

Clear Horizons

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Fall 1956

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As We Go To Press

The late Fritz Kunkel was considered one of the most deeply spiritual psychologists of our era, and what he has to say about prayer, and more specifically about unanswered prayer is illuminating and incisive in a most helpful way. **Margaret Lee Runbeck** (p. 1) has done an excellent job of reporting . . . Articles on the spiritual growth of children are difficult to write and the material is more difficult to collect. **Dorothy H. Smith** (p. 7) on what was written to a six-year-old will be warmly welcomed by anyone who has children in the home, and it will give all of us many ideas to apply to our own situations . . . Many of us have been to religious summer conferences during the past three months, and one of the problems that faces us all is the desire to keep fresh and clear the inspiration we got there. **Mary Edith Barron** (p. 12) tells of an experience that helped her to keep alive the challenges of a summer conference, and this experience will help us too . . . People are becoming more and more aware that businesses are seeing the need for religious help and remembrances among their employees. **Leslie E. Dunkin** (p. 19) tells of a motto that is in one factory and what it has meant to those who work there. It might give others an idea on how to go about it in their own businesses . . . We all recognize that judging others is not in the least commendable, and yet all of us seem to enjoy indulging in it at one time or another. **Clarence W. Hall** (p. 21) does a good job in showing us that it is a habit, a bad one, that can be overcome, and in the overcoming can make us a lot happier . . . I suppose there is the latent feeling in us all, at least it crops up once in awhile, that if we were just strong enough—like the big stars of the world of sport—we would not have to pray. **John Winters Fleming** (p. 25) sets us right about that. Big stars not only believe in prayer, but they do some praying on their own and know that it works . . . For those who think that today's teen-agers are empty headed and spiritually ignorant, the letter by **Pauline C. Webster** (p. 48) will be a faith builder. In fact this letter puts most adults to shame . . . Thanksgiving Day will soon be here, and it is too bad that it is a once-a-year affair, for it ought to be a daily habit. **Aylesa Forsee** (p. 55) gives us many good reasons and suggestions on how to make thanksgiving a habit, for it can become a habit . . . The many fans of **Starr Daily** (p. 60), and they are legion, will undoubtedly feel that the last article is the best! A more mature and dedicated Christian than Starr Daily would indeed be hard to find.

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Clear Horizons

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“This time we find the answer within ourselves. We have outgrown insolvable problems. Our own life history is the best evidence of the power of creation.”

—Doctor Fritz Kunkel

The Why of Unanswered Prayer

Margaret Lee Runbeck

Take fast hold of instruction; let her not go; keep her; for she is thy life.

—Proverbs 4:13

A FRONTIER is just forming in our age, a new horizon out beyond the two well-established camps of academic psychology and of recognized religion. Like most new frontiers, it is in many ways an uncomfortable and dangerous place in which to find oneself. One is not only in danger of being devoured by untamed beasts in the unconquered wilderness ahead, but also of being shot at from the rear. Psychology is suspicious of this frontier, because it takes cognizance of religion; religion is on the whole not friendly toward it, because perhaps it may become guilty of usurping some of the prerogatives of organized church.

Only brave and radical explorers can be found out beyond the safety of the well-entrenched conventional positions. The bravest and most brilliant of these men is Doctor

Fritz Kunkel, who has come to the point where he now stands by a much-shot-at route. He began with medicine, passed through the professional practice of Freudian psychotherapy, on to Adlerian individual psychology, then to Jung's psychology and his relatively conservative acknowledgment of the realm of spirituality, and finally to a delicately balanced synthesis of his own, which not only includes divinity in its theorems, but bases psychology and everything else pertaining to life upon God. It has been an adventurous journey all the way, demanding a series of secessions which were never easy.

It very well may be that as the next fifty years unfold, this awkwardly called “religious-psychology” will become one of the great molders and builders of education. If this happens, Doctor Fritz Kunkel may be considered the

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father of the development. At present, of course, he is rated as one of the four psychologists who have done most to strip away the veils of mystery from the human mind. His first six textbooks were written in German and have been translated into many other languages. The last four books have been written in English, for since 1939, when he fled from Germany because he could not endure intellectual slavery, he has lived and worked in America.

The name of this branch of psychology has not yet emerged in anyone's mind. I once heard someone suggest that it might be called height-psychology, to distinguish it from depth-psychology. For some reason, Doctor Kunkel thought this name was audacious and presumptuous, and the suggestion embarrassed him momentarily. Height-psychology, however, might not be too inaccurate a term, since its range is from the depth of the collective unconscious so well known through Freud, Adler, and Jung, towards the height of spiritual perception expressed in the life and works of Jesus.

I have heard Doctor Kunkel talk to religious persons who knew little about psychology, and also I have heard him talk to professional psychiatrists and psychologists who had shown no interest in religion. On both levels, and in both vocabu-

laries this remarkable man can lead attention to the same conclusion, which is, if my oversimplification will be forgiven: that the aim of individual life is maturity; that maturity means the dislodging of egocentricity so that the actual Center of being can be established and become the full motivation.

When I began to talk to Doctor Kunkel about his own private and personal experience with answered prayer, he said the one thing I needed to hear at the moment. For under everything I was doing or thinking or hearing just then was my deep worry about Jeff, and my sense of defeat because of my own unanswered prayer.

"So you are writing about prayer?" he said thoughtfully. I told him briefly a few of the experiences I knew about, and he nodded. He said, in fact, that he himself knew of many such cases. Then he began thinking aloud about prayer. He said, "You see, because I am a physician, I always have to begin with 'what's wrong.' No physician can ever define what is health; we know only what is sickness. So, as a psychologist, I also have to begin with what is wrong with prayer—why aren't prayers always answered?—when they are not answered, what does it signify? Is God playing a joke? Is He busy somewhere else? Have we prayed in some language He doesn't under-

stand? Or maybe we called up the wrong telephone number? Anyway, I think we learn more about prayer from studying the wrong kind of prayers—the unanswered prayers."

"Yes," I said. "Let's study these."

He took out a stubby little pencil from his coat pocket and drew three blocks on an envelope.

"Those are the questions," he said. "First, what do we pray for? Well, what we want, I suppose. What we want most urgently. For our own *good*, we add quickly. Or maybe for somebody else's good. If anyone should ask us if we have a right to pray for what we want we'd say, 'yes, certainly'—and we'd point out in the Lord's Prayer the line that says 'Give us this day our daily bread.' So we want daily bread. Not to be too literal about it, that means daily needs. (A Cadillac? A Ford? Or maybe if we need only transportation from our home to our office, a bicycle will do. Which would one pray for? Well, anyway." He smiled his childlike innocent smile at me, and then went on.)

"Maybe what we need most of all is not a pleasant thing. Maybe we need someone to drive us simply crazy until we decide we had better give up our self-will, or our business, or our superiority. Maybe we need to be hurt or humiliated or made unbearably jealous, so that we can see what kind of a tyrant that

dear ego of ours is!

"Maybe what we need is terrible trouble. Daily bread, all right, but bread with nasty-tasting minerals in it, or vitamins. We'd like nice white bread of course. We look eagerly for the white bread. We get all ready to slice it and make a sandwich. But the white bread doesn't come. Finally, we are so hungry we take what is at hand—unappetizing black bread. We eat it, grumbling. If we have the courage, we accuse God of not answering prayer.

"Years afterwards someone says to us, 'How does it happen you have such wonderful teeth?' And we say, 'Why, I had to eat black bread when I was a child.' Then suddenly we remember that prayer which we thought was not answered. Now we see that we got what we needed. The answer came immediately, but it took us thirty years to know it *was* the answer. The answer comes in events. And we misinterpreted what the event was saying to us. We thought it was saying, Black bread is all you get, but really it was saying, My child, you shall have the finest teeth."

He chuckled at this metaphor a moment, and then he went on to the next block he had drawn on the paper.

"So, number two. Who is doing the praying, really? It is what we call, with Carl Jung, the 'Persona,' that is, the dressed-up, smiling, re-

spectable person we show to other people? Or is the praying being done by what Jung calls the 'Shadow' within us, the un-lived life? Is the praying full of skillfully concealed ego-ambition and ego-fear?

"If the prayer were answered in the way we are proposing to God, would it just pile on more ego-ambition or ego-fear, so that when the final waking-up day came, the downfall would have to be even more painful? In addition to the conscious, the Shadow is also praying. His prayers break out in our dreams, in our subconscious wishing. He is often praying for catastrophes to happen—sometimes he is praying for them to happen even to ourselves. For the Shadow—the un-lived life—would like to wreck everything the Ego has built up. The Shadow would like very much to get into the saddle and ride the life a while.

"You have to be sure whether it is the conscious, or the dark unconscious mind which is praying. And only God can decide which is the best of the two prayers to answer."

"How might it be that the Shadow's prayer was best to be answered?" I asked.

"Ah, that," he said, pleased, for he loves to tell a parable. "The respectable businessman may be praying that the bank will give him the loan before his creditors can force

him into bankruptcy. He takes God completely into his confidence, and explains how necessary it is that his business be saved. His dear trusting wife, his little children whom he must educate—everything hangs on the outcome of this prayer, and he is pleading with God to manipulate the minds of the bankers. He reminds God he has always been a good man, and that now he will be even better, etc., etc.

"To his bewilderment, however, the bank does not hear God's intercession. The business passes out of his hands. His trusting wife is humiliated before her friends. The man is abject. He would like to institute a lawsuit against God, and certainly against himself. He is in despair. He tramps about the streets, and finally he gets a small job. At night, when he can no longer afford his old diversions, he has to stay home, and across the living room he hears the righteous sniffles of his trusting wife, and he wishes he could die. When he can stand his shame no longer, he begins dabbling in some water-color paints he bought long ago, that happiest year of his life when he was a student. He buries his sorrow in them. He buries it deeper and deeper until it becomes not sorrow for the lost business, but joy for the found painting.

"The Shadow has always been the submerged, never entirely killed

artist down under the surface of the successful businessman. That Shadow's prayer for a chance to live its own life is gradually answered. The man can find only a part-time job which brings in only a small income. But he works cheerfully at this part-time job, faithfully bringing in the reduced salary. But after hours he resumes living his own real life from which he had for years been cut off.

"From the praying businessman's viewpoint the financial prayer was certainly being badly answered. But the Shadow's answer gradually came to light. (What a wisely accurate phrase such as cliché is!)

"The trusting wife somehow gets over her sniffing. Although she feels nearly killed with outraged indignation, she begins to grow up. She even becomes in time the beginnings of the woman God had in mind when He created her in the first place. The children, as the years go on and their father, still working part time, becomes a fairly well-known artist—not making anybody a fortune, of course, but very decently getting along, and being the amiable, obviously happy individual who adds to the character-wealth of everyone who ever encounters him—the children, so I say, become different.

"They are no longer the spoiled children of an harassed, frustrated father. They are the self-reliant

companions of a well-adjusted, wise man. Their father's painting gives him the satisfactions he needs, so that he no longer demands that his children be his achievement medals. The children then may live their own lives. They may even have the privilege of working for their education, and so having it be their own.

"Now—who was praying in the beginning, when that unhappy man was begging God to keep the chains of business on him? The conscious mind, of course, was praying one prayer. But God, who knows all, heard the prayer of the Shadow, the un-lived life which was asking to be freed. So that prayer, being the one which would release into the situation the most creativeness, was the one God answered. For God, naturally, is always on the side of creativeness."

Finally, he pointed to his third little block, "And then lastly, to Whom are we praying? Is it God the Banker, from whom we'd like a big check—maybe even a blank check so we can put in our own figures? Or, is it God the Judge, whom we fear is threatening to condemn us if we cannot do better than we are doing? We assure Him that although we seem to have blundered into trouble, we are not really to blame. It was our wife, or our employer . . . if they hadn't done this or that . . . We stand before our concept

of God the Judge, and we plead our side of the case, and we wish very much to hear Him praising and exonerating us. He might even be urged, we think, to whisper into the ears of those around us—our wife or our employer—that we are fine and worthy, and ought to be appreciated more than we are."

His face grew very grave then, and all the fun went out of it for the moment, "Or could it happen that we are mature enough to be praying to God, the Teacher? God, to Whom we would like to give a report that we have now finished the homework He gave us to do. We would like to ask Him if the work is satisfactory and if we are now ready to go on to the next lesson.

"That is the most mature praying, and I daresay it is the praying least often done on this earth. Jesus prayed that way. At Gethsemane he said, 'Father, if thou be willing, remove this cup from me; nevertheless not my will, but thine, be done.' And that prayer, as you know, appeared to go unanswered.

"The answer, actually, was the greatest and most wonderful delayed-action bomb the world has ever known. The detonations of that answer are still reverberating down through history. And like a falling star which began its arc thousands of years ago and will not be visible until tomorrow night, many of the

meanings of that answer are still ahead of us, to appear at later, more-developed times."

Doctor Kunkel likes that delayed-action-bomb metaphor. He uses it often when he is interpreting events in his own life, and the events of others who go to him for help. We live by inner events, and some of those are so slight we scarcely notice them except for their results, and then only years later. A stranger is overheard saying something to another stranger in a park; years later, when we trace back, we find that overheard remark has altered the trend of our existence. The big external events are unimportant beside the inner explosions caused by these delayed-action bombs.

And are those explosions which shape us as accidental as they appear to be? Doctor Kunkel believes they are not. Or rather, a blind thing is growing from within. It cannot see the present, and we cannot see the future. But the blind thing sees and knows that. A thousand items pass us in a day. One is what the blind future needs. It seizes that, and grows upon it. The arrogant present-seeing part of ourself scarcely realizes what has happened until the scroll of our life is unrolled at last.

Doctor Kunkel has named this silent cue to which some part of us responds, "The Call of the Future." It might also be spoken of as God.

☞ "There are many doors to which we shall lead you, but you must open each door and enter alone."

A Letter to My Six-Year Old on Growing Up

Dorothy H. Smith

YESTERDAY, as I watched your brave, little six-year old courage, many thoughts went through my mind. It was not such a big event in the eyes of those who might have forgotten—it was just your first trip to the dentist for a bit of minor surgery. I knew so well by the quiet way you sat waiting, holding tight to my hand, that you were very scared. When some little child cried out in the dentist's office, you didn't say a word, but your eyes became so big and dark.

