

SUMMER 1960

# Clear Horizons

Personal Experiences In Christian Living

50¢



*Good Old  
Summer Time!*

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## Clear Horizons Magazine

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#### THE COVER

Nothing much needs to be said about the picture on the cover. All adults will read into it memories from the past. Youth and children will see it from a much nearer experience. Make part of your summer to fit the picture!

SUMMER, 1960

Clear Horizons

VOLUME 21  
NUMBER 1

There are blessings which come to us through persistent prayer.

# YOUR PRAYER CAN SHAKE THE WORLD

Clifford H. Richmond

In the San Fernando Valley are municipal wells sunk 100 to 500 feet deep into the earth. A clock-like apparatus reveals and measures the agitation of the water. What happens at the far end of the earth is felt in California. An earthquake which disturbs any region in the world causes the water level to rise.

Scientists tell us that if you drop a pin to the earth a tiny vibration is sent to every other part of the earth. In other words, the ma-

terial universe is so much one that each and every bit of matter affects and may be affected by each and every other bit of matter.

This is true not only with respect to matter, but it is also true in the realm of energy. In 1934 when Admiral Byrd was at the South Pole he flashed a radio signal which caused a hammer to strike and ring the Liberty Bell in Philadelphia, Pa. We are learning more and more about such non-physical rays and using them

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in radio, television, radar, and x-ray. Of course we're all becoming familiar with the limitless possibilities of atomic energy released by the splitting of the atom.

What has all this got to do with prayer?

You've no doubt wondered, "How can my prayers affect others and the world in which I live?" Here is the answer. In our material universe and the realm of energy, what happens in one place tends to affect every other place. This is likewise true in respect to the spiritual energy we generate through prayer.

When a person prays, something happens which would not have happened if he had not prayed.

Something not only happens to the individual who prays, but to those for whom he prays and to the world through their prayers. Jesus, of course, knew about it, taught it, and practised it.

In His high priestly prayer in the 17th chapter of the Gospel of John, He says: "I pray for them. I pray not for the world, but for them which thou hast given me . . . I pray not that thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that thou shouldst keep them from the evil . . . Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word."

The Scriptures indicate the

main work of Jesus today — "He ever liveth to make intercession for them" (Heb. 7:25).

If Christ attached so much importance to intercessory prayer, a solemn responsibility rests upon us as Christians to learn how to unleash this power in the world today.

How can we do it?

First, the effectiveness of our prayer for others depends upon the depth of our own spiritual lives. Think of your radio or TV set. The more power your receiver has, the better is your reception. The same thing is true of a broadcasting station. The greater number of watts, the more effective the broadcasting.

So it is with us. The clearer the channel, the greater our trust and purity of life. The more conscious we are of God's presence and power, the more powerful our prayers are. Not until we are fully committed to the Holy Spirit, willing to let Him cleanse us and baptize us with power can He use us effectively in intercessory prayer.

A second requisite for effective prayer for others is intensity of thought and emotion. We must pray with sincerity, earnestness, overwhelming desire. The half-hearted never have much success in intercessory prayer.

John Knox prayed: "Give me Scotland or I die," and he held

on to God until Scotland came under the saving and redeeming power of the Eternal One.

The little group of early Christians prayed for Peter who was in prison and they kept on praying until he was miraculously released and stood in their midst.

Third, Christ taught us to be persistent in our prayer. He told the story of the man who had guests late one night and went to his friend's house for bread. His friend was in bed and at first would not respond to his requests, but through persistent knocking and pleading the friend finally gave in and provided him with bread needed. Jesus also told of the widow who went to a judge seeking justice in a certain situation in her life. She kept coming to him until finally to get rid of her he granted her request.

Jesus didn't mean to say that God was like either of these men and had to be forced into doing things for His children.

The point He wanted to make was that if these men who were human would respond to persistence, how much more would our Heavenly Father — God Himself — hear and answer the persistent prayers of His children!

We are not trying to change God's mind or get Him to do something He doesn't want to do. We are simply giving Him the opportunity to do for us what He

most desires to do.

There are certain blessings which can come only by much persistent prayer. There are some blessings which God gives to all, whether they are good or bad: sunshine and rain; seedtime and harvest. But there are other blessings He can give only to those who turn to Him. And the more sincerely and persistently we turn to Him the greater the blessings He can give.

A school teacher may try to teach all her pupils alike. But she finds she can do more for some than for others because they are more responsive. They are hungrier and thirstier for knowledge. The same thing is true in the home. Parents may love all their children equally as well and want to do as much for one as for the other. But they find they can do more for some of their children, get closer to some than to others, simply because these children are more cooperative and responsive.

So God can do more for us if we are cooperative and responsive. He can release more of His blessings to those who come to Him in earnest, persistent prayer.

Starr Daily's father prayed earnestly for his boy's salvation for 25 years. But his boy appeared to be a confirmed criminal. He never lived to see his boy give

up his life of crime. Shortly after his death, however, Jesus Christ appeared to Starr Daily in prison and touched his heart and made him a new creature. He became a great Christian author. His father's prayers were not in vain. A man less stalwart in prayer could never have won such a victory!

The disciples in the Upper Room prayed day and night for ten days until the Holy Spirit came upon them. If they had grown discouraged after a day or so of praying these men might never have experienced the power and glory of Pentecost.

There is a lot of sorrow, sin, and sickness in the world today because we are not praying for others. The Lord is thwarted in His desire and willingness to heal, bless, and save the people of our world simply because we are not praying. We are too half-hearted, too indifferent. We could bring the world to Christ and Christ to the world if we would only get down on our knees and do some wrestling with Almighty God.

On Jan. 21, 1930, the most far-reaching radio broadcast up to that time was scheduled. It was the message of King George at the opening of the session of the London Naval Arms Conference.

The whole world for the first time was to be brought within the voice of the king. The United States, however, almost missed it. A few minutes before the king was to speak, a member of the control room staff of the Columbia Broadcasting System tripped over a wire and broke it, thus severing connections. Harold Vivian, chief control operator, immediately grasped the ends of the broken wires one in each hand, and restored the circuit. The shock of 250 volts of electricity shook his arms and went through his body, but he held on until new wires were connected. The king's speech came to America through the tingling body of Harold Vivian.

The King of kings wants to broadcast to our world. He has many things to say, to do, to give to needy men. But the circuit has been broken. He has put you, as a Christian, in a position to close it, through intercessory prayer.

As you pray for others, with one hand you reach down to a needy, lost, and suffering world and with the other reach up to the all-sufficient God and let His message of redemption, healing, and blessing flow through you, so that everyone will come to know and love Him who is King of kings and Lord of lords!

EDNA RUSSELL MORGAN

# A TOWN Lifts Its Head To Pray

Straighten your shoulders,  
lift up your heads,  
and pray.

Dr. Norman Vincent Peale in a sermon entitled "The Tremendous Power of Prayer" tells the story of a New Yorker named Lanthier, who, during the economic depression of 1857, refused to become panic-stricken. Instead, he invited twenty friends to attend a prayer meeting in his office on Fulton Street. As a result of his faith, similar prayer meetings sprang up in other parts of New York and in other cities. The result? A tremendous upsurge in faith which brought a new wave of prosperity to the whole nation.

"Why should we not be able to start another such demonstration today?" questioned Dr. Peale in that sermon distributed by the Foundation for Christian Living. "We are sons of God. He has

given us dominion over ourselves and over our environment. So straighten your shoulders, lift up your heads, and pray."

Last February the little town of De Soto, Mo., did just that. Today it knows, as never before, that "The Tremendous Power of Prayer" is more than just the title of a good sermon.

De Soto had been hard-hit by the business recession. In February 1958, the Missouri Pacific Car Shops, which employed 400 workers, laid off about 270 men. In March, the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Co. in near-by Crystal City began a series of cut-backs with the release of 900 workers. In April, De Soto's International Shoe Co., with an annual payroll of almost one million dollars, was permanently closed, throwing 300

employees out of work.

Despite constructive efforts on the part of the De Soto Chamber of Commerce to induce new industry to locate in De Soto, unemployment mounted, and discouragement enveloped the city. De Soto was designated a "distress area."

Finally in February 1959, the United Church Women of De Soto determined to mobilize the community for a day of prayer. At their request, Mayor John Richeson designated Friday, Feb. 13, a Day of Prayer for the Economic Betterment of the Community. Churches, both Protestant and Catholic, agreed to ring their bells in unison at 2 p.m. on that day as a call to prayer. In response to this appeal, business men agreed either to attend a joint service at the First Christian Church or at the sound of the bells to pause with their employees in their business establishments and unite in prayer.

"All residents of this community regardless of denomination or faith," wrote Publisher L. W. Roop in the local newspaper for Feb. 5, "are invited to join in offering prayer for improvement of employment in this area. We hope that all will pause at the sound of the bells on the first Friday in Lent to implore that guidance and assistance without which all human effort comes to naught."

So, at 2 p.m. on February 13, a town lifted up its head to pray!

Almost immediately, economic conditions began to improve. On March 12, De Sotoans picked up their newspapers and read:

MO. PACIFIC ORDERS 6000  
NEW CARS TO BE BUILT  
HERE

"Although previous announcements indicated that no new cars would be built in the De Soto shops, the railroad's Board of Directors decided Tuesday to put the shops back into construction of new cars." . . .

A March 19 news article began: "Negotiation between Hamilton Shoe Co., St. Louis, and a group of De Soto business and professional men has resulted in a plan for the reestablishment of shoe manufacturing in the building vacated here last spring by International Shoe Co." On April 16, came the eagerly awaited announcement: SHOE PRODUCTION WILL BEGIN IN DE SOTO NEXT WEEK!

In the light of these developments, is it any wonder that De Sotoans today are convinced of the eternal verity of Dr. Peale's inspiring counsel: "You are sons of God. He has given you dominion over yourselves and over your environment. So straighten your shoulders, lift up your heads, and pray!"

## THE WIT TO WIN

T. N. Tiemeyer

When Edwin Markham, beloved American poet, was in his 50's, he had a quarrel with his best friend. It was over a trivial matter, but pride and stubbornness drove them farther apart. During the ensuing months, Markham found that his flow of inspiration had run dry. The words that came from his pen lacked the usual lustre. Facing the fact that his strained relationship with his former friend could be the cause of his barren efforts, he made honest attempts to meet the other fellow half way. His friend refused to respond and relations grew worse until Markham put aside his pride, called on his estranged companion, took all the blame, and asked forgiveness. Once the friendship was renewed, the inspiration began to flow again. Markham took up his pen and wrote this quatrain which remained his favorite poem:

*He drew a circle that shut me out,  
Heretic, rebel, a thing to flout;  
But love and I had the wit to win,  
We drew a circle that took him in.*

Any misunderstanding can set up a small jarring vibration which may at first seem harmless. However, even a seemingly negligible vibration, if continued over a span of time, can shatter walls, bridges, and personalities. Slight misunderstandings can grow into monsters of distrust, bitterness, and resentment. Beautiful friendships are reflections from a harmony like unto the harmony of a God-conscious mind. Any deviation of that harmony sets up a cacophony like the raucous noises of a jazz combo. Such nerve-shattering vibrations can destroy peace of mind, rob poise, and block divine communication.

Many a business man has been robbed of efficiency by unhappy relations at home. Many a sales-

man has lost the fire of enthusiasm because of a misunderstanding with his executive. Leaders of industry can find themselves facing the grim spectre of defeat due to wrong attitudes toward their competitors. The secret of reversing and remedying such a negative situation lies in the discovery of Edwin Markham which he labelled "the wit to win." It consists simply of drawing the circle big enough to include the other person in one's love, concern, and consideration.

The size of a person can be determined by the size of the circle he draws. Emerson once said, "Whoever builds a fence always fences out more than he fences in." Jesus stressed the principle of the inclusive circle when he said, "Love your enemies and pray for those who persecute you that

you may be sons of your Father in heaven." Little circles strangle the people who draw them. Narrow creeds weaken the churches which define them. Chauvinistic superiority destroys the nation which hides behind it.

God draws no circles. His love is for all brands and variety of people; His forgiveness is extended to the most malicious sinner. Ultimately, man must learn to extend his circles of concern until they cross railroad tracks, continents, and seas. However, the place to start is with the person nearest to us, especially if that person lacks the grace to forgive. At that point one is offered the opportunity of demonstrating a love that is big enough for two. Man attains divine stature when he can say, "We drew a circle that took him in."



