

Clear Horizons



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Winter, 1955-56

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As We Go To Press

The growing recognition by the medical profession over the recent years of the value of attitudes in regard to health will likely be one of the marks of our era. That those in religion have been saying there is a relationship between religion and health is well known, but now medicine is saying the same thing — perhaps in slightly different words, but nevertheless the same. The article by **Dr. Reichert** (p. 1) is an excellent addition to the subject . . . Light has always been associated with things that are high, Godly and lifting and **Aylea Forsee** (p. 6) draws our attention to it. . . . Albert Einstein can truly be called a genius and when one considers what has resulted from his discoveries he might be called a *breath-taking* genius. **Charles A. Wells** (p. 7) gives us a look at the religious side of the great man. . . . **Celia Caroline Cole** (p. 9) writes about a subject that has come more and more into its rightful place in private devotions during the past few years. Silence is being practiced more today among Protestants than for many, many years and one has only to talk to a few people to realize how effective it is in deepening the spiritual life. . . . Life is a journey along an open road, but it need not be fearful nor lonely. **Harold W. Ruopp** (p. 15) writes with the depth of understanding that comes from having lived life and tasted many of its changes. At present he is counselor to the ministers of the Minnesota Council of Churches. . . . Most of us associate Holy Orders with a particular habit of dress, or at least the dress symbolizes an inner commitment. **Harold M. Mallet** (p. 37) shows us that we can all take upon ourselves Holy Orders of inner commitment without the outer garb, and that this commitment will not only change us but help to change society. . . . **Agnes Sanford** (p. 43) is not only one of the most stimulating writers on spiritual matters in this country, but she is one of the most interesting and challenging speakers. As she was born in China of missionary parents, she can speak from one point of view that is closed to the rest of us, and it is from this point of view that she writes for us "Can We Save China?" . . . **Bonnie LeFever** (p. 57) tells us that faith is not merely waiting, but that faith can increase and grow faster if we put a little effort into it.

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Clear Horizons

Sixteenth Year

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□ A doctor reveals the facts on the laboratory-tested tie between . . .

Your Faith and Your Health

Philip Reichert, M. D.

YOUR FAITH has more to do with your state of health than you may suppose. Once, people believed that the laboratory had nothing to contribute to religion, and vice versa. Many people still believe so. But through the years I have seen the science of the laboratory and the confident faith of individuals grow closer together. During this past year, they have grown very close.

As a doctor, I have since the beginning of my medical career sensed the relationship between science and faith. Never will I forget the winter night a quarter of a century ago when I was a substitute interne in a busy New York hospital, and was assigned to my first ambulance duty.

All eyes of that tenement family were upon me. In those eyes was the feeling of confidence, assurance, and relief at my mere presence. From that look I knew then that the person of the physician is anointed even as the Prophet of Israel anointed the

ancient king; that the doctor bears upon his brow and in his breast the holy oil, that the hopes of his patients are laid into his hands and that day and night, and day again, he may not lay that trust aside.

The peace that fell on that tenement household was born not of my knowledge or skill but of their pathetic need to believe in me. The body is not sound if the spirit is fretful.

We have a system of knowledge based upon experiment and we measure all things by what we call objective truth. Our age is obsessed with the thought that herein lies maturity. We are obsessed by the objective and by the material. When we speak of the standard of living, we mean the material standard. We are talking of things, not ideas, not ideals. We have, we think, come of age; we feel that we know now what counts in life. It is ships, and steel, and buildings, and roads. It is commerce and industry.

By permission from *Christian Herald*, May 1955.

We are regimented in salary brackets as though we wore livery. We call a man a ten-thousand dollar man or a twenty-thousand dollar man. We look up to the millionaire who looks up to the multi-millionaire. The thing that counts is the material thing; the thing you can touch and see or the thing you can wear. These things are real—UNTIL ONE IS IN PAIN! The crises that are faced upon the sickbed are the loneliest experiences in the world. Every man faces them for himself. Every man must do his own suffering and every man must do his own dying.

If you feel superior to the poor tenement family, remember that you are feeling well, well-fed, well-clothed. You are not facing the urgency of pain or the fear of an unknown something that grips your heart and makes you wonder whether tomorrow is for you. I have never known a man who was not leveled by that dark fear, no matter how bravely he had whistled in the sunshine. And curiously enough, this is true even for doctors and for laboratory scientists for they, too, are men. And since we are living at a time when truth is conceived as something that lives in a laboratory and since I must admit that I am impressed with laboratory truth, something one can demonstrate in a test tube or under a microscope, possibly you may be interested in some new things that are being done in re-

search laboratories that bear upon this question of the spirit and its relation to the body.

From a Canadian laboratory comes the study of the endocrines. You are all familiar with the excitement that you feel when you see something fearful, such as an accident. You stand transfixed. Your pulse goes bounding, your throat is dry, your breathing labored. Nothing has actually happened to you, and yet there are all those actual bodily changes. This is called the alarm reaction and it is caused by an outpouring of adrenalin into the blood. Adrenalin is one of the hormones. It is a chemical, something that we can measure and handle; it is something real. It is made in a gland in the body and it has many physiological uses.

But the important point is this: Seeing the accident from a distance, not being touched at all, can cause a change in our body chemistry. We have all had that experience and from that it does not seem difficult to understand that continued stresses and strains, even minor ones, can cause milder body changes. Real chemical changes, mind you, that can be continued over hours and days and years, can ultimately affect the body in a profound way. Actually this is what does happen and it is called the adaptation syndrome which slowly changes the chemical constituents of the body and causes many of the chronic diseases which we

have called the degenerative diseases, such as arteriosclerosis, certain types of arthritis, high blood pressure, heart disease. These stresses also interfere with our digestion. They interfere with our nutrition. They allow other sinister influences to act and to multiply. They allow infections to take hold by lowering our resisting mechanism which also is part of this general adaptation syndrome.

Here is another new thing: There is a disease in which the internal pressure of the eyeball increases. It is painful and it results in blindness. It is called glaucoma. A West Coast laboratory recently studied eighteen patients with primary glaucoma, in an endeavor to demonstrate a relationship between emotional maladjustments and this very definitely physical disease. Every one of these patients gave a history of anxiety, anger, or depression, associated with a frustration in life which was present at the same time as the symptoms of the glaucoma appeared. This, of course, could be coincidence even in eighteen patients, because lots of people have frustrating life situations. But these scientists, however, were working in a physiological laboratory and they took measurements of the ocular pressure before each interview, during the interview, and after the interview. It was no coincidence that during the recital of the symptoms in the interview, as each patient recited these frustrating per-

sonal problems, the scientists could actually demonstrate that the ocular pressure increased.

It was possible to demonstrate in these same people other nervous phenomena: a lack of balance in automatic nervous reactions which can be explained simply as an exaggerated response to the normal pattern of mobilization to a biological crisis.

Our third interesting report comes from the Eastern seaboard and occupies an entire printed book. It has to do with the study of a man who, because of an accident in his youth, had an opening directly into his stomach through which the mucous membrane lining of the stomach was visible. This type of observation is nothing new, since a similar situation has existed a number of times in the last hundred years. But the new thing about this report is the fact that the observers were interested in the reaction of the stomach to emotional situations. The observers were lucky in this regard for two reasons. First, they were able to employ the subject as an assistant in their laboratory, and so he was available under constant observation throughout the day. Second, he was an extraordinarily diligent and conscientious person, was easily upset by changes in routine, was much distressed by failure and was easily angered by such a thing as an unjust accusation. They could watch an entire range of emotion and what

it did to the lining of his stomach. They were able to photograph pinpoint ulcerations in the lining of the stomach that occurred in this individual within minutes after he had experienced anger, sudden anxiety, fear, disappointment, or a frustrating experience.

I am not moralizing. I am merely quoting scientific reports, modern objective facts. But read Isaiah 30:15 and you will see this sentence: "For thus saith the Lord God, the Holy One of Israel; In returning and rest shall ye be saved; in quietness and in confidence shall be your strength."

We are living in an age which we may well call the "Age of the Arrogance of Man." In a single lifetime man has conquered the air, girdled the globe with words, sent music through stone and steel. He has conquered the elements, caused rain to fall at his command, and probed into the atom. He has traveled faster than sound. The age-old dream for a panacea that would be the universal cure has been nearly realized in the antibiotics. All this in a very few years! There is little of nature that man does not feel that he will soon control. If there were ever a time when man might well be arrogant about his mastery of the world, the natural world, this would be that time.

But also it is the time when in that very arrogance of the mastery of things we have turned from mas-

tery of self. A whole section of the world is pledged to materialism as a political creed. Some of us even here are attracted by the idea of power, instead of by the power of love. Some of us think of the security of material things, not realizing that this can be only material security.

But we now know as laboratory truth that peace of mind is more than a state of the mind alone. It is reflected in the very chemistry of the body. The blood and the sinews respond, and that response can be measured and counted.

Every person who makes the effort can find his particular road and achieve the spiritual security that would make the potions, the pills, the artificial sedatives, and soporifics unnecessary. To those of us who are failing and those of us who are obstinately pursuing the wrong road, insisting on doing the things that in our sane moments we know are wrong, the price of that failure is high and the ever-mounting cost at the very end is summed up in agony.

Each man must seek and find and hold something that will give him spiritual security. For each person that will mean a different thing. One will find it in his work, another one will find it in love; a third may find it in a charitable enterprise, or in politics, or a hobby. By far the greatest percentage of people find spiritual security in the church, in religion, and in prayer.

One thing is certain. Spiritual security is not found in material things. It is never found in the things that one *acquires*. It will always be found in that which one *does*, and most important, in that which one *gives*.

Security of spirit does not mean the death of intellectual activity. Faith and knowledge must serve each other, and to a doctor they cannot easily be divorced nor need they be. For we have seen how clearly the spirit and its workings can affect the chemistry of the body, the very processes of which life itself is made.

A physician is called upon to help with the crises in life. Sometimes these are crises of disease and sometimes the disease itself is the aftermath of tragedies outside the body such as the loss of a loved one or business reverses. To a physician who has sat at many bedsides and who has held the pulse of many people who have died, this much is clear; when the time comes for the great crises, it is much too late to prepare for it. When the moment of great tension arrives, only serenity of mind can cope calmly and in many instances successfully with the grim facts that must be faced. This serenity is the result of many years of nourishing that inner spiritual security, that abiding faith, that tranquility of soul to which the very

sinews of the body respond with peace.

None of these facts is really new. The poet who always sees more clearly than the rest of us and the artist who also has second sight, these men have told us for years that we can be sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust and that we can confidently and serenely approach the final crisis of living, which is dying.

You may ask, "Why this preoccupation with dying? Do you really expect me to live my whole life to prepare for that one final moment?"

Yes. Not for the final moment of life itself, but for the pattern of serenity with which you will meet it. Even as faith and confidence and peace may give you the power to defer it, this ultimate pattern can be the pattern of each day's minor crisis, even as sleep is the death of each day's life.

The one thing that is new about all this is the fact that we need no longer take it as a poet's dream. We in this age who have made a shibboleth of science and believe only what is found in a laboratory and what is captured in a test tube, can now believe that the spiritual values of life are real. They are as real as anything that you can see or touch or hold.

This I know and this I honestly believe. This is my faith as a doctor.

☾ "Daylight will peep through a very small hole."

The Christmas Light

Aylea Forsee

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS was accompanied by unusual light. There was the light of annunciation which poured down on the shepherds when the angels proclaimed the birth of a Savior. There was the light of guidance in the Star which piloted the Magi to the stable in Bethlehem. There was the light of God's presence which shone round about the Child in the manger.

The light of God's presence and guidance is as available today as it was to the shepherds and Magi on that first Christmas. And how do we receive that spiritual light?

There is an old Spanish proverb, "Daylight will peep through a very small hole." Unless an entrance is made for light, the darkness remains. But the moment light is admitted, darkness disappears. It vanishes as promptly from a gloomy cave unlighted through centuries as from a room dark for only an hour. Receptivity, humility, a sincere desire for truth will create the hole through which light can enter.

When we relinquish our problems to God and let the light of Divine love fill our whole being we are freed from negation, anxiety, confusion, criticism, resentment, or weakness.

We must look steadfastly to God

as the source of wisdom. "For thou wilt light my lamp: Jehovah my God will light my lamp." The more we pray, the oftener we turn our thoughts to God, the more light comes to us.

Another way through which we receive enlightenment is studying Jesus' teachings. But if a Christian life is to become something more than a dim and distant vision there will have to be obedience to God's guidance.

When we express gratitude for the light which we have received we open the door for more light to pour in — in fact to unlimited realization.

Time and time again Jesus pointed out that if we would receive we must be prepared to give ourselves. "Let your light shine," he commanded. When we demonstrate that love that is unselfed, truth which never betrays its trust, a life that is harmonious, then we are letting our light shine. Every step we take in fulfillment of the Divine nature of our lives illumines the way for others, but it also lights our own path.

We will not have kept Christmas unless we behold anew the light of the inner star of spiritual guidance. That light can dispel all the darkness of the world about us.

☾ His religious feelings took the form of a rapturous amazement at the harmony of natural law.

Einstein was a Spiritual Man

Charles A. Wells

ALTHOUGH MILLIONS of words have been written about Einstein since his death, few realize that his spiritual contribution will in the end prove as great as his scientific achievements. When he made his history-shattering discovery that all existence consists of power and energy, that all mass may be found to be related to energy within the mathematical formula of the constant speed of light ($E=MC^2$), he completely halted the mechanistic and atheistic march of science. No longer did the universe exist within a fixed framework of gravitational pull and balanced mass. The universe is a living force occupying space and time, "finite now in extent, but in reality a vast finite-infinite four-dimensional universe." Out of these calculations came some of the most explosive ideas in history — a growing stream of electronic and atomic and hydrogen bombs. Although it was Einstein who suggested that the U. S. should make the A-bomb for fear the Nazis might be working on it, when he heard of the first successful test in 1945, he commented sorrowfully, "Ach! The world is not ready for it."

His attitude towards some of the current forms of patriotism created

From *Between The Lines*, May 15, 1955.

much fury and many threats. He boldly advised scientists to refuse testimony before congressional investigating committees when such testimony transgressed their personal integrity. In this respect he was frankly advising young men to disobey the law, as some extremists would interpret certain laws. But he believed he was acting within the spirit of our Constitution and in harmony with the higher laws from which all human liberties spring. The feeling against him was so great in some quarters it was said that in case of war he would have had to be "shut up and locked up." Dr. Einstein would have accepted such a fate with his quizzical good humor, would probably have thought it an excellent way for his ideas to find larger expression.