Suddenly, I remembered the day you came to us—only a few weeks old, and tiny enough to fit on one sofa cushion. You had a lot of courage then too, but of course you didn't know it. People said that we, too, had courage (which is more than foolish) and maybe right then we had our first bond in common. You and your little brother have been told that you are adopted even though right now you do not understand its real meaning. Someday you will know its full significance, and yesterday it became clear enough to be in the form of a prayer—that somehow we will have been able to make you see how little it differs from the normal and

how privileged we all are to have had this experience. Parenthood is so much more than creating a life—it is made up of all the things, big and little, that come afterward. It begins, I suppose, by giving and taking a great deal of love; by teaching manners, and honesty, and respect. It goes on to demand that parents so live the truths they teach that, when you are old enough to judge for yourself, we will have measured up. It takes in moments like yesterday when you met your first big scare alone, and my pride in you when you said, "You wait outside, Mommie," and the door closed behind you and I had to wait and wonder and hurt a little inside because I could not spare you this. And it will go on into the not so distant future when perhaps that special valentine you hoped for doesn't come, nor that bid to the Senior Prom, and that real heart-ache when you find that not all friends are true friends. There will be no way to help you but to be there if you need us.

If we can teach you to meet life always as you met your little crisis yesterday, we cannot ask for much more. There are many doors to

which we shall lead you, but you must open each door and enter alone. It is so with us all; and yet, the important thing is to have enough courage to keep on opening doors, even though we are not sure we shall like what we find within. Adopting you and your brother opened one of the biggest doors for us; and yet, curiously enough, it was a straight passageway to the biggest door of all—faith, religion, and church. When we stepped through this door, our whole outlook on life was changed in a wonderful way and, you see, it all started with you.

We cannot promise that we will always be around just when your courage is tried the most. That is why every day we try to give you all the love and security you need—for that is the foodstuff of courage. That is why we have always wanted you to know and have been proud

that we all adopted each other. To face life honestly, and to accept its and your imperfections, is the only way to live. For all this talk and despite your scant years, already you've seen my dreams fall flat, tripped by human confusion and doubt, and yet the miracle is that each time I pick them up and dust them off, I become more sure that nothing else matters but to have those beliefs. If the courage and simple honesty you have right now goes on, and if we may in some way contribute toward it, we shall feel that it has been the most rewarding experience in life, because that, too, is part of the great religion.

We have no blood ties, to be sure, but our bond can be even closer. We are securely bound in our faith in God, in our own human love, and in our courage to try our luck together.

With Open Hands

Ila R. Monday

I always held them tight—the things I loved:
A yellow chick, a sleek black cat, and such.
And when the chick was dead, the kitten gone,
I always cried, childlike, "I loved too much!"

And so I molded an indifferent shield—
Lest they I poured such lavish love upon
Would die and go to dust, or run away;
To leave my heart a twisted fate's sad pawn.

Then God's great teaching found me wondrously,
And showed me love's true gaining. Thus it stands:
Keep loving dear ones; gently let them go—
They'll come back—to the heart with open hands. . . .

¶i "Testimony proves he was the most lovable of men."

Bishop How—A Great Hymn Writer

Vincent Edwards

IF HYMNS are a measure of a man's spiritual life, William Walsham How left an impressive monument to his Christian faith. There are any number of writers who are remembered for one great hymn—that and no more. But Bishop How bequeathed an extraordinary legacy for a single writer. He was the author of "O Jesus, Thou Art Standing," "We Give Thee But Thine Own," "O Word of God Incarnate," and "For All the Saints Who from Their Labors Rest," all of which are found in most Protestant hymnals today.

One might expect that one who wrote such moving words had been inspired by some tremendous turn in his religious experience. But Bishop How's life was quite tame and uneventful for the most part. He was born in 1823, the same year that marked the birth of two other noted hymn writers, Cecil Frances Alexander and Fanny Crosby, and like hundreds of other young Englishmen, he went to Oxford for his education.

There, he made no brilliant record as a student. He was not attracted to the sciences, and mathematics became a bugbear, for he told of how a certain examination

"nonplussed" him. Nevertheless, he was such a hard worker and toiled away so faithfully that he won the respect of both the dons and the undergraduates. He was possessed of such a kindly, unselfish nature that he was popular with all his associates.

William How's career in the Church of England began humbly enough. Steadily he rose from curate to vicar, from vicar to rector, but when he was made a suffragan bishop, it was not of a rich, fashionable diocese. Instead, he found himself carrying on services and looking out for the poor in London's crowded slum section. Bishop How must have had a big heart; there can be no doubt about that. Testimony proves he was the most lovable of men, for the children of all those forlorn families were the objects of a special tenderness and sympathy on his part.

Here was the reason, too, for the popularity of Bishop How's hymns, which has lasted right down to the present. Because he could feel so deeply for others, his stanzas are still genuinely moving in their appeal. Few writers have managed to express more simply and more naturally the devotion which Chris-

tians feel toward the Saviour. His words touch all men, since they are on the common level of truth and sincerity.

Of all his hymns, none is more compelling in its appeal to the imagination than, "O Jesus, Thou Art Standing." The story goes that Bishop How was inspired by a poem by Jean Ingelow, telling about a sermon she had once heard preached in a little English fishing village. Both poem and sermon are forgotten today, but as long as Christians lift their voices in praise, they will sing those stanzas that grew out of the simple text: "Behold, I stand at the door and knock." What Holman Hunt did for art with his painting, "The Light of the World," Bishop How did for hymnology with his story-poem of Christ waiting to enter men's hearts.

Another of this good man's hymns, "We Give Thee But Thine Own," is now used as an offertory in many churches. Still another is his inspiring, "O Word of God Incarnate," which is sung to the grand old tune of "Munich," adapted from a German chorale of the late seventeenth century.

Bishop How's life offers proof that the hard-working plodder may sometimes go far. He started out without any fanfare, no notice of any kind, but ultimately his sincer-

ity as preacher and writer brought him into national fame. He may not have distinguished himself in his early days at Oxford, but by the time he was forty he had won such a place in the hearts of England's churchgoers that his Alma Mater wanted him back as its special preacher to young men.

Finally, in 1897, came the crowning honor. That was the year when bonfires blazed up and down the English coast in honor of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, and Britishers came from all over the Empire to attend the thrilling ceremonies in London. A national hymn was needed to solemnize the occasion, and after the men in charge had put their heads together, the beloved prelate of London's East End was asked to do it. Bishop How responded with some noble verses.

Later, that same year, he died. When it came time to hold the funeral services, a hymn that he had written thirty-three years before was chosen. The lines were certainly appropriate, and some authorities consider this William How's finest lyric. The hymn is recognized as a majestic paean of the Christian's triumph, even in death; more than any other stanzas, these seem to have caught the spirit of St. Paul's Victorious words: "*I have fought a good fight. I have finished my course, I have kept the faith*":

"For all the saints, who from their labors rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy Name, O Jesus, be forever blessed,
Alleluia! Alleluia!"

"Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, their one true Light.
Alleluia! Alleluia!"

"O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win with them the victor's crown of gold.
Alleluia! Alleluia!"

"O blest communion, fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.
Alleluia! Alleluia!"



The Sower

Ethel Cotton

What does it mean to those I meet,
On Life's highway? Do the souls I greet
March on toward life with a firmer tread
Because of the words that I have said?

Will hearts depressed more cheery be
Because of my greeting warm and free?
Will life to them seem more worth while
Because of my kindly helpful smile?

Each day I meet along life's road
Hearts sad, and weary with their load;
To me it is given to have a share
In lifting their heavy weight of care.

The warm hand-clasp, the word of cheer,
The smile, that to every heart is dear,
Are mine to give to all I know,
My work is the seed of hope to sow.

After it is over, we can still drink of living waters and feel afresh the thrill of hilltop times.

Summer Conference Comes Home

Mary Edith Barron

ANOTHER summer conference was over. It had been one of those rare inspirational weeks when Christian fellowship climbed, experience on experience, to a rewarding peak.

As we drove from our summit, I looked back wondering how the best from those elevated days could be actively transplanted into our daily routine. Turning around, I asked, of no one in particular, "Is the retreat behind us?"

If anyone ventured an answer, it was lost in the cry of a piercing horn. Crowding its way past our bus, an open truck stacked with bottles of mountain spring water headed in our direction.

As I closed my nose against diesel smoke, I heard a man in front of me say, "That brand always reminds me of a sticky day at the plant—I left my turret lathe one afternoon to get a drink, and somehow my mind picked up the 'Mountain Springs' label."

He paused for a moment, chuckling to himself. "The first thing I knew trout started nibbling my imagination. I could see our kid again pulling in his first catch on our vacation."

"We buy that water for drinking in our home, too," a woman interrupted. "But I won't be thinking of trout when I dry my hands of dishwasher to give the youngsters a drink. I'll be feeling the clean air on my way to the conference chapel for evening vespers."

At the mention of vespers I, too, turned my thoughts to our last evening in the mountains. I climbed the rocky slope again, my heart warm.

Outside the conference chapel I paused, absorbing the cooling sun-spattered panorama. It was all too wonderful to leave for the fevered pace of the city.

Inside we sang "Now the day is over, night is drawing nigh." And my mind tossed fitfully with the query, "Will the joy of this week last beyond the night?"

I heard the leader read a portion from John. (Strange that I recall these particular words.) "I will . . . bring to your remembrance all that I have said to you" (John 14: 18, RSV).

Suddenly I knew the answer to my question. The retreat was not behind us. It was before us!

In the midst of our everyday activities we may drink again of con-

ference challenges—of new insights, of commitment and commission. We may feel afresh the thrill of hilltop times, not with a restoring drink from bottles of spring water, but by an act of God.

When needs are great, the Comforter brings to our remembrance some mountain-high experience. In the factory he comes when nerves are frayed from work with ma-

chines. In the home he comes when children press and strength is spent. In meditation he comes when queries tangle with the scenes of life.

As we return from church conferences this summer, let us pause often for refreshment from living waters. And the Holy Spirit will not permit us to forget that which has transpired between us.



Flying Too Low

Leslie A. McRill

"He was flying too low," so the officers said,
He crashed on the dark mountain's mass;
If his sights had been lifted to loftier course,
His ship had the power to pass.

Are you flying too low in the sky-ways of life
Where doubt and distrust cloud the view?
Lift your sights to the flights that will reach
the far heights
Till your faith glimpses Light shining through.



How Miss Birdie Got Back Her Sight

Beth Brown

LET'S GO walking down the street—any street in America.

If you know how to listen, there isn't a street, no matter how humble, that can't point with pride to a story of courage worth telling a passerby. So you stop for a minute and some little thing about that particular story makes you proud to be an American, pushing and striving and dreaming and daring and loving and living the American way of life.

Now this is that sort of a minor miracle. It happened on a certain street up in Bridgeport, Connecticut. It isn't a pretty street. It's down by the factory part of town around by the brass works.

The big plant always closed at six sharp. Usually, there was nobody left except Old Joe, the night watchman. But on this particular night Miss Birdie was still at her typewriter, ticking away at the keys. No, this was no letter she was typing for the boss. Miss Birdie was writing out her last will and testament.

There's a time in our lives when we come to a dead end street. We are face to face with a blank wall. It's hard to turn the car around.

Why bother anyway? Who cares whether we live or stop living?

Tonight Miss Birdie had decided to stop living. In her pocketbook were the keys to her hall bedroom, a cancelled bank book, and those sleeping powders she had been buying and saving up. She knew how they worked. She would just drop off to sleep and drift away on a cloud—and tomorrow morning, she would wake up someplace else—some place nice and sunny.

It would all be over, the heartache and the headache and the pocketbook ache and the loneliness of living alone—the sum total of frustration which had been the drab pattern of her life for the past twenty years.

For twenty years Miss Birdie had been a secretary here at the brass works. For twenty years she had served her boss loyally. She had turned down an offer to be a wife to Bill Logan in order to remain an office wife to Mr. Randall. And now, Mr. Randall had retired and her new boss had hired a new secretary. There was even going to be a new typewriter to take the place of this old machine which she hated with all her heart.

It was this typewriter—this me-

chanical monster—that had destroyed her life. Even now, it seemed to be so happy to be drawing up her last will and testament.

Tickety - tick - tick. Tickety - tick - Miss Birdie had no relatives. She had no great estates to leave humanity. She used to have a lot of courage but even that was gone.

Tickety - tick - tick. Tickety - tick - Someone was coming down the corridor. She could hear a familiar step. Old Joe, the night watchman, was making his rounds. He must have seen the light over her transom for he stopped and knocked on the door.

Miss Birdie had always liked Old Joe. But tonight she wished he would go on. Yet tonight he seemed to want to linger more than ever. He wondered what she was doing here so late. Finally she told him. She had been fired. There was a new girl coming to work a new typewriter.

Old Joe was stunned. No. No. It couldn't be true. She had given years of her life to the plant.

Yes, she answered bitterly, twenty years of pounding away at the old machine until she could not bear the sight of it. And now, here she was—sick and broke and out of a job.

Old Joe tried to console her. Secretarial jobs were plentiful. She could get another job. Why, they were hiring women up to fifty years

of age. There was a shortage of secretaries.

Yes, they were hiring the old ones and the lame ones and the weak ones. But they were not hiring the blind ones, she told Old Joe. Her voice broke. She had been losing her eyesight for some time now. It worried her to make mistakes and the more mistakes she made the more she worried, and the more she worried the more mistakes she made. It was getting so she was bumping into the furniture. Yesterday she had walked into a street car. What would it be tomorrow?

What could it be? Her world had gone dark. From now on it would always be nighttime. She stumbled to her feet. It was time to go home. It was time to retire from the arena of life.

Why not come to his house, invited Old Joe. It wasn't far. It was just around the corner. A good hot cup of coffee would fix her up. This was his supper hour. If the kids hadn't filled the percolator full of sand it would still be on the stove. Well, how about it?

At first, Miss Birdie refused. But finally she consented.

Together they walked through the dusk of Bridgeport. The empty street echoed Miss Birdie's steps like a drum beating a retreat. They came to a shabby little house, crowded on both sides by other shabby little houses. The steps outside were

littered with broken boxes and battered toys. The house inside was littered, too, with battered furniture, dirty dishes, and unmade beds.

Bedlam broke loose when they entered. Old Joe was surrounded by four wild bearcubs and given a strangle-hold welcome such as is accorded only to great heroes returning from the front.

