

Clear Horizons

59

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Fall, 1955

(Complete Contents on Back Cover)

PRODUCING PEARLS AND
PRODUCING SAINTS 1

Glenn Clark

QUIETUDE AND RELIGION . . . 12

Rabbi Harry Silverstone

THE CLASSROOM AND
THE ALTAR 17

Bishop Hazen G. Werner

AMERICA NEEDS CHRIST . . . 59

Luther Youngdahl

Poems - Meditations - Articles - Book Reviews

As We Go To Press

We feel quite pert that we are having an article by **Glenn Clark** (p. 1) from his new book, *On Wings of Prayer*, at the same time the book is being made available to the public. Not one of us likes the irritations of life, but Dr. Clark shows us how they can be instruments for making our lives beautiful. . . . What happens when a physician sees and experiences something that does not make medical sense? **Dr. Bartlett** had an experience of a torn muscle while attending a Camp Farthest Out (p. 7). It had happened before to him but the healing this time opened his eyes to a new dimension of life. . . . Many people have heard Glenn Clark talk about the President's pastor, his nephew by marriage, and this newspaper report of who **Dr. Elson** is, what he is like, and what he does is a good portrait of the man who ministers to President Eisenhower (p. 9). . . . Clear Horizons Magazine was the dream and the baby of **Helen Clark Wentworth**. She it was who first presented the baby to the world in its swaddling clothes via mimeograph paper. We thought you would like to read something that this splendid woman wrote many years ago, and this small article on the unchangingness that is within all change is a glimpse into her soul (p. 11). . . . It is not in stress, striving, and strain that we find life full and abundant, but rather in quietness of soul and mind that life blesses us, and **Rabbi Silverstone** points this out to us in clear and interesting language (p.12). . . . What happens when a police sergeant is also a practicing Christian? Well let us introduce you to **Sergeant Lonnie V. Strebeck** of Houston, Texas (p. 15). See what he has to say about traffic accidents and public safety! . . . Our school year is just beginning and the place of Christianity in the classroom is aptly and ably put by Bishop Werner (p. 17). . . . So many of you like our reprints in the past of "**Simeon Stylites**" that we decided to give you another sample of a pen that looks at life and then looks right through it (p. 22). . . . Does a popular radio and television singer have "religion?" Well, **Perry Como** (p.28) has something to say that might open your eyes. . . . **George McCausland** (p.37) has the knack of taking the commonplace things we see everyday and using them to demonstrate the workings of the Kingdom of God, and this is just what he does with "detours." (p. 37.). . . . Federal Judge **Luther Youngdahl** had a full political life before he became a judge, and he here gives his personal testimony as to what Christ means to him and has meant to him over the years (p. 59).

CLEAR HORIZONS MAGAZINE

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Clear Horizons

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It might startle the world to contemplate seriously the production of saints on a mass production scale.

Producing Pearls and Producing Saints

Glenn Clark

ONE MORNING THE station wagon of the Omi Brotherhood took us on a long ride over rough roads to Shima where we found ourselves overnight guests in a glorious hotel. The next day was planned for us by the Brotherhood and all we did was to follow directions. A private launch took us to the greatest pearl farm in the world. Some years ago a Mr. Miki Moto discovered how to make millions of dollars through a process of irritating oysters scientifically in order to facilitate nature's production of pearls. Mr. Vories had written him of our coming and he was expecting us and even had gifts ready for us. He was ninety-six years old and saw few people but he gladly welcomed us. His sixty year old son is an enthusiastic Christian but he said,

"Father is one-half Christian, one-half Buddhist, and one-half Shinto." Before we left, Marcia suggested I ask God's blessing on the old patriarch. When his son was told of the prayer he was overjoyed. Since our return to America the newspapers have carried news of his death.

We learned a lesson from this pearl merchant who traded all the ordinary methods of gathering pearls for a method of producing them that is so extraordinary that he could have bought up all the other pearls in the world if he had wished.

Pearls are created through the intrusion of some foreign, alien substance into the oyster which, when imbedded in the soft part of the oyster, sets up an irritant that stimulates the oyster to build a cover-

From *On Wings of Prayer*, Macalester Park Pub. Co. St., Paul, Minn. \$2.95

ing of its own around the intruding particle which results in the creation of the pearl.

Every saint I have met seems to have gone through some similar intrusion, although in his case the "foreign substance" usually takes the form of some sorrow, sickness, or even sin, which forces him to turn to God. Just as pearls are rare, so saints are rare. Just as pearl divers spend weeks bringing up hundreds of oysters from the ocean bottom only to find one pearl among them all, so students of human nature can spend weeks, months, yes years scrutinizing people before they will find one saint. Look into the oyster shell that housed that pearl and you find the irritant; look into the soul of that saint, and you will find the sorrow, disappointment, or tragedy that created that sainthood.

Just as this Japanese Pearl Merchant sought far and long to find a way of inserting a material irritant in ways that would create pearls not at random but by thousands, so I have been seeking long to find the proper spiritual irritant to insert into the hearts of men that will create not an isolated saint here or there but an entire army of saints who can pray with power. As I left the presence of this great Pearl Merchant I was simply obsessed by a tremendous thought: "As no power on earth

can bring the world out of its present dilemma as quickly as the united prayer of an army of saints, why cannot we apply the secret formula used so effectively by this great pearl merchant in the material world, in an equally effective way in the spiritual world?" In other words, why not produce an army of saints here and now?

Miki Moto's daring hypothesis was that if pearls are produced by the chance intrusion of some irritating evil, abnormal foreign substance that sets the pearl producing process in motion, why cannot as perfect, if not more perfect, pearls be produced by the careful, gentle insertion of a carefully designed lovingly prepared substance, in fact, a miniature model of the very pearl it was designed to produce.

So while we were conducted through all the secret chambers of this "pearl factory" learning all the successive steps for producing pearls, our minds and hearts were alert to discover a similar pattern and technique for producing the army of praying people we had come all around the world to find.

To make the parable complete we must start at the beginning. First, mussel shells are imported from America. From them are cut little cubes which are moulded and polished into tiny globules, miniature models of the pearls they are intended to produce. Then

these miniature models are carefully inserted into the soft flesh of the living oyster, care being taken not to injure the oyster. The oysters so treated are placed in wire net containers which are fastened to floating rafts and hung four to six feet in the ocean where the pearl producing job can be adequately done. Four times a year the nets are drawn up and the shells of the oysters are cleaned of all barnacles and dirt. The wire containers protect them from the customary enemies of oysters - the starfish and the octopus.

Tracing a parallel in the spiritual world I began to wonder if there were not a better way of producing saints than by the intrusion of trouble, suffering, persecution, and other negative elements. I can surely recall some Christlike souls who never went through the fires of sin, suffering, and catastrophe, but received their impetus into the spiritual life by the invasion into their lives of some heavenly inspired persons whose lives had become miniature reflections of Jesus himself. Whenever a radiant contagious spiritual leader lets a part of his real contagious experience of prayer and love be injected into the heart of another, something permanent happens. To get the full value of such a dynamic awakening the one so affected should, if possible, withdraw for a season from

his old sinful material environment and let the vital experience ripen in a silent, creative way, just as a silent, creative way. Paul gave program when he tells us in Galatians how, after his experience on the Damascus road, he withdrew for three years in the desert to give that experience time to fructify and bear fruit.

So why wait until a Third World War brings disaster, suffering and sorrow into people's lives to form the "irritant" to create saints? Why spend so many billions producing hydrogen bombs and jet planes and not use one percent of that sum to underwrite spiritual training camps where people can be trained to use the most powerful forces in the history of the world—love and prayer? But just as insertion of this perfect pattern of mussel shell into the body of the oyster does not complete the creation of the pearl, so one camp experience, no matter how inspiring, does not complete the job of producing a saint. The wire container in which a dozen or more "impregnated" oysters are placed is symbolical of the prayer group to which everyone so "impregnated" should belong. And the large rafts to which these containers are attached by powerful chains can be likened to the churches or Christian groups that keep them safely moored. As the containers are drawn up three or four times a

year to have barnacles and other evil accretions washed off, so the seekers should be drawn up into Retreat, conventions or Camps for reclearing and refilling with renewed dedication and renewed inspiration several times a year. Then after three or four years of this growing and cleansing process we might actually find ourselves surrounded by an army of saints.

It might startle the world to contemplate seriously the production of saints on a mass production scale. To turn them out on an assembly line as automobiles are turned out would seem absurd on the face of it. But if raw, farmer boys in Germany, England, and America can be converted into military machines on a mass production scale; and if untutored Chinese peasants can be turned into ruthless Communists in an even shorter time, it should seem logical that if saints or near saints are the only known antidote for the evils these other groups produce that they, too, should be produced at a far faster rate than they have been produced in the past.

When we reached Osaka we were invited to be the speakers at the noon luncheon of a group of business and professional leaders. Next to Kagawa and Merrell Vories the man I especially wanted to meet in Japan was Captain Fuchida who had led the raid on Pearl Harbor,

about which he himself has written about so brilliantly.

Imagine my surprise and joy when I found him sitting directly opposite me at the table. Imagine my still greater joy and surprise when the chairman announced that the captain would give a fifteen minute talk while we were waiting for the dinner to be served. Another joy was to find Alice Grube, one of my loyal students of Macalester, 1930, and a missionary to Japan for over twenty years, seated at my left, quick to translate in my ear the speech of Captain Fuchida as fast as he gave it.

He told how kind and forgiving he found the people of America when he visited our mainland a few years ago, and how deeply impressed he was with the resolve of the Doolittle flyer, Sergeant Jacob De Shazer, to return to Japan and give his life to winning Japanese to Christ after being captured by the Japanese and confined and brutally treated in a prison camp. He spoke feelingly of the daughter of two missionaries to the Philippines, both of whom had been beheaded by the Japanese. What overpowered him was when he found the daughter had not only forgiven the Japanese but was planning to go as a missionary to bring them Christ as she felt they needed Him most.

"I could not understand such enemy-forgiving love," said the cap-

tain. "Where did men find such love? I had never heard of people's returning good for evil. I desired the source of this power that could remove hatred from the hearts of people and change them into friendly, loving individuals. I became more and more ashamed of my own revengeful spirit. When I found a book called a Bible had changed many lives, I wondered if it might change mine. So I bought a Bible for myself.

"I started to read it. I became absorbed in it. When I came to the Gospel of Luke and faced the crucifixion of Christ I was amazed by his words, "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do." Jesus prayed for the very soldiers who were about to thrust a spear into his side!

"Here was the source of this miracle of love that can forgive enemies! Suddenly I could understand the story of the American girl whose parents had been slain. I could understand the transformation in Sergeant DeShazer's life. I am not ashamed to say that my eyes filled with tears. Immediately I accepted Jesus as my personal savior.

"Eleven years after Pearl Harbor! Little did I dream that eventful morning that my view of life would be so revolutionized. Today I am a Christian! I say it over and over

again. This is the message I send to all mankind with a fervent prayer that there will be 'NO MORE PEARL HARBORS.'"

As I watched Captain Fuchida speak I realized that here was one who had found the pearl above price. Here was one who was well on the way to becoming a "saint in the making," himself. Two people from America, an army sergeant and a woman missionary, had penetrated into the sensitive heart of one whose daring action had brought our nation into the World War. As the oyster, when impregnated by a globe of mussel shell, builds a perfect pearl about it, so this Japanese captain, whose soul had been impregnated by the forgiving spirit of these two Americans with spiritual muscle in their souls, was now experiencing the process of being changed from a son of the world into a Son of God.

I had a dream of Captain Fuchida's traveling with me some day from city to city, he speaking on NO MORE PEARL HARBORS, and I speaking on TRANSFORMING PEARL HARBOR INTO SOUL HARBOR. My heart was filled with a prayer that the Lord would raise up an army of religious leaders with enough "spiritual muscle" in their souls to create saints by the thousands.

Ⓢ Threatened with collision of circumstances will we quiver but stand firm?

But Not Destroyed

Jane Weiler Corbett

OUT IN THE GULF of Mexico the other day, a brand new ship, a minesweeper, was taken for a trial run, submitted to what is called a "crash test." Running at full speed ahead, many miles out in the deep waters, she was suddenly put in reverse. Imagine the strain on the vessel as her machinery ground to an unexpected and violent stop. I am told by a witness that the ship shuddered and vibrated convulsively from stem to stern. But she stopped. And above all she held together. She passed her crash test, proving that if it ever be required of her on the seas to meet dire emergency, she is prepared. Had the minesweeper been sent into service unequipped for catastrophe, it would have been too late had she failed.

How many of us in our lives take the risk? How many of us launch out into the deep waters of marriage, parenthood, career, under our own

sufficiency? Threatened with collision of circumstances, with everything suddenly thrown into reverse, will we quiver but stand firm, or will we fall apart from the sudden strain imposed upon us?

When the emergency comes, it is too late for the test. And until we build into our beings the strength of God, meeting our daily trial runs with *His* power, the possibility looms that in a headon crash with trouble we may go down.

Only by prayer and communion every day of our lives, by seeking His will and drawing on His strength to carry it out do we lay up a storage of resources so that in the face of sudden disaster or grief and human affliction, we can say with Paul, "We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed; we are perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed." (II Cor. 4:8-9)

The Anchor

Mary Lavinia Silvia

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

Ⓢ A Canadian doctor reports on the power of prayer.

An M. D. Experiences Healing by Faith

L. S. Bartlett, M.D.

OVER A YEAR AGO, while attending a Camp Farthest Out at Whitby, Ontario, I saw more clearly, through what Starr Daily and others said, that God was ALL loving and, therefore, all forgiving and all forgetting. This realization that the whole past could be blotted out if I repented and cast myself upon His love brought a terrific emotional upheaval.

Then I tore a small muscle in the calf of my left leg while exercising. I had torn the corresponding muscle in my right leg the spring before and it had been several weeks before I could walk without pain.

Now here I was at the beginning of a week in which I expected so much, and the following week I planned to do a lot of physical work at my summer place, but I was crippled! I crept under a tree, hoping no one would notice me, but the exhibitionist had been seen! On talking the matter over with one of the men, I decided to ask one of the leaders to pray for my healing. In this step of faith, as a physician I

was facing a final barrier; and I could now not help but wonder what some of my fellow practitioners would say.