## BE STILL AND KNOW

Edna Hull Miller

I took a long, long walk today  
Where God through nature sings.  
When busy, hurried, overpressed  
I often ride past things!

by Miles Clark

# What Is Your Business Image?

In a nearby town where I do some of my business there is a man with a strange problem. He sees himself as a town leader, self made, self sufficient, an expert on everything. He feels he is everything the town needs. And yet he is failing on two counts.

He can't get other business men to help when he is handling a project: but most important, his customers are dwindling.

In fact, after many years in this fast growing community, he is about ready to give it up and sell out if he can. What is wrong?

He has developed an image of himself that doesn't jibe with his true self. His self-inflating foibles that make him a "character" are misunderstood. Even old neighbors get tired of facing a merchant or a friend who has an ego-centered image of himself.

Trying to simulate an image that is not ourselves is destructive of ourselves and those around us.

What is your image of yourself? Have you taken stock lately? As St. Paul said in his First Letter to the Corinthians (13:12): "For now we see in a mirror dimly, but then face to face. Now I know in part; then I shall understand fully, even as I have been fully understood."

Very seldom, the psychologists say, does the image we show to others actually coincide with what we really are. We are afraid of ourselves.

Failure to be aware of the two faces of ourselves can mean blindness. If we are outwardly living another role, this outer mask self can even act immorally if the character of our image would act that way. A merchant sees himself as a great tycoon, for instance, when he puts on a weekend sale or as a great philanthropist when he gives two dollars to the Red Cross.

Growing steadily into reality of

one's true image is a constant need for everyone whether a businessman, a housewife, or a laborer in any other vineyard.

How do you determine your image?

Occasionally a friend or family member will delight in telling you what they think of you. This can be a "moment of truth" or it can mean the end of a beautiful friendship. There is the danger that the friend or family member may merely see the image they want to see.

Your wife, for instance, may still see you as her wavy haired bridegroom in your twenties, and she will hate to admit that she is getting as old as your receding hairline would indicate.

Here are a few ways of checking on your image:

Quiet times sometimes help in reviewing why you act as you do. This may quiet you down to look at yourself, at least in the larger things you do. It may give you a clue to the image you unwittingly have chosen. Did an act of yours seem inconsistent? Maybe you were acting as if you were the image of the giant of industry or the beloved, revered "old man" of your field and thereby were above reproach for cutting a moral corner or two.

Failure in anything you have done, large or small, can be used here to good advantage. In your

quiet moment, if you dare to look at the real reason for some specific failure in your life, you may find new insight into your true image. Honesty with yourself is the measure of your self study.

A testing program can be helpful sometimes. Today, universities often have adult testing programs. Some can even tell whether you are lying. Few adults take advantage of such testing except for employment reasons, but it might show the painful but true side of oneself.

Your image of yourself is as important as any attitude or skill in your career. The Sunday supplement kind of quiz is often so superficial and deceitfully biased that it not only falsely builds your ego but usually enhances the erroneous image you have of yourself.

Compare the image of what is asked in the great religious writings. When you read the inspiring books of the Bible and the lives of spiritual people, a new image is sure to begin to develop within you. However, it is easy to ascribe to oneself spiritual traits when one has merely read of them and not worked for and experienced the climb in reaching them.

Professional help for deep-seated lack of adjustment of the image without and the image within should be sought without fear or hesitation, when the need is ap-

parent. A well trained spiritual leader or a psychologist or psychiatrist sometimes is the only one who can give you the insight you need.

Finally, face yourself firmly. It is really up to you. Often the one who feels there is nothing wrong with him and his image is the one in whom the image and the true self are so far apart that life is miserable for him and everyone he touches. This is just the case of the businessman I first mentioned.

Answer a few questions like these. How much time do you spend in daydreaming; in fantasies of fame and fortune, of sex success or prestige? A lot of this kind of unreal thinking can solidify a strange image of yourself that will be difficult to change.

Are you trying to imitate someone else? Do you secretly feel you are trying to follow two or three models until you don't know where you begin and the image stops?

Whom do you envy? Your envies can help show towards what kind of personal image you are projecting yourself. Are these things, ideas, or attitudes that you covet, really important to your true self?

Happiness comes in seeing yourself honestly and living your true self. For instance, you can begin to live within your present budget instead of the budget of the "big man" of your discarded image.

And there will come a deeper affection, not only of and for your family, but of friends old and new everywhere.



## WHEN AND IF

Lora M. Conant

When I can have no orchid,  
I like the daisy fine;  
If life tells me, "No roses,"  
I find sweet peas divine.  
Life really can not crumple me,  
By culling out all luxury.

SIR RABINDRANATH TAGORE, INDIA'S GREAT POET AND PHILOSOPHER,  
HAS A MESSAGE FOR THIS MODERN AGE.

# WISE MAN FROM THE ORIENT

*Vincent Edwards*

When Sir Rabindranath Tagore, India's great poet and philosopher, was still very young, his father insisted he drop his books and go up among the high Himalayas. Somehow, the sight of those lofty, snow-covered peaks gave the youth a new outlook on the world.

He caught a vision that he cherished all the rest of his days. It was of a free world, where love and understanding counted for more than national boundaries. There men would live like brothers, side by side, and scientists could pursue their studies for the service of all mankind. There was no reason for distrust, for

war had been outlawed by love and human fellowship.

Probably no man loved peace and hated war more than Sir Rabindranath. The time came when his name became a household word in his native country, for his poems were known to both the rich and the very poor. His songs were sung in crowded city quarters as well as by travelers on the far-off caravan trails. Tens of thousands were stirred by his dream of world peace.

In 1913 came Tagore's crowning honor with the award of the Nobel Prize in literature. It was the first time that an Oriental

had ever been chosen, and the recognition of India's great genius brought praise from all sides.

Among English-speaking readers, Sir Rabindranath drew almost as enthusiastic a following as he did among his own people. The Irish poet, William Butler Yeats, wrote a preface to one of the Indian poet's works, and he told of how tremendous had been the shock of his discovery of the noted Oriental.

When Yeats related this to a Bengal physician, the latter did not seem the least surprised. The doctor answered, "Every day I read Rabindranath. One of his verses makes me forget all the annoyances of the world."

In 1916, Tagore made a memorable visit to America. Everywhere he traveled, he attracted wide notice. People who saw him could not soon forget the man with the gentle eyes who went about in the attire of his native country. He was surely an impressive figure in his long brown robes, his patriarchal beard, and his iron gray hair. Some felt he must have resembled one of the Magi who followed the Star, for when he smiled, his whole countenance was illuminated with his deep love for humanity.

On a visit to Japan, he made just as profound an impression on the public. On one occasion Sir Rabindranath was invited to speak

to a young people's group. Those boys and girls were moved to admiration as they heard the curious visitor make this delightful confession:

"Do not be frightened of me or think that I am going to give you a long lecture . . . I know I look rather formidable with my gray beard and white hair and flowing India robe, and people who know me by my exterior make the absurd mistake that I am an old man, and give me a higher seat, and pay me deference by keeping at a distance from me. But if I show you my heart, you will find it green and young—perhaps younger than some of you who are standing before me. And you would find also that I am childish enough to believe in things which the grown-up people of the modern age, with their superior wisdom, have been ashamed to own. That is to say, I believe in an ideal life. I believe that in a little flower there is a living power hidden in its beauty which is more potent than a Maxim gun. I believe that in the bird's notes nature expresses herself with a force which is greater than that revealed in the deafening roar of the cannonade."

As any young person of today knows, these are surprising and challenging words. Nothing could better reveal what sort of a thinker and poet Sir Rabindranath Tagore



really was. And, yet, in an age when all the great nations were building up powerful armaments, he dared to dream of a world of human brotherhood.

Was it nothing but a poet's crazy dream? Perhaps there may be high-up statesmen who would have us believe so, but thoughtful persons know better. If beauty and goodness are to last, the great Oriental poet's vision must come true. The walls that creeping suspicion have built between nations will have to come down.

More than eighteen years have passed since Sir Rabindranath's death was headlined in the press, but his voice is now coming back to us, stronger than ever, in his poems and sayings. It is as if he carried a special "message" to this age of H-bombs and rockets and missiles.

He left many verses which prove he always identified himself with the "little people" of the world. Always he spoke of nature and of things of the soul. A flower, a mountain, a cloud—all sug-

gest the Creator. It is doubtful if ever a poet told of the love of God with greater simplicity. Study these samples of his thought, and then judge for yourself:

*"Let me think there is One  
among those stars that guides  
my life through the dark un-  
known."*

*"Wrong cannot afford defeat,  
but Right can."*

*"God waits for man to regain  
his childhood in wisdom."*

*"The noise of the moment  
scoffs at the music of the  
Eternal."*

*"God is ashamed when the  
prosperous boasts of His  
special favor."*

*"God grows weary of great  
kingdoms, but never of little  
flowers."*

*"Those who have everything  
but Thee, my God, laugh at  
those who have nothing but  
Thyself."*



## A Physician's Paraphrase of *I Corinthians 13*

by MARY WELCH

If I were to speak with the combined vocabulary of medical science and inspired genius in my profession but had not the gift of the Divine Compassion, I should sound like the rattling of unsterile instruments on a tray.

Though I were endowed with surpassing insight and intuitive comprehension added to my rational grasp of causes and cures of human sicknesses: and though I should have superior skill as a surgeon in removing obstacles to health and in binding up broken bodies; if I yet should lack Divine

Compassion for human suffering, I should be ineffectual as a conveyor of Life.

If I should invest all my substance in the cause of research and exhaust all faculties, capacities, and strength of my being and body in effort to *keep people from dying*, unless I also had Divine Compassion, I should not be able to *help them to Live*.

The Divine Compassion preserves me from professional jealousy which envies my fellow physicians their skills, success, fame, or position. It keeps me humble.

From *Wayside Windows Newsletter*, Oct.-Nov.-Dec., 1959. Used by permission.

It radio-activates the technician and researcher in me making me realize that I am a ministrant of God's Healing Light.

This Divine caring expresses itself in blameless ways, irradiating my casual touch with tenderness that affirms the sanctity of human personality and the eternal values of human life. It seeks nothing for itself and is not easily frustrated. It passes no judgments upon my patients and lays upon them no blame for their sufferings.

Divine Compassion never allows me to flaunt my superior ability when others fail but causes me to rejoice in every new insight received by other men. It inspires me to consult with them at every opportunity since new insight usually comes when "two or three are gathered together."

This Compassion is longer than the night of pain in my patients and is stronger than the anxious fears of their relatives. It inspires endurance in the sufferer and communicates hope to the family. It is the one inexhaustible factor within me. My knowledge will always be limited, my skill will

often seem fruitless, and my willing giving of all I am will sometimes be too little to meet the need.

For I know but partially and my farthest reach for more skill falls short.

But when these together fail to effect restoration in the body of my patient, even my helpless presence emanating the Divine Compassion shall be a convoy of Peace attending the emergence of the incorruptible body out of the corruptible. Thus when I may seem most to fail as a doctor trying to defeat disease, I may see Death slain by the radio-active Light of Divine Compassion.

There are three Eternal verities: faith, which is direct grasp of Reality; hope, which is eager receptivity of new truth, and this Divine Compassion. Of the three, the greatest is to become a radiation of the Divine Compassion. — that self-forgetting caring which makes me a partner with God, Creator, re-creator, and the Light that illumines every man through whom it can gain entrance into the world.

W. E. Sangster

## The 4 Chief Ways to CONVICTION

### Can You Be Convinced By Authority?

The shortest way to be sure about anything is to accept it on high authority, and—if we deal specifically with the Christian religion—the highest authority is the Bible and the Church. Many people have come to satisfying conviction by the simple acceptance of the teaching of the Bible clearly interpreted in the living Church.

But the difficulty about this for other people is that, before you can have conviction this way, you must first accept the authority of the authority. How do they know that the Bible is dependable and the Church is its true interpreter?

Yet it is not irrational to accept things on high authority. If a surgeon says he must cut our body open and take something out, we let him. If a physician gives us

medicine and says, "Take it three times a day," we take it—often without the slightest notion what it is. If a ship is in a violent storm at sea, no sane person suggests that the thousand passengers meet in the saloon and decide by majority vote how the ship should be handled: they trust the expert knowledge of the handful of officers and, in particular, of the captain himself. It isn't irrational to take things on authority; it is our daily habit. *We are careful in our selection of the authority*—we go to a highly qualified physician when we are ill and not to an African witch doctor—but we rely on authority.

"But isn't the Church itself divided," people say, "and don't scholars differ on Bible interpretation?" The Church is divided on some things, but increasing love is drawing the varied parts

From *Questions People Ask About Religion*, by W. E. Sangster. Permission of Abingdon Press, New York-Nashville. \$2.25

of it together, and the things on which they differ have been grossly exaggerated by their critics. There is only one *major* matter of conduct on which the Church is divided—whether or not Christians should go to war. On nearly every really important moral question the Church speaks with one voice.