These were his grandchildren, he told Miss Birdie. There was still another one but right now it was sick in the hospital. His daughter was dead. She had died four months ago. His son-in-law was a trans-continental truck driver who was away most of the time.

Now how about his making some coffee. There were no clean cups. Maybe he could find a can of soup for their supper. There were no clean dishes. There was no milk, no bread, no hot water, not a single, clean dishtowel anywhere.

Miss Birdie took over. She fixed the supper. She washed the dishes. She made the beds. She bathed the kids.

The foundry clock struck midnight. Before she knew it, Old Joe was beside her, walking her home to her little hall bedroom, guiding her step through the lonely streets of Bridgeport. But, somehow, they no longer seemed lonely. She had something to do. She was needed. Somebody wanted what she had

to give. She had a job again—a different kind of job.

Old Joe was pleading hard. Could she possibly come—just for a week or so to help out? If not, four little children would again go hungry and again be dirty and again go back to a world of chaos and uncertainty—a world of having no one and nothing—instead of something to live for.

And so Miss Birdie promised Old Joe to stay on the job just for a little while, a little while, till things straightened out, till Bill, the truck driver, got back and maybe hired a woman to come and help around.

In the weeks that followed, she bumped into a lot of furniture. She broke a lot of dishes. But it didn't matter here. There was always a helping hand around, the hand of a child to catch her, guide her, and hold on hard. She thought she was holding on to them. But Old Joe told her that they were holding on to her.

It was fun keeping house for the noisy, hungry crew. On Sundays, Old Joe ate from a white table cloth. On Mondays, four big lines of wash flapped happily in the sun.

The weeks stretched into months. Now and then a post card came from Bill, driving over the high hills of Denver or loop-the-looping the low, hot roads of Imperial Valley or making time like mad on the

broad highway going south to Mexico.

And then, one day, the telegram came. Skinny opened it. Freckles held it. Fatso read it. Pinky re-read it. Dad had died at the wheel of his truck. They had gone over together from the top of a mountain. The truck had caught fire like a funeral pyre. The funeral was over.

Before the week was up the welfare workers had descended on the shabby little house. They came to see about the children. An institution was the only answer. The children must get proper care. Of course, they did their very best to be polite to poor Miss Birdie. But under the circumstances, she was hardly the proper guardian. After all, she could not see.

She did not need to see, she argued hotly. Hands, not eyes, were required for this sort of job, a pair of willing, hard-working hands such as hers could be, would be—forever—as long as she was needed here.

Sorry, they told her. Since the mother was dead and the father was dead, the children belonged to the state. In a day or two they would come and get them. She better have them ready by tomorrow.

Miss Birdie was desperate. What could she do? Where could she go? She sat in the kitchen. It was only noon but it was already dark in the kitchen. It was always dark for Miss

Birdie. But it mustn't be dark for the children. They must not feel the dark shadows of a cold institution. They must go on being happy in a life of their own—a home of their own.

If only she could see. If only one eye would open to one small chink of light—then she could stay and keep this family together. If only help could come—help from somewhere. But where? Where could one go at a time like this? Whom did she know of importance—a big shot big enough to handle such a situation?

Then the inspiration came. Was there anyone bigger than God? Why not try God? How did one pray? What could she say? The only way that she could speak was on a typewriter. But here she was in a shabby little kitchen. She had no machine. Perhaps she could pretend she was typing God a letter.

She made it brief.

PLEASE HELP ME, FATHER. I'M SIGNING IT FOR ALL OF US — OLD JOE, FRECKLES, SKINNY, FATSO, PINKY AND MISS BIRDIE. YOU CAN SEND YOUR ANSWER HERE TO US AT BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT. THANK YOU, GOD.

Then Miss Birdie got up from the knees of her heart.

The doorbell was ringing. It must have been ringing a long time. And there was Old Joe. It wasn't the

hour for him to be home. He said he had to come. He had a surprise for her. He had a present for Miss Birdie.

Then he put it in her arms. It was small. It was warm. It was sweet. It gurgled. It was life. Life had been given into her hands.

She stood as if stunned. She seemed to be charged with a sudden current of electric power. Something very bright flashed across her face as if a knife had cut through her vision.

"Something's happened!" she shouted.

"What is it, Miss Birdie?"

"It's me! Something's happened to me. I can see! I can see!"

"Thank God!"

"Yes, thank God I can see!"

The children clustered 'round her. The baby held on tight. There was joy in that little house.

How did the miracle happen?

Miss Birdie did not explain it. The doctors knew about such things. They knew she had gone blind because she hated her typewriter. This hatred had created an emotional block. But the moment she traded the typewriter for this baby in her arms—this baby she had always wanted—her eyesight became normal again. The doctors went on at great length to explain exactly the cause and the cure of octomology.

But Miss Birdie knew better. She knew exactly what had happened. There was nobody bigger than God. There was no power greater than prayer.



Hands

Arthur Wallace Peach

For many ends are human hands designed;
Some hands are gentle, some are harsh though kind.

Skilled hands can shape a great cathedral's dome,
And humbler hands the simple walls of home.

Through fingers gifted speaks the artist's dream,
Swift hands upon the keys reveal the player's theme.

I honor, too, the hands whose touch endears—
Laying with love their beauty on the years!



☞ "The helpful spirit of sincere gratitude opens the way for a better life."
From *The House of Sunshine*

A Factory Remembers God

Leslie E. Dunkin

"WHAT'S THAT?" was followed quickly in my thoughts by "Why that?" when I noticed the framed motto on the office wall of the busy factory. The man behind the large desk looked for a folder in one of the drawers, while I re-read the simple statement—"Surely God Is Good To Us!"

"Isn't that a bit unusual for a business or industry?" I commented curiously, without having to point to the motto. "Something new, isn't it?"

"It shouldn't be!" smiled the pleased man. "It is as old as the Psalms (73:1), if not older. The word, 'Israel,' has been replaced by today's more familiar word, 'us'."

He then explained that this same challenging thought greets the workers, both in the office and throughout the plant, shortly after entering the building. Other copies of it are located at strategic points, where people might have reason to Congregate or have an opportunity to think. The six short words start a continuing train of thoughts.

"We've found the thought of that statement has a doubly helpful effect upon all of us," he explained.

"First, it has a steadying influence. Fewer complaints have been made since the introduction of the motto—thought. Along with that, fewer situations have developed which might give rise to complaints. After first considering all the good benefits, the real importance of an excuse or even a reason for a complaint diminishes greatly. This works both ways—the workers toward those in charge, and the various directors in the plant toward the people in their departments.

"After we have taken personal inventories to recognize all the benefits and blessings that are ours," he continued, "we are each faced with the inspiring challenge to share God's goodness toward us with others—within our organization and operations and also with others outside."

"The destructive threats of selfishness have been reduced to a small amount, if not largely removed. The place of God in daily living is recognized. The helpful spirit of sincere gratitude or ways to say 'Thank You!' prevent selfishness and at the same time open the way for still better living.

"That statement does not tell the

whole story" he concluded, "but we all know what it might or should be. That is why nobody has questioned the use of it as it is. "Their experiences have revealed to them that to tell the whole story, their motto should read, 'Surely God Is VERY Good To Us!'"



The Polisher's Wheel

S. T. Osterhold

Sometimes the things against which we rebel most in life, and look upon as obstacles and hindrances, are the very things needed to develop our highest usefulness and efficiency.

We doubt not that if the diamond could express itself, it would rebel against the grueling, burning contact of the polisher's wheel that grinds and polishes its several facets. Without the contact of the polisher's stone, the diamond has little commercial value. The swiftly revolving wheel cuts into its surface and produces from a common-appearing pebble a gem of beauty and lustre that is much admired and much sought after. There is no other way to produce a diamond except by grinding and polishing.

In the same degree, it is necessary to subject the human life to difficulties, adversities, and discipline in order to bring out those qualities that will make it a life of value to its possessor, and of service to those about it. Many who have achieved much in the world can look back to incidents in their lives which at the time were viewed as misfortunes, but that later proved to be responsible for much development and enrichment of their lives.



☞ "Great Spirit, help me never to judge another until I have walked two weeks in his moccasins."

The Bad Habit of Judging Others

Clarence W. Hall

ONE OF THE richest hours of my life was spent recently in the company of a woman who had just turned 80. Though she had been buffeted by what seemed more than her share of sorrows and ill fortune, Miss Emily had created more happiness for herself and her neighbors than anyone I've known. For years her humble home was a refuge for the troubled and the weary in heart. I asked her the secret of her serenity and she replied: "I think I found it when I overcame the bad habit of judging others."

There is no quirk of human nature so common or so malicious. All of us at one time or another have been guilty of this cruelty. Many of us have been the butt of it.

A prominent minister says, "I have heard people confess to breaking every one of the Ten Commandments except the ninth: 'Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.' Yet this is the one we all break the oftenest."

What tragedies have occurred and what irreparable damage has been done to innocent people by thoughtless indulgence in this vice!

When a neighbor asked Mohammed how he might make amends for falsely accusing a friend he was told to place a goose feather on each doorstep in the village. The next day Mohammed said, "Now go and collect the feathers."

The man protested, "That's impossible—a wind blew all night, and the feathers are scattered beyond recall."

"Exactly," said Mohammed, "and so it is with the reckless words you spoke against your neighbor."

One way to block this vicious impulse is to realize that in judging the weaknesses of others we unconsciously index our own. South Africans put it this way: "You can't point a finger at another without pointing three at yourself."

Why do we garnish our own flaws but tarnish the other fellow's? A minor poet wrote: "Stubbornness we deprecate, but firmness we condone; the former is our neighbor's trait, the latter is our own." A peculiarity of memory is that it provides what the psychologists term "total recall" for the mistakes of others and a pleasant mental blank for our own.

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The impulse to blame others is a defensive measure that is so ingrained in our nature that psychologists say: if you want to find out a man's weak points, note the failings he has the quickest eye for in others.

A woman who was forever complaining about the untidiness of her neighbor gleefully drew a friend to her window and said, "Look at those clothes on the line, gray and streaked!" The friend replied gently, "If you'll look more closely I think you'll see that it's your windows, not her clothes, that are dirty."

Judging others betrays in us an absence of compassion. Lack of compassion arises from not knowing what lies behind a condemned one's actions. We need to hold in our hearts the Chinese proverb: "Be not disturbed at being misunderstood; be disturbed rather at not being understood." In our everyday relations with others we constantly risk blackening someone's reputation by failing to look beneath the surface with the eye of compassion.

"A lovely widow with three children moved into our village," a friend told me, "and in a few weeks she was the most talked-about woman in town. She was too pretty . . . several men had been seen visiting her . . . she was a poor housekeeper . . . her children ran the streets and ate at the neighbors . . . she was lazy and spent most of her time lying on the sofa, reading.

"One morning our pretty neighbor collapsed in the post office, and the truth came out. She was suffering from incurable cancer and couldn't do her housework. She sent the children away when drugs could not control her pain. 'I wanted them to think of me as always happy and gay,' she said, 'I wanted to pass away sometime alone so they would never know.' The men visitors were her old family doctor, the lawyer who looked after her estate, and her husband's brother.

"The town was kind to her for the remaining months of her life, but the gossipers never forgave themselves."

"God can forgive the passing sin of the hot heart," said John Ruskin, "but not the inherent sin of the cold. Even He has no mercy for the unmerciful."

One of the saintliest men I ever knew, Commissioner S. L. Brengle of the Salvation Army, once told me of a member of his staff who suddenly became so moody and testy that he was avoided by everyone around him. "I was inclined to be impatient with him myself," said Brengle, "until one day he told me his little daughter had been stricken with a hip disease and heart trouble. His wife would spend the day with the child in her agony. At night he would take over, sitting all night at the little one's side, seldom getting any sleep. Some-

times the little hip would have to be lanced and, because the weak heart couldn't stand anesthetic, he would have to hold her down by force while the doctor cut into the quivering flesh. Sometimes the pus would spurt into the father's face while the little one screamed in agony. This had gone on for months, and the father, unable to get any rest, was worn and unnerved.

"As he told me that, I was so deeply shamed that I resolved never again to pass judgement on another until I knew the circumstances behind the fault."

We can halt hasty judgement in its tracks by asking ourselves: might I not be as bad or worse if I'd been faced with that person's troubles and temptations? The habit of judging others tends to reveal about us that unattractive character flaw, self-righteousness. Christ's classic rebuke to self-appointed judges was, "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone." I heard of a businessman who keeps on his desk a stone with the word "First" lettered on it—a strong reminder to himself and others.

A recent national poll of American Clergyman brought out four simple rules for overcoming the habit of judging others.

First: Be sure you know all the facts, so that your evidence is not merely circumstantial.

Bernard Shaw once observed; "The

only man who behaves sensibly is my tailor; he takes my measure anew every time he sees me, whilst all the rest go on with their old measurements, and expect them to fit me."

We share the responsibility of wrong judgements by listening to them. "Whenever I hear a sensational story at someone's expense," says R.V.C. Bodley in his book, "In Search of Serenity," "I try to gauge the mentality and motives of the raconteur, and either discard everything that has been said or try to discover what started the yarn. Do this yourself before hastily judging the subject of gossip."

Second: Remember that however certain another's guilt may seem, there may be extenuating circumstances. Years ago the Sioux Indians had an impressive ritual. A brave who was about to set forth to visit other tribes would raise his hands towards the sky and pray: "Great Spirit, help me never to judge another until I have walked two weeks in his moccasins!"

Third: Give your habit of judging others a "reverse twist" by focusing on the graces of people, not their faults. Dr. Walter L. Moore tells of a lecturer who began his addresses by tacking a square of white paper on the blackboard. Then he made a tiny black spot in the center. Asked what they saw, all present replied, "A black dot." The speaker said, "Don't any of you see a large square

of white?"

Develop the habit of seeing the good in people. Comment on it. Practice the art of good gossip Says Bishop Sheen: "A good rule to follow is always to judge your neighbor by his best moments rather than his worst."

It is amazing how this habit of searching out the best in others enlarges our own souls. Look in your mirror when you are inclined to pronounce harsh judgment on another and see how crabbed you look. Then speak well of someone, and watch beauty and kindness flood your face.

