

Clear Horizons



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Fall 1957

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As We Go To Press

Prayer witnesses are always stimulating, probably because they speak of something with authority. It happened to somebody, and it is not someone merely theorizing. **Guy Hurd Wilson's** personal witness (p. 1) to the swiftness and sureness of answered prayer in his own experience is one of the best examples I have ever read. The trouble with most people is that they are willing to talk about prayer, but few are willing to put it to the test like this man of God did . . . Psychologists have known for a long time that fatigue is not caused by work, as such, but rather by tension and frustration. **Harold Ruopp** (p. 13) does an excellent job of combining the psychological viewpoint with the spiritual, and coming out with some practical answers about how to live beyond and above fatigue. . . . What you practice daily in the way of seeing life is vitally important. Some see life as something to complain about, almost constantly, while others seem naturally to find the thing that they can praise. **Winfred Rhoades** (p. 17) tells us how to cultivate an attitude and a practice in daily living that will not only make life exuberant for us, but that will give others the added lift that makes life good. . . . **E. Stanley Jones** (p. 21) writes about a subject that he ought to know much about. Certainly a man in his position is often under so much pressure and so many demands that it would almost seem that anxiety would be inevitable. But it is not, and he has learned the answer to anxiety, how to conquer it, and therefore to conserve his energies and talents for the things that are constructive and effective. . . . The article by **Bob Neese** (p. 27) is one of the most compelling documents of human experience ever to appear in this magazine. It is the Starr Daily story all over again. Don't ever view anyone as hopeless! . . . Every reader of **Clear Horizons** ought to be acquainted with **Merrybrook** at Wells, Vermont (p. 37). It was founded by Glenn Clark as a healing refuge, healing by prayer and spiritual means, and Rev. R. E. and Helen Simpson are now in charge of it. Those in need of healing—body, mind, and soul—will find there the answer to a new life. . . . Don Blanding has a book called *Joy Is An Inside Job*, and **Opal Calhoun** comes up with another vital truth (p. 42) in telling us that beauty also comes from the inside. . . . Oftentimes our reaction to something is more important and destructive, than that thing itself. That is often true in cases of cancer. The very word produces fear and desolation that makes an attack on the disease impossible. **Eula N. Morrison** (p. 58) tells us how she fought the great fight, and won! Don't miss it.

CLEAR HORIZONS MAGAZINE

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Clear Horizons

Eighteenth Year

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Answered Prayer is Swift and Sure!

Guy Hurd Wilson

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GOD'S ANSWER to prayer is the swiftest thing in the world. "Before they call I will answer." The faintest desire in our heart is seen by God before it becomes a petition on our lips. God's love is behind that swift answer to prayer, and this ought to encourage us mightily in our prayers. God is eager to hear us pray, and answers us, when we meet the conditions, even before we call. Only love could travel that fast!

We are accustomed to very swift movements in this age of ours. As I write these words a storm of hurricane proportions is raging in the Caribbean. The wind is reported to be blowing at the rate of 140 miles per hour. If blowing on land at this rate it would tear down everything in its pathway.

Just a few days ago the newspapers reported that a pilot, riding a jet-plane, had made the astonish-

ing speed of over 1600 miles per hour.

Yet this is not as fast as some other things. This big, heavy world of ours, for instance, in its journey around the sun, goes at the almost unbelievable speed of 18½ miles per second. Only the force of gravity prevents us from falling off into space!

The sun is 93,000,000 miles from the earth. It takes the sunlight eight minutes to get from the sun to the earth. That gives us 186,320 miles per second that a light ray travels. Incredible speed!

But electricity is even faster than light. Electricity travels at the rate of 288,000 miles per second. Since the moon is only 240,000 miles away from the earth, it would take an electric current less than one second to pass from the earth to the moon. That is probably as fast as anything with which we have to

do except this matter of prayer about which I now write.

It is love on God's part, and surrender on our part, that makes possible the incredibly swift answer of God when we pray. The instances which I shall here set down are recorded with humility and with loving acknowledgment of God's love.

The very first experience of assurance in healing prayer came to me when, as a very young man, I was teaching school in a country district. I was accustomed to go home every other week-end to visit my parents. On this particular occasion I stopped at a farm house near where I was boarding. I had been told that a little girl whom I loved very dearly was severely ill at that place. I found the little thing consumed with fever. The mother was distraught. She asked me to pray for her child. I did so, falling back on faith in Christ, the Great Physician. As I prayed for the dear child's recovery I received the definite assurance that she would speedily recover. I turned to the mother and said in a perfectly calm voice, "Nella will be well when I return tomorrow afternoon." I then rode away. When I returned the next afternoon I stopped by to see "my patient." She was up, clear of fever, and was playing normally. The mother was very happy and

exceedingly thankful. There was no relapse.

In my more mature life there have been many instances of healing through prayer, and of directly answered prayer. I faced a time when I was leading a group of laymen in a church-wide visitation campaign. These laymen were not out each evening to make perfunctory calls upon church members; they were out to sit down in the homes of individuals and families and try to make disciples of them: to win them to the Christian life.

The first meeting was on Monday evening. Following a fellowship meal at six o'clock, I "briefed" the men in procedure, and sent them out two by two. Most of the men had never done this type of work before, and were more or less fearful that they would not succeed. But they had been sent out buttressed by believing prayer. When they reported back at the church office at nine o'clock, the twenty-six men had won twenty-one persons to Christ and the church. Like the disciples of Jesus, they were walking on air!

I was sitting in my office the following afternoon preparing my information, and preparing my own heart, for the briefing that night. I was not aware of any change in the weather until a blinding flash lighted up the room, followed by a crashing shock of thun-

der. I hastily went outside. A dense cloud covered the entire heavens—a cloud so low that it seemed to cling to the lamp posts and to the roof of the church. It was one of those clouds that was so saturated that one could almost reach up and wring water out of it by hand.

I went back into the office and meditated. It was two hours until time for my men to meet at the church. I knew that if it rained them out that night it would be a terrific blow to the psychology of success. The entire program would be jeopardized. I was moved to prayer. And while the thunder boomed incessantly I knelt down, seeking an audience with God. I said to Him that this was His work, that these were His men, and that I felt that if they were not allowed to go out that night it would be a severe set-back to the entire program of work and would seriously interfere with the final outcome. Then, in faith, I came to grips with the matter. "Father," I said, "do not let it rain tonight until we have finished our work." I did not repeat this prayer. There was no need. For swiftly, definitely, my Heavenly Father answered: "It will not rain."

Rejoicing, I arose and went about my tasks, fully assured. At six o'clock the men came. The mists were still swirling about the lamp posts. The thunder still crackled

and rasped in a continuous bombardment. We sat down to eat. Some of the men were fearful that it would rain at any moment, and said so. I related to them nothing of my experience, but simply said, "It will not rain before we finish our task." They looked at me in wonder.

Following the meal and the instruction, they went out. Coming back at nine, they were still dry! They reported and went home. When the last man had reached his house the fountains of the heavens were broken up and a torrent of rain fell for the remainder of the night. But not a single man got wet!

On another occasion I was called to the hospital to see a young wife who was to be confined. I found her mother greatly agitated. The daughter had been in the hospital about four days, undergoing treatment. The doctor had told her it would be impossible for her to give natural birth to the baby, and that at eight o'clock the next morning he would perform a Caesarean. The mother sought prayer for her daughter. Standing by the bed, I took the young woman's hand in mine and told her not to be afraid. I asked her to try to relinquish every fear, and to lean back on God for her deliverance. I asked her to pray along with me. I then prayed aloud, asking God to bring her through

without the necessity of an abdominal delivery. Definitely, I got an affirmative answer. "You are going to be all right," I assured her. "Your baby will be born naturally."

Upon his visit to the hospital the next morning the doctor found the young woman so much improved he decided to delay the operation. The next morning she was still further improved. And the following morning the mother called me rather early. She was happily excited. "The baby came last night normally," she said, "and both the baby and my daughter are in good condition."

One of the most remarkable experiences which I have undergone came in connection with a serious injury received by my family physician. He was a surgeon of note, and his services were much sought after. One day, while grooming a young horse he had purchased, the animal playfully whirled and kicked up his heels. One hoof caught the doctor in the left side. It knocked him down, rendering him all but unconscious. He was hurried from his country estate to the hospital where practically every physician in the community came in to check his condition. A young surgeon, just back from the war, was selected for the operation.

I went to the hospital about eight that evening, just before the operation was to begin. I passed

the two daughters in the hall downstairs where they waited in tears for news of their father. Comforting them as best I could, I went upstairs to where the patient was being wheeled into the operating room. His whitefaced wife followed, unseeing, eyes blinded by tears.

Though I could have gone into the room I did not do so because of the press. Every physician and surgeon in the city, with possibly one exception, was present, and I did not wish to be in their way or to help drink up the oxygen so badly needed.

The hour ran out its record, and still the young surgeon worked on. Presently one of the physicians came out by me, shaking his head. "P. C. will never make it," he said. Shortly another came out. I stopped him. "What do you think?" I asked. "I do not think he has a chance," he replied. "Probably will be dead within an hour."

I thought of all this good man had meant to me and my family. I thought of the countless number of cases where he had helped the underprivileged and helpless. A feeling that he could not be spared surged up within me. I leaned my head against the wall and prayed. "Oh God, hear me now," I pled. "This man is too valuable to the community for him to be lost to it. Remember the poor that he has helped. Remember his great mercy to the

helpless. Remember his incessant service to all the people. Oh, God, let his life be spared; let P. C. get well."

It was a simple prayer, but it welled out of the deep of my heart. I was not surprised, therefore, when, as if audibly, I got the answer: "Your prayer is answered; P. C. will get well." Another doctor passed through the door after that, shaking his head. "Not a chance," he said to me. But I knew better. God had just given me the assurance.

At ten o'clock the operation was concluded, and the patient was wheeled into his room. Shortly after that I went away, not being able to see the dear wife. The next morning I went back to the hospital and the nurse said the patient was holding his own. But she was very grave as she spoke of him. His wife was sleeping the deep sleep of exhaustion, and I did not get to speak to her, though I did desire to do so and tell her that her husband would get well.

On my next visit to the hospital I met her as she came out of her husband's room. Anxiously, nervously, she came up to me and placed both her hands in mine. She answered my unspoken question by saying, "P. C. is a mighty sick man, but he is holding his own."

I looked into her eyes and said to her, "Can you believe? God has given me the definite assurance that

your husband will recover. It is settled; have no fear."

She convulsively seized my hands, a look of incredulous wonder in her eyes. Then the light of faith and understanding broke over her face. Her suffused eyes became as two stars.

"That is wonderful," she whispered. "Why didn't you tell me sooner?"

"I had no opportunity," I replied. "Anyway, you can rest assured now."

"Thank you, oh, so much! I must go and tell P. C. now." She released my hands and went back into her husband's room, while I walked quietly down the steps, the peace of God in my heart. Three weeks from that date the patient was walking about the house, and two months later he was engaged in his practice again.

The Church has abdicated its high and holy privilege of healing through prayer. It needs to get it back. For once, without question, it possessed that prerogative. There have been so many quacks and charlatans, so many cranks and fanatics in these latter years, that the Church has shrunk back from its high calling of healing through prayer. Or, maybe, it has been a lack of faith.

Whatever it is, the Church must get it back again!

Faith Makes The Difference

Henry J. Kaiser

THE SIMPLE WORD "faith" sums up what I am convinced makes the difference between attaining or not attaining the greatest values of life.

The fully rounded faith has three interwoven parts:

1. Faith in yourself and your highest aspirations, which releases your creative inner powers and gives your daily life direction, adventure, and meaning. 2. Faith in your fellow men, whom you love and serve. 3. Faith in God that answers the questions and longings of your soul—gives you help from the Higher Source—and sees the workings of the Creator in everything.

Faith can be a tremendous driving power throughout your practical daily living.

When you believe deeply that there is something worthwhile to do, you gain the spirit and energy to go out boldly in pursuit of new and greater goals.

It takes strength of character to *practice* religion. Yet the more it is used, the more it keeps forever building greater strength of character. It gives beliefs you can hold fast to when everything else may seem to be crumbling. It is my conviction that faith is stronger than disbelief; faith can overcome fear and hopelessness in you, just as the whole history of mankind has been lighted up by the faiths that have triumphed over the forces of darkness.

Won't you join me in prayer for a *living* faith?

A Litany of Thanksgiving

Howard Thurman

Today, I make my Sacrament of Thanksgiving.
I begin with the simple things of my days:
Fresh air to breathe,
Cool water to drink,
The taste of food,
The protection of houses and clothes,
The comforts of home.
For these, I make an act of Thanksgiving this day!

I bring to mind all the warmth of humankind that I have known:
My mother's arms,
The strength of my father,
The playmates of my childhood,
The wonderful stories brought to me from the lives of many who talked of days gone by when fairies and giants and all kinds of magic held sway:
The tears I have shed, the tears I have seen;
The excitement of laughter and the twinkle in the eye with its reminder that life is good.
For all these I make an act of Thanksgiving this day.

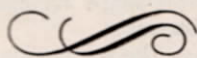
I finger one by one the messages of hope that awaited me at the cross-roads:
The smile of approval from those who held in their hands the reins of my security;
The tightening of the grip in a single handshake when I feared the step before me in the darkness;
The whisper in my heart when the temptation was fiercest and the claims of appetite were not to be denied;
The crucial word said, the simple sentence from an open page when my decision hung in the balance.
For all these I make an act of Thanksgiving this day.

I pass before me the mainsprings of my heritage:
The fruits of the labors of countless generations who lived before me, without whom my own life would have no meaning;

The seers who saw visions and dreamed dreams;
 The prophets who sensed a truth greater than the mind could grasp and
 whose words could only find fulfillment in the years which they
 would never see;

The workers whose sweat has watered the trees, the leaves of which are
 for the healing of the nations;
 The pilgrims who set their sails for lands beyond all horizons, whose
 courage made paths into new worlds and far-off places;
 The saviors whose blood was shed with a recklessness that only a dream
 could inspire and God could command.
 For all this I make an act of Thanksgiving this day.

I linger over the meaning of my own life and the commitment to which I
 give the loyalty of my heart and mind:
 The little purposes in which I have shared with my loves, my desires, my
 gifts;
 The restlessness which bottoms all I do with its stark insistence that I have
 never done my best, I have never dared to reach for the highest;
 The big hope that never quite deserts me, that I and my kind will study
 war no more, that love and tenderness and all the inner graces of
 Almighty affection will cover the life of the children of God as the
 waters cover the sea.
 All these and more than mind can think and ear can feel,
 I make as my sacrament of Thanksgiving to Thee,
 Our Father, in humbleness of mind and simplicity of heart.



