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Hard To Be Merciful?
by Ralph W. Sockman

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THE COVER

Agnes Sanford has likely had more influence on the modern movement in spiritual healing than anyone else in this country. Her book *The Healing Light* has probably opened the eyes of more people, clergy and laity like, to the possibilities and fact of spiritual healing than any other book published. Since that time she has written many more books, the latest being *Behold Your God*. She was born in China of Southern Presbyterian missionaries, and married an Episcopal minister, Edgar L. Sanford. Rev. Sanford has a book due to come out in November called *God's Healing Power*. Agnes spends much of her time holding retreats and missions in churches throughout this country.

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FALL, 1959

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*Forgiveness and mercy are just
about the loveliest notes
in the harmony of living*

Why Is It So Hard

-- to be Merciful?

RALPH W. SOCKMAN

When we set out "to do justly and to love mercy," we so soon come up against the question of forgiveness. In a British broadcast just before the close of World War II, C. S. Lewis of Oxford declared: "Every one says forgiveness is a lovely idea, until they have something to forgive, as we have in war time. And then to mention the subject at all is to be greeted with howls of anger. . . . 'That sort of talk makes them sick,' they say. And half of you already want to ask me, 'I wonder how you'd feel about forgiving the Gestapo if you were a Pole or a Jew?' So do I. I wonder very

much. . . . I am not trying to tell you in these talks what I could do. I can do precious little. I am telling you what Christianity is. I didn't invent it. And there, right in the middle of it, I find, 'Forgive us our sins, as we forgive those who sin against us.' There is no slightest suggestion that we are offered forgiveness on any other terms. It is made perfectly clear that if we don't forgive, we shall not be forgiven."

The difficulty of forgiving is deepened, the more we study what it involves. First of all, of course, it means to forego all private revenge, to remit the right to

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retaliate. Forgiving is somewhat different from excusing. We excuse a person's deed when we exempt him from the imputation of blame. For instance, we may say, "I excuse his conduct, considering the extraordinary provocation under which he acted." But I may forgive a person for behavior which I cannot excuse, because I still believe it blameworthy. Nevertheless, so far as my relations with him are concerned, I shall not hold his action against him.

Also, to forgive is not the same as to pardon. Pardon can come only from one who has the right to sit in judgment. A judge on the bench may pardon a prisoner for his crime; but though I am the one who has been wronged, I cannot pardon the fellow. Legally, only the authorized government can pardon a crime; morally, only God can pardon a sin. Nevertheless, I can forgive the man who hurts me, even though I cannot pardon him. Forgiveness is a change of attitude within the one wronged.

If, however, I am to forgive in the spirit of Jesus' teaching, I must go on to pray for God to pardon. I may abhor the wrong, being unable to excuse it or to pardon it; but if I call myself a follower of Christ, I go on praying for the soul of the wrongdoer.

We may refuse to seek revenge

for an offence committed against us, and yet cherish such a lingering resentment against the offender that if he hurt himself, or if he lost his money, or if he made a fool of himself, or if his children turned out badly—well, we just would not be too sorry. In fact we might even find a secret and unholy satisfaction, such as Heine revealed when he wrote, only half in jest: "My wishes are a humble dwelling with a thatched roof, a good bed, good food, flowers at my window and some fine tall trees before my door. And if the Good God wants to make me completely happy, he will grant me the joy of seeing six or seven of my enemies hanging from the trees."

Christian forgiveness calls for a magnanimity which overcomes vindictiveness. The man of little soul does not rise above an injury. He remembers insults and allows grudges to fester. This streak of vindictiveness looks all the uglier when it runs through natures of large mental caliber. Michelangelo was a Titan in talent, but when the ruling Pope's Master of Ceremonies criticized one of the artist's figures as more fit for a house of debauchery than for a place of worship, Michelangelo painted a portrait of his critic and put it in his picture of hell, and there left him to be the laughing-stock of Rome.

Perhaps it is still more difficult to overcome jealousy than vindictiveness. One may have the grace to get along with those who are weaker than himself. Toward them he may be sympathetic, merciful, and helpful. And he may have the grace to get along with those who are stronger than he is. He may yield to their better judgment, and follow them faithfully and agreeably. But to get along with one's equals, to run side by side, compete for the same prizes, and yet to keep free from jealousy. That is almost the supreme test of a big nature. Jealousy is a sin that gets into the little cracks rather than the large chasms. The office boy is never jealous of the company's president. But how frequently does the poison of jealousy seep into the little rivalries of the same profession, the same social circle.

Mercy faces its hardest task in overcoming the sin of being small. Smallness of nature is a sin so subtle that it does not disturb us much at the time. When a body stops growing, there is no pain such as attends a broken limb. When a mind stops growing, there is no ache. When a conscience ceases to grow, it suffers no twinge. The hardening of the heart, like the hardening of the arteries, may progress painlessly, until the damage is revealed by a paralyzing stroke. If sin means

"missing the mark," as the Greek word implies, then failure to grow is sin. And because of their subtlety, Jesus spent more time on the sins of the cold heart than on those of the hot heart.

Christian forgiveness involves not only remitting the right to retaliate, and the removing of resentful feelings, even those of vindictiveness and jealousy, but also the effort to revive friendly relations. If we are to forgive, as Christ would have us, we must not stop with just calling it quits. Sometimes our attitude is something like this: "Yes, I forgive him, but I hope never to see him again." That is not good enough. Christ would have us go on and try to correct the wrongdoer. And in our effort at correction, we should make it clear to ourselves and to him that our motive is sincere good will. We should be sure to aim at helping him and not at humiliating him.

From ancient Greece comes the story, that Aristippus went on one occasion to his enemy Aeschines and said, "Shall we never be reconciled until we become table talk to all the country?"

Aeschines answered that he would most gladly be at peace. Then Aristippus said: "Though I were the elder and better man, yet I sought first with thee."

Magnanimously Aeschines replied: "Thou art indeed a far

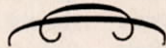
better man than I, for I began the quarrel and thou the reconciliation."

To be sure, Aristippus had begun the process of forgiveness by going first to his enemy. So far, so good. But he almost spoiled the reconciliation by reminding Aeschines of his virtuous "firstness" in the gesture of forgiveness. It is not good enough to say, "I'll forgive but I can't forget" — that keeps resentment alive in my mind. And it is even worse to say, "I'll forgive but I won't let him forget"—that keeps resentment alive in both minds.

Yes, forgiveness and mercy are just about the loveliest notes in the harmony of living, but we spoil their appeal when we keep harping on them. Only love has the true touch, as Tennyson reminds us:

Love took up the harp of life,
and smote on all the chords
with might,
Touched the chord of self,
which trembling, passed in
music out of sight.

Such loving touch is granted only to those who graduate in the Master's school of forgiveness.



FATHER OF LIGHTS

Dorothy P. Albaugh

Lord of the sun and moon and stars,
Of lamps and candlelight,
Who even gives to fireflies
A lantern in the night,
Thou hast bequeathed to man the best,
The clearest light, for He
With just a smile can light the dark
Of human misery.

ALL THINGS WHATSOEVER YE WOULD THAT
MEN SHOULD DO TO YOU, DO YE EVEN SO
TO THEM. MATT. 7:12

The Fullness of Years

Duane Valentry

The show goes off the air at eleven A.M. and a slim, clean-cut fellow races down the marble corridors at Rockefeller Center, jumps into a cab and ten minutes later, blocks away, arrives breathless just ten minutes late for another show.

Still another network calls on the abilities of this quizmaster during the week, at which time he dashes through another marathon. Yet his audiences see him always serene and affable as he acts as master of ceremonies on television's "Feather Your Nest" and "Beat the Clock," and on "Break the Bank" on radio.

Working at a pell-mell pace all through the week might make a late Sunday morning snooze entirely understandable in the case of Bud Collyer. Yet this is the day on which he arises even earlier than usual, to prepare for his job as Sunday School Superintendent at the First Presbyterian Church of Greenwich, Connecticut.

During the week the same fellow often finds time to take another quick cab trip to a New

York church where he addresses a noontime meeting. He also often meets with a group of young people to thrash out problems of the day and is an active member of the Boy Scout Council in his "spare" time.

"My real hobby is kids," says Bud, to whom religion is a sustaining thing that is as much a part of his television and radio career as it is of his church work. The two just naturally go together, he feels, and there's no dividing line.

"My experience has taught me that religion isn't something to be put up in little packages, labeled for special days or special occasions. I find that those who do have something to lean on, inwardly, never need to resort to any outward sham."

The Golden Rule, for instance, becomes part of the daily give-and-take of this master of ceremonies. Realizing that men and women who come up to a brightly-lighted stage before mikes and cameras are in an atmosphere tensely unfamiliar, he measures these individuals at a quick glance,

and talks to them accordingly.

There's a chance to make them feel more comfortable up there in the limelight, with the eyes of a nation on them. There's many a chance, however slight, to help a frightened man or woman over a rough spot—the way Bud himself would want to be helped if he suddenly were thrust into an atmosphere equally new and strange.

"Each of us learns a little more every day, from everyone we meet and everything we do," he believes. "We learn about the real values that add up in the long run. Sometimes we are lucky enough to meet many people and get a chance to know them a little, as I do in my work, and then we are amazed at how much these contacts can teach us."

Probably it would have been somewhat different had Bud been a lawyer as he intended. A native of New York City, he graduated from Fordham University Law School and went to work as a clerk in a law firm for fifteen dollars weekly. Nobody else in the family made this kind of money . . . for Bud's sister, June, was a well-known actress in films, and his mother, Caroline Collyer, and brother Richard worked behind the footlights.

Bud had his talents, too. At Fordham he had earned extra money singing on the radio, and

when he decided fifteen dollars a week was just about enough not to get along on, he procured another network job.

"This marked the turning point of my life; I was in broadcasting for good after that."

Nowadays the busy announcer's big problem is to so use the hours that there is time for everything worth doing. In order to keep the acquaintance of his three children and to enjoy his Greenwich farmhouse, he gets up each morning an hour and a half earlier than necessary. This time is spent talking and playing with the children.

Youngsters with whom Bud comes in contact at the studios profit by his generous advice and friendliness. They, along with everyone else, proclaim him "the greatest." Many stories are told of his goodness to people, and the mere mention of his name usually brings warm smiles.

It was on the advice of his own daughter Cynthia that the quizmaster stopped chatting as contestants cogitated. When she pointed out to him that maybe they'd think better if he kept still, he saw her point.

They say that 76 million pairs of eyes and ears watch and hear this busy man each week as he performs his chores. So it is probably a good thing that Bud Collyer loves people, individually and collectively.

by Mary Agnes Thompson

"APPRECIATION IS THE
ARISTOCRAT OF THE
EMOTIONS."

TURN ON THE LIGHTS

Many of us have the quality of appreciation, but too few of us possess the ability to express that quality. "Thank you!" comes hard, though the words are simple. One man never found it difficult at all. He expressed it perfectly in one order.

"Turn on the lights!"

That command, given during the Battle of the Philippine Sea in World War Two by Admiral Marc A. Mitscher, U.S.N., is to me the noblest order of them all, because it signified a great man's open appreciation for services rendered, and we live now in an era that seems to be too speedy for this expression.

Admiral Mitscher, small in stature, but magnificently large in spirit and ability, was faced during that World War Two battle with a terrible choice. Task Force 58

lay in darkness waiting for the return of the pilots who had succeeded in their bombing mission. But because of that protective darkness, those pilots were lost. They knew where Task Force 58 lay, but they could not identify the carriers to which they must return. It was reported to Mitscher that the pilots were unable to locate the carrier in the darkness.

Without hesitation, and knowing full well that the entire fleet would be exposed temptingly to enemy subs, Marc Mitscher brushed aside thought of personal safety and gave the order that revealed the complete selflessness of the man.

"Turn on the lights!"

The fleet was lighted up brilliantly, fully revealed, and the lost pilots returned to their carriers.

Marc Mitscher had told the world his men were not expendable. For services rendered, they were due appreciation. He expressed it by the simple process of turning on the lights for their safe return.

Some of us actually do lack the quality of appreciation. But more of us simply hesitate to turn on the small lights inside our souls for fear of appearing hypersensitive to feeling, old softies whose emotions are easy prey. Some are even of the opinion that appreciation is humiliating, and to thank someone enthusiastically for some service rendered is the same as admitting a deficiency in one's self, an absence of ability to steer one's own course without help. I once knew a woman who was somehow proud that she had never stooped to thank a man for lighting her cigarette, a salesgirl for her assistance, or a desk clerk for information extended. She deemed appreciation humbling.

With many the speed of the era in which we live has eliminated the quality of appreciation. The moment comes, it rushes by, and then it is too late and is forgotten in the flurry of new events, and many times we miss that opportunity to spread a bit of cheer in a world that could do any day with an added bit of cheer!

I recall a recent incident on our street when a woman was given a wonderful opportunity to turn on

those small lights of appreciation to brighten a day. It was in the minor matter of missing her morning bus.

"Hey, wait," everyone on board urged the driver. "A woman's running late!"

Through the concerted efforts of everybody on the bus, the driver was made aware of the woman's tardiness and that she was running to catch the bus. Although against bus company regulations, the driver brought the bus to a halt in the middle of the block, and amid the general good cheer and enthusiasm of the other passengers, the woman boarded the bus.

