacy, and credit union management.

In addition to the resident faculty duties carried by Glenn Harding and Frank Olmstead, who doubles in brass as treasurer of the Foundation, faculty members from Baltimore and Washington, D. C., lead weekly periods in the schedule.

Special intensified work in related background subjects comes through visiting specialists, who come to share techniques and faith with the trainee group for a week or ten days. Small industry development and agricultural methods are samples of the sort of work which has been included in this way.

Although Koinonia has tried to avoid over-specialization in the trainee course, preparations are being made to include some particular subjects on a fuller scale. In the fields of literacy and small industry, where opportunities to learn such specialties are limited in this country, equipment is being brought in to permit fuller treatment of the subject. This sort of expansion is not always easy; qualified teachers in the Laubach literacy methods, for instance, are hard to find. There are only five in the United States.

The entire training course is quite out of the traditional academic pattern. There are no terms, no degrees, no "cut" systems. The program is slanted strongly to the individuals participating (sixteen at

present), and personal counseling plays a large part. Although almost all have had college backgrounds, this is not a requirement. The only real requirement is that a prospective trainee be dedicated to putting his skill to work in a dynamic context of active, contagious faith.

But the training course is only half the story of Koinonia. More and more of its energies are being put to the work of awakening our nation to the needs of other lands, publicizing the facts that we can help and must help, enlisting workers in home communities and potential workers for foreign fields, and sponsoring projects on a home and community scale which fit into this effort.

Koinonia sees the job of awakening America as the big job for today. Frank Laubach, whose literacy work in over sixty countries has made him a rare contact with the people of other lands, speaks with urgency on this need. "All Asia will be communist in two years," he says, "unless we act now. We have got to start an all-out war of astounding helpfulness to win the love of the world."

Enlistment forms for work in home communities are being widely distributed by Koinonia as a start to building a "reserve army" of Americans to undergird this effort. Hundreds have responded already.

An Easter-to-Pentecost program

called *SPA* (short for Study, Prayer, and Action), designed for use by churches, has been distributed nationally by Koinonia as an additional effort to reach American churchmen with the urgency of the need and the necessity for action on a personal level.

At the same time, contact is being made through colleges and universities, Chambers of Commerce, and secondary school heads to find the right people for work abroad.

Koinonia is sponsoring speakers (Welthy Honsinger Fisher, wife of the late Methodist bishop in India and a former missionary teacher in China, is the first) and is beginning to put contact people in the field to help with the awakening and enlistment efforts.

Using the small offset press which has been given to help in literacy training, the Foundation has printed two small pamphlets, trainee-written, which express the need and tell the story compellingly.

A listing of projects for individuals and groups is being experimentally distributed, and contact made with other agencies to determine how their programs can be helped. A large map, carefully and prayerfully prepared by volunteer workers, showing graphically the extent and unfulfilled request of worldwide aid from all sources, is now available for convention groups.

The bulk of this extension work

has been done under the direction of Evelyn Haynes, of Huckleberry in North Carolina, and Gertrude Laing of Cleveland. Both are CFO-ers, and are representative of the sort of people making up Koinonia's staff of 17, voluntarily working for nominal pay.

The entire work of the Foundation is contribution-supported. Camp

Farthest Outers have supplied a large share of the funds necessary for the work since the inception, and have generously underwritten new expansions again and again.

Koinonia is young and fast-growing. It is an exciting experiment in putting the fact of faith to work in a situation of crucial present-day necessity.

* * *

The Way

Louise M. Downer

Oh God, how oft' we try to have our way
Through subtle selves, Thy will we disobey
Because we do not search beyond our doubts.
To know Thy plan for man is all that counts.
Striving, stumbling, drawn between the wills of God and men
We reach a height, then faltering, fall again.
The stream of economic pressure grows
Engulfing men within its clutching throes
Until the darkness hides Thy face, once more
And we, not Thee, again have closed the door.
Oh God, will we, Thy wayward children ever learn
That Thy commands are ever sure, yet stern?
And from our fallen place, in dire dismay
Admit the plans of men were not the way.
Then penitent, submissive at His feet
Hear Jesus saying, from His mercy seat,
Lift up your heads, regain your sight
I am The Way, The Truth, The Light.

* * *

A Song to Share

Viola Merritt Lyle

Lord, give to me a singing heart to bring a neighbor peace—
Light up the gray fog of my mind with star-shine and caprice.

I would pin wings upon my thoughts and meet Thy dreams in air;
Coming to bless Thy wistful world bring me a song to share!

☞ Frank Laubach reports on India.