Our forefathers were given divine guidance, I believe, when they came
 to this New world seeking religious and economic freedom, hoping to
 escape the bonds of the corrupt and over-extended governments of Europe.
 Out of their wholesome desire, their determination, their adventuresome and
 sacrificing spirit grew our American way of life.

—George S. Benton

U "Men who had not shaved for weeks appeared with clean
 faces and still cleaner clothes."

A Miracle on the Waterfront

Gordon Bennett

The true greatness of either
 a people or city is not ap-
 parent to a man who simply
 gets off the ferry in San Francisco
 and sees no more of the city than
 its many exclusive dining places and
 hotels. It's not until he journeys
 out along the endless beautiful
 drives or walks for a few miles
 along San Francisco's Embarcadero,
 which is the city's waterfront, that
 he may learn something not only of
 the city's importance but also of its
 people.

It was on a cold December
 night in 1943 that I met the man
 known as the Deacon of the Water-
 front, a most unusual man who
 limped along with a wooden leg,
 the real leg having been bitten off
 by a shark in the South Pacific.

In 1936 the Deacon, whose real
 name is Tom Allen, was aboard
 a ship that was sunk off the Aus-
 tralian Coast. For seventeen days
 Tom was in a life boat. It was in
 that same life boat that he prom-
 ised God that if he was rescued he
 would devote the rest of his life
 in the service of the Master. His
 little rescue Mission down on the
 Embarcadero is mute evidence that
 he has kept his promise.

Tom Allen is very sure that every
 man is born in the image of God
 and, as such, it is his mission in
 life to help his fallen brother to re-
 gain his dignity in the sight of the
 Almighty. So it is that he ministers
 to the alcoholics, the winos, the dope
 fiends and all the other so called
 dregs of society. He is one of the
 city's busiest men. During the day-
 time he operates a restaurant and it
 is a most unusual one. If you are
 without money, you simply become
 Tom's guest. He has a strange book-
 keeping system. The profits he re-
 ceives in operating the restaurant are
 in turn used to operate the Mission.
 For sixteen years Tom has given
 freely of his labor to his fellow-
 men and, in turn, he himself wears
 the cast-off clothing of his wealthier
 friends.

When the evening fog and the
 darkness comes to the waterfront,
 the Deacon begins his job of hu-
 man salvage. Here and there on
 dark streets and still darker door-
 ways, he finds literally fallen men.
 Sometimes he finds men numbed
 with liquor sleeping in the alleys,
 the cold, piercing rain falling on
 their upturned faces. These and
 many other unfortunate people are

taken by him to the Mission where they again sleep under warm blankets. Sometimes there is no more room for men in his Mission, at which time he takes a roll of blankets and tours the Waterfront. Here and there he finds men sleeping in door ways. He stops and wraps a blanket around the man and the blankets somehow are always returned.

Shortly after opening his restaurant in the morning, the Deacon has another job. He appears at the Police Court where he pleads the cases of his fellowmen. Quite often they are paroled into his custody. He then begins the long laborious job of bringing them out of a dark, liquor-clouded mentality to become respected members of society. But perhaps this one-legged guardian angel of the Waterfront had his greatest experience with humanity back during the year of 1944.

War with all of its tragedy had come to the waterfront and with it a merchant sailor, Joseph, and his wife, Mary, a young bride from a small mid-western town. They appeared to be on their honeymoon. At any rate they were in odd contrast to the hard-bitten men of that time—for this was an embarkation point for men going over-seas.

It must have been during the latter part of March that the young girl's husband went out to sea and curiously enough she showed up the

next morning after his departure as a waitress at the Deacon's restaurant. In the next few days lace curtains appeared on the windows of the little three room apartment above the Mission. The lace curtains brought an odd touch to the 'front. More than one homesick boy glanced at the curtains and was somehow reminded of his own home. A husky sailor from an English man-o'-war remarked that they were "a bit of home." Mary was no different, however, than many another American girl who had followed her husband to the point of embarkation—then to await his return from the conflict raging in the South Pacific.

As the months passed by the writer heard her talking to other seamen—Yes, they had met her husband in far off Australia. Another was sure that he had passed her husband's ship far out at sea.

The long days and months went slowly by and the young bride seemed to become a sort of Evangeline in search of her beloved. Mary talked at great length about Joseph until somehow I associated him with Joseph, the Carpenter of Galilee.

The Deacon's work of reclaiming the human driftwood continued. His Mission seemed to become a sort of mecca. The lace curtains above the Mission gave it a home-like atmosphere and many a home-

less man, after he had wandered into the Mission, was reminded of days when he too had lived closer to his God—for the Deacon had a most able organist in the person of Mary.

Whether it was the spell of this homelike little Mission or the fact that a thin veil seemed to hang in the very air over the war-torn Pacific—with life on one side and death on the other causing men to recognize God more clearly—the writer would not know. At any rate the little Mission was over-crowded in their Church services. Men who had not shaved for weeks appeared with clean faces and still cleaner clothes.

Names do not mean much on the waterfront. There was Archibald Fletcher, a man from Boston, who simply became known as "Sea Gull Bill." So it was that we never knew Mary and Joseph's last name. The months passed by and the autumn season passed away in a gale and then the Christmas season was approaching and Mary seemed to look more closely into the faces of the seamen as she inquired about her Joseph. Then one day the Deacon told a few of us in confidence that he had found Mary in tears. "Sure rough on that girl," a grizzled old mariner remarked.

A few more of the men were touched by Mary's tears and, in great awkward ways, offered sym-

pathy to the young bride. Then on the morning of December 24 there was a great deal of excitement on the old Embarcadero. It couldn't have been a fight or a death for these are commonplace happenings. But these men were gathered in clusters talking about a birth and Mary's name was frequently mentioned. A committee was formed with the idea of calling the wives of various men, but after a short discussion the Deacon called a doctor and a nurse. Then two other women, the wives of stevedores, came to offer ministrations to one of their own sex in her hour of need.

The door closed on the doctor and nurse and work seemed to stop on the waterfront as men discussed this strange happening. A cold winter rain began to fall, then the sun came out followed by the quick darkness of a California night. Carol singers appeared directly in front of the old Mission—for this was Christmas Eve. Then in the midst of an old hymn an exclamation came from those standing near the door and the waterfront paused to listen. Above the mournful sound of a steamboat whistle and the deep-throated sound of a fog horn, there came a sharp cry, a cry seldom heard on the 'front. All familiar sounds of the sea seemed to stop in deference to this new sound for this was the cry of a new-born baby.

It must be told that in tribute to

the new arrival the tavern next door closed early. A Christmas tree sparkled brightly in the Mission and ever so quietly a man took off his hat, placed it on the altar and a procession of roughly clad men quietly dropped gifts of money and other valuables in and near the hat. A sailor left a small compass, a uniformed man hesitated and then took a diamond ring off his finger and placed it alongside the compass. A battered, life-like picture of the Christ child was dropped into the hat and the hardest drinking man on the 'front left a twenty-dollar bill. A gambler took a rabbit's foot out of his pocket, studied it for a few moments, and then placed it on top of the compass.

Just about the time the men had started to disperse, a uniformed figure, none other than Joseph the long absent husband, was seen climbing the stairs and there after midnight on Christmas Day, the birthday of the Christ Child, an-

other Joseph met Mary, the mother of his son. As Joseph knelt at the bedside of his wife, holding the hand of the one he loved, the door of the room swung open and directly opposite the room Mary and Joseph saw men depositing gifts for their child in front of the Christmas tree. Then Mary and her son drifted into a quiet sleep as Joseph and the Deacon kept a loving watch over the room. They saw the morning sun come up over the Bay Bridge and a somewhat battered old juke box down the street was rendering, "Holy Night." Joseph saw a faint smile come over the face of his wife, the new baby stirred restlessly as if recognizing the importance of the day. "Surely," said the Deacon, "a miracle has happened in our little Mission." Joseph smiled as his eyes rested on the ones he loved. "Yes," he said, "our son is the miracle, a gift of the Master on His own birthday".

The Daily Creed

Author Unknown

Let me be a little kinder, let me be a little blinder
To the faults of those about me; let me praise a little more;
Let me be, when I am weary, just a little bit more cheery;
Let me serve a little better those whom I am striving for.

Let me be a little braver when temptation bids me waver;
Let me strive a little harder to be all that I should be;
Let me be a little meeker with the brother that is weaker;
Let me think more of my neighbor and a little less of me.

☞ "Nature is economic in her gifts; she will not give strength to those who will not expend it."

What to do About Fatigue

Harold W. Ruopp

THE GROWING pressures of modern life constitute an ever-increasing tax upon our strength. It is not surprising therefore that nervous breakdowns are common, and that neurasthenia is one of the most prevalent diseases of our times.

Yet while on the one hand we see men and women so ill-adjusted that the slightest exertion produces fatigue; on the other hand, we see those who have extraordinary strength and power. In our common phrase, they have "got what it takes."

There is a fatigue that comes from the body and a fatigue that is of the mind—and these two are always closely related. Disappointment will leave us tired out, as will great sorrow. A man traveling across a desert may have reached the point of exhaustion when the sight of an oasis will revive his spirits and give him the energy to keep on going.

It is mental fatigue from which the great majority of us suffer—some of us all the time, all of us part of the time. It may arise out of anxiety, or conflict, or resentment, or a feeling of guilt. It may take the form of boredom; or it may express itself in a helpless in-

ability to cope with work in which we may, or may not, be interested. In these instances, it is the mind that becomes fatigued first. When the mind is revived, it finds the body ready to answer its call.

If we are to be equal to life and the demands which it places upon us, it is important that we have an adequate conception of the power that is in us. It is always there, waiting to be tapped and utilized. The question is, in what sense—in what way—is it there?

One answer to this question is that there is in each one of us a reservoir containing a certain supply of energy. This energy, it is said, is derived from the food we eat, the water we drink, the air we breathe, and it is therefore strictly limited in amount. When our expenditure is excessive, our supply of energy and power runs very low, and consequently we suffer from a feeling of fatigue.

There is a second answer to this question, radically different from the first one. This answer is that we are not to be thought of as reservoirs, but as channels; not as "self-contained, landlocked pools," but "bays, open to the tides." The power we experience is not created

by us, but released through us. As Ruskin once said of great artists, "Their power is not so much *in* them, but *through* them."

If our powers seem to fail, it is not because all the available energy has been used, but because its flow has been checked, either by the channel being blocked or by our inability to use it aright. The fatigue which we then experience is not due to exhaustion but to stagnation. According to this view, the way to power is not to try to store up strength by inactivity, but to find a way to tap the resources of energy at our disposal.

In this conception, both religious persons and many modern psychologists would concur. But the religious person goes a step further and affirms that the ocean of power—the reservoir of inexhaustible energy—is God. There are channels running from the reservoir not simply *to* us but *through* us. If we seem to lack power, it is not because the power isn't there; it is because the channels have become clogged, or we are unable or unwilling to lift the sluice gates.

Nature, as someone has pointed out, is economic in her gifts; she will not give strength to those who will not expend it. In other words, we cannot have what we do not use. Life by its very nature demands expression. If, therefore, the life-stream that flows through us finds

the channel blocked by a life of inactivity, we inevitably suffer from staleness and boredom, if not from physical debility.

Where there is no purpose there is fatigue. Over and over again, we become worn out *doing nothing*. Exhaustion from stagnation! The Sea of Galilee is fresh, not because it receives waters, but because it gives of them freely. The Dead Sea is dead, not because there is no supply of fresh water, but because it has no outlet. Only by giving shall we receive! That is one of life's profoundest laws.

All of this is of immense practical importance. In the treatment of neurasthenia, the chief symptom of which is chronic fatigue, a prescription of inactivity is often the worst possible one. Already the patient is suffering from an overdose of introspection, self-consciousness, and lethargy. What he needs is something that will take him out of himself; some worthwhile interest or activity that will liberate the forces pent up in his life. Give him something not only to live by but to live for, and new power will surge through him.

There is one other important consideration. Output of power must be balanced, or more than balanced, by intake of power. So many people try to pour out what they have never given themselves time to take in. The fatigue they experience simply means "account overdrawn."

Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick puts it this way: "Output without intake in any realm is fatal. The longer an orchestra plays, the more it needs to be tuned. The farther an airplane flies, the more it needs ground-service. The more strenuous a prophet has been, the more he needs the secluded hour and the 'still, small voice.' The more busy and laborious modern life becomes, the more modern men and women need those inner resources that, as the Psalmist says, restore the soul."

Life demands expression; but it also demands that we have something worth expressing. Output of power is important—we cannot keep what we do not share; but it is equally important that we have something which is worth sharing.

One of the sure marks of the well-

ordered, healthy life is restfulness of mind. Fatigue results from the wastage caused by restlessness of mind. Power comes from a condition of mental quietude. The secret of energy is to learn to keep the mind at rest even in the midst of life's activities. Keeping the mind at rest results from the realization and the daily affirmation that there is a Power in us and around us which is always available for the asking—and forever inexhaustible.

Long centuries ago, a very wise person put it this way: "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint."

That is both good religion—and good psychology!

Efficacy of Prayer

Magdalena D. H. Baker

Just when the day is darkest,
And the path is hard to tread;
Just when we are discouraged
And hearts are numb with dread
A very special blessing
Which we have asked through prayer
Is granted by the Master
To prove His love and care.
Just when our feet must falter
Strength is given from above,
And God's own precious promises
Fulfilled through His great love.
And so, with faith unshaken,
May we, through each request
Remember that God's answer
Will prove His way is best.

☪ "He simply went about his daily life diffusing virtue as stars diffuse light."

The Holy Shadow

Author Unknown

LONG, LONG AGO, there lived a saint so good that the astonished angels came down from heaven to see how a mortal could be so godly. He simply went about his daily life, diffusing virtue as the stars diffuse light, and the flowers perfume, without ever being aware of it. Two words summed up his days; he gave and he forgave. Yet these words never fell from his lips; they were expressed in his ready smile, in his kindness, his forbearance and charity.

The angels said to God, "God, grant him the gift of miracles." God replied, "I consent; ask what he desires." So they said to the saint, "Would you like the touch of your hand to heal the sick?" "No," said the saint, "I would rather God do that."

"Would you like to convert guilty souls and bring wandering hearts to the right path?" "No, that is the mission of the angels. I pray. I do not convert."

"Would you like to become a model of patience, attracting all men by the lustre of your virtue, and thus glorify God?"

"No," replied the saint, "If men should be attracted to me they would be estranged from God. The Lord has other means to glorify Himself."

"What do you desire, then?" asked the angels. "What can I wish for?" asked the saint, smiling: "That God give me Grace; with that should I have everything."