Scientists have assembled statements of Einstein that reveal the spiritual qualities of his genius:

Speaking of the scientist's religious feelings, he said it "takes the form of a rapturous amazement at the harmony of natural law, which reveals an intelligence of such superiority that, compared with it, all the systematic thinking and acting of human beings is an utterly insignificant reflection. This feeling is the guiding principle of his life and

work, in so far as he succeeds in keeping himself from the shackles of selfish desire. It is beyond question closely akin to that which has possessed the religious geniuses of all ages."

Of wealth, Einstein said, "No wealth in the world can help humanity forward, even in the hands of the most devoted worker in this cause. The example of great individuals is the only thing that can lead us to noble thoughts and deeds. Money only appeals to selfishness and irresistibly invites abuse. Can anyone imagine Moses, Jesus, or Gandhi armed with the money-bags of Carnegie?"

On the true value of a human being, "he is determined primarily by the measure and the sense in which he has attained liberation from self."

On himself: "What is significant in one's own existence? What does a fish know about the water in which he swims all his life? The bitter and the sweet come from the outside, the hard from within, from one's own efforts. For the most part I do the thing which my own nature drives me to do. It is embarrassing to earn so much respect and love for it. Arrows of hate have been shot at me too; but they never hit me, because they belonged to a world I have no connection with."

On the place of the scientist in a military age: "The man of science . . . suffers a truly tragic fate. Striv-

ing in great sincerity for clarity and inner independence, he himself, through his sheer super-human efforts, has fashioned the tools which are being used to make him a slave and to destroy him also from within. He cannot escape being muzzled by those who have the political power in their hands. As a soldier he is forced to sacrifice his own life and to destroy the lives of others even when he is convinced of the absurdity of such sacrifices. He is fully aware of the fact that universal destruction is unavoidable since the historical development has led to the concentration of all economic, political, and military power in the hands of national states. He also realizes that mankind can be saved only by a supernational system, based on law, to eliminate the methods of brute force."

On Gandhi: "A leader of his people, unsupported by any outward authority; a politician whose success rests not upon craft nor the mastery of technical devices, but simply on the convincing power of his personality; a victorious fighter who has always scorned the use of force; a man of wisdom and humility, armed with resolve and inflexible consistency, who has devoted all his strength to the uplifting of his people and the betterment of their lot; a man who has confronted the brutality of Europe with the dignity of the simple human being, and thus at all times risen superior."

☞ It is one of the great gifts — to know how to be beautifully silent.

The Gift of Silence

Celia Caroline Cole

A STEP OR TWO ahead of us is a time when we shall hear over and over, in churches, on the radio, singing in the street, chanting in our memories, "Holy night, silent night." It brings to us a feeling of peace — pleasant, soothing. But to what depths of our being it would go if sometime during this Christmas period we should close our eyes and go in spirit to that night two thousand years ago!

Holy night . . . our spirit kneels before its significance. Silent night! . . . our faces lift to the quiet stars, marveling at the destiny of this night. Softly above our heads we hear the singing of the herald angels, we stand among the startled shepherds and tremble at the miracle; and far off, silhouetted against the spreading light, we see three men riding across the desert—only three out of all the world who saw and believed, who rose and followed the star to Bethlehem.

Out of what deep silence must the voice have spoken to Mary announcing the incredible thing that was to be. In what profound stillness she must have pondered it, alone. All the miracles of the world are en-

acted in silence: the shining of the sun, the blossoming of the flowers, the coming of love, forgiveness in a heart, awareness of God. Make room for silence in our life; give it its way in you; it is the "secret place of the Most High."

There are, of course, many kinds of silence, not all of them good. There is a silence that is unyielding and surly, incasing you as if in a hard shell. Nothing lovely or good can pierce through it and reach you; you are as insulated from love and joy, from all the benefits of God, as if you were stone. An enemy silence. Pray it away.

Then there is the muteness which comes from discipline, the kind which you impose upon yourself when you want to say angry things. Perhaps some one has pricked your ego; or perhaps you are the kind of person who habitually says sharp, sarcastic words because that makes you seem witty, or because *au fond* you are unhappy and you "take it out" on people. And now you are learning to discipline your tendency by imposing silence upon yourself when such impulses come. That is a valiant silence, a high battlefield where your inner self, your great

From *Pictorial Review*.

self fights with light against the darkness and wrath of your little, so difficult and disappointing self.

And I mean fight with light and not Spartan depression. If you merely repress the retorts you want to make, they may go down into your subconscious and crop up later as some kind of chronic sickness or even in some act of violence. Fight with the light of silence that has a prayer in it, if it is no more than a cry out to the Unknown, "Don't let me sink to this!" Or call on your sense of humor — it is an actual presence in you, one of your angels. Call to it and then take a moment of silence to see things from that angle. Remember that "it is not good for man, the great potential, to have stored within him bitterness and fear and the sadness of injustice—hiding joy from him like an unholy mist."

Even if it is a righteous anger, such as Jesus knew with the money-changers in the temple, give yourself a few seconds of silence before you speak and let the words come with point and with might because you have given your inner, deeper self a chance to speak. One of the most powerful men I have ever known, a man who lived constantly before the public, almost never answered quickly. He seemed to go away some place inside of himself and listen; his eyes, though wide open, were the eyes of someone listening intently to a voice which none

of the rest of us heard. And then his answer would come, profoundly wise, penetrating, often witty, always beautiful in form free of extraneous words. Later, when I came to know him, I asked him what he did in that moment before answering. "I listen," he said, "and the words well up as if from a hidden spring."

Take time to listen for the inner voice—it will speak words that astound and comfort both you and your listeners.

Then there is the silence of not telling all you know; of not telling your plans or aims or dreams before they have been fulfilled. Not only does it build about you a lovely quietness, an inner tranquility and strength, but it also teaches you not to waste your secret power by letting it flow out in words instead of in deeds.

And there is the superb silence which Jesus knew when He stood before Herod and answered not a word, when He stood before Pilate and was silent. No word of vindication; can you keep silent at such a time and let the future vindicate you? No answering of questions, because He knew that it would avail nothing.

Can you present that gentle silence with no trace of smugness, in it, not a shadow of "I could answer this if I wished; but you wouldn't understand"? No hurt in it but a silence that is filled with vision and prayer?

It is one of the great gifts—to know how to be beautifully silent. The endearing memorable silence of a good listener . . . the revelatory silence of two people who love each other, sitting silently together, when understanding of each other wells up in the quietness, and life and they themselves grow clearer . . . but most wonderful of all, that soundless place which mystics know, that secret place of the Most High, where revelation comes to them without words, where the voice from the heart speaks to them inaudibly but with words imperishable and clear.

In pure meditation one must cease thinking and have only the listening mind. The body must be relaxed, every muscle and joint, every nerve and cell. The deep communion with that power within us which is life can come only when the body is at ease and the mind has been emptied of clutter. Feel no press of time, slip into the timelessness where "one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day." Rest in it. Sooner or later there will well up into your conscious mind and all through your being peace, renewal, revelation. Many metaphysicians seek the silence with affirmations. Why not, if that is the way they quiet themselves? There are no little rules in the Infinite, and that is where you are trying to go—into the Infinite Silence where realities appear. "Be *still* and know that I am God." Most of the blessings

that are in this world today have come out of the deep stillness of some mind and heart. "I am the presence of Spirit made manifest. I am fully aware of it. I use it. I now hear that which I am to hear." Or perhaps you need no affirmations, you close your eyes and rise in answer to the call: "Come unto Me." Or you close your eyes with "Thank you, Father, for this secret place," and you are there.

It does not matter what method you use. It matters only that you have found the value of stillness and made a place for it in your life—even if it is only the silence of a good listener, muteness in the presence of anger. I think that if you can learn to keep this disciplinary silence you are on your way to finding the deeper silence out of which come revelation, guidance, your true self. You need not have religious belief in order to meditate with great resulting benefit. It is an attitude of receptivity — what does it matter whether one calls the sender God or the will-to-live, the will-to-know? If your need is great, you have already called out to the Unseen whether you know it or not. And Someone somewhere hears. Such is the great plan of Love.

Two thousand years have gone by since Love was made form and walked in our midst. And yet we have not learned to love. Still we bring to this Christmas night unbelief and hatreds and fears — a

long procession bearing dark gifts, throughout the years. Can we not on this coming holy night in this troubled world take a few moments to listen truly with those shepherds of long ago to the song of the shining angel, "Unto us is born this night a Savior of all people," to the song of the heavenly hosts, "Peace on earth, good will to men"? Can we not, like those three wise men, travel across the desert of waste that is in the life and heart of every one of us and kneel in spirit before the One altogether lovely and undefilable who dwells within us eternally newborn — no matter what our lives have been — and lay at His feet gifts of renewed faith, of deep thankfulness that He *is*, of increased

awareness that He is the only hope of the world, the one Savior for all people?

If, because of our unbelief, we cannot do this, surely we can lay at the feet of our unknown self a pledge to try more faithfully, in silence and quietness of spirit, to find that self which will not fail us. Again will be enacted the deathless drama of the Christ newborn in flesh. One comes upon it when the heart and mind are still and the spirit goes seeking deeper and deeper into the silence until he finds himself face to face with his Savior.

Make room for silence in your life, give it its way; it is the secret place of the Most High.

My Tomorrow

Harriett C. Anderson

How good to learn,
Through prayer, or trial's way,
That my tomorrow will be God's day.
I have no fear of lack
Of wisdom, joy, or health.
I know, as God's own child,
I share in His great wealth.
So, my tomorrow, come what may,
Will be a perfect, God-filled day.

☪ "He shall call upon me, and I will answer him; I will be with him in trouble."

Beauty for Ashes . . .

Peggy Lee

FOR TWELVE DAYS I sat in a hospital where someone very dear to me hovered between life and death. Nine times the doctors, excellent men and humble, gave up hope. And nine times the message of faith was "the spirit of the Lord . . . (will give) beauty for ashes, and oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." Isa. 61:3.

This was the answer to prayer. Not my prayers only, for there came a time when I couldn't pray, when I thought I'd lost my faith. But through it all I was sustained by the immense, impersonal Love of my fellow man.

All this took place in a Catholic hospital. I am not a Catholic. Yet the sisters prayed for my friend. At the end of the hall was a chapel.

"I'd appreciate it very much if you'd let me go in there," I said. "But I don't know how to act; please tell me what to do." "Just don't worry about it," said the sister in charge. "It's the same God. Your heart and your intent are enough."

Some of our friends were Christian Scientists. I am not a Christian Scientist. Yet they too prayed for us, in their own way, staying, as they would put it "in the high con-

sciousness of God's ever-present love."

On one very dark day a close business friend, of the Hebrew faith, kept watch beside me for many hours. He too visited the chapel. But he soon came back into the waiting room looking distressed. "We must find the priest," he said. We located him in the south wing. "Father," said my Jewish friend, "you light, the light in the sanctuary is out." "You must be mistaken," the Father replied. "That light is never out." Together we three returned to the chapel. As my friend had said, the sanctuary lamp was out, and I watched as the two men rekindled the perpetual light of faith—to the same God.

There were no limits to the offers of love that came from so many persons, each made in his own way. The teen-agers, who scrubbed and waxed the long immaculate corridors, put rags down on the slippery floors so that never, day or night, was I prevented from going from the waiting room to the patient's room.

When a blood transfusion was needed, forty volunteered, among them my faithful and beloved Negro housekeeper and the Japanese

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lad who tended my garden.

It was on the eleventh day that my own darkest hour came. There had been two operations, followed by paralysis and blindness. I called Ernest Holmes,* my friend and spiritual teacher. "I've lost it," I cried. "I've lost my faith. And I'm frightened."

"Faith is of God," Dr. Holmes replied steadily, "You couldn't lose it if you tried. And your awareness of it will come back twofold."

Back in the waiting room I picked up my Bible. A verse in the ninety-first Psalm which I must have read many times before leaped at me, and it was though I read it with understanding for the first time:

"He shall call upon me, and I will answer him: I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and honor him. With long life will I satisfy him." Psalm 91:15,16.

A great feeling of Presence, of release, swept over me. In the room down the hall the improvement commenced almost immediately. I was able to go in with confidence. "You are going to be all right now," I told him. "I'm so grateful."

For the first time in eleven days, I went out to dinner, to a little restaurant across the way. Suddenly I had an impulse to return. In the elevator I met one of the doctors,

his face very grave. My dear friend had suffered a relapse and was very low. But, somehow, this failed to shake my new found serenity.

The special nurse was crying. I heard her say to the Mother Superior, "Don't let Miss Lee go in. There's no pulse." "He's all right," I said quietly.

The Mother Superior was gentle. She took my hand. "Dear, you must let go," she said. "I don't know how to explain it," I repeated. "But he's all right." Within me still was that wonderful assurance that all was well.

Ten minutes later the doctors came out of the room. They were all talking about the power of God. "It was beyond our power," said one reverently.

We stood there, then, wrapped in prayers of praise and thanksgiving—the Mother Superior of a Catholic hospital, physicians who were Protestant and Hebrew, and myself a metaphysician.† How did each pray? I can't answer that.

Instead, I remember a story about Joan of Arc when she was faced by inquisitors who sought to trap her with a question. "Dose God speak to you in French?" they asked. "I don't know," replied the Maid of Orleans. "But I hear him in French."

* Founder, *Science of Mind Magazine*; official publication, Church of Religious Science.

† Member of Church of Religious Science.

The Open Road of Life

Harold W. Ruopp

THE OPEN ROAD! What a picture that brings to mind!

A road that is sometimes smooth—and sometimes rough. A road that is sometimes straight—but more often winding. A road that today moves through a deep valley—and tomorrow up and over a high mountain. A road that is now in the shadows—and now in the light. But an open road with no dead end—one that moves on and on and on.

Upon this road we are all sojourners together. There is an intriguing uncertainty about it. We have never travelled it before; we shall never travel it again. But we may walk down it (or up it) with joyful and eager hearts, free from strain, free from fear, free from worry—providing only that we have the faith and assurance that we do not walk alone, but that God Himself is our constant Companion. Come what may—successes or reverses, triumphs or failures, joys or sorrows—as long as we have that faith we shall not be greatly concerned as to what is around the next bend or beyond the next hill.

One of the most inspiring promises in the whole range of Scripture is that one from the thirty-third chapter of Exodus: "My presence

shall go with you and I will give you rest." What a heart-warming promise that is! What strength for the daily task it gives us! The road may change; the Presence never changes. As someone has put it, "The knowledge of the future path matters nothing; the perception of the present Companionship matters everything."

That perception will save us from fear and worry, from a feeling of forlornness and loneliness, from needless pain and suffering. And nothing else will save us. Wealth won't do it—nor fame or position or power or pleasure—nor a feverish indulgence in an endless round of activities which so many frightened and lonely people use to fill up the empty void in their lives.