But did she join the laughter of the passengers, or thank the bus-driver for getting his bus off schedule just to wait for her? Did she express appreciation to the other passengers for their trouble? She did not! She glared at the driver, as though her tardiness had been his fault to start with. She angrily dropped a coin in the receiver, stalked to a seat and plumped herself down in a fury. A blanket of gloom settled over the previously-gay crowd, a let-down feeling of: "Well, it's another one of *those days!*" as a well-known cartoonist used to express it. So the day was utterly ruined just because one woman refused to turn on the lights and let appreciation shine through!

Procrastination is often the cause for failure to express gratitude. We postpone the brief telephone call, the note dropped in the mail, or the short visit to someone's home. The moment passes and the opportunity may not present itself again. I found myself guilty of that a few years ago. I was ill one winter with an asthmatic condition that awakened me around four in the morning. The small boy who delivered my morning paper, on noticing that I was always awake and assuming I must be ill, began sliding the paper under my door instead of tossing it into the hall as he did with the other residents of the apartment house. I appreciated his thoughtfulness. It saved me a trip out into the cold hall. I meant to drop a note to the publishing company to tell them how much I appreciated the young carrier's thoughtfulness and extra courtesy. I never did. Somehow, in the throes of my own worries, I kept putting it off. Then a new boy took the route. He did not slide the paper under the door. He heaved it carelessly somewhere in the vicinity of my apartment and I had to retrieve it as best I could. But the moment for expressing my appreciation to my former carrier boy was gone. I've regretted it ever since.

So the moments slip by and perhaps nobody notices except the

one person to whom the appreciation was due, the person who held the door open for you when you were laden with bundles, the boy who slid the newspaper under the door, the bus-driver who held up an entire trip a few extra moments that you might not be late to work, the performer who gave his part everything he had, not only for the payment involved but because he wanted to please you. They deserve to know their efforts are appreciated.

It would not be hard to realize the feelings of the lost pilots searching for Task Force 58 carriers in the First Battle of the Philippine Sea when the lights went on to guide them safely back from their mission. Each man must have raised his head with added pride, knowing that, to the slight man who commanded the fleet, he was not an expendable commodity. He was a human being who had performed a task well and deserved appreciation. Someone once said: "Appreciation is the aristocrat of the emotions!" It is small wonder that this man's biographer has dubbed him "The Magnificent Mitscher!" His gallant order could well be obeyed by those of us who pride ourselves in hiding our emotions of appreciation, for of all commands surely the one of Marc Mitscher's was the majestic one.

"Turn on the lights!"

SIGHTLESS

But Successful

Raymond C. Otto

HE THOUGHT ALL HE HAD LEFT WAS MEMORIES—HE CAME TO KNOW HE STILL WAS CREATIVE.

It is believed that a Chicago man, aged eighty-two and blind for more than twenty years, was one of the first to make Braille greeting cards. He was a successful artist until blindness prevented him from creating the beauty he placed on canvas for so many years. Then he started to create a special kind of beauty. To the eye it is nothing, but under the sensitive fingers of the blind it becomes a beautiful message of sentimental value from friends they can no longer see.

In place of the brush and palette, this man's tools became some sheets of zinc, thin copper wire, a steel punching tool, and a printing press made from a discarded clothes wringer.

He experimented for nearly three years before he hit upon a method of making the Braille cards. The verse is punched in Braille on a zinc sheet. Then a design is made of thin copper wire

—a bell, a star, or perhaps a Christmas tree. The design is then fastened to the zinc sheet, which is wrung through the wringer with the paper.

The idea of a Braille greeting card came to the man the first Christmas after he became blind. He received a lot of greeting cards but they all had to be read to him. Somehow, it wasn't the same. It was then that he decided that what was needed was a Braille greeting card. Not just a greeting, though, but also a design. He also had a desire to prove that, although blindness is a handicap, it is not the end of everything.

When he first lost his sight he thought the world had dropped out from under him. He thought all he had left was memories of things he had painted and places he had seen. But then he realized that although he could no longer paint, he could still create and perhaps prove to others who are blind that loss of sight does not end productivity.

The first year he began making the Braille cards, he sold about eighty-five cards at Christmas time. That small beginning built up to about 5,000 cards at Christmas and nearly 10,000 throughout the year for all occasions.

Amid the clank of his wringer-press this man, although eighty-two and blind, became a happy man at work.

I learned to utterly relax in church — to absorb the music, but mostly the prayers.

The Fullness of Years

Marjorie Vandervelde

I have a confession to make. The day my youngest child left home to go out into the world I went into a state of sentimental collapse. Perhaps because it seemed to be expected. Perhaps because a flood of childhood stubbed toes, angelic dimples, and mud pies paraded before my heart.

Miraculously my brood of three had survived all childhood hazards, and overnight had become stalwart citizens! As I cleaned dresser drawers, storing away Boy Scout awards, scrawling diaries, and a rainbow of pennants, the heart triggered the mind into recalling a treasure of small detail that a mother keeps in her heart and ponders. The clock on the wall nibbled away at eternity but left me stranded in a hazy past, full of puddings, patches, and pancakes. By week's end I was emotionally like a dishrag.

At this point I visited with a friend who was going through the same experience and with identical reaction. This gave me an objective view of myself, which was not pleasant. I tried to analyze the situation. But, to grasp any analysis, I need to see it. So I sat down with pencil and paper—and came up with a six-point self-improvement program. With it, I had hopes of throwing off the doldrums and becoming a useful person in new ways, since former demands were gone.

These are the suggestions my pencil and paper turned out, speaking for my better judgement:

1. I must NEVER again indulge in self-pity. Nothing constructive comes from this frame of mind—and it frightens away friends.
2. Hadn't my husband and I started out with just the two of us—and had a lark at it? We'd do it again.
3. Experts say to develop a hobby. This would take some doing.
4. Through the years I'd felt I should do some sort of service work; but first duty was toward family, and the organizations (church, school,

etc.) in which they were directly involved. Now, I could take a careful look at local service groups, or situations that no group touched.

5. Being an introvert by nature, I would make an earnest and continued effort to modify this condition.

6. These four areas I would attempt to give proper balance in my life: church, community, home, self.

"Well," I said aloud to myself after looking over the ambitious program, "looks like you'd better get busy, young lady!" And since that moment I've worked, with more or less success, toward those aims. My children still hold a top place in my heart, but there's room for these other things, too.

Now comes a second confession. It has been a year since that self-improvement program was inaugurated, and I am thoroughly enjoying life—more, probably, than at any other time! With the responsibilities of a mother with a growing family suddenly lifted from my shoulders, I feel light-hearted and gay—almost irresponsible! And without a shred of guilt, for I had truly done the best I could in caring for and directing my little ones when they were under my wing.

I have, in the past year:

1. Taken swimming lessons. Our children can swim like fish, but I never had the chance to learn. They smile indulgently at this whim.
2. Become somewhat of a contest fan. Among the few prizes won was a bicycle! I hadn't used one since childhood, but took right off. Now I can say, "Look, son, no hands!"
3. Written a smattering of magazine articles—surprising myself as well as others. I am no sparkling conversationalist, but love to play with words. This is an outlet.
4. Learned to utterly relax in church, and absorb the stained-glass atmosphere, sermon, and music—but mostly, the prayer! This is building up a cherished spiritual reserve.
5. Taken time to appreciate, all over again, my husband's little kindly ways that drew me to him many years ago.
6. Helped in the local hospital; wearing one of the cherry-red smocks of the auxiliary, distributing magazines and books to patients. This has paid dividends all out of proportion to the work involved!

We visit our children frequently—but briefly. There are so many things for which to hurry home!

Although I carried with me few avowed spiritual convictions and no real sympathy for popular religious creeds or dogma, I had the feeling when I set out by myself to visit Canterbury cathedral that I was heading into an experience of great depth. I had learned, long before, that basic elation and awe of the kind which really saturates one's mind and body can be enjoyed only when venturing alone and undistracted.

As soon as I left my train and began to walk through the narrow, winding streets of the town, I quickly became aware of how completely the cathedral's presence dominated the entire area. Although at first I saw only fractional views of its gargoyle spires, it struck me that this huge stone monument to faith lay there majestically, like a giant lioness, with head held high to watch over her crowded litter of cubs.

I pressed on faster now, past the famous weavers' shops, drawn irresistibly toward my goal. Already it seemed as though my little worries and restraints had begun to fall away like autumn leaves. Here was I, almost face to face with one of man's most beautiful creations . . . Canterbury! A year for me was hardly a day in Canterbury's endless span of life. What mattered my problems? What mattered my hopes and fears now in the presence of this edifice which

It struck me that this huge stone monument to Faith, lay there majestically like a giant lioness, with head held high to watch over her crowded litter of cubs.

My Gift from CANTERBURY

F. Wallace Patch

had watched the contortions of England and the world for centuries?

I hurried along—yet, as I threaded my way forward, I knew that I was at the same time retreating in fancy into the past. Victorians, aye, even Elizabethans in their quaint costumes, seemed to brush by me in the street because they, too, had known—and perhaps still knew—Canterbury's inspiring magnificence. Their human frames had long since faded from the scene, even as I, too, would lose my earthly shape.

But an aura from the lives of uncounted pilgrims remained in the atmosphere where Canterbury still stood, eternally vigorous, forever a challenging influence for succeeding generations.

Then suddenly I came upon the full reality of Canterbury's delicately molded mass. Gazing through seeming eons of time, I marveled at its imposing refinement: this towering harmony of arches and spires which reached into the blue so easily, so simply that it suggested miracles. The knowledge that it had been built and rebuilt, stone by stone, over nearly 1,000 years charged my imagination with wonder at the amazing resourcefulness of men with faith.

I could almost see them now, an ant-like army of men scurrying about, chiseling, shouting, straining by the score upon crude wooden levers and derricks until at last, on a happy day in the 15th century, they stood back and looked upward, 235 feet upward into what must have seemed to them like "outer space". How they must have marveled at the fruit of their efforts! And as I stood now, even as one of them, I found myself wishing that I, too, might have had a hand in such colossal creation.

Entering through the main archway, I ascended steps hollowed deeply by the human tread of

centuries. It was like walking on antiquity itself, for these very stones had felt the feet of medieval kings, of feudal lords and common folk alike. Within me the present was rapidly becoming more of a memory than the past.

Vaguely I gazed down the nave of Gothic arches which climbed so breathlessly high above my head. Along each wall I saw the tombs of martyrs, reposing in that stately silence which seems to speak so eloquently of their deeds. This was, for sure, a crowded avenue of history: history testifying to mankind's persistent search for the way of God, all animated now by shafts of multi-colored sunshine slanting through stained glass windows, Canterbury's light-filters of faith.

This weight of time, accompanied by a surge of misgivings about my inadequate personal philosophy, settled heavily upon me. I was only dimly aware that other people were seated nearby. They were as quiet as sleeping children. Probably they were praying, I thought, and began to wonder whether I should try to do the same. The great import of my surroundings was stirring within me a strange urge, a longing born of inner emptiness.

Then, from the distant depth of the chancel, came whispers of organ music, swelling gradually to full tones which trembled amid

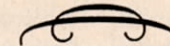
Canterbury's arches, echoing and re-echoing a compelling musical story of devotion. As the recital continued, I gradually lost all sense of time and physical surroundings.

When at length the music ceased, I felt as though I had been awakened from a dream: a sort of peaceful awareness of the closeness of a comforting and guiding power. Soon the people around me came alive and began moving toward the aisles. Reluctantly I followed them, wishing I might postpone indefinitely my return to physical realities.

A little later, however, I began

to realize that my clash with the contemporary situation wasn't so bad after all. Conflict and confusion were minimized because Canterbury had added something vital to my life: a spiritual experience so profound that it established feelings of inner composure and strength which I had never known before.

Even though I may never grow to learn its full meaning, I am now sure that this gift from Canterbury will stay with me always, helping to build my faith. Neither H-bombs nor missiles, guided or unguided, can destroy it.



GOD'S MATHEMATICS

Mrs. P. W. Frank

Reduce me 'till there's naught divisible,
Enlarge thyself 'till I'm invisible.

As Power always flows from the greater to the lesser, George's source must be greater than himself.

My Working Faith

Michael Bruce

I was an agnostic.

Now, by a double chance, I believe in God.

I say by a double chance because, firstly, the man with whom I was entombed was a believer. Secondly, it is largely due to chance that I am alive at all.

It happened five years ago when the three of us, George Warren, Pete Barker, and I, Chuck Morris, were hard-rock miners in a northern mine. Pete bragged that he was an atheist; George often went to some church and I was an agnostic—show me and I will believe.

Neither Pete nor I had any premonition that Thursday was to be a turning point in our lives. George was working with us at the end of the stope, when, with grinding roar, the roof collapsed behind us and we were shut in what seemed likely to be a twenty-foot-long tomb.

The power cable had been cut and our electrical tools were useless. But somehow the smaller wires were intact and we still had light. In a few minutes, by turning it on and off, we had communication of a sort with those outside. In less than an hour we heard a rescue party working towards us. It was then our three-hour ordeal began.

We could see the remaining roof supports bending with the strain. The roof was continuing its collapse and every few minutes rock would fall, sometimes a pebble, sometimes a ton. At any moment the whole roof might come down. We could only watch and wait.

