

SPRING 1961

Clear Horizons

Personal Experiences In Christian Living

50¢



IN THIS ISSUE

- *Crossing The Ocean By Faith*
by Stephen C. Tornay

Clear Horizons Magazine

1571 GRAND AVENUE
SAINT PAUL 5, MINNESOTA

- **EDITOR**

NORMAN K. ELLIOTT

- **ASSOCIATE EDITOR**

RUBY ROSKILLY

- **CONTRIBUTING EDITORS**

MARGUERITTE HARMON BRO
RALPH SPAULDING CUSHMAN
STARR DAILY
ALLAN A. HUNTER
FRANK C. LAUBACH
STELLA TERRILL MANN
KERMIT OLSEN
AUSTIN PARDUE
NORMAN VINCENT PEALE
WINFRED RHOADES
AGNES SANFORD

- **EDITORIAL AND BUSINESS OFFICES**

1571 GRAND AVENUE
SAINT PAUL 5, MINNESOTA

- **SUBSCRIPTION RATES**

\$2.00 for one year
\$.50 a copy

- **MANUSCRIPTS**

Manuscripts should be double spaced, typed, and should always carry return postage. We cannot assume responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts. We welcome such manuscripts however. Manuscripts that we cannot use will be returned to the writer when accompanied by return postage.

- Second class postage paid at St. Paul, Minn. and Waseca, Minn.

THE COVER

Spring has always been associated with newness of life—the earth seems to be resurrected after the long winter and there is a stirring through all life, an awakening, and the mind of man begins to dream dreams that have lain dormant for quite awhile. The blossoming flowers in the open field, the happiness of little children playing games, perhaps imagining something regal as the little girl has a crown of flowers in her hair, symbolizes all this for us. And, in the spiritual realm it ought to remind us that in order to enter the abundant life, we too must become like little children.

SPRING, 1961

Clear Horizons

VOLUME 21
NUMBER 4

FOR A FEARFUL WORLD, FOR A TROUBLED GENERATION, FOR A BUSY LIFE, PRAYER MUST BE A TOP PRIORITY.

PRAYER IS THE ANSWER TO TENSION

Norman H. Hair

It is not the tensions, it is not the pressures themselves, that fill the consulting rooms of the world, but it is a lack in people of resources with which to meet these tensions and pressures.

We have a God given source of such power in prayer. The prophet Isaiah assures us that "They that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength."

In Luke's Gospel we are told of that critical day when Jesus told His disciples that His life would lead to the Cross, and we

read, "As He was praying, the fashion of His countenance was altered." Perhaps Jesus at this time had looked tense and drawn. Well might He be harassed and even fearful as, with enmity toward Him building up, He contemplated what lay ahead. Remember Jesus shared fully in our humanity. He became true man, and it must surely have been a fierce struggle within Him as the cross reared itself before Him. It is likely that the face of Jesus revealed something of that inner

struggle. But while He was praying, so Moffatt translates this verse, the "appearance of His face altered." Faith for fear, strength for anxiety, confidence for hesitation, inward power adequate for whatever lay ahead, was not that a change that would show on His face?

If such an experience is possible, if such a change can come about, do not we of this generation most certainly need it?

That which brought about such a change of countenance, that which brought about such a resurgence of power was the experience of prayer. Prayer is that spring of power, that source of strength, that well of living water that we need for our re-creation.

Prayer, you see, takes us into the very depths of our soul. It begins by confessing and removing our sins and weaknesses, it voices our thankfulness, it seeks guidance for our confusion and perplexity, it is the resource of strength in our inadequacy, and it is even at times as resting back upon the everlasting arms of God.

For a fearful world, for a troubled generation, for a busy life, prayer must be a top priority. Our situation today demands of us that we dwell often in the realm of prayer.