One thing, and one thing only, matters: the consciousness that God is travelling the Open Road with us—that He is by our side *every moment of every day*. Indeed, the very heart of the Christian Gospel is that God knows, loves, cares—and is daily walking the dusty highway with us. He who is our Creator is also our everlasting Sustainer.

Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick has reminded us that "what life does to us depends upon what life finds in us." That is true! It is the some-

thing on the inside which counts and not the arrangement of external circumstances. Our destiny is in our souls, not in our stars. Where life is undergirded by a profound faith that there is an Encircling Love, that life always has secret and powerful resources which will make it equal to anything that may happen to it. To be sure, it may sometimes become discouraged, but it never despairs. It may sometimes be baffled, but it is never defeated. Whether we master life, or are mastered by it, depends in the final analysis upon the extent to which our life is grounded in God's Life. If we have our fundamental security there, we are secure indeed. Our house is founded upon a rock. When the winds blow and the storms come, it will stand fast, for its foundations are sure.

The first sermon which Dr. Arthur John Gossip preached after his wife's "bewilderingly sudden and undreamed of death" he captioned, "But When Life Tumbles In, What Then?" He concluded it with these words:

"I don't think you need be afraid of life. Our hearts are very frail; and there are places where the road is very steep and very lonely. But we have a wonderful God, and as Paul puts it, what can separate us from His love? Not death, he replies immediately, pushing that aside at once as the most obvious of all possibilities.

"No, not death. For, standing in the roaring of the Jordan, cold to the heart with its dreadful chill, and very conscious of the terror of its rushing, I too, like Hopeful, can call back to you who one day in your turn will have to cross it, 'Be of good cheer, my brother, for I feel the bottom and it is sound.'"

The knowledge of the future path matters nothing; the perception of the present Companionship matters everything. Indeed it does!

Whenever I find the road of life especially steep and very rough, I recall to mind my own dear friend and college classmate, Sarah Wilson. Two years after her graduation from college, Sarah was stricken with a serious heart disease, and then for ten long years she passed through what she called "the City of Dreadful Night." But Sarah never whined; she never complained. Instead she wrote poetry — poetry sometimes poignant, always exquisite. Faced with intense and what must have seemed to her interminable suffering, she wrote, among others, this quatrain:

*"Sorrow came to bide with me
(The frumpish, frowsy thing!)
But all my rooms were rented out
To love and life and spring."*

When Sarah died, a mutual friend wrote me that "She went down gallantly, with all her colors flying." Neither life nor death could defeat her. Her security was in God!

It will always be so. He whose

life is undergirded by a valiant faith in God will always be equal to all the varying fortunes and vicissitudes of this world in which we live. Such a person is never afraid of what is ahead on the Open Road. There is a smile on his face and

strength in his soul, because he *knows* he is never alone.

"My presence shall go with you and I will give you rest."

"Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."



Reminder

Vada F. Carlson

When snow is piled, marshmallow-white

And light

As cinderdown on post and weed,

We need

The incense found in good

Hard wood,

The cheer that's in an oak log's blaze

To raise

New Hope. Remembering

That spring's

Largess depends upon the snow,

We know —

With grateful hearts and waning fear —

Snow is His promise of a good New Year.

Whatsoever a Man Soweth

Jane Weiler Corbett

A FRIEND OF MINE knows a lovely woman who spends much of her time in the gracious and thoughtful occupation of writing notes of appreciation, consolation, and encouragement to dozens of people whether they be dear friends, simply acquaintances, or strangers—the man who reads the meter or the girl who waits table in the lunchroom. The thing that bothers my friend, however, is the fact that this generous woman rarely receives any note of appreciation herself, and at this unfair balance of life she shakes her head and says, "It just doesn't add up!"

But it seems to me it does add. People, on the whole, hate to write letters or notes of any kind. They may be warm personalities, but they freeze when it comes to putting their thoughts and feeling on paper, even to their families. I know. I

* * * * *

The maintenance of a steadfast purpose, the search for the interesting qualities in people, the consciousness of beauty around us — all these are the things which cause some to grow up while others merely grow old.

Author unknown

* * * * *

Get rid of your regrets. You are what you are from what you have experienced and rightly understood, and accepted. All experiences are good. The bitter ones are best of all.

Elbert Hubbard

* * * * *

"If one man could live the highest type of love, it would be sufficient to neutralize the hate of millions" —*Gandhi*

A Chapel-In-Industry

Raymond C. Otto

SOMETHING NEW in industrial relations is going on at the Solar Aircraft Company plant in San Diego, California. In his Anniversary message of November 26, 1952, Mr. E. T. Price, president of the company, proposed the erection of an All-Faith Chapel on the grounds of the company's plant. His suggestion drew a flood of letters from every department of the plant. Convinced that this idea of faith had indeed "caught on," Mr. Price called an organization meeting early in December. Over one hundred employees attended.

At this meeting nine employee councilmen were elected. As a council these Solarites act as a committee to represent all the plant's employees, whatever their faith or creed, and without thought to proportional representation from any one denomination or group of denominations.

A site for this chapel-in-industry was picked and on December 24th ground was officially broken at a pre-Christmas program. The chapel will occupy an area thirty-five by fifty feet and will seat approximately one hundred people. The building is being erected entirely by voluntary employee help, the company donat-

ing the land and materials. More than one hundred fifty employees volunteered to help.

Contributions from outside sources have come in—paint, janitor supplies, Bibles, sketches, and designs for the pews. The door will be of Philippine mahogany. A La Jolla architect has volunteered his services for the project.

The idea is to have the chapel constructed by the men and women of Solar for the benefit of all employees; a place where any employee may rest or meditate or have a moment of devotion during the limited free time of his busy factory day. As President Price said to the employee sponsors, "I feel we should have a chapel which will give a welcome and an inspiration to a man or woman of any faith. It should stand for faith, the united hopes and hearts of everyone here."

In the ensuing year 186 volunteers contributed over three thousand hours of work clearing the ground and building the foundation for the chapel. On last December 23rd the cornerstone was laid and dedicated. A list of the 186 volunteers, a book containing expressions of their faith, and progress photographs were placed in the cornerstone box. At

the dedication ceremony more than three thousand San Diego Solarites bowed their heads as Mr. Price concluded his dedication speech with, "Some portion of the minds and hearts and souls of these men and women are sealed in this stone and they themselves are bound by unbreakable ties to this symbol of all our faiths."



"Thy Will Be Done"

Bonnie Day

I will to will the will of God:
To make His purpose mine,
Till all my hopes, desires, and plans
Are one with the Divine.

I will to merge my lesser self
Into His larger plan,
To be a channel for the thoughts
That flow from God to man.

To let His peace possess my soul:
To let His power flow
In unobstructed fullness
That is wonderful to know.

Then when I pray, "Thy will be done,"
With thankful heart I'll see
Fulfillment of the Father's will
Brings no regret for me,

But lost in wonder, I shall find
In forest, field, and hill
The rich inheritance of love
He left me, in His will!

☐ What we do and say openly is our fundamental note. The way we live in private produces our overtones.

You are Your Overtones

William J. Murdoch

WHY DO NOT a violin and a trumpet sound the same when they play the same note?

Let's take A above middle C. According to the laws of physics, this note vibrates at 440 cycles per second. It's 440 for the violin, 440 for the trumpet. The same note, and yet so different. Why?

Many people will tell you it's because of the differences in the way the two instruments are made—the one a wood instrument fitted with strings that are vibrated by a bow, the other a coiled brass tube that is played by blowing into it.

That's true, but it's only part of the story. Ask a musician, a physics scholar, or a hi-fi fan and he'll tell you the real reason why these and other instruments sound so unlike even when playing the same note.

Harmonics: that's what makes the big difference.

When the violinist strokes A at 440 cycles per second, his bow sets other vibrations into motion at higher frequencies. These are harmonics—overtones that occur when any instrument sounds any note. Different instruments produce different sets of overtones at different frequencies.

You don't know you're hearing them, these overtones, but they're

there. They combine with the fundamental note, the note you do know you hear, to produce that instrument's own tone quality or color. Timbre, it's called.

What it amounts to, then, is that the character of a musical instrument is determined not just by the tone it produces so openly but more importantly by those hidden, almost secret tones that most people don't even know are there.

Doesn't this law of physics have overtones of its own in the laws of life?

In a manner of speaking, what we do and say openly is our fundamental note. It is what we would like people to judge us by.

The way we live in private, or at least when public endorsement is not a primary concern, produces our overtones. And it is these overtones that give our fundamental note its real character for all to recognize.

If we are to have a beautiful character, genuinely our own and not something we assume simply for occasional effect or exhibition, we will make our overtones of goodness as essential a part of our life as is our fundamental note.

We sound a fundamental note of living when we go to church. However, just as musical A at 440 cycles per second has no real character of

its own unless accompanied by overtones, neither has this routine act of church attendance any genuine import in our lives unless we reinforce it with overtones of righteousness in our daily living.

From Monday to Saturday—indeed, during that part of Sunday too when we are not actually at worship—are we forgiving of those whom we think treat us ill? Do we refrain from taking unfair advantage of another, even when circumstances favor us? Do we speak whole truth in every instance and in the spirit as well as to the letter of truth? Do we really do unto others as we would want them to do unto us? These are but a few of the harmonics that imbue our fundamental note with unmistakable quality and beauty. If we do these and more, our overtones blend with our fundamental note of charity to help produce a truly worthwhile life.

We sound a fundamental note of living when we cordially greet an acquaintance, but do we speak just as cordially of that person afterwards? Another fundamental note when we take only the most wholesome and meaningful reading material from the library or newstand, but are we just as meticulous and select in the literature we choose in private? Again, a fundamental note is sounded when we behave with dignity and decorum among those we know, but do we produce the

gracious and enriching harmonics of self-control when we are away from home and those who see us just this once may never set eyes on us again? And what of the most fundamental note of all—our speech? Do the goodness and decency and uplift in the ideas we express carry the ringing conviction that comes from the harmonics of our thoughts? Do we speak good and think it too?

Let there be no mistake: the fundamental notes cannot be dispensed with. Man needs them, in life as in musical instruments. These are the primary elements he employs to create the foundation of beauty. But it is only the foundation. The distinctive quality, the timbre, the true character is determined by the harmonics that rise above.

It is important to keep in mind that many people around us do not know that these harmonics exist. They are aware only of the fundamental notes. Yet, were these overtones to disappear, the difference would be instantly and unpleasantly noticeable.

Sound your fundamental notes, but blend with them all the harmonics of which your being is capable. Others around you may not be able to identify each and every one of these overtones for what they are, but they cannot mistake the total effect. The total effect is the innermost you, genuine and beautiful.

☐ It is a well known fact that the world would cease if courage died.

Courage and Religion

Rabbi Harry Silverstone

OF ALL THE ELEMENTS that bring happiness and contentment to life, none is more vital than courage. It is the foundation stone of all other qualities. Without it no other quality can endure.

No one likes to think of life as made up of trials and tribulations, yet we discover that we require courage in order to go forward, and without courage and resistance nothing is accomplished in life. Too often we think of trouble, trials, and tribulations not as a resistance that drives us steadily forward and serves to give us momentum, but we think of these difficulties and obstacles in our path as insurmountable barriers to our progress.

Religion and psychiatry counsel that trouble is the ultimate test of character. Your reaction to it reveals what you really are. It shows the real development that has taken place within yourself and the courage that is yours to carry on. Trouble acts as a spur to some, goading them to fighting it down. To others it is a lash or a whip, beneath which they shrink in fear.

A great deal depends on your courage, on how you confront your trouble. If you go through life thinking you are not likely to meet

with misfortune or difficulties or troubles or trials and tribulations, you are in poor condition to encounter them when they do greet you. Taken by surprise, your morale may crack and you may be discouraged, disheartened to make the real fight or put forth the effort you should.

If, on the other hand, you realize that the troublesome occasions in your life may be testing points of your character, you should assure yourself that you have the necessary reserve of courage to meet them without flinching, and prove their master. The consciousness that you have the courage to face up with any trouble that comes your way will in itself take the sting out of it by diminishing its force, proving your mental capacity to handle it as its master.

Those who forecast the weather say that however threatening and overcast the sky may be, if you can see a patch of blue, there is hope that the clouds will roll away. But if that small blue patch is absent, there is stormy weather ahead. Courage is like that small patch of blue sky. It shines pale but persistent in spite of the storm clouds threatening to close down around it.

According to religion and psychi-

atry, every quality in man becomes useless if he hasn't the courage to keep alive. A loaf of bread is no good without the yeast that leavens the whole. Life is bread. Without the yeast of courage it is worthless.

To be happy and contented in life you must have the courage to let other people think that you are foolish, or unworthy, or reckless, as the case may be—if you feel in your heart what you want to do is right. If in your work, for example, your action leads you to make a mistake, the experience teaches you what to avoid in the future. The one who never made a mistake never did anything. No one was wise right away. We all stumble before we walk.

Courage keeps you going when everything else has failed, courage to continue striving for your ideals, your dear ones, your calling, and for life itself. Life is a sacred gift, and it must not be wasted just because one lacks the courage to fight for it

when things look black.

It is a well known fact that the world would cease if courage died, for the best laid schemes of men and nations, and the finest intentions, cannot always find sunny skies and smooth sailing. You have to meet storms and sometimes shipwrecks, and courage is the weapon you will need.

Life is a warfare; it too has its decisive moments, when success or failure, victory or defeat, must hinge upon our courage. Let us remember always that we succeed in life not because of the harmony and smoothness that we meet, but because of our courage, of our ability to rise above every bit of resistance that comes our way, and make it serve us to our own end. To the man of courage difficulties, obstacles, and troubles serve only to stimulate and enlist the highest efforts of which he is capable, that is what religion and psychiatry teaches.



The Christmas Season

Harold A. Schulz

Again the whole glad earth reveals
Her Christmas joy in faithful reason;
Again each heart in triumph feels
The beauty of the Christmas season.

☪ Little things — bits of dross that for days had been gathering about my being.

A Clean Engine Delivers Power

Carey Stone

I WALKED INTO the garage and stepping into the car, touched the starter of my long-driven but most dependable automobile. Only a discordant burring rasped against my ears and echoed and re-echoed around the walls and rafters of the room.

With more firmness I pressed the button—but the motor still did not take hold. Briefly I glanced over the instrument board. No, everything was as it should be. . . I again tried the starter, frowning as I heard a grumbling buzz start and then fade away. Again and again I pressed the button, each time fearing the battery would fail me.