I met the man I wanted before we went into lunch and he put an arm on my shoulder and there we stood and prayed on the porch of the college. My leg felt better that evening and by the week-end, when I left the camp, I could jump up and down on tip-toe!

Being a doctor, I knew the different stages of healing. I had watched the progressive steps under the microscope — clot formation, the slow development of fibrous tissue, the budding of new blood-vessels, and the final return to integrity in a minimum of three weeks. My leg was better in less than a week.

What had happened was contrary to any law I knew. I realized, however, that the Almighty Architect of the universe has many laws that this poor mortal would never be able to comprehend.

The fact is that if one has absolute faith in His loving care He is

By permission from *The Evangel*, April, 1955.

capable of accomplishing what to us appears impossible. For example, we know that the law of gravity pulls an object toward the earth. We know also that one can interpose another power to stop the fall of that object. In like manner, we may know a thing may bring about a certain known result. However, God may interpose another power, a law which we do not know, and obtain a result which we do not understand and which we cannot explain. We call such events MIRACLES. Miracles are the application of the unknown laws of Almighty God. I can only accept them on faith.

When we are trusting and lovingly in tune with God, all things are possible. The only limit to what He can do is the limit of our faith. We know of the ether waves. We now know something of the power of atomic fission; but we do not begin to comprehend the power of the living God. If we would only cast aside all of self and put on the full armor of God.

During the past year I have been trying to live in contact with God by keeping early "quiet times," reading

the Scriptures and, in communion and contemplation, trying to be conscious of His presence throughout the day — practicing Frank Laubach's "Game of Minutes." The closer I keep to Him, from opening of my eyes in the morning until asleep at night, the richer the day.

In my capacity as an anesthetist I have the good fortune to be of help to many women in labor as they go through the last stages of childbirth. Many are beside themselves with fear and dread. As I sit down at the head of the table, I try to reassure them and most of them are very responsive. They quiet down and follow my instructions. As I quietly help them through the final stages, either asleep or in a half light of consciousness, I often give a prayer of thanksgiving for the little miracle that is taking place. Then, as we stimulate the new bit of life to breathe and cry, I call on the Heavenly Father to bless the little one.

Many people are afraid in life and of life. A kind word, a smile, or a firm grip of the hand, with a prayer, will give courage for a new start.

U His sermons march with the strategy of a well-thought-out campaign.

The President's Pastor

A FEW DAYS before he died, the Rev. Dr. Henry Sloane Coffin, a wise and perspicacious cleric, expressed in two sentences what many were thinking about the Rev. Dr. Edward L. R. Elson.

"He has a very difficult job," the retired president of Union Theological Seminary said. "And he is handling it very well indeed."

Two years previously Gen. Eisenhower announced he would make the National Presbyterian Church his place of worship. This threw the spotlight on the handsome, brilliant railroad engineer's son who occupies the pulpit there. He has stayed in the spotlight since, and done well.

As "the President's pastor," the former Army chaplain has carried out his augmented duties with the poise and resolution of a soldier performing a mission. As spiritual adviser he has strengthened the President in ways of humility, discipline, and religious devotion. Oftentimes a stern Calvinist, he softens the lines of the picture with a witticism or personal anecdote.

His sermons march with the strategy of a well-thought-out campaign, from premises to triumphant finality.

Erect, his inflection controlled, he delivers them like Napoleon giving an order of the day. No wonder the news photos of the minister and the President, on the church steps, often catch a glance of fond regard from the latter. The two have more in common than being Presbyterians and members of the Burning Tree Club.

Believing God is sovereign and His will must be obeyed, Dr. Elson indefatigably employs his waking hours in what he considers His service. On Easter he rose with the birds, breakfasted on a roll and coffee, and drove to Bolling Base, where he preached at a 6:30 a. m. service. He hurried back across the city to conduct the 8 a. m. services at his church. After another roll and cup of coffee, he preached at the 9:30 service and, fortified by more of the same, preached at the 11 o'clock service attended by President Eisenhower.

Meanwhile, two more Elson Easter messages, previously recorded, were being beamed by the Voice of America to Calvinists in Hungary and to Western Europe.

At 4 p. m. he appeared on a Nation-wide TV program and the

rest of the day remained inactive, except for a sick call and evening engagements.

Anybody who has sought an appointment with him knows his Easter schedule was just another day's work. He is opposed, constitutionally and by principle, to wasting any of life's irretrievable seconds. From the pulpit, last fall, he berated a minister who had kept a congregation waiting. He figured the man had "stolen 10 minutes of 150 people's time — 1500 minutes — 25 hours of composite time, which had been set apart for active corporate worship."

In indignation he exclaimed, "That was immoral. To squander time is sin. There is only so much time in the deposit of human energy and in the attention span of the individual — and to abuse or misuse it is an evil thing!"

One of the reasons he accomplishes so much is that his wife gives him secretarial assistance in the evening. "Beautiful" and "charming" are the words for Mrs. Elson, and "cordial" and "genuine." No one begrudges her and the Elson girls their place of honor in the Eisenhower pew each Sunday.

Dr. Elson met his wife when he was called to the La Jolla (Calif.) Presbyterian Church. A member of the congregation, Helen Chittick was then attending an Episcopal finishing school. With other volun-

teers, she helped in secretarial work for the church. While attending the University of California she was courted by the young minister.

Four hundred and fifty miles was quite a jaunt for dates and "I had to get married to recover," Dr. Elson says jokingly. Mrs. Elson's uncle, Dr. Glenn Clark of St. Paul, Minn., is the widely known founder of Camps Farthest Out, a Nationwide chain of summer religious retreats.

From the exactions of his ministerial duties, Dr. Elson relaxed in the happy turmoil of the manse, 3001 44th St. N.W. His children regard him with humor and pride, which he reciprocates. Eleanor Frances, he tells you, is moderator of the Westminster Fellowship (young people's group) of the Washington Presbytery. She belongs to the student council at Wilson High and works on the school paper. Beverly attends Alice Deal Junior High, where she is president of her section. Mary Faith goes to Horace Mann Elementary School. David is five.

The other day a reporter called the manse. Somebody said hello. "Is this Emerson 2-5959?" the reporter asked. A pause. Then a small voice said apologetically, "I don't know numbers."

That was David.

This week Dr. Elson, now 48, observed the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination. A life-size por-

trait by the Washington artist, Mary Ann Walburn was unveiled before a gathering in the church hall. Fifteen panels with 120 photographs exhibited high points in the minister's life from babyhood to the present.

It was only a 100-foot walk around the room, but a long way from the days when the subject ran around barefoot in the little town of Clairton, Pa., to the final photographs showing him tete-a-tete with the President.

The Changing and the Changeless

Helen Wentworth

Again the seasons change to the reds and yellows of the maple, the birch and the elm; the russet brown of the oak; and paint a flaming scene on the landscape. We thrill at the beauty which a single frosty night produces.

We are equally thrilled by the dazzling whiteness of winter's snow, the feathery green of budding trees in spring and again by the heavy lush green of summer.

Change is all about us, a recurrent immortal change. We can not be static. But we know that there is a power behind all this that is unchanging. Our conception of God may change, but He is changeless. He is, Jesus taught us, our Father; infinite in His love, in His understanding and in His power. We love Him as a Father. Yet we say reverently, "Hallowed be Thy name." Our attitude toward Him is that of worship and awe. As we approach Him in the morning quiet hour and realize His majesty, His loveliness, His infinite compassion and kindness "our hearts burn within us." We catch our breath as when we suddenly see a marvelously beautiful sunset.

We rejoice in the ever-changing beauty of the world about us with its different seasons. But the consciousness of the *changelessness* of "our Father who art in heaven" fills us with an inner joy and peace and assurance.



Quietude and Religion

Rabbi Harry Silverstone

WHEN WE MAKE a thorough study of true religion and psychology we will find that, in order to live a normal and contented life, we must adopt the habit of "Quietness." In the pursuit of wealth, power, and pleasure we rush through life in a mad pace, thus undermining our physical, mental, and spiritual lives. The gains of quietness are manifold. The practice of quietness is the only way to secure ourselves against breaking down from exhaustion. It is also the only way to keep our minds cleared of misconceptions and confusion. Life presents many perplexing and harassing problems which can be comprehended and solved only as we come apart from the maddening crowd and think them through in silence.

Another thing, in the din and rush of our busy life doubts and fears are often born in our minds, and the only way to renew our hope and confidence is to turn aside for a little season of quietness. We live in a restless hurrying age, and many people are building their lives upon quivering nerves. I do not know of any word that needs more to be said to people today than the word

of the Prophet Isaiah — "Say unto him, be quiet" — (Is. 7:4).

Our social and international problems today have grown in importance and seriousness, and while our strenuousness and problems have multiplied a thousandfold, our human nature, our supply of resistance and nervous energy have remained the same. Life has changed today weightily and dynamicaly, while human nature has remaind unchanged. It is, therefore, to be expected that psychosomatics, the newest form of medical study, stresses not simply a body that may go sick, nor even a mind that can affect the body, but also an environmental and social setting with enormous powers to affect both mind and body. Thus, we find the typical diseases today are those suggestive of exertion, tension, and apprehension.

The mental and spiritual enlightening advice given to us by religion and psychiatry is not of living strenuously the full hours of the day, but rather making those hours liveable; they counsel us just how to bear the present pace and strain of things, and yet to possess our own selves in calmness and balance.

We all have different views on

what will give to us the poise, serenity, and harmony needed for health and wholeness. Each of us must discover for himself the ways of approaching those processes of quietude and inward remaking. But the choice is legion. As Disraeli expresses it, "The art of meditation may be exercised at all hours, and in all places; and men of genius, in their walks, at table, and amid assemblies, turning the eye of the mind inwards, can form an artificial solitude; retired amid a crowd, calm amid distraction, and wise amid folly."

Religion tells us that in order to relax we should provide for a "quiet hour" with ourselves and with God each day, for we shall not get time for meditation and shall be sure to neglect it unless we make set times for it and let it become a fixed habit for happy daily living.

The psychotherapist advises that we get scientific relaxation by encouraging every muscle and nerve into quietness through rest, and allowing the mind to linger on the most restful pictures, producing a sort of concentrated sleep, thus bringing to both mind and body renewed life amid the speed and tensions and strains of today.

There is indeed great power in meditation. It is a known fact that in the British Navy whenever any sudden disaster, such as an explosion, occurs, it is the duty of the

bugler to play what is called "The Still," and when the men hear it each is to stop perfectly quiet for a moment and recollect his senses, and thus be better prepared for intelligent action in the emergency.

Spiritual meditation is surely a most proper occupation of the human mind. The power of thinking distinguishes us from the whole material universe, and spiritual things are certainly of such transcendent importance as to be worthy of our closest attention.

Quietness and silence will give us rest and power. How wonderful is the silent power of truth, constantly at work, without effort, sound, or confusion. Only man is wasteful, prodigally squandering words, speech, and effort. There is nothing more eloquent than the still small voice of conscience. Think of the silent growth of the giant forest. The world upon which we now stand is whirling silently through space. The greatest forces of nature are silent. The more we cultivate a spirit of inward silence, the better we will have intercourse with God; this will help us to solve the most difficult personal problems, and will give us rest from inordinate ambition and desire, thus promoting quietness of spirit.

We must take time and put our mind in order, for thoughts rule the world. Everything that is wrought out in material form is

first constructed in the mind; as we think — so we build. We should make an inventory of our mental assets, take stock of ourselves and know precisely what we are doing with our thoughts, time, talents, and energy.

We should further realize our responsibility to maintain a constantly high standard of thought; store our minds daily with great thoughts of great thinkers, of the prophets and sages, for frequent contacts with these minds will elevate our tastes and enlarge our intellectual and

spiritual outlook, and will help us grow in aspiration and achievement. So, religion and psychology counsels that we take a little time off to rest, be quiet, be silent — and in that silence we will know ourselves better, and we will know others also, and knowing them we will believe in them, for every human being has capacities for goodness, and even for greatness; then, a certain inner freedom should come to us, a certain sense of balance, of serenity, of peace.

Thanksgiving

John Oxenham

For all things beautiful, and good, and true;
For things that seemed not good yet turned to good;
For all the sweet compulsions of Thy will
That chastened, tried, and wrought us to Thy shape;

For things unnumbered that we take of right,
And value first when they are withheld;
For light and air; sweet sense of sound and smell;
For ears to hear the heavenly harmonies;

For eyes to see the unseen in the seen;
For visions of the worker in the work;
For hearts to apprehend Thee everywhere;—
We thank Thee, Lord.

☞ If every person applied Christian principles to his driving we would solve the problem of tragic accidents.

The Golden Rule Sergeant

H. N. Ferguson

ONE CAN BE A confucianist without knowing Confucius. One can be a Mohammedan without knowing Mohammed. But one cannot be a Christian without knowing Christ. Christianity is not a religion, it is life."

The speaker is Sergeant Lonnie V. Strebeck of the Houston, Texas, police force. He is a big, strapping he-man and anyone would look at him twice before attempting an argument. Yet he is neither tough nor overbearing. He is a Christian policeman who practices his beliefs seven days a week.

The veteran officer teaches Sunday School, lectures on juvenile delinquency, always has his Bible handy and conducts a Sunday night radio program called "Be Thy Brother's Keeper."

The Sergeant, as befits his character, is an extremely modest man. "I take no credit for what I do," he says simply. "I am a Christian and I believe in carrying out our Lord's pattern. There are many fine Christian officers in our police department and we work together for the good of His kingdom."

Sergeant Strebeck conducts a traf-

fic safety program, using the Golden Rule as the basis for his teaching. "All of us," he admonishes, "including Christians, could stand a little soul searching concerning our behavior when we get behind the wheel of a car."

"I am certain," he states emphatically, "that if every person applied Christian principles to his driving we would be near a solution to the problem of so many tragic accidents."