Fourth: Leave all judgments of

others' sins to God. Arrogating to ourselves the functions of the Deity is as presumptuous as it is irreverent. "The separation of people into sheep and goats will take place only on the Last Day," Bishop Sheen warns. "Until then we are forbidden to make the classification."

"In the long run every man will pay the penalty of his own misdeeds," said Epicetus many centuries ago. "He who remembers this will be angry with no one, revile no one, blame no one."

Remembering that truth, we not only have peace; we create it wherever we go!

God's Grace

Edith Dablbly

When God permits a sorrow
Or a grief
Know this
That time is brief.
However deep the hurt today
It will, it must
Soon pass away,
And in its place
There will be seen
A strange new beauty
Of God's grace
That never could be known before
You walked with Him through sorrow's door.

¶ The resurgence of religion in the land is leaving its inspiring imprint in the world of sport.

Stars in Sports' World Believe in Prayer

John Winters Fleming

ON AN Autumn afternoon in Harvard Stadium 33 years ago eleven young men huddled on the gridiron. Today, of course, the sight of football players huddling is commonplace. But it wasn't commonplace in 1921, and, moreover, this was a most unusual huddle.

The game hadn't started. The eleven young men weren't talking football. *They were praying.* Then those eleven young men went on to pull one of the biggest upsets in all football history.

Little Centre College of Kentucky, Danville, Ky., defeated proud and then all-powerful Harvard, 6-0. But it was the pre-game spectacle of a praying football team that caught and clasped the public's heart.

The Centre College of Kentucky's football team was promptly and most aptly nicknamed "the Praying Colonels." Today they would not have been so nicknamed. Praying football teams are not unique now.

Frank Leahy's Fighting Irish of Notre Dame and Clarence (Biggie) Munn's Spartans of Michigan State, huddled in prayer before every game. And they'll continue to do so under new coaching regimes. They are but two of the nation's many

outstanding colleges and universities that follow this fine practice.

Terry Brennan, 26-year-old new head football coach at Notre Dame, inaugurated his regime by praying. He prayed, among other things, for wisdom in deciding what to keep and what to discard in the system he inherited from Frank Leahy.

Today on frenzied football afternoons in the Cotton Bowl, Dallas, Texas, before the start of each Southwestern Conference game, and they do play it rugged down there, a capacity crowd affords a breath-catching sight.

They are stone silent, more than 75,000 of them, as they are led in prayer. Every Southwestern Conference game is preceded by public prayer, prayer right out in the open and unashamed.

Perhaps the most appealing huddle of all is the heart-lifting sight, all across and up and down this land of ours, of some 75,000 kids, from 10 to 13 years old, in their prayer huddles before each game in the Midget Leagues sponsored by the Pop Warner Championship Foundation. There's no juvenile delinquency here.

Before the start of each game, Doak Walker, great Detroit Lion

halfback and former All-American from Southern Methodist University, takes a short, deeply personal timeout. Off by himself he offers up a prayer for the players of both teams and a petition that there may be no injuries.

It's Spring, 1953, at Ebbets Field, Brooklyn. Gil Hodges, heavy-hitting Dodger first baseman is at bat. In the 1951 World Series this long-ball power hitter couldn't buy a hit, not one single solitary bingle in the entire series.

And, 1953 starts out right where the World Series left off. Gil's still mired deeply in a batting slump that seems bottomless, and endless. Then, just like that, he starts hitting again. To what does he attribute it? To the prayers of thousands of baseball fans all over the country.

Ask Mickey Mantle what saved his leg from amputation after an injury in a high-school football practice scrimmage. He answers: "Prayer and penicillin." And he puts prayer first.

It's Madison Square Garden, 1954, although it could just as well have been any other basketball court. Niagara University's colorful, crowd-pleasing Purple Eagles take the floor to play in the National Invitation Tournament.

After their warm-up, just before game's start, they huddle in prayer around Coach John J. (Taps) Gallagher, just as they do before each

and every game. Just as scores of other collegiate court teams do.

You don't associate religion in general, and prayer in particular, with the prize ring and the wrestling arena. But let's see. There was Bible reading, praying Jersey Joe Walcott, and he was good enough to become world's heavyweight champion.

There was Henry (Hammering Hank) Armstrong who was good enough to hold three titles, featherweight, lightweight and welterweight, all at the same time! When he hung up his gloves for good, he went into a bigger ring, punching for God, as a minister.

Ever hear of Brother Jonathan DeLaun Heaton of Kanab, Utah? He's a Mormon missionary, physical culturist, writer and lecturer. He's also a top-flight professional wrestler.

Between big-time wrestling shows, Brother Jonathan ascends into Mormon pulpits throughout the land. Why is he a professional wrestler? Here's his answer:

"You want to know how wrestling can be considered missionary work? It really isn't hard to explain. First Corinthians, Chapter 6, Verse 19, says: 'What? Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have of God, and ye are not your own?'"

"And, First Corinthians, Chapter

3, Verse 17, says: 'If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy, for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are.' The Scripture, therefore, tells us to take care of our bodies.

"The money that three of us (Mormons) make is sent back to the Brotherhood of Physical Educators. We hope to establish a health farm in Cash Valley, near Logan, Utah, where anyone can come to learn and appreciate physical fitness.

"I am partial to wrestling because it built me up from a 92-pound boy at 17 to my present state of good health, 240 pounds and six feet tall."

Incidentally, in 1923-1927, Brother Jonathan preached his religion door-to-door in Hawaii, Australia and New Zealand, thus emulating his father, Israel H. Heaton, who in 1908-1909 preached Mormonism in Hawaii.

Remember Ed (Strangler) Lewis, one of wrestling's really great and authentic champions back in the days before the sport became what has been popularly dubbed "the grunt and groan racket"?

In 1937 Lewis was stricken with trachoma which later led to his blindness. When the lights went out for Strangler Ed, he turned to God. Here's how he puts it:

"Yes, help did come. It came through cleansing my mind and

heart first. It surely came from God, for, when I began to think right, my blindness left me. Today I can read and drive my automobile."

Today, also, you can find Lewis in churches and schools, colleges and universities, boys' clubs and reformatories. In fact you can find him any place where there is youth to be aided. Here's why:

"If I can justify my existence by doing some good for youngsters who go bad only because there is no one to show them the right way, I will be satisfied.

"The problem is leading youth into positive, rather than negative, thinking. I am trying to instill in them the thought that if they do their best every hour of every day they will have no fear of the future. Fear is what puts a limitation on everything.

"I have my own story to tell the youth: life is a series of moving mountains and overcoming obstacles. The more difficult the obstacle, the stronger one becomes after hurdling it."

So it does seem, Leo Durocher to the contrary notwithstanding, that nice guys, and nice teams, too, do win pennants in all fields of sport. It does seem that prayer pays off. Just ask our praying sportsmen. There are thousands of them. We didn't even scratch the surface here.

God

Thomas R. Kelly

HOW can we be sure that God is real, and not just a creation of our wishes? We have disquieting desires for a God, for a real God. There come to us times of loneliness when we seem to have a premonition of a deep vastness in ourselves, when the universe about us, gigantic as it is in all its starry depths, seems cramped and narrow for our souls, and something makes us long for an abiding Home. We have times of fatigue, of confusion, of exhaustion, of utter discouragement, when we long for a serene and everlasting Bosom on which to lay our heads and be at peace. But how can we be sure that what we call God is not a product of our wishful thinking, a self-delusion we create, a giant shadow of our longing flung up against the sky and asserted to be real?

We have moments when we long, not for freedom and yet more freedom, but for self-surrender, self dedication, self-abandonment in utter loyalty to an Overself. If I could find an Object worthy of my utmost allegiance, if I could find a Mark worthy to be the aim of the

bow of my life, I should gladly pull the arrow back to its head and let all fly upon a single shot. I should be integrated, freed from internal conflicts, those confusions and tangles within which make me ineffective, indecisive, wavering, half-hearted, unhappy. I should gladly be a slave of such a Being, and know that I am truly free when I am His utter slave. But I see men and women, my brothers and sisters in Germany and Italy and Russia, who joyfully commit their all to the State, to an earthly state, to a state which to them seems noble, glorious, and ideal. They seem to get integration and joy in enslavement similar to that which my religious friends get from commitment to an invisible, spiritual world. Maybe the values all lie on the subjective side, on the integration of self and the dedication of will to *any* object which is conceived as worthy. Maybe the object doesn't have to be real but just to be thought to be real with a vigorous, fanatical intensity. I know that false ideas and misplaced enthusiasms have had as real effects upon men and upon history as have

well-grounded beliefs and ideals. Maybe the whole conviction of a Spiritual Reality shadowing over us all is such a hoax, a useful hoax as long as we believe it intensely, a hoax that stabilizes men and society and one that ought to be preserved and nourished and fostered for its useful social effect. Such is the almost universal argument in the mind of educated man.

But there is an inner integrity in us all which rejects all programs of As If. We cannot merely act *as if* there were a God, while we secretly keep our fingers crossed. This inner integrity demands the *real*; we cannot long tolerate complex ways of kidding ourselves, nor forever whistle to keep our courage up. It is an old maxim, with a double meaning: "Let the truth be known, though the heavens fall." We are such creatures as demand to build upon the Truth. And if the Truth is that there are no heavens, but only human cravings for a God, then we want to know *that*, and adjust our lives to that awful fact.

Caught in this difficulty, that we long for a Real God, no, demand a Real God, yet can be sure of only our subjective longings, not of God's objective existence, we ask a devout friend, "Are you sure that God is real?" And he replies, "Yes, I am absolutely sure." We then continue, "But why are you so sure there is a Reality, an actually exist-

ent reality corresponding to your religious cravings?" He replies, "I find myself in a world which furnishes real objects to answer all my central cravings. In me, subjectively, there is a craving for food. And I find, out there, in the world, that the Universe furnishes me real food. In me I find a profound craving for companionship. And out in the world there are real men and women who give their fellowship in answer to my craving. In me is an insistent craving for sex. And I find myself set in a universe that furnishes real beings of the opposite sex. I find in myself a craving for beauty, and out there I find beautiful objects that satisfy my soul. And when I find in myself a profound craving for God, for an absolute resting place for my soul's devotion, an Object for my last loyalty, I believe that here, too, there is an answering Object. The same structural situation—subject craving, satisfying Object—is to be expected."

But there is a wholly different way of being sure that God is real. It is not an intellectual proof, a reasoned sequence of thoughts. It is the fact that men *experience* the presence of God. Into our lives come times when, all unexpectedly, He shadows over us, and lifts us up in a wonderful joy and peace. The curtains of heaven are raised and we find ourselves in heavenly peace in Christ Jesus. Sometimes these

From *Reality of the Spiritual World*, by Thomas R. Kelly, Pendle Hill Pamphlet No. 21. Copyright, 1942. Pendle Hill, Pa. Reprinted from *Clear Horizons*, Oct., 1943.

moments of visitation come to us in strange surroundings — on lonely country roads, in a class room, at the kitchen sink. Sometimes they come in the hour of worship, when we are gathered into one Holy Presence who stands in our midst and welds us together in breathless hush, and wraps us all in sweet comfortableness into His arms of love. In such times of direct experience of Presence, we know that God is utterly real. We need no argument. When we are gazing into the sun we need no argument, no proof, that the sun is shining.

This evidence for the reality of God is the one the Quakers primarily appeal to. It is the evidence upon which the mystics of all times rest their testimony. Quakerism is essentially empirical; it relies upon direct and immediate experience. We keep insisting: It isn't enough to *believe* in the love of God, as a doctrine; you must *experience* the love of God. It isn't enough to believe that Christ was born in Bethlehem, you must experience a Bethlehem, a birth of Christ in your hearts. To be able to defend a creed intellectually isn't enough; you must experience as reality first of all what the creed asserts. And unless the experience is there, behind it, the mere belief is not enough.

Second, let us notice that the experience seems to come from beyond us. It doesn't seem to be a

little subjective patch in our consciousness. It carries a sense of objectivity in its very heart, as if it arose from beyond us and came in as a revelation of a reality out there. If I may use a philosophic term, it is realistic. Just as my experience of that wall out there doesn't seem to be a subjective state of my mind, but a disclosure of a real wall out there beyond me, so the experience of God has in its inner nature a testimony that an Object is being disclosed to us.

Third, let us notice that, for the person who experiences these apparent invasions, there is set up a state of certainty about God which is utterly satisfying and convincing to himself. It is not the certainty that follows upon a sound argument. It is different, a kind of self-guaranteeing certainty.

This assurance comes from the fact that lives that have experienced God as vividly real are new lives, transformed lives, stabilized lives, integrated lives, souls newly sensitive to moral needs of men, newly dynamic in transforming city slums and eradicating war. By their fruits we know that they have been touched, not by vague fancies, by subjective, diaphanous visions, but by a real, living Power. The consequences of the experience are so real that they must have been released by a real cause, a real God, a real Spiritual Power energizing them.

But, if religious experience cannot be proved to be entirely reliable by the pragmatic argument, is religion alone in this respect? Far from it. I would remind you that the whole of experimental science which we revere today rests upon such argument, and faces the same predicament. Every scientific theory that is supported by experimental evidence rests upon the fallacy of affirming the consequent. The outcome is that the whole of scientific theory is probable only, not absolutely certain. But this fact has not paralyzed science, which proceeds all undisturbed by the logical defect, and, with open mind, lets down its faith upon its findings. For science rests upon faith, not upon certainty.

And this is the ground of religion. It rests upon a trust and a faith that for the religious man have become

his deepest certainty, the certainty of faith, not the certainty of logic. The certainties of faith call out our whole selves in wholehearted and unreserved dedication. The certainties of logic leave our wills untouched and unenslaved. Be not disturbed by the intellectual criticism of subjectivity and of mystic experience which I have given. I am persuaded that God is greater than logic, although not contrary to logic, and our mere inability to catch Him in the little net of our human reason is no proof of His non-existence, but only of our need that our little reason shall be supplemented by His tender visitations, and that He may lead and guide us to the end of the road in ways superior to any that our intellects can plan. This is the blindness of trust, which walks with Him, unafraid, into the dark.

All Things Are Possible With God

Louise Darcy

All things are possible with God, we know.
No need of man is left unfilled, for good
Proceeds from Him in never-ceasing flow.
We cannot doubt when this is understood.

Let us not fret because we cannot see His plan,
For trusting in God's wisdom day by day,
We learn to know He always cares for man
If firm in faith we go upon our way.