There are two ways to approach prayer. One is to try to argue out the whole matter first,

solve all the theoretical difficulties and intellectual doubts, and then having all of our questions answered, say to ourselves, "There, now I am ready; let's pray." This method, to say the least, seldom results in a profound experience of renewal. In fact it very seldom gets as far as actually engaging in prayer. But often we can see another thing happening. Here is a man who sees his need of the backing of a power greater than his own, and who recognizing the urgency of his need, reaches out for God, and theory or no theory, finds God, and in finding Him finds power on which to rest back and from which to draw strength. Here is a woman who feels a weight beyond her own strength weighing her down, and reaches out in prayer, and finds that burden lifted. These have a first hand experience which no amount of logic or speculation can ever refute. To those who pray, prayer is real. "Strengthened with might by his spirit in the inner man"—(Eph. 3:16) that is real to those who pray.

One reason that prayer is such a spring of power is because Christian prayer at its best is an affirmation. It is a positive affirmation of faith and confidence in God that puts divine strength in the center of the picture and crowds our human fear, anxieties, and cares off to one side, and al-

lows God to deal with them.

Who of us does not have moments, even hours, when doubts and dismays, worries and cares crowd up to the front and center of our minds? How obsessing those hours can be. When such times come we must do something to relieve them. The Gospel witness is that even our Lord Jesus Christ knew such moments. Did He not in Gethsemane exclaim, "My soul is exceedingly sorrowful, even unto death"? But that was followed immediately by prayer and, as He prayed, confidence and courage came marching in to vanquish fears and cares and doubts. Through prayer the great convictions that sustained Him, and the great resources which supported Him, moved up into the center of His heart and mind and soul. Real prayer is affirmation.

Unless we pray there are things that God cannot say to us, for prayer is a listening ear. Unless we pray there are things that God cannot give us, for prayer is a receptive and hospitable heart. Unless we pray there are things that God cannot do through us, for prayer is the co-operative will.

Out west there is a gorge with the forbidding name of Death

Valley where, in the year 1850, a party of California-bound pioneers perished from thirst. That gorge is the lowest, hottest, and driest place in the western hemisphere. Some years ago a strange thing happened. For nineteen consecutive days showers of rain fell on that waste-land. This was something unheard of. Suddenly, as a result of that rain, all manner of seeds which had apparently lain dormant for years burst into glorious bloom. Who can say what lies dormant in the Death Valley of this world in which so many "pioneers" have perished. Who knows what seeds there are in your heart, in my heart, in the hearts of men and women everywhere, seeds that are waiting the right conditions to burst into bloom. The miracle of revival, the dream of the whole wide world for Christ awaits enough believing folk, or a few folks who believe enough in the power of the Living God to change the spiritual climate with their prayers.

Remember the words of James, "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."

Will you tap that spring of power? Will you hoist your sail?

WILL YOU ENGAGE IN PRAYER?

Ten Commandments For Parents

I. Thou shalt love thy child with all thy heart, with all thy strength, but wisely, with all thy mind.

II. Thou shalt think of thy child, not as something belonging to thee, but as a person.

III. Thou shalt regard his respect and love, not as something to be demanded, but something worth earning.

IV. Every time thou art out of patience with thy child's immaturity and blundering, thou shalt call to mind some of the childish adventures and mistakes which attended thine own coming of age.

V. Remember also that thy example is more eloquent than thy fault finding and moralizing.

VI. Remember that it is thy child's privilege to make a hero out of thee, and take thou thought to be a proper one.

VII. Thou shalt strive to be a sign-post on the highway of life rather than a rut out of which the wheel cannot turn.

VIII. Thou shalt teach thy child to stand on his own feet and fight his own battles.

IX. Thou shalt help thy child to see beauty, to practice kindness, to love truth, and to live in friendship.

X. Thou shalt make of the place wherein thou dwellest a real home—a haven of happiness for thyself, for thy children, for thy friends and for thy children's friends.

—*Author Unknown*

STEPHEN C. TORNAY

Crossing the Ocean *By Faith*

I realized that a power, vaster than any human endeavor, was responsible for my good fortune.