Sgt. Strebeck's Sunday night radio program, probably the only one of its kind, is dedicated to that idea. In his talk he may draw an analogy between a Biblical passage and a traffic safety rule, speak of witnessing for Christ, or discuss such things as loyalty to one's church or the proper reverence for God. The broadcasts have the combined purpose of promoting traffic safety and teaching the Christian way of living.

The policeman stated in one of his talks, "The man who is too busy to show proper reverence for God, loyalty to his church, and love and consideration for his fellow man is just too busy. He is busier than God meant him to be."

In his talks concerning traffic safety the Sergeant emphasizes time and time again that the lives of our children are at stake when we drive carelessly. He drives this home by quoting the pertinent words of Job 5:4: "His children are far from safety, and they are crushed in the gate, neither is there any to deliver them."

"You may not consider yourself a gambler," says this smiling, friendly man, "but you deal in the world's highest stakes every time you pass a car on a hill or a curve. You gamble every time you take your eyes off the road. And the odds are stacked against you — your life against the second or two you might gain."

"The first traffic fatality," he continues, "occurred in 1896 in London, the second two years later in New York. Since that time over a

million persons have died on our streets and highways — more than the total number of deaths this nation has suffered in all the wars she has fought."

"Death is so permanent," he says. And from the sad, faraway look in his eyes you know he has seen plenty of it. "Yet every day on our streets and roads we gamble with our lives as though they were the most unimportant things in the world. We depend on faulty brakes, the other person's good will and our ability to bluff someone else at the corner intersection. The result is too often stark, stupid tragedy."

"The answer to all our problems, traffic and otherwise," he says finally, "lies in the admonition of Luke 6: 31; 'As ye would that men should do unto you, do ye also unto them.'"

Petition

Louise Moss Montgomery

For lowly spirit, Lord, I pray—
 For deeper kindness every day;
 For insight into others' souls
 To help them win their worthier goals.
 For some relief of earth's distress
 For furtherance of happiness;
 For understanding and accord
 I humbly ask, O, dearest Lord!

☪ In the truly Christian college a spiritual atmosphere can provide the foundation that gives meaning to knowledge.

The Classroom and the Altar

Bishop Hazen G. Werner

THERE is an unmistakable ground swell of attention to religion. Howard Whitman, roving about our country confronting all kinds of people with questions about religion and God, records in his book *A Reporter in Search of God*, that "Americans everywhere are turning to God as they never have before."

Like the mechanic whom Mr. Whitman interviewed, some "want to throw in the chips and let God take over. Some just want God to pull their chestnuts out of the fire. Some, badly frightened, are rushing to the security of God's apron strings. Some sincerely want to find God and abide with him."

People big and little are saying, "It will take religion to save us." Plain men and prominent men alike tell us that the pyramiding of materialistic living makes necessary a deeper spiritual foundation.

True, not much has come of all this beyond a mood and an opinion, and we are not doing the best job of bringing this interest in religion to action through religion. And this,

in my opinion, is where higher education can help us.

This is the truth that the youth in our colleges must come to know: to save our age God must be the assumption in our living and thinking.

While religion to be empowering and re-creating needs education, education, on the other hand, independent and separated from religion, cannot save us. Here judgement impinges on the life nerve of the church-related college.

In a lively and vivid article appearing in *The Christian Scholar*, Chad Walsh says, "Either God is all in all, or he is nothing. If he has nothing to contribute in the English classroom, he has nothing to give at the altar."

We turn in our present need to higher education to grow the mind and spirit of men to God's word.

Much that is said critically of the church college is unfair. For example, to expect the college magically to mature youth to sound Christian character without help from the home or the church may be complimentary, but it is absurd. One

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parent who complained that his son, as a student in a Methodist college, was not attending church had to be reminded that the boy had dropped church attendance long before he left home.

Further, the church is under some embarrassment because of its ready criticism yet its poor support. The church is found in the rather unfortunate position of giving little and expecting much.

Obviously, however, with the increasing interest and support of our colleges on the part of the church, the church will increasingly inquire as to what the college is doing about the religious needs of youth. Many of our colleges need not fear this.

The Christian college that is fulfilling its purpose grants the influence of God as the ground of all truth, full access to the mind and spirit of the student body. That Christian college assumes that knowledge is not complete aside from knowledge of God. And herein is the uniqueness and advantage of the Christian college.

It gives youth a healthy, assuring philosophy of life. It gives to the growing mind a sense of direction, a sense of place in an order that is changeless, a purpose that engenders hope as over against frustration. How else can youth gain a workable hypothesis that can justify a feeling of courage and confidence?

Since all that is taught derives

meaning from this acknowledged ground of truth, the Creator God, education can be saved from being a hodge-podge of objective facts. A well-educated person is not to be described exclusively as one who knows many things. This ground of truth centered in God himself binds all that is taught in higher education into a whole. How else will youth find an adequate reason for life or an experience of reverence about life?

Again, the Christian college enables youth to imply from this ground of all truth, God, certain basic values for character building. In America, we are in desperate need of principles by which to live. We need young men and women who can say "no" for the right reasons. "Unless we stand for something," said the late Peter Marshall, "we shall fall for anything."

Practices such as bribery, betting, fee splitting, misrepresentation are destroying us. As a result of a poll conducted among 500 students at one school, 47 per cent of the undergraduates acknowledged cheating.

The truth is that in respect to our social behavior, we have lost our absolutes and are drifting. We have been trying to get on creating our standards of right and wrong out of the motives of pleasure and profit.

We need some significant and changeless truth from which to derive our norms for living. The truth

must be known in the heart as ultimate and authoritative.

We may face a student shortage, we may be fettered by rising costs of operation and a declining dollar, but neither one need prevent the work of creating persons ready and able to live for imperishable values. This the church-related college is uniquely constituted to accomplish.

I do not want to be misunderstood. Our colleges do teach courses in religion. However, if that is the major contribution of the church college to religion, religion becomes something added, not basic or determinative.

As the consequence, a young man or a woman will probably for the rest of life see religion as something additional or external when it ought to be an ever-expanding inner experience, a growing, living trust in God, that is the central activity of life.

As a matter of fact, departments and courses of religion are becoming increasingly popular. In 62 of 70 state colleges and universities students can elect and receive credit for courses in religion.

However, what we have done is to abstract religion from all general subjects and put it under the definite label of religion.

"Religion is not in its rightful place when it enters the servant's door," Dr. Kimber of Michigan State college has dramatically said. "It

claims the right to come in at the front entrance."

You cannot substitute talking about God once a day for God revealed as the ground truth of all truth that is taught. You cannot substitute religion explicit for religion implicit in the intent, outlook and activity of the school. Surely it is a matter of finding God in any classroom as well as at the altar.

In the case of a student taking pre-engineering in a college or university, certainly the school must give him a proficiency in his field. But the Christian college would go beyond that point. It will be concerned with the personality and character of the individual who is to exercise that proficiency. Further, it will be concerned with the use of this proficiency in making a better world.

Dietetics or mathematics are not Christian in themselves as subjects, but persons who teach these subjects can contribute to a view of life that is Christian.

Of course, this insistence that all that is taught must have the ground of all truth is met with a hesitancy because teachers are afraid of indoctrination. They do not want to be dogmatic.

But much of our education is indoctrination of partial truth, the incidentalness of religion, and therefore a more shallow view of life. Neutrality in this academic sense

certainly amounts to the same thing as an anti-religious attitude.

How can a modern institution of higher learning give youth what it really must have in order to live effectively without reference to this deeper truth of God? Youth wants to know: How can my life have meaning? How can I handle my urges in such a way as to keep my ideals? How can I escape the undertow of secularism? What can I do about the prevalent idolatrous concern for things? How can I face the future when what is most certain is uncertain—go on planning marriage and a home with so little probability of fulfillment?

There are religious activities on the campus which do help youth considerably: informal and impromptu sessions of students in the chapter room of the fraternity house, or in the classroom around some faculty member or guest speaker. The so-called "bull session" is a healthy institution.

Then there is the Religious Emphasis week. No one can deny that this program has helped numberless students. But no one can deny that, if this is the one thing that the college does about religious life, it is the same position as the much-criticized local church that confines all of its evangelistic activity to a week of "protracted meetings."

No, the real answer is to be found in a permeation of all that is taught

with the truth that God is in the world, that God is working in history, and that God can be trusted. If there is something eternally true about religion, about life, true on Monday as well as Sunday, for the sophomore as well as the saint, then education must proceed in reference to that truth.

If a divine and ultimate plan moves through all life and embraces all forms of life, then all fields of knowledge, the exact and practical sciences as well as the arts, must come under that influence and be affected by that purpose.

If this truth is something men live by and, through its illumination of the sacred worth of persons, something for which men die, then certainly the word of the Board of Education of The Methodist Church is true: that the Christian college is obligated to graduate Christians as well as accountants, musicians, laboratory technicians.

A young man or woman graduating from a Christian college has a right to expect the college not only to give a bachelor's degree, but to help him or her find a sound faith in God as basic to a meaningful life.

The spiritual answer to the growing mind and life of the student should come from out of the very heart of the school, from its openly confessed purpose to lift up the will of God, from its dedicated faculty.

Some years ago there appeared the fascinating biography of Stuart F. Sherman, who came to a tragic death by drowning in Lake Michigan in 1926. At the time of his death he was the head of the department of English of the University of Illinois. The two volumes descriptive of his life held no more astounding fact than the statement of the experience of how he gained his love of literature.

A professor of Greek was his guiding influence. At the close of the class session almost each day that professor would stop Sherman passing the desk and would say to him, "Have you read?"—and then he would name one of the great classics.

Stuart Sherman would shake his head. And then the professor would invariably say, "Sherman, don't let another day pass by without reading it. How I envy your reading it for the first time." And just as invariably young Sherman would im-

mediately go down to the bookstore and purchase a second-hand copy of the classic.

Here was a professor who by the glow of his spirit ignited the heart and mind of a man who became great.

What would happen if teachers in Christian colleges everywhere were so alive with the truth of God that young men and women would be ignited and fascinated with the miracle of God in Christ, the grandeur of the gospel, the wonder of the hallowed presence of the Lord of Life?

If out of the four years of college—its teaching, its life, its climate— young persons would gain a grasp of the truth of a God who will outlast all of this nihilism and present-day tragedy, surely higher education would contribute much of the answer to the questions implied from out of the present ground swell of religious interest.

It can happen in the classroom as well as at the altar!

FATAL CONFESSION

Carrol Van Court

"Thank God," the atheist declared,

"I believe in no hereafter!"

But still he doesn't know just why

They all broke out in laughter!

Cadenza

Sir: One of the blessings of ignorance—I have to be thankful for—is that many things wise folk have known for years come to you as an amazing, joyful surprise. I have just discovered one of the loveliest words in the dictionary, whose meaning has been foggy for a long time. It is a beautiful word, with a beautiful idea set in it like a jewel. It is the word "cadenza," which I learn from the dictionary means "that portion of a concerto where the solist is permitted to build some fanciful improvisations upon the straight musical facts which confront him."

There have been tricky cadenzas by Kreisler, Menuhin, and a hundred others, graceful melodious little dances on the strings, but not to be found in the notes on the score sheet.

I do not know how we could live without cadenzas, especially when the facts we are confronted with are pretty bare.

The cadenza is the refuge of childhood against a world of dull facts. Children as a tribe do not lie. They make cadenzas, "improvisations on

the facts which confront them." On the street they see a bus and a dog. But what sort of food is that to nourish the emotional life of a growing child? So they do a little cadenza; they report seeing two grizzly bears, or, on red letter days, a deer. With highly gifted children there is even sometimes an elephant. That adds to the joy of life.

Some foolish parents punish their children for such improvisation. Such parents should be reported to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

Too many people seem to take as their life motto the words of the poker-faced detective in the Dragnet television program: "I want the facts, ma'am, just want the facts." So they live on facts and never bring any music out of life more thrilling than Chop Sticks.

One of O. Henry's stories with a lot of wisdom to it was about two cowboys who were snowbound for the winter in the mountains. Each had one book which he read continually. One had "One Thousand and One Interesting Facts." The other had Omar Khayyam. When

spring came, they went down to Texas and both courted the same girl. One would say, "Miss Louisa, did you know that the Brooklyn Bridge is 5,678 feet long?" The next night the other, drawing on his winter's study, would say:

Here with a loaf of Bread beneath
the Bough,
A Flask of Wine, a Book of Verse—
and Thou

Beside me singing in the Wilderness
And Wilderness were Paradise enow.
Louisa plunked for Omar. And
wisely. He could do a cadenza on
the facts.

Many people have lived in a town that is a collection of dreary facts—from the car window. Not even any mute inarticulate Miltons. But they have made improvisation, and have brought excitement and romance to the life that was a lot truer than "the facts." Others have

made lilting music that was not in the score of a grim and rugged job. Charles Lamb might have written the story of his life under the title, "Thirty-Five Years on a Stool" in the East India office. Instead, he improvised on the facts and wrote immortal cadenzas.

Faith is really a cadenza. Here were the facts of St. Paul's life: "Often at the point of death . . . five times have I got forty lashes, three times have I been beaten by the Romans . . . once pelted with stones . . . three times shipwrecked . . . starving many a time, cold and ill-clad . . ."

Bleak facts! Here is the improvisation he made on the facts: "He makes my life a constant pageant of triumph!"

Yours,

SIMEON STYLITES

No Fear in Love

Gilbert H. Rogers

Fear is like a bubble,
Let it do its worst.
It can never trouble
After it has burst.
Then when fear is ending,
Let love fill your heart.
On your God depending,
New fears cannot start.

George Fox, the Peacemaker

Richard P. Newby

GEORGE FOX, founder of the Religious Society of Friends, when offered a position in the army once said, "I told them I lived in the virtue of that life and power that took away the occasion of all wars."

This testimony is a witness to the fact that war is sin, and the future of any life on this earth is dependent upon us getting rid of the "war habit."

As we think of the great struggle going on in our world today, one must ponder the allegory that John Haynes Holmes proposes in his book, *Out of Darkness*.