Then just as I had decided to give up and make a run for the bus half a mile away, the strident noise that had been jangling my nerves gave way to a pleasant purring. Hurriedly I backed out of the garage fearing every moment the engine might again play a trick on me. It behaved and I managed to keep the appointment at which I was due that very second.

My address which I had hoped would be a convincing one did not go over as well as I had hoped. My spirits quite weighted down I returned to the parking lot. And—as I had expected—all the nervous movements on my part and the rasping, grinding noises of the hour be-

fore repeated themselves.

And—again at long last the motor caught, but most complainingly.

Well, I'd had sufficient warning. I drove to a certain small repair shop. I knew the owner was a most dependable man. He took pride in repairing people's cars without putting them to undue expense. I knew he could tell me at once what was wrong.

I drew up beside his garage leaving the engine running while I told him my troubles. He lifted the hood, took a glance and a small frown wrinkled his forehead. Then he gestured for me to shut off the engine. He reached into the enormous pocket of his work-apron, pulled out a cloth and busied himself doing something I could not see. After a minute a smile drove away the displeased expression on his face. He looked up. "Start it," he said.

I leaned forward and I confess with much doubt pressed the button. Immediately to my ears came the smoothest of humming.

"Why, it is perfect," I exclaimed. "What in the world did you do in that short time?"

"I did very little. It didn't need anything save what you could have done yourself in a matter of three or four minutes."

"I'm no mechanic," I answered bruskiy.

My friend put down the hood—it seemed to me with a little too much force — could it be he was somewhat annoyed with my lack of capability?

Certainly a bit of reproof tinged his voice as he continued speaking: "You let so much dirt collect under and around the plugs that it was next to impossible for the spark to get through. Sure it managed to make its way through that grime at last, but if you had continued to let the dirt accumulate, some day you would have been stuck at whatever place you happened to be."

"And you didn't have to put in new spark-plugs," I demanded.

"No—you don't need them yet awhile. These all seem to be pretty good."

I shook my head. "You mean to tell me that a little bit of dirt caused me all that trouble?"

"Ah—you're all wrong. It wasn't a little bit. Little bits added to little bits pile up and first thing you know there is a lot of it."

You were lucky. So far the greasy fluff and dust had not entirely closed off the connection. However it would have done so before long."

I went on my way but my thoughts were not on the car I was driving. I was aware it was running smoothly but I was thinking of myself.

When my friend at the garage had spoken of clogged connections, a disturbing thought came to trouble me: How silly the irritation I had felt

yesterday when a visiting boy carelessly handled one of my books and had broken the frail binding of a treasured volume. . . .

And the fear and worry that had taken over my mind when I found some unexpected bills in the morning mail. . . . And my quick though unspoken criticism as I viewed the unkempt condition of a neighbor's yard. . . . AND—my impatience when I found my favorite rose-bush mangled by to heavy pruning.

All were such little things, but they were bits of dross that for days had been gathering about my being. It was no wonder that the talk of the morning which I had given to a group of young people and from which I had hoped so much, did not carry the message I had thought it would . . . I had been letting these trivial bits pile up in my thoughts until they had about closed off the passage-way and the magnetic spark of power from God could not get through to my soul.

Without that directing spirit to guide me my days were like the burring, rasping battery—giving out plenty of noise but accomplishing little.

A clean engine, free of grime. A clean heart, devoid of criticism, of fear, of impatience and all bits of spiritual soil.

Such a condition must obtain if either machinery or human beings are to accomplish what they are supposed to do.

☛ With a knowledge of Truth all external pictures may be changed.

Victory and Fulfillment

Florence Scovel Shinn

VICTORY AND FULFILLMENT are two wonderful words and since we realize that words and thoughts are a form of radio activity we carefully choose the words we wish to see crystallized.

Life is a cross-word puzzle; the word gives you the answer. Many people are rattling off destructive words in their conversation. We hear them say, "I'm broke! I'm sick!" Remember by your words you are justified and by your words you are condemned. You are condemned by them because they do not return void. Change your words and you change your world, for your word is your world. You choose your food and the world is now calorie conscious. People no longer eat buckwheat cakes, beefsteak, potatoes, pie, and three cups of coffee for breakfast. To keep down weight they eat dry toast and orange juice. This is tremendous discipline, but they are working for results. Why not try a diet of the right words—for you are literally eating your words. That is the value of the affirmation. You are deliberately building up a constructive idea in your consciousness. Your consciousness may be crammed and jammed with destructive ideas, but continually making a state-

ment of Truth, will dissolve these negative thought - forms. These thought-forms have been built up from your own vain imaginings. Perhaps from a child you were taught that the world is cold and unfriendly. These ideas were impressed upon your subconscious, and you found things just as they were predicted. With a knowledge of Truth all these external pictures may be changed, for they are only pictures which change as your subconscious beliefs change.

When I tell people about the power of the word, and that words and thoughts are a form of radio activity and do not return void, they say, "Oh, is it as easy as that?" Many people like things difficult and hard to understand. I believe that was the reason the amazingly simple teachings of Jesus Christ were forgotten after a few hundred years. People built up creeds and ceremonies which they only half understood. Now, in this twentieth century, the secret things are being revealed and we are again having primitive Christianity.

"Ask . . . believing . . . ye shall receive!" We know that our beliefs or expectancies are impressed upon the subconscious and carried out.

From *The Power of the Spoken Word*, by permission of The Shinn Press.

We might say, if you ask, not believing, you will not receive. Faith, creates expectancy.

This Infinite Intelligence from which man draws his supply is called, by Jesus Christ, "Your Heavenly Father." The Father within, He described as a kind, loving parent desirous of pouring all good things upon His children. "Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." He taught that God's law was simply a law of yourself — "Do unto others as you would be done by." Any violation of the law of love causes a short circuit. "The way of the transgressor is hard." God is immutable law — "I am the Lord (law), I change not."

Divine ideas are immutable, not subject to change. What wonderful words—"Immutable, not subject to change."

A woman came to me filled with fears and forebodings. She said for years she had been pursued by the fear that even if she should receive the desire of her heart, something would happen to spoil it. I gave her the statement, "The Divine Plan of your life is a perfect idea in Divine Mind, incorruptible and indestructible, and cannot be spoiled in any way." A great load was lifted from her consciousness. For the first time in years she had a feeling of joy and freedom. Know the Truth and the Truth gives you a sense of freedom.

Man becomes one with this Su-

preme Intelligence when he speaks the word. This Supreme Intelligence awaits man's direction, but It must have right of way; it must not be limited.

Divine Activity in your body brings health. There is only one disease—congestion, and one cure—circulation. Congestion and stagnation are the same thing. People say they are in a rut. A new idea will take them out of a rut. We must get out of the rut of negative thinking.

The word enthusiasm in the dictionary is defined, "to be inspired or possessed by the gods." Enthusiasm is divine fire and kindles enthusiasm in others. To be a good salesman you must be enthusiastic about the articles you are selling. If you are bored with your business or uninterested, the fires go out, and no one else will be interested.

A woman came to me for success in business. She said, "I have a shop but it is usually empty. I do not bother to open it until late in the day; what's the use?" I replied, "There is indeed no use so long as you feel the way you do. You are keeping people away. Become enthusiastic about yourself. Be enthusiastic about the God-power within you, and get up early to open your shop and be ready for the big crowd."

By this time she was all wound up with divine expectancy. She dashed down to her shop as early as possible and people were waiting

outside and poured in all day.

People often say to me, "Treat my business." I say, "No, I will treat you, for YOU are your business."

Your quality of thought penetrates every article for sale and all the conditions connected with it. Jesus Christ was divinely enthusiastic about the message He had to bring to the Father within each man. He was enthusiastic about faith. He told the people that whatsoever they asked in His name would be given them. It was a message of asking and receiving. He told them just how to comply with spiritual law. "Ask . . . believing . . . thou shalt receive." "When ye pray, believe that ye have received." "Why are ye fearful, oh ye of little faith?"

After two thousand years His divine fire is re-kindled in the consciousness of all Truth students. We are having a Christian renaissance, a new birth, a revival of Christianity. He taught a universal principle, without creed or ceremony. We see members of all religious, denominations, coming into this Truth movement. It does not take them away from their churches. In fact, many clergymen are now teaching what the metaphysicians are teaching; for Jesus Christ is the greatest of all metaphysicians, because He proved His principles and brought miracles to pass. He sent forth His disciples, "To preach the Gospel . . . and heal the sick." For about three hundred years His message survived.

Then His divine fire was lost and the words, "Be thou healed," were no longer spoken. Creed and ceremony took their place. Now we see people flocking to these Truth Centers to be healed, blessed, and prospered. They have learned to "pray aright" and have understanding faith.

A woman told me of an answered prayer. Her son wrote her that he was going to southern California on a business trip in his car. She read in the morning paper of a flood, and she immediately spoke the word for divine protection. She had a great feeling of security. She knew he would be protected. She soon heard from him, saying some business had interfered with his leaving, so he was detained. If he had left when he had expected, he would have been in the flood district. We become divinely enthusiastic about our answered prayers, which we call, "demonstrations," for it means that we have demonstrated the truth and have been set free from some limitation.

The twenty-fourth Psalm is one of the most enthusiastic of the many Psalms of praise and thanksgiving.

"Lift up your heads, Oh ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in. Who is this King of glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle."

The gates and doors symbolize man's consciousness. As you are

lifted up in consciousness, you contact the super-conscious, the God within, and the King of glory comes in. This King of glory lifts your burdens and fights your battles, solves your problems.

The average person has a difficult time LETTING the King of glory come in. Doubt, fear, and apprehension keep the doors and gates locked against your good.

A student told me of a situation which she attracted by negative thinking. She had been invited to a gathering of old and valued friends. It was of the utmost importance for her to be there. She was so anxious to go that she said to herself repeatedly, "Oh I hope nothing happens to interfere." The day of the reception arrived and she awoke with a terrific headache. At one time she had been subject to these headaches, going to bed for several days, but she had not had one for many years. Her doubts and fears had attracted this disappointment. She called me up and said, "Will you please speak the word that I will be well by evening to go to the reception?" I replied, "Why, of course; nothing can interfere with God's perfect plan." So, I spoke the word. Later, she told me of her miracle. She said in spite of the way she felt she prepared to go. She cleaned her jewelry, got her dress ready to wear, and attended to every detail, though she felt scarcely able to move. Very late in the afternoon,

she said she had a peculiar sensation as of a fog lifting in her consciousness, and she was perfectly well. She went to the reception and had a wonderful time. I believe that the healing might have come more quickly had she said, "I want to be well by tonight." We are continually limiting ourselves by our words, so not until night was she perfectly well. "By thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned."

I knew a man who was the center of attraction wherever he went because he was always enthusiastic about something. Whether it was about shoes, clothes, or a haircut, he enthused others into buying the same things. He did not gain anything material by it; he was just naturally enthusiastic. Someone has said, "If you want to be interesting to others, be interested in something." An interested person is an enthusiastic person. We often hear people say, "Do tell me what you're interested in."

Many people are without vital interests and are hungry to hear what other people are doing. They are usually the ones who keep the radio turned on from early morning till late at night. They must be entertained every minute. Their own affairs do not hold enough interest.

A woman once said to me, "I love other people's affairs." She lived on gossip. Her conversation consisted of, "I was told," "I was given to

understand," or "I heard." It is needless to say she is now paying her Karmic debt. A great unhappiness has overtaken her and everyone knows about her affairs. It is dangerous to neglect your own affairs and to take an idle curiosity in what others are doing. We should all be busily engaged in perfecting ourselves, but take a kindly interest in others.

Make the most of your disappointments by transmuting them into happy surprises. Transmute all failure into success. Transmute all unforgiveness into forgiveness; all injustice into justice. You will be kept busy enough perfecting your own

life. You won't have time to run other people's affairs.

Jesus Christ aroused the enthusiasm of the multitudes by performing miracles, healing the sick and raising the dead. "And a great multitude followed him, because they saw his miracles which he did on them that were diseased." As we read this we feel the enthusiasm of the multitudes which surrounded Him. With Him all things were possible, for He knew that He and the Father were, indeed, one.

With divine enthusiasm I bless what I have, and look with wonder at their increase.



Christmas Gift

Mildred Fielder

When Jesus was born on the first Christmas day
The wise men brought gifts to the Babe where He lay,
And angels sang over His manger of hay

I wish I could give to the Little Lord, too,
A gift for His birthday as wise men could do.
For His sake, I give to my loved ones and you.

ONLY GOD COULD HAVE DONE IT

"Glory to God in the highest . . ."—Luke 2:14

GOD TAKES THE little things of earth and makes them big. He takes the weak things of earth and makes them strong. He takes the unimportant and makes it significant. He takes the common and makes it aristocratic. When God wants to do a great work on earth He does not search out the most successful people. He takes the unsuccessful and makes them shining instruments for His power and love.

If we had had the job of bringing a Savior into the world we would have chosen a Judaist, for Judah was loyal to the religious tradition of the nation and carried prestige. But God had the Savior born a Galilean. Galileans were the second-class citizens of their day, looked down upon by their fellow citizens of Judah.

If we had been doing the job, we would have chosen someone from a family of note. Someone from a well-to-do family would have the chance for a university education, and he would be acquainted with the "right" people to sway public opinion in favor of the project. God chose to have His representative born into a totally unknown family with no political or social connections in order that all men might know that the glory would have to be given to God, and that only God could take someone so "little fitted for the job" and make Him a Savior.

If we had been doing the job we would have chosen someone from the ruling power of the day. He would have been a Roman. But God chose the Savior to be a native of a weak occupied country.

But it was because of all this that we know this Jesus came from God, found favor with God, was guided by God, and overcame the world with the help of God Almighty. Everything was against him—politically, economically, socially, educationally, nationally. The right people were against him and his closest friends misunderstood him.

It reminds me of the story of the little Band of Gideon. They were so weak that everyone knew God had to be behind the mystery of the miracle. So it is with Jesus, the only conclusion possible is that God Himself did it!

READ: **The Years of Our Lord**, Charles M. Crowe. \$2.50

THE INFILLING

" . . . If a man love me, he will keep my words: and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him."

—John 14:23

DL. MOODY TOLD about a turning point in his career. He had been an outstanding speaker for many years and in most ways his ministry was a huge success. He was in New York City preparing to embark for England in a few days. As he was walking along Wall Street he was infilled with powerful, live, and wonderful love. This was the infilling of the Holy Spirit. The experience was so intense that he went to the home of a friend and asked to have a room to himself. After this his ministry was more powerful especially in the field of soul saving.