But the angels insisted. "You must ask for a miracle or one will be thrust upon you. "Very well," said the saint, "That I may do a great deal of good without ever knowing it."

The angels were perplexed. They took counsel together and resolved upon the following plan. Every time the saint's shadow should fall behind, or at either side, so that he could not see it, it should have the power to cure distress, soothe pain and comfort sorrow.

And it came to pass when the saint walked along, his shadow upon either side or behind him, arid paths became green, withered plants began to bloom, clear water came to dried up brooks, fresh color to pale little children and joy to unhappy mothers.

But the saint simply went about his daily life, diffusing virtue as the stars diffuse light and flowers perfume, without ever being aware of it. And the people, respecting his humility, followed him silently, never speaking to him about his virtue. Little by little, they came to even forget his name and called him only

"THE HOLY SHADOW"

☪ Make yourself a truly creative force in the world that is in sore need of people who live with consciously creative purpose."

To Encourage is a Great Thing

Winfred Rboades

"WHAT A PRETTY dress you are wearing!" she exclaims as she meets a woman on the way to breakfast in the hotel. And the woman, who hadn't been feeling very cheerful that morning, goes on her way in a happier mood.

When she has finished her breakfast she goes to a table where she sees a woman who has to go everywhere with a crutch under her arm, and after a few minutes of cheerful conversation leaves the other woman with a smile on her face and more courage to meet another day.

In the lobby she finds a blind man, introduces herself, and sits down by his side. Then she draws him out in an easy way. After a lifetime of valuable service he lost his sight only a year ago, and now is trying to learn how to make his way about the place without having to be led, and is also trying to live happily and courageously. When she leaves him he feels that he can still be of interest to other people, and his courage has received a little needed stimulus.

On the way to the elevator she meets the hotel porter and gives him a "Good morning, Thomas," that helps him to think that he's folks after all.

So it is all through the day. Wherever she goes she leaves behind her a bit of light and a revival of courage.

Has she called a taxi? "You're an excellent driver!" she says to the man at the wheel; and if before that he had been doing his work in a treadmill sort of way, he pulls himself up and drives with more interest in what he is doing.

Does the girl at the hosiery counter serve her with an appearance of genuine interest, and with an effort to be really helpful? "What a sweet smile you have!" she says; and the girl is made to feel that it really does pay to try to please the customer and to be gracious, instead of merely doing a job for the sake of a pay envelope.

One day on a busy street she comes upon a woman who is trying to keep track of four small children who are swarming about her as she does her marketing, gives her a winsome smile, and remarks: "You have such lovely pink cheeks! It's a pleasure to see pink cheeks that are natural, and not due to rouge." Then the stranger finds a smile creeping to her lips, and forgets for a while her feeling of being so tired.

And when, at the church door, she gives her minister a word of en-

couragement, she hears in reply: "I am always glad to see you here, your face is so full of light!"

Not because this woman's life has been easy or painless is her face "so full of light." Sicknesses and pains and frustrations, one after another, have dogged her all her life long. She is "so full of light" because she made up her mind to have it so. Even in her bouts with illness, and improvement is slow in coming, she keeps her voice still vibrant, and charms and stimulates the other person by her manner.

Suppose you were a telephone operator and obliged, day after day, to put up with the hard tones and impatient orders of unseen and unknown customers: wouldn't it give you a needed bit of encouragement to hear the individual who is making the call say: "You have a beautiful voice! I'm always glad when you answer my ring."

These are small matters, but like many other matters which are small

in themselves they can be big in their effect.

When this woman's husband, making talk at the table, repeats an interesting bit that he has just come upon in his reading, "You told that story well!" she says; not reserving her word of appreciation for some stranger whom she has just met.

Now let this become personal. When people go away from you after one of the contacts that every day brings forth, is it with their thoughts lifted up, and a bit of a song in their hearts?

To be an encourager in the world—isn't that a truly great thing? To stir up in the people you meet an ambition to make something fine and big out of their lives—isn't that to make yourself a truly creative force in a world that is in sore need of people who live with consciously creative purpose?

To me, at any rate, the woman of whom I have been writing is an unending source of inspiration to live more helpfully.

Omnipresent

Edna Hull Miller

God is in the evening
And near the morning lark;
He is in the twilight
And in the deepest dark;
God is in the thronging
And in the awe of space—
I find Him in Cathedrals—
And in a baby's face!

☪ "Not a half rainbow but a complete circle."

With God in a Rainbow

Harold A. Schulz

ONE OF THE greatest comforts and experiences anyone can have is that of realizing the loving Heavenly Father continuously keeping watch over us. The universe and man are created in such a manner—in the Divine image of God—that when we in our thoughts and prayers keep faith in God and His providence, the harmony of life with the Father is synchronized. By abiding in his love, following in the Truth of the Master, we keep time with Him. We keep in step with Him. The very knowledge that God is our protector keeps us calm, poised, and collected in any situation.

Harold Cunard, a former naval air crewman in the second World War experienced such a comfort one day while on duty. In describing the happening to me he said, "In the early morning we were ready to take off at any minute. Our mission was to take us out across the Pacific, off the coast of Okinawa. While waiting around in the mess hall I noticed on the table a Bible which had been placed there by a service organization. There was still time in these early morning hours and instead of doing nothing I picked up the Bible to read it. A bookmark held the place where someone had been reading. I turned

to that page. There in the 139th Psalm these words were underlined carefully. 'Whither shall I go from thy spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me.'

"That was enough to hold me. I felt sure about my well being and protection, more so than I had ever felt before.

"Then the plane took off and lifted into the air. High in the sky, above the clouds, we flew. I remembered the words, 'If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea . . . ' God was there. The clouds were white and fleecy, like lambs prancing all around. Then in the dazzling sun they took upon themselves every conceivable color in the rainbow; blues, pinks, gold, red, green, orange, and others. This was a most beautiful sight, and I could not but help knowing that the Master Artist's hand was painting this mural of His Presence.

"The next sight was even more revealing, for suddenly as I kept my

eyes on this panorama of color I saw a rainbow, not a half but a complete circle. As I meditated on this complete rainbow into which it seemed as though we were entering with God, I remembered what someone had said, 'Down below on the earthly surface we see but half of the reality. We need to rise to greater heights to see the complete reality and truth.'"

There is God's promise in the Bible. But how important it is to let the word become a living experience. As we rise in higher con-

sciousness with faith in the Father we will find it more natural to experience His protecting Presence whatever the condition or wherever we are. What earthly power is so great to mislead, that the Hand of God cannot lead aright, and His "right hand . . . hold" us?

What a beautiful prayer to retain in one's heart! It is a prayer that takes us on wings; a prayer whose thoughts lift our thoughts higher and higher into the realm of the pure God-thoughts . . . into the realm where the complete rainbow (reality) is visualized.



Be Not Afraid

Verna C. Hebson

Be not afraid,

There is the future, mold it, it is yours;
Hold close that truth which strengthens and endures,
Lean heavily on love that soothes and cures.

Be not afraid,

In spite of bitter pain and gnawing grief
There is a valor which makes sorrow brief,
A steadfast faith which promises relief.

Be not afraid,

Although the summer rose must slowly fade,
The bush whereon it grows is undismayed;
There comes to each the thing for which he prayed.

☐ Most of us waste time and energy meeting life's decisions.
Here a great evangelist gives you the key to serene living.

Anxiety is Not Necessary

E. Stanley Jones

A FEW WEEKS ago, on a night flight to Orlando, Fla., my plane was delayed. It was 5 A. M. before I got to my room.

I had not slept for some twenty hours, yet, just before getting into bed, I set about doing my regular bedtime exercises: push-ups, knee bends, hands-over-head—thirty of each.

Perhaps such behavior was a bit strenuous for a man of seventy-three. But that is really not the point. Bedtime exercises are so much a part of my daily routine that I did them in Orlando *without debate*.

Most of us, I think, waste time and energy struggling with decisions to get things done. Actually, we can cultivate a routine to help us live energetic and worth-while lives.

Once a British major told me, "As a swimmer, I'm a dud. I'm much stronger than you and yet you swim better."

I told him, "You fight the water and struggle with it. I trust the water to hold me up. I relax."

A mental attitude—confidence—plays a large part in the physical skill of swimming. Project that

thought a bit further and you have the central rule for an energetic life: let your whole being—body, mind, and spirit—work together in harmony.

Not long ago some scientists gave a group of athletes pills containing dextrose. At the same time a control group received similar but ineffective tablets. The athletes who took dextrose exceeded all their previous records. But so did those who merely *thought* they were getting stimulants. Clearly, any routine for producing energy should include more than physical training.

In Japan, a guest visiting in a home is greeted formally with the words, "You must be tired."

My response is always the same: "I am fresh in God." For I have found that if I allow myself to say, "I'm tired," then I become tired, indeed!

In the same way, our physical natures can influence our minds and spirits. A middle-aged man can have the good life fattened right out of him until he becomes as stuffed and stuffy as his purse. We cannot hand the body over to the doctor, the mind

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to the psychiatrist, and the soul to the minister, treating each part of ourselves as separate. Life is a whole.

In India our Christian ashramas, or retreats, recognize this balance by including daily manual labor. Big businessmen, doctors, bishops work with their hands. My own job has long been to go around with a bag and sharp stick picking up papers. I recommend some manual labor each day, even for myself.

The same applies to mental labor. I carry a pocket-sized book almost everywhere; when a free moment presents itself, I'm prepared to read and think. In another pocket I carry a notebook. When an apt story or a new idea comes my way, I jot it down. Perhaps I can use that passing thought in writing a book or telling a friend. The important thing is that I've forced my mind to do some creative work. When our human personalities cease to create, we crack and even grow tired of resting or doing nothing.

A woman once told me, "I'm about to jell into the kind of woman I don't want to be." How could she avoid stagnation? By watching for ideas and challenging each one!

If physical and mental work is a necessary part of life's rhythm, so is recreation. I am fond of fly-fishing because it, like all true diversion, *adds* to life instead of subtracting. If we have to recover from any pastime—physically, mentally, or moral-

ly—it is false. Recreation should be re-creation.

Those are some of the ways we can energize our minds and bodies. But the spirit needs flexing, too. Without spiritual poise, we destroy our vitality in worry.

In the drought-ridden Southwest not long ago, a man asked a cowboy about some clouds in the sky. The cowboy looked up, shook his head, and replied, "They're just empties drifting by." Too many of us are spiritual empties. Indeed, the most frequent stain on the Christian soul is *emptiness*.

Yet we can be easily filled. The art of living is the art of receptivity, the ability to take God's resources as our own. To find an example, we need look no farther than a growing tree.

For human application of this art, we may consider Gandhi. In our astonishing twentieth century, we have seen the discovery of two great sources of power: the atom and the *atma*, that word which in India means soul. Gandhi's soul-force changed the course of history; his demonstration is a major contribution to mankind. How did the Mahatma—the Great Soul—fill himself with spiritual vitality? Once I stayed with him at his famed ashrama. Each week he and his followers observed a day of silence, putting the spirit in order, practicing the art of receptivity.

"Don't try to do people good; love

them." Such is the advice of the Indian poet, Tagore. It is an answer to the busy life of action without reflection. Our inner life sets straight our values and priorities. "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God. . ." If we get the first thing first, life will come out right. If not, nothing will.

Frances Ridley Havergal, who wrote so many beautiful hymns, once had such a bad temper that she would fall onto the floor with tantrums. She gained poise and good will by inwardly asking the Lord to dissolve her harsh feelings in his love. Then she brought her resentments up and out, talking to the person concerned and asking his forgiveness.

Doctors say the worriers have frail bodies, with measurably narrow chests. From a spiritual viewpoint, worry is even worse: we are sinfully saying that God is not to be trusted.

For the Christian, anxiety is so unnecessary. I have not had a blue hour of discouragement for thirty-five years. There have been moments of flitting disappointment, of course, but not for so much as an hour. My solution? When a large problem looms, I simply say, "Lord, I turn this over to you. Tell me what to do."

The secret is surrender, a willingness to forgo a selfish first choice. God's choice for us may differ from our own ambitions, but who are we to challenge it? The painter, Whist-

ler, wanted to be a soldier; he took up the brush only when he failed at West Point. Walter Scott gave up his dream of being a poet when he could not equal Byron. Ashamed of being a novelist, he wrote anonymously—but he gave us *Ivanhoe*.

To discover and follow the Lord's plan for us, we need to exercise our souls. Each day I get up early to spend the pure strong hours of the morning in a quiet time with God. It is then that I get my orders for the day.

This quiet time is as firm a habit as my nightly exercises; I have never had to decide to do it. That's an important point for someone still fixing this habit: to find an unvarying quiet time each day. A mother of small children might have to wait until her brood is off to school and the baby takes a nap, but no human creature is too busy to find a daily interval with God. We can always answer the phone and eat breakfast; our quiet time should be even more important.

Next we must pray—even if we don't feel like it, even if we must pray by the clock, even if our prayers are clumsy. A fashionable woman in Texas came to me with a problem; her home was breaking up. We prayed together, and I urged her to continue regularly. Later she admitted that she hadn't known how to pray—or thought not.

Her solution was to write a let-

ter to God in the language of the country club. "Dear God," she wrote, "life has dealt me a very bad hand. Please show me which card to lead. Sincerely," and she signed her name. Her prayer was answered, her home saved. Today that woman speaks to church groups all over Texas as an authority on marriage problems.

We Christians are so fortunate. Our religion is piety set to music. The Christian who will use his soul has a hair-trigger laugh and an inner gaiety. His joy is an inside job. Within him is a harmony that unites mind, body, and spirit, and makes his energetic life worthwhile.



Seasons on Parade

Marie M. Andrews

I viewed the country-side one frosty morning
When hills and dales were glistening with snow;
And there were jewels everywhere adorning
The trees, and hanging from a hedge below.

Soon spring tripped in so sprightly and so gay,
She shivered just a little with the cold;
Then scattering daffodils along the way
She brought new hopes and dreams to young and old.

Then one day laughing summer came along,
Wearing a wreath of roses in her hair;
She brought enchantment with her and a song
Of larks, and sifted sunbeams everywhere.

Now autumn enters with her solemn mien,
As weary Earth prepares to take a rest;
Her gold and crimson mingle with the green,
We're wondering if this season is the best.

☪ "We should be grateful for the smallest bits of loveliness that come quietly slipping into our lives each day."

It is Good to Give Thanks

Hazel Pickett

IT IS A good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto thy name, O most High: to show forth thy lovingkindness in the morning, and thy faithfulness every night." (Psalm 92:1,2.)

When Jesus did a great miracle, such as raising the dead Lazarus, he first prayed a prayer of thanksgiving, that God the Father always heard and answered prayer. Being God's son, he had power within himself to do these things, but because of the people gathered about him, he thanked the Father and set before them an example of thanksgiving.