There is authority here—high authority. People who are not themselves experts in theology and Bible interpretation should bear in mind that the way of Authority is still a way worthy of respect.

#### Can You Be Convinced by Intuition?

There are some things we know without being told. We didn't read them in a book. They didn't have to be knocked into us by our teachers. No scientific experiment was necessary to prove them. We just *know* them.

We always know (as we have already noted) that love is better than hate and kindness better than cruelty.

We always know that beauty pulls us. People vary in the way they respond to beauty, but all feel it—in a flower, in a landscape, in a sunset, in a symphony. It needs no justification; its proof is in itself.

We always know that truth is better than a lie—however convenient lying might be on occa-

sion! Nor is it truth only in the conversation of day to day—but truth in its deepest sense—the truth of things. What a thrill to solve a problem and find the *truth!*

We always know that goodness is better than badness—even if it appeals to us more in some lovely deed of sacrifice than in strict obedience to a high moral code. Who can be unmoved by the goodness of Elizabeth Pilenko, the Russian nun who, on Good Friday, 1945, saw a hysterical girl in the line for the gas chamber at Ravensbruck Concentration Camp and said, "Don't be frightened. Look, I'll take your turn . . .," and went to death in her place?

Beauty, truth, goodness—how real and high they are! Even when we spurn them, we know in ourselves that we are spurning the best. How do we know? We just do! They are inside us. Animals don't feel like this. We have sight and *insight*.

If we follow these insights, they lead us to a Being to whom beauty, truth, and goodness are supremely precious. Thus the way of Intuition also is a way worthy of respect.

#### Can You Be Convinced by Reason?

Some people almost resent the way of authority and tend to reject

anything that they are taught. So far from believing that their teachers are seeking to pass on to them the best our race has learned in every area of life, they half suspect that the teachers are trying to impose outmoded ideas on them in order to preserve the present order of things. But a thing isn't wrong because it is taught. I began arithmetic by learning that one and one make two, and I have had no reason in all the intervening years to doubt it.

These people may sincerely doubt the adequacy, also, of the way of Intuition. "It could *confirm* things," a man said to me once, "if I had been convinced of them by any other means." To all such, the way of Reason offers a road ahead—a long, difficult and sometimes circuitous one, but those who persist in it may hope to come to conviction, though not to certainty; and the little leap of faith (as we shall show later) can bring them even there.

We are, in a sense, on the way of Reason in this book. We are facing difficult questions. We are beginning with life where we meet it, rather than with the body of doctrine the Church could offer to us. We are trying honestly to clear the ground by our own thought to see whether we could venture here in trust, or experiment there, say, in prayer. We

know enough already to know that God cannot be *disproved*, and perhaps the hope is already in us that his existence and nature can be put beyond all reasonable doubt.

Let us press on. This is not the most crowded way to our goal, though almost all people use it on part of the journey. We saw that those who travel mainly by the way of Authority use reason in selecting the authority they follow. But to some, this must be the *main* way, and on this route one can travel to conviction with G. J. Romanes, and C. E. M. Joad, and C. S. Lewis (to name only three out of hundreds of thousands).

#### Can You Be Convinced by Experience?

The fourth way to conviction is the way of experience. It is the claim to know God personally—not just to know things *about* him, but to know *him*. If I may intrude with a personal witness, I myself make that claim. I do not see visions, or hear external voices, but I know what it is to be in the presence of God, and to have the evil in me beaten down and the good built up.

But all this is very *private*. One can tell of these things, but not give them to another. Many sincere unbelievers say that it is all delusion and how can we prove

that it isn't. I would ask them to consider these points:

*Millions have this experience.* This claim is not made by a handful of peculiar people. Millions have claimed it through the ages: millions claim it still. They are not mental cases, or drawn from one class or intelligence group. They are of *all* kinds.

*They include some of the greatest benefactors of our race.* Even people who think religious experience is a delusion admit the amazing lives and service of those who claim it. All the high religions have such people, but perhaps the great army of Christian saints is unsurpassed in the history of our race. Some were changed from appalling wickedness by their experience. If all this is the fruit of delusion, then delusion is more wonderful than sanity!

*Their reports coincide.* If religious experience is private delusion, we should not expect what these people say to coincide, but—in all the main parts of their witness—they *do*. They have fellowship with Another—wise, loving, and bent upon goodness, truth, and beauty. Is all this to be pushed aside as the dreams of “crackpots,” or the invention of “half-baked revivalists”?

If you have no experience of it yourself, are you not driven to believe, either that millions of other people are nitwits (or liars), or that they *do* have the experience they claim?

Well, those are the four chief ways to conviction. Remember that you are not confined to one of them. They intertwine and confirm each other.



Be not angry that you cannot make others as you wish them to be, since you cannot make yourself as you wish to be.

Thomas A. Kempis

## BABY BOTTLE

### Symbol of Rejection

MARIE D. PETRALIA

Our first adopted, five months old, baby girl was all that any parents could hope for, healthy, responsive, affectionate and more—Deidre was beautiful.

But, had not my husband and I agreed that we would accept the first baby the adoption agency thought suitable for us, I doubt our second child would be ours today. For at seven months of age Marcia was thin, frightened and homely, and when we took her home we discovered she was unresponsive as well.

Our biggest problem was getting her to take her bottle. After repeated attempts to get her to accept it, one night, as I tried to give it to her she turned away.

“Don't you want it, darling?” I asked, gently. “If you don't, mommie will take it away.” As I said this I noticed the strange, puzzled look on her small, pinched face.

“I don't *have* to take it if I don't want to?” the look seemed to say.

Then I understood. Somehow, to her, taking the bottle was a form of punishment, or a sign of being rejected. And she was retaliating by rejecting the bottle!

So, looking directly into her eyes, I said, softly, intimately, yet distinctly, “You are the *best* little girl in the world. We *love* you. We want you to get strong. We want you to be happy, as happy as your sister.” As I talked, she looked at me curiously, wonderingly. Laughing, hoping she would laugh with me, I pointed to the little animal figure on her blanket. She remained passive, disinterested. I held the bottle up, and again speaking lovingly, slowly, convincingly, I said: “This is good for you. It will help you grow. You will have pretty *hair*, pretty *teeth*,” I went on, touching lovingly. She

Used by permission of *Child Security, Inc.*, 1836 Cimarron St., Los Angeles, California.

looked skeptically at the bottle, then back at me, but showed no inclination to accept it.

Finally, sure that I had done everything to prove I loved her, I kissed her, tenderly, and as I put her in her crib I said, quietly: "It's all right, dear, you don't have to take it." Then I propped the bottle at the foot of the crib. Before I went out of the room I added, softly, "If you want it, darling, it's there."

Each night after that I put the bottle in the crib, making sure

she knew it was there, but making no reference to it, leaving her rather, with loving, understanding words that proved I loved her whether she took the bottle or not. Gradually, she accepted it, she forgot whatever unhappy memories the bottle symbolized; believed we loved her; wanted her and that she could depend on us to be kind and understanding, always.

Today, at three years of age, Marcia is not only a happy, responsive, *intelligent* child, but she resembles her sister, startlingly.



The mother's heart is the child's schoolroom.

—Henry Ward Beecher

The least and most imperceptible impressions received in our infancy have consequences very important, and of long duration.

—Locke

This small church has brought hope and inspiration to many travelers.

## Little Church on the Dinosaur Trail

Isabel M. Reekie

The Little Church on the Dinosaur Trail, like a still small voice in Canada's badlands valley, calls men to God. Lighted day and night its stained glass picture windows tell the parable of the Fisher of Men and the Sermon on the Mount. The big brass bell, filling the tiny pink-lined steeple, shines like a second sun.

Here, where nature has carved tablelands, buttes, and knolls into patterns of fantastic beauty, where the hand of the Creator lies heavy on the landscape, thousands of

people come to meditate and pray. By pushing a button on an electric console they hear a message from their own faith. Built a year ago with the sole aim of providing a place of prayer for visitors of many faiths, the "Chapel of Meditation," smallest dedicated church in the world, already has brought hope and inspiration to the community of Drumheller, Alberta, many of whose people are unemployed and worried about the future. Once Canada's main coal mining center, only six of forty-

eight mines in the Drumheller district are in operation today.

With no other building near it, located in a valley in which are exposed strata some 90 million years old, in the whole world there can be no other church quite like this one. Perfectly proportioned, it is 7 by 11 by 12 feet high. It supports a 17-foot steeple, and there are stained glass, brilliantly painted, pointed windows, three on each side and two on the front by the open door. To date there are recordings for the push-button console for ten faiths: Roman Catholic, United, Wesleyan, Presbyterian, Jewish, Greek Orthodox, Moravian, Pentecostal, and the Social Credit party's religious dogma. More recordings will be added as other religious groups desire to be represented.

Barely large enough at the most for a family of two or three, it has six one-man pews. It has no collection plates and asks and receives no money.

No other church or chapel sits in haunts so clearly linked with the beginnings of this planet—the Drumheller valley was as it is now almost a hundred million years before the creation of man. Dinosaurs whose bones are still found in abundance roamed this valley long before the Rocky Mountains pushed through the earth's crust. More than thirty of their giant skeletons stand restor-

ed in museums in Europe, Canada, and the United States. Evidence of many more lie in the badlands soil or buried in stratified rocks.

Three men in Drumheller built the chapel in 1958 in ten weeks.

Reverend Edgar O'Brien, Pentecostal pastor in Drumheller, felt that here in this mysterious valley there was need for a church where people of all faiths could come and pray and be brought closer to God.

The second man was Try Selig, a carpenter. In his workshop the church and steeple were built in two parts and trucked to the location. Installed on a dry stone foundation, it is approached by twelve stone steps.

The third man was a sign painter, Bob Gibson. His contribution was the pink interior of the steeple and the eight windows. Lighted day and night, their reds, blues, and yellows separated by heavy lines give the impression of stained cathedral glass. Much of the atmosphere of reverence in the Little Church is due to the windows. The very evident dedication of the painter instills the same feeling in the observer whether he looks at them inside or outside.

Interest aroused in the project, the townspeople of Drumheller wholeheartedly helped. All services and every scrap of material were donated unasked, including

light bulbs, insurance, and electricity. Only the tapes, recording the music and sermons, came from Calgary where they were made without charge.

Even Drumheller's hot-rodders have a share in the chapel. Known locally as the "Road Angels," they volunteered to service the push-buttons and patrol the chapel area looking for possible damage.

About six months after the idea was first conceived, the Little Church of the Badlands was formally dedicated and opened on July 9th, 1958. It was dedicated with "Bless This House" and selections from Chronicles by its originator, Reverend E. O'Brien.

Three hundred came to the trail for the ribbon clipping, and before the sun went down nearly five hundred people had passed through its oak door.

Seven weeks after dedication, by civic proclamation, Drumheller City Council named August 31st, "Little Church Sunday." So that all who desired might visit the Little Church, the town's taxi drivers and hot-rodders gave their time and gasoline to transport the old, the lame, and the lonely. In addition, Labor Day weekend tourists made it their focal point, and nearby wheat farmers piled their families and friends into big station wagons by tens and dozens.

Many were in most unchurch-like garb. In shorts and sunback

dresses, in Hawaiian shirts and blue jeans, in sober Sunday suits and carefully mended white gloves, the congregation passed slowly through, pausing to push the button of their faith and, if too many were not lined up waiting, to sign the register.

Two or three hundred were hoped for. Nearly 1,200 came that Labor Day weekend, bringing the total attendance in the seven weeks since the opening of the church to 12,000.

Early in November, 1958, the Drumheller miniature push-button chapel achieved national recognition. At the same time it received the one item missing in its churchly appointments, a bell for the steeple.

Mayfair Magazine bestowed upon the citizens of Drumheller the national annual Mayfair Merit award. Based on a notable contribution to Canada by an individual, organization, or community, the editors chose the people of Drumheller for a "spirit of courage and co-operation unique among North American communities. The Little Church is symbolic of that spirit."

The CPR sent a fine brass bell for the church's empty pink-lined steeple.

On the mirror-polished sides of the 120 pounds of shining brass has been reflected the changing times in Canada. The bell proba-

bly clanged on the pre-1900 freights that steamed over the new-laid rails through the open prairies, across unfenced ranges, and among branded cattle; through towns mushroomed around mines and clustered in farming communities; at the head of hundreds of wheat or ore cars; on guarded munition trains through three wars; and finally pulling the chains of oil tankers into the great oil centers and refineries that spelt the doom of the brass bell and the coal locomotive.