LIMITLESS FAITH

"Now to him who by the power at work within us is able to do far more abundantly than all that we ask or think . . ."—Ephesians 3:20

All of us go through the stage of trying to make faith intellectually respectable. A leading speaker, in talking about faith in prayer, said that he did not want anyone to think that he had taken leave of his senses. He was trying to show that faith was perfectly reasonable, intellectually defensible and nothing to be ashamed of. It is reasonable, for example, to have faith that one can swim, even before he learns how to swim. Others have learned, and we scientifically know the laws that govern swimming. All this is very well, but this faith does not go far enough.

I venture to say that faith, real faith, is an unreasonable affair. Maybe it would be better to say that it is beyond reason. This does not mean that there is not a rationale to faith. It means that this rationale is something we assume rather than are able to comprehend. This "rationale of faith" does not fit into the discoverable laws of science. For example, someone is ill and somebody else prays. The person is quickly healed. Something entirely beyond the known laws of science has occurred. We say that it was "prayer," "faith" or "God." This says very little, if anything, about the "how" and "why" of the event.

There is something extremely important about all this. For one thing, if my faith is only as big as my own mind it is not big enough. If my faith is comprehensible, if it can be encompassed by my mind, it is only as wise and powerful as I am. If this were all that was needed to save man's soul and change the kingdom of earth into the kingdom of heaven, it would have happened long ago. The kind of faith that changes the earthlies into the heavenlies is beyond our power to grasp mentally. It invades territory that is no longer earth-bound and limited by human understanding. It is boundless, infinite and limitless.

Paul says it very effectively when he says, ". . . far more abundantly than all that we ask or think . . ." How faithless it is then to merely believe in the reasonable and understandable! We have got to begin believing in the unbelievable! We have got to free our faith from human limitations for then and then only will we enter the kingdom of miracles. Make your faith limitless!

READ: A Doctor's Faith Holds Fast, Christopher Woodard. \$2.50.

THE TOUCH THAT HEALS

"But Jesus said, 'Someone touched me; for I perceive that power has gone out of me.'"—Luke 8:46

The ability to "touch" in the manner in which Jesus is speaking in this verse is an act of the spirit. The physical contact is merely the outward sign of a spiritual deed. It is the intention and the motive behind the physical touch that heals.

Expectancy must enter into it. To make a physical contact without expectancy means nothing and begets nothing. When the woman made a physical contact with Jesus, the physical contact was merely the outward and physical sign of an inward and invisible expectancy. She knew that something was going to come of it. She had great expectations. She saw in Jesus the one with power and love and compassion who could and would heal her.

Dependency must enter into it too, and I mean total and complete dependency. Here was a woman who had spent all her money on physicians and other practitioners of the healing arts, and all to no avail. Desperation had entered into her. All pride, even the pride of respectability, had left her. She wanted help. Her condition demanded to be healed. No one else was able to do it. In utter dependency she threw herself on Him. There was no split mind there. In another part of the gospel Jesus says that no one who has put his hand to the plow and looks back is fit for the kingdom of God. This woman was looking to no one but Jesus Himself. She did not have one eye on Him and the other on someone else in case He might fail. She was depending on Him alone, with all her heart and mind and soul.

Acceptance must enter into this kind of "touch." Her mind was made up that whatever was there, she was going to have it. There was no passivity there. There was the storming of the gates of heaven. She would sit by no longer waiting for someone to come to her. She went to where there was help and healing, and what is more, she was determined to take it. Her plight acted like a magnet forcefully drawing iron filings to itself by the demand of its nature. This woman *took* healing from Jesus for He said, "I perceive that virtue (or power) has gone out of me."

So these three elements must enter into the "touch" that changes disease into health, sadness into joy, defeat into victory, fear into confidence and loneliness into company with God. Expect! Depend! Accept!

READ: Be Thou Made Whole, Glenn Clark. \$2.50.

LOVE MAKES THE DIFFERENCE

"Instead, seek his kingdom, and these things shall be yours as well."—Luke 12:31

It is easy to fall into the habit of thinking that if we had enough money, the right job, the person we admire, plenty of leisure and social prestige we would be happy. Oh yes, we give lip service to God. We say that God is all that matters, but our actions do not bear this out. It is the "things" of life that spur us on, and we work long hours and spend many anxious days trying to get the things we want. It does us good to be put into a situation where we really see that "things" do not bring contentment.

Years ago I was invited to a certain house in the east that looked like the place of dreams come true. It was a beautiful home with rolling lawns, shrubbery and trees and flowers all placed expertly, and interior decoration of the highest caliber. This, it would seem, was heaven on earth. There was everything here to make heaven except one thing, and that was love. The parents, children, grandparents and grandchildren were living in an atmosphere of suspicion, hate, jealousy, envy and spite. Anyone, with any sense at all, would gladly have traded it for a humble cottage where love and kindness dwelled. I remember wondering if there was some way that I could escape the poisonous mental atmosphere and get to a place of health and joy.

I have another memory of staying in a very humble home. They had the necessities of life, and not much more, but when I saw a little girl and her brother climb in the mother's and father's laps for a story before bedtime, watched them as they did the little things of love that ought to be done, and they kneeled to say the good night prayers, I knew that "seeking the kingdom of God" was indeed our first responsibility in life. For where the Kingdom is there is love, and where there is love there is beauty and richness.

Let us guard against thinking that we must wait until some future time to begin enjoying life and practicing the works of the Kingdom. We either enjoy the life of the kingdom of God right where we are, or we lose the capacity for enjoyment, and that is a terrible state to be in. I have seen people finally arrive at the place in life where they thought they had time and money to enjoy life, only to discover they did not know how to go about it. Their muscles of enjoyment, appreciation, love, kindness and contentment had withered through disuse. Seek the kingdom daily in whatever circumstances you are, be a faithful citizen of the kingdom of God by practicing your citizenship, and enter the kingdom of God this day, this hour, this very moment.

READ: The Way Of Love, Glenn Clark. \$.50.

Books of Interest

Norman K. Elliott

LORD, TEACH US TO PRAY, F. V. McFtridge. Broadman, \$1.75. 113 pages. The author first of all devotes a chapter to showing us that if we had the same power of prayer that the early church possessed, our world would be transformed. The secret of the early church was their power of prayer, a vital relationship with God that manifested itself in great works. The skeleton for this book is the Lord's Prayer, and he takes this prayer, phrase by phrase, interpreting it with many revealing insights and always relates what he has to say to the life we have to live here. Some may feel that he leans a little heavily on the evangelical side and perhaps tends in some places to be a trifle dogmatic, but nevertheless this is a good book, a strong book and worth reading.

THE LIFE OF JESUS CHRIST, J. W. C. Wand. Morehouse-Gorham, \$3.40. 208 pages. As the author says in the beginning, one has to have come to some conclusion about Jesus before he begins to write the story of Him, and the very fact that the author combines the two names into "Jesus Christ" immediately gives the perspective from which he writes. Jesus is more than a human being. He is also supernatural. While this is the case, the author does not run away from the many points on which the gospels have been attacked on the subject of the supernatural. Rather he does a very frank job of revealing them, and then answering them in a most effective way. The result is that this "Life" is not the semi-fictional treatment that is so often done in "Lives of Christ." He follows the gospels incident after incident, supporting such with historical evidence outside the gospels wherever possible, explains much from the custom of the times and Jewish historical practice, and generally reveals the character of Jesus in an

unusual combination of reverence, open-mindedness and scholarly evaluation. With all this, he writes in a very facile manner, he is always interesting and he finishes his job giving a truer and more appreciative picture of Jesus than most people would have before reading the book. I think it is a fine book. Christians themselves will like it and learn much from it. Those who are not Christians will have to come to a re-evaluation of the question, "What think ye of Jesus?"

HYMNS WE LOVE, Cecil Northcott. Westminster, \$2.50. 168 pages. Here are the stories of the one hundred most loved hymns, and most popular hymns, in the English speaking world. Those included were chosen on the basis of requests on radio, community sings and worship services in the British Isles, Australia, Canada and the United States. The one hundred are divided into five categories: Hymns of Praise, Hymns of Prayer, Hymns of Experience, Hymns of Christ and His Church, and Hymns of Christian Action. The author gives a short essay, usually about one page in length, about each hymn. These are usually interesting anecdotal sketches that throw light on how the hymn came to be written, and perhaps some historical occasion on which it was sung. I found the book interesting. Anyone who teaches, gives talks and conducts worship services will find a lot of useful information here. Many will also like it as a devotional aid.

LIVES THAT GLORIFY GOD, Amos Lundquist. Augustana, \$2.50. 374 pages. This is a unique and lifting book of daily devotions. Each devotion opens with a verse of Scripture, has a meditation, and closes with a prayer. The unique thing about the book is that each meditation is a short biographical sketch of a man of God.

By the time you read a few of them you know why the book is titled *Lives That Glorify God*. You begin to feel yourself in the company of a great cloud of witnesses. You are no longer alone but rather you are one of a great citizenry of the Kingdom of Heaven. It is the only book of its kind that I have seen, and I recommend it to anyone. By the time you are through with this book you have kept company with 365 men and women of God.

GUIDING WORKERS IN CHRISTIAN EDUCATION, Frank M. McKibben. Abingdon, \$1.75. 160 pages. This is not the type of book that is ordinarily mentioned in this column, but every so often someone wants help in the mechanics of Sunday School work and the training of leaders for such work. I think this book provides an adequate survey, and evidences a complete grasp of the entire field. If there is anything that is left out of it, especially as far as the lay reader is concerned, I do not know what it might be. I would recommend this book for the volunteer Sunday School superintendent and anyone else in a leadership capacity of that sort. I am sure it will open his mind to what the possibilities are, how to go about making an improvement, clarification of the goals, training programs for teachers, and where to get materials. Every Sun-

day School teacher will get a better idea of his part in the entire educational program of the church and realize the importance of his job. The book is well written, easy to read and filled with specific information.

YOU ARE GREATER THAN YOU KNOW, Lou Austin. Partnership Foundation, \$3.75. 206 pages. The author is the founder and operator of the Capon Springs Resort in West Virginia, and anyone who knows him knows that he practices what he preaches. This is not, however, a book that preaches. It is, rather, a personal testimony of a man who was a failure in life until he found that he had a "Partner." The Partner is, of course, God. This is the testimony of a man who found God in the complexities of the business world and he outlines step by step that quest. He gives simple, effective, techniques to practice the Presence, such as, "Breathe out ego, breathe in God," and, "Breathe out Hate, breathe in Love." The result is a life consciously in union with God. The book will have more authority to the average layman than books by more thoroughly trained religious workers because it has the lay perspective, and he speaks from the point of view of one who has achieved to a large extent what most are striving after. It is well worth adding to your library.



Great Day to be Half Alive

Orval H. Austin

DID YOU ever wake up and jump out of bed and feel glad that every nerve was alive to face the new day? . . . Ever wake up and wish that you could stay numb for about twenty-four hours?

There was the doctor who slammed down his instruments and stalked out of his office—to go see a patient who really needed him. For the fourteenth time that day he'd heard a patient say, "Doc, can't you give me something to ease me? I can't sleep. All this is piled up on me, and I can't take it, and I know I won't sleep. Give me something—"

And there was the mother who got tired of hearing her kids squabble with one another and yell at her; and when they kept on yelling that they wanted to go to the movies, she slammed them into bed, saying, "I'm the one who's going to the movies. I got to get away—"

This is the Aspirin Age, a great day to be half alive. That's the way we act—as if, "What you don't feel won't hurt you."

The world is so full of a number of things, which we don't quite like, that we put off until tomorrow—

and then tomorrow—the real facing of our difficulties. It is easier to go numb, with alcohol or sleeping pills—or to run away—than to face the world with our eyes open, our senses alert. Aspirin Age . . . Great Day to Be Half Alive.

What would you think of a person who came to a doctor and asked for a pair of lenses which would keep him from seeing anything? "Doctor, everyday I have to pass an ugly, filthy hole, that breeds all kinds of disease . . . Give me a pair of lenses to keep me from seeing it."

We are like the Cheerful Cherub:

Though troubles help to make
us strong
Every time they come
We find it hard to think of this
When we are having some.

I could write a theme song: "Numb me, numb me, till I feel no more." But enough of this irony. The song that is better says: "Feed me till I want no more."

There is a scripture that fits our Aspirin Age like a glove. It is a little-known but beautiful passage in the fifty-first chapter of Isaiah:

"Hearken unto me, ye that know righteousness, the people in whose heart is my law; fear ye not the

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reproach of men neither be ye afraid of their revilings. For the moth shall eat them up like a garment, and the worm shall eat them like wool: but my righteousness shall be for ever, and my salvation from generation to generation. Awake, awake, put on strength, O arm of the Lord; awake, as in the ancient days, in the generations of old."

"Awake, awake, put on strength, O arm of the Lord . . ." Christianity becomes a vital force in your life when it meets a deep and consciously felt need. It has no power if you are bored—which is a way of running away.

THE MASTER WAS HERE

THE LIVES of those to whom Christ is a Friend may be filled with adventure, problem, disappointment, and impatience . . . but for them life has a purpose. The soul is at peace with God.

There is a story, which you may have heard, about the organist of a famous cathedral in the land of Austria. He guarded the instrument carefully. One day a young man came to him and wanted to play the organ. He was denied the privilege by the old organist-guardian, until some argument of the dean of the cathedral persuaded the organist to allow the young stranger to try it.

The young man touched the instrument tenderly. Then he filled

We are up against destructive forces. If we face our need, and turn to Christ, his faith about life, his way of living life, his power for sustaining life, are food for our hunger, water for our thirst, medicine for our sickness, and power to carry on.

Dear Lord, I am glad to be alive in such a time as this, which cries out for answers. Sustain me in the faith that sees beyond the years to the glorious day when thy kingdom shall come on earth. Work in me and through me to hasten that day. Amen.

the cathedral with the wonder of his music.

The old man said, "Sir, I never knew that my organ could produce such wonderful music. Pray, tell me your name."

The young man replied, "Sir, my name is Felix Mendelssohn."

The old organist was silent for a moment; then he said: "To think—that the master musician was here, and I refused to give him the key to my instrument."

To whom do you give the key of your life?

You are a wonderful instrument, responsive to the touch of many forces. And you may give the key to those that play upon your life.