Someone I know had this experience during a meeting. The actual presence of Jesus infilled him and he sat in the meeting in a state of being in great love with his Lord. This being in love made him know that there was nothing in life that had any power to make him afraid anymore. Because of the Living Presence that was inside him he knew there was nothing in life that could shake his faith. He knew then that all the overcomings had already taken place and all he had to do was to accept it. He told me that the talk he was listening to with one side of his mind was a very involved analysis of faith and how to live the overcoming life. But there was a difference between what the speaker was saying and what he was experiencing. The speaker was telling the audience how *they* could do it. His experience was in accepting what had already been done.

It might be likened to a psychologist explaining to someone the mechanics of falling in love. The psychologist might have many experiments and surveys to back up everything he said, but the one who is already in love might say something like this, "One day he will fall in love and then he will know that it isn't so involved after all." To the person who has fallen in love with Jesus and experiences it as a personal trust, the involved analyses of the spiritual life seem beside the point. To experience the Presence of Jesus is to realize the joy of freedom that comes with love.

READ: **God Really Loves You**, Norman K. Elliott. \$.35

FULFILLMENT TAKES EFFORT

"And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness. . ."—Genesis 1:26

THIS PAST SUMMER I was on Star Island off the coast of New Hampshire. I thoroughly enjoyed the isolation of being far out in the ocean, and I was more than ever intrigued by the sea gulls that make the island their summer home. From the sea gulls I learned a great spiritual truth.

It was the young gulls that taught me my lesson. A seagull, soaring majestically on the wind, gives one the impression that it has always been able to fly, but the young gulls show you that they must learn to fly. The young birds walk the rocky island like little orphans, lonely and clumsy. As they grow older they make a few erratic flappings of their wings, but nothing happens. In desperation they may take a run and flap their wings at the same time, but it still does no good. Then one day they will spread their wings, run, leap into the air, tuck their feet behind them, and soar a short distance. How proud they are of themselves! For a few trials they may be successful, and after each success they walk around and strut with achievement. If they could crow I am sure they would! Then they may fail on the next try, but they always try again. By constant trial, by the spirit within them that will not let them be content with walking, they learn to fly by constant practice.

This taught me the lesson—Birds are "born to fly," but they must *learn* to fly by constant practice. They must make the effort and win the achievement. No one else can do it for them.

The Bible tells us that we are not meant to be just human beings. John says, "For it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but . . . when He shall appear, we shall be like him." Paul tells us that we are heirs with Christ. Right now we may not appear very much like Him, and we may not look the part of being heirs of the Kingdom with Jesus, no more than the baby gull looks like a marvelous flying machine, but with effort, with constant practice it shall be! The spirit within us will no more let us be content with being only human than the spirit within the gull lets him be content with walking. Spiritually we are born to fly. One day we shall be lifted on the invisible wings of the spirit, a new creation in His image.

READ: Learning To Have Faith, John A. Redhead. \$2.00

Books of Interest

Norman K. Elliott

FAITH MADE THEM CHAMPIONS, edited by Norman Vincent Peale. Prentice-Hall, \$3.95. 270 pages. This is the sort of book that is almost impossible to put down once you have started to read it. It contains sixty-five spiritual experience stories, all of them true, by well-known Americans in every line of work—in the sports world, entertainment, business, exploration, aviation, politics, etc. Each one tells, in the person's own words, just how he has been helped by prayer, Bible reading, faith, and the right attitudes. The young reader will learn that technical skill is not enough. Inner commitment is the "extra" that turns life into something enjoyable and meaningful. The more mature reader will find a renewal of Godly faith that can turn a defeatist attitude into something that makes one want to try again with new enthusiasm and determination. Each reader will find something to appeal to him personally in this book, and to those particular stories he will turn again and again for renewed faith and courage and inspiration. Because of the wide scope of the book it is impossible to review each story, but perhaps a list of some of those included in the book will give a hint of its universal appeal. Some of the sixty-five contributors are: Branch Rickey, Barbara Ann Scott, Perry Como, Jacqueline Cochran, James A. Farley, Colleen Hutchins, Lowell Thomas, Jacob De Shazer, Dwight Eisenhower, Conrad Hilton, and Mike Houlahan.

LEARNING TO HAVE FAITH, John A. Redhead. Abingdon, 128 pages. \$2.00. This is the best book I have read on the subject of how one can learn to have faith. So often we hear someone say that he wishes he had faith but that he does not know how to go about it. Well here is the answer spelled out so that anyone can begin the process of learning. First of all he shows that faith gives life meaning, and he points out that what one believes makes a difference in

actions. He often tells how to begin (to "come and see"), why it is necessary to experience something that can never be solved by intellectual argument, and gives good reasons for experimentation. Bit by bit he leads the reader into faith in Christ, in prayer, in forgiveness, in your brother, in eternal life, in growth, etc. By the time one is through with this book, he can only marvel at one who has such a complete grasp of the entire subject. The book is very well written, spiced by good stories and examples, and always interesting. I shall keep it in mind as required reading for anyone who wants to adventure along the pathway of faith—Christian faith!

LOOK TO THE LIGHT, Ernestine Hoff Emrick and Ernest G. Hoff. Brethern Publishing House, \$2.50. 96 pages. The large page size, 6¾ x 9 inches, is ideal for the lovely photographs and the poems that illustrate them. I would not call this a book of poetry, rather a devotional book of excellent photographs with soul satisfying verse. It gives one great pleasure to get comfortably seated and then turn page after page enjoying the pictures, while every so often reading a little verse that is pin-pointed to the photograph and hitched to star of spiritual understanding. It's a good gift item, and it is just as good a treasure to have on the side table.

SONGS AT MIDNIGHT, Harold W. Ruopp. Macalester Park, \$.50. 48 pages. The theme of the book is taken from the verse in the Bible, "At midnight, Paul and Silas prayed, and sang praises unto God; and the prisoners heard them." This is a book of selections from the lives of people (some well-known and some unknown) that tell what they did when life closed in on them—when "midnight struck." Some of these "midnights" were self-chosen, some came about through physical handicaps, pain, suffering, sorrow, and some in the face

of death. A few of the "Singers at midnight" included in the book are Fanny Crosby, John Milton, Helen Keller, Captain Scott, David Livingston and Father Damien. I am sure that every minister ought to have this book on hand

to give to those who feel beaten by life's circumstances, by sorrow, by death, by shame or by weakness. This is inspiring reading at its best, messages that fill one with new strength and great comfort.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233)

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1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

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5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: (This information is required from daily, weekly, semiweekly, and triweekly newspapers only.)

C. O. Dunham
(Signature of business manager)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of September, 1955.

(SEAL)

C. R. Youngren
Notary Public, Ramsey County, Minn.
(My commission expires June 6, 1955)

☞ I do it not for others alone, but because I have found a holy motive.

Holy Orders Anonymous

Harold M. Mallett

RECENTLY, in Chicago, I hailed a cab and found my driver generally at odds with the world. He swore at other drivers, was bellicose with policemen, and narrowly missed a number of pedestrians, all of whom were "jerks" or worse.

We came to a crossing and he applied his brakes so suddenly I nearly was thrown to the rear floor. I looked to see the cause for his sudden stop. There were two nuns or "sisters" standing at the curb! He had the right-of-way, but he stopped out of deference to them.

More than obvious was the contrast in his attitude towards other human beings (himself included), and his veneration for the sisters. He denied others so much as respect for their rights, but went "the second mile" in honoring the sisters. Their lives, in contrast to all others, were holy (separated), dedicated, and devoted to the service of mankind, in the name of Christ.

In all sincerity, their work is admirable. They fight ignorance and poverty; they operate magnificent hospitals, homes, orphanages, and clinics. They make possible many additional services because they work for little or no remuneration. Their devotion is much in the spirit of St.

Francois de Sales, who wrote: "Love has no mixture of self-interest . . . In a word, the height of love's ecstasy is to have our will not in its own contentment, but in God's, or, not to have our own contentment in our own will, but in God's."

Though it may not have been conscious or articulate, all this was related to the fact that my Chicago "cabbie" respected two "sisters," but nobody else of all the thousands he saw that morning. They had "holy orders;" others did not. They were "consecrated;" not so with cab-drivers, policemen, pedestrians, passengers!

But the man at the wheel was not alone. The city was teeming with workers whose attitudes towards their labors were disenchanting, unhappy, desecrated. If anything seemed obvious (as I studied my driver) it was the need of establishing the same respect of devotion, service, consecration and, self-surrender in the common walk . . . similar to these of Holy Orders who have their minds and hearts made up. They serve in many unpleasant situations with resilient patience, because, what they do, they do *as unto* God, and under the banner of their patron ideal.

This idea has the power to bring

new hope to people who face unavoidable hardships. They want to escape, but cannot. So the alternative to bitterness, boredom, unhappiness, self-pity, is to take holy orders!

The idea of service because one cannot avoid it, gives way to being glad of the opportunity, in God's name! What helps a person or situation, serves His Kingdom. I do it not for others alone, but because I have found a holy motive. "I would be to God what a man's hand is to a man," wrote a saint of long ago.

Here is a young mother who is sad and desperate. Her husband is a chronic invalid. He has a wretched disposition. He enjoys dwelling on his malady. He craves sympathy. He is angry if anyone so much as suggests that he thinks about his sickness too much. There are financial worries.

Three children are in the home. They are upset and nervous because the mother and father argue incessantly. How often would the mother like to put her husband in a sanitarium, her children in a home, and flee! Anything to get away from it all.

Yet she cannot. Her moral consciousness will not let her go. It is difficult to disentangle herself from the situation. So she endures each morbid day, wondering how long her nerves will stand up.

That was some time ago. There were many reasons why she was

needed in that situation; nobody else could do what she, the wife and mother, could. But you should see her now! Her face is radiant; she bravely faces each new day; she blesses her task with a new spirit . . . all this, because she has taken holy orders—anonously! She became a consecrated "sister" of Jesus Christ. She does not wear the "habit" of an order, but she *has* adopted the "habit" of obedience to the higher calling of love . . . she is a "sister of charity."

Her strength and patience are phenomenal under the new inspiration. Her husband is improving in both health and emotions. The children respond thankfully to the happier surroundings. She has learned to cope with unpleasant and difficult circumstances, even as the devotees of Holy Orders do. She is a consecrated, devoted, "Sister."

Elton Trueblood has pointed out the "Alternative to Futility" in his book by that title. Three chapter headings tell the story of such a new approach.

"The Habit of Adventure"

"The Fellowship of the Concerned"

"The Recovery of Discipline"

Millions of moderns seek "the way out" of their dilemmas in drink, dope, stoicism, cursing, or worse. Where else is the saving force in any dark situation, but in the new person? Many hardships, if not most, have only the power over us that

we give them! "Adventure" denotes blazing new trails; "fellowship" suggests becoming a part of a group with common aims; "discipline" offers the means to the end.

Henry is the chief salesman in an automobile garage. He is able, alert, successful. For three years, up to several months ago, the Vice-President of his firm constantly questioned Henry's judgment, intervened on "deals" that Henry had tried to make, openly criticised and irritated him.

Henry developed a bitter hatred for him. Resentment flooded his mind. Before long, the business suffered, but not as much as Henry did. He had heart palpitations, was disagreeable at home, and was working on his second ulcer. He wondered how he could escape this situation, for one cannot pick up a good job like this one, every day.

But Henry is a changed man. He did not flee. He took "holy orders"! He heard about monks who had taken the vows of patience, charity, discipline; who were without homes, wives, children or worldly pleasures. They worked willingly, lovingly, and understandingly because of their devotion to Christ.

"Right here, right now," he said, "I can take my vows to be a brother of Christ. 'I can do all things through Christ who gives me strength.' I shall endure *my* hardships with the same kind of patience and forbearance that made saints out

of others." (He did not want to become a "saint"; he only wanted to be the best kind of a man he could be. But it brought release and blessing to him.)

In a matter of weeks, the doctor told "brother" Henry that some miraculous power had healed his ulcers, and Henry reported that he had not had a palpitation in days. Besides, he discovered that the "veep" wasn't such a bad egg after all, and that he even knew something about the automobile business!

Henry became a devotee of "Holy Orders Anonymous." He can endure anything as a "Brother of Christ."

The idea of taking such vows may sound unique, but it is not. It is at least as old as the New Testament. The Monastic system had not begun as yet. "Sisters" of Mary, Elizabeth, etc., though not named so, were simply helpers in the little Christian community. Yet, Jesus recognized a certain fellowship among them. They were not only "believers," "converts," "workers," "comrades." Transcending their own search for self-centered happiness, was a higher devotion. He called them members of *His* family.

We shall take a long step toward the Kingdom of God, when Christians take the vows, and establish themselves in an anonymous society dedicated to selfless good, in the name of Christ. It is needed in the field of labor, in the homes, the communities, the schools, yea, *in the*

churches!

Much of the appeal of "Holy Orders Anonymous" is in its drama. "All the world's a stage," as Shakespeare put it, but life is drab and songless for those who are merely stagehands. They watch the glitter and the joy of others who have major roles. Their work is seldom, if ever, mentioned. Compliments and adulation are foreign experiences to them. Yet frequently their service underlies the glamorous spectacle, the accomplished good.

In a sense, the person behind-the-scenes has the opportunity to soar higher, because he has more to overcome. His victory is greater since his talents are fewer. He is farther from the top.

"Why were the saints, saints? Because they were cheerful when it was difficult to be cheerful, patient when it was difficult to be patient; and because they pushed on when they wanted to stand still, and kept silent when they wanted to talk, and were agreeable when they wanted to be disagreeable. That was all." (Source unknown.) Yet no one must feel that saints were the source of their own brilliance. It is a reflected radiance. They brought heavenly light to bear upon earthly chores and duties. A little girl in Alabama won an essay contest on the subject of greatness; notice this sentence: "It is a lot nicer to have good clothes, because it makes it easier to act decent. But it is true greatness to act when you

haven't got them as if you had." A junior member of Holy Orders Anonymous!

God can, and does, touch the common and make it holy. By doing this, He dresses it in new meaning; that is all. A simple supper in Jerusalem became Holy Communion. "This do in remembrance of me." A belief, with the Holy Spirit added, became the glorious pageantry and drama of the Church. Certainly then, lives which are impoverished and unfortunate may glow with new beauty.

First there is the need. It matters not what it is. Someone ill in the family? Money difficulties? At odds with someone? A cross to bear? Have a difficult job? Boredom? Pain? A fortune-teller once said that it was easy to "hit" the problem which the average person has, it is usually money, love, or health. Needs are almost universal.

After the need, you face yourself. What kind of person you plan to be, will determine your plan of action. If you intend to be a drudge, you will act like one. If you aspire to become a martyr, the way is easy; just pity yourself. If you intend to be the "master of your fate," the "captain of your soul," you may do well for a long time, but finally run out of steam.