Of the Mayfair award, the Lieutenant Governor said, "A great honor has come to a people of outstanding spirit. The award is bestowed this year for the first time in the west."

A brass plaque on the door honored the occasion. Nailed on by Reverend E. O'Brien, the plaque was accepted by the pastor in the name of the Drumheller people, the carpenter Try Selig, painter Bob Wilson and Mr. and Mrs. C. Smith on whose land the Little Church sits.

The tiny "Church of many Faiths" rang its new brass bell

for its first wedding just one week after the bell was installed.

A Calgary newscaster had brought his fiancée to the Little Church the day the bell was dedicated. They had planned for a Calgary wedding but the church so intrigued them they asked to be married there. Permission granted, they scrapped all their original plans and thus became the first bride and groom to hear the bell ring or to enter the door with the new brass plaque commemorating the award the groom had so recently written about.

A project of neighborly goodwill, the Little Church has captured the imagination of all who see and hear of it and has started a flow of tourists into Canada's mysterious valley.

And if tourists do come in great numbers they cannot help but bring prosperity to the dinosaur trail. The parable of the fishers in the windows of the Little Church may be the parable of the harvest of tourists to the town of Drumheller. If it is, thanks may be given to three men's faith in all men's need to pray.

Beauty grows out of Love, and there is something lovable in everyone.

## You Can Be Beautiful

Viola Merritt Lyle

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We all wish to be attractive, but how shall we build up our charm? Let me give you four beauty rules. If you follow them, just for a little while, your looks—even your disposition—will so improve that you can see the change in yourself! The first exercise is BE GLAD. Yes glad. Right here in this ugly cantankerous world, rejoice! Do I hear you say, "It cannot be done?" Well, someone is always doing the impossible—why not you? Anyway there *are* radiant souls here on earth. So start this venture of being glad right now, and see what it can do for you.

Nothing aids beauty so quickly or so surely as real happiness. Haven't you seen a plain girl blossom into sudden beauty when she became engaged? Happiness gives

a sparkle, a fascination to all that she does.

But you ask, "What reason have I for gladness?" Look around you. Can you see? Can you read this? Thousands are blind. Other thousands looking at this page cannot read it. Be thankful for your eyes. Be glad that you have been taught to read. And add a word of praise that you can understand! Only God can make a seeing eye, a thinking brain. Sing hallelujah, for you have both.

Look again. There is a wealth of color all around you. Rejoice in the beautiful blues, from the brooding sky to the pottery on your shelf. The gorgeous reds. The soothing greens. We might well weep for joy because of earth's loveliness. Give yourself to its magic today till you cry out

with Edna St. Vincent Millay:

"Lord, I do fear Thou'st made the world too beautiful this year!" Everywhere colors blend. Vivid or muted, bound together with exquisite shades of gray or brown, with accent of black in tree trunk or shadow. Say a happy thank you to God for all these. Look for this singing beauty day after day and rejoice in it. Gladness will put a light in your eyes and a lilt in your voice that will give you a new charm. If you doubt me, try it! Gladness is beauty. Use it. Now you are ready for the second exercise.

**THINK ABOUT LOVELY THINGS.** Instantly reject an ugly thought. When Alice Freeman Palmer was president of Wellesley College a girl came to her weeping because a companion had treated her shabbily. Mrs. Palmer said crisply: "Forget it."

"How can I?" cried the girl. "What would you do, Mrs. Palmer, if some one insulted you?"

"No one can insult me," was the quiet answer. And it was true. She had no time or inclination to nurse grudges. The ugliness in another's soul cannot hurt us unless we think about it and allow it to breed answering ugliness in us. Grandma Reynolds wisely says: "All the water in the ocean cannot sink a ship unless it gets inside the ship itself."

The thought that we hold and

cherish has power to destroy our health and warp our character. Forget the slight. Be serenely unmoved by what may have been meant to hurt you. Never "get even" by stepping down to the lower level where the spiteful one stands. Hold fast the thoughts of kindness and love, and they will work out into kind and loving deeds. Such thoughts will give you beauty and poise. The third exercise is:

**DO THINGS THAT INTEREST YOU.** Things that are worth while. A young girl with a fine voice and a deep love for music married a "back-woods farmer." After a few years of happiness the husband died, leaving the young wife with three little ones. She must do a man's work and a woman's too, for she was poor. Her strong body and stout will kept her going, but her longing for music was a hunger. She formed a choir of women in the little church and trained them adding good voices in the neighborhood.

Soon outsiders came, attracted by the choir. Nearby towns asked Mrs. Smith and her singers to furnish an evening's entertainment. They came to our town, a score of women, keen eyed and radiant faced. Mrs. Smith was a large, rather homely woman whom we scarcely noticed until they rose to sing. Then her appearance changed. She became the leader.

Her voice gave richness and depth to the music. Her face glowed with pride in the choir she had trained. Her charming personality won our hearts. Her joy in those well-trained singers transformed her into a gracious woman. She loved us because we appreciated her friends. Beauty comes to those who work at what they love.

And now we give you our final rule, the Golden Rule, crown of them all.

**DO UNTO OTHERS AS YOU WOULD THAT THEY SHOULD DO TO YOU.** The rule of kindness. Be kind in your *thought* of others. In his book *The Big Sea*, Langston Hughes says many times, like a recurring strain of music, "and from this I learned —." In one instance he tells us: "Auntie Reed was a Christian. She made me go to Sunday school and church, while Uncle Reed was a sinner who never went to church. But both of them were very good and kind to me, the one who went to church

and the one who didn't, and from this I learned to like both Christians and sinners equally well." It is a lesson we all need to learn. God sees undreamed of beauty in all of us. If you would be beautiful look for the good in those around you.

Appreciate your friends. If a stranger, seeing your pastor and his wife asks, "Who is that distinguished looking couple?" be sure to tell them. Maybe you think your companion's hat looks terrible; don't say it. Rather, whisper with shining eyes how you love her new hair-do. There are so many nice things about all of our associates, that we can always find something that will add to their happiness. Beauty grows out of love, and there is something lovable in every one. Find it. Rejoice over it, and you need never worry about whether you are attractive. You will grow in loveliness as you grow in loving.





# AWAKE . . . . .

## to the Real You

S. BARRY O'LEARY

The question most frequently put to me by men, women, and young people coming to me for counseling, although asked in many different ways, is basically the question, "Who am I?"

A woman once came to me who was deeply depressed and anxious about herself. She spent most of her waking moments analyzing herself, her inner thoughts, her emotions, probing her memory, trying to see deep inside herself. And the more she looked the more depressed and anxious she became. What she thought was self-analysis was actually self-recrimination, self-pity, self-condemnation.

Obviously, this approach is not the way to know ourselves, unless it is done under professional guidance in the case of a serious mental or emotional problem.

I recall another approach being tried by a business man who, though reasonably satisfied with

the way his life was going, had the feeling that something wasn't right about it all. He was successful but he wasn't particularly happy. He knew many people but he actually had very few friends. He had a fine family but he didn't feel he really knew them.

Instead of looking at his true self, he looked at and considered only the reflection of his real self, the reflection he could see in his activities, his words, his abilities, his relationships with others, his work.

Instead of thinking in terms of *being*—"Who am I?"—he allowed himself to think only in terms of *doing*, which was not himself at all but only that reflection of himself which other people could see in the things he did.

If one's true identity and true destiny is not to be found by either of these methods then how is it to be found?

The secret is only to *be* our

true selves. It is a matter of *being*, not *doing*.

"How can we *be* our true selves? We can make a beginning by *accepting ourselves*—by learning to live with ourselves. Making peace with oneself does not mean having to be pleased with everything we think and do. It does not mean having to succeed at everything we try. Rather, it means just the opposite. We need to learn, by practice and prayer, to detach ourselves from self-concern; accept our mistakes and profit by them; learn to fail well, if need be, instead of succeeding poorly; accept ourselves as we are, with all our limitations, all our weaknesses. The reason we do so many things badly is that we are not content with just doing what we can do well. The time we spend criticizing ourselves, fighting ourselves, pushing ourselves, is all a waste of time.

On the other hand, if we acknowledge our true situation as children of God, our true identity as beings created to live a life of love, we will discover our lives taking on meaning and worth far surpassing anything we could have achieved by pretending to be something we were not.

We need to discover what truly weak and imperfect beings we really are, and accept ourselves as such, to stop trying to be gods ourselves, stop worshipping our-

selves, even to stop wallowing in our own troubles, and allow God to enter into our lives and take over. If we do this, we will discover God accomplishing in us the very things we alone find impossible.

"Seek ye first the Kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added unto you." Place some other goal, some other loyalty ahead of God, and you find that you can achieve nothing, be nothing, of any real significance. Follow any other road and you will discover your life traveling a dead-end street instead of the Way that is Truth and Life.

A further step in achieving our true identity, after we have accepted ourselves as we are and ceased striving to be something we are not, is to begin to remove the obstacles to God's love, to begin to remove these things in our lives which are separating us from God—our denial of Him, first of all—the many little ways in which we deny His existence and His love every day. Watch for them—weed them out—offer them up—be done with them. Our pride in self—our unwillingness to surrender our lives into His hands—our unwillingness to admit our need for God—these too, must be dealt with. Our unwillingness to permit the changes God will surely work in our lives—removing our prejudices, our anger, our pleasure

at putting others in their place, our pettiness, our subtle cruelty toward others, our bad habits of thought and deed. God will surely sweep these out if we invite Him into our lives. We need to be willing to relinquish them.

And what is that *One Thing Necessary*?

To *Be Ourselves* by accepting Christ into our lives.

Jesus said, "He who does the will of my Father abides in me, and I *Abide In Him*." "He who abides in Me and I in him bears much fruit, for apart from Me you can do nothing."

Our true identity becomes apparent to ourselves and to all about us when we open our lives and allow God in Christ to enter and

abide within us, to sanctify all our thoughts and words and deeds, to transform our lives, to take us as instruments of His will through which His love may reach out and touch the world.

"Who am I?" How could we answer this question in our own lives?

Accept ourselves as we are, not trying to be something other than what God created us to be.

Remove the obstacles in our lives that separate us from God and His love.

Awake to our true identity—temples within which Christ dwells—instruments to serve His purpose, not ours. Be ourselves by being in Christ.



"When great causes are on the move in the world . . . we learn that we are spirits, not animals, that something is going on . . . beyond space and time."

Winston Churchill

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

by Norman K. Elliott

# Thoughts Farthest Out

### LEARN FROM NATURE

"Consider the lilies, how they grow; they neither toil or spin; yet I tell you, even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." (Luke 12:27) . . . Jesus was taught many things by nature. His parables sparkle with references to the fields, the sea, the birds, the foxes, and the hills. In order to have these elements as a natural part of his everyday speech he must have spent much time alone with nature, and God spoke to him there, revealing His secrets.

In summer we have the best time of the year to take advantage of the treasures of nature. How long is it since you have been on a lake as night was falling? The stillness and the aloneness, so rare in these times of speed, can remind you of the ancient wisdom, "*In stillness and in confidence shall be your reward.*" It can almost become "normal" to be abnormal. After all if most people are lost in the hurry and strain of modern living, then to be harried and strained is "normal." It is only in getting away from the captivity of the time clock that we suddenly realize what we have been missing.

"*Be still and know that I am God,*" is as applicable today as it was in former times. The present-tense awareness of God is difficult to experience apart from stillness. Jesus got up early in the morning and went into the hills to be alone, and in that aloneness he found he was not alone. Some people say that we surround ourselves with "things" because we are afraid of being alone and meeting ourselves face to face, and also coming face to face with God. We shall never be whole and contented until we do.

It is difficult to be still in the middle of hurry, time demands, schedules to meet, and noise. Steal away for a night, for a weekend, and you will see yourself and your involvements in a different perspec-

tive. You might find out that the important things in your life are not so important after all. You can find freedom in this realization.

Associate with the immensities of nature. The very association will impart stableness and rest. And you will find that nature will reveal the lessons of God to you when you are quiet, still, and alone. This was part of the secret of Jesus.

Read: **God's Perfect Way for You**, Hazel Pickett. \$1.25.

### CLAIM THE HEAVENLIES

*"This is the day that the Lord hath made, let us rejoice and be glad in it."* (Psalm 118:24) . . . One of the best ways to set the tone for the whole day is to greet the day with a sentence like this, "I claim this day all the privileges and rights of the Kingdom of Heaven!" This reminds us that there is greatness locked up in each minute of the day; and that there is abundance, full and overflowing, in every contact that you make during the day.