I can rightfully apply to myself the lines of a poem, written by Santayana: "Columbus found a world and had no chart—Save one that faith deciphered in the skies." I, too, found the New World and a new life in the "land of the free" by the aid of no other power but the power of faith. Let me tell you how this came to pass.

At the end of the first World War, Hungary, my native country, was dismembered into five parts. It was as though the house collapsed over our head. Bitterness, desperation filled the hearts of people. I was disgusted with the situation which the so-called Peace Treaties created and saw no hope in the future of Europe. Brooding over the dark prospects one day while I was walking alone, suddenly an idea struck

me like lightning: Go to America and begin a new life! How this light came to me from the clear sky, I can't tell you, but it came with a strength that completely revolutionized my whole being.

Not saying a word to anyone about my plan, I started to learn English. I sent cards to my former American schoolmates with whom I studied at an Austrian university. Not one reply came. I entered into correspondence with a Hungarian family in New York. The newspaper clippings they sent were like doves flying to me from a strange land. Day and night I was dreaming about my secret. I read everything I could get hold of about the United States. With half of my soul I was already living in America.

Unfortunately, I had no money to go. This obstacle was bad

enough, but what harassed me more was the fact that in 1920 the Peace Treaties were not yet ratified and to get a visa for an "alien enemy" seemed to be impossible. My situation appeared hopeless. "Who shall roll us away the stone?" I asked, recalling a story in the Bible. Then, one day, the huge stone that had blocked my road began to move. A friend dropped in and told me that he had been asked by an American church group to take care of the Hungarian-speaking population in their district. "I can't go," he said. "My parents are too old. I would never see them again. But I heard that you speak English. Would you like to go?" I don't have to tell you what my answer was.

Feverishly, all excited, I read one English book after the other, still keeping quiet about my sudden chance. Reading Oscar Wilde's *De Profundis*, it was as if the words of the Psalmist were coming from the bottom of my own heart: "Out of the depth have I cried unto thee, O Lord. Lord, hear my voice." It was April when the same friend called me out of the classroom where I was teaching and brought the message that the Church accepted me for the job and would send the fare. I never descended a stairway faster than I did in my hurry to tell the news to my mother.

But the big stone was not rolled

away yet. The great difficulty was to get a visa from the State Department. I was the first person after the war who had applied for one. The American consul tried to help me and a wire was sent to Washington. Anxious weeks followed. Yet, not for a minute came the thought to me that the whole thing might be foiled. Not once, from the very beginning, was I touched by doubt. I knew that there would be a way. At last the consul phoned: my visa was granted.

It was the twelfth of July when I caught the first glimpse of the Statue of Liberty, looming up in the haze like an unbelievable dream. I felt that in that moment something irresistible had come to a conclusion. And I realized that a power, vaster than any human endeavor, was responsible for my good fortune.

As the years passed by in my new homeland and I was working for the church, later to become a teacher of philosophy at various universities, I often remembered the sweep of events that brought me to America. One thing always startled me and is still a cause of wonder. Although I know today that my experience had all the earmarks of a genuine faith, at the time of my great adventure the word "faith" never even entered my mind. I was carried by an inner drive without being con-

scious of its true nature. The impetus of the urge was too forceful to admit any reflection on it. Yet, there it was, undeniably present, the power that is able to remove the mountains.

Recollecting the spontaneous operation of faith that launched me across the ocean, I know today that it is a gift from above. There are things in life which cannot be subscribed for or ordered from a mail-order house catalog. Like some of the best things in life—a poetic inspiration, a scientific insight, or falling in love—faith, too, has to rise in us unexpectedly from the twilight of our deep-seated desires. For faith, fundamentally, is a desire, so intense that it flares up in the conscious mind as certainty about the invisible object of our desire. But whence is desire? Augustine says: "Unless something occurs that delights and invites, the will cannot be moved by any means. The coming of such motivation, however, is not in man's power." Not until the "Spirit bloweth where it listeth" can we hear the sound thereof. Faith is the "evidence of things not seen."