Prayer Opens India

Frank Laubach

IN THE following letter from Dr. Frank Laubach we see the War of Amazing Kindness at work:

Kasganj, U.P., India
January 22, 1952

Dear Literacy Partners:

When we reached India my soul soared. Everybody was much friendlier than they had been a year before. In 1951 we reached India while our Congress was still debating about the two million tons of wheat for India. Every stranger we met seemed to look at us with sullen dislike. Only our friends treated us kindly. That was a year ago. But this year all is changed.

The customs officials positively apologized for even looking in our baggage. Somebody loaned me five rupees so that I would not need to get any money changed before morning (we arrived at 3:00 a.m.). Everywhere we have felt the same friendliness from the Indian people. Every American we have met has felt the difference, too. It was caused by several factors.

First, we did give India the wheat at last, and it did help to relieve the famine.

Second, Chester Bowles, our new Ambassador, has captured the love

of India by his democratic ways. He and his family ride bicycles, as do the common people of India. Only the rich use automobiles. The Bowles children are going to Indian schools, and studying in tents because there are not yet enough permanent buildings. Ambassador Bowles dresses like any business man. So the common people like the whole family.

This January 5 the Ambassador and Prime Minister Nehru signed an agreement that India should receive 54 million dollars of Point Four money for technical and other assistance. None of this is for military purposes. The Indian Congress searched the agreement with great care for some objectionable clause, but concluded that the gift was being made without any strings attached, and without any motive save the technical development of India.

This was the most unselfish gift ever made to India, our fellow republic, and the Indian people were grateful as well as astonished. Here is a sample of the "war of amazing kindness." The resulting bond of friendship proves again how miraculous can be the kindness that goes the second mile.

Just as thrilling a story is India's first election—the most enormous

election of free people in the history of the world. There are 180 million voters. In America we have about 60 million voters, if I remember correctly. It is thrilling to see how the people talk about the issues and the candidates. There is surprisingly little rumor of fraud or corruption, certainly no more than we have in an American election. The percentage of voters to the total population is as great as it is in America, too.

It is taking three months to finish the election. Thus far the Congress Party has won, but the communists are strong in South India, especially among the very hungry people. It is very clear that we can do a good deal to help India succeed as a democracy by helping the people out of their hunger, disease and ignorance.

Here in the Orient the two largest countries, India and China, are trying side by side the two leading theories of government. The Chinese are ruled by a small tough core of communists; those who dare oppose that communist center are liquidated. No freedom of the press or of speech or even of thought is tolerated, and their land reform goes on by means of unspeakable brutalities.

The situation here still looks perilous, especially with 85 per cent of the people illiterate and even

more than that number deep in poverty.

But there is a third reason I feel a great new hope. That is because a new movement is starting to help lift India out of poverty. It is called the Economic Development Plan. Fifty villages are to be helped by experts to increase their farm production, learn home industries, improve their health, and become literate.

Point Four, the Ford Foundation and the Indian government will work on it together.

Horace Holmes, who suddenly came into fame because he doubled the production at Etawah, has been employed by the Indian government to develop these fifty centers (see *Life*, "Asia" issue, Dec. 31, 1951). I had dinner at his home in New Delhi and he urged me to help find men and women who could help develop literacy campaigns and produce literature.

Already, here at Kasganj, we are plunged into this tremendous project, to help train a few writers. Mr. Holmes hopes that World Literacy can help find the personnel for literacy, simplified writing, illustrative art and printing. In addition, he is searching for the proper kinds of agricultural experts from all over America.

What a chance for the Christian church of India and the United States. For among Christians we

must find the men and the women with the technical skills and the overflowing love of fellow man in their hearts. These men and women must possess ALL the qualifications to lift people and to win their love.

So—in spite of the fact that the cold war battle is going badly for us in the rest of Asia, these are three big reasons for new hope in India.

Affectionately,
Frank Laubach

GREATEST VICTORY OF THE CENTURY

The announcement from UN headquarters that India has at last conquered the famine situation, which has been productive of so much misery in the past, is one of

major importance. Last December Mr. Arnold Toynbee, usually regarded as the greatest of living historians, said that five hundred years from now people will look upon the UN Declaration of Human Rights as more important than the Battle of the Marne or any other historical event of the twentieth century. The conquest of famine in India is an event of like importance for the welfare of a large part of the human family. It is interesting to note that our own nation contributed to this result, not only by material gifts and loans but by the services of technicians including our ambassador, Mr. Chester Bowles, whose experience in this country, combined with his forensic ability, was of definite service in the Indian situation.

* * *

N O W *Kelsey Ordway*

The time I live is Now;
The place I live is Here;
Today, is all the time I have;
Here, is my only station found.

So, now and here, what good I find to do
What act to ease a heavy load,
Or thoughts of kindness send
Where thoughts alone can go;

This is my only time,
No other place is mine,
And I must do it now.