A minister I heard speak last Thanksgiving suggested that, besides having Thanksgiving day, we should have what he called "appreciation week." We have all kinds of weeks to advertise various things in the commercial world, so why not a week for thanking the great Giver of all good?

We start the day with meditation and affirmative prayer, asking for whatever we need at this time. We try to hold the consciousness of a joyous expectancy for what the day will bring. But I believe that if we should stop asking so much and start giving thanks, as Jesus did,

with his surety that the Father always hears and answers, we would receive His good with speedier results, not according to our limited asking, but according to his riches in glory.

We should be grateful for the smallest bits of loveliness that come quietly slipping into our lives each day. I live alone and often like to carry my breakfast tray into the living room in front of the fire. Last year my daughter-in-law gave me a tray set of china, sprinkled over with a pink rosebud pattern. When I use it, I ask God to bless not only her but the hands of those who made the dishes, who painted the dainty flowers on my breakfast china. How many, many people contribute to the smallest part of each day's happiness.

I am so grateful for all the services of many people I shall never meet. My telephone means so much to me, its convenience in business, in contacting friends whom I do not get around to see as often as I would like, and the long distance calls to my loved ones away from here. I am thankful for the clean comfort of gas heat and for all the electrical conveniences I enjoy. So I thank God and ask Him to bless all those who serve me.

There are many wonderfully fine musical and religious programs on radio and television and now and then there will be one that is exceptionally fine. To these we should take time to drop a note of appreciation. If we the listening public want better programs, we should take time to indicate it, with notes of commendation and constructive suggestions.

Not long ago I called up a laundry manager to thank him for the perfect laundering of my curtains. He said I was the first person who had ever called to compliment them on their work. So we find that as we express our appreciation more good flows to us and naturally those we appreciate will try to serve us better. However our greatest return is the joyous glow in our own hearts of making others happier.

Being grateful will bring a sharper awareness of all the things we have from the Father's hand. A friend of mine called me last week and, in voicing her feeling of depression, said that nothing seemed to be coming her way. I asked her to look back over the week and think of something good that had happened for her. She came up with three "unexpected" blessings. She had sold some odds and ends of lumber she didn't need; then the insurance company sent her a refund check on the repair of her

roof, which she did not expect; and the motor company, where she had just bought a second hand car, repaired and serviced the car free of charge, when it had started to stall. When we start to count our blessings and give thanks, we find a thousand things we can be thankful for.

These things I have mentioned are mostly practical, everyday happenings. But they lead us up to a greater appreciation of the spiritual values of life. Begin with life itself, expressed in us and the world about us. How wonderful! The Father has given us life. We are His children. He is our Father. And He is Love. Could there be a greater gift to call forth our gratitude? Then He came to us in Jesus, the Christ, to teach us His truth, to indwell us as Spirit, Christ consciousness. What a tremendous gift! When we come into understanding of Truth He gives us more and more of Himself, His love, His peace, His joy, His healing and wholeness, His riches, His Kingdom. Could we ask for more? Could we properly appreciate all He gives us? I think not. But we can begin now to thank Him, to praise Him, to appreciate the wonder of His other children who serve us. This we can do, and life will become joyous and lovely because we are being thankful all day and every day.

¶ "For the first time I took a look at the future and the sight terrorized me."

A Prisoner Finds God

Bob Neese

STRUGGLING over life's hill-top is usually a trying process, but it becomes an almost impossible battle when the climber doesn't care what's on the other side of the hill. So the uncaring—the unseeing—go clambering on their blind way, stumbling over the unseen stones which suddenly crop up in their path and falling into pits covered with the camouflage of false promise.

I was one of the blind ones, and the pit into which I fell was crime. The path which I started ten years ago wound through a reform school, a dozen jails, and finally led into a prison cell—a cell which, oddly enough, was to change my entire outlook on life; which was to show me a Guide who could lead me safely over the hill.

But on that hot August day in 1950, I wasn't thinking of any Guide. I was thinking about that huge steel gate which loomed up in the car's windshield as it turned up the prison driveway. The heat, and inner fear, drove perspiration to my face. It was hard to wipe away with my hands cuffed together. So I tried to ignore it, like I was later to try to ignore life itself.

The car stopped and the sheriff

opened the door. I followed him through the big gate, the first of a series of gates. And with each of the steel barriers which closed behind me I grew more frightened and alone.

Then there were faces of guards—stolid, unemotional faces under billed caps—and hands searched my clothing that was soon traded for blue denims. And finally I was alone in a small cell.

I sank to the narrow bed and dropped my head into trembling hands. The real punishment of prison joined me then. For the first time in my life, I was completely exiled from my own kind and all that was natural and normal. Even in the jails and the reform school there had been companions, men to whom I could talk when loneliness started to walk. Here there was nothing but steel walls and bars.

I didn't sleep that night. And it was only the first of many sleepless nights.

For the first several months in prison I was interviewed and examined by sociologists and psychologists. I was twice interviewed by the prison chaplain, a stocky and friendly man who opened each conversation with talk of fishing and

hunting, two of my favorite sports. But each time when he started talking religion, I froze up.

My only previous experience with the church had been bad. I wanted no further part of it. Like the people outside of those thirty-foot walls, like policemen and guards, the church was an enemy. But it was hard to hate the prison chaplain. He was apparently so sincere; a far cry from the first and only minister I had known, back when the crime trial had started in 1940.

Life, for the most part, was pleasant in 1940. The depression had finally worn itself out and things were getting back to normal. That is, things were—not people. My parents both worked a night shift in an ordnance plant and slept during the day. If I was lucky, I got to talk with them for a couple of hours in the afternoon. Most generally, I wasn't lucky. With all of my evenings empty, I started wandering around town late at night. One thing led to another and I was soon part of a small group of youngsters who were in the same fragile boat as myself. We started committing crimes, not only for the thrill we got out of "putting one over" on our parents, but also for spending money.

We were all captured and most of us were sent to the reform school. Unfortunately for the four

hundred boys confined there, officials of the school believed the only way in which to straighten out wayward boys, was to beat the mischief out of them. That extended into the school's chapel. Each boy was made to memorize a chapter from the Bible, and several were picked at random during services to stand up and recite. The purpose was to impress visitors.

But woe to the boy who faltered in his recital. Back at the cottage after services, he was certain to receive a beating and further punishment, *often at the hands of the minister himself.*

Of course, we couldn't have known that the school had managed to get one of those rare, insincere ministers. All we knew was that he was cruel, and was a hypocrite. We disliked him and what he represented to us—the church.

I maintained that dislike after I was released from the school, made fun of people who believed in religion, and ridiculed all of my acquaintances who attended services. I became completely suspicious of the motives of anyone who stated that they wished to help me. That was the attitude I carried into prison, the attitude with which I faced the chaplain.

My first two years in the penitentiary were bad ones. I started doing a little constructive thinking then, but not much. I was still too

bitter, too much alone. Instead I hammered away at the society which I imagined was at fault for my confinement. I didn't succeed in penetrating the wall, and when I was released on parole after twenty-four months, I left the walls with no goal other than *today*. I failed miserably and my parole was revoked a few months later. I had fallen right back into the old habits of drinking and stealing and wild living.

A short time after I returned to prison, I was given a trusty job on one of the farms. Almost immediately I ran away, and was recaptured only a few hours later. I received an additional five year term. Only this time, something happened inside me.

I returned to the cell after a few hours of freedom, sick of myself, and of the world. For the first time I took a look at the future, and the sight terrorized me, for as far as I could see, there was nothing but emptiness and prison stretching far ahead. I reached a decision: if there was to be nothing more than confinement ahead, I didn't want to live.

The second night of my return from escape, I sat on the edge of the bed with a razor blade in hand, trying to force myself into making the move. Something held my hand; I couldn't have lifted that blade to my wrist to save my life.

Thoughts started to filter into mind. Why not look at it from the other side of the fence just once? Why not see how other people manage to stay within the law and live happy and productive lives? Was I so different from millions—no, billions—of other people? Was I so completely out of place that there could be nothing in life for me?

I wondered, and as I wondered, the blade fell to the floor. I went to bed then, to lie awake for hours thinking things out.

The next day I asked for, and received, a book from the prison library. I took it into my cell and studied it. I had read it before and knew much of it by heart, but before I had read it because I had to. Now I read it to learn.

I compared my life with those of characters in the book. I found some like myself, and they all came to evil ends. And I found others, many others, who had started out in life as had I, but who ended up with satisfying and full lives.

I determined then to learn more about that book. That book—the Bible.

Several weeks later, I had another talk with the prison chaplain. He told me a story I'll never forget, about a man who was hanged on the prison gallows. The chaplain told me that even though that

man had committed a murder, he had gone to his death peacefully and contented, because he knew what lay on the other side of the hill.

And the chaplain gave me something that day: he told me whenever I felt beaten by emotions of any kind, I should sit down and write exactly what I felt. That tip led straight to the work I have now chosen as a life-time career, writing.

It was slow and hard to write anything at first. Then, several of my compositions were selected for publication in the inmate-published magazine. More than six thousand people would read my writing. I was thrilled, and I gained confidence. As my writing improved, I gained a place on the staff of the magazine as an associate editor. And still trying to expand, I started to write for larger, outside-the-walls magazines. I failed miserably.

I couldn't understand it. According to the men I worked with (several were professional writers) my work was smooth. But somehow there was something lacking. They tried to find the gap, and couldn't. One day while talking with the chaplain, I told him about it.

"Have you tried to put *people* in your writing?" he asked.

"What do you mean?"

"A writer has to find out what other people want to read about,

what interests them most. To do that, he has to know other people; what they think and feel and want. A writer has to look at all sides of all people, himself included."

I started a study of the men around me. And it wasn't until then I learned my eyes had long been blinded with a false vision of *me*. For, looking at others, watching their motives and habits, I found a number of things I didn't like. And when I took a long look into myself, I found those same things. I tried to shed them and to replace them with other habits and beliefs taken from men I admired. When one seeks, one can find many admirable qualities in the worst of men, as well as in the best. And I incorporated those beliefs in my writing. Several weeks later I sold my first article to an outside publication. It was a start.

But I still had a long way to go. I still didn't know *what* made people act as they did; what impulses stirred them to do good or bad. I queried the chaplain again.

"Take a real good look around you," he stated. "Who are the happiest and most contented people you know? Find them, and ask them why they have such peace of mind. Then I think you'll have all your answers."

He paused a moment, then continued. "And I think now you are ready for those answers. I think

now you know there has been a great gap in your life. When you get the answers, come back to me. I'll tell you how to fill that gap."

Through the magazine, I had made a number of friends. One was a school teacher and she visited me at the prison frequently. I knew she had labored under a heavy load for years. She had lost her husband to cancer. One of her sons had been taken from her by war and another had died at birth. Her teacher's salary was small and she barely managed to eke out a living. And still there were lines of peace written across her face. I asked her why.

"I have a Friend who helps me with my load when it becomes too heavy," she returned quietly. "When things become too difficult, I simply ask him for help. He has never failed me."

"But suppose you had committed some great sin? What then? Would you still expect this friend to come to you?"

"Certainly." There was deep contentment in her face as she said, "You see, Bob, none of us are without sin. Each day we commit little ones. When we wish that possessed by our neighbors; when we wish someone bad luck or are jealous, each of these are small sins. But, large or small, all we have to do to get help is to sincerely repent of them and ask forgiveness. Then

we have help. It's as simple as that."

I went in and talked with the chaplain after the visit. I learned the answers—gained a goal I had been unconsciously seeking all my life. And that night, in my cell, I knelt and prayed for the first time, prayed with all that was in me.

It didn't happen overnight. No sudden bolt out of the blue changed all my habits and hopes and goals. But gradually, a change did come about. I tried to follow the footsteps of my Guide and had to learn to walk all over again.

And the good which I tried to do for others, then, flowed back to me in an almost overwhelming rush. I found more friends than I had ever dreamed possible. I became editor of our magazine. I sold twelve articles in a row, articles which should have helped other people in some way. The world, even that one behind prison walls, became a place of hope rather than despair.

In a few more months my prison sentence will be finished and the gates will open. But I won't be coming back. I know that, because I've found a great and good Guide to lead me to a better future on the other side of that hill. I want to see what is on the other side and He will help me to the top so I can.

LOOK A LITTLE DEEPER

" . . . and they said, 'Is not this Joseph's son?' " — Luke 4:22.

The people in Jesus' home town saw him in a certain way. Jesus merely belonged to someone else. They did not say, "Is not this Jesus?" They said, "Is not this Joseph's son?" The only identity Jesus had was as someone else's son. The very words he had read out of the Old Testament ought to have told them something different about himself, *but they were not looking for anything different*. In a sense they were daring him to do something that would make them believe something else about him. There stood the greatest man in all history, the son of God Himself, and all they saw was summed up in the question, "Is not this Joseph's son?"

It is easy to become indignant at the townspeople of Nazareth for being spiritually blind to Jesus, but I wonder if we are any different? How often have we erred in our friends and acquaintances? How often have we said (or thought), "I never dreamed he had it in him? Who would have thought he had all that talent and attractiveness?" Maybe the people of Nazareth said the same thing later on!

It is an attitude of mind that matters here. It is the habit of blindness that looks at another and does not see him! It is a mental set that stops with the surface and is never conscious of an inner spirit.

The way to overcome this is to follow the advice that Samuel got from God when he was told to "look on the heart." To look on the heart means to witness with the spirit, to sense the dreams and the hungers, to catch a hint of the longings and the visions, to feel the goals and the desires.

One day I saw a tear run down the cheek of a man listening to Tennyson's "Holy Grail." That tear was a window into his soul. Those windows are there — find them!

Look at your friends through the eyes of God. No longer see them as inanimate statistics, nor even as people "en masse." See them as children, greatly loved, of great value, hungry for understanding and reaching out for acceptance.

READ: **Healing & Wholeness Are Yours!** Genevieve Parkhurst. **\$3.00**

WHO ARE YOU?

" . . . the son of God." — Luke 3:38.

Who are you? Who am I? Who is my neighbor? These are the questions upon which life turns. They haunt the consciousness of everyone born on this planet until he finds the right answer. It is no accident that Luke begins the genealogy of Jesus with Mary. We all begin life satisfied with being the child of our parents. Then we probe into family history. Our parents were the children of so and so. Maybe we are proud that our ancestors fought on the side of freedom during the Revolutionary War. But these answers never satisfy us. Eventually we must come to the realization that we are the son of God, the daughter of God, the child of God.