We had waited just over an hour when Pete's nerve began to break.

"My God," he cried, leaping up, "why don't they hurry? Don't they know the whole roof is coming down?"

"Take it easy," advised George, lying on the floor. "If they get rough and hasty, they may jolt the roof into coming down on us—and them."

A half ton boulder fell as he spoke and Pete sat down, chewing his nails. I was shaking all over and feeling suffocated. Each breath was an effort. Only George seemed unworried.

Pete glared at the fallen rocks and gnawed his fingers for a few minutes. Then he sprang up again.

"Why don't they hurry?" he yelled. "We'll be dead before they reach us at this rate. I don't want to die—I'm not ready to die!"

"No one wants to die," agreed George. He seemed quite calm. "But everyone does. It's all part of God's plan."

"Plan?" snarled Pete, "What plan? To kill me before my life's half done?"

"Well, it's just my idea," explained George. "We're all part of a plan that's too big for us to see. An architect knows the plan of the whole building, but a plank doesn't. But the building would look pretty awful if there were only full length, rough planks in it. I figure we get smoothed out and made into shape by troubles, and when we're the right size, we're fitted into the plan. We may be useful before we're fitted finally, perhaps only as a prop, but we're cut to the right length

and fitted into the right place at the right time."

His tone was so sure and his explanation so reasonable that I felt a sort of peace and assurance, but not Pete.

"Words," he shouted, "just words! When you're dead, you're dead and that's all there is to it." Some rock crashed down. "That's why I don't want to die."

"I don't either," agreed George again, "but I think you've been considering death too much and not looking further. Try considering life. Tell me of something that has died and not lived again in some form."

"How do you mean?" I asked. George's calm assurance, that seemed to come from a deep source of power, fascinated me.

"Material bodies die and rot," he answered, "and later form living stuff in plants and animals. Why should our life power, soul—spirit—whatever you want to call it—do the same? It's not material like our bodies, so why should it even change? Why make an exception of it and have it die permanently?"

Pete dropped back and hid his face on his arms, shivering.

I looked at him and suddenly realized that I had stopped shaking and was breathing easily. I stared at my hands—my living flesh—and pictured it going on.

George lay quietly on the floor,

watching for each fall of rock. Pete sat tense and rigid, his face buried in his arms; he jumped nervously at every clatter. I sat and thought of George's words, so deeply interested that I even forgot our predicament.

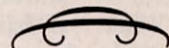
George could get his strength only from belief in a greater power, I reasoned; belief in material things (witness Pete) is not enough. As power always flows from the greater to the lesser, George's source must be greater than himself. But this same source supplied thousands—millions—! had done so for years

—centuries—! Then its size must be—my mind was trying to grasp it. It was there, I knew. I was still trying when the rescuers came through.

George went down the mine next day as if nothing had happened; he is still working there.

Pete never mined again; in fact he quit having anything to do with mines. When I met him four years later, he still jumped at any sudden noise; his nerves still seemed broken.

As for me, I'll tackle any job. You see—I believe.



THOUGHTS

Thoughts are as arrows that swiftly fly
Like a meteor flash across the sky,
They carry a love that cannot die . . .
Let's send them often, you and I.

Mary Gustafson

A Stock That Pays Big Dividends

Katherine Bevis

START EACH DAY WITH COMMUNION WITH GOD

We hear much today about INVESTMENTS—stocks that pay good dividends—investing in something that will give security to life.

As you read this you may be one of the many on the lookout for a sound investment. If so, let me tell you about a stock in which you would do well to invest heavily—a sound investment, and one you may be overlooking.

With sincerity and effort you can buy stock in a business that will never fail. Though even heaven and earth pass away, you will still receive your dividends on your investment.

The business? A life dedicated to God, regardless of your position

or station, regardless of your education or environment.

The following are some of the things you must do in order to receive your stock certificate:

Start each day with communion with God. Then know that God's will for you is good and accept its manifestation.

Earnestly attempt to live each day fully without wasting your substance and energy in fears about the future.

When you are faced with a problem, turn at once to God in the realization that He is the source of perfect adjustment, then take the human steps you feel God directs you to take.

Daily claim your heritage as a

child of God, looking to Him for all your needs, considering human sources as channels which He uses to supply them.

Be kind, be tolerant, be gracious and understanding in your attitude toward all.

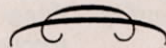
Place yourself and all your loved ones along with all the affairs of your life in the care of a loving God, without dictating to Him the manner in which you want His blessings to come.

Face each day's problems with faith—a faith that transcends all sense of danger or fear. KNOW that God has the solution. Then, couple this FAITH with LOVE, and you will have an invincible

team that overcomes every seeming barricade.

Thank God for every blessing that comes to you each day—and as you realize that you are the owner of a share in this great business of living for God in His world, you will also realize that you cannot claim too great a dividend, for He pays the biggest of all and His business will never fail! Now is the time to invest in this safe stock.

What is the amount of the investment? What will it cost you to invest in this business that shall never fail? YOURSELF! INVEST YOURSELF!



THE MASTER DESIGNER

Conchita Morales

The whole universe runs according to law,
Each planet revolves out in space without flaw.
The Master Designer who knows everything
Cares if a sparrow should injure his wing.

Someone else, a special someone else was helping us with our treasure about this time.

BORROWED TREASURE — FROM GOD

Mrs. James Haralson

Dear Daughter:

As you leave for the university at the interesting age of eighteen, we are convinced more than ever that we are really relinquishing a *Borrowed Treasure*.

The very first time we realized we were the recipients of a wonderful loan from God was when we held a precious bundle in our arms at the christening service. We solemnly agreed to fulfill Christian duties with the Lord as our helper. It was at that altar we had the feeling that when God entrusts us with a new life to mold we should handle that life as a priceless package loaned from the dearest friend a mortal can have. Such busy and happy days we had never known. Busy with insignificant but important training.

And we said, "Thank you God for having faith in us."

How we did enjoy those first years and that old saying about not missing the water 'till the well runs dry is certainly true. You rode the school bus *so* early and *so* late. We missed you terribly those days and we realized again we were privileged with a *lovely* loan.

And we said, "Thank you."

And then—oh! the memory of that first "come to the door and get me date." Painting furniture was really a blessing in disguise that night and daddy did quite a lot of unnecessary plowing in the dark, too. But moisture didn't seem to hurt the wet paint nor the newly plowed ground. The eighth grade banquet was really something, wasn't it? And somebody else was beginning to "wise up" that we had a "pearl of great price" in our own back yard.

And we said "Thanks."

High school days were exhilarating ones, a little trying on all concerned but wonderful, nevertheless. We lived through the period when parents are hard to understand and we realized too well how

many times we failed in the management of our loan by speaking too quickly, maybe imposing restrictions a little too harsh or old-fashioned for this new generation. But always in the back of our minds was the thought that our time of training was *so* short and we *must* by thought, word, and deed do our best. Someone else, a special someone else was helping us with our treasure about this time.

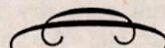
And we said "Thanks so much."

So—now you are on your own. In an institution of higher learning, "getting you smart," as daddy says. In a few years you may be borrowing as generations before you have done. As we read the statistics concerning the morals of college girls and boys we pray that our training has been sufficient for you to withstand temptation. We have been saying "Thanks" to God for being so good to us and now we say "Thanks" to you for all the pleasure you have given us, the moments of pride in your accomplishments, and the love in your heart for each member of the family. You will not fully realize what we mean until the time when you will be saying—

"Thank you God—"

Then our payment will have been made in full.

Mother & Daddy



PARADOX

Harold W. Ruopp

I gave away a half my goods,
 And half my goods remained;
 I gave away a half my love,
 And twice my love I gained.

NEWNESS IS NO GUARANTEE OF VALUE
 NOR DOES AGE AUTOMATICALLY RELE-
 GATE THEM TO THE DISCARD.

TIME-TRIED WISDOM

Herbert Bayard Swope, Jr.

20th Century-Fox Producer-Director

This is an age of problems.

There are ethical and moral problems. There are economic problems. There are community problems and world problems. But I doubt if there are many basically new problems. They are all resolved into the old, old trials and tribulations of daily living which have never been too easy—or too difficult—to cope with.

What is new, it seems to me, is a growing tendency to seek guidance and comfort in a cynical "modernism" and to disregard the time-tried wisdom of the past simply because it is old and platitudinous.

The latest wisecrack, so many appear to believe, is bound to be more valid than any old adage. And the modern psychological pronouncements on juvenile delinquency are necessarily wiser than "spare the rod and spoil the child"—if only because the latter is an ancient truism. Yet even in that

moss-covered maxim there's a certain amount of sound advice and it should be noted that a truism gets the name from the truth in it.

In my boyhood it was my extreme good fortune to meet and know many of the great men and women of that time, guests in the home of my father, then executive editor of the old *New York World*. From time, as well as my parents, I learned how truly great human beings apply the wisdom of the ages to daily living. They were of different creeds, different nationalities, different accomplishments, and different temperaments. But in one respect they were all alike. None of them was an intellectual snob. None of them was too sophisticated to appreciate the old wisdom simply because it had become crystallized in platitudes. As my associates in the motion picture and theatrical world might express it, they didn't spurn the truth just because it was

"corny." They had won success, or wealth, or public acclaim by cleaving, so far as erring humans could, to the old tried and true virtues. And their greatest reward, in every case, was a measure of spiritual satisfaction.

Some of the modern intellectuals would do well to devote a few quiet hours to the platitudes they are accustomed to dismiss with a shrug or a smile.

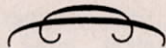
The Golden Rule, for instance, is pretty corny in the sense that that expression is customarily used. But just how delinquent is a juvenile who has been taught from childhood to "do unto others as you would that they should do unto you" likely to become?

The Ten Commandments are about as platitudinous as possible. But how much serious trouble would anyone get into by following them?

The Sermon on the Mount lacks the freshness and zip of the latest "how-to-do-it" treatise. But have you tried it on lately for spiritual uplift and mental comfort?

It should be remembered that in rules for living, newness is no guarantee of value nor does age automatically relegate them to the discard.

The late George Bernard Shaw once answered the statement that "what the world needs is a new religion" with the question: "Why not try Christianity?"



TEAM WORK

Mary Hamlett Goodman

Alone, I simply cannot win.
There's not much use to try.
But much can be accomplished when
The team is God and I.

As naturally as the coming of a new day
my heart turned to God

Aunt Martha Taught

Me

the Big Question

EVELYN WITTER

I jumped into the car and took the twenty-mile ride to Aunt Martha's that morning because I needed someone to listen to my troubles.

As soon as I got in the door, I began talking: "Everything is wrong at the farm. The hog market is down. Egg production's so low there aren't even enough eggs to buy the groceries, Aunt Martha. We've seen more stray dogs around our place than usual and Bill's afraid they'll attack the sheep. I found out the children have been exposed to chicken pox! Bill's hired so much extra help that I never get a foot away from the kitchen . . . cook, cook, cook, that's all I do." I had more to

say, but my voice wouldn't let me.

Aunt Martha turned her serene face toward me. She was a little woman, physically, but when you were close to her you felt the big-ness of her inner self. She reached out a work-worn hand and placed it consolingly on my tightly-folded ones.

"There are black days like this in all our lives," she said softly, "but there are ways of scattering the clouds."

I assured her that I had prayed. "Of course you have, dear," Aunt Martha patted my hands. "But maybe with an ungrateful and closed mind. Remember, prayer is not just moving the lips." "I am sincere. You know that."

"Certainly. But you need strong faith as well as sincerity."

She sat thinking for a little while. Then she asked: "You and Bill still like all those quiz programs?" We did. "Before we talk more about your problems I want you to do something for me. I want you to go home now and pretend that you and Bill are to be contestants on one of those big quiz programs you're always listening to on the radio and TV."

I thought of asking what that had to do with the terrible state everything was in on the farm, but I was so curious over Aunt Martha's unexpected request that I said **nothing**.

"Now the big question is: What one thing in life do you appreciate most? You will have only one chance to answer, and you must be absolutely accurate because there will be a lie detector to count you wrong if you don't pick out the one thing in your life you appreciate most."

"But Aunt Martha . . ." I protested, feeling that she had failed to counsel me wisely this time.

"When you think you have the right answer, dear," she smiled, "please come back and visit me, and we'll talk this whole thing out. Will you do that for your old aunt?"

"All right," I agreed because I loved her and wanted to humor her.

But I did begin to think about what in life I appreciated the most. It was no doubt nature. I thought about my frequent tramps at night when Psalms 19:1 came alive for me. Surely it was nature I appreciated most. Like finding a patch of sweet williams, or coming across bright honeysuckle, or coming to a creek with a grapevine swing, or standing in a wild plum thicket from which I could watch a mother bird feeding her young.

Still . . . maybe it was the energies of health that flowed through me making me alive to everything round about and giving me the strength to do what physical exertions were necessary.

No. It was my family I appreciated the most. The house cheerful with the sounds and comings and goings of family living; loveable children and a stalwart husband to share my life.

Maybe it was row on row of canned home-grown foods that lined my shelves and filled my freezer, foods that could easily bear the fanciest of labels in a swanky food shopping center. Having them meant security to me.