The Tough Art of Beginning Again

Allan A. Hunter

“YOU must not be surprised or disheartened at your faults,” writes Fenelon in *Letters to Men*. “You must bear patiently with yourself. Directly you perceive that you have done wrong, condemn yourself and ask God to accept your repentance. Begin again, as if for the first time, and do not grow weary of making continued fresh beginnings. Nothing reaches God’s heart better than such humble, patient courage.”

In the sanctuary of our church, before a simple cross of once radioactive camphor wood from Hiroshima, a small group gathers every week for an hour of silent meditation. During the supper, study, and discussions that follow, we discover that the other fellow, too, has a hard time “making continual fresh beginnings.” But that is as it should be. For repentance is very close to being the ultimate Christian art.

Whether ultimate or not, the practice hasn’t proved soft for the two members of our group whose stories follow:

Joe as a boy was quite religious, and he thought he was a very good Christian. In high school he was self-righteous and contemptuous of

other people. At last the holier-than-thou attitude backfired on him. For ten years he was an alcoholic. Here’s what he told us:

“I lost my job. There were doctor’s bills and no money. My wife left me. Then I thought I was going to lose my boy. Overcome with a feeling of guilt I bought a New Testament—a Weymouth. The new translation caught my imagination. I read Luke right through and became absolutely entranced with Jesus’ teaching. I saw that salvation, for me, meant trusting that which Jesus said was right.

“It was a revelation, a tremendous experience. Here were excitement and adventure—what I was looking for in those exploring expeditions in Mexico. I was walking on air. But that was only one of the new beginnings. From then on out I had to have severe disciplining to break me free of pride.

“I had a facility for reading philosophy and history. The reading gave me a feeling of knowing what was happening while nobody else knew. It took many tough experiences to knock that arrogance out of me. But the compulsion to drink left right away. In its place there

came an enormous revolution in my attitude toward people. With sympathy and compassion, I looked up old friends who hadn’t been successful.

“Later there was real tension as I tried to reform. When the temptation would hit me to quit because of discouragement, I would say, ‘No, it has always worked before. It will work this time.’ The mood of discouragement would go. Now I have fun, real fun, putting myself in the place of the people I work with. The real job is to love my neighbor as myself all the time. I have to accept the fact that I don’t, that I sin. But I can also accept grace, the eternal life I am already in. I don’t earn it. But there it is. I have found that a man can be as I was and still am, not too intelligent, absent-minded, and with all human frailties, and yet have a satisfying, worth-while life.

“So it would be impossible not to thank God and praise Him, and it would be impossible not to give the credit to Jesus. For his sake I am very anxious to help people like myself to realize that Jesus’ gospel is not something involved. It is simple. I am also eager to have every Christian say ‘If I must boast I will boast of my weakness, for when I am weak then I am strong; for it is Christ who worketh in me.’”

Such “humble patient courage” is

coming to a climax in the deep will of a friend. He lives too far away and is not physically strong enough to come often to our fellowship, but when he does we sense afresh how important it is to bring oneself to singlehearted loyalty to God, no matter what the cost. For Michael, the cost has been high. And the reward? It too has been high.

In his teens he lied about his age so he could be a hero in the Canadian army during the First World War. One night on the battlefield he had such a revulsion of feeling against the killing, killing, killing, that he almost hoped a shell would make a direct hit and stop the agonizing of his conscience.

Out of the flare-lit darkness a figure, “silhouetted with fire,” instantly recognized, came up to Michael, shook his head and disappeared. Objective or subjective? Michael didn’t waste time speculating. Instead, he went direct to the colonel to report that he wouldn’t fight any more. While in a dungeon awaiting execution he wondered if there wasn’t a solution in the mind of God.

There was, and this apparently, was it: He would carry the usual weapons and go where he was told. But he wouldn’t kill with them. The solution was acceptable to the colonel. Before long Michael was walking along a German trench just cap-

tured by the Canadians. He knew that if he had his rifle in his hands he might be surprised into using it, so he tied it over his shoulder.

Suddenly a German was coming at him with a bayonet. Holding out his open hands to show that no weapon was concealed, Michael explained that he loved "alles mannen." The Canadian's pronunciation was not what it could have been. But the spirit got through. The two chatted, mostly with gesticulations. After maybe fifteen minutes each went his own way.

Michael has proved in the years since 1917-1918 that a man can "hate his own life" and be Christ's disciple; he can "serve God" and turn away from mammon. He has also proved that there is such a thing as "treasure in heaven."

How terrible has been the pain he has trained himself to live with since his back was injured in the war, one can only guess. All we know is that when we friends of his complain of our personal suffering and he tells us that anything can be endured he has earned the right to speak.