"The situation, as I see it, is like that presented by two stags fighting in a forest for supremacy of the herd. As they wrestle back and forth, their antlers become interlocked, and they suddenly discover that each holds the other in combat. Neither animal can break loose; neither can win; both must loose. And so they struggle, now one and now the other excelling in strength and skill; periods of furious exertion followed by periods of baffled immobility and quiet; then the fight slowly subsiding into mutual exhaustion and despair. And months later some hunter

travelling over the wilderness, comes upon two dead and rotting skeletons, as an archaeologist in the desert comes upon shattered stones, burned walls, and rusting armor, and ponders the futile battle that brought not victory but death."

Mankind as a whole is still convinced that military strength is the greatest guarantee of peace, and that the way of the Cross, and the sword of the Spirit are concepts beyond the realm of realistic thinking. So we tell our children that their Christian future is dependent upon the hydrogen bombs we make today, and may use tomorrow. While we may accept the ethics of love intellectually, we are never the less ready to use any means, no matter how vicious and cruel to protect ourselves from the enemy.

As the military method of security works its way into our society we become callous to human suffering, and despair as to God's unlimited "love that is a power and force." It is against this despair that the Christian must rise and reaffirm the law of love. We must stand up to evil in the spirit of Christ, thus sharing in the nature of God who lets his sun shine on the just and

unjust. As Allen A. Hunter has said, "this is the Christian offensive which means warfare without killing or hating. It takes all the disciplined courage any man can rally, all the tested integrity God is willing to make available. To act in this new and living way requires grace. But isn't grace what we're here to receive?"

George Fox on another occasion testified that "there is an ocean of darkness and death, but there is also an infinite ocean of light and love, which flows over the ocean of darkness." Let us not deny the fact that people are ruthless and many times barbaric, but there is tremendous power in love, non-violence, and good will both to change people, and alter the society in which they live. Each person is made in the image of God, and has a spark of the Divine within. The task of the Christian is to reach out for the Divine, and not be overcome by the "ocean of darkness and death."

There is the true story of how out in China a number of years ago a Japanese soldier was charging at a missionary with a bayonet and coming fast. (That was because he wouldn't surrender the keys to the mission buildings.) When the point of the bayonet was a foot from his body, the missionary stepped aside. With his right hand he grabbed the butt of the rifle. With his left

he hugged his assailant tightly. The missionary smiled and kept on praying that God's love might pour more fully through him. At last the other's face relaxed into an answering smile.

This story has a happy ending. But as Christians we do what is right because it is right, not because it is expedient. "The weapon our Lord puts into our hands is not metal. It is the spiritual energy of the universe."

When we arm ourselves with military weapons our opponent also re-arms, and we then have the historic arms race. The results of this kind of action is illustrated by a history teacher explaining to his pupils the difficulties of establishing and maintaining world peace between nations. He used the following story to illustrate his point: "I have a neighbor with whom I wish to be a friend. He also wants to be a friend of mine, and we both agree that we must get along peacefully together, doing everything possible to further mutual understanding and friendship. In order to show him my good intentions, I built a high barbed-wire fence with steel pickets on top of it between his house and mine. He, in turn, to convince me of his friendship, put a ferocious dog in his backyard. I then put a bullet proof glass in the window on his side of my house and started to wear large pistols in my belt. The other day

I saw him moving supplies of poison gas and hand grenades into his house. Now I have a machine gun mounted in the front yard . . . and for the life of me I can't understand why we don't get along better."

We are confronted here with the complete impracticability of violence as a way of achieving its long-term goals. Armaments are an indication that some basic human problems have not been solved, but the Christian cannot believe that piling up arms and atomic bombs will solve them. Our faith is that evil things cannot be eliminated by the method of force. "You cannot conquer Satan by becoming satanic yourself."

Our country has about half the wealth in the world, whereas nearly half the world today is half-starved. Once a day before we eat, we should face this fact, and realize that what we don't do for our hungry neighbor may do something terrible to our own soul.

The compassion of Christ is not stopped by iron curtains. When the American Friends Service Committee, a few years ago, sent streptomycin to the Russians with the Nobel prize money awarded, they were not playing it safe according to the world's concept of security. But "love never lets itself become hypnotized by such risks." The way of the Good Samaritan is "love at all costs."

Allen A. Hunter tells the story

of a Korean pastor serving lepers near Soon Chen. "The two sons of this pastor were killed in guerrilla action. The murderer was captured, brought to trial, and sentenced to die. Before the court the Christian peacemaker made a plea. He asked that the murderer, a Communist, be handed over to him so that he could show him the superiority of Christianity to Communism. The plea was granted. The Communist who had killed the pastor's two sons came to live in the pastor's home as a son. But that was not all. The pastor's daughter went to the murderer's home and village and lived among them as a daughter.

"There are human beings single-minded or pure in heart enough to seal their faith with their lives. This pastor was such a person. Months later, another group of Communists came to his village. As they approached, friends begged him to escape. It was quite a decision for the pastor. Korea would need men like him. But could he leave the lepers who couldn't get away? He decided to stay and was soon shot, loyal to an insight that bullets cannot destroy.

"That Korean disarmed had paid the price. He looked to a higher authority than his own self-will. He shared. We would like our government to do the same. What then shall we do in that direction? We can practice this positive dynamic

way of living ourselves."

John Woolman once said, "to labor for a perfect redemption from the spirit of oppression is the great business of the whole family of Jesus Christ in this world." This means that the Christian must reject war, and accept the covenant of peace.

An ancient German parable tells of two travellers who came one night to a village, and upon arriving found a fire raging through much of the town. One man went to the inn, ordered a hearty supper, and prepared to eat it. The other rushed into the fire and at great risk to his own life saved much goods and

many people. Finally he returned to find that his friend, having finished his dinner, was resting before the fireplace in the inn. Upon seeing his companion blackened and bruised from his efforts, the man who had dined so well said to him, "Who bade thee risk thy life to save another man and his goods?"

"He who bade me bury seed that I should one day reap the increase," replied his friend.

"But what would have happened if thou thyself hadst been buried in the ruins?"

"Then," he answered, "should I have become the seed."

Autumn Cheer

Emily May Young

Winter will come as it did last year,
 But deep in my heart is a wealth of cheer
 Planted there by autumn's streams
 Of flaming colors and golden dreams.
 Winter will come and snows will fly,
 But over head is a glowing sky,
 And near is the sumac's blinding blaze
 Which seems the source of the wood-smoke haze.
 Winter will come but I live in the now
 And my soul is being drenched somehow
 With autumn's song and the wild goose call,
 The hunter's horn that bugles fall.
 Winter will come and take control,
 But autumn harvest has filled my soul.

¶ *This famous singing personality, who started as a barber, tells of a heart-warming family experience rich in the American tradition.*

No Tax on My Heritage

Perry Como

MY FATHER WAS a mill hand, and during the last fifteen years of his life he was a hopeless invalid. Always vigorous and active, he suddenly became sick, and could not work. It was his heart. A little group of friends would come to visit him every evening. Plain people. This is Canonsburg, Pennsylvania, a mill and mining town. These men, with the lined faces, and bent backs, and gnarled hands, who worked every day from sunup to sundown, were brought together by my father's illness. Before, they had spent their free hours in noisy play, freeing themselves from the monotonous drudgery of the mill and mine. Now, sitting there, clustered around my father, they all asked themselves: Who are we? Where do we come from?

They all had heard of God. They all believed. But they didn't work at it. They never really listened hard. Now they came within ear-shot of Him. There was a new light in all their faces, including my

father's. It shone when he said, "Become poor in spirit and share the light with me."

At the time I didn't understand all this. I was fourteen. But I knew that my father was showing me how to believe in many ways. His last fifteen years were years of pain, but they were the happiest years of his life.

They couldn't have been made so happy because of what he owned. Pop never made more than \$175 a month. But he raised thirteen kids, and not one of them a black sheep. We all worked. It was natural for me to start at the age of eleven in a barber shop. Before school I opened the shop and lit the stoves. After school I swept the hair off the floors, polished the mirrors, and the owner taught me how to cut hair. My pay was fifty cents a week. My ambition then was to be the best barber between Canonsburg and Cleveland.

When I was fourteen, my father set me up in my own shop. If things got slow, I'd pick up my

1955

NO TAX ON MY HERITAGE

29

guitar and sing. You put someone with Italian blood down in the bleak mine country, and his only defense against the bleakness is to sing. The singing was also a reflection of the joy that came from a happy home.

By the time I was twenty, I was making a big fat \$40 a week. My mother and father thought that was the height of prosperity. To Pop, prosperity meant "enough to remind you to be thankful." My mother even predicted that some day I'd be making \$60 a week.

Later, much later, my father never could understand what they call success in the singing business. He was always puzzled by how a man standing in front of a microphone could earn a lot of money. The first time he heard me sing was in a theatre where I was appearing. After the show I rushed to him, asking silently for his approval.

"Bravo," was all he said.

At first I was hurt. But when Pop added, "The audience . . . do all your audiences cheer you so loud and crazy?" I realized what he meant: applause every day keeps feeding your vanity and pride. And that's no way to become poor in spirit.

Besides, to people like Pop, singers meant Caruso, Martinelli, Scotti. And you know, maybe they're right.

Anyway, I wouldn't have had my

father different.

And my mother, she's still teaching me how to be poor in spirit. I'd like her to come and stay with me and my wife Roselle and our three kids. But she won't. At her house in Canonsburg, with all her grandchildren, it's like a big party all the time. She sits on the porch and everybody who comes by says "hello." Up here in New York nobody says hello in quite the same way. She's probably right. To people like Mom, a little conversation with a friend is more important than running around for big things. Roselle and I and the kids get down to see her every month, and Mom still can't figure out what I do for a living. When we bring her a gift, and it's a little expensive, she looks at me suspiciously, and asks: "Where did you get the money?"

I wouldn't have her different either.

Sure, I got the things money can buy now. But the things money can't buy my mother and my father gave me.

My wife Roselle gives them to me too. She's as blonde and pretty as the day I married her twenty years ago. A year after we were married, we went off for a week's vacation to Cleveland, and there Roselle talked me into singing for a band leader named Fred Car-lone.

He offered me \$25 a week. That

was the end of my making an honest living. But it began seven years of one-night stands, climbing on and off busses, living in flea-bag hotels. Three years with Carlone, and four with another band leader named Ted Weems. Roselle traveled with me. It was like the foreign legion. We couldn't get out. No, I take that back. Going from \$25 to \$125 a week was a lot of money. I didn't want to get out—until our son Ronnie was on the way.

We went back home, and I was all ready to open a barber shop when I got a phone call from New York. Columbia Broadcasting Co. offered me \$76 a week on a sustaining show of my own. I hesitated. But Roselle said, "Honey, you can always open up a barber shop." I went to New York.

It was the time of the Frank Sinatra bonfire. Anyone with some hair, a set of his own teeth, and a voice that could stay in key had plenty of chances. They gave me the jackpot; theatres, night clubs, records; then they signed me to a big radio show; and I even got a movie contract. All within a few months. And now television.

It was crazy, but it was the singing business. A barber can work from 8:00 a. m. to 10:00 p. m. to make \$50 a week—maybe. An engineer, a scientist, a doctor, a writer, they sweat and study long and

hard before they can even start earning a buck. But in this business a guy makes one record and gets \$50,000.

Somewhere along the line Someone sure put His hand on my head. I keep trying to deserve it.

We've got reason to be thankful, Roselle and I. But we never talk about it. That kind of gratitude isn't for conversation. Faith is a word for doing, not talking.

We have three kids, Ronnie is fourteen. We adopted two more: David, who's seven, and Terri, our daughter, who's six. We got David when he was four, and Terri when she was six months old. They all have an equal place in our hearts. They all reflect our own beliefs. But the way children believe, it's like an inner beauty that shines right through to the outside.

I see it when I know they'll all be home waiting for me to get there.

I see it when they all put their arms around me and kiss me good-night, with the complete assurance that they're loved and wanted.

I see it when Ronnie takes the four and a half dollars he saved and asks his mother to match it so he can buy a rod and reel for his brother and take Davy fishing.

I see it every Sunday when we all march off to church together, including the maid.

And I see it shining when we

sit down at the table. The kids won't start eating unless Grace is said. Who do you think says Grace? The two small ones, Davey and Terri. When they mumble, Ronnie, the sergeant, says, "Say the words so we can all understand them." And he gets them to say them over and over until they do it right.

And I see it when they say their prayers before they climb into bed every night.

I pray just like my kids do. Were my prayers ever answered? If you believe, anything you think, do, or have is an answer to prayer. If you believe, you know that without anybody having to tell it to you. Then your heart's at peace. If you heart's at peace, everything else is. If it isn't, everything else

is wrong. That's the way it always is. Everything that's ever happened to me has been the result of faith. The faith I found in my father's house, and now find in my own house, and in my world. Sure, there are different beliefs, but as long as men believe, they believe basically the same thing. The lyrics may be different, but the music is always the same.

I know now that, with his illness and poverty, my Father had wealth beyond money. His heritage to his children was greater than any fortune.

That's the only heritage a man can give his children while he's alive.

It's the only one that becomes more precious after his death.

TRUST

Nona Keen Duffy

I place my loved ones in Thy care
To lean upon Thy arm;
Since I intrust them to Thy love
They're safe from any harm.

I place my problems in Thy hands,
My life and all that's mine;
And know that only good can come
From Hands that are divine.

ON PRAYING NATURALLY

"Ask, and it shall be given you; seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you."—Matt. 7:7

A gentleman who has played golf for forty years says that most people lose the spirit and the fun of the game because some expert tries to make them over into his image. One can learn all he needs to know in fifteen minutes, he continued, the rest comes from playing. "As you play you get better if — and only if — you are doing what is easy, relaxed, and natural."

This is true of prayer. I have seen people enjoy an effective praying life and know very little about what the experts say concerning prayer. And I have seen these same people lose their prayer effectiveness when some "expert" tried to remake them and remold them into something that was not natural, easy, and relaxed for them. Then prayer becomes unnatural, the joy goes out of it, and what ought to be spontaneous becomes rigid.