Yet, I also learned from my faith-experience that we can do much to open the gates for faith and to nourish it by co-operation. "Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight," said the forerunner of Christ. I found out

that we can clear the ground for faith by making a bed for the stream into which the water will flow when its time comes. The way to do this, I discovered, is a directing of our attention to the particular field of interest toward which our desire inclines us. The method is the same in scientific discovery. As Ribot instructs the scientist: "Saturate yourself through and through with your subject and with all that bears or may bear upon it and wait. If the flash of insight comes, treasure it. And if it does not come, still wait." The best way of inviting faith, of course, is a prayerful elevation of the heart to the Spirit that can enliven the smoldering ember to living glow. "Lord, increase our faith," the Apostles prayed.

The next important lesson from the memory of my adventure is the knowledge that after its flare-up we can nourish faith by co-operating with it. It seems that when God intends to direct our steps toward new shapes to come, He arouses our desire, intensifies our certainty in capturing the unseen; in short, He activates in us the faith. To line up with this creative thrust, our task is to concentrate our attention on the vision that allures us. In my case, I kept the faith-image constantly before my eyes. I went to bed with the picture of America in mind

and brought it before my eyes the first thing in the morning. Do you think that I had to make an extra effort to do so? Not at all. The dream-image hovered before me as the picture of the beloved person hovers every moment before the mind of the man who is in love.

I know that one of the best things I did when faith carried me was my hiding it from other people. Faith is something that works in secrecy. Why disturb the guidance of the silent Creator by talking about your dream? Faith is a mystic act. "When you want something very much, don't shout it away," my mother used to say. Making advance announcements, advertising your future deeds may kill your faith in its germ. That is not the way great things come into existence. Faith is like a plant which grows only in the seclusion of a hothouse. The cold air of public gaze would only hurt it.

If I were to sum up in a nutshell the way of co-operating with faith, I would say: Pray and work. What sparked up my faith during my adventure was not oral prayers, but a continuous reaching forth to the Highest, like the plants lean toward the sun. These wordless prayers seemed to say: "In thee, O Lord, do I put my trust; I shall never be confounded." But faith can never be without works. In my case too, there was not a moment which was not spent in the service of my vision. Faith without works is dead. Or rather it wasn't even born. For faith and action are inseparable.

Faith is not a miracle. It bubbles up from the heart naturally like springwater in the mountains. If man's concurrence lines up with the Spirit that originated faith, it can transport him into the land of his best dreams, even across the boundless ocean.



by Bishop Austin Pardue

"HEART" IS IMPORTANT IN UNDERSTANDING HOLY COMMUNION

Almighty God, unto whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid; Cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of thy Holy Spirit, that we may perfectly love thee, and worthily magnify thy holy Name; through Christ our Lord. Amen.—Introductory Prayer to Holy Communion from the Book of Common Prayer.

We must spend more time on this short introductory prayer than on any other section of the Holy Communion Service because it sets the tone for the remainder of the service.

He who understands the secrets of the heart is well on the way to understanding much of the human application of the Holy Mysteries. The word "heart" appears twice in this single sentence prayer. Ob-

viously, the word is of vast importance. There is little written on the subject of this word and I cannot but give you the fundamentals necessary for you to use it for "your soul's health."

I have searched many years for a scholarly interpretation of "the heart." I have not found much but what I have discovered is sufficient for our needs. I asked Dr. Burton Scott Easton, the late

From *The Church News*, February, 1960, reprinted by permission.

great New Testament scholar of the General Theological Seminary, about thirty years ago, and in his clipped diction he answered, "the heart contains the sum total of man's inner attitude toward life."

He said that it is something akin to what is now called the unconscious mind and that the Church has known of its powers centuries before Sigmund Freud. He said that the heart (not the physical heart), however, is larger in scope as a spiritual and psychological organ than the unconscious.