About two years ago Michael went to the doctor to see about a new ailment. When he heard the verdict "Parkinson's disease," the doctor was amazed at his calm. Here was someone who could really

take it. To digest the shock Michael went to the library. There he read how in certain cases the patient turns to stone. "Maybe I shall turn to stone," he whispers to his friends with mock awe, and then breaks out laughing over the prospect. "If that does happen, you won't have to bother to bury me. You can just make a niche in the church and stand me up in it like a holy statue!" Humor like that the world cannot give or take away. It is the by-product of putting God first. And so is the tranquillity that Michael enjoys and shares. The other evening he let members of the group in on an experience through which he reached what the psychologist calls acceptance and the Christian calls commitment:

"For months after the specialist told me what was wrong physically, I kept unconsciously praying 'O God, make me well. Please heal me of Parkinson's disease.' Then, one day, I realized what I was up to. Just begging. Just asking for special favors. When I saw what I had been doing I shifted gears and said, 'God, I have been fooling myself, imagining I had really handed this whole thing over to you. But I hadn't. From now on, however, I'm going to try. All I ask for now is the Spirit, the courage to endure'."

Michael has most certainly been given the courage to endure. His

body looks much better. But that is incidental. The all-important thing is the healing that has taken place deep down out of sight. There is no repressed anxiety now, the anx-

iety of ego making frantic demands for itself, insisting on having its own way. There is only the love that seems almost completely to have cast out fear.

* * *

A Prayer for the World

Elizabeth Searle Lamb

DEAR GOD, this is a wonderful world, this world in which we live. It is a world ever changing, ever growing, ever new. It is a world in which lie potentialities of abundance and freedom for every man, woman and child. However, it is a world in which You have given us free will, to exercise salvation or to wreak terrible destruction as we choose.

Help us then, all the seeking, searching millions of us, to choose Thy way, the way of Life. Help our scientists to push beyond, as they are fast doing, beyond the realm of the purely physical until they reach the spiritual realities of life underlying the whole universe and its pattern. Help every man and woman to take that step, to go beyond the things seen and felt and tasted and smelled, until they acknowledge from the heart and soul that You, our God and Father, are the Source of Life and the One Way to Life.

Help us, Father, those of us who are now acknowledging You, to be a leaven throughout every nation

on every continent in every hemisphere to raise the whole body of the people into that same acknowledgement. Help us so to pray and so to work as to bring Thy Kingdom into earth as it is in heaven.

Dear Father, help every nation in the world to become a truly Christian nation, acknowledging Thy power, Thy wisdom, Thy mercy and Thy love. Let all the leaders seek Thy guidance. Let the world choose the way, Thy Way, of Life.

Prayer is the basic exercise of the spirit.

THE EMINENT PHYSICIAN has said:

"We must never summon God merely for the gratification of our whims. We derive most power from prayer when we use it, not as a petition, but as a supplication that we may become more like Him.

"If the power of prayer is again released and used in the lives of common men and women; if the spirit declares its aims clearly and boldly, there is yet hope that our prayers for a better world will be answered."

From the Desk of Glenn Clark

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

How can I be protected from those who criticise one?

The way to overcome friction or opposition from the earth forces is to accept opposition in its entirety, so completely that it fades into its native nothingness. The evil others see in you is then swept away. For anything that is whole ceases to be friction, ceases to be opposition; and is converted into harmony and friendship.

Protecting yourself from attack or from evil in others consists of taking care to keep yourself from getting in their zone of action. If their zone is hate, then you must keep free from similar emotions. Insulation is not isolation, neither is it unsympathetic. Insulate yourself by a touch of heavenly Love and Humility or Forgiveness and nothing can touch you.

Second, keep yourself whole. The strategy of war is to divide the enemy. Recognize instantly when you are being divided. Fear and hate divide; love and trust unite. The moment you achieve unity surge onward and no obstructions can block you. Each time you score through wholeness is a definite count; it cannot be erased.

Third, keep prepared in advance. Put your consciousness on the higher level before you start out each day. Keep tuned in with the High Force and every-

thing or everyone who functions on the lower level of mere appearances will be swept aside.

How may I help others?

In approaching a person you want to help, the preliminary preparation should be the holding off from that person temporarily the pressure of conditions relative to his normal life. Just lift away from him the pressure of the mundane world. The moment you lighten the pressure it creates a vacuum, as it were, into which all the beautiful potentialities from heaven flow in and fill him. Do this for three days for a loved one, and you will be amazed and he will be amazed at the strength and new lightness that has flowed into him, against which the heavy mundane pressures cease to have the power of the past. The only thing which delays this development in him would be the lack of faith or desire on his part for this help. No limit can be placed upon the blessing that could be his if he has avidity enough to take it. This avidity rests in his subconscious more than his conscious and there are many who ask for help who are really very soggy and others who do not ask who are all aquiver to receive within their inmost self.

The more one helps others the greater his own power of radiation becomes. This radiation has a circulatory action like a lawn sprinkler, turning almost like a searchlight.