Then I thought about the privileges of worshiping in the church of my choice, of saying what I wanted, reading papers from a free press . . . Maybe I was most appreciative of being an American and being able to live on a fine farm.

As the week went on and my thoughts sought to pick out what I appreciated the most, I began to realize how very much I did have to appreciate. My heart was filled with gratitude and love, and the goodness of life. Prayer came from deep within me. Many, many times I said a silent prayer of thanks in those days when I tried to answer Aunt Martha's big question. As naturally as the coming of a new day my heart turned to God: "Father, I thank you for all my blessings. Help me, God, to never lose sight of all you have given me."

With this open-minded attitude, Bill and I were better able to cope with our problems in an entirely different way. We didn't just sit and bemoan our troubles, neither did we disregard them. We had a new assurance that with God's help there was no reason why we couldn't work them out.

Two weeks later I jumped into the car and again took the twenty-mile drive to Aunt Martha's. She was busy in the kitchen.

She turned to me, and her whole face broke into a smile. "You look fine!" she said. "Are you ready to answer the big question?"

"No!" I cried emphatically. "I couldn't honestly say what I ap-

preciated the most. There is so much!"

She looked so happy when I said that! "How are the children?" she asked.

"Fine. They just had a mild case."

"Hog market looks healthier too, doesn't it?"

"Yes! And our chickens are producing better. We tried giving them a new ration."

"Still got a lot of men to cook for?"

"Yes, but they're getting so much done that they're worth cooking for. They built a shed for the sheep, and now we lock the sheep up nights and don't have to worry about stray dogs."

"Things generally work out pretty well if a person has faith and confidence and the right attitudes with which to tackle his problems," nodded Aunt Martha.

"If ever I let worry take me over so completely again I'm going to remember to ask myself the big question about what I appreciate most," I told Aunt Martha.

"It's a good question," Aunt Martha said seriously, as she poured two cups of coffee which meant "Don't hurry away."

He had the uncanny knack of doing the right thing at the right time.

How to Live the Life Abundant

D. G. McKenzie

Why is it that some people move through life without nervous fumbling? Jim Jones was such a man. He was a big-wheel in a large company. Yet, at his church, where he was a seventh-grade teacher, he found time in his hectic schedule to write personal, hand-written letters to all his pupils at the beginning of the year. He had the uncanny knack of doing the right thing at the right time.

Others, despite their clenched-teeth struggle, fail so repeatedly, dismally, and persistently that they turn into deeply divided people. They have the habit of putting everybody's teeth on edge. Having sucked life's sour lemon they face it with an inward grimace.

How can we build up an

emotional abundance which will enable us to move with ease through life?

1. *Leave A Margin of Error in Life*

Where we leave no margin of error in life, the results of error are disastrous. Loss is total loss. Yet this is like living on a volcano's rim without an asbestos suit. The emotionally healthy person has the built-in power to cope with loss, disappointment, grief and go on living with an overplus of life. The emotionally resilient person can afford to invest energy and affection in the world around him, even if he suffers an occasional rebuff here and there. He has the resources to stage a comeback. He is able to afford failure!

Too few of us trust ourselves to survive failure. Yet such are the risks in life that nobody dare not evaluate it, and accept it as a part of life. In our success-oriented society getting on in life is a tough job. We fail to achieve our goal by the merest whisker of an adverse turn of events. Sooner or later most of us make a decision to be a sparrow of the human race, and pick up the crumbs. However, we are only crushed and discarded if we regard our \$7,000 annual salary as an economic tombstone. The emotionally resilient person says, "Well, I tried to be a \$15,000 a year man, but I didn't make it. Now I'll shoot for \$10,000."

Once we have established our capacity "to take it" we have earned the right to further ventures.

Richard Doe is a case in point. For years he sweated at his job. In the company to which he belonged he was regarded as a boy prodigy for so long that nobody sized up his adult abilities. Richard stuck to his job and waited for the promotion for which he had hoped so long. Quite unexpectedly a competitive firm made him a substantial offer. He took it. In five years he went to the top. He was emotionally resilient enough to take the rough going without letting it impair his efficiency. He had earned his

chance to shoot for success.

2. *Learn To Make Much Out of Little*

Another mark of emotional abundance is the ability to make much out of little. My wife has this ability par excellence. At the end of a five-week month our household supplies get rather meager. For one or two days before the next pay check my wife, expert cook that she is, "makes do" out of all sorts of odds and ends in the house.

The emotionally healthy person makes much out of little things in life, whereas the anxious, mixed-up person is so withdrawn that his attention is taken from the outside world, and riveted to his own inner woes. He, in other words, makes little of much.

Several years ago in Melbourne, Australia, a very wealthy book-maker asphyxiated himself in his £3,000 Daimler while his family was at the movies. The local papers literally blurted out the news next morning to an incredulous reading public. It seemed that he had lost a great sum of money in an unwise investment in real estate, yet he still had left more than most people ever have in the course of an entire lifetime.

Why did the much he had seem so little? The reason is that he had used his money to fill a vacuum in his life. What he really wanted was the approbation of his fellows

and the attention that money could buy. To him money was a but-tress to a wobbly ego. It compensated for the lack of inner resources with which he had to deal with life.

He had disobeyed the Biblical law of not laying up treasures on earth. He had paid the penalty. Those who "make do", on the other hand, with less money have an invisible wealth. It is the ability to cope with life, to make much out of little.

In the small events of our everyday concerns there are hundreds of exciting messages. Even a walk around the block can be an event of wonderful importance to us. Talking to a child can be an adventure into a land of red-blooded heroes; and our daily work a routine that leads to deep and lasting satisfaction. Our world is full of significance-packed little events which add a tremendous zest to life. Yet there are those who think that "nothing ever happens around here any more," and they have to go to parties to convince themselves that they are having a good time.

Is it important to make this distinction? Yes! Those for whom the only events are outer events are proving dangerously responsive to the surface, immediate crises of our times. Unsteadied by inner resources they are highly suggestible, and prove easy prey to

excessive hostile emotions. These people are a danger to our democratic life.

The art of living abundantly is to feel the drama in the ordinary affairs of life—not to be a gatherer of catastrophic news. Yet, how few of us live with this over-plus, and joy, and deep strivings towards the beauty of life? Not many. We are so gloom-ridden that our words cast a bleak, apocalyptic light over everyday events.

This does not mean that we must always be superficially happy. The emotionally abundant person is, in the true sense of the word, a man of sorrows, for he feels the unsatisfied hungers of humanity and seeks to satisfy them. Gerald Manley Hopkins had this emotional over-plus in a million ways. He poured out affection for fallow fields, speckled trout, the wings of birds in flight, ripe chestnuts bursting from their hulls, and all the "gear and tackle" of man's various trades. He literally shouted, "Glory be to God for dappled things."

Emotional health consists of the capacity to afford experience. The person with the over-plus can afford to care! The emotionally impoverished cannot care—he cannot afford to suffer because it is a threat to his very life.

We begin to live only as we choose to be vulnerable!

I LEAVE THE DECISION UP TO HIM.

True Prayer Stories

by

Helen Reagan

One of the joyful songs in the life of the obedient believer is answered prayer. The more complex the day's problems, the more complete yielding them to God in prayer and release brings His glorious help. Watching it in the lives of others becomes exciting business.

Roberta Fletcher is one who walks in such faith. Living at the home of her mother in Dallas, Texas, without personal income, she has so manifested the power of answered prayer that she is scheduled heavily in prayer groups, churches, and camps where she shares with others those things she has learned. The scope of her travels amazed me. Visiting in her home, I turned to her.

"Have you been in every state?" I asked, looking at this motherly woman who had already been an inspiration to me. She shook her head in quick, gentle denial.

"Oh, no," she corrected at once. "There are six states I haven't been in." A warm glow rose within me.

"Forty-two states!" I marveled, knowing something of how deeply Roberta believed in prayer and the power of God to help in every situation.

Everybody who knew Roberta seemed to know her life manifested this power, but suddenly I was keen to see it for myself. The opportunity came less than six weeks later.

We were at a spring camp near Palestine, Texas and I learned that Roberta's heavy summer and fall schedule was in danger of being canceled. Her mother, getting too feeble to be left alone, could not part with her unless substitute care could be found. Roberta had no funds with which to hire someone to come and stay. Very little over traveling expenses—if anything—came from her trips. What must she do?

Cancel? Beg for help? Seek donations from interested friends? This last might be a way out, since we were among a group which was highly sympathetic with her work. Many of them had

come to the camp because she was the prayer hostess. I watched her, listening and wondering.

It was not until the last day of the camp that Roberta made her problem public and then only to the tiny group of fifteen or sixteen who would be sympathetically in prayer. They had gathered for prayer. She explained her situation briefly and requested that someone in the group ask God to send His solution. A dark haired woman began to pray quietly.

"Our Father, you know Roberta and the work she is doing. If it is your will for her to continue it and for her to keep her schedule, please send someone to stay with her mother. Thank you. Amen."

I listened, startled. That was asking a lot, caring for elderly persons was a thankless task and it was more than difficult to get help even when the pocketbook was full. Roberta's mother was very sweet, gentle, and loving, but at best it could not be easy. Poor Roberta, how could she get to go?

That night I sat on Roberta's bed watching her pack. She appeared lighthearted, almost gay. Such serenity puzzled me. She must be disappointed about not making her engagements. At last I blurted:

"Do you think you'll get to go? Or will you have to cancel all those engagements?"

"I don't know," Roberta looked up and smiled at me as she folded a dress. Her voice made me think of a cool stream in a forest. "I'm not worried about it." Because she must have sensed my bafflement, she came over and sat down beside me. "You see, I only want to do whatever God wants me to do," she explained. "I may *think* I know what is best, but I don't *know*. So I leave the decision up to Him. If it is right for me to go, help will come. If it is best for me to stay, I shall be grateful to be with mother in her need. Whatever His answer, I accept with joy."

A new respect for her flooded through me as I sat still, understanding. A knock sounded on the cabin door and Roberta rose to open it. A tiny woman in a nurse's uniform stood there, the light making a bright glow of her hair.

"I'll stay with your mother and let you go," she said as Roberta invited her in. "I have a little income of my own and all I need is a roof over my head. I can take care of your mother."

Watching her, awe filled me. It was something I would not have believed, if I had not witnessed it with my own eyes. But I actually saw it happen! Something my pastor taught long ago about prayer floated through my mind: *When you keep the conditions, the answer is always yours.*

THOUGHTS ON THE APPLICATION OF SPIRITUAL TRUTH AND PRINCIPLES TO GREATER LIVING

by Norman K. Elliott

Thoughts Farthest Out

ON BEING "IN" CHRIST

"Therefore, if any one is in Christ, he is a new creation; the old has passed away, behold, the new has come." (II Corinthians 5:17)
... A minister once said that he had been in the Christian life for many years before he found the secret of victorious living—that quality of life which is constant and exhilarating. Before he found this secret he was at times elated with success only to have this followed by periods of depression and frustration. He looked at others who seemed to have something that eluded him. Their satisfaction was permanent. The fruit of their efforts was far superior to his own. They had a "glow" that he never had, or at least which he had only intermittently. Then he found the secret.

The secret was to live "in" Christ. Until this time he had Christ as a companion, and he might even say that he had the spirit of Christ within him. However, no matter how it was put, Christ was something other than himself; there was a separation even if that separation was an interior separation. But to be "in" Christ was a different thing altogether.

In a sense it meant to be absorbed into the very body of Christ. It is as if we were taken into the very body of Jesus Christ and therefore became flesh of his flesh and bone of his bones. Just as when we eat meat the animal has to die to itself in order to be transmuted into a higher body, so in the words of Paul, we must die to ourselves in order to live in a higher form of life. Paul also said that he no longer lived but it was Christ who lived in him; or perhaps it would be more true to say that Paul lived in Christ. Christ cannot live in anyone except on His own terms; never on the other person's terms. We must become like Him; it can never be that He will become like us.

As you go about your day's work, think to yourself, "I live and move and have my being in Christ." Use your imagination to vision

yourself as the very body of Christ, think of your thoughts as the very thoughts of Christ Himself; and feel that your desires are His desires. Then this body becomes His body and it is the vehicle for the expression of Himself. With this comes stability, rest, purity, faith, and all else you have ever sought.

Read: **The Transforming Power of God**, Anne S. White. \$1.25

THE SECRET OF DISCIPLINE

"If you love me, you will keep my commandments." (John 14:15)
 . . . An undisciplined person is an ineffective person in any sphere of life. The student who changes his courses because the novelty of something different wears thin will never qualify for a degree. The man who changes jobs periodically simply because the challenge is not as sharp as it was when he began the job, will never become an expert craftsman. The couple that demands the continuance of the first flush of married bliss will soon find themselves in the divorce court. The religious addict who is always seeking after thrills becomes a camp follower always running from frustration.

On the other hand the one who achieves in any sphere of life is the one who sticks to his job and quest whatever it is. No matter what one's job is, there will always be periods of monotony and sheer work. The one who looks at someone else and imagines that his work is always thrilling is immature. No matter what the work is, it is the one who keeps on "keeping on" who ends with satisfaction.