Just as we do not approach every event of life in exactly the same way, we do not conduct our prayer life in rigid uniformity. Prayer is a sharing of oneself with God; a blending of two personalities into Oneness. Depending upon the circumstances we might be in a most expansive mood. In joy we may raise our faces to the heavens and pour out confidence to our Father. At another time we might feel that the events of life have us cornered. The natural way to pray at that time might be with our heads bowed and our knees bent. At times we are talkative. At another time we may be completely overawed into worshipful silence. At times we may know what it is that we want. At some other time we may stand dumb before the throne of God, not knowing what it is we want, waiting only for Him to take us and lead us and comfort us. In the Gospels we find many different moods and attitudes of Jesus in Prayer. His life and his prayers were so inextricably bound together that one can never separate them.

You do not need to know much about prayer, except that God is your Father and loves you and wants to help you and share Himself with you. As you practice it the easy, relaxed, and natural way for you, you will develop effectiveness, joy, and rewards.

READ: **The Secret of Effective Prayer**, Helen Smith Shoemaker \$2.00

WHAT IS INSIDE HAS GOT TO SHOW!

"Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them."—Matt. 7:20

Someone was talking with me about the difference religion makes in one's life. "What my wife would say about me is the best recommendation I know of as to what a difference Jesus makes in a person's life." Just a few years ago their home life had been miserable. He made many deliberate attempts to goad his wife to sue for divorce. Then he found what it meant to give his life into God's safekeeping with the help of Jesus. Now there are no nights when he does not come home, no premeditated attempts to embarrass his wife, and no instinctive verbal cruelties. With a new spirit came a new manifestation of life.

I have heard that a debate was proposed between a Hindu philosopher and a Christian missionary. I am not sure, but I believe the missionary was Stanley Jones (if not, it could well have been). The Hindu was perfectly willing to debate the philosophical content of Buddhism against that of Christianity. He made one stipulation however — they were not to touch on the "results" of the two religions. He privately admitted that when it came to comparing the two religions in regard to what they had meant in the lives of their adherents, privately and socially, politically and economically, that Buddhism ran far behind Christianity.

Jesus told the demoniac *to go home and show* what God had done for him. Unless our religion makes a difference in our behavior, both outer actions and inner attitudes, it has little to recommend it. If one does not become more tolerant, more kind, more faithful and responsible, more productive, more understanding, more compassionate, more trustworthy, and of more service, then his religion is sterile. Christianity is a way of life, and it manifests itself in transformed personalities. The spirit, the interior life, must inevitably manifest itself in outer actions. If these outer actions are not attractive then it is high time we sought a new spirit.

We may check up on ourselves by checking up on our outer manifestations of life. If we back-bite, criticise, work for the downfall of others, then we ought to seek the new birth that Jesus stands for. If we are tolerant, loving, and of service we know we are on the highway of the Great King.

READ: **Try Giving Yourself Away**, David Dunn. \$2.50

HIDDEN POTENTIAL

"But whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life."—John 4:14

This past summer as I drove through parts of the southwest I saw a lot of land that looked worthless. As far as economic value was concerned it was not worth a few cents an acre. Yet, every so often I would come across a field in the desert that was green. The land was rich and heavy with good crops. Here was plenty in the middle of poverty, and here was a garden in the middle of the desert. Why? Only one thing made the difference, and that one thing was water. The green spot had water. It was irrigated. All the potential for bumper crops lies locked in the desert sands. The desert is potentially rich; all it needs is water.

People are like that. We can all think of someone whom we thought rather worthless. "Good for nothing," we might say about him. Then something happens. A new person appears. Where once he was unkind, now he is tender. Where once he was indifferent, now he is sympathetic. Where once he was interested only in himself, now he spends his time helping others. All this was always there, but it was locked in, hidden. The potentiality was there, but the human soil certainly looked uninviting. Then something happened. Something was added, and it was the Spirit. Water is a symbol for the Spirit, the washing away of the old and the ushering in of the new. Baptism by water symbolized a deeper washing and renewal, the washing and renewal of the Spirit. And it is this "Water" that has made an uninviting and poverty-stricken personality into one that attracts and enriches everyone.

I see many people about me who do not seem to amount to much. But I always thrill to the hidden potential that God has placed in the heart of everyone. I look at them and a great wonder sweeps over me as I try to imagine what hidden mines of greatness are locked and imprisoned in that person. I know those mines are there; and I also know that only the water of the Holy Spirit can change this desert into a lush and beautiful garden.

READ: **The Changed Life**, Henry Drummond. \$1.00

Books of Interest

Norman K. Elliott

THE SECRET OF EFFECTIVE PRAYER, Helen Smith Shoemaker. Fleming Revell, \$2.00. 158 pages. This is one of the finest books on prayer that I have ever read. It is a unique blend of the faith that is detached from this world and yet at the same time is very much in the world. She does a good job of the obstacles to faith and prayer. I particularly like the way she lists the objections and doubts that have been voiced in regard to the power of prayer and faith. I like more, of course, the way she faces up to them and answers them.

The first part of the book gives a survey of the world in which we live, the tensions of the age, the outreach for something to hold on to, and where prayer comes into this picture. In the second part of the book she does an excellent job on the entire subject of private prayer. These are chapters on "How to—" Some of these chapters are on "How To—" — Approach God, Pray With Love and Sacrifice, Pray with Persistence, Pray in Jesus' Name, Ask for Forgiveness, and so on. The third and last part of the book concerns itself with the action of group prayer and this too is very well done.

This is a feet-on-the-earth, head-in-heaven, book that I recommend.

THE CHANGED LIFE, Henry Drummond. Fleming Revell, \$1.00. 54 pages. This is a little hard cover book that I think ought to be in everyone's hands. It is not as well known as his famous "The Greatest Thing in the World," but I have a feeling that with a little publicity it will become famous on its own right. Perhaps the subject and scope of the little classic, for that is what I think it is, can be summarized by this quote, "Under the right conditions it is as natural for

character to become beautiful as for a flower; and if on God's earth, there is not some machinery for effecting it, the supreme gift to the world has been forgotten. This is simply what man was made for. With Browning: 'I say that Man was made to grow, not stop.' Or in the deeper words of an older Book: 'Whom He did foreknow, He also did predestinate . . . to be conformed to the Image of His Son.' "

I cannot help but think what a wonderful gift this would be for one starting out on the Christian path, and besides this, I would love to see every adult Christian take a post graduate course with this little gem.

ON WINGS OF PRAYER, Glenn Clark. Macalester Park, \$2.95. 256 pages. On January 2, 1954, Glenn Clark and Roland and Marcia Brown took off from International Airport in New York on the beginning of a world journey to meet with prayer groups around the world. This is the very interesting account of what happened on that journey. In England they held a Camp Farthest Out. Two hundred and thirty people, many of them influential in the churches of England, were there and not only did great things happen but ground work was laid for future years. The journey took him to the countries of Europe, the Middle East, the Far East, the Philippines, Hawaii and home again. He does a good job of interpreting the temperament and history of each country, its present problems and hopes, and how the power of prayer and its praying people can fulfill its ambitions.

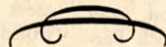
Roland Brown has contributed 29 fascinating photographs to the book in two sections. From them one gets the feeling of actually going along on the tour.

Part two of the book projects some plans and suggestions for a new world based on spiritual verities, prayer, and goodwill. For anyone who wants a better world, and who knows that it cannot come without the power of the Spirit, this is a book that will impress them greatly. The writing is done with vigor and inspiration.

A *DIARY OF READINGS*, John Baillie. Oxford, \$2.50. 385 pages. This is certainly a different book of daily devotions. John Baillie (author of *A Diary of Private Prayer*) has selected 365 one page selections from the devotional literature of the Christian tradition that will stimulate thought and worship. I have never heard of many of the authors, but

it only goes to show me that there are many writings I should like to read. It whets my appetite to search more for the selections are often quite stimulating.

LIFE LOOKS UP, Charles B. Templeton. Harper and Brothers, \$2.50. 192 pages. Charles Templeton is the outstanding young evangelist who has taken audiences across the country by storm. By this I do not mean that he is the shouting, ranting type of speaker, anything but. He does have the insight and charm of spiritual depth and clear sightedness. This is a collection of his sermons. Anyone who has heard him speak will want to have the book; and those who have wanted to hear him will find the book a pretty good second-best.



☐ The complete surrender of any weakness to God results in that weakness coming back to us as our greatest strength.

God's Living Detours

George V. McCausland

WE MAY START out on the adventure of a journey to a destination far from home. A storm may cross our path, and because of the resulting landslides and bridge wash-outs, we may find the old road closed.

We decide to follow Christ more closely and we may find that friends who once walked with us walk with us no more. Even our own family may turn against us. Individuals may begin to actively throw every possible blockage in our way.

As we keep our eyes on Christ and his way, however, (thanks be to God) we find that God has given us a detour around the obstacles in the pathway.

Enough love for our needs and the needs of those given into our care cannot get through former loved ones and friends, so God gives us new, wonderful friends. The love of Jesus in abundant quantities is "piped" to us AROUND any obstacles which the devil has set up in our friends and loved ones.

Best of all, these Living Detours, by taking the pressure off the regular channels of love and power, open the way for a repair and healing of that which is for the time being blocked.

A doctor may deflate one lung of a patient so the other can become a detour. The resting lung is then under no pressure of work and God is given his chance to make it perfect. The detour around a landslide or a washed-out bridge takes the pressure off the old road and makes it possible for the workmen to get at the trouble without the interference of constant traffic.

One member of a family may be in great need, and because of fears set up by a remembrance of a similar condition in others, may close up more or less to the help which God and man are trying to send through to the need. Other members of the same family may be filled with fear also and close themselves to all help. Just as a row of dominoes can be pushed over by pushing against the one at the end of the line, so an entire family can go down under a fear started by one member in the family. All of this may happen without any of the family being conscious of what is taking place. IF THE LAST ONE TO FEEL FEAR WILL GIVE THAT FEAR TO A PERSON OF GREAT FAITH OUTSIDE THE FAMILY AND THE PERSON OUTSIDE THE FAMILY

WILL GIVE THAT FEAR TO GOD — this is what can happen: (1) The person outside the family opens; (2) the last one in the family to feel the fear, opens; (3) all the members of the family open, INCLUDING THE ONE IN NEED. In the language of baseball, this would be a "three-way-play." *It is also a "three-way-out" of trouble.*

The complete surrender to God of any weakness results in that weakness coming back to us as our greatest strength.

The most skilled surgeon in the world would not try to remove his own eye in case it had to be removed. He would call in an outside-his-family helper. He would also not operate on any member of his own family except in an extreme emergency.

As Christians, we break one of the laws of Christ every time we try to

adjust our needs alone. God gives us "living detours" in the form of friends. Instead of holding on to the attitude of self-sufficiency, we can pocket our pride and accept every detour of God-given friendship with great joy and thanksgiving.

Often, because of our pride and attitude of self-sufficiency, we resist the "living detour" which God has provided. We say, "I don't want to be a bother." Suppose no one would allow a Boy Scout to do a "Good Turn?" Answer, The Boy Scout law would be blocked at that point. When we do accept with great joy the "living detours" which God has offered to us in our time of need, we may ask ourselves the question, "Am I blocking the law of Christ?"

"Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ." Gal. 6:2.

PEACE

Saint Francis de Sales

Do not look forward to what might happen tomorrow; the same everlasting Father, who cares for you today, will take care of you tomorrow and every day. Either He will shield you from suffering, or He will give you unfailing strength to bear it. Be at peace then, and put aside all anxious thoughts and imaginations.

☐ A tutor can't restore self confidence to little, lost children without absorbing a full measure for himself.

No Four Walls

Florence Eakman

EVERY HUMAN BEING has a philosophy of sorts whether it is a bright outlook on life or exactly the opposite.

My own experience of late years has taught me the wisdom of being optimistic.

Desire for happiness started me toward this way of living; but the actual achievement came only after repeated failures. In the beginning I had not learned that true happiness depends on one's willingness to serve. And that true service follows the path of spiritual consciousness.

However, the road toward peace and contentment was running along smoothly in spite of my ignorance, when abruptly it came to a dead end. The obstacle that was barring the way nearly proved my undoing.

It was no easy matter for me, an ambitious business woman, to be removed suddenly from an active physical life and put to bed. My first feeling was one of utter despair. Then resentment reared its ugly head and stayed with me until gradually I drifted into a more normal state of mind.

There is no better way to begin thinking of serious matters than to undergo a complete rest, if you can

call a tussle with arthritis rest. However, this was my own problem and no one else could solve it. Should I sink? Or swim? I chose to swim but where to start and where to go when I had once started was another matter.

Suddenly I remembered that I had come of a praying family and in the tangle of human affairs I had forgotten God. It is curious how many of my contemporaries, and younger people as well, have returned to this manner of thinking when they do not know which way to turn.

My kneeling had to be in my heart, but I knelt, and asked for help from the infinite source of all good, God, my Father. The answer came from an unexpected quarter. I was asked to pull a small boy through a reading crisis. "Could I do it?" "I could!" And did.

A good tutor must have a genuine love for children. Fortunately, I was born with a super capacity for love . . . but soon I learned another important factor: A good teacher must also be a happy one.

I admit that for a time I put on an act. Finally, I convinced even myself that I could radiate hap-

piness and I tried to. I found to my amazement that this attitude actually sublimated pain, but I had to learn self-discipline along with it: "to use water externally, internally, and eternally," and to change my eating habits in conformity with a new regime.

God came to my rescue here, too. Actually, now I am aware, with that extra sense that has become a part of me, when to eat certain foods and when to leave them entirely alone.

Don't think for a moment that I haven't had my periods of let-down. Like the time I first saw myself with dentures that changed a beautiful flexible mouth into the thin line you see here, which isn't me at all. My pride suffered then. Such moments come seldom now that I am busy *all* the time. It didn't take long for me to discover that tutoring afternoons was not enough to satisfy me, and I cast about in my mind for further activity to fill the interminable morning hours. And again an answer came.

Since my boarding school days I have written verse; now I was fired to a new creative effort. I would write a story. I did and it was a complete flop.

"I don't know the first thing about writing," I exploded one morning while I was breakfasting with my husband.