This is a symbolical way of saying that not only must love be in it but joy. While love has a steady movement, joy is always moving. This radiation is like a dance.

This radiation has a power that is almost unbelievable when two or three or four come together and let their love and joy meet and intermingle in the vast interstellar spaces, something like the cosmic rays. This might be called Illumination Rapture. If four persons joined thus together in spirit should raise the four points of the compass and raise their arms and touch their finger-tips much as the broadcasting apparatus of the radio, and let their love and joy go out to anyone to whom they turn in thought, the effect would be tremendous. While standing thus, if they would then turn around in a circular motion the spiral waves of power would reach the whole world.

One would not need to do this in body; one could do it in spirit, in mind and soul. This is what Jesus meant when He said that when two or three agree (symphonize) together anything that they ask could be done; mountains could be cast into the seas and the mountains of troubles could be swept out of the hearts of men.

Are there such things as auras that some people claim they see?

We laugh at the idea of auras but they are quite real. You go near a fire and that has an aura; so has ice. When

people attend college or a camp or a church their auras intermingle and at once chemical action begins.

One can pour himself into his friends as completely as water is poured into buckets. The wonderful thing is the more people he pours himself into the more of himself there is to pour into others. It is like the widow's cruse of oil. As you pour yourself out, God and all Nature pour themselves in. You can become receptacles for the healthful auras of the birds and the tides and the sunsets as well as of your friends. It is infinite fun to contain the whole world, mixing up all the shades and colors in infinite variations, of all the people you love and all the scenes that you have been thrilled by.

To pour yourself out you must rise to great heights of Love and Trust. When you touch this level, somebody is prepared to answer you somewhere if you have a real need they can supply. This is the Universal Conductor.

Moreover, whatever one turns his attention to ardently, anything he loves, anything he adores, he *becomes*.

How can one obtain this wonderful experience? Just by shutting your eyes and loving people is the real way. If one keeps his eyes open, he is kept too busy looking at the outside of people. Occasionally shut your eyes and see their souls, love people for what they are. Do not see their habits, their indulgences, their frailties, but see and love their possibilities.

* * *

Lord, Let Me Be an Artist

Edna Hull Miller

May I be unselfish
Not for man to see—
But let me proximate
The lifting heart of Thee.

May the good I do
To the human race
Etch a tender line
On some hungry face.

On Prayer Groups

Ethel Dow

THE LORD THY GOD WILL HOLD THY
RIGHT HAND, SAYING UNTO THEE, FEAR
NOT; I WILL HELP THEE.

The sorrow of the world is resting heavily upon our hearts these days and more we are leaning on the promise "He will guide thee by His Counsel." The dangers are so great that we dare not rely on our own wisdom but knowing that this is God's world that we live in and knowing that this deep pulsing urge to do our part has been planted by Him we can write in this prayer suggested by Norman Vincent Peale. Let us together pray every day.

"Almighty God, I humbly ask guidance that I, as a responsible citizen of the United States, may see and do my part in helping to choose the right man as our President. Help us to select the man who will follow Thy will in this crisis of our history. Amen."

To hunger and search to know the right choice calls for a high adventure, an act of communion with God. A Choice to be quiet so that the door of our minds will be opened, so that we can recognize the men and the forces that are working for a better world.

With this in mind a letter is going out to the Secretaries in the different states asking for a roll call of our prayer groups across the nation and around the world so that we can get together to pray, love and serve. Will you all help by sending in the name, address, telephone number, church affiliation and place of meeting?

If your group is having a night or hours of Prayer will you let us know that also? There is a great contagion probably fostered by Retreats being held, an expansion due to the program of the Camps Farthest Out emphasis on Prayer and the steady work of the churches.

The letters are thrilling evidence of this steady growth and this month come from Hawaii, England, Africa, Canada and the United States. From the Eastern States "Our interest in world affairs is keen, we seem to feel it so strongly here, probably because we are so near to the efforts of the United Nations. Our groups need the prayers of all the groups across the nation."

From Washington D. C. comes assurance that "we sit in on different sessions of the House and our many groups are constantly in prayer—do join with us."

From Louisiana comes the news of great Prayer Group expansion which we will hear about in our next issue.

Texas and Oklahoma have had a new kind of expansion. Men of God willing to go all the way through Prayer and example have been a mighty influence in helping to carry the other fellow's burden.

From Illinois comes this cheerful letter. "All indications are that it will continue to increase"—referring to Prayer Group activity. "I have three young women who want to start a group meeting with me when it begins."

From California comes the news of a prayer chain. "Our Prayer group is the Christ For Others Group. We meet at the _____ church and draw from _____ five towns. We draw from Unity, Methodist, Episcopalian, Congregational, Baptist and Presbyterian churches. Some pretty wonderful things are happening in our group every week. Our minister is wonderful and is a good influence on other ministers.