The world of joy and power does not belong to those who run, whine, or fight. The greatest thing in the world, as Henry Drummond wrote,

is *love*. When I love God with all my heart, soul, mind, and strength, God *is* my heart; God *is* my soul, mind, and strength . . . for He is love, and when I take holy orders seriously, I am related to Him . . . I am a "brother" of Christ! He glorifies what otherwise I would resent. I know the true meaning of rapture.

John Ruskin tells of a great broken rock in Scotland, called "Craig Ellachie." It is, as he puts it, "a kind of headland, or leading promontory . . . a sort of initial letter of the mountains," and stands in the minds of the Grant Clan, who have inhabited the district, for their landmark, their ideal. The way-cry is "Stand fast, Craig Ellachie!"

We cannot improve on Ruskin: "You could not have but felt, had you passed beneath it at the time when so many of England's dearest children were being defended by the strength of heart of men born at its foot, how often among the delicate Indian palaces, whose marble was pallid with horror, and whose vermillion was darkened with blood, the remembrance of rough, grey rocks and purple heaths must have risen before the sight of the High-

land soldier; how often the hailing of the shot and the shriek of battle would pass away from his hearing, and leave only the whisper of the old pine branches, 'Stand fast, Craig Ellachie!'"

Something akin to this happens to the unknown, unheralded warriors who "fight the good fight of faith" under holy orders. Beyond the need is the deed; and beyond the deed, a Greater Kingdom, and beyond the Greater Kingdom, the One who is able to bring new light on living, for all. John Greenleaf Whittier drives it home:

*O brother man, fold to thy heart
thy brother;
Where pity dwells, the peace
of God is there;
To worship rightly is to love
each other,
Each smile a hymn, each
kindly deed a prayer. . . .
Follow with reverent steps the
great example
Of Him whose holy work was
doing good;
So shall the wide earth seem our
Father's temple,
Each loving life a psalm of
gratitude.*



¶ Eleanor Powell has a weekly message for parents.

What Children Need

Duane Valentry

“OUR CHILDREN need to know the nearness of God,” said Eleanor Powell, one-time dancing star of top movie musicals. She was talking to her television audience, and around her were scores of children whom she guides through a televised Sunday School lesson every Sunday.

“I’ve found an adequate replacement for my dancing,” smiles the lovely, well-remembered star who is Mrs. Glenn Ford in real life. “God showed me the way.”

Fans have long hoped the greatest female tap dancer of them all would return to the bright lights. But Eleanor Powell found happiness in retirement. As a mother of a nine-year old son, Peter, she soon found it natural to be teaching a Sunday School class weekly at the Beverly Hills Presbyterian Church.

One day the ex-star looked around her at her Sunday class and got to wondering. There were many other religious programs on the air, why not one showing a class of children at study? Together with her actor husband she began to work on the format.

NBC approved the idea and soon the show was a popular Sunday regular. Eleanor had only to pick up the phone to get a guest list that would help any program along—Bob Hope, Fred MacMurray, Roy Rogers, Dale Evans, Jimmy Stewart, Gale Storm, Robert Young, Ralph Edwards . . . and a score of others who have appeared or will soon do so.

“The youngsters are the real stars of the show,” says Eleanor. “They conduct their own service, and enact stories from the Bible. We also invite children’s choirs from different denominations to be our guests.”

Deeply sincere about her new work with children of all faiths, and hopeful of its influence for good, Eleanor Powell has a weekly message for parents watching the show.

“If we love our children, how much it would mean if we took time to point out to them the many beautiful things that are an expression of God’s wonderful work. If we would stay with our children, play with our children, and most of all, *pray* with our children!”

¶ Written in the hope that many will join in asking God to show our government the way of peace.

Can We Save China?

Agnes Sanford

CHINA WAS MY FOSTER-LAND. The first words that I spoke were taught me by my ancient Chinese nurse, Chang-Sao. For twenty-seven years I talked in Chinese as easily as in English. I even thought in Chinese. Yet when people say to me, “What is to become of China?” I have no words with which to answer them. Until very recently I have not even known how to pray about that great and troubled country.

A few weeks ago however, when I was in Pittsburgh, seven of us banded together to pray intensively for China. We chose two objects for our prayers. Our first object was that China’s “face” should be saved, and the second was that the Chinese people should stay their hands and work for peace and not for war. The second of these objectives demands no explanation, but the first one does. And I do not see how the second objective can come to pass unless in some way the first one is accomplished and China’s “face” is saved.

Only someone born in China can understand the deep significance of loss of face. It means a loss of dignity; of prestige; of the respect of one’s fellow-men and the right to live and be free among them; almost, of the right to live at all. To

the Chinese, the first absolute necessity of life is that his dignity shall be maintained. The Chinese are a proud race and sensitive, as all proud people are. They hide this sensitivity under a cloak of conventional suavity and decorum, so that to most “foreigners” they appear mild and even servile. But nothing could be farther from the truth.

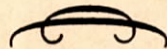
Among those in cultured circles, it was considered correct to commit suicide if one lost face. I have known of many instances of this thing taking place. Without his personal dignity a man was considered better dead, and only death could restore that dignity to his memory.

Even in peasant circles one’s dignity was an inviolable thing. I remember a comical incident of our gateman chasing a goat over my flower beds. “I must speak to Lao San,” said the new missionary who was in charge of the compound, “and tell him to be more careful to keep the goats out of this place.”

“Oh, no!” I cried. “Don’t say anything! He will lose face if you do!”

“Why?” demanded the missionary. “I am supposed to give him directions. I do it all the time and he doesn’t mind.”

I was unable to explain why. But I knew that this particular direction



would cause the gateman to lose face, and it did. He resigned. His dignity had been violated in our midst, and he was seen no more among us.

Now what do I mean by all this? I mean that by refusing to recognize Red China we are causing a whole government to lose face.

It is a bad government. I know that. But we recognize Russia and other governments of which we do not approve. In this one instance only have we chosen to indicate our disapproval of a government by refusing to recognize the fact that it exists.

You say that it may discourage other non-communist governments in Asia if we recognize Red China. Yes, but if we do not and so continue to insult them and cause them to lose face, and if this brings on a war and these non-communist governments are drawn into it and are destroyed by atomic bombs, that will discourage them still more.

It would upset the balance of power in the United Nations. Not necessarily. For we could offer this face-saving gesture to Red China and at the same time recognize Chiang Kai-Shek's government as a separate nation. As a matter of fact, this was suggested by India some time ago.

Russia might veto both these nations entering the United Nations. So she might. But even so, our saying the word would enable China

to save her face, and if I know China at all, there will be no possibility of peace until her face is saved.

Therefore the first objective in the prayer on which we seven people decided was that in some way, our nation might save China's face—and thus save China. Surely God has a way by which we can accomplish this thing without sacrificing our principles!

I am writing this in hope that many of you will join our seven in asking God to show our own government the way of peace.

How wonderful it would be if seven hundred people—if seven thousand people, instead of just seven, were to band themselves together to pray daily these two prayers:

"We pray in the name of Jesus Christ who taught us the way of peace, that we as a nation may know how to deal courteously even with our adversaries or those who might be our adversaries: Red China.

"And we pray that the love of Christ may prevail in China through the many Christian hearts that are there, and that those in authority in China may be turned toward the way of peace."

And as we pray for China, let us not forget to pray also for our own nation in the way that Our Lord taught us to pray: "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us."

☐ Whatever it is you have, use it to the best advantage. Ideas will come to you as you go along.

Make the Best of it!

Harold S. Kabm

EVEN IN THE MOST prosperous times there are always people who are broke, or on the skids. Just a few years ago, when Cadillacs first started to rival Fords in sales volume, a clever swindler took me for just about everything I had. Suddenly I was poor, while everybody around me seemed to be rolling in wealth.

My efforts to get back on my feet seemed useless; I merely got deeper into debt. I found myself living in a cheap basement apartment, and driving a twenty-year-old jalopy (when I could spare enough money for a couple of gallons of gas). My clothes were shabby, and my shoes were just about ready for the ashcan. I avoided my friends, cowering in my basement hole like a frightened animal.

My discouragement robbed me of energy; I felt tired all the time, and developed a vicious variety of pains and aches. I could no longer even think straight. I was completely miserable. There seemed to be absolutely no hope for me.

Then one afternoon, to my embarrassment, a young friend of mine, a perpetually cheerful, tremendously energetic chap who was breezing his way through his last year of medical school with top grades and apparent-

ly no work at all, dropped in to see me.

Whoever had given him my new address had failed, apparently, to inform him of my unhappy situation. He was unable to conceal his surprise, and concern. "Hal," he finally blurted, "what's happened to you? You look awful!"

I told him my tale of woe over a cup of coffee.

"Look," he said, "why don't you stop being so sorry for yourself, and start making the best of things?"

His sudden attack shocked me. A mere kid, having the gall to—! Then my brief flare of resentment died down. After all, a youngster like that didn't know any better.

"Do you suppose," I returned, smiling wryly, "that I haven't made an effort to get myself back on my feet?"

"Yeah, sure," he said, "but I think you're doing it all wrong."

"Very well," I replied with bored resignation, "you tell me how to do it right."

"You start," said this young whipper-snapper, "by making the best of things. I mean, by really making the best possible use of what you've got."

"And just what do you think I've got?" I retorted.

"It doesn't take much to start with," he replied. "Take this apartment, for instance. Right now, it's a dump, if you don't mind my frankness, but you could make an awfully attractive place of it."

"No doubt," I agreed, "a couple of thousand dollars could work wonders here."

"Baloney!" he exclaimed, "all you have to do is give it a good cleaning, and slap on a couple bucks' worth of paint." He looked around him thoughtfully, then suddenly his face lit up. "Hey!" he exploded, "it would be fun to see what really could be done with a dump like this! Come on, I'll help you. Where do keep your mop?"

His bursting energy was catching, and he wouldn't take no for an answer. I could hardly just sit still and watch him work by himself. Before long I found myself, very much to my surprise, getting into the spirit of the thing. We fairly tore the place apart, and I was horrified to realize how badly I had let things go. We scrubbed the floors, washed the windows and the woodwork, removed layers of dust from the rickety furniture, and threw the curtains into the bathtub.

Sweat was pouring from me. How I hated housecleaning! But I had to admit, however grudgingly, that the place was already looking a million percent better. It was finally as sparkling clean as it could possibly get. "Shipshape," pronounced my

energetic friend, who had learned his housecleaning techniques the hard way, in the Navy. He wasn't even slightly winded. "Now," he said, "let's discuss paint."

"It's three o'clock in the morning," I groaned.

"The ideal time to talk about paint," said Matt. "Now, let's see. That ceiling would look pretty sharp in, say, flamingo red. Also that end wall. Vedly modern, you know. Oyster gray on the other walls, and, hm, what about . . . ?"

He wouldn't let me alone. He routed me out of bed the following day and went with me to pick out the paint. Then he got busy on the telephone and roped in two of his buddies to join in a painting party, instructing them to round up some brushes to bring with them.

In less than a day's time the painting was done, and I was amazed at the results. I couldn't believe it was the same apartment. But that was only the beginning. Matt next got to work on the ancient furniture, mostly with a saw. He sawed off the legs of the chairs, making them low and modern; he removed the headboard from the bed, sawed several inches off the bottom supports, and now that was a low, modern divan. Then, tireless as ever, he borrowed a sanding machine from somebody and started removing all the old stain and varnish in sight. He kept me so busy helping him that I didn't have a second to spare

to think about my troubles.

"Well," he said at last, with a sigh of satisfaction, "that's that." It was all over. I now had an amazingly modern, attractive place to live! Everyone who saw it admired it, including the landlord. Matt waved aside my thanks. "It was fun," he declared. And he meant it!

Looking around at my "new" apartment, I was now conscious of an emotion I had almost forgotten: pride! I had something to be proud of! No longer did I have to be ashamed when a friend found out where I lived, and dropped in to see me. And just having a friend like Matt was a pretty wonderful thing! I felt alive again, and energetic. Matt, that little dynamo of enthusiasm, had been right after all, wise far beyond his years. The first step up was to make the best of what you had!

I squared my jaw and started to work on my ancient wreck of a car. By the time I got through with it I was exhausted, but deeply satisfied. It's surprising what soap and water, polish and a terrific amount of elbow grease can do for an old jalopy. It had a clean, stubborn, defiant look about it now! It could look a brand new Cadillac right in the eye and say, "I may be old, but I can go anywhere you can. And if I'm not worth much money, at least I'm paid for!"

Next, I took a look at my clothes, still with that new, determined glint

in my eye. I couldn't do anything about them myself, but I knew someone who could, and it wouldn't cost much, either. The tailor around the corner went to work, and when he got through the dry cleaner started in. Talk about magic! Those frayed, worn old clothes of mine were almost as good as new! And all for less than the price of a new sweater! The shoemaker did an equally fine job on my sad-looking brogans. I then invested a dime in a fresh can of polish, and worked at them until I could see my face in them.

I felt a thousand times more confident now, and with this return of self-confidence came a new flood of ambition and energy. Gone were my pains and aches, my feeling of constant fatigue. So, I'd lost my money to a swindler, had I? Well, I'd made that money in business, and I'd make some more. How? I'd find a way, or die trying!

Matt's words, "Make the *best* of it," rang a small bell in my mind. What did I have that I could make the best use of, in a way that would make some money for me? The only thing I could think of was my boat—a big, clumsy, home-made, flat-bottomed rowboat that someone had given to me years ago. It was big enough for ten people, and useless for any ordinary purpose. Too heavy, and too hard to row. Otherwise, it was a good boat: it did float. A college friend of mine, with a lake

home, let me keep it on his beach. It was probably still there.

How did one go about making the best of an unsalable, clumsy rowboat? Why was I bothering to think about it at all? The light finally flashed on. It was a crazy idea, but it just might be crazy enough to work! And the summer season was just starting.

The boat was still there, and there were only a couple of leaks. After a couple of days of hard work it was ready for business, shipshape, with a coat of shiny red paint, a flag stuck in the bow and a 20-horse outboard motor (second-hand, easy payments) at the other end. Plus a big sign on the dock reading, "Boat Ride, 50c."

It was a popular beach resort, swarming with kids. The grown-ups, I figured, would'n't be caught dead paying for a ride in a rowboat, but the kids would consider it a big deal. The owner of the place agreed to let me try it for ten percent of the gross receipts—if any.

I was wrong on only one count: some of the grown-ups went for it, too! Don't ask me why. I had eight

passengers my first trip — six kids and two adults. I cleared nearly a hundred dollars that first week, the first money I had earned in a long, long time. I spent a considerable part of it buying my young friend Matt the biggest and fanciest steak dinner in town.