This isn't strange, foreign talk. Don't we talk about giving the keys of our hearts to the ones we love? And "all the world loves a lover." Love plays upon us—and makes us better.

We may open our lives to evil forces. We may be led by weak, conniving people—and then we give off bad, indifferent, or uncertain music.

Does Christ matter? Where does this step of faith, this accepting Christ, lead? The Master is here and calleth for thee.

None of us would dare offer his visible life as something to be copied. None of us would dare say, "Follow the pattern of my life." We know that our imperfections bring discredit to our Lord. Our lives give off an uncertain sound.

Yet there is a common note, common to all who have opened their lives to the Master. There is deep peace within—the peace of God.

That peace is available to you.

Christ can offer you an extraordinary joy with it. The lives of those to whom Christ is a Friend may be filled with adventure, problem, disappointment, and impatience; but life has a purpose. Drudgery disappears. The soul is at peace with God.

How you stand in relation to God's claims and Christ's challenge to follow him to newness of life, is the secret of your own mind. If you are conscious of a need for something new and more vital in your life, Christ is the One who can meet that need. The Master is here and calleth for thee.

What are you waiting for? Listen: "Behold, I stand at the door (of your heart), and knock; if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in."

That's all, but that's everything. Let the Master in.

"Come into my life, Lord Jesus. Come in today. Show me thy will for my life. Amen."

HONEST ABE STEEN

WOULD YOU think you could learn something from a counterfeiter? Not me . . . I'm no counterfeiter. I mean, could you learn something from the story of a counterfeiter?

Half of what I know has been learned from crooks or thieves or counterfeiters. I mean, it was im-

pressed upon me by crooks. You see, for almost five years I was a chaplain in one of Uncle Sam's big penitentiaries.

And I believe that you can learn something from thieves, and con men, and thugs and hoods and counterfeiters.

As for instance, now, this coun-

terfeiter whom I'm going to call arbitrarily "Honest Abe Steen." Ironic, you think, to call a character who makes imitation money after Honest Abe?

Well, it wasn't because he was honest, although he was an excellent craftsman. He could have held the top job of engraver with any outfit. He knew the trade.

But they called him Honest Abe because he was so fond of the Great Liberator. He was so fond of Abe Lincoln that he did portraits of him all the time. Had a sort of mania for it. And he put Lincoln's picture on all his bills, not only on the five-dollar bill where Uncle Sam puts it. On his ones and tens and twenties he put Honest Abe. And that, you might guess, was the reason for his downfall. A G-man called one day and wanted to look around at Abe's place, because he had tied up the "wrong" dough with the character who was so much interested in Honest Abe. And so they nabbed him.

Do you like that story? Did you learn anything from it? And I don't mean simply to put Lincoln only on your five-dollar notes . . .

I mean something more like this: Perhaps Abraham Lincoln was such a power for good that even when someone tried to use him for evil ends, the good triumphed in the end. Give it a western-movie-style moral.

But that is close to what I want to

say. You cannot fool about the deep and vital things of life. You can fake some things. And you can get by, faking, for the time being—maybe even prosper. But playing false has a flaw in it every time. Like using the wrong picture on the paper money. You cannot fool about the deep and vital things.

Do you know anyone who can fool you with his laugh? Can you pretend to think that something is uproariously funny, and fool the person who knows you best—say your spouse?

Can you fool anyone with your piety, your honesty, or your depth of conviction? Can you take a firm stand for something you don't believe in—and keep up your pretense for long?

All right—suppose for a while you can fool people about your depth, or your piety, or your honesty or your love. Can you fool yourself? Can you fool God?

You can't fool about the deep and vital things. Hypocrisy marks you, and finally breaks you. My best friend among the doctors agrees with me that if people were to live honestly, expressing their true convictions, showing forth exactly what they love, standing firm for the things they believe in—down deep—the number of cases in his office would be cut in half.

Honest Abe would say: "Don't deal from the bottom of the deck."

Paul says: "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal."

Frankly I like Paul's example better than Honest Abe Steen's. "As sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." . . . Could you think of any description of yourself as a human being you'd like less?

But I've got a warm spot in my heart for Honest Abe the counterfeiter. He gave us a story that shows the necessity of dedicating one's life honestly to the Highest.

"Dear Father, I want to follow thee in everything I do, to be honest and forthright as I must to follow thee. Faith will move mountains. Help me to remain true to this faith. Amen."



Psychology

Ruth Lommatzsch

Pray about those little things
That squirm into your way,
It straightens out the small affairs
That happen day by day.

It seems it's not the big events
That make us fret and frown—
But saving all the little ones
That somehow get us down.



The Pilgrim Who Stayed at Home

Elsie S. Costello

THE year was 1602. A group of men slipped silently into the small house in Scrooby, England. Among them were men who answered to the names of Brewster, Carver, Bradford, and Robinson—names that one day would rank high in history. But now these were hunted men, with a dream—a dream of freedom where one could worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience.

A young man from Canterbury named Robert Cushman came when he could and often took an active part in the meetings. He was not to be a governor nor an elder. He was to be all but forgotten when history was written (he is listed as a wool comber), but he held in his stout hands the future of the world's most important colony.

By 1607 persecution was rife in England, and the group went to Holland. It took refuge in Leyden and there was permitted some peace in its worship. But these were Englishmen. They longed for their own freehold, their own town, their own English names and faces about them.

In the summer of 1617, Robert Cushman and Deacon John Carver went to London to plead with the King for permission to go to the

New World, but they were refused. In December, 1617, Mr. Robert Cushman went again without success.

In May of 1619 he was again in London. Then there were powerful friends at court, and so, after seventeen years, permission to settle in the New World was granted.

After all-day meetings and many days of prayer, the Reverend John Robinson decided to stay in Leyden and care for the little flock there. Elder Brewster was to go, taking charge of the group who made up the new colony, to be known as New England and to be located in the New World.

The colonists, of course, needed an agent in London who could buy materials and stores needed for the long and dangerous journey. They would need food to sustain life until a crop could be grown.

Mr. Robert Cushman, who was about thirty-nine years of age, went to London to take over the difficult job. We can almost see the busy wool comber bargaining, planning, promising, praying, as he entered upon his task.

The group in Leyden had chartered the vessel *Speedwell* to go from Holland to Plymouth. Robert

Cushman chartered the *Mayflower*, seaworthy and stanch, with a captain who promised to sail her west until they came to land.

Robert Cushman, with his son, Thomas, and his second wife, Mary, were on the *Speedwell* the morning the two small boats left Plymouth. Twice they put back, for the captain of the *Speedwell* said she was not seaworthy. Finally it was decided that only the *Mayflower* would sail, and the *Speedwell* would stay. Robert Cushman was chosen to stay in London to act as agent for those who were going ahead, and the family stayed too.

Not very romantic, not very exciting, but work was to be done for his people and his God, and he could not refuse.

In the small inn where he lodged, he wrote articles at night which were printed in the broadsides of the times. One which he wrote is still in print. It is entitled, "Lawfulness of removing out of England into parts of America."

In July, 1621, the good ship *Fortune* sailed for Plymouth Colony, New England; and Robert Cushman and his son, Tom, now about fourteen, were aboard as passengers. They arrived November 9 of that same year. Robert Cushman must have seen many things that troubled him. We know there was dissension and jealousy among the founding fathers. Many were dead,

and more were to die. Robert took a long look.

On December 12, 1621, he preached a sermon at the common house, or warehouse, to all assembled. He was to return the next day on the *Fortune* to England, there to carry out the business of the colonists, make his reports, buy the necessary things, if the money could be stretched that far, and see that all was loaded on a boat bound for Plymouth Colony.

This was the first sermon preached in the New World which was printed. The little pamphlet which contains the complete sermon is dated London, 1622, and titled, ON THE SIN AND DANGERS OF SELF LOVE. Text: I Corinthians X, 24: "Let no man seek his own, but every man another's wealth."

"—Now brethren, I pray you, remember yourselves, and know that you are not in a retired, monastical course, but have given your names and promises one to another, and covenanted here to cleave together in the service of God . . . What then must you do? May you live as retired hermits, and look after nobody? Nay, you must seek still the wealth of one another, and inquire, as David, *How liveth such a man? How is he clad? How is he fed? He is my brother, my associate; we ventured our lives together here, and had a hard brunt of it; and we are in league together. Is his labor*

harder than mine? Surely I will ease him. He has no bed to lie on? Why, I have two; I'll lend him one. Has he no apparel? Why, I have two suits; I'll give him one of them. Eats he coarse fare, bread and water, and I have better? Why, surely we will part stakes.

"He is as good as I, and we are bound each to other; so that his wants must be my wants; his sorrows, my sorrows; his sickness, my sickness; and his welfare, my welfare; for I am as he is.

"And such a sweet sympathy were excellent, comfortable, yea, heavenly, and is the only maker and conservator of churches and commonwealths; and where this is wanting, ruin comes on quickly . . .

"It wonderfully encourages men in their duties, when they see the burthen equally borne; but when some withdraw themselves, and retire to their own particular ease, pleasure, or profit, what heart can men have to go on in their business? When men are come together to lift some weighty piece of timber, or vessel, if one stand still and do not lift, shall not the rest be weakened and disheartened? Will not a few idle drones spoil the whole stock of laborious bees? So one idle belly, one murmurer, one complainer, one self-lover, will weaken and dishearten a whole colony. Great matters have been brought to pass, where men have cheerfully, as with

one heart, hand, and shoulder, gone about it, both in wars, buildings, and plantations; but where every man seeks himself, all cometh to nothing . . .

"The country is yet raw; the land untilled; the cities not builded; the cattle not settled.

"Paul saith that men in the last days shall be lovers of themselves; but it is here yet but the first days, and, as it were, the dawning of this new world. It is now, therefore, no time for men to look to get riches, brave clothes, dainty fare; but to look to present necessities.

"It is now no time to pamper the flesh, live at ease, snatch, catch, scrape, and pull, and hoard up; but rather to open the doors, the chests, and vessels, and say:

"Brother, neighbor, friend, what want ye?"

Robert Cushman sailed for England on the *Fortune*. Thomas, his son, remained with Governor Bradford as his ward and lived in his home. Letters went back and forth, and Thomas is spoken of with love and affection.

Then in February, 1625, just as he planned to sail again for New England, Robert Cushman, Pilgrim, died. Where he is buried is not known, but the New England colony could not have survived had he not given his time, his energy, his prayers, and in fact, his life, in all good will for its continuance.

☞ "When you fail to make use of something, you're almost sure to lose it one way or another."

Use It, Or Lose It!

Harold Kabm

YEARS ago, whenever my father happened to be in the chips he presented my mother with diamonds, usually on their anniversary. They were modest-sized diamonds mostly, of no fabulous value, set in rings, brooches, necklaces, and clips, and my mother loved them so much, and valued them so highly, that she kept them in a safety deposit box in a downtown bank and never wore them.

She intended to wear them on special social occasions, but somehow she never seemed to get around to it. Instead, when she went to a dress-up affair, she wore junk jewelry. Coming home after one of these affairs she would invariably announce her intention to take her diamonds out of the vault.

But she never did. When she died, in her sixties, those diamonds were still right where she'd put them. She might just as well have never had them at all.

Sometimes I think that a mild streak of insanity runs in my family, at least on my mother's side, for nothing else could account for some of the odd things done by my maternal relatives. For instance, one of my aunts, my mother's sister, had a beautiful, expensive, Oriental

rug on her living room floor that she kept covered by newspapers for fear somebody might step on it. When she finally passed away that gorgeous rug, some seventy-odd years old, was as unsoiled and perfect as the day it came off the loom. But I think it's safe to say that my aunt never really had an Oriental rug, just as my mother, for all practical purposes, never had any diamonds. To own something and not use it is the same as not having it at all.

Another of my mother's sisters, an energetic widow, had a lot of money but she was afraid to spend any more of it than she absolutely had to. She always spoke of the fur coat she intended to buy, but she never actually got around to it. The prospect of actually spending so much money for something was too big a hurdle for her to leap. When the 1929 market crash occurred, this thrifty aunt of mine, whose money had been carefully invested in stocks and bonds, found herself almost penniless. She was sorry then that she hadn't bought herself that fur coat.

Later, this same aunt by virtue of much energy and business acumen managed to recoup her small for-

tune, but in view of what had happened to her money the last time, she was more scared than ever of parting with any of it needlessly. She never did get that fur coat, but she did have a very nice funeral.

In keeping with family tradition, I suppose, I also went off the beam on the side of what might be politely referred to as conservatism. I invested my savings in good securities instead of buying a new car, new furniture, and other things I would have enjoyed having. Five years later my savings had been all but wiped out by an unfortunate investment, and my car, which I had kept on the "use it up, wear it out, make it do" principle was costing me a fortune to keep in repair. It would have been cheaper by far to have bought a new one. And as for that furniture I needed, prices had so advanced during those five years that it now cost as much to re-cover the old chairs as I would have had to pay for all new stuff when I'd had the money.

I decided that I'd had about enough of that nonsense. I still had a little money left, so I took a trip to Europe and had a wonderful time. Somehow, in spite of this reckless extravagance I seem to be eating quite as regularly as before, and my meals are enhanced by some extremely pleasant memories.

I am not suggesting that it is foolish to save money, but I do insist

that life is short, and that if you don't make use now of the opportunities and blessings God has given you, you may be making a very big mistake. For when you fail to make use of something, you're almost sure to lose it one way or another.

That can even apply, to a certain extent, to money kept in a completely safe bank, one where depositors' accounts are insured by the Federal government. Twenty-five years ago an uncle of mine, wary of stocks because of what had happened in 1929, put all of the money he made on a business deal into a savings account and never touched a dime of it. He wanted to have security in his later years. Today, because of the greatly increased cost of living, the value of his money, in terms of buying power, has melted to about a fourth of its original size. Like a lot of other people he'd denied himself many things he would have enjoyed having, so as not to jeopardize his security. He wishes now he hadn't.

It's not only material things, like money and jewelry, that manage to get themselves lost one way or another when they're not used. The same thing is true of a great many other things, such as talent. I know a charming woman who was a well-known pianist before she got married. After her marriage she stopped playing the piano altogether. Today, she can hardly get through Chopsticks.