St. Augustine said, "Thou hast made us for Thyself and our souls are restless until they find their rest in Thee." No one teaches us to search for our identity. We do it naturally. We are not taught this; this is something born within us. It never lets us rest until we find the right answer. And the right answer is, "I am a child of God!"

If we would feel proud to be able to trace our ancestry back to someone of fame during the Revolutionary War, how much more wonderful we should feel to trace it back to God. How much more ought we to glow when we say in deep awareness, "God is my father."

In the second psalm, David says that the Lord said to him, "Thou art my son; This day have I begotten thee." Whenever a man comes into a living relationship with God, he comes to the knowledge that God is his father, that God created him in His image and that God loves him.

If it is prestige we are looking for, what more prestige is there than in being the son of the Most High God? If it is bigness we are seeking, what is more expansive than being the son of the Universe? If it is fulness we are after, what is more complete than being one with the God of all there is?

You are a son of God! This day accept it, and then *expect* the Heavenly inheritance that is yours.

READ: **The Circle of Faith**, Marcus Bach. **\$3.95**

GIVE GOD THE CREDIT

"Thus the Lord has done to me . . ." — Luke 1:25.

"Isn't it wonderful that I happened to go into that office just when I did, at the right moment?"

The question was from someone who had been praying for a job. She had gone into the right office at the right time, and the job was hers. Now she was exulting over what had happened.

"You had been praying, you know," I suggested.

"Oh, of course," she answered, but it was quite evident that there was some embarrassment in the suggestion. There was momentary hesitancy and the subject was changed immediately.

We human beings are rather queer. We cannot help praying, but when something happens as a result of prayer, we are reluctant to admit it. Perhaps we are not convinced that prayer had anything to do with the results. Or maybe it is something deeper — the desire to be self-sufficient and not even dependent upon God. Whatever it is, spiritual growth and maturity depend upon learning to give God credit.

When Elizabeth, the mother of John the Baptist, found herself with a child, she praised God. She gave God the credit for removing the reproach that a childless woman felt in that day.

A man often falls short of business success for years. Then, one day, he will get down on his knees and give himself and his business to God. From then on his business efforts seem to be crowned with success. God is the answer here, and deserves the credit.

I have found that if a man gives himself over to God, he must then start giving God credit for whatever happens. If God lives in a man, if Jesus is his companion and the Holy Spirit is his guide, the Trinity is selecting the experiences he is now having. That man has got to be giving thanks for all things, recognizing Who lives in him, and being aware that his life is completely in the hands of God.

READ: Prayer Can Change Your Life, William Parker & Elaine St. Johns 3.50

Books of Interest

Norman K. Elliott

PRAYER CAN CHANGE YOUR LIFE, William R. Parker and Elaine St. Johns. Prentice-Hall, \$3.50. 270 pages. This is one of the finest books on prayer I have ever read. It is ideal for the skeptic, for anyone who "has to be shown." It is the factual report by a clinical psychologist and speech pathologist on what happened when the techniques of prayer were scientifically tested on people who came to him for help. Dr. Parker is the psychologist and speech pathologist at the University of Redlands in California. He became interested in prayer when he developed ulcers and was faced with the impossibility of "financially" being able to afford them and rear a family at the same time. At that time he found out something of the power of prayer and set about to prove its efficacy in the psychological laboratory.

I am going to quote some sentences from Dr. Parker's introduction that will show the healthy approach to prayer and the purpose of the book. All that I can add is that the book admirably achieves what it sets out to do.

"Prayer can change your life anytime, anywhere, at any age.

"During the last five years our experiments at the University of Redlands have proven that prayer brings renewal, rebirth, that men and women *can* receive 'beauty for ashes,' release from fears, depression, discouragement, marital difficulties. Dramatic physical healings resulted when stuttering, arthritis, migraine headache, high blood pressure responded to the power of prayer. A professor retired because of tuberculosis returned to teaching. A woman who had undergone surgery to remove a pressure point on her brain, only to have epileptic seizures continue, found complete freedom during the course of our class."

"To those released from various anx-

ieties and fears, it seemed miraculous to discover the Kingdom of Heaven exactly where Jesus of Nazareth had said it was, and is, within."

"There is no escaping our results. Prayer Therapy worked for us. It could work for you."

"If you are praying and experiencing no corresponding uplift in your joy, peace, appreciation of life, you are 'praying amiss.'"

"No one can truthfully say prayer is not his business. Prayer is everyone's business. Properly understood, it becomes the focal point of individual life. Someone has said, 'You are what you eat,' We discovered 'you are what you pray,' whether you know it or not."

"I did not know what 'picture' of God would emerge from my efforts. My first attempts at prayer were stumbling and groping. Yet, in three months I was a man with no ulcer and a new outlook on life. I couldn't rest there. This was proof for me as a man. As a scientist, I wanted to check the results, to explore and document techniques I had only glimpsed fleetingly in my personal experiment."

"This is in no wise a textbook for classwork. It is not an academic book. It is the simple report on our work, a humble offer to share joyfully the light that was granted us, for here, indeed, is a 'healing' art, a therapy adapted to every age, problem and condition.

"And it is free to all!"

All I can add to this, written by an honest man and good friend, is, "Amen."

MEDITATIONS FOR THE NEW MOTHER, Helen Good Brenneman, drawings by Esther Rose Graber. Herald Press, 78 pages. \$1.25. This is an unusually good devotional book for

the new mother during the month following the birth of her baby. The page size is 8 x 10 inches and there is little doubt that it will be loved and appreciated by any woman with a baby. Each devotion is based on some Biblical character and incident. There is the Scripture, the meditation, and then the closing prayer. With medical men recognizing the influence of the mental and emotional state of the mother on the young child, there is great need for such a book as this. It will give the new mother spiritual comfort, Godly guidance and warm companionship. I believe it will have a good influence on the new baby who will be surrounded by a climate of love, of appreciation and of gratefulness. Some of the meditations are: "Hannah's Song," "The Birth of Our Lord," "Mary's Song," "The Perfect Gift," "The Child and Christ," "The Child our Imitator," "Dedicating and Educating," "His Emotional Care," "Wisdom for Today," and "The Rewards of Motherhood."

I have not seen anything as beautiful, nor as appropriate, for the young mother. It is delightfully reverent, and reverently delightful.

PRAY YOUR WEIGHT AWAY, Charlie W. Shedd, Lippincott, \$2.95. 158 pages. On the surface this book might seem like another "gimmick" with the "spiritual" approach, but don't be misled by outer appearances. This is good Christianity, scripturally founded, honestly applied and practically important. After all if we say that God helps us in our moral life, in our financial life, in our social life, and in the life of physical health, why not in the matter of losing weight? In talking about himself he says on page one, "Three years ago and one hundred

pounds ago. . . " When a man has tried to lose weight in every way possible, and simply cannot stick to any method, and then turns the matter to God in prayer, and succeeds in losing weight, millions of Americans had better listen to what he has to say instead of smugly turning away. God enabled this man to have the mental and emotional stamina to follow a regime that resulted in losing weight. This is not the sort of a book that says to just go on being your same old self, showing no discipline at all when it comes to eating, and lose weight. Dr. Shedd says that we have got to see ourselves as God intended us to be, ask God to show us why we eat too much, learn to love others, ask God to attend each bite we eat, ask His aid in liking exercise, and learn the five rules of effective prayer. There is also an appetite alphabet and scriptural affirmations for the reader's use. I am glad the man wrote the book, and I am glad that he had the courage to see it in print. Also, a lot of people will learn from this book how to apply their faith to other areas of life.

PRAYERS FOR DAILY USE, Samuel H. Miller. Harper, \$2.00. 128 pages. Here are 263 prayers of petition, commitment, and other types of prayer. There is something of the eternalness of the psalms in them. Simply reading a book of prayers that have been prayed by someone else has never appealed to me, but I have to admit these are universal in that they come from the heart, they speak of things, desires and hopes that are common to us all, and they are phrased in a way that clarifies our own thoughts. For morning and evening devotions I think they have a definite place.

☐ "It seems a sacred spot, a place touched by the Divine Presence."

The Merrybrook Chapel

A Merrybrooker

Merrybrook, at Wells, Vermont, is a retreat home for rest, prayer research, and spiritual therapy. It was the estate of the late Ada Carter Hopson, and was willed to Glenn Clark (founder of the Camps Farthest Out, Clear Horizons, and the Prayer Tower) after Mrs. Hopson's experience in a Camp Farthest Out. It is now the property of the Foundation Farthest Out. In 1947 Wally and Rebecca Beard became its leaders and continued until Rebecca's death, when R. E. and Helen Simpson replaced them. — The Editors.

THE CHAPEL at Merrybrook was dedicated, perhaps significantly, on August 26, 1956, the day Glenn Clark entered into the Higher Life. It was conceived, built and dedicated as a Memorial to Wallace and Rebecca Beard, but is something in addition—it stands as a blessed example of the results of Prayer and Relinquishment.

Almost everything that went into the creation of the Chapel was a free and unsought gift. No money was solicited. It came in gifts, often just as the Chapel Fund was exhausted and bills had to be met. No furnishings were asked for. They were given when needed. The creative skills that went into the building came without being sought. Even the right builders, men suited by tastes and interests to carry out the ideas of the designer, became available at the moment they were needed.

This all came about as the result of prayer and the effort of everyone concerned to relinquish themselves to as great a degree as they were able to the working of the Divine Plan, trying always to open themselves to Divine Guidance.

The Chapel had its inception in a gift of gratitude of \$500 towards the creation of a Prayer Room at Merrybrook. A few months later Rebecca died and there began a flow of gifts of money toward some sort of memorial to her. The idea of the prayer room changed to that of a chapel.

Then came Wally's passing in the summer of 1954. As usual, many former Merrybrookers arrived for the August weeks, among them the retired architect who was to become the Chapel's designer. There was much conversation about the memorial to Wally and Rebecca: where it should go, what it should be like, when was the right time, and wheth-

er the additional funds should be solicited. Then, one night one of the group had an idea, a sudden, deep, inner conviction so strong that it seemed like Guidance . . . what Merrybrook should have was a "barn" chapel, something similar to "Chimneyside," the old barn that was converted into a living room where, through the years, the meetings and healing services have been held, a room deeply loved by all who have been to Merrybrook. Such a chapel would need old, hand-hewn timbers for its framework. There were many old barns in the region, some of them abandoned. There must be such a barn available for the Chapel.

Next day, two members of the group, unknown to the rest, set out in search of the barn they knew they would find. And they found it, a magnificent building, framed with massive, hand hewn timbers—and unused. It happened to belong to a family who had turned to Merrybrook for help some months previously during the serious illness of one of their children. Would they sell the barn to Merrybrook? They would think it over and let us know.

Months passed and nothing was heard from them. Finally, we went to see them for their answer. But when we arrived, instead of the old barn there was a pile of ashes. The owner explained: he and his wife had finally decided not to sell but to give the barn to Merrybrook. A

night or two later, the barn burned down.

What did this dramatic destruction of our plans mean? What lessons were we supposed to derive from it? Did it mean we were not supposed to build a Chapel at all? There was, in the neighborhood, a second choice—an abandoned house framed with massive timbers. Was this meant for our Chapel? We met and prayed for understanding and guidance. The winter passed without any clear guidance. But meanwhile, frustrated creative energies were channeled into the idea of an addition to the Merrybrook building—an annex to take care of winter visitors. Tentative plans were drawn up for this. Then the Simpsons had the inspiration that the Chapel, if we were meant to have one, should be connected with the future Annex by a covered way.

In spite of the burning of the barn, the idea of the rustic Chapel persisted, and in August 1955 we decided to approach the owners of the abandoned house. Yes, they would have been glad to sell it to us BUT only the day before yesterday they had sold it to someone else for ten dollars. This was almost as sharp a rebuke and indication that we were on the wrong trail as had been the burning of the first barn. Again we met and prayed for guidance. This time we asked to be shown if Merrybrook was to build a Chapel or not. Two days later we had our answer—

there arrived, quite unsolicited, a letter containing a contribution to be used towards the building of a chapel.

Then a remarkable thing happened and we were shown how the scales can fall from one's eyes. The Simpsons and LaVanche Phelps, of the Merrybrook Staff, were driving that day to Granville, N. Y., a trip some Merrybrooker takes almost every day. They noticed a pile of old lumber at a roadside farm. From it protruded the end of a heavy, hand hewn timber. Of all the people concerned with the Chapel who, through many months, had passed this site numberless times, no one until that day had observed that here, almost within sight of Merrybrook, was an old barn that was being torn down and that it had the kind of framing we wanted. The owners were asked if they would sell us the timbers. After much conversation, Vermont fashion, about unrelated subjects, the answer came. Yes, provided we would agree to take off their hands a supply of unused new lumber they had so far been unable to dispose of. Here clearly was our Chapel, for in acquiring the old timbers we could also do a favor for someone. AND THIS BARN HAD A HISTORY. It had been built by a brother of Ethan Allen, the Revolutionary patriot. The marks of his adze, and the chalk lines, are still visible on the massive tim-

bers he cut and shaped in the virgin forest.

Within a few days the old framing was stacked in the Merrybrook yard. From there on the creation of the Chapel proceeded relatively smoothly, for we were on the right track. But not absolutely smoothly. There were delays, mistakes, and things went wrong. In every case it was due to the fact we were over-anxious, not able to completely relinquish ourselves to the working of God's plan through us. There is probably not one of us who had to do with its creation and furnishing who does not look at it with a sense of humility, seeing some imperfection perhaps unnoticed by others, which but for us might not have existed.

Looking back now, we feel we understand how we were guided and why the first two old buildings were taken from us just as we reached for them. The time was not yet ripe. Nor were we planning right. We were thinking, for example, of the first barn as it stood, a large building that would have had to be located many yards from the other Merrybrook buildings. The chapel would only have been a part of it. The rest would have been summer bedrooms, conference rooms, storage space. It would have been impossible to heat and use in winter. As it turned out, we were led to create a small building, cutting old timbers to our use instead of making our plans to fit old timbers.

It is exclusively a chapel, heated and usable in winter. Eventually, we hope, it will be connected to the future annex by a covered way, a great convenience during Vermont winters. Also, had it not been for the burning of the first barn, that dreamed-of annex might never have been conceived or planned.

Paralleling the story of the actual building of the chapel there are other stories of guidance and the fulfilling of plan. One devoted Merrybrooker had sought for years the opportunity to create a memorial to her parents and brother. Long before the chapel took form she knew that here was the spot she had been waiting for. The day the chapel was dedicated, her memorial was in place—two beautiful stained-glass windows, one representing Christ healing the blind man, symbolizing both physical and spiritual healing, the other portraying St. Francis of Assisi with the falcon and the crane, symbolizing love overcoming evil. The three remaining windows, also donated, were dedicated at Easter. They portray the Good Samaritan, St. Luke, the Beloved Physician, and the Vine and the Branches. The creator of these windows is an artist who, earlier in his life, had been commissioned to do similar work in Westminster Abbey.