Years ago it used to be said that if we could release the energies dormant in a teaspoonful of water that it would drive an ocean liner across the Atlantic Ocean. Now we know better. The release of energy in a teaspoonful of water would do much, much more than drive a ship across the ocean. We know now that by splitting a single atom there is unimaginable power released.

What would happen if we could release the possibilities of heaven in every situation? Suppose that in any situation we were so completely erased from our ego that God Himself released Himself through the vehicle of our body and mind and soul. Then heaven would be let loose in every contact, in every word, in every gesture and in every silence. The result would be wise, healing, faith inspiring, joyous, and strengthening.

Jesus did this perfectly and His name and power have never been forgotten. Two thousand years after the time he walked this earth he is still the lodestar of the human spirit; and the reason is that He and God were so identified and in union that whenever a person met Jesus he met God.

Remind yourself daily that the possibility of heaven is heavy in every situation. This day, yes, this moment, is made by God and the

possibility for the total expression of God is real. By consciously reminding yourself of it the first thing in the morning, and moment by moment throughout the day, you open the windows of heaven and pour blessings into the moment that is now yours.

Read: **Christ In You**, Anonymous, \$1.50.

### FAITH IN YOURSELF

*"Have faith in God . . ."* (Mark 11:22) . . . The great number of books on gaining confidence and losing your fears is ample proof of the prevalence of the need! Some books are good on the subject, and some are not too good. Books on this subject would not be written (and they would not sell) unless the public felt the need for them. But the need for faith is not limited to our era. The Bible is full of admonitions to have faith, and this subject runs through the entire length of the Bible. People are people and in some respects we have changed little in many thousands of years.

A lovely old saint gave me an insight into faith when I was in Tulsa, Oklahoma. This dear old lady is in her nineties. She has lived a full life, and she has not been protected from the stresses and strains of life. She knows from experience whereof she speaks. This is what she said to me. Keep it in mind. It will do something for you.

"When you have lost faith in yourself," she said, "you have lost faith in God."

No one likes to think he has lost faith in God. It is much nicer to say that we have lost faith in ourselves, in our ability, and so on. But, did you ever stop to think that it is impossible to have faith in God (to know that your life is in God's hands, that your success is His business and not your own) and not to have faith in yourself? To lose faith in yourself is exactly the same thing as losing faith in God. What you are really saying is that God is incapable (or unwilling) of looking after you. You are affirming that there is separation between you and God, and the theological term for this state of affairs is Sin.

Anyone who is in union with God has faith in himself. The next time that fear grips you, say to yourself, "My life and affairs are in God's hands. He has promised to look after me, not only now, but always. I reaffirm my faith in God; and therefore I reaffirm my faith in myself. Father, into your hands I give myself completely."

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

by duane valentry

## THE HAPPY GUY

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*"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."* Matt. 25:40

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Like any seven brothers, they argued. But there was one thing on which they were all agreed, and that was that Mom and Dad would never want for anything in their later years.

The fellow with the outrageous tilt to his nose had a penchant for making people laugh. He'd always been a clown, ever since boyhood and the rough and tumble shows he and his brothers put on. Now he had his chance to make good.

Hired as master of ceremonies at the Stratford Theater in Chicago, young Bob Hope gave the customers so much fun for their money that his act, supposed to run three days, lasted six months. Bookings were easy after this, and the future had a beautiful shine to it.

The first thing the fledgling star did was to buy his parents a lovely home in Cleveland. With his salary on the rise, he knew now they would never have to worry again—that the myriad sacrifices his mother had made to give her seven boys every advantage hadn't been in vain.

"I was a happy guy," says Bob. "I had faith in people, faith in myself, and faith in a Higher Power. The world was pretty wonderful."

Then something happened that shadowed everything. The doctors told Bob Hope that his mother didn't have long to live. "Make sure she's happy," they told him.

Appearing at the time in "Roberta," his first New York musical hit, Bob flew home constantly to be with his mother, his heart

heavy in him. Within the year, she died.

Embittered, the boy saw his bright world cloud over. Instead of goodness, there was evil and injustice in this world where a good and pure woman who had spent her life serving others, suffered and died. Where was the God who was supposed to watch the sparrow and mark its fall, that He could allow such a thing to happen?

There was little that could console Bob Hope in those days. Later, when a brother also died, his faith suffered another devastating blow.

Attaining fame as an actor and comic brought some solace. Giving laughter to millions and traveling tens of thousands of miles so that men on farflung battlefronts and in hospitals might also laugh helped fill up the place where his faith had been.

Some of these trips around the world included hazard and oftentimes real danger. Flying in every kind of weather on missions to entertain servicemen in this country and abroad, the actor had a few narrow escapes from death.

There was the time he was caught in a bombing in North Africa; there was that plane trouble over Alaska when it looked as though he and the other passengers would have to take to their parachutes. Once he land-

ed at a hot spot, Wansan, through a minefield and *before* the Marines who were to take over. Bob never stopped kidding them about it. Once he was souvenir-hunting through a woods near the front when snipers began to send bullets whizzing around him.

There was a serious automobile crash in which Hope was thrown from the car but miraculously suffered only a wrenched shoulder. A plane crash-landed on a sandbar in Australia after skipping over the water . . . had it hit the bar first it would have been demolished. Making a movie, he was thrown from a prop horse and landed on the concrete, but wasn't badly hurt.

"When one escapes from death by a narrow margin, as I have so often, one has to say 'Hello, Friend,'" declares the comic. "You say it reverently, not quite understanding how these miracles work. My own narrow escapes from death helped me regain my faith."

In his years of traveling at a pace so fast few can keep up with him Bob Hope has taken fun and a feeling of home to men from Alaska to the South Seas, from Europe to Japan. In the ten years since World War II began he has journeyed 1,500,000 miles, entertaining ten million troops around the globe. He has done the same

in all of the forty-eight states, not once but many times.

For his selfless work he has received more than 250 awards and citations including the Medal of Merit, presented to him by General Dwight D. Eisenhower. One year Bob Hope took a Christmas show to Thule in Greenland and other yuletides have seen him include his wife Dolores and their children on such tours, to bring something of home to homesick men.

"We missed Christmas at home, but it was one of the happiest of our lives," said the comic after one such winter trip of goodwill.

Appreciation of the humor and heart of Bob Hope is not confined to the United States. He has topped popularity surveys in England and has entertained British as well as American soldiers and done special shows there for charity. After a two-week tour of England he presented the Rev. James Butterworth, founder of Clubland,

London's Boys' Town, with a check for \$28,000, representing his full two-week salary.

This "grease paint soldier" knows well the healing power of laughter. As an entertainment humanitarian who has become a legend he has met every kind of fighting man. He has seen men sick and disillusioned, fearful, dying . . . but he seldom has met one who couldn't smile.

"Perhaps the most important thing laughter can do is to bring back the will to live," he says. "And, when the time comes, give us the courage to go with good cheer."

Of his big-hearted comic partner, Bing Crosby says:

"He's done some wonderful things in his professional career. Some wonderful things that nobody really knows about, that I do know about."

What is known about Bob Hope is more than enough to make him one of America's best-loved men.

"The bumble-bee cannot fly. According to the theory of aerodynamics, and as may be readily demonstrated through laboratory tests and wind tunnel experiments, the bumble-bee is unable to fly. This is because the size, weight, and shape of his body in relation to the total wing-spread that he has, make flying impossible.

"But the bumble-bee, being ignorant of these profound truths, goes ahead and flies anyway, and manages to make a little honey every day!"

— Anonymous

## They Read the Bible On Their Lunch Hour

*Alfred K. Allan*

The scene is repeated every work day inside the bustling Denver, Colorado, plant of the Gates Rubber Co. It is twelve o'clock, lunch time, and a small group of Gates employees, clad in overalls and work clothes, stroll together toward a clear space in the midst of some massive machinery. The workers settle themselves on some stools and overturned packing cases and place their lunch buckets beside them. Then one of the men takes a small, leather-bound Bible out of his lunch box, opens it to a passage and proceeds to read it aloud. The other workers huddle together about the reader and listen intently to the blessed words as they munch on a sandwich or sip some coffee from a container. Through these inspiring Bible-reading sessions these workers (the group usually numbers from six to nine men) have added

food for the soul to their lunch-hour meal.

The Bible reading started in 1954 when several of the workers were talking casually and one of them advanced the suggestion that it might be a good idea to read a few passages from the Bible each day. "We could do it on our lunch hour so it wouldn't interfere with our regular work."

His fellow workers agreed to the idea. As one member of the group explains, "We sincerely believe what it says in Matthew 4:4 'Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.'"

At lunch time, a calming silence permeates the factory. The giant milling machines, drill presses, and grinders are stopped and all is still in the plant, providing an ideal atmosphere for the Bible reading. The men in the group

represent several different denominations but this presents no problems for the Bible is common ground for all. They start by first bowing their heads for a minute of silent prayer. Then the reading begins. The men take turns each day as readers. To date, the men have read through the entire Bible once and the New Testament

twice. At present, they are reading through the Old Testament for the second time.

The reading sessions have brought the men many moments of peace and contentment. The devoted group of workers all testify to "a greater understanding of the love of God since we started the readings."




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## Trust In God

*Louise Darcy*

No one can fear or doubt who trusts in God.  
 The troubled heart that turns to Him is free,  
 And knows the peace of finding all is well.  
 So has it been, so shall it ever be,  
 For trust in God meets problems large and small.  
 Deep faith in Him will surely solve them all.

---

The doors were swinging wide and eight thousand babies now have homes.

## In His Hands

Adrian Brian

I was flown to Hollywood with stars in my eyes, still thinking everybody loved me because I thought I loved everybody. I managed to act and sometimes star in over one hundred pictures, mostly westerns and mostly off my horse—because I never learned to stay on one.

I never learned how to stay on the wagon either, and the day came when I didn't dare light a cigarette in front of people because they'd see my hands shake so badly.

But, when I was drunk I always wanted to talk about God, and, if there wasn't anybody to talk to, or yell at, I'd write about God—like this:

*To weep at the silence of the night,*

*To know the pain of too much loneliness.*

*Man atop the mountain, crying,  
 "Where is God!"*

*Go back to the chaos at the dawn*

*Lest thy spirit break beneath  
 its burden  
 and leave thee . . .*

You see, when I was nine I "got saved" at the altar. Until I was eleven, I dutifully or forcibly went to church Sunday morning (including Sunday School), Sunday night, Monday night Bible class, and Wednesday night prayer meeting.

But I thought about hell. And I thought about God. And God and hell, and hate and suffering, and Jesus and fear became one and inseparable. This is what I came

to yell about in my drunken tirades.

Into this mind and life stepped one of the Lord's chosen ones, an actress. I've called her one of God's frivolous saints, and her name is Jane Russell.

She said that there were little babies all around in the world with no homes and without good food and some of them cold and lonely. She asked me if I would help her bring them to America where there were not enough babies to go around.

So a few weeks later, with my collar up, my chin down so no one would smell my breath, daring to look only at the floor, I found myself for the second Thursday night at the Chapel Jane and her family and friends had built. I don't remember what anybody said or looked like, nor a thing about the service, but when it was over they all came and laid their hands on me and began to pray.

With a cry that seemed to be rent from the bottom of my heart, I cried out, "Oh no! I'm too wicked!" But a beautiful prayer was coming forth from the lips of one of the girls, and I felt my head pillowed on Jesus' lap while I sobbed and sobbed and sobbed.

So I began to learn line upon line, precept upon precept that God really is love. I heard and read powerful divine scriptures,

that, "His mercy endureth forever," that, ". . . as in Adam *all* die, so in Christ *all* be made alive." That there is an order in all this, that God's plan and promise is that all men *shall come* to a knowledge of the truth, that every knee shall bow and every tongue confess that Jesus is Lord of Lords and King of Kings. I learned who Jesus is through Paul's dynamic words in Colossians 1:13-20, and that God is love, God is Spirit, God is light, God is a consuming fire. All these, all at once, always.

Later it seemed as though we wrote everybody in the universe about His homeless little children, I *know* we wrote everybody on *this* planet! Some of the polite letters from the foreign countries said to mind our own business, thank you very much, they could take care of their own babies. But Jane and others of our friends had been there and had seen these children and the way they lived. So we prayed.

After several months we gathered together one of the most auspicious groups of people in Hollywood. Ladies and gentlemen who could lift the phone and call presidents, and we met in the beautiful offices of one of Hollywood's important agents. At eleven thirty that night Jane and I were out on the sidewalk wondering where to go next.

They had told us, "It can't be done."