The secret of this sort of discipline is to love the job you are doing or the quest you are on. All of us are going to have to work anyway, simply because we find it necessary to eat! Whether we like what we are doing or not makes no difference about the necessity of working. Therefore in order that we shall spend our lives in satisfying work and in achievement we must get into a line of work that we love. An artist who loves his work will spend more time on it, strive more for skill, and achieve more than the artist who merely sees his job as a means of making a living. Too many people are working eight hours a day to financially enable themselves to spend a few hours a day doing what they want to do. If you do not love what you are doing, either learn to love it or else get into something that you can love. Otherwise life will be a constant round of involuntary servitude and tiredness. To love the work you do is the secret of discipline.

Love is the universal law that changes discipline into release.

Read: **Faith, Hope and Love**, Starr Daily. \$3.00

GIVING THAT COUNTS

"He looked up and saw the rich putting their gifts into the treasury; and he saw a poor widow put in two copper coins. And he said, 'Truly I tell you, this poor widow has put in more than all of them; for they all contributed out of their abundance, but she out of her poverty put in all the living that she had.'" (Luke 21:1-4) . . . In many ways our religious activities have become an adjunct to living instead of being the core of it. Religion, and religious obligations, are fine just as long as they do not interfere with our lives. The time we spend and the money we give to religious causes, and to the church in general, is mostly given out of "our abundance" of both time and money, and it is hardly wise to expect first-class results from second-rate efforts. When people say that religion does not work for them it is fair to ask them how much they work at it. I believe recent statistics show that the average church pledge amounts to something like \$60.00 a year. Breaking that figure down to a daily rate amounts to around 16-17 cents a day. Most people drink an extra two cups of coffee a day and that amounts to 20 cents a day! It gives one pause for serious thought.

I have heard of a church that insists when a person becomes a member that he vow to make attendance at church his primary concern on Sunday. If joining the church does not mean this much to the person then he is advised not to join.

Another church insists that when a person begins taking instruction prior to joining the church he attend the instruction classes except in cases of true emergency. If he does not agree to this and sticks to it then the church does not take him into membership.

Tithing is another evidence of seriousness in religious matters. This is not to insist that one's tithe ought to go directly to the church, but at least the vow and practice of tithing is evidence that the person is devoted and dedicated in his quest.

When a great missionary made up his mind to follow Christ he said that he vowed that nothing in his life would be dear to him except what advanced the cause of Christ. The lives of those who have made signal advances in their relationship with God are limited to those who put Him first in all their affairs.

Remind yourself daily, "This day belongs to God and as such I will hold it in sacred trust."

Read: **A Month With the Master**, Archie Matson. \$3.75

Show me a person who possesses compassion, courage and competence, all three, and I will show you a person who is going places.

THE MATTER OF LEADERSHIP

AUSTIN PARDUE

Seeking to deepen my understanding of the important matter of leadership, particularly as it applies to the Church, I have turned to I and II Samuel in the Bible—the record of Israel's early attempts to get established as a nation. This ancient document emphasizes four points: (1) the need for leadership, (2) the requirements of the leader, (3) the burdens of one who leads, and (4) the corruptibility of leaders. These points are all as applicable to the modern parish as they were to ancient Israel. They are worth considering one by one:

1. *The Need For Leadership*

The Bible makes it plain that without a leader the people of Israel were disunited, always in danger of being invaded, ever on the verge of poverty, and continuously threatened with social convulsions. Little wonder then that elders of the people came to Sam-

uel the prophet saying, "Make us a king . . . that we may be like all the nations, and that our king may judge us, and go out before us, and fight our battles."

A parish or mission needs leadership as much as the Israelites of old ever did. If a congregation is flourishing, if its buildings are in good repair, if it is moving with imagination to meet the needs of its community, if it is fulfilling its financial obligations to the Diocese and National Church, it is a congregation that has the benefit of good leadership.

2. *The Requirements of The Leader*

The portrait of David which emerges from the Bible presents in graphic detail the qualities which the successful leader must have. David was a man of compassion; he loved people. This was shown not only in his affection for Jonathan and the care he

later took of Jonathan's son; it was revealed in the devoted loyalty which he was able to evoke from his men. David was a man of valor; he had moral and physical courage. This was shown not only in his bravery when he faced Goliath and when, later, he led his troops in battle, and when he was confronted by the rebuke of Nathan, the prophet; it was revealed in the respect he engendered wherever he went. And then, David was a man of competence; he was a master of the well-laid plan skilfully executed. This was shown not only in the way he unified his people, bringing to them the blessings of security and prosperity; it is also revealed in the fact that later generations looked back on the reign of David as the "golden age" of their long history.

3. *The Burdens of One Who Leads*

As King David embodies the qualities of the successful leader, so does he also set forth in his own life the burdens of one entrusted with the responsibilities of leadership. There was first the weight of his own personal weakness—symbolized by his affair with Bathsheba. Then there was the load placed upon him by the difficulties within his own family—most dramatic of which was the revolution led by Absalom, his own son. On top of this was

pressure placed upon him by uncomprehending, incapable subordinates—as when one of his "mighty men" in an excess of zeal, misinterpreted his orders. Finally, upon his shoulders was the never-lessening weight of the threats of enemies combined with the criticisms of malcontents—both symbolized by Sheba's rebellion.

What occurred in ancient Israel also takes place in a modern parish. Anyone who occupies a position of leadership not only has to contend with his own weaknesses and with the problems in his own family; he also has to deal with lieutenants and helpers who, however willing, are sometimes exasperatingly incompetent. And on top of this, the very fact that he has risen to a position of leadership puts him, so to say, in the clear—a place where he is an appealing target for anyone who wants to take a pot-shot at him. The bigger the job, the bigger the target.

Here is a woman who is chairman of the church supper for the parish bazaar. She has to feed 300 people, and she is eager for every one of them to have a good meal. She organizes cooks and waitresses; she plans the menu; she shops around to get bargains; she spends lots of time on the telephone (which her own children want to use) and throughout all this she tries to keep her

From *The Diocesan Church News*, 325 Oliver Avenue, Pittsburgh 22, Pa.

own house going and her husband happy.

Now comes the time when the supper is over. She has done an excellent job. The dishes have been cleaned and put away (in spite of the fact that some of the dishwashers didn't show up). She's tired. Her feet ache. She barely has the energy to put on her coat. At this crucial moment, Mrs. Ophelia Needler swishes into the kitchen, and tagging behind her is Miss Persimmon Sour. Neither one has lifted a finger in the bazaar. Together they let go of a critical and destructive broadside against the whole dinner. The poor chairman is at the breaking point, but her pride helps her to stand fast until she gets home. Then she breaks. Her husband has had enough. He says, "Well, this ends it. We go to church to get peace, and what we get is a nervous breakdown. No more church work for you." An excellent leader has been lost to the church because of the carping criticism of someone who should know better and because she lacked the virtue of impersonal courage and the strength to "cast care aside."

4. *The Corruptibility of Leaders*

As David portrays the leader who, in spite of various weaknesses, makes an effective leader, Saul exemplifies the leader who begins with everything in his favor

but who ends up a failure. Saul is a symbol of the corruptibility of leaders. And the great "corruption" of his life was that he got to the point that he thought he was wiser than God. As Samuel said to him, "Because thou hast rejected the word of the Lord he hath also rejected thee from being king." (I Samuel 15:23)

There is always the danger that a leader will get delusions of his own grandeur; and in a parish this is manifested in various ways. He may come to think that he is on God's side and that anyone who disagrees with him is on the side of evil. He may bludgeon his way into everything, thinking his position relieves him from the need of considering the feelings of other people. He may feel he must do the whole job himself, thus depriving any one else of the chance to shoulder responsibility or to acquire any training in the exercise of leadership. In short, he may adopt the manner parodied by Shakespeare: "I am Sir Oracle, and when I open my lips, let no dog bark."

A leader becomes corrupted when he forgets that he, too, has a Leader and that this Leader is God Himself. And blessed are the leaders—the executives and administrators—who work not for the approval of men but out of the love of God and the love of those whom they serve.

A happy circumstance in the growth of the park ministry has been the continuing interest and cooperation of the park officials.

His Parish Is Our National Parks

BROWNE SAMPSELL

There was a time when visitors to our national parks had few facilities for group worship. Today, however, we find them worshipping under the ancient redwoods in Sequoia National Park, California; attending dawn-of-day services as the rising sun gold-tints Heaven's Peak in Glacier National Park, Wyoming; gathering at the close of an all-day Sunday program for an Evening Fellowship Service beside the still waters of Dream Lake in Rocky Mountain Park, Colorado.

It was on a July evening in 1949 that Warren W. Ost, a pre-ministerial student working as a bellman in Yellowstone Park, talked to the members of his "Old Faithful Chorus" about the need for a church program. He wanted religion to be an everyday activity rather than just a Sunday observance in the national parks.

"Sunday services conducted by visiting pastors are fine," he said, "but they do not meet all the spiritual needs of vacationers."

The members of the chorus agreed with him that, "This is God's country and we should always be aware of it—especially on vacation."

Furthermore, Mr. Ost said they should consider that people in all walks of life are traveling as never before; and that the churches should help them to "find religious experience and growth wherever they can."

As a result of that meeting a religious program was mapped out for seasonal park employees.

Three years later, in 1952, the National Council of Churches sponsored a "Christian Ministry in the National Parks," and appointed Mr. Ost, now an ordained Presbyterian minister, to direct the

program. This gave him what is perhaps the largest parish in the world, covering approximately one million acres. His open-air cathedrals are found in our national parks as far north as Mt. McKinley, Alaska; as far south as Big Bend, Texas; as far east as Isle Royale, Michigan; and as far west as Olympic National Park in Washington.

Worship facilities are available to all churches without discrimination. Each operates according to its own denominational ritual in its own sphere of activity.

The staff of this Christian ministry is altogether different. It is composed of student pastors and other college students. To help pay the expenses of their education, they work in our national parks during the summer season as bell-boys, cabin boys, truck-drivers, filling-station attendants, waitresses, desk clerks. They come from over all America, from more than fifty colleges, thirty theological seminaries, and represent twenty-three church denominations.

They conduct Sunday services; teach Sunday and vacation church school; organize Bible study, discussion groups and retreat camping trips; conduct choirs and campfire pow-wows.

This ministry that began with a staff of seven in one park, now requires the services of 85 guest

pastors, 6 resident park chaplains, and 125 seminary and college students to provide religious leadership for more than a quarter million park visitors.

By plane, jeep, and on horseback Mr. Ost travels thousands of miles annually. On these trips he arranges meetings with park officials and local committees in the different park areas. He enlists the services of ministerial and other college students, trains them, and supervises their work.

A \$50,000 grant from John D. Rockefeller, Jr. added two new areas of service last summer (1958). One of them is Devil's Tower, America's first national monument. Situated in Wyoming, it is a spectacular tower of columnar rock, 865 feet high, formed millions of years ago by volcanic activity. Here a student pastor, son of Methodist missionaries in India (he was reared there), conducted morning and evensong services in the amphitheater during the summer months of 1958.

The other impressive setting for open-air worship is Devil's Postpile National Monument in California. There a guest minister conducts services within sight of sixty feet high basalt columns, formed so close together they resemble the pipes of an immense organ.

A happy circumstance in the growth of this ministry has been

the continuing interest and cooperation of the park officials. In recognition of the contribution they have made through the years, the Concordia Publishing House of the Lutheran Church (Missouri Synod) presented the National Park Service with a plaque in the shape of an arrow, symbol of the service. Churchmen and government officials attended the presentation dinner. Among those who made possible the establishment of our national parks were John Muir and Stephen Tying Mather, first director of the park service. In a special tribute to them Mr. Ost said, "They heard God speak as nowhere else in the midst of the awe-inspiring beauty He had created."

On May 2, 1958, a memorial service was held in honor of Mr. Mather at St. George's Episcopal Church, New York City. He had been a life-long member of this church. Donated chalices and linens for use in Holy Communion services in the parks were dedicated at the service.

This Christian Ministry in our national parks fulfills a twofold purpose; It provides worship facilities that cannot help but bring the worshiper close to his Creator. Conrad L. Wirth, present director of the National Park Service, declares that "worshiping in the parks, in the faith of one's choice, amid the great inspiration of

nature and history, gives a sense of depth and perception to that worship."

From one worshiper out of many, who has been a regular church attendant all his life, we learn that never has he felt so close to God as the morning he went to a sunrise service at Bryce Canyon, Utah.

For the student staff the service means, as Bill Hollister said, "Opportunities Unlimited." In the early years of the program, Bill was a student-minister alumnus. Now he is a pastor in Burlington, Vermont.

Charles Messinger considers the three seasons he spent in Glacier National Park invaluable in preparing him for missionary work in the Presbyterian Church, U.S.A.

"The rewards are great," Mr. Ost tells us, "for students who can take the rigors of the park ministry each year. Not only can they spend a summer in America's great beauty spots, but they get real experience too—experience in preaching and general leadership as well as realistic ecumenical experience. You not only share your differences but, in our program, you have got to live with them."

And there is nothing, perhaps, that our world needs more right now than people who can do just that.

Self-discipline, an inner spiritual strength, a serene command of wayward emotions, these can come from learning to be a "cheerful receiver."

ALICE J. WHEATON

On Being A Good Receiver

Do you because of age, disability, or circumstances beyond your control find yourself on the receiving instead of the giving end? Are you finding it difficult to respond graciously to little services, kindnesses, and perhaps material gifts?