The idea of the chain is to reach as many people as quickly as possible. The chain ends with those who work, or are very busy or with those who are in another prayer group so they may start another chain. It also serves as a mailing list as complete addresses and phone

numbers are opposite the names. In our larger groups are included the Tuesday and Friday morning groups. These small groups are set up for women who can work as smaller units within the large group."

From Chicago, Illinois:

"It is my hope that we may have a number of folks praying on Tuesday for the President and governmental affairs. The group in _____ Illinois is praying with us. In _____ Illinois the group meets Sunday evenings. This group really does feel a deepening of the Spirit

amongst themselves and a real overshadowing of the Holy Spirit."

The letters are an inspiration, each showing a different emphasis and assuring us that "God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform." God, the author and giver of Life is our only source of love and health, for ourselves or for our Nation. Give us a clear vision O God, and sense to carry on. Amen.

This is your department:

Send to
3124 West Calhoun Blvd.
Minneapolis 16, Minnesota

* * *

Primal Power

Alexander Seymour

Love is the force that towers
Above all earthly powers;
It is life's blending factor,—
Yea, the heart's benefactor.

* * *

A Mother's Prayer

Sarah Tatum Smith

Please send an angel with him, Lord,
He's young and careless too;
He is so intent on football,
Perhaps he forgets You.

He doesn't always say his prayers,
Or realize sin's sting,
But if he sees a child fall down
Or bird with broken wing,

His long legs race and he is there
To give his eager aid;
He's tall, Lord, but he's so young
Not thoughtful yet, or staid.

So you'll forgive him, Lord, I know,
And help him if you can.
Lend me just one spare angel, please,
Until my boy's a man!

The World Needs Prayer

Miles Clark

WHAT WILL THE NEXT PRESIDENT DO? Presidential conventions and elections excite all Americans and interest millions of people all over the world. We note especially the concern of our Allies and friends over our selection of a national leader and Congress.

No matter who the President is on the morning of November 7, the loser can thank the voters for one thing. He will be spared the burden.

Prayer is urgently needed to face these real facts of our economy and nation:

WAR—The experts say that the war in Asia will drag on; and there will be new incidents and crises in Europe. The new President can do one of three things, none of them encouraging without God's guidance: Step up the war in Asia and the cost in manpower and funds will be beyond endurance; keep up the present "small scale" and it will still cost us up to 15,000 casualties and 5 to 10 billion dollars per year; make a peace and the Communists will claim a great victory which may cause them to precipitate action in other areas.

AT HOME—No matter whether we are pacifists or not, the "good times" we have been having are due to military spending. This will begin to taper off as it reaches its high point in 1953. The pinch is beginning to be felt already in some areas. Perhaps there will be a "bust" in 1953 or 1954. People will be upset. Profits and wages will drop. There will be less money to tax and meeting the expenses of government will be harder for the next President. Tax cutting will be almost impossible.

Farm surpluses are going to be piling up if the weather is good this year. If the government does not support farm prices, an important part of our country faces hard times which can soon be reflected in all of our lives. But with

any "bust" wages will be lower and city people will demand cheaper food. The President will have to meet these two basic problems.

The fact is that so many people (meaning almost everyone) have asked the government to do things for them that it is going to be hard to cut back anywhere. Even those who protest against the government helping with social security are benefitting through an FHA insured mortgage on their property.

Father, we have all sinned through our selfishness, either by direct act or by giving support to selfishness. We are fast approaching the time when an accounting must be made. Forgive us for not loving our enemies more, for not husbanding the resources you have given us as stewards. We are not dismayed by the great problems that face us for we have faith that if we trust in Thee we shall not be deserted.

Give special strength to the new President. Out of this great contest we pray that there may come a finer harmony, a greater national accord than we have ever experienced before. Keep us in Thy faith, O Lord. Amen.

COLLEGE AND CHRISTIANITY. Is Christianity at odds with fact and reason . . . is it always reasonable? This is one of the most frequently asked questions by college students. A survey of 5,000 college students by Dr. Glenn C. McGee, reported in *Presbyterian Life*, comes up with this question. Two other questions that are equally important to the students are: *Isn't one religion as good as another?* and *How can I prepare for and keep my marriage happy?*

Dr. McGee sent questionnaires to the student body of nearby University of Arizona. He reports that "the response to this whole venture has been thrilling."

Other questions asked by the students in order of frequency are:

1. Why so many churches? Will they ever become one?
2. How can I develop a mature philosophy about the simple things I have believed all my life?
3. Can I believe the Bible from cover to cover?
4. How can I find my place in and get the most out of life?
5. How can I develop a faith to match our confusing day?
6. Why do good people suffer?
7. What is the case for survival after death?

Dr. McGee attempted to answer some of the questions in a series of Lenten sermons.