So we prayed . . .

And God answered, of course.

He said through the lips of another of His girls at the Chapel that if we started toward a door He would open it, and we believed Him.

The doors started opening. We got another group of people together and organized ourselves as I. A. A., International Adoption Association.

Jane went to Washington.

As part of President Eisenhower's first immigration bill, five thousand children were allowed to enter this country without a quota, for adoption. Prior to this time it took a trip to Europe or wherever the homeless child happened to be, a special act of Congress, and a presidential signature to adopt a child into this country. There is a lady who wrote to us from Cleveland who had tried to complete the adoption of her little boy from Italy, and it took her over two years, during which time she and her husband spent several months in Italy because of red tape.

The first door had been opened and the second one started to swing. Friends Service Committee, Child Welfare League of America, the United States Children's Bureau, and the State Department all

told us about International Social Service.

They said that I. S. S. had been doing a great humanitarian work all over the world for over thirty-five years. Wherever they found a family or part of a family in need and it was an international problem, I. S. S. stepped in. In such a work many times little children were left in foreign countries with no parents and a home was found for that child through I. S. S.

They had representatives in sixty-five countries and branches in fourteen. It was ideal, way beyond our greatest dreams.

Jane went to New York.

We dissolved International Adoption Association and became WAIF-I.S.S. The wonderful letters of WAIF mean, World Adoption International Fund.

Jane had met Mr. William Kirk in New York. He is our international and national president and you may have seen him recently when "This Is Your Life" presented his story on television. She told him that if his International Social Service would increase their adoption program, we would raise the funds for it!

Believe me, we prayed some more.

The WAIF-I.S.S. Los Angeles Chapter was formed and their annual benefit ball is the loveliest and grandest affair of the year,

with royalty as their honored guests.

More chapters were organized and more are forming in Dallas, Palm Springs, Chicago, New York, Louisiana, and Hawaii. Within the last year we have had the honor of having the first lady of the American theatre, Miss Helen Hayes, to grace our affairs in the East. Together we have raised, with much, much hard work, about *half* the sum we promised Bill Kirk and I. S. S.

After the first WAIF Ball my husband sent me to a hospital clinic in La Jolla for a week and Jane hoped to go to her beach house but had to fly directly to New York from the Ball to appear on Jackie Gleason's opening show that year as a return favor for the five thousand dollar "royal purple page" he had given us for our program book. I can't tell you how many, many trips across this country Jane has made for WAIF and how many times she has appeared or sung to return a favor for a star who had performed for us, how much she has given of herself in every way for this cause that God has put in her heart.

But to get back to the first WAIF Ball, we knocked on every studio door in Hollywood for a donation and felt as though we had talked to every single person in Los Angeles. Vicki Rosenberg,

(whose husband is a wonderful producer) edited our Program Book magnificently, but she lost her voice completely and her husband had news for us—he couldn't get a call into his own home. Marilyn Hinton, who was our first chapter president had a telephone bill that was one hundred and seventy-two dollars for just local calls.

The feeling was, "Who wants another charity!"

But the doors were swinging wide and over eight thousand darling little children now have mothers and daddies of their own.

And we are still praying.

During my agnostic years I read this statement by Vincent Sheehan, the great American correspondent, "Faith is the quality of believing beyond reason." Recently I said to a lady official in social welfare, "Some day our program may require a couple of million dollars a year." She was horrified and said I was way beyond reason. But Jane has this ideal, and we believe with her by faith, that no child without a home of its own should be in an institution anywhere in the world. There are willing parents everywhere and as we pray and speak about this more will become willing. As it is now, we have hundreds of parents who have passed the social welfare requirements and are just waiting for their children and

there are hundreds of children who need them. Our job is to get them together.

We pray that all people interested in homeless children will come together in one organization and, just as the Red Cross operates automatically in an emergency, so the World Group will operate automatically to place the little one in the arms of the best available mother and father immediately. These little children cry out to us for this, they cry out to us to give them *love*.

We dare to think God agrees with us.

Last April Jane gave me a new job: to get as many churches in the United States as possible to give a WAIF Pancake Supper. The supplies are donated by I. G.A. (Independent Grocers' Alliance), a grocery chain. We ask the church to charge one dollar for the supper, keep fifty cents for their own church activities and

give fifty cents to us for WAIF. Isn't that a simple and wonderful plan?

Through three of the youngest and most vital movements in America, the Camps Farthest Out, The Ashrams, and the Disciplined Order of Christ, God has led me to some of our greatest spiritual leaders. Dr. Frank Laubach, Dr. E. Stanley Jones, Starr Daily, Rev. Roland Brown, Dr. Roy L. Smith, Dr. Nels Ferre, your editor, Norman Elliott—wonderful women like Catherine Marshall, Mary Light, Genevieve Parkhurst and Louise Eggleston have become sponsors of this plan.

Won't you ask your church to help too? Please?

We have prepared a very comprehensive kit entitled, "The WAIF Story," for you and will be very happy to send you one. Please write to me at WAIF-I.S.S., Cross Roads of the World, Box 2828, Hollywood 28, California.





# THE CASE FOR SPIRITUAL HEALING

by

Agnes Sanford

A FEW YEARS AGO SPIRITUAL healing was looked upon askance by reputable church members as being peculiar and/or theologically unsound. Today an increasing number of people are finding out that God has not changed and that he does heal today, even as he did in Biblical times. Many churches over the country are holding healing services as quietly, simply, and naturally as they hold their regular Sunday services. Ministers of many denominations are increasing their understanding and their spiritual power in praying for the sick in their regular pastoral call-

ing. In so doing they find they inevitably build up spiritual values both in themselves and in their churches.

Most noticeable of all, more and more lay people are finding out that God is an ever-present source of strength and life.

The Bible from first to last insists that God is not the wistful creation of men's minds, nor is he merely a moral arbitrator deciding from far away who shall attain immortal life and who shall not. But he is both the creator and the sustainer of life upon this planet and in the universe. One who creates is free to change his creation as and when he pleases.

"Where were you when I laid the foundation of the earth? Tell me, if you have understanding.

Who determined its measurements—surely you know!

Or who stretched the line upon it?

On what were its bases sunk, or who laid its cornerstone, . . ." (Job 38:4-6.)

He who laid the cornerstone of the earth, moreover, was mindful of his servant Job and came into his life to heal him, so that later he was blessed more than in his earlier life. (Job 42:12.)

"Then why doesn't he heal so-and-so?" we are apt to think. "She is such a good Christian woman!"

Job was a good man: ". . . blameless and upright, one who feared God, and turned away from evil." (Job 1:1.) Yet he was not healed until after deep-searching and long-continued prayer; something happened within his spirit that made God more real to him than he had ever been before. (Job 42:5.)

We do not need God to speak to us through Job's whirlwind today, for God has spoken to us by his Son, ". . . whom he appointed the heir of all things, through whom also he created the world." (Hebrews 1:2.) This Jesus Christ is our Lord and Savior and our ever-present friend. He implored us to believe that God's healing is with us today and that we ourselves through faith in him can do the very works that he did. (John 14:12.) His whole life among men showed the power and the love of God.

If we do not believe his words nor obey his commands, then surely among all our goodness there lies the unseen sin of disobedience to him whom we have promised to obey. And this is the weakness of the church today: we try to be good but not to *do* good in the way that he told us; namely, by the actual miracle-working power of God.

We have invented substitutes: one of them is research into every kind of scientific power that works for the wholeness of the entire person. All the work of doctors and medical research men is good, but there is no substitute for faith in God.

We are beginning to rediscover that Jesus Christ still lives and heals today. Faith in the healing power of Christ is not a contradiction of those truths of the universe that we call science, but is in many ways a fulfillment of them. Science is growing up. Some years ago it was considered clever to believe only that which we could see. Today we laugh at that idea, for modern science has discovered many kinds of energy and radiation that we do not see. Who has ever seen an atom? Yet we believe an atom exists because we have learned its mysterious laws and its fearful power.

It is true that some men of science still scorn religion and some Christians still feel that they should reject the findings of science. They are like people on parallel roads drawing nearer together who do not see that their roads will soon converge. But men of both spiritual and scientific vision are seeing more and more that the new foundations of science broaden out into a perception of energies and powers unexplainable. Men of faith more

and more see that God is not an arbitrary deity but a Creator working by and through the forces that he has made.

What then is the secret of this power of God that heals today as always? The secret, even as our Lord told us, is faith. (Matthew 17:20, 21; 21:22; Mark 4:40; 11:22; Luke 17:5-6; Acts 3:6.) In order to have faith, we must have an understanding of God. Therefore, Jesus told us that God loves us like a father, and longs to give us good gifts, even as a father longs to give good gifts to his children (Matthew 7:11).

We need to throw aside the weak and misleading teachings of the dim centuries, to go back to the words of Jesus, and to act upon them. In acting on them, we need the underlying trust in God that Job had when he said: "though he slay me yet will I trust in him." (Job 13:15, K.J.V.) We would not use those words today to express our faith.

We would say, rather, that even if the power of evil were so great in this fallen world that, due to existing circumstances (circumstances not made by God but by man's misuse of God's gift of free will)—even if healing were not attained—still we would trust him.

We should live closely enough to God, through obedience and love, that we are in a position to pray according to his will, being

guided by the Holy Spirit (Romans 8:26-27); and secondly, we should seek guidance and ascertain as much as possible what is his will in this or that particular case.

Then having sought to know his will, we should step out boldly on the promises of our Lord (Matthew 7:7-11) and should ask with faith, giving thanks as we ask that his perfect will of life and love is being done in this case.

Herein lies the difficulty. Many people, on reading this, will think "But I don't have the faith to do this."

*A person can learn to have faith.* We are not the servants of our minds but the masters, through the power of the Spirit. Our minds can be taught to think after the pattern we desire. How shall we so instruct our minds to think constructively rather than destructively? If we will begin after this simple pattern, our faith will, like a mustard seed (Matthew 17:20), begin to grow until it reaches surprising proportions.

Here then is the pattern: (1) make a clear decision of our objective in prayer; (2) give thanks that God's power is going forth toward this objective; and (3), whenever the picture of the unhappy illness or condition crosses our minds, change it by an act of will into a picture of health.

Matured years are expected to bring gentleness of spirit, and tranquillity of mind.

## SERENE & GRACIOUS LIVING

GRENVILLE KLEISER

It is a rare attainment to grow old gracefully and happily. The master work of wisdom, it is one of the most interesting chapters in the fine art of living.

Why do some men seem never to grow old? Because they have cultivated fresh interests through the years, been alert to new ideas, enjoy the best of what is, and look for the best that will be.

The morning and evening of life should be alike, calm and cheerful. Matured years are expected to bring gentleness of disposition and tranquillity of mind. A cheerful, kindly, sunshiny old age is possible to one who has lived wisely.

Cicero believed that judicious exercise and temperance could, even in old age, preserve some part of our vigor. The attainment and practice of the virtues, cultivated regularly, produce wonder-

ful fruits when one has lived to a great age.

"A wise and good man," said Seneca, "should stand prepared for all events." He urged those who would maintain self-control and peace of mind to cultivate a yielding disposition.

When you see a serene, well-preserved elderly person, you will find that he has practiced the virtues of poise and contentment through the vicissitudes of life. He has met and solved inevitable problems with intelligence. He has learned the art of right living.

Young and old should be constantly on guard against the depressing effects of negative thinking. Devitalizing thoughts of anxiety, fear, resentment, jealousy, ill will should be promptly replaced by positive, health-giving ideas.

An elderly person should think, not of his limitations, but of his

compensations. On the plus side are these: reasonably good health, a cheerful and receptive state of mind, mutual friends, interesting books, agreeable contacts with others, pleasure derived from unselfish service, and trust in God.

Some persons are born optimists. They see the silver lining in the darkest cloud. In advanced age they say: "The time to be happy is now; the place to be happy is here." They think goodwill thoughts and radiate good will to others.

The happiest man is he who, as the years advance, finds continued interest in a variety of subjects, and who has a hobby to which he can turn for change and relaxation.

There are many pleasant hobbies from which to choose—drawing, music, nature studies, amateur photography, crossword puzzles, languages, writing, and especially reading of the world's great books.

Occasional change from your regular work will enable you to return to it with refreshed mind and body. Often the best remedy for worry, irritation, loneliness, and discouragement is simply a change of occupation.

As you advance in life you will find it is better to talk of health, progress, happiness, and success than of the contrary things. It is better to think of the beautiful,

truthful, inspiring, and ideal than the opposite thoughts. It is better to be cheerful, confident, expectant, and enthusiastic than to indulge in destructive feelings.