"That's all you ever have to do, actually," he remarked absently, "just take whatever you have around you, and make the best of it. Everything else will take care of itself."

Truer words were never spoken!

The next time life gets you down, look around you and take an inventory of what you've got. One or two friends, maybe? Something that could stand improvement? Including, perhaps, your personal appearance? Whatever it is you have, fix it up, shine it up, and use it to the best advantage. Ideas will come to you as you go along.

What we have, whatever it may be, is what was given to us by a Power greater than ourselves. When we make the best—the absolute best—of what we have, that Power begins to shine through in ways beyond our comprehension.

The Anchor

Mary Lavinia Silvia

When mankind disillusion me
And things are not serene
I look above — because my faith
In God remains supreme.

☐ All in all, the American people have not taken the Christ Child out of Christmas.

The Religious Observance of Christmas

Elizabeth W. Sudlow

WHILE THERE HAS been an expression in many places that we are taking Christ out of Christmas here in the United States, a brief study of what we are doing and what other peoples around the world have done for many ages past, may reveal that we are not altogether unmindful of what the season stands for. From the amplifiers or loud speakers set up in shops and along our streets during the days before Christmas we hear the beautiful old Christmas carols. It is the message of the birth of Christ which they peal forth rather than the story of Old Santa. In the public schools the children of all creeds sing the hymns of Christmas until they are as familiar with them as with the songs about Santa Claus and Christmas trees and gifts.

In some of the Latin American countries the figures of the Three Kings are as familiar to the children as Santa is here, and they are found on the streets just as we have our Santas on the street corners with their great kettles collecting money to be used in furnishing Christmas cheer for the needy.

Today we find that the spirit of giving is emphasized more in the public schools than that of getting. From the smallest kindergartner to

the high school senior they are interested in collecting food or toys or clothing for some other group. This is a development that has been steadily growing and the interest in giving to others has increased.

This same spirit has invaded most of our social and civic groups. "Let's give to some worthy cause," say the members. "Bring a good toy or a can of food," say managers of theaters, "and help make a merry Christmas for someone less fortunate."

Have we substituted Santa for Christ at Christmas? Look at the many bill boards around your city and see what percentage of them carry a religious message. Perhaps it is a reproduction of the Nativity, and the name of the advertiser is so small as to be barely noticeable. Newspaper advertising frequently is along the same line. What about the radio and television programs at Christmas time? Surely we must acknowledge that Christ has not been left out or that Santa has been substituted.

We point to Mexico and some other countries where for nine days before Christmas the old mystery plays of Spain are given. One is the "Posadas" or lodgings. Here for eight nights before Christmas there is a procession, carrying an image of

the Infant Jesus, with Mary and Joseph trudging along "looking for lodgings." Each evening the procession, and there are many of them in every village, ends at some home where there is much feasting and merrymaking. On Christmas Eve the procession ends at the church, where Mass is observed. Can we match that with our custom, followed in many churches, of having nothing but Christmas music in every gathering on the church property during the month of December? Then there is the glorious Christmas Sunday service. In many churches a midnight service is held on Christmas Eve.

From India comes the story by a missionary that shortly after midnight of Christmas morning, carolers who call themselves "The Shepherds" begin their pilgrimage about the village, calling at every home to bid their friends a Merry Christmas. Is this a more religious custom than that we have here of sending out our young people on Christmas Eve to sing carols to the sick, the aged, the shut-ins or the shut-outs?

In Ireland it is customary to place a lighted candle in the window to guide the Christ Child as he wanders through the streets looking for shelter. In our land we also place a lighted candle in the window, and it is to tell all passers by that here there is room for the Christ Child and that he is welcome. In certain parts of Pennsylvania the old custom

introduced by the Moravians has been developed until now literally millions of candles are lighted on Christmas Eve.

There is much feasting in all European countries in the observance of the Christmas Day celebration. Surely we are not behind any nation when it comes to feasting on Christmas Day! And in some parts of our land we have a custom of setting an extra place at the dinner table, "for the Christ Child." This "Christ Child" may be a poor beggar, a person who has undergone great sorrow, an inmate from a nearby institution, or just anybody who needs a bit of cheering at this season of the year.


In one way, perhaps, some of these foreign countries are superior to ours, and that is in the form of Christmas salutation. In the Balkans instead of "Merry Christmas" one is greeted with "Christ is born." and the reply is, "He is born indeed." The French say "Joyeux Noel!" which means Joyous Christmas. The Spanish greeting comes rather close to that we use; "Felices Pascuas!" or Happy Christmas. The Italian greeting, "Bono Natale!" Good Christmas, is also similar to our Merry Christmas. The Rumanian greeting is beautiful, "Noster Lui Christos Sa Va de Folos!" May the birth of Christ bring you Happiness!

In many of the foreign homes an altar is set up at Christmas time and here the family offer prayers. In other countries the creche is the cen-

ter of the devotional life of the family. Here there is a rapidly growing interest in the family creche, and we find them set up in an ever increasing number of homes. In one community it is customary to set up a creche in the window, then darken

all but the creche so that it may be seen by passers-by on the street.

All in all, taking everything into consideration, the American people have not altogether taken the Christ Child out of Christmas, nor have they substituted Santa Claus for him.



A Christmas Wish

Henry Victor Morgan

What could we wish you more, dear friend,
Upon this Christmas morn,
Than that within your heart each day
The Christ of Love be born?
That you may walk with courage strong,
Though clouds hide Heaven's blue,
And reach a hand to those less brave,
Their courage to renew;

That wheresoe'er your footsteps lead,
The flowers of hope may spring,
And in the hour when flesh seems weak
Hear God's strong angels sing;
That you may be a light to all,
One whom God's light shines through;
Then all Love's Kingdom shall be thine—
This is OUR CHRISTMAS WISH for you.

❑ Wrong attitudes are as grains of sand within the engine of one's mind.

The Power of an Attitude

Louise Barker Barnhill

*Man's inner self is clearly viewed
As he portrays an attitude!*

AN ATTITUDE is the expression of an inner feeling, by a word, a smile, an action, or merely a glance. Sometimes it is very potently expressed in silence. The power it possesses is determined by the depth of feeling involved.

An attitude can be inherited, or cultivated. The attitude of prejudice is an example of inheritance. Parents are often unaware of a prejudice existing within their own minds until it crops out in the actions of a child. The child simply expresses what has been passed down to him.

There are positive attitudes; there are negative ones. Right ones are as oil for the smooth operation of all mental processes. They produce harmony; harmony promotes peace. Where there is peace, there is beauty, the kind of beauty that was planned for us. Wrong attitudes are as grains of sand within the engine of one's mind. As thought motors turn they grate, they irritate, and throw the whole human mechanism out of order.

I have known and seen many attitudes. Often I am inspired by the power of an attitude as expressed in another.

I have watched an ATTITUDE

OF CONFIDENCE, shoulders straight, head held high, go forth to meet a day.

I have seen an ATTITUDE OF TOLERANCE and LOVE melt a heart made cold with icy prejudice.

I have seen an ATTITUDE OF FORGIVENESS face a foe of vengeance, turn the other cheek, and as victor walk away.

I have seen an ATTITUDE OF COURAGE master adverse circumstance, lift another from the depths of sorrow and despair.

I have seen an ATTITUDE OF LOVE AND PATIENCE win out in the presence of cold indifference.

I have seen the gentle blossoming of youth in an ATTITUDE of LOVE and FAITH.

I have seen an ATTITUDE OF SILENCE still the critic's tongue.

I have seen an ATTITUDE OF HUMBLENESS magnetize a personality.

I have known an ATTITUDE OF SYMPATHY, an understanding heart, to lift the one distorted and guide to fresher start.

I have heard a sermon preached . . . felt its grip of moving power . . . all because the audience listened in an ATTITUDE OF PRAYER!

Too tenuous to be touched by human hand, yet strong enough to make or break a man! This is the power of an attitude!

❑ Americans are turning up with new and surprising methods to help others in need of aid.

Help for the Handicapped

E. M. Marshall

IT IS SURPRISING what little expenditure of effort will bring happiness to others to say nothing of making our own lives pleasanter and more satisfying. Thousands know this from their earliest days at school. Yet it is unfortunate how few try to practice the Golden Rule as the usual, the ordinary, the matter of course, procedure.

If there is any time when hours seem like years, it is when we are ill or so badly injured that we can do little to help ourselves. Projected Books, which is headed by Eugene Power, is a non-profit venture located in Ann Arbor, Mich., which concentrates on helping all handicapped folks. By printing books on microfilms that can be shown on the ceiling, a patient who can turn the pages somehow, even if it's done with the chin while all the rest of the body is in a cast, can not only amuse himself but he can learn. No matter what the subject, there are books on it. Projected Books is endeavoring to make more and more of them available to the handicapped.

Another project which is doing wonders for the sick children in New England hospitals is carried on by the patients in the Lowell General Hospital at Fort Devens, Mass.

In the occupational therapy department, 1,270 toys were made in a single year and given to ailing youngsters.

Although they have been deprived of liberty by verdict of the courts for crimes against society, the Atlanta Welfare Club members comprising over two thousand federal prisoners, work to help needy citizens on the outside. They contributed over six thousand dollars which is saying a great deal for those who might be pardoned for spending whatever they earn to lighten their own monotonous existence.

The Braille Institute benefitted by an unusual piece of generosity from the young stars of Universal Studio. While the studio was filming *The Egg And I*, the hundreds of hens used were producing eggs daily. All these the studio donated to help those who have one of the worst handicaps — blindness. A special stall in the Farmer's Market in Hollywood was set up and pretty young stars gave their time to tend it. All proceeds—and the amount was not a trifle—were sent to Braille Institute for extending their services to an even greater number of the blind.

Possibilities Unlimited, whose originator, George J. Krueger, has

himself lost his right arm, specializes in aid to amputees. Mr. Krueger believes that getting those with similar handicaps to call on recent victims who are likely to feel life is no longer worth the living, is of incalculable benefit. The callers show how successful they are in using substitutes. Their good example cheers up the recent victim who gets renewed courage to imitate this good example. Soon they, too, are striving to carry on this good work which has a practical application for "Do unto others."

In society, yeggmen usually receive nothing but unwelcome attention but not so with Charles Courtney. Mr. Courtney claims the honor of being the highest-paid legal practitioner of his strange "art." He has opened locks that safeguarded millions, many down in the bottom of the ocean, as well as plenty which were hidden in odd places dreamed up as further aids to concealment and safety. Grateful beneficiaries are not the only ones to bless Mr. Courtney. Many New Yorkers owe him their lives and property. In World War I, a shed filled with dynamite was ablaze. Had Mr. Courtney not picked the lock in a twinkling so the firemen could enter, the time required for breaking down the door would have fired the explosive and devastated the whole neighborhood, adding hundred to the cripples.

If you get two signers on your

note, the Hebrew Free Loan Society located at 108 Second Avenue in New York City will lend you up to \$500 without other security to tide you over a financial crisis like sickness. This firm has been doing such kindness for fifty-eight years and has helped over 700,000 with more than \$40,000,000, yet the losses have been negligible. They are certain that people are honest and their records bear out their trust.

Just giving away newspapers he collects from commuters using the Elevated, is the private philanthropy of Samuel Hyman. He is a retired worker from a printing plant in New York City. This was what convinced him that there were hundreds who would appreciate his unusual aid among the "sitters" in parks. Many of those Mr. Hyman helps are job hunters whose anxiety centers all their attention on the help-wanted advertisements. But students of foreign affairs, bettors whose horses have failed to reach the post, house-hunters who have overlooked getting one of the varied issues in Mr. Hyman's stack are the ones calling down blessings on his work.

Mrs. Mary V. Leech of Tulsa, Okla., realized the monotony attached to illness and did something constructive. She organized the Chuckles Club and writes two hundred sick youngsters she has on file. Not content with this, she has a story hour for children living in her neighborhood.

To job hunting veterans in Boston, Roland Darling often lives up to his name and their good opinion of him as head of the School for Job Hunting Veterans. There is a staff of seventy-five who are paid from the annual drive for community funds. Here each soldier-turned-civilian with a problem can get the kind of help that counts. He is interviewed by a trained staff member bent on finding out all his abilities, likes, and dislikes so that he will get employment in the right kind of work where he will have the best chance to make progress.

Getting into legal difficulties is so easy that it is not until we're really in dire straits that we find out how little we know about how to locate the right kind of assistance. It is for such people that the Lawyer's Reference Plan of Chicago was organized and works as often in preventing people from running afoul of the law as in helping them when they are really up against it. There are three hundred attorneys in the association. At very reasonable fees, they handle inquiries covering matters involving thousands of dollars.

Should you be blind you might be pardoned for thinking that your chance of helping others would be very slim. But that wasn't the way Daisy Smith of Montgomery, Ala., decided although she was in her fifties. She was a schoolteacher who had sight in one eye when she consulted a doctor whose mistake in

using argemum for argyrol caused her total blindness. She started telling stories in the park to children from two to five and did so well that 750 of her little charges or their freinds and relatives signed a petition they presented to the mayor. He saw to it that hereafter Miss Smith will receive some financial return for her courage in tackling a job which wouldn't be a sinecure for anyone who had sight.

By keeping workers producing instead of being out on strike, the American Arbitration Association of Rockefeller Center, New York City, is helping us all to get more for our money. When once a strike is called, it is increasingly difficult to prevent ill will from clouding issues that would not be disputed otherwise. We are all benefitting by more goods at less cost far more than we realize because of the efforts of this civic-minded group.

When you find the Blue Cross Hospital plan taking care of that siege in the hospital you did not foresee and had no funds to meet, you can thank some teachers of Baylor, Texas, for starting a sensible way of handling illness. For it was these teachers who persuaded a local hospital to let them pay four dollars each semester in return for twenty-one days of care for members needing it, that got the Blue Cross started. Soon fifteen hundred other teachers signed for this service and the idea spread like fire in dry grass.

Yet it remained for a doctor in Kansas to put service into his Christmas in the best way yet conceived. During the holidays he sends this note to each patient who owes him: "Since this is the period of good will to me, we make it one of forgiveness for you. We offer you a gift. The bill you owe us is cancelled. The debt is forgiven—with just one proviso! You must make an equivalent cash gift to a worthwhile charity. Send us their receipt and your account will be considered closed."

So whether the service may be to

the sick, the handicapped, to fortune-hunters in search of a yeggman, job hunters seeking employment, seekers for funds to pay unexpected hospitalizations, story tellers for whiling away monotonous hours of illness, legal services for those enmeshed by the law, arbitration for viewing unpleasant worker-employer difficulties, or just cancellation of debt because of a sincere wish to insure funds to worthwhile charitable endeavors, Americans are turning up with new and surprising methods to help others in need of aid.