Muscles, too, afford a nice illustration of what happens when you don't keep on using what you've got. How much we admire a man of fifty who has the trim figure and muscular development of an athlete! I know a few men like that, and whenever I see them I wish that I had never stopped making full use of my physical capacities. The Y. M. C. A. keeps urging people to exercise regularly and keep fit, but not many people do this until it's too late. Once the habit is broken, it's pretty hard to get it back again. Once the hard, resilient muscles of youth have been lost they pretty well stay lost. If you don't use them, you lose them.

Love is in the same category. You don't "use" love, but you apply it in all sorts of active, positive ways, and when you stop doing this love is lost. Love, whether it's love for a wife, husband, children, or friends, has to be constantly exercised in the form of overt, practical demonstration, not just taken for granted. The minute you start taking love for granted, you start losing it. Then all of a sudden you wake up one day and find yourself wondering what happened to it. When God's gifts to us are not used, they vanish.

Faith, which is perhaps the most precious of all human blessings, is

in the same category as everything else: it has to be used, not just talked about, or thought about.

My aunt, the one who never got a fur coat, talked a lot about faith, but she never really got around to applying it. If she had, she wouldn't have been afraid to acquire that coat, and many other things that she would really have gained pleasure from having. Like so many people, she talked faith and lived fear. I think the only thing she really had faith in was money.

But it's only when you have faith in God, and use that faith, that you are able to take full advantage of His endless available blessings. And the only way to use that faith is to apply it every single moment, hour, and day of your life. God is the only Source of security that we have. There is no other.

When we do not use our faith, we lose it. When we do use it, it increases and grows stronger. For as we use it, placing our full reliance upon it, evidence piles up upon evidence to convince us of its absolute dependability.

To live in fear is to cancel out God's blessings. To live in faith is to open wide the floodgates of those blessings, material as well as spiritual.



A Teen-Ager's Prize-Winning Letter to Her Congressman

Pauline C. Webster

PLEASE — MR. CONGRESSMAN!

Will you listen to me?
Will you hear my words?
I have something to say.

WHO AM I?

I AM A TEEN-AGER.

There are millions just like me!

You see me everywhere

at the corner drug store — drinking a coke,
in school assembly — saluting the flag,
at the football game — scoring a touchdown,
in the sickroom — fighting back tears,
at the super market — waiting on trade and
in Sunday Services — bowing in prayer.

YES, YOU KNOW ME.

I am a twentieth century edition of American youth and
I speak for Christian Citizenship.

The kind of Citizenship that makes
my home and your home,
my community and your community
my country and your country
the places we love.

The kind of Citizenship that makes me stop and realize—
realize and be grateful.

Grateful to every man who
sailed on the Mayflower and
built a colony,
signed the Declaration of Independence and

Miss Webster, age 15, won first place with this essay in a national contest sponsored by the International Society of Christian Endeavor.

wrote the Constitution

that we might have a country under God.

The kind of Citizenship that makes me look back and remember—
remember and be thankful.

Thankful to every Pioneer who

crossed a river or
climbed a mountain,
cleared a path or
cut down a forest,
blazed a trail
for a new frontier
that we might have communities in which to live, love,
and be happy.

The kind of Citizenship that makes me look at TODAY—
look and be aware.

Aware and mindful of

the U. N. Delegate as he strives for peace,
the Congressman as he introduces a new bill,
the Labor Leader as he fights for his cause,
the Politician as he wrangles for lower taxes,
the Lawyer as he preserves justice,
the Doctor as he mends broken bodies and
the Minister as he builds faith

that we may maintain our belief "that all men are
created equal."

WHAT DOES CHRISTIAN CITIZENSHIP MEAN TO ME—
A TEEN-AGER?

It means a lot of things—
things both big and small.

It means taking a stand for Christ—
being put on the spot.

It means fighting — fighting against
vandalism and juvenile crime,
drinking and lawlessness,
prejudices and discriminations

so that we youth of today will be stronger for tomorrow

It means making decisions—
asking myself questions.

Questions like these

Am I to be my brother's keeper?

Do I respect the faith of my neighbor?

Is social drinking the thing to do?

Does a Christian carry arms?

Do I mind the color of another man's skin?

Can I, a youth, fight Communism?

Questions like these — and more.

Christ challenged his disciples with this command.

He said to them, "Go ye into all the world and preach."

I hear this challenge — I hear it well!

As a Christian I hear, as a Christian I accept—

Accept it too, for

that lad in the city and
the one on the farm,
the girl in the slums and
the other across town;

Accept it for the youth

working at school or
dreaming of marriage,
planning a career or
serving abroad,
building a business or
helping at home

knowing well that when I serve others I also serve
myself.

So, Mr. Congressman,

I speak for Christian Citizenship

because

as a teen-ager I've been taught,

as a citizen I understand and

as a Christian I believe

that "except the Lord build the house, they labor in
vain that build it."

☪ "Freedom does not come like manna from heaven."

Refresh Each Day With Religious Devotion

Herbert Hoover

For six thousand years, since recorded time, every civilized race has believed in a Supreme Being.

The Sermon on the Mount established the transcendent concept of compassion and good will among men.

Freedom does not come like manna from heaven; it must be cultivated from rocky soil with infinite patience and great human toil.

Our Founding Fathers did not invent the priceless boon of individual freedom and respect for the dignity of men. The great gift to mankind sprang from the Creator and not from governments.

There rise constantly in my mind the forces which make for progress and those which may corrode away the safeguards of freedom in America. I want to say something about these forces, but I shall endeavor to do so, not in the tones of Jeremiah, but in the spirit of Saint Paul . . . A nation is strong or weak, it thrives or perishes upon what it believes to be true . . . God has blessed us with another wonderful word—heritage. The great documents of that heritage are the Bible, the Declaration of Independence, and the Constitution of the United States. Within them alone can the safeguards of freedom survive.

Eighty years is a long time for a man to live. As the shadows lengthen over my years, my confidence, my hopes and dreams for my countrymen are undimmed. This confidence is that, with advancing knowledge, toil will grow less exacting; that fear, hatred, pain, and tears may subside; that the generating sun of creative ability and religious devotion will refresh each morning the strength and progress of my country.

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You Can't Worry and Fish

Bonnie LeFever

LAST Sunday afternoon while driving along a country road we came to a small roadside stand in front of which hung a sign with the single word, "Worms." Intrigued, we stopped. The little stand was unoccupied, but on a crude counter a note was tacked: "Gone fishing. Take a can and leave a dollar. Thanks."

In a box were a few tin cans with perforated lids, carefully shielded from the sun. I opened one and found a generous number of angle-worms leisurely scrambling about in a small amount of earth. In the same box was a pile of dollar bills weighted down with a rock.

Early that evening we drove back the same way, and found the friendly fisherman had returned. After introducing ourselves, and making a few polite preliminary remarks, I asked, "How did you get into the worm business?"

"It seemed like a natural thing to do," he replied. "I'm a retired insurance man—not retired because I made a lot of money, but because I worked myself out and had to quit. The one thing I had acquired for keeps was the conviction that the secret of successful salesmanship is

offering people something they want. Well, a lot of people fish the river, and a lot more city people would get out and fish if they had any place to dig worms. Still more would fish if somebody dug worms for them. And fishing is the best cure I've found for tension and worry. You just can't worry and fish at the same time. Not when the big ones are biting.

"Well, I'd bought this old place years ago, at tax title, just for week-end fishing and getting away from the city. When I had to quit work it was the only thing I could call home; so I started fixing it up. And every time I turned a shovel full of dirt to transplant a little tree or make a flower bed, there'd be so many worms I'd just throw down the shovel and go fishing. Met a lot of nice people that way, and sold a little insurance once in awhile—not pushing, you understand, but just talking friend to friend—and by winter, when the weather got bad, I had a little money to fix up the old house.

"And purely as a matter of convenience, I dumped all my potato peelings and coffee grounds in a hollow spot near the porch, and

tossed a few shovelful of dirt over them once in awhile when it got to looking like a garbage dump. By spring, when it was time to spade the garden, that hollow was almost full, so I started to spade that up along with the rest—and found I had been building a feeding station for all the fishing worms in the county."

He chuckled, then went on, "So—there was the supply, so all I had to do was hang out the sign and start saving cans. I bought a book to study about worms and how to feed them, but found out that nobody could improve much on what God had started for me; so I've just carried on."

"And judging from the pile of bills I saw out there earlier in the day, it's a profitable venture," I said. "Do people ever take a can and fail to leave money for it? Or has anyone ever stolen your money?"

"No," he replied. "Sometimes they don't pay the same day, but they always come back. Or if a fellow forgets, I don't hold it against him. It's not like breaking your back to produce something, and having

to set prices according to a market. Worms grow all by themselves, and all I have to do is throw out stuff I don't eat anyway, and turn the soil a couple of times, to fill my cans.

"As for stealing—" He smiled guilelessly. "Well, the money was right there in plain sight, and *you* didn't steal it, did you?"

"No," I admitted, blushing at the unwelcome realization that I had rated some unknown fellow man less honest than I.

"Once somebody took the money," he said, apparently noting my embarrassment. "He left a note, though. It said, 'No sign of children here, and mine need so many things.' I'd have given him the money if I'd known, so I didn't call it stealing, exactly—just a sort of re-*apportioning* of money to where it was needed more."

We left him standing on the porch, his face alight with the shining goodness and straightforward simplicity of a child; a goodness and simplicity which comes of getting back to the basic principles of living and renewing faith in God.

Consolation

Olive Marie Cook

Lord, please teach me meekness,
The world's brash buffets to accept;
Strengthen Thou my weakness,
To rise again, when I have wept.

¶ "If you have a special knowledge of any one thing, express it now."

Do Something About Your Talent!

Jo B. Regan

WHAT a wonderful world it would be if each person on earth had the incentive to express his God-given talent and send it forth to do good.

If you have a special knowledge of any one thing, express it now. Knowledge unused is more dangerous than ignorance. With knowledge comes obligation to life to contribute what you have of your talent or gift to help others less blessed. In so doing you are also helping yourself. Perhaps it is an idea that you jot down, develop, and send in to a magazine. If it is a worthwhile idea it doesn't begin to live until it becomes a printed word. The printed word can be far reaching and endless in the good it can accomplish, in giving a reader a mental hypo.

If you haven't a talent to write but you would like to make a literary contribution to others, you might have only a dollar to spare and wonder what good a dollar could possibly do. There are many little inspirational magazines you might choose from at this price and send a gift subscription to a prison or a public library in any of the forty-eight states.

In this gesture your dollar keeps increasing in interest. Some down-trodden soul may go into a public

library, pick up your gift, and be renewed.

Should you possess a talent for music, express it every chance you get to do so. The world needs it. If it isn't fully developed you can make a musical contribution by way of purchasing an interesting biography of one of the great musical composers and sending it on to a public library or prison.

If you are an artist, why not send one of your creations to some orphanage or veterans' hospital that others may be re-inspired by your thoughtfulness.

If you are a carpenter, why not send forth any of your handiworks to add comfort and ease to some one in need.

Maybe you are a surgeon who has recently performed surgery on a patient in dire straits; why not let the skill of your surgery go forth unretarded by marking "paid in full" on the statement that you present. An unworried patient heals faster.

These are only a few of the ways in which we may give of our talents, but think of the Divine Spark you may have kindled in your brother's heart.

A TALENT GIVEN IN THIS SPIRIT GAINS ENDLESS BLESSINGS.

¶ "To praise God—this is my calling. I will fulfill it."—Epictetus

Thanksgiving Ought to be a Habit

Aylesa Forsee

THANKSGIVING and gratitude go together. But why not make gratitude an attitude of life instead of confining it to a recital of blessings on a one-day-a-year holiday? With Jesus, who is our wayshower, gratitude was a daily habit. He was continually giving thanks for God's care and guidance. Before he multiplied the loaves and fishes he blessed them; before he healed Lazarus, he thanked the Father.

The pagan philosopher Epictetus once said: "If I were a nightingale I would by singing fulfill the vocation of a nightingale; or a swan I would fulfill the vocation of a swan; but since I am a reasonable being, mine is to praise God. This is my calling, I will fulfill it. It is indeed the vocation of reasonable beings to praise the bountiful author of life and all things."

If a man who was not a Christian could feel such a compulsion to praise, how about us who have the legacy of the teachings of Jesus? Most of us need more practice in saying "thank you"—especially for spiritual blessings. There are definite steps we can take that will help us expand our expression of gratitude. But first perhaps we need to

have a better understanding of what gratitude is. True gratitude is more than the sense of peace which comes after pain subsides, it is more than success after failure—it is a joyous expression of faith, an overflow of appreciation for God's goodness and love.

Spontaneous gratitude wells up in us as we think of the privilege we have of living in a country with the dream of liberty and justice for all, a country in which freedom flourishes, and the individual counts. We can give thanks for family, friends, health, food, and education. Then there are those intangibles like creative talent, hope, faith, beauty, and love—what would life be without them?

But times come to all of us when we feel battered by defeats, reverses, sorrows, or loss, and gratitude seems impossible. Even in depression we can find some reason for thanking God as did the Chinese woman who went to the riverside to wash rice. While engaged in her task she lost her footing and fell into the water. The woman spilled all of the rice which would have given her food for many days. But instead of deploring her loss she emerged from the river with the

words, "Thank God! I have not drowned." There is something in any situation or circumstance to be grateful for. Oftentimes experiences which seemingly hold nothing but frustration force growth upon us by healing pride and illuminating self-will.

If nothing in our current situation seems to warrant gratitude we can always take inventory of blessings of the past and give thanks for them. A medieval mystic wrote, "When I return into darkness at least let me not deny that I have seen the light." Sometimes as we seek to find reasons for gratitude it helps just to repeat words of a hymn, or to read passages from the Bible. The Psalms are full of praise of God's blessings. And prayer, true prayer, lifts us out of the despondent frame of mind into the clear atmosphere of faith and trust which clears away the mists of insecurity, doubt, and fear.

Can we not be grateful for an

unfailing God who transforms weakness into strength, fear into faith, who gives us spiritual blessings that have no limit except that of our willingness to receive them?

Cultivation of the habit of gratefulness does a great deal for us. Because gratitude quickens love, it makes us better able both to give and receive. It heals self-centeredness, blots out envy. Whatever our vocation, whatever the task at hand, our labor will be lightened, our joy heightened, if we can be grateful for the opportunity and bless it. Being thankful to God conditions against the bitterness of human disappointment, and brings greater spiritual growth.