Knowing this, the right course is clearly open to you. Fill your daily life so full of constructive thoughts and ideals that there will be no room for negative and depressing ideas. Confine your conversation to helpful, useful, encouraging subjects. Be generous in thought, word, and act.

Make the world better for your being in it. Take a strong stand for truth and righteousness, and make every day count toward your eternal progress and happiness.

Do not complain in the face of unjust opposition, violent argument, or personal abuse; hold yourself in poise, knowing that truth is infallible. A genial temper, broad charity, and quiet equanimity, under all circumstances, will give you mastery of yourself and the situation.

The silent and unconscious example of high thinking will do more on your part to help others than many words and much counsel.

A flexible disposition will tend to keep your mind sane and receptive, attract friends, placate enemies, and help you to round your life into beauty and wholeness.

Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth.

## *At The End of Day*

by

Marcus Bach

"If you mention our name, it will spoil everything."

A reporter would never have taken this as final. He would have said: "Oh, but I must mention it. More than that, I plan to play up the name of your motel and the highway you are on. Think of the publicity. Look at the business this will bring you!"

I felt like saying this, too, because here was a story I wanted desperately to write. Here was a scene I wanted to describe just as it was: an autumn evening, a busy highway, the cooling spray of lawn sprinklers half-hidden in the lush grass, with me sitting in an easy chair in an out-of-this-world cabin court talking to the owner,

a quiet-spoken man on the mellow side of sixty.

After weeks of touring and a run of high priced motels, it was news, as far as I was concerned, to get a carpeted, Statler-like room for \$3.50. My first reaction had been, "There must be a catch in this."

No extra charge for the radio in the room? How about a parking fee? What about someone coming along later with: "The man made a mistake. It should be fifty. You still owe us two dollars."

No extra charge. No parking fee. No one came along later. The spick-and-span, insulated room was \$3.50. It had plenty of towels

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and washcloths, plenty of soap, sterilized glasses, a bed as soft as the autumn breeze, a radio, furniture in the best of taste, a freshly cut flower in the vase, and a Gideon Bible.

I went out to talk to him.

"Great place you have here," I said.

"Like it?"

"Very much. So do others. Looks like you can soon light up the 'No Vacancy' sign."

"Yes," he said. "I hate to do that, too. I always like to have places for folks on the road."

"I know motel owners who think differently. 'Fill 'em up so I can go to bed' is their motto."

"There are all kinds," he said noncommittally.

"Been here for some time?" I asked.

"Five years. No, it's six. Six years. Started this almost on my fifty-fifth birthday."

He said this reflectively and seemed relieved that a car pulled up to the office and he did not have to go into more details with me.

"Excuse me," he said. "My wife hasn't been feeling well, and I'm on full duty tonight."

I watched him walk away. Something about him bothered me. Something about him thrilled me. Both feelings were the result of one impression: although this man gave every indication of be-

ing the motel owner, he didn't seem to own the place! I owned it. So did the family who were taking out their baggage in front of Number 12. So did the young couple who sat in the easy chairs in front of Number 5. So did everyone else stopping here.

"Your rates," I said when he returned. "They're certainly reasonable."

"You think so?" he answered.

I said: "Well, of course, I think so. To tell you the truth, when I registered and paid you I thought the outside appearance might be just a false front, but the rooms inside are every bit as nice."

"That's what we planned," he replied and reached down to pinch a dead leaf from a plant. "That's what we planned."

"Any reason for it?" I urged.

"For what?"

"For all of this: low rates, nice rooms, good atmosphere, Gideon Bible."

He looked at me somewhat quickly. His eyes felt me out, and he read in me whatever it was he wanted to know.

"Oh, often the Bibles aren't opened," he said easily. "But I suppose sometimes they are. Who knows?"

He watched a bird perched on the yellow birdhouse.

"Sparrow," he said. "They'll be here all winter."

"Listen, Mr. . . .," I began.

He gave me his name.

"Do you own this place?" I asked.

"My wife and I, yes."

"Well, it certainly isn't any of my affair," I said, "but are you making any money at these prices?"

He turned to me.

"No," he said, almost amused at my concern. "Must I make money?"

"Well, I don't know. There's a saying about people not being in business for their health."

"Oh, I'm not losing money, either," he said, and it seemed to me he wanted to make clear that he did have a head for business whether I thought so or not.

"So," I concluded, "you just like to run a motel."

We were walking slowly toward the office. He said quietly: "Actually, it's more than that. We—well, I guess we want to live in that house by the side of the road."

He was suddenly silent, and I felt like an intruder. He caught my thought.

"I don't mind telling you," he said. "Sit down awhile. Comfortable chairs, don't you think? It's like this: I was in business, furniture is what it was, until I was fifty-five. I made money. I made friends. Everything was fine. I suppose I'd still be in the same spot, but for the fact that my wife and I got to thinking."

"What do you mean?"

"For more than half of our lives we had been working for ourselves. One night we were reading a bit from the Bible, as we had off and on ever since we were married. For some reason, this time the words sounded different. 'Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon the earth.' 'What doth it profit a man, to gain the whole world, and forfeit his life?' 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God.' Things like that. And behind the words was a Man whom I never really met until just then. I can't explain it. I don't know just how or why it happened the way it did, but He came to life for both my wife and me that night. We suddenly realized that the words were for us and us alone."

"And then?"

"I may make it sound too simple. We both agreed that it was time the good Lord got a few years of our lives in some sort of humanitarian service. Too old to be a missionary," he mused jokingly, "and too young to be a bishop, I decided to build a motel."

"Why a motel?"

"Why not? We used to take trips. We were always glad when, at the end of a day, we found something homelike and comfortable and not too expensive. It was often the best part of the trip to find, at sundown, that home

away from home. Then there was also the sentiment of wanting to be a friend to man—and in the background, I guess, there was always the vision of the Good Samaritan. You know, a person misses something unbelievably great if he always gets and gets and never gives. There was always an inner somebody in me who wanted to express himself. All I've done is give him a chance to come through. So here we are."

"And having a wonderful time," I had to say.

"The best. The very best. Nobody quite knows what happens to a man in a case like this unless he tries it."

"But what do other cabin court owners say? Aren't you accused of unfair competition and undercutting their prices?"

"No, I've never been accused

of that. On this highway there are so many travelers that there's more than enough business for all. Oh, a few of the other managers do sort of touch their heads when they refer to me! But anyway, that's the story."

"I'll tell you what I want to do," I told him. "I want to fill in the gaps. I want to do justice to this project of yours."

"What do you mean?"

"I want to write it up," I explained. "I want to use your name and the name of the motel and the highway and everything."

"Oh, no!" he said. "Don't do that! Things like this must be kept anonymous as much as possible. If you mention our names, it will spoil everything."

I agreed with him. I rather think it would.

I don't want to make money. I want to help people get more out of life.

## 20TH CENTURY SAMARITAN

LETTIE M. SHAW

"I don't want to make money," declares Pittsburgh's Fred Fischer. "I just want to help people get more out of life."

This U. S. Bureau of Mines Physical Science Aid adopted this attitude toward humanity in 1944 when he was a Petty Officer in the United States Navy. While desiring to help Navy base-hospitalized servicemen, he remembered Fuller's, "If thou desirest ease, in the first place take care of the ease of thy mind; for that will make all other sufferings easy," and decided leathercraft, one of his childhood pursuits, would be an excellent way to lift the servicemen out of despair. From 1944 to 1947 he worked with American Indians and Mexicans, became an outstanding authority on skins and pelts, and shared his knowledge with the bed-ridden servicemen.

When the Navy discharged him,

Fred decided that the crippled children needed help in learning how "to get more out of life." Immediately, he went to the Industrial Home for Crippled Children and asked Assistant Director Mary E. Morrison to institute a Leathercraft Hobby Class.

"We would love to have the hobby taught," she replied, "but the Home cannot afford it."

Prepared for such a reply, Fred reached into his leather case, lifted a piece of unborn calf, a modeler, a punch, a swivel, and a knife.

"I don't want pay," he said. "I offer my services free of charge." Later, on a STRIKE IT RICH program, Fred won \$400 and set up a leathercraft fund at the Home.

Corresponding Secretary Mrs. James Frazer Hillman declares Fred's course is "interesting and stimulating." She says "The old



adage, 'the proof of the pie is in the eating,' was never truer for the beautifully finished products bear testimony." The children are happier.

After Fred established a Leathercraft Hobby Class at the Industrial Home for Crippled Children, he donated handmade gifts to the United Cerebral Palsy Association of the Pittsburgh District. Chairman Mrs. Elizabeth G. Meyer thanked him with, "We want you to know that we greatly appreciate the work that you are doing to help the crippled children on this area. It is through people like yourself that we are able to make the cerebral palsied children of today useful members of society tomorrow."

In Cresson, Pennsylvania, State Tuberculosis Hospital patient Louise Hurst found life dull. Fred interested her in a leathercraft correspondence course and brightened her life.

Miss Marian Marsh, a multiple sclerosis shut-in, learned easing the mind can result in the use of the limbs. When Fred first tried to interest her in employing her mind with leathercraft, she could not use her left hand. Her right hand was weak. After Fred persuaded her that her mind could work wonders with her body, both her hands strengthened.

At the downtown Pittsburgh and the Wilkesburg YMCA's,

Fred teaches two eight-week classes during the Fall, Winter, and Spring. So elated with him are his pupils that one of them, Mrs. Anne Poole, told THE BIG SURPRISE television programmers that this "great humanitarian" should appear on their show. She says Fred "has a warm, pleasing, affable personality, plus a type of modesty which endears him to all of his many friends and students alike." Many of Fred's students sell their work: some become teachers. With his "Y" proceeds, he buys materials and gives them to the people whom he tries to help "get more out of life."

Samaritan Fischler does not limit his free-of-charge service. In addition to helping handicapped Pennsylvanians get more out of life by employing their minds with leathercraft, he helps healthy Pennsylvanians by lecturing to Ladies Clubs, PTA groups, and KDKA-TV audiences. Among the non-Pennsylvanians he has helped are a South Dakota housewife who wanted to learn leathercraft with the hope of earning a living with it while her husband was confined in a TB sanatorium; a Wooster, Ohio, polio victim; and Bernadine Peters of Leonardtown, Maryland, who needed expert advice about leathercraft tool manufacturers.

Pittsburgh's Buhl Planetarium exhibited Fred's leathercraft for

over a month so Pittsburghers could learn more about him. When the people discovered his skill, many of them tried to persuade Fred to become a commercial leathercrafter. Each time one of them did, Fred shook his head and said, "I don't want to make money; I just want to make people happy."



Here is the Truth in a little creed,

Enough for all the roads we go.

In Love is all the law we need,

In Christ is all the God we know.

Edwin Markham



When I really needed God, He answered, and was with me and helped me. My brother is alive.

## GIVE TO ME MY BROTHER

JOE SULLIVAN

One warm summer day, when I was only ten years old and did not quite know how to swim, my eight year old brother and I took a walk along the beach of a small lake in Indiana. As we were young and carefree and did not notice the passage of time, we wandered into a large woods at the edge of the lake. We were walking barefooted on the hot Indiana sands along the narrow beach when I suggested that we go wading in the cool water. Accordingly, we both plunged into the water. As we were wearing only our bathing suits, it was just a matter of minutes before we were swimming and diving, having the time of our lives. It was during a game of underwater tag that it happened. I was chasing Bobby when we both slid into a deep drop-off.

In a moment's time we were swept into a strong undercurrent that pulled us under and out from shore. Striking wildly with my

arms and feet with strength born of terror, by some stroke of good luck, I managed to break free of the current and reach shallow water. But, alas, for my little brother, all I could see was his head bobbing in the distance, continuously drifting further and further away from shore. I rushed to the beach and started yelling for help at the top of my lungs. Nobody came. I became hysterical. I fell to the ground, kicked my feet and screamed, and finally lay there sobbing. I couldn't stop. All the while my brother was dying. He had stopped screaming now, for his mouth no longer came above the water. He was hardly coming to the surface. Nobody to help him. Nobody even knew he was dying except me, and I couldn't swim.

Suddenly a warm calm came over me as if Somebody had reached in and laid a kindly hand on my soul. I pulled myself to my

knees and started to pray. I prayed to God, I prayed to Jesus. I swore that if my brother's life might be saved, I would forever give my undying love to Him, He that made us all. I offered my own life and my soul in exchange if only Bobby might be spared. I believe I was out of my mind, yet I was no longer hysterical. Somehow I was calm. I do not quite understand what came over me, but I suddenly felt as if I must go out and get my brother. I heard no voice, yet it seemed as if God spoke to me. I felt that this was what He wanted.