From outside, the chapel looks like a small barn, with an entrance porch at the front and a lean-to ad-

dition at the back, which is the alcove or chancel for the altar. It is significant that on each side of the entrance door, imbedded in the flagstone porch, is another gift of love, a fossil of a prehistoric fish of the Devonian period. The sign of the fish was an early symbol of Christianity due to the fact that the Greek letters for "fish" meant to the early Christians, "Jesus Christ, Son of God, Savior." On the door is a massive wrought iron handle, an antique from French-Canada and the gift of a Canadian Merrybrooker.

Inside, the massive framing of old timbers is left exposed. The walls and ceiling are sheathed with weathered, white-pine boards. They, too, have a story. For weeks we had searched the countryside for weathered boards for the interior finish. Finally, we found an old farm that had recently changed hands, where workmen were reconstructing the barn. Inside it were the old exterior boards, magnificent, wide ones, weathered by perhaps a century of Vermont sun and rain. But the new owner was a well-known antique dealer in a big city who never would be willing to part with anything so valuable to his own business and if he were, it would be at a price far beyond our ability to meet. We looked elsewhere but with no result. Finally, the carpenters were ready to put on the interior finish. Confidently we prayed for boards. Next day

the antique dealer called at Merrybrook. He had heard we were interested in buying some old boards; would we consider some he had? He was shown the unfinished chapel and told how we wanted to use them. He sold them to us, not at antique prices, but at the price of a corresponding amount of new lumber!

Against this background of weathered wood, in the little chancel and raised one step, stands an altar that is a memorial to Rebecca. It is of local white pine, unstained and unpolished, and was made by a skilful cabinetmaker in the nearby village. On it stands a simple cross, carved from gleaming white cottonwood by an Indian in one of the pueblos of New Mexico. It is edged with an inlay of wheat straw, whose golden sheen is picked up by the spot light focused on the altar. It is interesting to know that the Indian is a priest of his own, native religion, a glowing, mystic nature-faith that has blended with Christianity. He made the cross as a special order for Merrybrook. When it was finished, it was blessed by the Episcopal Bishop of New Mexico at the Communion service in the cathedral at Albuquerque.

Open on the altar in front of the cross, is a beautiful, leather-bound Bible, the gift of friends in England who knew and loved the Beards. It

arrived at noon of the day before the chapel was dedicated.

The chapel is furnished with simple "cathedral chairs" with rush seats and racks across the backs for hymnals. Eventually, there will be kneeling cushions under them. The chairs are a gift in memory of Wally and Rebecca. Other memorial gifts are the interior finish and the flooring. Still other gifts from loving hearts have been a silver chalice, and the lighting system consisting of two lanterns and fourteen sconces created by artisans in Old Mexico. In all, the chapel represents one hundred seventy-seven contributions from individuals and groups. A considerable sum was turned over to Merrybrook by Wally. It consisted of many unlisted sums which had been sent to him for a memorial to Rebecca.

But the greatest gift of all was the way, step by step, the chapel came into being. From the moment it was completed, before it was used or dedicated, it seemed a sacred spot, a place touched by the Divine Presence. We dare to hope this is because all of us, as best we were able, tried to relinquish our own wills, tried to open ourselves to guidance and, whenever we were unsure, baffled, or in need of something, prayed for help and that therefore we may have, in some degree, built according to God's plan.

☪ "Your eyes sooner or later become a mirror of the soul."

How to be Beautiful

Opal Calhoun

THE INTERNATIONALLY famous Czech portrait painter, Rene Bouche, recently said, "Some of the people you might call ugly are in truth beautiful because of an inner beauty—a compassion—a capacity for warmth and suffering."

Maybe you have been feeling yourself unlucky because you were born plain-looking. It may help to know that men who know true beauty when they see it are convinced that beauty of spirit can make even the homeliest faces lovely.

Norman Rockwell, the renowned illustrator states that, "What you are inside shows in your face."—"Your eyes sooner or later become a mirror of the soul." He prefers to paint ordinary men and women, who have a deep faith in God, because it is that inner glow that gives a face character, which beautifies even homely faces.

It is said that Leonardo da Vinci, when he was painting his immortal "Last Supper," used a handsome, sensitive-faced youth as his model for the figure of the Christ. Soon, however, the young man fell into corrupt ways. Da Vinci sadly found that he could no longer use him except for Judas, for what he had become was showing in his face.

You have the challenging opportunity of lighting your face with that inner joy which can only be achieved by having a right spirit within you and a faith in God.

Seven hundred years ago, Marco Polo, the Italian lad who rode horseback across Asia to China, discovered that the central section of Kublia Khan's Palace Guards were captured Christians. Upon inquiring about them, Khan told him, "The Mongol and Chinese soldiers are jealous of each other, so I place the Christians between them. They are the RADIANT ONES."

The lovely serenity with which the early Christians met persecution was so convincing to the pagans that it helped to change them to Christianity. John Huss, Martin Luther, and other Christian martyrs, by the steadfast radiance of their spirit, sparked the Reformation.

Nearly all of our great humanitarian and religious men and women were plain looking, but oh! the beauty of their characters which illumined their faces into heart-warming loveliness.

So, if you would be beautiful let Paul's prescription put a glow upon your features, which will never blemish or fade with the years.

☪ "A look of the eye is more powerful than a hundred words."

The Eyes of Jesus

Menis Abdul-Noor

When I was a student in the Theological Seminary of the United Presbyterian Church in Cairo, I saw the film of the life of Christ entitled *King of Kings*. I was deeply impressed by Christ's manner of dealing with Mary Magdalene. The actress playing the part of the Magdalene came to Christ seething with anger. She was angry because He had taken her lover from her. Ever since he had become a disciple of Christ, her lover, Judas Iscariot, had not been to see her. Now she faced the Lord, expecting to move Him with her raging. Instead, He only looked at her. I was fascinated by His eyes. They were talking to the Magdalene! I understood part of what He wanted to say to her, but she understood everything. She grew alarmed, and quietly withdrew from His presence. Christ's eyes had preached a silent sermon. It sank deeply into her heart, and seven devils departed from her.

In the story of Peter's denial, as recorded by Luke, we read that "The Lord turned and looked at Peter." (Luke 22:61) The eyes of the disciple and the eyes of the Lord met, and conversed. Not a word was spoken, but "Peter went out and

wept bitterly." Again, Christ had talked with His eyes.

Let us analyze these words, "Jesus turned and looked at Peter." We find that our Master's gaze spoke to Peter in four different ways.

1. Our Master's eyes spoke *silently*. That is the way Christ always speaks to sinners. He talks to them in secret. Crowds were there in the high-priest's palace, watching the judgement of Christ; yet no one heard or saw the conversation between Christ and Peter.

We find another example in the Lord's conversation with the Samaritan woman. Christ was alone as He sat at Jacob's well, for His disciples had gone to the nearby village to buy food. There came a woman of Samaria to draw water. Christ wished to give her the living water. But first He knew that she must become aware of her sin. He told her of her sinful life; but none heard the talk.

On another occasion Jesus was in the temple. The Scribes and Pharisees brought unto Him a woman who had been caught in adultery. Christ wanted to give her salvation. But He wanted to speak to her

The author is one of the leading Christians of Egypt whom Glenn Clark met on his last world tour.

alone; and so He waited until all the by-standers, convinced of their own guilt, had gone out. Then, when none was left except the woman, He said to her quietly, "Neither do I condemn you. Go, and sin no more." Again, no one heard the conversation.

Dear reader, be sure that if you confess your sin to Him, He will not reveal it to anyone else. Your confession will be in secret. Even Christ Himself will not see your sin for long, for He is going to cast it into the depths of the sea.

2. Christ's eyes also spoke *with power*. They spoke more powerfully than did the tongue of the maid who said, "This man also was with Him." The maid's sentence made Peter deny his Lord; but the speech of his Master's eyes pierced his heart, and moved his emotions. Although His eyes spoke in secret, they spoke with power. Their power was like the power of the wind. "The wind blows where it wills, and you do not know whence it comes or whither it goes; so it is with every one who is born of the Spirit." We have an Arabic proverb, "A look of the eye is more powerful than a hundred words."

3. The look of Jesus was *purifying*. After Peter looked into the eyes of Christ, he was no longer the denying Peter, but the penitent Peter. He went out into the night

and wept bitterly.

We are reminded of the boy possessed of a demon, whom our Saviour healed immediately after His descent from the Mount of Transfiguration. The boy's father brought him to Jesus, saying, "A spirit seizes him, and he suddenly cries out; it convulses him till he foams, and shatters him, and will hardly leave him." (Luke 9:39) The father believed that Jesus could cast out this evil spirit by merely looking at his son. And so it happened.

We think also of the story of Zacchaeus, the Jericho tax-collector who was honored by a visit from the Master. (see Luke, chapter 19) No sooner had Jesus entered the house than Zacchaeus avowed that he would give half of his goods to the poor, and restore four-fold whatever he had taken by extortion. But I believe that a part of the story is not recorded. We can re-create it in our imaginations. When Christ entered the house, He looked around silently at the magnificent furnishings. He smelled the delicious fragrance of the meal that was being prepared. Then He simply looked at Zacchaeus, as though His eyes were saying, "From whence come these luxuries? Is it not that you have sold the righteous for silver? Have you not trampled upon the poor and taken exactions from him of wheat?" Zacchaeus understood

what Christ wanted to say. At once he was ashamed, and confessed his extortions, and proclaimed his repentance. Jesus' eyes had been talking, and their message was able to purify the heart of a guilty but penitent sinner.

4. Finally, our Master's eyes spoke *in love*. I do not think that Christ looked at Peter in anger. His eyes were not saying, "Remember, Peter, how you professed so hastily that you were ready to die with Me. Did I not warn you of your denial? How foolish you are!" No, I believe that Christ's eyes meant to say, "Poor Peter! Satan is stronger than you. Although you have committed a great sin, do not be afraid. I still love you. I will for-

give you, and receive you again into the fellowship of My disciples. Although you have showed that you are a weak dove, I will make you a strong rock. You have only to repent, and to come unto Me." Never shall we find such loving eyes as the eyes of Christ. He Himself is love; hence how can His eyes speak, except with the message of love? Have you heard His message of love, or seen it in His eyes? How many times Christ used this kind of talk, we do not know; but I believe that He used it many times and that He is using it right now for you and me. Gaze into the eyes of Jesus and catch His message for you—a message of silence, of power, of purity, and of love.



Autumn Thanks

Enola Chamberlin

Thanks for autumn harvest piled
 In store and shed, for ragged, wild
 Long sprays of blooming goldenrod;
 And for your faithful promise, God,
 That though the fall and winter come
 To strip the leaves, the roots benumb,
 That when March visits hill and glen
 New growth will sweep the world again.

☞ "It is not the size of a man's body that matters, but the use he makes of it while he is here."

You are a Potential Giant

L. M. Morton

IN THE DAYS when Jesus lived on earth there grew in the yet undiscovered country of America a forest of trees destined to become giants. Some of these giant Sequoia trees in California are believed to be over three thousand years old. Towering high above ordinary trees of that region, they grow to immense diameter. Many of these trees growing in one grove are now six feet in diameter, but some unusually old trees are much larger.

One cannot look at these dauntless, fire-scarred giants without remembering the poem which says, "Only God can make a tree," and yet, when we recall that these mighty trees are only fulfilling their potential as contained in the original seed, we cannot help but wonder—how many men might have become spiritual giants had they but fulfilled the potential given them by God.

When the psalmist wrote, speaking of the man whose delight is in the Lord, "He shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in due season. . ." he wrote of the spiritual man, which is the true man. The body is but the house in which he dwells on earth. Unlike a tree, it is not the size of a man's body that

matters, but the use he makes of it while he is here.

Long after the body stops growing a man is expected to continue in spiritual growth. The truly great men of history, who live in our memory as spiritual giants, were not content to look about them and suppose that, when they had attained the same height as their neighbors, they had done well enough. In the seed of a spruce is contained the potential for growing as tall as a spruce tree grows. It does well to grow that tall. The giant Sequoia, magnificent though it appears, has but fulfilled its God-given potential as created within the seed. It too has done well. The giant Sequoia did not stop growing because a neighboring spruce had stopped. How sad if it had!

The spiritual giants of our time have never ceased in their efforts to fulfill God's purpose in their lives. They do not measure themselves by their neighbors but by their spiritual father, as seen through Christ Jesus. Planted by the rivers of spiritual waters, such persons can declare with Paul, the apostle, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me," and their eyes look ever upward to their destiny as sons of the Most High.

☞ "At her third and final retirement her time is packed with speaking engagements and entertaining university foreign students."

The Lady Who Couldn't Retire

Dorothy Rowland Martin

OH, TO RETIRE and relax!" That's the dream of most Americans as they look forward to those "quieter, golden years." But such dreams were not part of one lady's plans—pert and peppy Hendricka Beach, who, after thirty years of distinguished service with a North Dakota insurance firm, decided to fulfill her life-long, though thwarted, ambition.

But to tell her story, we have to go back to 1913 where at the University of Michigan she was the first woman to graduate with a degree in actuarial science. Then after teaching mathematics a short time, she began corresponding about a job with an insurance firm being organized in Bismarck, North Dakota. When the company discovered "H. Beach" was a woman, they wrote and explained that, although her application had been favorably received, they were seeking a man as their first actuary. "H. Beach" wired back, "I can do anything a man can do!" With such earnestness, the company decided to hire her and it was a step they never regretted.

As Actuary and later Secretary of the Provident Life Insurance Company, she became one of the state's

most successful and hardest working business women. During this time, Hendricka Beach served as the first president of the local chapter of the Business and Professional Women's Club and as the second president of the state organization.

But shortly after her retirement, when the inevitable fanfare was over, Bismarckers were amazed to learn of their enthusiastic and industrious friend's next intentions. For, at the age of fifty-seven, she was hoping to become a foreign missionary! Although she had been a Sunday School superintendent for many years and had a deep interest in the work of the church, this was the time for slowing down—not for a new venture! But, with characteristic determination, she applied to the Presbyterian mission board for a position overseas. It took some time to consider her case, which they found most irregular, but they finally accepted her with the title of "special missionary."

Some missionaries on furlough at that time questioned Miss Beach about her abilities. "Can you sew or knit?" they asked. The gracious, yet honest, Hendricka informed them that she hadn't had time to knit since World War I and that she hated a thread and needle and

used one only when necessary. With such answers, she knew those people anticipated that her new career would be a complete failure.