"Why don't you take a gamble in

yourself and learn how to write?" he answered, mildly. Then with a provocative grin, "You have the time."

And so Maren Elwood entered my life. She has been my guide, critic, and friend since I first enrolled in a correspondence course. My first lesson will be long remembered. All twenty-five typewritten pages of it. Could I do it? Again my answer was "I could." A tutor can't restore self-confidence to little, lost children without absorbing a full measure for himself, can he? Perhaps you are saying: "Hm! What an easy life. Very likely there's plenty of money to indulge the whims of this . . . this invalid." I don't consider myself an invalid, and by the grace of God I am able to earn from my bed. Besides tutoring I have become a writer.

Since I first learned that I was destined to be an author of juveniles I have tried to do my best. Encouraged by the faith of my friends and family and inspired by the small folk whom I teach, I have attained a modest success.

An incident occurred last week which will illustrate my point. Frank, a second-grader, is learning phonics and is completely fascinated by the subject and his discussions with me. On this particular afternoon he arrived for his lesson carrying an illustrated book, the theme of which was the seasons. The child electrified

me by thrusting the book under my nose.

"Here," he said. "Write a poem about it. Pu-lease!"

I obliged and when the verses had been read by our local special teacher, who always checks material designed for a certain grade level, a copy autographed for Frank was carried triumphantly to school.

Sometimes friends of the old days forget when one of their fun-loving group drops out of circulation. But there is always some one to fill the breach. Perhaps it's the milkman, the egg man, or the postman. The postman's visit is particularly welcome. Whether he brings rejection slips or a nice fat check, the mail is a highlight in my day. Then, of course, there is a changing stream of small fry who, besides inspiration, give me something even more ac-

ceptable.

The following episode concerns the same small boy, Frank. I'll quote our conversation in dialogue:

FRANK: Mrs. Eakman, when I die and go to heaven I'm going to be a horse. My sister'll be a cat.

MRS. SAKMAN. What shall I be, Frank?

FRANK: (Confidently) You'll be a horse, too.

See what I mean.

This discourse or whatever you want to call it is really a letter written for my fellowmen who may or may not be in my position. And I hope it will carry my love and message with it.

No four walls can shut a free soul in.

Now in the words of *Tiny Tim*: "God bless us every one."



Smile

Mary Gustafson

The face betrays the heart of you,
Why spoil somebody's day.
Smile across the spannig hours
And keep somebody gay.

Forced Into Greatness - Paul

Frank W. Robertson

AS WE READ and reread the story of the early kindling of Christianity's vigor that ignited the chain reaction which spread Life to and beyond the perimeter of the then known world, undermined the military power of the Roman Empire, and shattered every obstacle that confronted it, we are amazed at its quiet drama. Truly, the accomplishments of the Power which the Christ implanted among a pitifully few frightened disciples by His heroic victory of Easter and His triumphant ascension back to heaven kindled the quietest and most amazing conquest by human men in the world's history.

And in realizing the drama of this campaign, we cannot escape the miracles which the Holy Spirit gave us through Paul. Most of us agree with this remark. But what force attracted this anti-Christian zealot into the sphere of world greatness that he achieved? Suppose we examine the historical evidence for a few moments and try to appraise it.

Saul of Tarsus was never malicious, so far as our reading of his story indicates. True, he was an

enemy of the Christian Movement, and a ruthless one; that, we realize. But he was not malicious, so far as malice implies weak spite. He was a defender of all the traditions that he had inherited from a proud and conscientious faith. He was a believer who fought to the limit for what he believed. There was nothing weak about him. In fact, he was probably the most feared, the most intelligent, the most courageous, and the most devout single opponent whom the early Christians faced.

But Saul was headed in the wrong direction. This fact was soon revealed to him. And when he was detonated by this revelation, we find that his direction was reversed; his methods were reversed; and his vigor was unleashed until its results are felt throughout the earth even today, nearly 1900 years after the event. Can one envision any other force than the power of God Almighty, transmitted through the Christ himself, as the impellant and the propellant of such a force?

As we read the account of Paul's conversation on the road to Damascus (Acts 9:3-7), only one impel-

lant seems possible. That was the face to face encounter with the Christ in all the glory that mortal man could see and live on earth. Although we read that the Light called Himself Jesus, it seems true that, in that case, the name Jesus was used as self identification in language that Saul could understand — comparable, in fact, with a person calling himself an American, an Englishman, or a Russian, or a Christian today.

We notice, too, that Saul's companions merely saw a strange light; they did not see the Center of the Light. Saul was blinded and stunned. Then he was energized into sheer invincibility in the flesh until his physical work on Earth was accomplished. But even today, the force of his amplifications of the condensed pronouncements of the Christ continues to grow, as probably second in influence only to the impact of the Christ himself.

Suppose we glance at the framework into which the Christ implanted this zeal.

On the positive side of the picture, Saul of Tarsus was consciously dedicated to God from his youth up. True, he was one of, if not actually, the most ruthless enemies the first Christians had. But he was loyal, with extreme fervor, to God as he had visualized him. When God, via the Christ, revealed himself to Saul, he at once became as

active an adherent to the Christ as he had been violent against Jesus as he understood him and what he stood for.

Under the impellant force of the Christ, Paul retained all the aggressiveness that had been characteristic of Saul of Tarsus. But the direction of his aggressiveness changed completely. Fierceness was replaced by friendliness. Destructive fervor gave way to constructive zeal. Haughtiness grew into humility. All the traditional loyalty to purpose which had been bred into the man, all the skill with which he had been trained, all the resourcefulness that had been developed in the man were preserved. Paul grew beyond his and his comrades' most vivid imaginations. God, through the victorious Christ, had taken over; and with what results!

As we realize, when the impulsive force of God, transmitted by Jesus, the Christ, took control of Saul of Tarsus on the road to Damascus, it released a propulsive force that made him a dynamic power that overran all visible opposition to the spread of Christianity and shook to its foundations every man-made institution that confronted it. Without more showmanship than was required the Holy Spirit through Paul delivered the shock that unseated the sophisticated learning of Athens, the religious fanaticism of Jerusalem that

tried to dispose of Jesus on the Cross, and the power and glory that was Rome. Paul became the most hated public enemy on earth, and one of the most beloved citizens of the earth; one of the most fearless citizens of the early Christian movement, but one of its most humble supporters, personally; and all in all probably the greatest evangelist in the entire Christian movement to date, considering the setting in which he operated, second only to the attractive power of the Christ Himself.

How did he do it? He didn't. As Paul himself was the first to remark, it was the Christ in him who did it.

Christians today, within the environments in which they are stationed, are doing comparable work. One man, not many years ago¹ grew from humble boyhood in Scotland, grew via ditch digging, ¹Peter Marshall, Minister of the New York Ave. Presbyterian Church and Chaplain, United States Senate at the time of his death

factory labor, minor newspaper work, through theological seminary and into the pulpit of one of the most powerful churches in the United States and into service on earth as probably the most influential chaplain with whom the public service of the United States has been blessed. And, having gradu-

ated to heaven a few years ago, he has delivered the inspiration for two best seller books, best sellers because they encourage man's search for Christian stability and faith. Isn't that greatness which, in this twentieth century, is comparable with that of Paul?

Some years ago, an English teacher in a small college,² under ²Glenn Clark, organiser and leader of the Camps Farthest Out movement, a Prayer-fellowship group of international influence. inspiration, attracted a movement of prayer-carried power that has already spread all over the United States and into several other countries; has influenced leaders and followers alike into spiritual sight-raising above the tensions that still threaten to hamstring the world into the defeatism of greed and its eruption into war. Within its field, isn't service of this nature comparable with that which was conveyed to earth by the Apostle Paul?

Another,³ inspired by self dedication to the service of the ³R. G. Le Torneau, founder and president of probably the largest producer of earth-moving equipment in the world Christ, recovered from financial bankruptcy to world influence as a manufacturer; and, more significant, is one of the greatest leaders of business men to prayer, and of boys to Christian-living vigor. In-

stead of tithing to God, he tithes to himself and turns the bulk of his income over to God. That seems to be another outcropping of the heritage left by the Apostle Paul.

Other examples, in countless number throughout the earth, could be noted. In many ways, the inspiration for these growths into great-

ness were transmitted to the twentieth century by the spiritual lead wire which came into contact with Paul on the road to Damascus.

Yes, Saul of Tarsus was forced into greatness by the attractive power of God's motive force — and what greatness!

Blessings

Agnes Bowyer Gilbert

Bless everything I do today
As I go on my humble way;
Bless Thou the honey cake I fry,
The dish I wash, the clothes I dry,

The flowers I pick, the peas I shell,
The man who brings the milk to sell.
Bless Thou the table that I spread.
Now feed me with the *living* bread.

Bless Thou the neighbors at my door,
Help me to love them more and more;
Bless Thou my recreation too,
Bless all the things I say and do.

Thus, bring me to the close of day
A blessing spread on all my way,
Bless now my rest, my strength renew
In loving kindness, all night through.

The Magic Formula for Neryes

Halette McPhail-McClellan

THEY CALLED HER "The Butterfly Lady." Being a young reporter, and news what it usually is in a sleepy Southern town, I smelled a story there, so took myself off to her home on West Magnolia.

When I rattled the brass knocker at No. 105, the Lady, herself, answered—Mrs. Holcombe, greying, becomingly dressed in pastels. With my foot in her parlor, I felt at once transplanted to a world of fantasy. Here I saw walls completely covered with cases of mounted butterflies, all hues and species, many forms that I did not even recognize. A gorgeous display of iridescent color. Breath-taking!

"Most unusual," I exclaimed, "but surely there's a story tied in with these hundreds of butterflies?"

Mrs. Holcombe motioned me to a quaint Victorian sofa, and sat down beside me. "Yes there's quite a story," she began, "a story I'd like to share with others because I believe it can help people to overcome nervousness in just the way it helped me. That's where the butterflies come in."

Here she insisted on serving a cup of tea, though I was in a big

hurry to get this article in for the Sunday sheet. I could just see the layout — "Butterflies Cure Nervousness"—oh, what a headline!

"Now I'm going to skip the tragic events that led up to my nervous break-down," Mrs. Holcombe continued, "It's the cure I wish to tell folks about. You see my husband was a newspaper man in Atlanta, so I know how ideas can flourish in printer's ink. It was not a psychologist, but an old-fashioned family doctor, the type you might expect to find in Midville, who started me on Come-back Road and gave me The Magic Formula to cure nerves".

"Magic Formula," I cried, "When 50 per cent of the world's ills stem from nerves or emotions, whatever you care to call it, then this medic, hidden away in a little burg like Midville, holds the secret cure in his old black satchel — say, what a story! Why I'll make A. P. with this!"

"Not so fast," she cautioned, "Let me give you his full treatment in outline form, then you may dramatize it back at the office, if you wish, but do give my butterflies the space they deserve in your story. Here is the course he prescribed —

1—"Face the condition as it is - the outward reflection of inner strife. Then face it for what it is - a prison house. This the doctor illustrated by an old medieval legend about a political prisoner who was held in a dungeon for twenty years. One day, in desperation, he planned to murder his guard as the man would come next morning bringing food and water. But first, he examined the door to make sure of his plan. What was his surprise to discover — the door had no lock on it, there never had been a lock. So he walked out a free man, as he might have done years before!

2—"The Doctor felt that I, too, lived in a dungeon — the dark and frustrating prison of fear. There are two means of escape, he suggested, two directions or paths. One path leads UP; that's called faith. You'll find directions in the Bible, such as—

'Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and light unto my path.'

'The path of the righteous is as the dawning light, that shineth more unto the perfect day.'

"The other path leads OUT; becoming an extrovert or stepping out from self, doing for others, getting new interests. It might require a 'vehicle' to follow this path, he added.

3—"The best vehicle is a hobby; select a hobby that appeals, then ride it hard. This order led me into

our garden where I seem to do my best thinking. Just what kind of a hobby might a widow of slender means take on? At that moment a bright, beautiful butterfly came floating by. There was my answer — butterflies, free as the Spring air I breathed. Yes, I'd collect butterflies!

"Well the news soon got around, as is the way of a small town. Next thing I knew school-children were bringing in specimens; friends who traveled to far away lands brought back rare butterflies as souvenirs; local stores gladly gave me paper boxes to hold the mounted displays. Right out of the blue, various churches of the community began asking the use of my parlors to give their Silver Teas in, always with the request of a talk by yours truly. This developed into paid lectures before garden clubs of surrounding towns. Only this month, I sold my first article to a woman's magazine. You see those butterflies were leading me further and further out from that prison-house called Self — out, because I first looked UP:

4—"Months after I had quit going to the Doctor's office, he surprised me one evening by dropping in for a social visit. I'll never forget the words he used—'Now that you have found a way to open that dungeon door, I'm going to tell you how to stay free. It has work-

ed in so many cases of nervous patients that I call it THE MAGIC FORMULA —

'O Lord grant me the serenity to accept the things I can not change; the courage to change the things I can; and the wisdom to know the difference.'

Fast as I could step off the blocks, I made it back to the Midville Banner. First I told the editor all about The Magic Formula, and asked if he knew who might have authored it? He dug through a pile

of papers and clippings to an Encyclopedia of Quotations which he always kept on his battered desk.

"Here it is," he said, "under heading of Self-help. Yes it's by a fellow named Reinhold Neibuhur. Fine in its way, but I know a better formula for healthy living—its called THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT."

Somehow the Boss always supplied a better ending to my stories than I could think up!

Ladders

Theobel Wing Alleeson

A ladder is to climb, and it stands tall
 Before each living soul. One end is set
 Forever in the earth, and one is all
 Lost in the glory where Heaven's parapet
 Rays streaming light across ascending bars.
 My soul must climb—there is no other course,
 On its own ladder, toward the watching stars.
 Your soul must climb, leaving behind dark source
 Of bitter failures—hopes misunderstood—
 Because its spark divine in urging on
 Toward all that radiant ultimate of good,
 Will bring ascending feet to Heaven's dawn.
 Your ladder is for you and mine for me,
 So shall we, climbing, find Eternity.



☛ The Bible can keep a man on his course.