I plunged into the water with one thought, "Get Bobby." As I said earlier, I never really knew how to swim, but on this day I swam. Perhaps not very well, but I swam. I was like a man possessed. I could no longer see my brother for he had long since quit coming up, so I headed towards where I had last seen him. I reached the drop-off. The current pulled at my legs and I was sucked under. Down and down I swept. It happened so rapidly that I could not even struggle.

Suddenly I spied Bobby. He was drifting slowly by, so slowly he seemed like a ghost. He was a pale shade of deathly chalk white that knotted my stomach with fear. Even in the muddy water, I could see that he was no longer conscious. I thought he

was dead. I reached out to touch him, perhaps for the last time, and my hand caught hold of his hair. No sooner had I clenched my fingers tightly, then the current changed and swept us close to shore. Somehow, I managed to get Bobby to the shallow water and drag him up on the sandy beach. He was no longer breathing. I should have been scared, but strange to say I wasn't. I felt the same warm calm that I had felt before.

Rolling Bobby on his stomach, like I once saw in a movie, I climbed on his back and started to pump: up and down, up and down. I started to pray again. I made all sorts of promises to God and thanked Him the best I knew how; and implored Him to, "Give to me my brother." I know not how long I spent over my brother but it seemed a long, long time.

It had long since turned dark and the swamp frogs, with their mournful croaking, were already starting their sad, haunting melodies. Up and down, up and down. Tiny stars, like jeweled tear-drops, watched like mourners from afar, and even the golden moon seemed a little melancholy as it beamed comfortingly down from the heavens. Up and down, up and down. I felt alone and scared, yet somehow I felt that I mustn't stop pumping.

Up and down, up and down, up

and down. My arms were like lead weights and I was chilly, yet I kept on. Up and down, up and down, up and down. It was a living hellish nightmare that I can see to this day as clearly as if it had happened only yesterday.

Suddenly, from out of the quiet form beneath my body, I heard a cough, a light one perhaps, but nevertheless a cough. I started to pump faster and faster. I began to sing a song in rhythm with my pumping, "Mine eyes have seen

the Glory of the coming of the Lord . . ." Ironically, as I finished with: "and His truth is marching on," Bobby started to stir from his long sleep and began to cough weakly. Blood and water spurted intermittently from his mouth. He opened his eyes. He was alive at last . . .

I had seen the power and goodness of God. I swore that I would follow wherever He should lead me.



There is a strange saying about life that goes like this: "If you don't give, you don't receive." It's only the man who puts himself into something—who pours out all his energy, his mind, his spirit—who reaps greatness and success in life.

*Bob Richards, Olympic Champion,*  
in **THE HEART OF A CHAMPION** (Fleming H. Revell Company)



## Prayer Works

by Alma Fisher

DIRECTOR, THE UNITED PRAYER TOWER

"When I wrote to you over a year ago you sent me the booklet *The Upward Look*, which I have carried in my bill fold ever since. Every so often I have to get out my *I Will Lift Up Mine Eyes*, that wonderful book by Glenn Clark. He is alive more than ever and I give thanks for his messages and God's wonderful messages between the lines. Last winter I went on a buying trip alone to New York City, my first alone. With an upward look I asked for a good partner to sit by me and in answer there came a lady who was a native New Yorker on her way home. It was an enjoyable trip all the way, helping each other. The week in New York was a miracle. I bought goods at a better price than my employer had bought a year ago and the quality was better. The last day I had to buy some unusual gifts. I was stumped as I again wandered through the halls of the huge building. Then I paused, took out the *Upward Look*, and asked for help. I walked right into an exclusive place I had pictured. God is so good to us."—*New Mexico*

"I have been a Christian all my life and more or less a praying one, but never before have I known the power of concerted prayer demonstrated in my own recovery. For several years I had just been living from month to month, not expecting to be here very long. Then, last summer I was taken to the hospital unconscious and remained so for more

than a month. The doctors told my family that they could do no more, but I regained consciousness three days later and they began all over. After three months in the hospital I came home and today I am in better health and my morale is better than in years. I just found out recently that a niece in a distant state had sent my name to you with a request for prayers without telling any of the family. I know that the concerted prayers of my loved ones here at home joined to yours made it possible for me to recover and be restored to my family. I thank the Lord every day for these prayers."—*Kentucky*

"I want to tell you about the recovery of the friend for whom I asked prayers some time ago. She is not yet well but she herself is surprised at the speed with which her renewal to strength is being accomplished. For days her mother, after she went home from the hospital, did not see how she could last until morning. But once the recovery began, her progress was steady. I had had God's assurance that she would recover, so I myself never doubted after that joy came to me. Thank you very much for helping us to pray. This incident is good to remember in moments of discouragement in my personal life."—*Iowa*

"What grateful hearts we have toward God and give thanks to all the faithful, loving channels through whom He pour-



ed His healing grace—and brought about a miracle of healing to both my husband and myself. My husband came home today from the hospital after nearly seven weeks in the hospital and is truly a new man. I was completely released from fear the next day after I called you and had a joyful assurance from God that all would be well, although my husband still faced a bone biopsy. God gave me such assurance that I knew the biopsy was unnecessary. It was favorable. I know that he is going to be better than ever before and both of us will be better people, more loving and usable by the Lord for this 'precious jeopardy.'"—*Kentucky*

"I have written for prayers for my loved ones many times and I know God has heard and answered. But I must tell you of a really great answer to prayer and I know that your praises and thanks will go up with ours. Our wonderful son was an alcoholic. We asked your prayers several times. Now I want to tell you that he has had complete healing. He has not touched a thing for several months, almost a year. And he is the head of a nice business of his own with men working out of his office—one a former alcoholic. He is in church every Sunday and he knows that prayer power has been at work. We had talked

and prayed with Glenn Clark when he was here and with Louise Eggleston and Mary Light and Dr. Laubach and you. So thank God for you all. Isn't it a wonderful witness for prayer power and what God can do!"—*Oklahoma*

"I do really feel like you are very close friends, as you have helped me grow out of so much of my negative thinking and into a more positive attitude. I have found this to be absolutely necessary to spiritual growth, peace of mind, good health, and prosperity. Some time ago I wrote you about a problem we had and asked your prayers. It is so very wonderful how it has been worked out—not as we expected it to be, but as I am sure God wanted it to be. Things didn't happen as fast as we thought they should at times but that of course was to teach us patience. As we look back now we can see God's hand in every move that has been made. We learned that God's ways are not always our ways, but that if we will give him absolute control he has a much better way. Your prayers and precious *Manual of Prayer* have supplied just the right guidance we needed. It was so comforting to know you were with us at all times in prayer. I join you every morning in prayer."—*Texas*

#### 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, TA 4-7653, Minneapolis, Minn.

OH, LORD, WHAT NEXT?, Geraldine Jacobi Russell. 174 pages. Vantage, \$3.50. I suppose that to many people the author will best be known as the mother of the actress, Jane Russell, but I am positive that in the *Book of Life* she will be listed as a woman of intense and abiding faith. Jesus said that those of faith would come from the east and from the west and sit down at table with Abraham. Geraldine Russell will be in good company when that time arrives! The book is the story of her own life, and that of her family. To those who know her the book is just like her—vibrant, enthusiastic, positive, faith-filled. It is the story of a life filled with many hardships, but always a firmly rooted faith that God overcomes and strengthens.

MOTHERS OF THE BIBLE, Donald Davidson. 158 pages. Zondervan, \$2.50. Twenty-six talks, or sermons, that are based on mothers of the Bible. The author does an excellent job of picturing the situations of each mother, and gives good lessons to be learned from each. Some of the mothers are: Eve, Sarah, Lot's Wife, Rachel, Naomi, Ruth, Hannah, Bathsheba, Jezebel, Great Lady of Shunem, Mary, Simon's Wife's Mother, and The Syrophenician Woman.

TEACHING YOUR CHILD ABOUT GOD, Claudia Royal. 186 pages. Revell, \$2.95. A warm and engaging study of the child's religious development from infancy through the fifth year. This is a good book, filled with the religious spirit, good common sense, and the sensitive expert's touch. Parents and teachers will find in it much help and guidance.

GROWING INTO FAITH, Kendrick Strong. 126 pages. Christian Education Press, \$2.50. Faith is taken out of the realm of magic and shown to be a process of natural growth and understanding. The parts of the book are: The Austere Majesty and Loving-kindness of God, The Glory of God in the Face of Jesus Christ, How Do

## books of interest

comments, summaries  
reviews & opinions  
on religious books

NORMAN K. ELLIOTT

We Grow?, and What May We Expect From Our Faith? The approach of the author is sure, wise and stable. It is a good solid book filled with Christian faith.

LIVELY MAY I WALK, Glenn H. Asquith. 123 pages. Abingdon, \$2.00. Devotions for the golden years. These fifty-four devotions are written for older people, and the viewpoint is that the best years of their life are ahead! Each meditation contains a Scripture verse and has a closing prayer. The type is large which makes it easier and more enjoyable for those in later years. The subjects are pointed to the older audience and they will not fail to inspire, give life meaning, and lead toward a restful faith. A very good book.

THE ROAD TO FAITH, Will Oursler. 223 pages. Rinehart, \$3.50. This is the personal story of the author, his quest for life's meaning and goal, the crisis in his life with the death of his famous father (Will Oursler), his search for something that would give him the will to go on, his search through religions to find the common denominators and find the

truths basic to all faiths, the finding of the goal and the strength that came to him. Theory may be interesting; but the faith and the answer that is forged in daily living and striving is always more helpful and lifting. So it is with this testament of faith.

**SERMONS ON QUESTIONS CHILDREN ASK**, Arthur W. Mielke. 245 pages. Crowell, \$3.75. This is a rather unique book, and a good one too. There are two sermons on each subject. One is directed to children; the other one is on the same subject directed to adults. For example, "Where Has Grandma Gone?" is for children, and "The Problem of Death" is for adults. The fifteen pairs of sermons came into being by questions asked by children, and many of them are the kind that bewilder parents and adults. The author's purpose is not only to answer the questions of the children, but also to help parents and teachers to think through their own convictions. Here are a few other pairs of sermons: "Who Were Adam and Eve's Parents?"—The Problem of Creation; "Will God Forget My Mistakes?"—The Problem of Sin and Forgiveness; "If I Am Quiet, Can I Hear God Speaking?"—The Presence of God; "Why Did God Let Them Crucify Jesus?"—The Suffering of the Righteous; and, "Is There a Devil?"—The Personification of Evil. Parents, teachers and ministers will find many suggestive answers here and good guidance.

**THE SPIRITUAL LEGACY OF JOHN FOSTER DULLES**, edited by

Henry P. Van Dusen. 232 pages. Westminster, \$3.95. History will have to decide the niche of John Foster Dulles, but the present book reveals how profoundly he was motivated by respect for human dignity, by an unshakable belief in the brotherhood of all men under God. The secret of the man was his deep-rooted religious motivation. The book is made up of selections from his articles and addresses. Some of the chapters are: Faith of our Fathers, The Churches and World Order, A Righteous Faith, Our Spiritual Heritage, Morals and Power, The Need for a Religious Faith, Principle Versus Expediency in Foreign Policy, The Church's Contribution Toward a Warless World, and The Way of Love and Compassion. The book opens with a tribute by President Eisenhower, and ends with a biographical sketch.

**A BOYS' AND GIRLS' LIFE OF CHRIST**, J. Paterson Smyth. 192 pages. Revell, \$3.00. This is likely to be as good a life of Christ for boys and girls as you will find. It is not written down to them, but accepts them as equal partners to understand the greatest event in history. Says the author, ". . . I want to write not a simple little story for small children, but a real full Life of Christ for thoughtful boys and girls who are willing to think and use their brains." He has done it. The book was out of print for some years and demand has brought it back. I would guess the age level is 10 and up. Very well done.

## DON'T MISS READING

### Meditations for Inspired Living BERNIS WARFIELD

Bernis Warfield has the knack of taking deep spiritual insights and putting them in language that sparkles with everyday sights and sounds and smells and feelings that are common to everyone. One thing stands out in these daily meditations—they have been forged out of personal experience. Bernie Warfield *knows* what he is talking about and therefore this book has the true ring of authority. Some of the meditations are: "I Have Seen The City," "The Perfume of God," "Stirring The Nest," "Jacob's Ladder," "Divine Potential," "Happiness Morning," "Ninety-Nine and One-Half Won't Do," "I'm Gonna Fly," "Born of the Water," "God's Balance," "Our Daily Bread" and "God's Frequency." \$1.25

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