However, on February 6, 1946 Henricka Beach embarked across the waters toward the fulfillment of all her dreams. Sailing on a refugee boat, *The Gripsholm*, her first stop in this new undertaking was Beirut, Lebanon where she was to teach English Literature at the Beirut College for Women. Since English was the language spoken at the school, her lack of Arabic did not hinder her work.

With the development of the oil industry in the Middle East, a demand for secretaries and other clerical workers was arising, so the new teacher was asked to organize the college's first business administration department. After that, it wasn't long before her previous experience in the business world was found to be extremely helpful in getting the mission stations organized on a sound financial basis.

Miss Beach found that missionaries do not try to impose foreign customs and culture on the people to whom they go. Instead they travel to the ends of the earth, trying to help people and trying always to follow the golden rule. They set up clinics that deal with everything from eye treatment to undernourished babies; they help out during measles epidemics that

have caused as many as eighty children to die; and they distribute desperately needed food and clothing to refugee families.

All of their teaching is not academic. In a country where filthy conditions triumph, there is a great need for teaching of sanitation. She discovered that in every way the aim of the school was to teach natives to help themselves.

Never one for idling, Henricka spent her vacations doing more globe-trotting and in her spare time, she tutored such subjects as organ and arithmetic. At the tuberculosis sanatorium in the Lebanon mountains, she spent a year acting as administrative officer and also helped to organize recreational, social, and spiritual activities for the staff of patients.

When she reached the age of sixty-five, Miss Beach once more "retired," and decided to travel throughout southeast Asia. Going to Kyoto, Japan, she visited a friend who taught there, and soon she found herself also accepting a teaching position at Doshisha University. This Christian institution has an enrollment of more than 20,000 students.

For two years she remained there, and her weekly schedule would have kept many a young professor puffing—nineteen hours of teaching English Conversation, five hours of private tutoring, and two

hours of Bible courses. Her extra-curricular activities included frequent entertaining of groups of Japanese students at coffee parties in her home. "I guess the reason they all wanted to come to my house was that they preferred my warm, comfortable chairs to their accustomed floor positions," she recalls.

What amazed Miss Beach most about the Japanese youth was their tremendous searching for the truth. Many of them had a background of oriental religions so they constantly begged her to tell them everything she knew about God.

"Was the language a great barrier?" Henricka smiles and says, "I couldn't understand a word of Japanese so my students were forced to converse in English—and after all, that's what they wanted to learn!"

Now back in this country for her third and final retirement, she is living in Ann Arbor, Michigan under the shadow of her alma mater. Her time is packed with speaking engagements to church and club groups and in entertaining the many university foreign students. She learned for herself that nothing pleases a person from another country more than being invited into private homes.

In addition she goes one day a week to a veteran's hospital where she does volunteer library work and

she has also started a semi-weekly English class for a group of nineteen Hungarian refugees. Besides these activities, she has graciously offered to be the financial secretary for a newly organized Presbyterian church near her home.

In her modest way, Miss Beach hopes that any publicity her "retirement career" gets will help others to see that there is a definite need for older people in church work overseas. Naturally, because of pension and language requirements, it is impossible for people of this age to be on a salary basis, but for those who have an income, it is a thrilling way in which to serve. There are opportunities in teaching, office and social work. The people must be in good health and should have a college degree, with a spirit of adventure and a real desire to be of service.

Although all of her time and efforts were donated without any financial compensation, in her generous spirit Miss Beach doesn't consider her missionary venture any sacrifice. She feels that in a thousand ways she has been more than compensated. A real glow comes into her face when she tells of a young student who tried to say "thank you very much" in English, but instead he phrased it, "I love you very much." And that's the way everyone has of saying "thanks" to Henricka.

Compromise Can Get You More

William J. Murdoch

BACK IN 1722 a thirty-seven-year-old organist in Germany set out to prove that a piano could be tuned to play musically in any key.

He proved it, and at the same time pointed out an essential rule for creative living—the willingness to compromise and therefore to extend oneself beyond purely selfish limits. In so doing one grows into a fuller and more rewarding life.

The musician who left us this life-lesson as well as a music lesson was Johann Sebastian Bach. The work was his *Well-Tempered Clavier*.

To see how he did it, let us consider first the musical scale. It is a simple matter to us today. We have our white notes on the piano and our black ones, and with this arrangement we can play in C, in G, in B flat, or in any other key with equal ease. The notes are interchangeable, as it were.

This was not so in Bach's time, not until he did something about it. For the reason why, let's find a somewhat similar situation in our daily living.

Have you ever known people who were confident, poised, thor-

oughly pleasant when everything went their way—but were utterly different persons, frustrated and aggressive, alternating between frenzy and despairing hopelessness—when their lives took a turn out of the customary well-regulated path? They were not interchangeable—remember the piano notes?—from one set of circumstances to another.

This is much the way that the clavier, the piano of Bach's time, was tuned. The trouble was the interval or distance between notes. It's much too complicated a problem to discuss in detail here, but in brief the interval between any two given notes on the clavier might have been correct for playing in one musical key, but not in another.

Picture Bach playing at a clavier tuned in C. His music is beautiful. Now he wants to play in F sharp. He tries it, but the intervals between the notes as tuned on his clavier are in many cases either too small or too great to play the scale properly in the key of F sharp. The overall effect, with so many notes out of tune, is unmusical and dreadful.

What Bach then did, in effect, was to arrive at a compromise. He realized that in order to get the greatest good out of the clavier he would have to make the best of its possibilities. Although few people are so fanciful as to look upon themselves as musical instruments, the happiest among us do much the same—make the best of every circumstance in order that they may get the greatest good out of life.

Bach arrived at a compromise in tuning throughout the entire range of his clavier. He lengthened this interval just a trifle, shortened that just a shade. Finally every interval between every note in every scale was approximately the same for every musical key. Technically speaking, he tempered the tuning—the “well-tempered clavier.”

It was music's Great Compromise. And to establish beyond question that the compromise could produce beautiful results, Bach wrote

his *Well-Tempered Clavier*, an astonishing library of fugues and preludes written in every musical key of the keyboard instrument and all musical to the ear because of the compromise tuning. Thus, the master of the organ and the clavier proved his great lesson to us.

Adjust. Compromise. Seek perfection, but willingly accept less if by so doing you can help yourself and a greater number of your fellowmen to a life of greater happiness, a life of greater good and accomplishment.

Compromise not just for the sake of selfish gain, nor to shirk duty, nor to avoid responsibilities. But compromise, as Bach did, so that all elements of your life will be brought into greater harmony.

Compromise—demand a little less, and you can receive so much more. Bach learned it, and so can we all.

Inward Beatitudes

A dear old Quaker lady was asked what she used to make her complexion so lovely and her whole being so bright and attractive, and she answered: “I use, for the lips, truth; for the voice, prayer; for the eyes, compassion; for the hands, charity; for the figure, uprightness; and for the heart, love.

* * *

Regardless of how much can be said or written, the only true measure of a man's service is the degree to which he has helped those with whom he comes in contact.

Thanksgiving

Eve Tyson

I thank Thee, Lord!
 For Thou hast made the road a trifle rough
 Where I have trod this latter while . . .
 And Thou hast dimmed the stars a bit
 When I have searched the heavens for a sign
 Of comfort in my weariness and strain.

I thank, Thee, Lord!
 For Thou hast veiled the sunlight with a cloud
 When I have tried to feel its lambent flame,
 And Thou hast made the thorns a little sharp
 Upon those roses which I loved the best
 And tried to gather to my throbbing heart.

I thank Thee, Lord!
 For now my feet are hardened to the road
 And what I thought was rugged is but moss,
 And when in quest of stars I lift my eyes,
 I see a brighter beauty through the mist . . .
 The light of understanding and of truth.

I thank Thee, Lord!
 For where the sun was darkened for a space
 I seem to trace the promise of an afterglow,
 And to my senses comes a rose perfume
 That drugs the memory of piercing thorns.
 Thou in Thy wisdom knowest best . . .
 I thank Thee, Lord!

No Time for Barak

Editor The Christian Century:

SIR: This is a little story about a man who never got a break. He appears (and very briefly, too) in Hebrews 11:32: ". . . the time would fail me to tell of Gideon, Barak, Samson, David . . ." See what I mean? No time for Barak. There has been plenty of time to speak of Gideon and Samson and David. Only Barak has passed into oblivion, for lack of time. Flimsy excuse! Gideon and Samson have had their public relations people working overtime. Not all the hosts of N.B.C. and C.B.S. could have done a better job. Gideon appears in every hotel room in America. Samson is known the world over as the first holder of the World's Championship Belt, long before John L. Sullivan came along. Samson also gets credit for a great invention, a weapon still used in war and political campaigns: the jawbone of an ass. David is well advertised. Every second boy is named David. But who ever heard of a Barak W. Jones?

Time fails to speak of Barak. It isn't fair. For Barak was a stout lad. He overthrew the armies of Sisera in mortal combat, but in spite of all his valor "time fails." Barak

composed a famous song with Deborah, but who grabbed off the credit? Why, Deborah, of course. Never trust a woman! It says plainly in Judges 5:1, "Then sang Deborah and Barak." Half the copyright belongs to Barak; but it is known the world over as "Deborah's Song." Again a shabby trick of fame. "Time failed" to tell of Barak.

The Baraks of this world are a large tribe. They are the people who really do a job, but they never take a bow, for time fails to mention them; they plod along anonymously. The Baraks smite the Siseras, but there is no time to speak of them. In a church, Barak often carries the load; he fixes the roof; he holds off the sheriff with a shotgun; he teaches the boys' class that ought to be called "Juvenile Delinquents, Inc." Mrs. Barak—girl and woman—served up dinners enough to feed the children of Israel forty years in the Wilderness without any help from manna, either. The beans had to be baked. But when the Anniversary Celebration comes around and the gold medals are hung on swelling breasts, are the Baraks in the front row? Don't be foolish! Time fails

to speak of the Baraks. They are still taken for granted, as they have been through the ages.

So in biography. When the pageant of the great is unfolded, you can be sure that somewhere concealed is a Barak who played a major role. But time failed to hint of him. Yet the unpublicized Baraks are often the real *doers*. They deserve the tribute paid to Joseph: "Whatever they did there, he was the doer of it." Who wrote "Adeste Fideles"? Why, Barak, of course! Anonymously. Who invented the wheel? Ten to one it was a Barak, unspoken of by a fickle fame, a

doing Barak for whom time failed.

Still, there is a lot more fun being a Barak and doing a job than being a graven image who is getting the citation. And Barak brings to mind a nice little idea about eternity. There will be plenty of time there to pick up some odds and ends for which "time failed" down here. Over there, time will not fail to mention Barak. There will be plenty of time to speak of him, and that will be a story worth listening to. Get your reservations for that stirring revelation.

Yours,

Simeon Stylites

The Living Sermon

E. J. Ritter, Jr.

I'd rather see a sermon than hear one any day,
I'd rather one would walk with me than merely tell the way,
The eye's a better pupil and more willing than the ear;
Fine counsel is confusing, but example's always clear.
The best of all the preachers are the men who live their creeds,
For to see good put in action is what everybody needs.

I soon can learn to do it if you'll let me see it done,
I can watch your hands in action but your tongue too fast may run;
The lectures you deliver may be very wise and true,
But I'd rather get my lessons by observing what you do.
I may not understand the high advice that you may give,
But there's no misunderstanding how you act and how you live!

☐ "Constantly aim at poise, repose, and self-control."

What You Can do to be Healed

Grenville Kleiser

MAKE YOUR MIND receptive. Be sincere in your intention to obey the recognized laws of health.

Know that self-suggestion and repeated affirmations are fraught with creative power to inspire and heal.

To be effective affirmations should be reasonable, positive, and constructive. Repeated at frequent intervals and the last thing at night they will yield gratifying results.

Set apart a definite time for daily relaxation and meditation. Lie down and make yourself limp. Practice stretching exercises.

Radiate good will. Think and talk about pleasant subjects. Develop self-control. Be an intelligent optimist.

Bend your best efforts toward the essential things of life. Intelligent aspiration, coupled with diligent work, will steadily advance you to high and honorable position. There are unlimited powers and possibilities within you waiting to be utilized.

Make definite choice today of the ideas you wish to use from this great inner storehouse. Draw generously, since you cannot possibly

exhaust the supply. Realize fully the immense and inexhaustible mental resources at your command.

Know that your personal powers are sufficient to give you a distinguished place in the world.

Cultivate sound judgment and common sense. Keep your enthusiasm aglow. Do your part in promoting world betterment.

Have a diverting hobby. Choose one suited to your taste and ability. Such a hobby will give you increased pleasure with the passing of years.

Cultivate new interests. Make today a full-time adventure in self-development. Realize that you are the architect of your own life. By the grace of God you have the power to rise to heights of worthy attainment.

Develop more and more patience, kindness, generosity, humility and good temper. In reality you are the sum of your habitual thoughts.

Your Book of Life is the Bible. Note these significant words:

"O Lord my God, I cried unto thee, and thou hast healed me."
(Psalm 30:2)

"The tongue of the wise is health."
(Proverbs 12:18)

"Bless the Lord, O my soul . . . who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases." (Psalm 103:2,3)

"I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance." (Psalm 42:11)

You can be healed if you rigidly apply the rules of right living.

Get quiet within. Develop and maintain mental poise, self-control, and wise use of energy. Eat, walk, talk, and work deliberately. Avoid undue haste. Learn to loaf occasionally.

Do not talk about illness. Divert your mind from it. Use your mental powers aright. Choose wisely your course of action. Resolve to do your best today.

Constantly aim at poise, repose, and self-control. Cultivate thor-

oughness and efficiency. The chief reward of work well done is the consciousness of having done it.

Think of yourself as a spiritual being, endowed by God to be well and happy. Claim your divine birth-right. Be true to the best you know.

Get still and realize that God's will for you is ineffable peace and serenity. Times of quietness and solitude are essential to spiritual growth.

Earnestly hope and expect good results and you will put power into action. Your real strength and stability depend upon God. Spiritual knowledge alone brings serenity and happiness.

Complete self-surrender to God is a healing balm for a tired body and brain.



Hold On

Harriet Beecher Stowe

When you get into a tight place and everything goes against you until it seems you cannot hold a minute longer, never give up then, for that is just the place and the time that the tide will turn.

☪ "God knows when we are getting 'out of balance.'"