Our Father, we thank Thee for opening our eyes to the questing spirit of youth. Help us to be able to speak out in answer to these questions not only of young people but of all people. Amen.

ARE WE FEAR RIDDEN: 1. Will there be a book that your prospective employer looks into before he hires you? There is one in the radio-television field called RED CHANNELS. It was written by several free lance writers without special qualification and is taken in large part from an unofficial and unverified rumor list that has gone the rounds of Washington and which not even Senator McCarthy has felt was of great importance.

Yet this book of rumors rules the networks. A new book by Merle Miller, called *The Judges and The Judged*, attempts to analyze the book carefully and prevent it from becoming the basis for walking papers of thousands of loyal Americans. Miller's book is backed by the impartial American Civil Liberties Union.

2. Another answer to fear-inspired black lists comes from one of the fore-

most young Episcopal clergymen of the nation. The Very Reverend Francis B. Sayre, Jr., Dean of Washington Cathedral, in a commencement address in late May asked if it is good for us to allow ourselves to be forced into a mold. As an example of enforced conformity, he said that the movie industry was making a loyalty investigation of its workers at the behest of the American Legion. He said that men thus are forced to account to the American Legion and other "100 per cent American groups" for their character and integrity. This was the next thing to being answerable to Moscow, he said.

Father, protect us from the anti-Christ on the one hand, and the forces of fear on the other. Free us from the burden of suspicion. Amen.

STRAWS IN THE WIND. Burma's first freely elected Parliament chose as the country's President, Dr. Ba U . . . India and Pakistan have finally come to a friendly agreement on the question of Kashmir. After several years of bitter disagreement and border warfare, the two countries have divided up the several important roads in the Japaiguri district of West Bengal and the Dinapore district of East Pakistan . . . Actual poverty in parts of England has fallen from 17.7 per cent to 1.66 per cent in the last five years. However, a new low income group are the clergymen, authors, and university teachers.

SPECIAL PRAYER SUBJECTS. *Germany* is still two countries and will be a place of tension until it becomes one. However, there seems little likelihood of that for some time. East Germany, dominated by the Soviet Union, is making warlike gestures because West Germany has just signed a peace contract with the United States, Britain and France. Not all of Germany is happy about the treaty and its companion European army treaty.

Italy has just completed an important election of city officials. Premier Alcide

Gasperi's Christian Democrat party has made new inroads into the Communist blocs in many areas. But the south of Italy is still strongly Communist.

Japan faces the possibility of new riots now that the United Nations have withdrawn and the Japanese take over their own rule. However, there is some feeling that the anti-foreigner sentiment that is always built up during an occupation

will change now. Japanese are upset over the anti-American riots and will probably police themselves more carefully.

THE WORLD NEEDS PRAYER, Dear Father. Change the hearts of men, for men are the instruments to change the world. We pray for humility and strength for a great task that never seems to get done. We ask it in Jesus' name. Amen.

* * *

My Song

Fern Curtis

I sing my song today;
In vibrant faith;
For God is guiding.

I sing my song today;
In tones of love,
For God is speaking.

I sing my song today;
A pean of joy,
For God has answered.

* * *

Registered Standard Brand

Edna Hull Miller

A Christian knows he left with God
A faulty human heart
For God repairs His standard brand
Created from the start.

A Christian checking Godward gains
May find some worldly leaven
And right himself because he wears
A price tag made in heaven.

Prayer Works!

"Thank you for placing my little friend in your prayer box. Immediately she began to improve and now all of the rash is gone and she is able to eat almost everything. Praise the Lord!"—*Illinois*

"The prayer tower is literally a tower of strength for me, and I thank God every day for your Blessed Christian Fellowship of prayer, and I can truthfully tell you even in our small circle, it is reaching out and drawing people to God because it fills a great need."
—*Washington*

"Received your encouraging letters and the helpful booklets and things you sent and want to thank you from the bottom of my heart. I am better already. I feel the uplift of your prayers. I want to thank you for the privilege of being an 'invisible' pray-er, thus helping the needs of your prayer room. God keep you always."—*California*

"I am happy to report to you that our little girl who had rheumatic fever is cured. Her parents drove 75 miles to thank me for sending in her name to the prayer tower. We know that God has work ahead for her little life. 'Now

unto Him who is ABLE to do exceedingly abundantly more than we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us,' is my prayer."—*Indianapolis*

"We wish to thank you for your loving kindness. Your prayers have helped us more than we can write you. The literature has come and we read every word of it; we pray with you at ten every day. God bless you!"—*South Dakota*

"I bless you and thank you for your prayers, as well as the blessed ministering angels who certainly had charge of my little boy and the doctors through the operation. It really was wonderful. The Drs. said they had never seen a tonsilectomy recover so fast. Please quote me to other mothers who are trusting their beloved children to hospitals; it may help to assure them that 'their angels do always behold the face of the Father' and will take care of them if we trust."—*Pennsylvania*