This Thanksgiving Day cannot we say with Epictetus—"To praise God—this is my calling. I will fulfill it." And let us not cease from our thanksgiving when the day is over—gratitude is an important part of seeking the kingdom.



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.

¶ "There is magic in the word 'thanks.'"

That Magic "Thank You!"

Harold W. Ruopp

ONE day, several years ago, I telephoned the city editor of a Chicago newspaper. His secretary answered. After identifying myself, I asked her if I might speak with the editor.

Somewhat abruptly, she replied, "I doubt it; he is very busy."

My first impulse was to say that I was busy, too. Instead, I replied, "I'm sorry. I simply wanted to thank him for the splendid story in yesterday's edition."

"Oh," she said, "just a minute. I'll see if I can get him."

In a few moments, the editor was on the phone and I thanked him. Then, believe it or not, this busy newspaper man took fifteen minutes telling me about the tribulations of a city editor, how few people ever say thanks—and, by the way, how was life treating me? When we finally hung up, I found myself saying half-aloud, "That magic word!"

Strange, isn't it? We are so quick to condemn and to criticize and to find fault, and so slow to express appreciation. Or what is just as common, we so often remain silent. We fully intend to say thanks, but somehow we never get around to saying it.

A postal employee once studied the mail which came to the Dead Letter Office in Washington, D. C., addressed to Santa Claus. In the three months preceding Christmas, there were thousands of letters asking for things. In all the months after Christmas, there was only one card, addressed to Santa Claus, saying *thanks*.

There's a story in the Bible which would indicate that this twist in human nature is not a new one. Jesus healed ten men of the dreadful disease of leprosy and just one of the ten came back to thank him—*just one!*

One of my closest friends, who is nearly sixty, recently resigned a well-paid position. When I asked him why he did it, he replied, "I cannot go on working in a concern whose president thinks that salary is everything and who never expresses appreciation." Then he added, "I can work for \$3,000 a year with thanks; I cannot work for \$10,000 without it."

It was from my good friend, the late Dr. William L. Stidger, that I first really learned the value of saying thank you and received the inspiration for writing thanksgiving letters.

Dr. Stidger once told me of an evening which he spent with some friends during the depression years. They were talking about what they had to be thankful for—with banks closing, people out of work, salaries going down. It was a pretty gloomy conversation. Wasn't there anything for which they could be grateful?

Finally, Bill Stidger said, "Well, I, for one, am grateful to Mrs. Wendt, a school teacher, who thirty years ago in a little West Virginia town went out of her way to introduce me to Tennyson."

Someone asked, "Does this Mrs. Wendt know that she made that contribution to your life?"

Bill had to admit that she didn't. But that very evening he tried to atone. On the chance that she was still living, he wrote her a letter, thanking her for what she had done for him years before. A few weeks later, Bill received a reply written in the uncertain scrawl of an aged woman. "My Dear Willie:

"In spite of the fact that I got much of my reward when I was your teacher, I want you to know what your note meant to me. I am an old lady in my eighties, living alone in a small room, cooking my own meals, and seeming like the last leaf of fall left behind—

"You will be interested to know, Willie, that I taught school for fifty years and, in all that time, yours is the first letter of appreciation I ever

received. It came on a blue, cold morning and it cheered my lonely heart as nothing has cheered me in many years."

It was that simple letter that got me started writing letters of thanksgiving. Letters to loved ones and friends and teachers; letters to some whom I have never met and probably never shall; letters to a host of people without whose understanding and interest my own life would be unutterably dull. It has taken so very little time to say the magic word, but nothing I have ever done has brought me so much happiness.

In these critical days, it is so easy to defeat ourselves by our own negativism. We employ negative thoughts so often that we become negative personalities—weighed down by fear, pessimism, and heaviness of spirit. Part of the cure consists in learning to say thanks—for *appreciation expressed always means the recognition of something positive, in your own life as well as the life of someone else.*

This is the season of thanksgiving, as indeed every day should be. Get off somewhere by yourself. Think of the people who across the years have meant a great deal to you. Then sit down and write one, two, or five of them a little note in which you express your appreciation. Then see what happens to you—and to the people to whom you write. Once you start, you will never stop.

Gleaning in Iowa Corn Fields

Harriett C. Anderson

As Ruth, the Moabitess, went into the fields of Boaz to glean ears of corn after the reapers, so more than four thousand Iowans, students and adults, gleaned the Iowa corn fields, for the "Harvest of Hope," a one day project suggested by Iowa farmers.

The gleaners salvaged corn left lying in the fields by mechanical pickers. The more than four thousand who took part in the gleaning did so to help raise money for therapy and other services for the crippled children of Iowa.

The gleaning resulted in \$4,700 to be turned over to the Iowa Society For Crippled Children and Adults. The gleaning was on a share and share alike basis, but most of the farmers donated their portion to the Society.



Some Things That Bring Me Peace

Edna Hull Miller

My strength renews from all of these:
 A quiet Sabbath's rest and ease;
 Our Christ in stained glass window-panes,
 The silent lure of country lanes;
 An old saint's eyes that scan the Book,
 Caresses in a mother's look;
 A valley where rich farmland lies,
 The trust in little children's eyes;
 A patient life beneath a pall,
 A mountain with its timber-shawl;
 A sunset on a field of white,
 A farmer by his fire at night;
 A village nestled in a hill,
 A prayer I breathe as night grows still.

¶ "All the insights, enlightenments, and revelations you want, you can have if you are willing to pay the price for them."

The Subjective Mind and Prayer

Starr Daily

THE objective and subjective are not really two minds, but different functions of the one mind. The objective mind contains conscience, and hence knows right from wrong. It can choose, direct, and decide. It is personal. It can will a course of mental action. But the subjective mind is impersonal. It has no power of conscience. It doesn't know right and wrong, good or bad, virtue or vice. It is perfectly neutral, and acts without critical judgment or discrimination upon whatever the objective mind puts into it. All of our experiences can be traced to the workings of the subjective mind. The course of an infant's life is almost entirely subjective, and what the parents put into that subjective mind is likely to bend the life in the direction the adult will later go. This is why the Catholics lay so much stress on the first seven years of a child's existence.

But to get back to us. Every thought originating in the objective mind is acted upon by the subjective mind. You cannot train and discipline the subjective mind; but it will always produce in our experience any training and discipline we

have attained in our objective minds. In other words, the subjective mind serves the objective, and will do what is commanded of it without protest or resistance. If, for instance, you desire power over faulty habits, you have only to embed this desire in the subjective mind; it will receive the suggestion, and set to work to release the needed power. Likewise, if you need healing, the subjective will act upon your steady, sincere suggestions for health, and bring forth the desired result.

All the insights, enlightenments, and revelations you want you can have if you are willing to pay the price for them, which amounts to a rigid disciplining of your objective mind, your *willing*, your *thinking*, your *choosing*, and *selecting*, and *deciding*. Christ does his work in the subjective mind, and it is through this mind that salvation is produced in our experience. Thus we are "transformed by the renewing of our objective minds." We are *saved* and *illumined* if and when the objective mind that "was in Christ Jesus," is allowed to have charge of our objective minds. This discipline, of course, demands constant prayer. The subjective mind will manifest

in our personal experience the things we earnestly and persistently pray about. It is just as capable of producing heaven in our lives as it is hell; health as it is disease; success as it is failure.

In a very real sense, prayer is a lofty method of practicing autosuggestion. I have often called it, "Giving oneself a self-treatment." "First, treat yourself for divine love," I have written. What does that mean? Simply this: You pray for divine love in your life and experience. This desire drops into the subjective mind and it begins to produce a feeling of divine love. It will manifest itself as bodily warmth, a feeling of happiness, security, forgiveness, and many other similar emotions of strength, certainty, fortitude, largeness of soul, spiritual enthusiasm, new insights into old problems, and so on, all of which has been wrought by the function of the subjective mind—that same mind that carries on the activities of the body when the objective mind sleeps.

People who are easily discouraged are victims of the subjective mind, for the subjective manifests in their lives what they give it to work on; that is, fearful and discouraging thoughts constantly sent down to the subjective will set it into action to produce the things feared. It can work on what it gets. It does not originate thoughts. Hence persons of this kind ought to treat themselves

for faith and courage, until the old opposite thoughts are replaced in the subjective mind. Of course, this sort of treatment is most effective when it is in the nature of prayer.

The subjective mind can completely transform the most defeated and seemingly hopeless life, if it is constantly bombarded with the prayer thoughts of a trained and disciplined objective mind. A former Bowery bum got a new impulse in a rescue mission. He began to discipline his objective thinking by practicing the Presence of God through prayer. Everything about him was changed, including his character, his tendencies to escape through drink, and to fail through indolence. An alcoholic wife and mother did the same thing. Her prayer-saturated subjective mind transformed her. This in turn inspired her alcoholic husband, and everything in their home was changed; the children were rescued from chaos and ruin.

It is very important for us to pray for ourselves as much as we possibly can. It is destructive and negatively selfish for us not to do so. If we have this kind of prayer life we shall be empowered, guided, and inspired to pray for others through our subjective minds.

"Men ought always to pray and not to faint," said Jesus, and he practiced what he preached. A great deal of his life was spent alone in prayer. St. Paul also knew the secret of

the subjective mind well. He recommended prayer without ceasing. Why, of course. Because in this way the objective mind would be disciplined for right choices and right decisions—in a word, right thinking. And then the subjective mind would serve it nobly, redemptively, and bring joy and goodwill into the outer life.

The objective and subjective minds are like two law partners. The first one is skilled in presenting the cases to judges and juries. The other one works behind the scenes building up the material to be presented. The two were as one but with different functions to perform. Like the two minds, they served and complemented each other.



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.

Prayer Works!

"I cannot begin to tell you how grateful we are to God and your fine group of praying people for the wonderful way in which God answered our prayers in behalf of our daughter during the Caesarian birth of her baby. Both mother and baby are doing just fine. We all are deeply grateful to God for answering our prayers, and we want you to know that our prayers will join with yours in behalf of the good work God is doing through you." — *Louisiana*

"My father was very ill after a relapse from surgery. That was in January. I wrote the Prayer Fellowship at that time. In a short time after prayer was made, he began to recover rapidly. He and my mother were able to take a trip to Florida. My father is now as well as he was before this serious illness and he is now 75 years of age." — *Maryland*

"A friend wrote you a little less than two years ago asking that my daughter's name be in the Prayer Box. She was struggling with cancer. Three months later, she was pronounced "in the clear." Shortly after that she began teaching again, and from Dec. 1st until now she has not lost a teaching day due to illness. On our library table, along with the

Bible and the Cross, is our own Prayer Box, somewhat like the one in your Prayer Room. The Prayer Tower is always there, with all the names you have in the big Box. Of course we don't know their names individually, but God does." — *Missouri*

"The reading of Dr. Clark's *Health Through Prayer* prepared my husband and myself for an immediate healing of psitticosis. We were in Florida for a vacation and when preparing to leave for home we became very ill. We doctored for about a month with a specialist and he told us we should make up our minds to have the fever seven years, that we could never again live in Iowa climate. We went to a minister to get additional spiritual help and, unbeknown to us, he believed in Divine Healing. After a short visit about faith, Christ's healing power, and a fervent prayer by him we gradually realized we were well. This minister told us a few days later that we were unusually receptive. Now we are convinced that our place is back home working to help others spiritually whenever we can." — *Iowa*

"I want to write you as I am sure the prayers that have gone up from the

THE UNITED PRAYER TOWER

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

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

Address: The United Prayer Tower, 1571 Grand Avenue, St. Paul 5, Minnesota Telephone: Midway 8-5036; after 5 P.M., Saturday afternoon and Sunday, call Mrs. Fisher at COLfax 7396, Minneapolis, Minn., or Mrs. Ecoff, Midway 8-7365. St. Paul, Minn.

Prayer Tower have had a great part in my miraculous healing. I was in the hospital five weeks; several of the best doctors told my husband and children I would not live and even if I did I would never walk again. But PRAYER, the faith and trust, has told another story and I'm not only walking but driving my car and altho I am not entirely well I know I am on the way and I do thank God for all the Prayer Tower prayers." — *Texas*

"You are to be greatly commended for your excellent work expressed in the *Manual of Prayer*. They have been almost a daily source of spiritual inspiration. I carry them in my pocket and read to myself and to my patients from them. The February issue came yesterday and it has been the spark for a short sermon to be telecast tomorrow. You give us great liberty under those most appreciated words on the front cover, "not Copyrighted." It has given me a great sense of peace to put your thoughts into my own mind and go from there. My prayer is that the *Manual of Prayer* shall have its greatest growth this coming year." — *Colorado*

"Just a year ago I wrote you about a serious family situation in the home of a loved one. I want you to know that a real miracle has been wrought in that time. I cannot praise and thank God enough for the faithfulness of His servants. He is always faithful; I bless Him for that. May the Lord continue to bless and use you richly." — *California*

"I wish to thank you with all my heart for lifting me to God in prayer

so faithfully. My doctor has examined me twice within the last few weeks and has confirmed that my heart is completely normal and with reasonable care it will stay that way. I wish to thank you not only for your prayers but also for helping me learn, through your wonderful literature, how to cope with the pressures and tensions of my life and to work with God in making everything work for good." — *Ohio*

"I asked last Fall to be undergirded by the Prayer Tower. I badly needed your help to tie a knot of faith and prayer onto the end of my rope where I was clinging. I was worn out and ill. My husband was forced to retire because of Parkinson's disease, not yet 65 years of age, with no income in sight except social security in the future. We were ordered by the doctors to go south and rest. Things have worked out wonderfully, thanks to faith and prayer without which I would never have had the courage nor strength to undertake this trip. It is God's trip, a miracle I call it. I had dreaded the idea of taking full responsibility of caring for a sick husband, renting the house furnished (God sent the right tenants), and doing all the driving for several thousand miles, especially dreading traffic. My husband had done it for forty years. We prayed together every morning, never starting without it, and often stopped at 3 p.m. with our *Manual* for a moment or two of prayer. Things have worked out at just the right time, the right place, and the right way. We have been led to what we needed, where, and to the people we needed. Through mutual exchange the way is opening for financial supply for our retirement. Thanks be to God!" — *Illinois*



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