Weights

J. W. Mellick

Clocks with weights have always fascinated me, whether it is the saucy little carved cuckoo clock or the big lumbering hall clock. The "weights" is what I'm talking about! Heavily they hang, but without them the clock's "done." An old gent in our town has a number of old clocks but someone stole the lead weights . . . they won't run. Troubles and trials in life are "weights." Heavy sorrows and disappointments "we can't bear!" Wait, maybe like the clock, you need them! We were just thinking, too, about window weights . . . they lift the window higher. "Weights" often lift people to God. Some people are in heaven, or on their way, because something drove them to God. The psalmist, David, said, "Before I was afflicted I went astray." This brings to our mind weights that hold things in place . . . like row-boat anchors . . . or paper weights. Still another use of weights is brought to mind as I take my car into the garage to get the wheels balanced. When needed, weights of various sizes are stuck around on the rim so that the wheel runs more smoothly. God knows when we are getting "out of balance." He is wise as to where the "weight" needs to be placed. No, these are not always pleasant, but who can say that they are not for our good? We can't speak of "weights" and pass by this one! Those who fish know the value of the "sinker" which enables us to reach the fish. There are people who need to be reached and "caught" for their own good; but sometimes pride, busyness, or something keeps us "above" until a "weight" comes along that sinks our pride and slows up our busyness so that we reach those that need reaching. If this has been a "weighty" subject, it is something to think about!

Thus I Pray

Mary B. Wall

Let my soul be anchored in the faith
That God is love, and mindful of the least;
So may I keep with hymns and praise each day
Within my heart a sweet thanksgiving feast.
And may I, like the good Samaritan,
Declare in deeds the brotherhood of man.

☪ "Gradually there came the knowledge that the first step in the answer to any prayer is surrender."

How Faith Overcame Fear of Cancer

Eula N. Morrison

I AM NO longer afraid of cancer! For more than seven years I have fought this terrible killer in my body, and three years ago, according to outstanding medical authorities, I faced almost certain death from it.

It was three years ago that I sat one day in the office of a well-known diagnostician and heard what seemed to me to be my death sentence.

"Mrs. Morrison, I'm sorry to tell you, but the most radical surgery and the deepest radium will not get all the cells. You probably have metastases (little cancers) all over your body."

I sat there feeling numb all over and almost detached from everything around me. I tried to remember the words of the 91st Psalm which I had read over that morning before leaving home. I had also knelt in my room that morning and asked the Lord to help me, in case the diagnosis proved to be serious, to be a good witness to His power in my life; by not losing self-control.

"That lesion is going to break immediately," the doctor went on, "and we must operate at once to prevent. . ."

But I wasn't listening. I was seeing the tortured faces of some of my closest friends who had died of cancer. I was remembering the years. . . not weeks and months. . . but YEARS of terrible suffering and slow, never-renting misery that finally ended in death. I was seeing the anguished face of my husband who had borne the anxiety along with me for many months already, but who, too, was still hoping for some escape for me. Then there were my parents, both up in years; and my only sister and her family. Thoughts of a hundred different things flitted through my mind, and suddenly I was brought back to attention by the doctor looking at me piercingly as he said in an exasperated voice,

"Mrs. Morrison, I don't believe you realize how serious this is."

"Don't realize!" I thought. "Why, anyone who knows anything about cancer at all knows that it means certain death, when you can't get all the cells." Then I said slowly, the words almost choking me, "Dr. X . . . it's because I DO realize how serious it is that I can't talk about it." I prayed silently for God to keep back the tears. And I quietly assured the doctor that I would enter the hos-

pital the next morning if my husband thought that was the thing for me to do. (I knew that he was going to want me to go to a clinic in another state that we had heard about some time before.)

On the way home in the car, the flood of tears came and I sank to the very depths of despair. My husband, who is the pastor of a wonderful church, did his best to comfort me with all the promises of God's Word, with reminders of how many of our Christian friends were praying for me and how our church people would stand by to help us.

And I want to say right here that the power of intercessory prayer can never be over-estimated. Before I learned the meaning of freedom from fear, I was to learn what intercessory prayer really means, both as an intercessor for others, and as having others intercede for me. I believe the prayer of intercession is the most effective means available to a Christian for cleansing the heart and life; and there is no more tragic nor terrible state than when trouble or sorrow comes, and there is no intercessor.

Immediately after reaching home that day, my husband called all the deacons together and un-burdened his heart to them. How I do thank God for the prayer-meeting they held that evening in my behalf and for the way those wonderful Chris-

tian men have stood by during the past three years, together with so many more of our fine church people and friends everywhere.

That night my husband and I faced the hardest decision of our lives, and the next day we flew to a distant state to the clinic about which we had heard.

As the great aeroplane arose above the clouds and we could feel the pull of the propellers as the four big motors droned along through the limitless space, I felt perfect peace and calmness. Surely God was guiding us. And we felt even more reassured when, after going through the clinic examination, although the diagnosis was practically the same as the day before, hope for recovery was given.

That was the beginning of a three-year battle against fear, despair, agonizing pain, and the frustration of enforced idleness.

Because the malignancy had penetrated the chest area into the lung, every breath was a painful reminder of the life-destroying force within my body; and on hot, humid days, it was difficult even to speak at times. I could no longer play the piano at church, nor use my right arm for the ordinary tasks of keeping my home in order, or for writing a letter.

My entire life had to be re-adjusted and all my thinking changed. For days I was in a whirl-

pool of depression and pain, with everything revolving around my illness. Friends came or called and offered to help. Others sent cards with special Scripture messages and some of the most wonderful promises of God's word, which meant more to me than I shall ever be able to express.

The following Sunday I stood before my class of women and taught as usual—and yet, not as usual, for I was too conscious of the ever-present spectre of death hanging over me.

The first step in my battle toward recovery was to find out God's will in the matter. I had been a Christian for many years, and as a pastor's wife I had stood by the bedside of those who were ill or knelt to pray with those who were in trouble, and I had held up the promises of God to them. Now it was time for me to find out just how real these promises were, in my own life.

Did the Lord have a work for me to do yet, or was my work on earth finished? Was it God's will that I should be healed? And if so, did I have the right to pray for instantaneous healing? These and many other questions came to me; and before I could pray intelligently, I had to know the answers.

I had always held to conservative ideas about divine healing and had looked askance at anything outside these conventional channels.

Of course I recognized the fact that all healing is divine in the true sense of the word, whether with or without remedy. But, when remedy failed, I was quite prone to accept as God's will that the person was not meant to recover, and to end my praying there.

But one of the unexpected blessings of being laid aside for a while was the opportunity for solitude which so many of us are denied by the busy routine of our lives, and I had plenty of time to read and study the Bible, as well as good books of all kinds.

Groping blindly many times, I explored every avenue of thought and teaching, trying always to keep an open mind to God's leading. Laying aside personal prejudices and all pre-conceived ideas of just how God dealt with his children, I prayed for a revelation of his will for my life. Gradually there came the knowledge that the first step in the answer to any prayer is surrender.

Was I willing to be taken by this malignancy if it were God's will? Could I accept his will without fear?

II Timothy 1:7 tells us that, "God hath not given us the spirit of fear. . . but of love. . ." and I kept this continually in my heart. Hour after hour I meditated and prayed, and eventually I reached the place where I could say sincerely, "Thy will be done."

There were other promises that made me wonder just how one was to know God's will. Where did faith end and presumption begin? Over and over I read Jesus's words to his disciples:

"And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do. . ." (John 14:13)

"If ye abide in me. . . ye shall ask. . . and it shall be done." (John 15:7)

At the end of three months I returned to the clinic for a check-up. My praises to God knew no bounds when the doctors reported definite improvement, even to the clearing up of the lung condition, shown definitely by the X-ray pictures. Home again, and I resumed the long fight for health, with added courage, always remembering that fear was not faith.

Then came the assurance that it WAS God's will to restore me to health! And from that day on I have never doubted that I would be completely well, eventually. After that I never felt that I had to end my prayers with the phrase ". . . if it is Thy will." I knew it was His will.

Then the question came of HOW? Should I have faith for instant healing or would I suffer for a long time before deliverance? Was it a lack of faith on my part to continue treatment at the clinic? Again I spent many hours seeking the answers. I read everything I

could find regarding prayer and healing. I reviewed the lives of such men as George Muller, and always the thought came that our Saviour is the same "yesterday, today, and forever"; so why should not we claim His promises today, just as Muller and others did. James 5:13-16 was one passage of Scripture I could not get away from. Were we missing something because we had failed to understand the teaching of the Bible on the matter of illness?

It seemed that the more I tried to have faith the more intense the pain became and the stronger the temptation came to doubt. But I never allowed negative thoughts to come in and remain, and I started telling everyone that I knew I was going to be well. I kept always before me the passage ". . . according to your faith, so be it unto you," and went right on believing that health would come. Constantly I repeated Isaiah 41:10, "Fear thou not; for I am with thee. . ."

I also kept as busy as I could in a limited measure. Now I can tell any housewife that it's no fun to cook with the left hand alone. But I can also tell anyone that it's a real satisfaction to cook a meal with the left hand and the assistance of the One who has promised to be a "very present help in trouble".

For a long time I had wanted to study the technique of novel writing, being particularly interested

in the field of religious journalism, and having realized the need for Christian fiction of high literary quality. Before many months passed, the opportunity came to study novel technique with one of the country's best instructors. But it meant a trip across the city twice a week, it meant missing hours of rest; and certainly I could not write a line of manuscript at that time.

Again I faced the question of what God wanted me to do. By this time I had made other trips back to the clinic and each time there was definite improvement, but I still had not been able to have the faith for instant healing, and the road to recovery was proving to be extremely slow.

Every morning I arose, many times after a painful night, and spent an hour or more in quiet meditation and prayer in the early morning solitude. Often I found myself praying for others rather than for my own needs. And somehow strength always came for the day.

While seeking to know the Lord's will, late one night, the thought suddenly came to me that if I had truly trusted the Lord for my healing, why was I still praying for it? Psalm 37:5 tells us to commit our way unto the Lord, and He will bring it to pass. I had committed my trouble to God the best I knew how to, I had had the

assurance that healing would come, so why not step out on his promise and show my faith by my action?

So from that time on I never bothered about the question of instant healing, but left it with Him who doeth all things well, and I enrolled in the class in novel technique, with confidence that strength would come as I needed it.

But I was still to learn another lesson, for the agonizing pain persisted. I had to learn that we must not circumscribe God and limit his work in our lives by our own ideas of how He should deal with his children. I had to learn that we must not be afraid, in this day of much unbelief, to meet the conditions of God's Word, in order to obtain his promised blessings.

So, as the result of much prayer on the part of myself, my husband, and some of the deacons of our church, we carried out literally, one night in our home, the teaching of James 5:14. Since that night, when the power and presence of God were felt in such a wonderful way, I have been practically free of pain.

Not only have I gained victory over pain and over fear of cancer, but I am living a normal life, feeling wonderful most of the time and have finished the first draft of my novel--about one-hundred-thousand words. The victory of complete and total healing is now in sight.

(Excerpts from letters to the Prayer Tower.

Prayer Works!

"I first learned about the Prayer Tower through my mother two years ago when she was very ill with quite a deep depression. She was put on your prayer list at that time and received wonderful, helpful letters from a member of your staff and got a great deal of help from the *Manual*. She also had the shock treatment. I am so thankful that the combination has relieved her symptoms. God uses many things as instruments, I feel. *The Prayer Manual* started us both toward spiritual growth and has opened the door, so to speak. I still have a long way to go but, even so, my life has been changed and I am so grateful 'my cup runneth over.' Like most people I can't wait to share some of the most wonderful parts of the *Manual* and read some excerpts at my prayer group, but have to fight self-consciousness to do so."—California

"Thank you so much for your prayers. Shortly after I received your letter, confirming that my husband's name was in the prayer box, things began to change for the better. After an unusual amount of sickness and unemployment my husband suffered a complete nervous breakdown some time

ago. My sincere efforts with one full time and one part time job did not seem enough to keep things going and to pay debts. Thanks to your prayers my husband came out of his deep depression, laughed again, and said often that he felt happy and full of hope. At the same time a claim we had for over ten years suddenly was decided in our favor. This enabled my husband to take several courses and I am sure that in time he will find employment again even though he is now in his late fifties. I shall always join your prayers at ten and three o'clock with deep gratitude in my heart, happy to be of service to others in need now.—Massachusetts

"I wrote to you in the winter telling you of our little grandson who had suffered with asthma all his life. I also sent his name in to the prayer box to be prayed for and I just want you to know this little fellow has come out of his trouble and is like a new child. It is just wonderful. Thank the good Lord for this. I feel that your prayers have been answered and we are so happy that our little boy is enjoying good health like other little children."—South Carolina

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 TAYlor 2-7396, Minneapolis, Minn., or Mrs. Ecoff, Midway 8-7365, St. Paul, Minn.

"Once again I am writing in deep gratitude for your prayers, your encouraging letters, and the material you enclosed. They were just what I needed. Shortly after I had mailed you my request for prayers in the interest of harmony in our home, suddenly it began manifesting itself and has continued. 'Before you call I will answer.' How wonderful God is to us, always! The June *Manual* came today. It always amazes me that the messages are always consistently good and getting better. I do thank our Lord for the many people who contribute of their talents. Only God can possibly know how far reaching these messages are and what good they accomplish."—*Pennsylvania*

Several years ago I sent my grandson's name in for your prayer box. He was then fourteen years old. He had been given up by the doctors in May of 1949 but his healing came in September of that year. He now is married and the father of two sons. We praise our Lord for that."—*Arizona*

"Recently I sent in a change of address and tucked in a dollar. Just to receive your form letter as receipt gave me such an awareness of the love emanating from the Prayer Tower that I knew I needed to make a connection with it. Tonight I am desperate with a slipped vertebra so I am asking that my name be put back in the box. But what I chiefly want is just to feel the spiritual pick-up and at-onement with God that I felt last summer when you were praying with me."—*California*

"Thank you for your letter sent with the current issue of the *Manual of Prayer*. I am slowly returning to health and cannot express my deep gratitude for your prayers in my behalf and the literature published by the Prayer Tower. Never before have I found such a consistently high type of daily lessons as those contained in the *Manual of Prayer*. I am constantly amazed at the work of you people at the Prayer Tower and the guest editors. I seemed to know it was possible, yet until my name was placed on your prayer lists last year I had never seen it done."—*Ohio*

"I write you this letter to give God thanks for answered prayers and to appeal to you to continue praying for my progress and long life. Last year I appealed to you to pray for me over a certain case made against me and the case ended successfully and I had no harm from it. I also asked you to pray for me to have good inspection report during the visit to my school farm by an officer. It came to pass that I had a splendid inspection report immediately after the case was over. Glory be to God."—*East Nigeria*

"I thank God over and over for leading me to be a part of the grand United Prayer Tower. My life is not the same any more and it is so wonderful to look forward to even greater things with God. I used to worry and was sick, too. From study with you I have learned to be still and let God do the work and I want to grow strong in His love and understanding for other people."—*Alabama*



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