The Bible and a Navy Ship

Richard A. Graddick

ONE OF THE THINGS that gives the United States Navy its *Esprit de Corps* is its emphasis on spiritual guidance. The Bible, which is carried aboard all Navy ships, is as vital in a spiritual sense to the smooth and safe operation of a vessel as is the ship's compass in a more material sense.

A typical example of some of the effects of the Navy's character education program, which is based primarily on the moral standards set forth in the Bible, was seen last month in a ceremony aboard the aircraft carrier *USS Bennington*. The ceremony was in observance of National Bible Week, which is held annually the third week in October, and consisted of the presentation of two Bibles to the carrier by the Laymen's National Committee of New York City.

The presentation was in recognition of the bravery and self-sacrifice demonstrated by the officers and crew of the *USS Bennington* during its May 26 disaster, in which

103 officers and men were killed and several hundred were injured.

The ceremony was held on the flight deck of the ship before an audience of civic officials and high ranking Naval personnel. The *USS Bennington* has been berthed at the New York Naval Shipyard, Brooklyn, for several months undergoing repairs and angle flight deck conversion.

The Books consisted of a large pulpit-sized Bible for the ship's crew and a smaller Bible for the commanding officer of the ship, Captain William F. Raborn, Jr.

In the words of Captain Joshua L. Goldberg, CHC, USN, Chaplain at the Third Naval District headquarters, New York City, who delivered the benediction at the presentation ceremony, "As the compass holds the ship to her course and brings her safely to port, the Bible can keep a man on his course and guide him away from the reefs and shoals of life to peace of mind and peace of heart."



Flowers Now, Please

Ben F. Lehmberg, D.D.

RECENTLY, after I had been the speaker at a Rotary Club meeting, I received a rather interesting "Certificate of Appreciation." A splendid artist had printed in my name, and underneath it were these words: "As an expression of appreciation for courtesies extended to this club, we hereby present this certificate." It was signed by the president and the secretary. You will not be surprised to know that I keep this "Certificate" among my most prized possessions. I am human just as everybody else. I like to be appreciated. No one likes to be ignored.

The famous preacher Henry Ward Beecher one cold day in Brooklyn spotted a newsboy who was trying to protect his papers from the rain. Dr. Beecher bought a paper from him, and as he paid the boy he said, "Poor little fellow, aren't you terribly cold standing there?"

With a smile on his face the young fellow replied, "I was, sir, before you came."

It was the same Henry Ward Beecher who said, "Do not keep the alabaster boxes of your love and tenderness sealed up until your friends are dead. Fill their lives

with sweetness. Speak approving, cheering words while their ears can hear them and while their hearts can be thrilled by them."

People are important, at least to themselves. If they are avoided and ignored they may manufacture ways to receive attention. A politician of my acquaintance was having a rather dull, unsuccessful career. People ignored him quite successfully. He was elected to rather unimportant offices. In his own party caucus he was given little, if any, honor. Then one day he made a rather broad statement that angered someone. The man looked him up the next day and challenged him; in fact, called him a liar. That would have upset most of us, but not the politician who was starving for attention. It gave him new hope, new enthusiasm.

Today he has retired, after a very rowdy, noisy, rough career. He became a fighter. If there wasn't someone to fight he created a cause for battle. He has spent a lifetime fighting people and has made a multitude of enemies. But he has received what he wanted most—attention.

In my youth I boarded with a family which included two daugh-

ters who were twelve and ten. The older of the girls was quite attractive and everybody told her so. As a baby she was the kind you wanted to take in your arms and squeeze. She was the one who always received attention. Unfortunately, the younger girl was quite unattractive. Even as a baby, so her pictures revealed, she was not the sweet, attractive infant the other had been.

What happened? An unwise mother, finding the older daughter so much sweeter, so much more attractive, so much easier to love, gave most of her attention and affection to this one who really did not need it at all. The younger daughter was ignored, and she couldn't take it. She created situations to get attention. As a result, her mother thought she was naughty and bad, and considered her a problem child. Consequently, when the younger daughter was fifteen years old she eloped with a truck driver. She was so starved for appreciation and attention that she made this unwise decision and married the first fellow who gave her a second look.

Appreciation seems to be a neglected art, which some think it unnecessary to develop. A business man admitted — in fact, boasted — that he never complimented anybody. In talking about it in relationship to his employees he said, "They know when they do a good

job. Why should I tell them? Why, if I complimented them they might get the idea they deserved a raise." Yet he was always ready to offer criticism when work was unsatisfactory.

History points to many outstanding personalities whose service went unappreciated in their lifetime. I am thinking of Rembrandt, the painter, who died a pauper. There wasn't money enough for a decent burial. Now his paintings are worth millions. Think of how Rembrandt could have used some of that money in his lifetime, but think how much more he could have used words of appreciation.

Consider Abraham Lincoln. Each year more and more books are written about him. Each year more and more words of praise are written about the immortal president. But Lincoln had few real friends in his lifetime. The ugliest and most vicious words ever written about an American by Americans were written about Abraham Lincoln. A member of Congress said in an address one day, "You might search hell over and find no more miserable wretch than Abraham Lincoln." A newspaper editor wrote, "The President is a low, cunning clown. He is the original gorilla. Those who seek the Ape-man are fools to travel all the way to Africa when what they are after can be readily located in Springfield, Illinois."

Let me suggest, then, that we develop the art of appreciation. Joseph Conrad once said, "Give me the right word and the right accent, and I will move the world." We should cease being misers with our compliments and our praise.

Say a word of praise to that high school boy who is having a difficult time graduating. A word of praise rather than a word of complaint may help him to make the grade.

Say a complimentary word to that policeman who gets few of them. He is trying to do a good job and ought to be told that he is.

How about a "thank you" to the men and women who serve the community so faithfully — teachers, librarians, city officials, ministers, and others? A word of appreciation is the finest pay we can give them.

May I suggest a smile and a kind word, instead of complaints, to the tired girl in the five-and-ten-cent store who has had at least a dozen grouchy customers during the day.

In marriage, appreciation is one of the principal reasons for success. When a man comes home tired it is a serious mistake for a wife to complain about the children's behaviour during the day. It is even more of a mistake for her to com-

plain how tired she is because of an afternoon spent playing bridge or canasta. Instead, if she is a wise wife she will be considerate, complimentary, thoughtful. The wife who can say with real sincerity, "I am proud of you," is an accomplished artist in the art of appreciation.

Wives want appreciation, too. The husband who never brings home a little gift his wife doesn't need but would appreciate should be horsewhipped. If the dinner is good, he should say so. If it isn't, he should find something else to compliment.

William Lyons Phelps, the famous professor at Yale, once told how he went into a small dining place for a bite of lunch on a hot day. When the man back of the counter handed him the menu, Dr. Phelps remarked, "The boys in the kitchen certainly must be suffering today."

The waiter looked at him with surprise, then said, "People come in here and complain about the food, kick about the service, and growl about the heat. In nineteen years you are the first person who ever expressed any sympathy for the cooks back in the kitchen."



Neutral Switzerland, the Samaritan

Maurice Moyal

THREE AND A HALF million of God-fearing Swiss may well adopt for their motto the above quotation. Frugal and hard-working, they have turned their little mountainy country, with no mineral resources to speak of, into one of the most prosperous in the world. But they have never taken their blessings for granted. They are ever asking themselves whether they deserve them, whether they are entitled to them.

For exactly 140 years, neutral Switzerland behind its formidable barrier of mountains has been an oasis of peace and sanity in a periodically war-torn, mad world. But the Swiss have always felt it is the bounden duty of any people who have been spared devastation and bereavement to seek to diminish the bereavement of others, to take their share of the world's misery.

Nearly one hundred years ago, Switzerland's Dr. Dunant was the spark plug of the International Red Cross, which has saved millions of lives. The subsequent Swiss-inspired Geneva Convention has put some modicum of humanity into the management of P. O. W.'s camps.

During two world wars, in their own silent and efficient way, the Swiss launched hundreds of humanitarian projects for the benefit of both belligerents. They could prevail upon them to exchange their gravely wounded, who were nursed back to health on Swiss soil and at Swiss expenses.

In the later stages of World War II, the millions of Swiss-sent parcels were all that stood between a good many P.O.W.'s in Germany and starvation. The Swiss diplomats accredited to the Axis countries wrested from the gas-chambers scores of thousands of Nazi-haunted people. Their carefully indexed archives kept tab on hundreds of thousands of D. P.'s, bringing them together with their families at the liberation of Europe.

This Swiss spirit of good will towards all men and malice towards none is best typified in the International Village of War-Orphans of Pestalozzi.

Back in 1944, Dr. Walter Corti, a noted local educator and scientist, wondered what would become of the Lost Generation—those thousands on thousands of waifs roaming hungry, dirty, and ragged all

over the face of Europe, those innocent victims of the folly and bestiality of mankind. Their future held nothing but poverty, want, and fear.

When the cannon was still thundering all over the world, when Germany seemed bound to be forever an object of horror and reprobation, Dr. Corti thought of bridging with love that yawning abyss of hatred. He planned to bring up as brothers the war-orphan of Germany together with those of France and of every other nation which had so greatly suffered at the hands of the Germans.

In a series of articles widely syndicated to the local press, he outlined his dreams of such an International Village for War-Orphans. He stressed the spirit of faith in God, faith in man, and faith in work whereby he hoped to redeem the Lost Generation. To make the project more symbolical of the Swiss spirit of human brotherhood, he was prepared to accept contributions only from children to gather the initial funds with which to get his project started.

The answer was overwhelming. Nearly every child in the country broke his piggy bank and gave up gifts from parents, relatives, and friends for a whole year, begging them to send the equivalent in money instead to Dr. Corti. A local edition of "The March of Dimes"

still contributes in part toward the upkeep of the International Village of Pestalozzi. Subsequently, in sixteen ex-belligerent countries, national branches of the Pestalozzi Children's Village Association have been set up, which also send regular contributions to Dr. Corti.

All over Switzerland hundreds of communities disputed eagerly among themselves the honor of giving Dr. Corti the land on which to build his village. He finally chose an enchanting site, ten miles south of the little town of Trogen, in the Canton of Appenzel, in northeast Switzerland.

The International Village of War-Orphans now stands in the middle of a vast circus of mountains, topped by the dazzling whiteness of the eternal snows. In that serene and beautiful fairy landscape the war-orphan of sixteen countries could forget forever the terrible memories which had haunted for so long their screaming nightmares.

As the General Secretary of the North Atlantic Association, an international organization supporting the North Atlantic Pact and its ideals, it was my privilege to visit Pestalozzi.

As soon as our jeep grinds to a halt past two cement-posts, pompously called "The Gate," we are surrounded by a swarm of youngsters of both sexes. All of them

have a steady light about the eyes—the light that comes when you are at peace with yourself and in constant touch with the earth.

In a stately cortege, they lead us to the community-center, where Dr. Corti greets us with outstretched hands. His handshake has the firm grip of a realist, but his sensitive face, lit by big luminous blue eyes, is that of a visionary idealist.

"You see", he tells us, "Pestalozzi is the living illustration of 'all things are possible to him that believeth'. It didn't take long for our children to forget the enmity which divided their countries for centuries. But we do not wish them to cut off every tie with their native lands. Each one is brought up here in his traditions and customs. To keep in touch with his way of life and surviving relatives, he will return to it during the long, summer holidays."

Fourteen to eighteen children live in each house, cared for by a house-mother and helpers of their own nationality. Each member has a room of his own, only the smaller children share a room among three. The whole place is cheerfully decorated and has nothing in common with the drab atmosphere that children have to suffer in so many institutions.

The way our guide is greeted everywhere shows that he has a way with children. Everybody feels

free to drop into his office for a friendly chat or a bit of advice. Dr. Corti speaks the children's own language, lives their life and yields an inconspicuous elder brother's influence, which maintains a freely accepted discipline.

Husky, sun-tanned Marius Larrique shows us a model water-mill he has himself built.

"And it works!" asserts he with pride.

We have to go to the nearest brook and see the thing in operation. While the youngster eagerly explains that he would like to build big, real mills and bridges and highways, my glances are pulled to a little serial number tattooed in blue on his right forearm—the inhuman Nazi brand . . .

"And yet," confides Dr. Corti when the youth left us to join his comrades, "if you only knew what troubles I was put to in order to gain his confidence! When he came here he was the wraith of a child, starting up at the least noise. The son of a French Maquis-leader shot by the Germans, he was deported to the death-camp at Mathausen when barely nine. He evaded the gas chambers only because he had developed a talent for shining the jackboots of the camp-commander."

Every one of the village's four hundred youthful inhabitants could tell you a like heart-rending story. For years, they had to scrounge for

potato-and rutabaga-peels in the refuse-bins, to sleep in bombed-out ruins. They had to steal, to cheat, to lie in order to stay alive. Is it any wonder that, when they came to Pestalozzi, they were nothing but a bunch of little wild beasts, trusting nobody, knowing only the jungle law of the survival of the fittest?

Dr. Corti's loving care has already turned the former wild beasts into those sturdy and friendly pioneers, with a new hope in life and a new faith in their own capacities.

Their natural abilities are being developed at Pestalozzi by a thorough training in an artistic craft they will make their living in, but also take a sense of personal fulfillment from. Watchmaking, for which the Swiss are world-famed, attracts many youngsters. But cabinet-making, wood-carving, and book-binding have also their eager trainees. The ablest among them, like Marius, are to make engineering studies at the famed Swiss Polytechnic Institute of Zurich, the European counterpart of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Only the mornings are devoted to study. The afternoons bring all

those youngsters together for discussions of world-problems, music, choir-singing, skiing, and mountain-climbing in the beautiful surrounding mountainside. One or two among them have turned out to be so outstanding at both sports that they plan to become Alpine guides.

"What are your educational methods?" we asked Dr. Corti.

"We try to develop the latent abilities of every child in their own natural sequence. His manual ability gets first claim on our attention, then his voice, his intelligence after. Thus, drawing is the first thing we teach to the small child, then singing. Other cultural courses come after, mathematics last of all."

"The highly gratifying results we have achieved here administer abundant proof that no human being, however debased in soul and starved in body, is past redemption through patience and understanding," sums up Dr. Corti.