Even psychologists admit that it is often harder to receive than to give. This is especially true if you have heretofore been able to share your substance generously and now must let others do the sharing. If you are approaching or have reached the "golden years"

you will be receiving more and more.

If pride is involved this is another challenge, another test of your philosophy of life. It is a real problem when you must accept from those who you feel are unable to give. I know an invalid mother who struggled for weeks before she could accept the ministrations of a working daughter who had to care for her at night.

"I kept complaining," said the mother. "I was bitter. Then I realized that I was only making things harder for us both. So I began to relax, to laugh more, even to joke about it all, and it has been so much easier all around. I remembered a remark of a dear contemporary, 'Cheerfulness is the only trump card the old and helpless can play.'"

Another lesson to be learned in the technique of gracious receiving is that it is probably impossible to return what is being given in kind, in amount, or within a time limit. You should not fret by weighing what you are receiving with what you can give, to whom, and how, or when. Real gratitude will help you be alert for unsuspected opportunities for sharing what is yours to give.

A woman whose lot it is to accept far more than she can return is the recipient of many periodicals. She began to clip from these and to send to friends not so for-

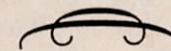
tunately supplied with reading material, articles in which they would be interested. She saves in an envelope choice bits of humor, easy crossword puzzles (with solutions attached by transparent tape), and clever news items. Some of them are read to callers, some find their way to a hospitalized friend instead of a conventional convalescent card. Given a good pair of eyes, the only material things needed are a pair of scissors, some envelopes for mailing, and postage stamps. It is often reported to her that the clippings are passed on and on so that giving and receiving are happily linked together.

As a good receiver you should pass another test—you can *always* be an articulate receiver. A feeling not only of completeness but of release often comes from expressing true thankfulness. After all, we have been given speech so that words can bear their testimony. The written or spoken thank-you need not be Uria-Heepish or too effusive or make the donor feel that the recipient is overwhelmed by a sense of gratitude. The Psalmists set an example of joy and enthusiasm in

receiving by their frequent use of the word "praises," which really means thanks or acknowledgment. Four times in Psalm 107 the writer beseeches, "O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness!"

Glenn Clark wrote in his book, *I Will Lift Up Mine Eyes*, "There is an unselfishness that permits you to *accept* with gratitude and enthusiasm all the riches that are meant for you, and to use them creatively and joyously to bring happiness to your self and others."

If you no longer know the joy of giving as before, accept every kindness and gift with the silent prayer, "Lord, make me a gracious appreciator." Although you would prefer to be, if not a great philanthropist, at least a generous giver, a Lord or Lady Bountiful ready with gifts or check book, remember, if you are imparting as much as you can of what is yours to give, that you yourselves are "gifts" to those with whom you come in contact. Self-discipline, an inner spiritual strength, a serene command of wayward emotions, these can come from learning to be a "cheerful receiver."



If you wish to be happy for an instant, take vengeance; if you wish to be happy forever, forgive.

—Lacordaire.

By ways mysterious but unmistakable, God is always encouraging us to move into areas not yet explored.

The Migratory Urge Within All of Us

Allan A. Hunter

SCRIPTURE: Hebrews (RSV) Chapter 10:32-36; 11:1-3; 8-10; 36-40; Chapter 12:1-2

A very dear friend has placed in my hands a magazine article. It excites him and me, as I trust it will excite you. It is in the August number of the *Scientific American*. In it are the latest findings in an important regard about those tiny feathered creatures who wing their way once a year from Scandinavia or Northern Germany to South Africa to return in the Spring. They are only about three-quarters of a pound in weight and they travel by night. For a long time we humans have wondered how.

A researcher in Freiburg, determined to answer that question, has been conducting painstaking experiments for several years. Observing these small warblers, some of them hatched in a huge cage—a planetarium actually—where the conditions of perpetual summer are duplicated, he is now able to throw some light, though

not too much, on a great mystery.

When the time arrives in late August or September to go south, these birds, no matter how well fed they are or how externally comfortable, invariably start fluttering above their perches. Through the night they keep up this restless motion. It lasts about as long as it would if they were outside on the traditional long flight to their winter grounds in Africa. The normal schedule even inside the planetarium is not broken, unless there is human interference. If on September 22, let us say, they should be turning east, east they turn. They are obeying some Inner Must. That compulsion from within does not mock them. They can follow with safety the promptings of the Beam they are on which we would call the will of God.

What directs them on their fly-way in the open or in their cage? Apparently they have hidden within them a soundless clock and also a compass that nobody as yet

has been able to locate or measure. Following it they instinctively know when and where to go. And go they must. But what guides them?

The light of the stars.

When the scientific investigator in Freiburg interferes with the usual pattern of the constellations and rearranges them in the roof of his planetarium, the birds have no choice but to change their course accordingly. On the night when they would ordinarily be flying south, there they are, flapping their wings above their perches and aiming their small bodies east—if that is what the “stars” at the moment seem to be dictating.

We, too, are migrants. And we are never left without guidance, if we want it. Always there is the mind of Christ to remind us where we should be headed. The trouble is we so infrequently want that true direction. How clumsily we use that priceless freedom of ours which no sub-human creature has! The Light is there. But we play tricks with it, paying too much attention to distractions, the way I found a fellow traveler doing many years ago. There, standing dazed in the road and asking for a catastrophe, was a wild mallard drake, his green neck sparkling. He didn't belong on our city asphalt. He should have been on his flyway, winging south.

But like all of us do at some time or other, he let himself get confused by the artificial glare of Hollywood down below; and now he was going to be run over by the traffic unless something drastic was done.

We ran as fast as we could toward him, hands outstretched. A second before human fingers were about to close around that slim neck, the beautiful creature came to himself. Just in time. Vaulting into the air with a loud quack he cleared the house tops, got his direction, and resumed his proper journey.

The migratory urge that is in us all is not of our own creating. Our Creator put it there. By ways mysterious but unmistakable He is always encouraging us to move into areas not yet explored. Nobody knows what it's going to be like exactly, that strange world of technology we will have to live with. In a startling sense we are like Abraham not knowing whither we go.

If our desire is from our center He will answer our prayer for “daily bread.” The resources will be found as they are required, even as the manna came to those with Moses who, without this extra help, might have starved to death. Jesus' nourishment, he once confessed to solicitous friends who brought him a loaf and possibly some dried fish, was “doing the

will of God." That basically had better begin to be ours. But that is not to say either that this means we will be left to die of hunger or that we are relieved from the responsibility of earning what we need. The point is that when we are exhausted on our journey, exhausted because we are really trying to do what is right in a difficult situation, we can count on energy from beyond being made available before it is too late. In our head are billions of neurons. They carry electrical charges connected with imagineering and thinking. As yet in our traveling we have used only a small fraction of them. Don't you think God has in mind something better for the human race which will come into view only as we draw on the enlarged awareness to which those seemingly superfluous brain cells point?

Like some of those who went forth long ago not knowing whither they went but seeking a better country, we too in our confused search for a homeland of the spirit may any day be surprised to discover how relentlessly we ourselves are being sought. That was the finding of a scientist, Maurice Ewing.

Dr. Ewing is an oceanographer. In January, 1954, he was desperately struggling to keep afloat in the Atlantic north of Bermuda. Something had gone wrong with

the steering gear of the 200-foot schooner he and some other researchers were on and he was swept off into the water by the giant waves. "Death seemed inevitable," writes Dr. Ralph Sockman, telling the story in his exhilarating new book *Man's First Love*, "but after a harrowing struggle Dr. Ewing was rescued." While battling with the sea, up against what seemed inescapable death, he had a strong feeling that his children were calling to him, asking him to save *them* from drowning. Their imagined cries were like adrenalin in his blood, giving him extra strength to keep on swimming. The following day, safely back on board, he wrote a letter to his children:

"As a scientist I naturally think of physical things . . . But I know, too, that something more than the merely physical was involved in my being able to survive. We must remember about love. The love that you children, your mother, and I have for each other gave me strength to keep afloat long after I was exhausted. Your love—little Maggie calling to me—was stronger than those terrible waves. God's love brought the ship to us before the steering gear broke again. We may not be able to understand fully the power of love, but it is very real, and is one of the most important things in the world."

IF THERE IS TO BE FOUND A RICHNESS OF LIFE IN INDIVIDUALS AND IN SOCIETY, THERE MUST BE A STEADY INFILTRATION OF THE SPIRIT OF JESUS.

Making Life Rich

GUY HURD WILSON

Margaret Fuller, a woman who lived about one hundred years ago, had a quiet way of asking the people she met, "Is life rich to you?" It might be a good thing for most of us if some thoughtful person would put that searching question to us tomorrow. For the sobering fact is that a good many people are living in spiritual penury, and do not seem to know it.

Too many of us are born into a provincial world. How hopelessly local, parochial, and denominational we are in the beginning. We look about us and say, "This is my house, my street, my church!" We content ourselves with urbane prejudices and small knowledge,

and make no attempt to pull in the boundaries of our ignorance. There is no urgent sense of need in our lives. The Christly law, "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst . . ." has no meaning for us; therefore, righteousness does not come and abide. Life is lived with monotonous regularity, each day adding to the totality of an inane existence. And yet, our God is always struggling with the prejudices and the ignorance of men everywhere, wanting them to come to the fulness of truth as it is in our Lord Jesus Christ.

Truth may be nebulous, or unrecognizable, at times, but it is so only to those whose minds are undisciplined and untaught. Such

From *That Ye May Know* by Guy Hurd Wilson by permission of the publisher The Macalester Park Publishing Co. \$2.00.

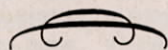
minds live in a world of starvation; they have never gone out over the caravan routes of intellectual riches and fellowship, nor traveled the wide ocean paths of spiritual research and attainment.

But spiritually minded people, like an experienced traveler sifting through the trinkets and goods of small shops and stalls in out-of-the-way places in the ports of the world, will search everywhere for a word of truth, and will rejoice gladly when it is found. Such people will have the perspective which will make possible the seeing of all the picture at once—all streets, instead of just our street; all homes, instead of just our home; all people, instead of just our people; and all churches, instead of just our church. Ours is a horizontal world, but it needs just such a vertical gospel!

If there is to be found a richness of life in individuals and in society, there must be a steady

infiltration of the Spirit of Jesus. Plans, programs, and machinery there must be. Organized effort should be had. But all these become a dead weight and a burden to the flesh unless they are energized by the Spirit, and illuminated by His presence. Apostolic simplicity and sincerity will be greatly helpful. Something revolutionary, dynamic, mystical had happened to these early Christians. New channels of thought and action had been cut in their lives. Possession changed from self to Christ. Not only did they possess Christ personally, but what is perhaps more important, *Christ possessed them!* Everywhere they went they stood up and gave a testimony to the transforming, enriching quality of Christ.

If we would be immeasurably rich let us be sure, first of all, that we possess Him, and that He possesses us, and then let us tactfully, but radiantly, give our testimony of that possession.



A GRATEFUL HEART

George Herbert

"Thou hast given so much to me,
Give one thing more—a grateful heart;
Not thankful when it pleaseth me,
As if Thy blessings had spare days;
But such a heart, whose pulse may be
Thy praise."

The imagination is a powerful force for success. The kind of success based on a spiritual foundation.

TAKE A TIP FROM TV

Elizabeth Searle Lamb

Add color and sound to a live, moving image for the kind of effective visualization that brings results! The imagination is a powerful force for success, the kind of true success based on a spiritual foundation, which is the birthright of every man and woman.

The technique of successful imagining, or imaging, is simple, effective. It involves, first of all, freeing the imagination from self-imposed restrictions. A TV set cannot give satisfactory sound and sight results if the vision is not tuned in properly and adjusted to give a clear picture or if the volume control is turned too low. So with imagination—it must be tuned in to God, to the Source of life. This kind of tuning in and adjustment comes with daily prayer, with realization of oneness with God, with faith.

When the imagination is tuned in to God, then a picture begins to come in of the pattern which

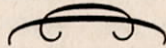
is laid out for each individual life. Desire for achievement, for expression in a certain field, an intuitive leaning toward a certain course of action—these will come in on the screen of the mind. Then it is time to adjust the controls of the mind. Carry on the picture, see yourself in motion following your imaginative lead. Give the picture color and substance in your mind. Don't cloud the image with negative shadows of thought. It is a sacrilege to think, "I can't do it," "I could never achieve that goal so I might as well not start," "What would people think?" Tune the picture in clearly from the Source of wisdom and knowledge and love and joy. Let the sound come in clearly to your listening ear. See and hear, in vibrant color motion and in sweet musical tones of harmony, the picture that can be made into a growing reality in your life.

Oh, the imagination is a magnificent force, but it must be

guided by the soul, by keeping the antennae turned God-ward. Imagination is no selector of what it shows; be sure to keep the channels of the lack-of-good from imagining on the screen of your mind.

And viewing and listening to imagination is not, in itself, enough. Watch the screen and see

and hear vividly. Then put into action what you have seen. Carry that image into the world of everyday living. Imagine, in color, sound, and movement; live that picture every day with faith and joy and works; see your life unfold to inner growth and outer success beyond your imagination!



AUTUMN GAIN

Louise Darcy

Today I caught a glimpse of fall
With one, red bough and silver frost,
And then I knew I soon would hold
Bright, autumn gain for summer lost.