"I want to thank you for your letters and the blessings they have brot into my life. I do as you suggest when the pain is bad—place my hand over it and pray as directed and I am getting much

THE UNITED PRAYER TOWER

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

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

Address: The United Prayer Tower, 1571 Grand Avenue, St. Paul 5, Minnesota. Telephone: DEsota 5036; after 5 P.M., Saturday afternoon and Sunday, call Mrs. Fisher at DUpont 4983, Minneapolis, Minnesota, or Mrs. Ecoff, DEsota 7365.

better thanks to God's help. The widow's mite is enclosed. How I wish it were increased tenfold."—*New York*

"Thank you so much for your letters and your literature. Sometime ago I sent in a number of requests for prayer and it is wonderful how ALL of those prayers have been answered . . . I thank God for answered prayer and may He bless you who have prayed with me. Accept this love gift for your work."—*Pennsylvania*

"I asked you to pray for guidance in my returning to the teaching profession; the prayer was answered by my election to the position. I know it was only thru prayer and God's will for me that this came about in spite of many obstacles. Thank you for your help."—*California*

"As graduation and the final date draws nigh, I pause to thank God and the friends that helped me through . . . Your letters have been the greatest source of inspiration I have yet received. Please accept my sincerest appreciation for the services rendered. I still carry your letters around with me. I read them when I feel discouraged or when I am uncertain. From them I can always find the inspiration I need. I am truly very grateful to you and I thank God for friends like you."—*New York*

"What a temptation it is to feel 'all alone', and how ridiculous! What a comfort and joy, tho, to put out a hand in trouble and have it grasped by the strong, experienced, faithful hand of the prayer tower!, and there is no doubt of the swift, balmy blessings you radiate to the world. God bless you!"—*Pennsylvania*

"You are like the great Yerkes Tower of prayer. We thank God for your integrity and goodness. You carry high the torch, and we are grateful that we can phone you any time and find you there."—*Illinois*

"I cannot tell you how much it has meant to me during these past years to know that when things get 'thick' and the burden heavy that I can ask you to add your prayers to mine. Our friend Mrs. H. phoned to say that the Dr. said her eye operation was successful. Thank God!"—*Wisconsin*

"It is a wonderfully comforting feeling to know that one's cares and well-being is being held in the minds and thoughts of spiritual friends. It gave me a feeling of being cared for, and loved and helped both spiritually and physically. From my heart I thank you."—*Texas*

"You have been working with me for many days and I'm sure you will give thanks with me that I can now go to work a little each day. My strength is returning slowly but surely and I know that God has heard our prayers. Thank you for continuing with me for a while longer. Gratefully."—*Minnesota*

"Praise the Lord for healing given to my arm, which I use freely now and which causes me no discomfort. Thank you for sending your love across the ocean to reach me here in Africa. God bless you dear friends, always."—*S. Rhodesia*

"Thank you for the comforting words you spoke over the phone last week when I phoned in great distress. I went back to my loved one with a heart full of joy and gratitude for unknown friends who send God's word out so powerfully. We know that the outcome will be according to His divine plan, and we thank you for your assurance."—*Virginia*

"Your telegram arrived a few hours before I went to the hospital. God is good to give us just what we need at a crucial time. The telegram accompanied me to the operating room and never left my bedside during the time I was recuperating. It was to me a part of the Great Physician who took over my operation. Words cannot convey our thanks."—*Maryland*

New Books for Fall 1952 --

Come Follow Me

Glenn Clark

Cloth Bound, \$2.50

Unconquerable Kagawa

Emerson O. Bradshaw

Cloth Bound, \$2.50

Probably all have wished they had lived during the days of Jesus and associated with Him and His disciples. In this new book, Glenn Clark does just that. He goes back in imagination and becomes an intimate with the disciples, he walks with Jesus and talks with Him, he is a first hand reporter to the events that appear in the gospels and, in the experience, he discovers the Jesus who is both the Son of Man and the Son of God.

This is a warm book, free-flowing, inspirational, imaginative in the best sense and yet true to the general outline of the gospels. It is the kind of book about Jesus that the average person will appreciate and love.

The story of the modern Kagawa, written by the man who accompanied him on his recent American tour. It is an intimate report of the personal habits, opinions, convictions, hopes and the commitment that impels the Kagawa of today. Here are his ideas about the recent war, The United Nations, modern missionaries. There is a section of "Crucial Life Experiences of Toyohiko Kagawa As Recounted by Himself In His American Lectures." He tells his plans and hopes for the New Japan, how to cope with Communism and challenges the Christian World to accomplish its task.

This book brings up to date everything else that has been written about him.

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