And, as we take leave of the great humanitarian, the immortal words sing in our memory: "I will lift mine eyes into the hills, from whence cometh my hope" . . .

☐ "One must feel God as one does the warmth of the sun or the kindness of an earthly friend."

Confident Thoughts and Actions

Carey Stone

ABOVE AND BELOW us, within us and around us is a Force greater than the human mind has the ability to picture. As the small child can little comprehend the geometric problems with which the older brother is struggling, so are men unable to understand the workings of this immense Power. But fortunately one does not need to grasp the mechanism of a thing to receive its benefits. If such were the case how many of us would be listening to the radio that daily carries its words and music over steaming jungles and desert sands, across the orchards and the snow-clad wastes of the mountain peaks?

Even telegraphy, which today is as familiar as any household word, could not be used by the masses were it necessary to know the how and why of the way the telegrams are transmitted. Hence, does it matter if one cannot describe what happens when we ask aid of this higher power? The important thing is that something does happen: to what extent depends on our attitude.

The great scientist, Alexis Carrel, speaking of prayer, made this

statement, "One must seem to feel God as one does the warmth of the sun or the kindness of an earthly friend." "Feel His presence," reiterates this brilliant thinker. Not one word does he speak about understanding His workings on the human spirit.

From another man of whom the world hears often comes this brief admonition, "Let go and let God." The saintly-living E. Stanley Jones uses this sentiment in one form or another over and over again. He relates how, after graduating from college, he was undecided as to his field of work. One morning he was sitting in meditation when a knock came at his door. A special-delivery letter was handed to him. It was from the church with which he was affiliated. It stated that sudden need had arisen in India for a missionary strong in body, firm of faith and mind. The leaders of the church felt that the young Stanley had all of these; but they left the decision to him. The boy-minister bowed his head in prayer. As clearly as though a voice had spoken aloud he heard the answer. Perfect assurance swept through him. Without hesitation he reached

for his pen to write a joyous acceptance of the India appointment. To those familiar with the past fifty years of the missionary work Brother Stanley—as he prefers to be called—has done in that far away land, not one would doubt that he has indeed been guided by an all-wonderful Power.


However, it doesn't take an Alexis Carrel or a Stanley Jones to receive this Strength. It often seems to be given more to the mediocre than to the intellectual. It often seems easier for them to let go and wait on God. One thing is sure—to the extent one turns to Him in trust, to that extent will the falter-

ing lips grow firm, the stumbling steps become sure.

Try it for a moment, for an hour, for a day. It is impossible to describe the overwhelming sense of peace that will be yours—a peace that affects your soul, your mind, your body.

To one who has experience the soul-satisfying experience of this Guidance it is inconceivable to think of trying to stumble on without it, because the Guidance will be given on the small decisions of living as well as on the mighty experiences of life.


Let Go and let God—and know peace!



A Prayer of Thanks

Lillian Beck

We thank Thee, God, for joy of life,
 For grace to still the thoughtless strife,
 For gain that kills the fear of loss
 For good to cleanse the threatening dross.
 For strength to lift a seeming load,
 For light that guides us on the road,
 For hope that is a beacon light,
 For faith that leads us through the night.
 For all these gifts so rich and free
 We bow in gratitude to Thee.



☐ O blind and insecure America, awake!

America Needs Christ

Luther Youngdahl

(Judge Youngdahl has been City Attorney of Minneapolis, Judge of the Municipal, Court, and Associate Justice of the Minnesota Supreme Court. In 1947 he was elected Governor, but four years later resigned the Governorship to accept an appointment by the President of the United States to the Federal District Bench in Washington, D. C. He is one of the leading jurists in the country.)

When I was running for Judge of the District Court of Hennepin County, Minneapolis, my Christian mother was spending her last days on this earth. During one of the last visits I had with her when we were discussing the election she said, "Luther, I am sure you will win the election, but more important than winning votes is the matter of winning souls for Christ." That came as a terrific challenge to me and will remain with me as such during the rest of my life.

Mother definitely had the right view of things. As individuals we need Christ. As a nation we need Him, too. Yes, America needs Christ! Grave warnings of this vital

need is revealed in every area of our national life. This land, which was settled by thousands of devout people in eager search for religious freedom, is endangered by the consequences of a spiritual and moral paralysis.

Look about you for signs of the tragic weakening of our very national foundations. In your community—and in mine—you will find the evidence. It is revealed in the vast numbers with no allegiance to any church, in the great percentage who make no effort to put Christianity into practice in daily life. The break-down of the home and the weakening of family ties, with a mounting divorce rate and increasing juvenile delinquency, are grim reminders that our nation has drifted dangerously far from God.

It is time for us to stop and take stock of the spiritual resources of America. Great, proud America, with seemingly limitless natural resources, mighty in war and in peace, has, it so often seems, lost sight of God. We have deluded ourselves into believing that we are self-sufficient and require no aid

This and the succeeding article are from the book *This I Believe About Jesus* compiled by John Clover Monsma. Reprinted by permission of the publishers, Fleming H. Revell and Co.

from a power above ourselves. Through remarkable success in science and technology we have made advances in the material world which seem to leave no place for God in our scheme of things. The dollar sign has become too prominent as our symbol. The attainment of wealth—money, real estate, comfort, influence—has become too largely our goal. Yes, we have been worshipping too long at the shrine of bigness, power, and material gains.

Our nation, by contrast, was founded to a large extent by a people who placed these objects of our attention in a secondary position. Wealth was a tool. God came first, and material possessions were to be used in His stewardship. Christianity was a way of life that demanded complete service and dedication of self.

Religious faith has guided our nation through many stormy days. We must rely upon Christianity to sustain us now, in this most crucial test of all, for no scientific discovery or increased material resources can make good the spiritual deficit which endangers us in this age. There must be a change of heart. And only Christ has the power to bring this about. Let us **make** Christianity really work in our own lives.

God waits silently and patiently for us to accept the salvation He holds out to us. O blind and insecure America, awake! These are days which require a living faith to carry you safely over the treacherous road ahead. These are days which require the presence of Christ himself to guide you steadily and harmlessly through the truly hazardous stretches of time.



Request

Enola Chamberlin

As I go from each day's beginning
To the hour when the sun says adieu;
Help me, Dear God, to keep marching
In step with you.



☪ It is this thought of inner peace which makes daily living a spiritual adventure.

A Personal Citadel

Everett McKinley Dirksen

(U. S. Senator Dirksen from Illinois is a son of the prairies, a man of rugged Americanism. He received his formal education at the University of Minnesota. After a few years with the Cook Dredging Company as General Manager, and thereafter as Commissioner of Finance in his home town of Pekin, Ill., he served eight consecutive terms in Congress as Representative of the 16th Illinois district. In 1950 he was elected U. S. Senator — and both the country and the world at large soon knew about it.)

Thoreau once wrote that the mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation. That statement is probably more applicable to this generation than to any other in the history of the world.

First, we find on every hand the challenging turbulence of the world, the threat of the atomic bomb, and what this might mean to our survival. People in all walks of life have become extremely susceptible to the fears which this grim prospect occasions.

But closer, and in a sense more disturbing, to most people are

the constant challenges of the commonplace. To so many there is the ever besetting fear of death and its consequences. To some there is the burden of continuing a rather sterile existence. To others there comes the tragic experience of shattered faith and disillusionment. There are those who are engaged in what sometimes seems an illusory quest for security, and who have the strange fear that this material security when once found may yet prove insecure in a world of shifting values. Still others have never quite conquered the inferiority complex which is so often an inheritance from childhood days. Perhaps an even greater number, as one may well determine from experience, are so busy carrying on a kind of passionate struggle against neighbors, friends, and acquaintances, wearing themselves out with jealousy, envy, and gossip, that they have converted life into a rather barren unloved existence.

These are but some of the problems at the daily personal level with which a host of people are confronted day after day, no mat-

See acknowledgment on preceding article.

ter what their station in life. In the face of these challenges, whether they consist of world-shaking events abroad or the little things at home, there must be a personal citadel to which one can repair.

And there is such a citadel!

At the Last Supper, the Man of Galilee, knowing full well what was ahead, said to those about Him, "These things I have spoken unto you, that in me ye might have peace."

What day to day refreshment there is in that very thought of peace, because it suggests a tranquility and conjures up a serenity of mind which is in truth the real personal citadel. It is this thought of inner peace which makes daily living a spiritual adventure. It softens those anticipations of evil

which are the wellspring of so many fears. It affords an inner fortress where real security may be found. It is a guide for the rehearsal of the soul. This thought of peace—inner peace—is the solvent for discontent.

Here, then, is a spiritual vitamin which costs nothing except practice, which everyone can take all day, every day, and so meet and overcome the turmoil and fear which spring from the daily challenges of the commonplace and from the bewilderment which ensues from a world in ferment.

Christ is not merely a Sunday piece. He is for every day, if we will but exercise the soul with as much diligence and devotion as we spend on exercise to perfect the body and mind.

Serenity of Faith

Louise Darcy

The heart serene with faith
 Can weather any storm.
 The comfort of God's love
 Will always keep it warm.
 The disappointing hour,
 The time of sudden grief
 Will yield their sting to prayer,
 The solace of belief
 In God who stills each storm
 With His eternal calm,
 Bringing to troubled hearts
 The healing of His balm.

Prayer Works!

"I can't tell you how much I have gained by the Manual of Prayer. They certainly have taught me things I probably would never have understood otherwise. Since I first contacted you so many wonderful things have happened in our home life that I thought I should write and tell you. My husband stopped drinking and we have met some real Christian neighbors. All this I attribute to the Power of Prayer and Christ coming into my life."

Canada

"Thank you so much for your prayers and help. A most wonderful sense of peace came over me when I received and read the mail from you . . . I came out fine with my talk at the church. I was not the least bit afraid. I knew that you were with me in prayer and God was very near. Such a wonderful

work you are performing for the Master."—*South Carolina*

"A friend of mine whose name I sent in to the Prayer Tower had a healing of the tongue from cancer. She felt a burning sensation, then just as though a lifting out of a burning coal. She is a fine Christian and deeply thankful. The healing is not complete but continuing in regard to the salivary glands. So please continue to ask those on the Beam of Prayer to continue praying for her. Thank you for your spiritual help to thousands in His name."—*Pennsylvania*

"I don't think you would be surprised but I feel sure the Government of India might be surprised a little if they knew your prayers had moved them to grant an import license for our Dodge pickup truck so badly needed for the hospital

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, DEsota 7365, St. Paul, Minn.

and extension work at this village center. After two refusals by the Government of India I wrote you asking if you would put our need before the Prayer Tower friends and I heard from you later inquiring how things had worked out. We are expecting some 30,000 chicks by air under help of Heifer Project, Inc. in January. Five thousand of these will have to be transported a hundred miles immediately on arrival to Vadala where they will be raised to three and a half months before distribution to villagers. The truck will arrive just in time for this crucial need. We also asked you to pray about another need in regard to our fine farm manager. This too has been answered beautifully. God bless you all for your fine work."—*Vadala Mission, Admednagar, India*

"Before you received the prayer request for my mother she was WELL and with Jesus. Your loving prayers have come to us, her husband and two daughters, and we have known a miracle far greater than the healing of the body. The peace and joy of heaven and the surrounding of definite love in the midst of what should "normally" be racking tears and grief. Thank you for every prayer and for our privilege of being held up so gloriously on the great love beam of the Prayer Tower."—*North Carolina*

"Sometime last month I wrote and asked you to pray for a young girl sixteen years old, who had a mass in her chest and the doctors said it was malignant, incurable, inoperable. Prayers were begun here and other places and we used the prayer you sent. Shortly after, a last test was made and the doctors decided to operate. They removed the growth but left all organs and glands and found no malignancy. They said she would be in the hospital two weeks but she was home in one week and is now back in school, entirely well. Isn't that wonderful—a miracle! God's healing direct. Thank you so much for your prayers."—*Louisiana*

"One of the members of our prayer group telegraphed you on April 11 asking for prayers for my husband who had undergone serious surgery that day. He came through much, much better than the surgeon expected, has been recuperating nicely; this week has gone back to his office. We are deeply grateful—the black picture given us by the surgeon was set aside by the power of prayer and much less extensive surgery was used. God has wonderfully healed. God bless you in all that you do to bring His kingdom here on earth. His power is marvellous when we can get the channels open to receive it. Thanking you most sincerely."—*California*

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CONTENTS

Producing Pearls and Producing Saints	<i>Glenn Clark</i>	1
But Not Destroyed	<i>Jane Weiler Corbett</i>	6
An M.D. Experiences Healing by Faith	<i>L. S. Bartlett, M.D.</i>	7
The President's Pastor	<i>The Washington Post and Times Herald</i>	9
Quietude and Religion	<i>Rabbi Harry Silverstone</i>	12
The Golden Rule Sergeant	<i>H. N. Ferguson</i>	15
The Classroom and the Altar	<i>Bishop Hazen G. Werner</i>	17
Cadenza	<i>Simeon Stylites</i>	22
George Fox, the Peacemaker	<i>Richard P. Newby</i>	24
No Tax on My Heritage	<i>Florence Eakman</i>	28
Thoughts Farthest Out	<i>Norman K. Elliott</i>	32
Books of Interest	<i>Norman K. Elliott</i>	35
God's Living Detours	<i>George V. McCausland</i>	37
No Four Walls	<i>Perry Como</i>	39
Forced Into Greatness—Paul	<i>Frank W. Robertson</i>	42
The Magic Formula for Nerves	<i>Halette McPhail-McClellan</i>	46
The Bible and a Navy Ship	<i>Richard A. Graddick</i>	49
Flowers Now, Please	<i>Ben F. Lehmborg</i>	50
Neutral Switzerland, the Samaritan	<i>Maurice Moyal</i>	53
Confident Thoughts and Actions	<i>Carey Stone</i>	57
America Needs Christ	<i>Luther Youngdahl</i>	59
A Personal Citadel	<i>Everett McKinley Dirksen</i>	61
Prayers Works!	<i>The United Prayer Tower</i>	63