Green branches turned to gold and flame
Will offer me their vivid hues.
God's bounty ever gives to us
New beauty when some gift we lose.

Give, and Prosper

It used to be a business axiom that you can't get rich giving the public something for nothing. This old-fashioned principle is still highly regarded in most European countries. In the smaller French restaurants, for instance, there is an extra charge for a napkin, and if you want butter with your bread you must pay extra for it. Everywhere in Europe gas stations, with few exceptions, charge a fee to put air in your tires, or to wash your windshield.

It is chiefly during the last fifty years that American businessmen discovered there was something wrong with this philosophy. The story of radio affords one illustration: In the early days of broadcasting radio advertisers who spent good money for "time" often resented having to devote many of their costly minutes to music or other entertainment. They wanted to use that valuable time to tell the public about their products! Consequently it was not unusual for two-thirds of a program to consist of windy commercials.

The results were so unsatisfactory that for quite a while the outlook for the radio industry was doubtful, for after the initial novelty of radio had worn off a bit there was a decline in the sales of radio receiving sets, and in the influx of advertising accounts. Many large companies, including most of the nation's department stores, refused to even consider radio advertising.

This situation was entirely changed when radio stations and progressive advertisers launched a campaign to win listeners by improving the variety and quality of radio entertainment, and by cutting down sharply on the length of the commercials. The radio people themselves encouraged the establishment of Federal regulations limiting the length of commercials.

Now that radio was giving much more to the public, an interesting thing happened: the industry discovered that the more you gave, the bigger became the profits! Advertisers, perceiving this, vied with one another to offer better and

more costly programs, and the broadcasting stations spent fortunes to improve the quality of transmission. Millions were spent to give the public something for nothing!

And the more they gave the bigger the industry grew. Now, to add to costly free entertainment, advertisers began giving away free prizes to the tune of millions of dollars, and still, the more they gave, the bigger were their profits! The explanation of course was that instead of thousands, or hundreds of thousands of radio fans there were now millions of enthusiastic listeners, and these millions were buying the advertisers' products.

To prosper by giving has become a solidly established American business philosophy for the plain reason that it is the best plan ever discovered. The modern, highly successful super-market affords another example of this plan in operation. The most successful of them are those that give the most; they offer extremely pleasant interior decoration and lighting, spotless cleanliness, courteous help, and such extras as Muzak, children's playrooms, free merry-go-round rides, a check-cashing bureau, convenient parking areas, electric-eye doors and free food samples. Many of them keep a pile of empty cartons near the door which customers may

take home free to use for a variety of purposes. (In Europe, such cartons are sold.) The grocer of fifty years ago would have been dumfounded at the thought of spending his hard-earned money for such folderols; the modern grocer has discovered it pays off handsomely no matter how much hard cash he must spend to achieve it. Like the radio people, he has learned that the more you give, the more you get.

In recent years many thousands of motels have sprung up all over the country. Here again, it is easy to observe that the most successful of them are those that offer the most. It costs money, indeed, to supply motel guests with such extras as free radio or T.V., swimming pools, free newspapers, and other attractions. But the most profitable motels in the country are those that do just that; their increased overhead is more than compensated by a highly increased rate of unit occupancy.

The Europeans have been slow to learn this lesson. Recently several American airlines wanted to slash their transatlantic fares by as much as 50 percent, on the theory that this would make European vacations possible for millions of people who could not otherwise afford it. The profit per passenger would be greatly reduced but the greatly increased volume of business would more than make

up for it. The European airlines opposed this plan vigorously and the Americans were told that their landing privileges would be revoked if they cut their fares independently. A modest reduction was finally, reluctantly, agreed upon but it was far short of what the Americans hoped for. Unlike the Europeans, the Americans knew from experience that by giving the most, you get the most.

When a European book publisher recently visited the United States someone called his attention to the Book-of-the-Month Club's advertisement, offering a 20 percent discount on new books, a free dictionary and free "book dividends" to customers. "But this is fantastic!" exclaimed the visitor from abroad. "How can they hope to make money?" He was incredulous when he was shown the firm's annual earnings report which indicated a whopping profit. "It would be useless," he said, "to tell this to the directors of my company; they would not believe it."

May not the vast prosperity of America be attributed, in large measure, to this emphasis on giving? Actually, an increasing number of foreign industrialists are beginning to understand and to apply the American plan, especially those who are trying to sell in the American market. These firms, especially, must give more

for less simply in order to compete, and they are discovering, no doubt to their amazement, that it pays.

It has never been easy for most human beings to realize the absolute truth of Jesus' statement that it is more blessed to give than to receive, for it seems to run counter to common sense. How can you achieve prosperity by giving things away? Why sell something for five dollars if you can get ten? The answer, of course, is that in business, as in all other areas of life, we must have relations with other people, and that people, being human, give their business, and their loyalty, to those who give the most.

Prosperity in business is only one of the rewards of giving. Prosperity of a different kind is also to be achieved by this principle: the prospering of every form of human relations. Is it not the person who gives most freely of his personal services and his love who has the most friends? Is it not the employee who gives his employer the best assistance who gets the promotion, and the salary increase? Is it not the politician who gives his constituents the loyalest representation who wins reelection?

No matter what it is that you might desire to receive, your best chance to get it comes when you stop thinking about how to get

it and, instead, think of how much you can give. I think that my mother affords a pleasant little example of how this works. My mother was a woman who loved to have lots of friends and a busy social life. So she made it a policy, whenever she met someone she liked, to invite that person over for dinner. She never waited to receive such an invitation; she never even thought about it. Our home was always full of company, and, of course, there were plenty of return invitations.

In contrast to this, I know there are many lonely people who simply do not think of inviting new acquaintances to a dinner, or some other little affair. Yet it is only by giving to others that we attract others to us. We need not give anything material; it is enough, very often, to give no more than genuine appreciation, consideration, and affection. But whatever it might be that we can give, give we must, for without

the giving there can be no receiving.

Even in man's relationship with God, is not giving of the utmost importance? It is when we give thanks for our blessings that we multiply them. It is when we give freely of our thoughts, our time, and our energies to the practice of the Master's counsels that we receive the resultant benefits. Giving is the first, the supreme, law of getting.

You can transform yourself and your outer circumstances by thinking at all times, in relation to your business, your job, your family, your friends, "What can I give? How can I give? How can I give more?"

And, of course, the Master provided a simple clue to the problem of deciding what to give. He said, in effect, "Give to others the thing you would like to receive from them." It is the Golden Rule for the achievement of every kind of prosperity.



Have courage for the great sorrows of life and patience for the small ones, and when you have laboriously accomplished your daily task, go to sleep in peace. God is awake.

Victor Hugo

THE LITERACY WORK DONE BY GOVERNMENTS WILL THRILL US ALL.

*Victoria Hotel, Cairo
October 5, 1958*

A Letter from Frank C. Laubach

Dear Literacy Friends:

The trip from Paris to Cairo was as smooth as any plane ride I ever took. We arrived at 1 a.m. and I had a delightful surprise. The customs man did not even look in the direction of my baggage. They were all as sweet and courteous as they could be. In fact, I had never been treated more courteously in all my life. And yet I am tonight the only American in this hotel. The tourist business has been almost killed in Cairo by the strained relations we have had with Nasser. People are afraid of being mistreated, whereas the Egyptian people are anxious to be our friends. The hotels of Paris and Rome are over-crowded. But here they are empty.

Yesterday I went to Minia where they have a Literacy House, organized by the Protestant churches in Egypt, and sponsored by the Committee on World Literacy and Christian Literature. I

found that Literacy House now has a good supply of literature for new literates. The guiding light of the work for more than ten years, Dr. Davida Finney, has now retired and has returned to the States. Miss Marjorie Dye is now in her place, with aid from able Egyptians, among them Miss Helana Mikhail, Sam Habib, and Menis Nur. The literacy work and the accompanying community development that occurs with literacy in the villages around Minia are among the most effective campaigns anywhere in the world today.

In the railway station in Cairo I was depressed to see the flies in the eyes of the children—and the children not even trying to chase them away. In Hirz, the flies were so terrible that it was impossible to forget them during the church service. It seemed to me that one-half of the people had eyes in all stages toward blindness.

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A Coptic physician who sat with me in the train going south said that 70 per cent of the people have amoeba, which breaks out every now and then as amoebic dysentery. It will kill you and me, but they have developed such resistance that they do not die, though they are always weakened by the disease. He said that 50 per cent have bilharzia, a disease caused by a snail bite which injects the germ into the blood. They get it by wading in the canals where the snails abound. There is still another very common disease which affects about as many as amoeba. The people have all these diseases. And with this goes endless hunger among nine-tenths of them.

Another thing overwhelmed me as I came out of the railway station. Everywhere I saw the shouting crowds—there are too many people in Egypt. There are too many people in India, and in Japan, and in China. I found a book on the news stands called *Human Breeding and Survival*. It forces one to realize that there must be world-wide family planning, or the whole world will degenerate into despotisms. It is clear, too, that literacy MUST find some way to catch up with rising populations.

October 6: This has been a very exciting and encouraging morning. First, through Dr. Bayard Dodge,

I found the telephone number of American Friends of the Middle East. The big handicap in Cairo is the lack of an up-to-date telephone book. People who want to know a number ask the Shepherd Hotel, which specializes in knowing all the numbers that are likely to count.

At noon Dr. Khatar went with me to see Dr. Khoussy, Technical Advisor to the Ministry of Education. He was simply delighted and was greatly interested in the proposal to make the literacy TV film. At 1 p.m. I went to see Abdel el Sayid, Director General of Fundamental Education. He was, of all the people I have yet met, the most eager for help, and the most in need of it.

Mr. Sayid said that since the United States withdrew its Point Four program, he was left almost helpless with a very meager budget. He had only two "small" experiments in adult literacy. The poor man grasped at this idea of TV to teach the illiterates, as a drowning man grasps for a plank. I hope this may be the "plank" Egypt needs. When you realize that in all Egypt there are only three small centers where literacy is being carried out—and that nine-tenths of the illiterates are entirely outside the orbit of these three centers—you can appreciate how badly this TV program is needed. The three centers are:

Sirs el Layyan (UNESCO), Minia (United Presbyterian); two small government experimental centers.

October 24: Friday, the Sabbath of the Moslems. Nearly everything is closed. At noon I heard what sounded like loud speech making, and went to see what it was. The side street was nearly filled with hundreds of people sitting on the ground in prayer. They pray on Friday noon. But the speech I heard was not like the Koran, and I think it was political.

I went over to the American mission and found Rev. Samuel Habib, who was once a student of my son, Bob's, at Syracuse University. He went over our script with me to make sure it was all right. He said they now have twenty people teaching in the villages near Minia. They send four to a village to arouse the enthusiasm, then after about four months only two are left, and they stay for ten months. After that two people come to teach Bible, and to finish the literacy program.

At the Anglo-American Bookstore I got acquainted with Philip E. Mitry, the best Egyptologist I have met. He could read the hieroglyphics, and has read the inscriptions on 10,000 scarabs, which were considered divine bringers of good luck in the period around 3000 B.C.

November 10: Last night we had a remarkable meeting. The Director of Education and the Assistant Director were both present. There were about fifty educational leaders and five UNESCO people present. I showed the first English TV film and then the Arabic film. The guests and the Director of Education were profuse in their praise. They wanted to have film strips made of the same material, as did also the American Mission.

I was delighted with the favorable response which the Director of Education gave. He was completely sold on the TV idea and wanted it to come as fast as it is possible. I love these Sudanese officials because they are so humble and teachable and eager for aid. And I find ALL Africans are delighted at our cooperation and especially when we are democratic and eat and have social affairs with them.

And now I am off for Kenya, where readers of this Newsletter will meet old friends in Betty Mooney and Helen Roberts. The literacy work done there by government will thrill us all. In the Next Newsletter: Kenya, Somaliland and Saudi Arabia.

From us all on the Fund, and from workers with the illiterates everywhere—to all of you . . .

A MOST HAPPY NEW YEAR

Frank Laubach

How I Became a Criminal

by

Jake Hoyland

AS TOLD TO AMY STOCKWELL HOLBERT

GOD MOVES IN A MYSTERIOUS WAY HIS WONDERS TO PERFORM.

It was about the year of 1916 that the dreaded enemy of the cotton industry, the pink boll worm made its first appearance in Harris and Galveston Counties of Texas. Mr. Hamlet, Superintendent of the eradication of the pest in that section, employed me, Jake Hoyland, as chauffeur to drive his car from Headquarters in Houston, to the Workers Clean-up Camp, which was located on Dickenson Bayou.

The camp consisted of 250 negroes and several college men to superintend the work of exterminating the pest, which was done by burning all old cotton stalks and debris.

The camp provided tents with sleeping quarters, kitchen, dining-room, food, and cooks. The

amount of money for these expenses was over \$5,000 a week, even in those days. As Mr. Hamlet was paymaster it was his duty to carry the money from Headquarters to the camp. As the risk of transporting this money was considerable, he was permitted to carry a gun.

On Friday evening we left Houston for camp, as Saturday was payday. He carried the money in a black satchel which he carefully placed in the car, guarding it faithfully.

I had been up the night before, as my wife was ill. She and I were both much distressed over financial troubles, as we were about to lose our home.