Christmas Holidays

Louise Darcy

Trim the tree and buy the gift,
Have happy holidays,
But save some time for quiet hours
Spent in unselfish ways.

Christmas is the time to share
The heart's rich overflow,
Letting our Christian light shine out
With friendly, helpful glow.

☐ Are your prayers, "Father, help me," or "Father, do it for me"?

Escalator of Faith

Bonnie LeFever

TODAY AT LUNCH, as I sat in the cafeteria of a department store, I heard a man at an adjoining table say, "Those new escalators certainly save people a lot of time, don't they?"

I was facing the broad archway entrance of the cafeteria, and had been unconsciously watching the new escalators in operation. The man's remark crystalized my observation, and I began watching people step on the rising treads, ride safely to the high ceiling and disappear.

"Those escalators are like prayer," I thought suddenly. "They carry us up to go on with our business on a higher level."

The idea intrigued me, and I began exploring its many facets. The first was the fact that although the escalator formed broad, easy steps, people were simply stepping on and riding, letting their faith in the mechanism lift them to their desired goal. How much faster they might have arrived had, they walked up those steps, supplementing the un-failing power with a little effort on their own part!

So it is with prayer. True, prayer is always answered, even when we are too tired, discouraged, or confused to put our prayer into definite

words or thought-pattern. But the moment we step on that escalator, thus wordlessly expressing faith in an unseen Power, the steps line up before us, one by one, until at the end they level off and we are standing firm at our desired goal. Likewise, the moment we say, "Father, help me," the first step to the solution of our problem is taken, and subsequent steps are revealed as we are ready to take them. If we don't take them—if we merely ride along on our faith—we shall still get there, for Jesus said, "Whatsoever ye ask in my name, that will I do." But the rider who fails to take advantage of the steps revealed to him is not proving his faith; he is unconsciously challenging it.

If we pray for restored health, believing, knowing that health will be ours, yet fail to eat properly or get sufficient sleep, that restoration of health may be delayed. If we pray for a good crop in our fields, yet fail to pull out the weeds as fast as they grow, or water the earth as it becomes dry, the crop may be retarded for lack of proper attention. If we pray for success in business, yet fail to grasp our opportunities for expansion or development, that success may be slow in

coming. In our personal relations, peace and harmony may be hampered by our simply going along day after day in the hope that a troublesome situation will level off by itself, instead of our taking a few steps toward the goal of understanding. In all such cases, our prayers of "Father, help me," may actually be saying, "Father *do it for me.*" How much faster and surer the results will be if we pray *and* work, secure in the knowledge that "The Father and I are one."

And what of the "down" escalator? This is the one that brings us back into the work-a-day world, bringing with us our new awareness, our new sense of values and appreciation, just as the shopper brings back his purchases; hurrying out into the sunshine and warmth of friendly association with ourselves and the world in which we live, and putting those "purchases" to good use in our everyday lives.

The faith of little children is straightforward and uncomplicated, and I can think of no better way to illustrate the point than with the following examples.

Just before her birthday, a little girl prayed for twenty dolls. On that day, she received only one. As she stood looking at it, her mother said gently, "Twenty dolls are too many for one little girl. You were being selfish, so God didn't answer your prayer."

"He did too!" the little girl declared instantly. "He said, 'Not all at once.'"

That little girl was a rider. She did not achieve her goal that day, yet her faith was unshaken; and no doubt when she reached maturity, she was able to look back and find that she had received her twenty dolls.

Very different was the little boy who knelt at his mother's knee and yelled his prayer, "Please, God, bring me a fire engine!"

"You needn't shout," his mother admonished. "God can hear the merest whisper."

"I know," said the little fellow, "but Grandma can't."

That little boy had plenty of faith, but he knew that God sent fire engines, and most of the other things we pray for, through mortal agencies. He saw Grandma's visit as a step on his escalator, and he took it. He took no chances on just riding along and having to wait another year, or possibly even longer. He wanted his fire engine *now*—and he got it.

The next time you pray, or step on an escalator, try taking a few steps yourself. They're right there for you, if you want to use them—not in impatience, but in supplementation of your faith in the never-failing Power which carries you to your goal.

They *will* save you time.

¶ Give us peace, oh God; the peace that comes from tolerance and love.

The World wants Peace

Anya P. Sala

1

THE WORLD wants peace — We're hungry for the calm
That comes whenever spirits can commune
In cosmic harmony. We seek a balm
To mitigate our sufferings, and soon.
Yet having burned and seared our spirits twice,
We use an unguent to assuage the pain —
And still prepare to touch the fire thrice,
Knowing we shall be seared and scorched again!
In seeking thus the flame, do we desire
The warmth we think it gives; its glowing light
Which draws us to its hidden funeral pyre?
Are we but moths in aimless, futile flight?
The world wants peace — turn from the fire then;
Quench quickly flames still hungering for men!

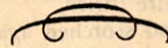
2

The world wants peace — the lessons we have learned
Have been forgotten sometimes, yet we know
He dreads the fire who has been badly burned —
As we were burned, not very long ago.
The world wants peace — and so we try to pray
For peace, without quite knowing how.
Yet Jesus said to us, *I am the Way* —
We left Him, then; shall we walk with Him, now?
He did not tell mankind to hate his brother
To Grasp what he could get without a care
For painful consequences to another;
To cherish self, and let the world despair
He taught that Love would put an end to strife;
Would conquer death, and bring eternal life.

3

The world wants peace — then give us peace, oh God;
The peace that comes from tolerance and love.
Not that deep quiet of the blood-drenched sod,

With hate-torn men still hating men above.
 Nor yet the quiet that is just a lull
 Between war's chaos and another war —
 While hatred makes each man corruptible,
 And greed breeds bitter conflict more and more.
 No, God, we do not seek illusive peace,
 As unsubstantial as a rainbow's beam;
 Depending solely on mankind's caprice
 To crystallize and fix this oft-dreamed dream.
 The world wants peace — Your Kingdom's peace. Oh Lord:
 An understanding Love; and sheathed, the sword.



A Prayer For The New Year

Max Ehrmann

Let me do my work each day; and if the darkened hours of despair overcome me, may I not forget the strength that comforted me in the desolation of other times.

May I still remember the bright hours that found me walking over the silent hills of childhood, or dreaming on the margin of the quiet river, when a light glowed within me, and I promised my early God to have courage amid the tempests of the changing years.

Spare me from bitterness and from the sharp passions of unguarded moments. May I not forget that poverty and riches are of the spirit. Though the world know me not, may my thoughts and actions be such as shall keep me friendly with myself. . . .

Give me a few friends who will love me for what I am; and keep ever burning before my vagrant steps the kindly light of hope. And though age and infirmity overtake me, and I come not within sight of the castle of my dreams, teach me still to be thankful for life, and for time's golden memories that are good and sweet; and may the evening's twilight find me gentle still.

☐ The ledger of your life is a more important matter than your bank book.

Be Master of Yourself

Grenville Kleiser

UNTIL YOU CONQUER YOURSELF you are but a slave.

Self-government is one of the greatest achievements. The truest conquest is where the soul is bringing every thought into captivity to the obedience of Christ.

PATIENCE, EQUANIMITY, and self-control are rich contributions to personal happiness. The most precious of all possessions is power over ourselves.

Patience is a cardinal virtue.

Said Franklin: "He that can have patience, can have what he will."

It is said that patient waiting is often the highest way of doing God's will. Patience is the key of self-control. Patient working and waiting will work wonders.

WHEN YOU LEARN to bear the everyday trials and annoyances of life quietly and calmly, your strength to meet greater trials will be reinforced. Patience is power in reserve.

PROPER SELF-CONTROL will give decision, tone, and energy to your mind. Calm and prudent forethought are essential to well-being. In life, as in chess, forethought wins.

One has said: "Patience strengthens the spirit, sweetens the temper, stifles anger, extinguishes envy, subdues pride, bridles the tongue, re-

strains the hand, and tramples upon temptations."

Seneca said: "Most powerful is he who has himself in his own power."

ACCUMULATE RESERVES OF POWER. Fully realize that worry, resentment, resistance, and nervousness are destructive and disintegrating influences, and you will wish to eliminate them from your life. To accumulate great reserves of physical vitality, it is necessary to avoid all undue nervous strain, tension, and excitement. Hurry, worry, and anxiety tend to defeat the object in view.

The best results are secured by a uniform attitude of poise, calmness, and self-control. Several times a day consciously relax your mind and body. Then give yourself a silent or audible treatment of positive affirmations. Confidently assert your right to health, harmony, and happiness. Resolve that under all circumstances you will maintain a mental attitude of poise.

HAVE A MENTAL HOUSE-CLEANING. At the close of each day, critically examine your thoughts and acts and note wherein you have done well or otherwise. Daily self-examination will enable you to remedy any defects in your personality.

The ledger of your life is a more important matter than your bank-book. What you have added to the credit of your character at the end of the day is of vastly greater value than the number of dollars you have accumulated.

What you have carried to the credit of your soul at the end of your earthly life will count for more than accumulated lands and money. Have a mental housecleaning every little while. Look into the corners of your mind and clear out accumulated mental rubbish. Be vigilant and thorough in eliminating every useless thought.

DELIBERATED AND REGULAR PRACTICE OF MEDITATION is possible for anyone willing to make the necessary effort. Withdrawal of attention from the bewildering multiplicity of things, a

deliberate and humble self-surrender, will bring to you a better understanding of your real self.

When manifold duties and self-interests claim your attention, take stock of yourself. Quietly survey and appraise, with a certain detachment, precisely what you are doing with your life. Spiritual knowledge may cost much, but never as much as it is worth.

WHEN YOU BEGIN TO THINK OF THE SOUL in terms of its ideal possibilities, its superior powers, a new world will open to you. The more persistently you transfer your attention to the soul, the more successfully you will be able to maintain a calm center, which in turn will express itself in better-ordered nerves and a sounder body.

When Something Goes Wrong

E. J. Ritter, Jr.

If you whimper with problems
Of diminutive size;
If the smallest of setbacks
Brings tears to your eyes;
If you can't start again
When something goes wrong;
If you can't displace sorrow
With solace or song;
If you cannot be master
Of small woes at first,
You will be a soft touch
For Life at its worst!

Prayer Works!

"About a year ago my name was sent in to the prayer box. I had a tumor on my tongue. It was removed by surgery after which I was given 37 X-Ray treatments, but the doctor told me only three months ago that I was cured of the cancer. But I knew our prayers were answered six months before they told me. Let me tell you how I know.

I was sitting in my living room alone, having my devotions and meditations, making up my mind that I would not be with my family much longer; praying it would not be so, but willing to accept it. While I was meditating about it, it seemed to me as though some One very gently lifted some very small object from the center of my tongue. It was so gentle that only being as still as I was at the moment could I possibly have known it. I knew right then that God had healed the cancer and I never was concerned about that again. . . . God does answer our prayers and will bless us if we only believe. May God richly bless you in the Master's work."

—*Pennsylvania*

"In July I wrote you requesting prayers for my husband who had lost his employment and intended to venture into business for himself. Later I also wrote you that my son received scholar-

ships sufficient to enable him to continue school

Today I want to send you some of the title on my husband's first sales in his new business. We feel this step he has taken is in the right direction and that it is God's will to prosper us. . . . The literature, and especially the Manual of Prayer, have been a joy to me, and praying for and with others whose requests are in the Prayer Box is an inspiration."—*Florida*

"I am writing to tell you of the results of the prayers I asked of you for The Reverend——. His surgeon for nine consecutive days said the operation was necessary if he was to live, yet on the tenth day he told him to go home and try to live on a different medicine and diet. . . . The surgeon confided to the minister's wife that something held him back from operating. He could not explain it to his own satisfaction. . . . The time is long up and the minister is in better health now than he's been in years. He has preached twice each Sunday since his return home. Thanks for your prayers. We all know that prayer saved his life."—*New Jersey*

"I am deeply interested in the *Manual of Prayer* and can hardly lay them down

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: Midway 8-5036; after 5 P.M., Saturday afternoon and Sunday, call Mrs. Fisher at COLfax 7396, Minneapolis, Minn., or Mrs. Ecoff, Midway 8-7365. St. Paul, Minn.

to write to you. I am ninety years old and have been studying Dr. Frederick W. Bailes' *Your Mind Can Heal You*. I have had miraculous healings. I had a bad motor accident twenty years ago and joints that have been rigid all that time have been released within a few months. I never was as well. I read every night until twelve or one o'clock. I like the June 1954 *Manual* best of all and am having as many people read it as I can. The Prayer Box seems a fine idea."

—Virginia

"Before me I have a Fall, 1951 copy of *Clear Horizons*. I have no way of knowing how many lives it has touched nor how many miles it has traveled. We were living aboard a boat in waters near Kodiak Island in Alaska in 1952 when this magazine reached me. A "friend of a friend" had passed it to the friend who enclosed it with other magazines to me. It was manna to my spiritually-starved heart. Because I have loved it I have kept it with me, finding its contents ever new. Now I turn to my treasured copy for guidance to help. I know prayer works. I know prayer works for me. But I know you who have "found the way" have found the Power. I am still seeking and searching. . . . I know that my brother and his wife could be every whit whole if God would touch them with His healing light. Will you pray for them? Thank you for your help. I love you for being God's workers.—*Washington*

"There will never be a way in which I can even in a small way return in part the help I receive from my Prayer Tower and many other blessings which have come to me from my connection

with your group. My prayers are with all of you and the great work you do."

—Texas

"I have to thank you and all members of the United Prayer Tower, for since our enrollment as members of this great prayer band many changes have taken place in our family of prayer. My junior brother was ordained a pastor in the Apostolic Church organization. He has been sent to . . . as a district pastor. Pastor . . . is doing an immense work of prayer in that area and has organized a successful prayer circle over there. He is pleading for your brotherly cooperation in prayer that the Omnipotent Father may use him as an instrument in His field of labor."—*Nigeria, West Africa*.

"I just had to write you this note to tell you how wonderfully God works, His wonders to perform. You may recall that a year ago we were trying to talk prayer and Glenn Clark's philosophy to our minister but he did not agree with us. Two years ago when he was sick we gave him Agnes Sanford's *The Healing Light*. For Christmas we gave him Glenn Clark's *What Would Jesus Do?*, and for Easter *Channels of Spiritual Power* by Frank Laubach. This morning his sermon was "The Upward Steps" and it was truly inspirational. He has caught something, I know, from those three authors. We now have our daughter home with us. She is not allowed to go to school as yet but as far as we know there are no physical impairments. Thank God and thank you for helping to surround her with God's healing light and helping me to keep on the beam."

—New York

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