As we drove along, thoughts of how wonderful it would be to

have money and what all I could do if only in some way I could do something to get it. My wife and I had lived in comparative poverty ever since we had been married. Why should I have to work for a mere pittance?

If I had that money in that black bag I could pay off what I owed, clear our home, dress well, and go places.

At a roadside cafe out of town we stopped and had supper, after which Mr. Hamlet kindly suggested that I lie down in the car and rest a while. I went to sleep! Then we drove on.

The road led through a strip of timber, with low swampy ground. In those days there was practically no drainage in that section of the country, and only narrow roads with shell surfacing.

When we came to a remote place in that secluded section, the urge came upon me that this was the time and the place to get that money and how to get it! I deliberately killed the motor. In answer to Mr. Hamlet's questioning look, I told him that something was wrong with the car. We both got out. Mr. Hamlet stooped to examine the motor. As he turned his back to me, I jerked his revolver from his holster and deliberately fired, striking him in the back! The awful deed was done! I shall never forget the expression on his face as he fell. It will

haunt me 'til my dying day. Surprise, grief, horror! He died almost instantly.

I dragged his body off the road, and hastened to get the black bag from the car. That money! That all-important objective which had been the cause for me to commit this terrible crime!

I scampered into the woods, found a place which I could mark, so I could return and locate it later and get the treasure.

If only I could get everything arranged according to my plan before some one came along. I hurried back to the car, procured some small rope and taking the body of my employer to a nearby tree I tied him to it, and gagged him. Then I carefully wiped any finger prints from the revolver and tossed into the weeds by the roadside. I lay down and wallowed, rumpling my clothes and roughing up the ground so it would appear that we had fought the robbers. Then I tied myself with some of the rope and lay down, pretending to be unconscious. But I had never been more conscious in my life. The hours seemed interminable. Frogs croaked, crickets chirped, and a thousand other sounds pounded in my ears. The awfulness of my crime grew upon me. I shook as with the ague. I thought of all the kind things Mr. Hamlet had done for me. I realized that I must have been

temporarily insane. The face of my dear departed mother appeared before me, with grief, reproach, but with love written upon it. I felt the furious pangs of hell burning my soul. I knew my beloved wife would never accept ill-gotten gains, much less blood money! I must keep this awful secret from her. No one must ever know.

I screamed frantically when a razorbacked hog went crashing past me in the woods. I tried to pray but could not, I did not dare; I felt that God had forsaken me.

Mr. Hamlet still stood stark against the tree where I had put him. His ghastly face glowering at me with the increasing frequency of lightning from an oncoming storm. I tried to cry out but numbness held me spellbound.

I tried to untie the rope with

which I had bound myself, but I was paralyzed. I made a supreme effort. An awful groan escaped me; and then a kind hand grasped my arm and the voice of Mr. Hamlet came, saying, "Why, Jake, what's the matter? Wake up, fellow; you've slept a long time, too long! Wake up and let's get going or we won't get down there in time for the payoff!"

And then, O thank God, I realized that it had all been a horrible dream. O thank God! Thank Him now and forever!

Then I remembered that, "God moves in mysterious ways His wonders to perform!"

After this terrible dream, nothing but thankfulness filled my mind, for my deliverance. I have never been tempted to commit a crime again, not even in a dream!



All our troubles come from the fact that we think there are circumstances in which men can deal with human beings without love, and there are no such circumstances.

We begin to live when we begin to understand that except we work with love, we achieve nothing worthwhile, not even our own happiness.

Tolstoy



Prayer Works

by Alma Fisher

DIRECTOR, THE UNITED PRAYER TOWER

The United Prayer Tower is a group of praying people in touch with prayer groups in this and in many countries abroad. Even though we do have a central office now located in Minneapolis, Minnesota, the United Prayer Tower circles the world as daily we give of ourselves to God in prayer. People have written saying that they feel this power, especially at ten A.M. and three P.M. when we have our daily prayer times. To God be all the glory for Jesus said, "Believest thou not that I am IN the Father and the Father IN me? the words that I speak unto you I speak not of myself; but *the Father that dwelleth in me he doeth the works.*" John 14:10

We know that "prayer is mightiest force in the world" as Dr. Frank Laubach says, but we need to be more united in this wonderful privilege God has given us. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." I Cor. 2:9

In 1942 Dr. Glenn Clark said these words and they are just as meaningful today:

"These are days which require prayer. And these are nights which make Christians turn to the Father in supplication. Every hour of the twenty-four requires prayer . . . The thought is to have the PRAYER rise continuously from all parts of the United States, as well as countries abroad. So, get your prayer groups busy and arrange for an hour of prayer *one*

day each month, and send out infinite love to the Russians and the Chinese people and above all to our own national leaders. Let us start this cycle of prayer by all UNITING in Prayer for Peace on earth and good will to all men."

Peace seemed to be uppermost in the mind of Dr. Clark and again in 1954, following the President's address to the World Council of Churches, he said;

"In compliance with the call of the President of the United States, we are hereby initiating a movement that will spring from the hearts of the people everywhere. This movement will consist of sending a CONTINUOUS stream of PRAYER every day of every year for God's inspiration and guidance for the President, the Cabinet, the Senate, and the House of Representatives to take the necessary steps to bring world PEACE to all nations.

"This letter is a call to the prayer groups everywhere to share in a constant stream of prayer for the 'devotion, wisdom, and stamina,' (as spoken by our President) of the rulers and lawmakers of the world in general and of our nation in particular to 'work unceasingly for a just and lasting peace.'

"If each of thirty one prayer groups will select one day of each month to make this their special project, the stream of prayer will be assured."

Then he gave the following pattern for the states to follow saying, "Any prayer

group or individual wishing to be enrolled in this movement for world peace is requested to write to Mrs. Ethel Dow, the coordinator of prayer groups, 3124 West Lake Calhoun Blvd., Minneapolis, Minnesota."

Perhaps, some, who have read this before will feel this is a repetition, and it is, but we feel that if Dr. Clark were here today he would be constantly reiterating this message PRAY FOR PEACE and we, too, feel that we must urge you to be constant in prayer.

Day of Month	Prayer Groups
1—	Maine and Idaho
2—	Massachusetts and North Dakota
3—	Connecticut and South Dakota
4—	New Jersey and Nevada
5—	Maryland and Montana
6—	Virginia and Utah
7—	North Carolina and Rhode Island
8—	Georgia and Delaware
10—	Arkansas and New Mexico
11—	Oregon and Arizona
12—	Washington and New Hampshire
13—	Nebraska and Vermont
14—	Wisconsin and Mississippi
15—	Kentucky and Wyoming
16—	Missouri and Colorado
17—	Tennessee and Iowa

You might want to bring this to the attention of your minister and get his cooperation as did one Methodist W.S. C.S. group in the state of Alabama. For six consecutive years they have kept their church open all day on "their special day" for Prayer. Suggest this to your minister and work out a plan whereby any member may drop into the church to pray for peace. Keep the word PEACE constantly before the people. Make them aware of God's need of their time and efforts in this crucial time.

Day of Month	Prayer Groups
18—	Louisiana and British Columbia, Canada
19—	Minnesota and Manitoba, Canada
20—	New York and Ontario, Canada
21—	Pennsylvania and Saskatchewan, Canada
22—	Illinois and Quebec, Canada
23—	Ohio and District of Columbia
24—	Indiana and the Maritime Provinces, Canada
25—	Texas and Newfoundland
26—	Oklahoma
27—	California and Mexico
28—	Alabama and Alberta, Canada
29—	Michigan
30—	Kansas and Alaska
31—	South Carolina and Hawaii

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.

The Prayer Tower ministry is supported entirely by free will love offerings. We wish to thank those whose contributions make this work possible. PLEASE NOTE THE CHANGE OF POLICY REGARDING *The Manual of Prayer*. It is now on a subscription basis of \$1.25 per year. Ask for free booklet about the work of the United Prayer Tower.

Address: The United Prayer Tower, 5829 27th Avenue South, Minneapolis 17, Minnesota, Telephone PArkway 2-2766; 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.

IN GREEN PASTURES, Jane Merchant. 110 pages. Abingdon, \$1.50. The contents amount to 86 devotions in poetry and prayer. The central theme of the book is the Twenty-Third Psalm. Each devotion consists of a poem, a prayer and a verse of Scripture. The writing is devotionally warm and intimate, the kind that appeals to personal use.

THE CHOICE TO LOVE, Robert Reynolds. 192 pages. Harper, \$3.75. This is the kind of a book that you will not want to skim over. It is too good for that. It demands and deserves to be lived with for some time. It is a book that was first conceived by the successful novelist's family, by his children who asked him to write a book for themselves and for their children. It is the testament of a mature soul that looks back over the road it has journeyed and then tells those who are to follow what is the most important thing in life. Love is the most important thing in life to Mr. Reynolds and he explores the subject with both reverence and intellectual strength. Much of the writing and the ideas you will want to read again and again, both in order to understand what he is saying (not that the writing is difficult but rather the ideas are profound) and to bask in something sacred. The six parts of the book are: The Common Sense of Love, The Wisdom of Love, The Enemies of Love, The Choice to Love, The Small Parish of Love, and The Divine Wonder of Love. Each part consists of a number of essays to elaborate the specific subject.

ONE SAINT AND SEVEN SINNERS, Ennen Reaves Hall. 243 pages. Crowell, \$3.50. This is the true, and most interesting and delightful story of the life of a Baptist circuit-riding pastor and his family in the Oklahoma Territory. Mrs. Hall is a daughter of the pastor, and one of the "seven sinners" (the other members of the family). Papa was a big man, all six feet four of him, and he had a deep and profound faith in his religion and his God. "Saints" are not always easy

books of interest

comments, summaries
reviews & opinions
on religious books

NORMAN K. ELLIOTT

to live with, and in this case it makes for good reading. Here is adventure, pathos, tenderness, religious sturdiness, humor, all blended together into something well worth reading. It's good reading and good insight into frontier days that are now gone.

A BOOK OF PUBLIC PRAYERS, Harry Emerson Fosdick. 191 pages. Harper, \$3.00. This book of prayers and litanies is far superior to any book of prayer I have ever read in both character and usefulness. The average person does not consider a book of prayers either interesting or necessary, but prayers when well thought out and honestly reflecting the spirit of a man are windows into the soul of the one who is praying. They reflect the motives and reveal the direction of the interior life. Harry Emerson Fosdick is recognized as one of the great souls of this century as a preacher and fighter for social justice. This collection of his prayers shows that he gained and gathered his strength from his prayer life. The wonderful thing about the prayers and litanies is that they are both reverent and tellingly specific. These are not rambling and obscure and non-directional outpourings. These

are well thought out, to the point, detailed and yet always reverent and humble. Ministers will welcome avidly this collection. They can use it both in their public services and they can also use it to help themselves think out their own prayers. Laymen will find it a first class aid to devotion.

INTEGRITY FOR TOMORROW'S ADULTS. Blanche Carrier. 182 pages. Crowell, \$3.00. This is a serious and an important book. By serious I do not mean that it is difficult to read and understand. On the contrary it is not difficult in the least to either read or understand. It is serious in that it reveals a picture of our young people, and of the American home, that demands correction if we are to progress as a nation. It is important in that failure to heed what this author has to say can result in personal and national disaster. Almost one-third of American prisoners in the Korean war collaborated in some form with the enemy. They lacked the individual and group moral stamina, and dedication to right and wrong, that made resistance possible. Her contention is that such stamina and standards in the individual stem primarily from the home. Parents cannot push off their responsibility on the schools and other social groups. The chapter titles tell rather well what the specifics of the book are: What is Our Problem?, Can They Resist the Crowd?, Can They Stand for the Right?, Can They Become Responsible?, How Can We Help Them?, and For Further Reading. Here is common sense in true Christian perspective. Theory and fact are adequately illustrated with true life incidents. All parents with growing youngsters owe it to themselves to read this excellent book.

THE ANIMAL WORLD OF ALBERT SCHWEITZER, translated & edited with an introduction by Charles R. Joy. 209 pages. Beacon, \$1.75. This is as delightful reading as you will find. There is the Albert Schweitzer who is the musician, theologian, physician and philosopher, but there is also the man who comes in contact with animal and vegetable life, and how he views the common things of life is almost as revealing as his writings. Perhaps more so. Here are his impressions and thoughts on snakes, elephants, the hippo, gorillas, leopards, termites, ants, and a complete section on animals and ethics. You don't know Schweitzer until you know this side of his life. "Reverence for life" has come to be known as his theme of living, and it extends to all relationships of life.

THE HEART OF A CHAMPION, Bob Richards. 159 pages. Revell, \$2.50. Perhaps the purpose of the book is best summed up in his own words, "I'd like to share with you what I've seen in the hearts of a few champions. As I've worked in the world of religion, I know that it applies there. As I've gone on in the field of education, I've found that the same principles apply there. In other words, what I'm trying to say is that every man needs the heart of a champion. It's a quality of mind, a mental resolve, an attitude that turns a man beyond the normal and the mediocre . . ." Good, good reading, especially for men and boys as they are presumably more interested in sports than women, but I think it is good for everyone. The author is a minister and also Olympic pole vault champion.

I'm Gonna FLY!

by Lois Phelps Johnson

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