It is that part of a man which contains the true self—his motivations, fears, hatreds and jealousies as well as his virtues, hopes and aspirations. It is an instrument of vast power and that is why the Eucharist pays it so much attention.

If you will read the Communion Service through carefully, you will discover that every climax reverts back to this all important word, for it alone contains the secrets of your past, present and future. What the heart really believes will always tend to come true in the objective world: for better or for worse, for good or evil.

No wonder the Eucharist opens with a prayer for the cleansing of the heart. If it is not cleansed, there may be some tragic times ahead—both for you and for all

those with whom you are closely associated.

It is hard to convince people that most outward experiences in living are due to inward attitudes and habits of thinking. Human nature always tends to blame outward circumstances for its problems rather than on well established thought patterns. The human will is largely powerless against entrenched moods and viewpoints of the heart.

Many years ago an English school of psychologists were quite correct in saying that when the will or the reason conflicts with the emotions and imagination the latter almost always wins. Many an alcoholic makes a firm resolution of the will to stop drinking, but when his deep inner emotional self unites with his imagination, the power to resist is almost impossible.

The will makes endless resolutions but the deep habits of the heart simply brush them aside and the poor addict is powerless. Reason and will disintegrate while the desires and the animal wants take over.

That is why Our Lord told us that a "house divided against itself cannot stand." The emotional urges of the heart are in command for the most part and reason, intellect and will are generally impotent. St. Paul himself had a little trouble in this department:

"What I would, that I do not, but what I hate, that I do." Thus one of the great aims of religion is to unify the heart and the mind under one command. When they are in agreement in Christ, "nothing shall be impossible."

So the unification of the heart and the mind, or of the imagination and the will, is one of the oldest concepts of religion and the Bible and Book of Common Prayer are full of such references. Psychologically speaking, these ancient treasures of the spiritual classics are as up to date in principle as the new psychology. The divided personality is still one of the great problems of mental illness and can be brilliantly treated by the formularies of the ancient Church when we take the pains to use the implied therapy of the liturgy.

For example, one of the oldest prayers of the Church is the Collect for Ascension Day from the Book of Common Prayer. It reads as follows: "Grant, we beseech Thee, Almighty God, that like as we believe thy only begotten Son our Lord Jesus Christ to have ascended into the heavens; so we may in HEART AND MIND thither ascend, and with Him continually dwell, who liveth and reigneth with Thee and the Holy Ghost, world without end. Amen."

It is quite obvious that the Church is being very practical in

her psychological approach to the divided self and the suffering attendant to the disease. The Feast of the Ascension is much more than a memorial celebration of a New Testament story; it is a usable doctrine for us to apply today.

By self examination and confession we examine and admit the dangerous thoughts and emotions of our hearts and through faith we receive and accept forgiveness from Christ. Thus, through conscious worship and devotion and sacramental grace, we fill our hearts with Christ's benefits of faith, hope, charity, courage, wisdom and truth. Then, through the repetition of this process day by day and week by week, each individual becomes a whole personality. We ascend in heart and mind through unity in Christ and the result is, as St. Paul said: "we are (then) more than conquerors through Him who loves us."

So the Collect for Purity goes on to make an outright claim and almost a command at the foot of the Throne of Grace, saying, "Cleanse the thoughts of our hearts." The Bible warns us that "out of the heart comes the issues of life," so the sooner we get about our business of self unity of heart and mind the sooner we fulfill our destined purpose on this earth. Once united in Christ, nothing can stop us.

A Tokyo raider who became a missionary.

Jake De Shazer Returned To Love His Enemies

PHILIP E. STANTON

Jacob De Shazer, a modern Paul, has been preaching the Gospel to the Japanese since December 28, 1948. He has delivered his message to multitudes and converted thousands with the great message of LOVE to his former enemies. The fire and zeal of his message has reduced hate, vengeance, and barbarianism to fellowship as Christ taught it in His Sermon on the Mount.

Jake, as he is known to the Nippons, was born in Salem, Oregon. He was baptised in his father's church and received his early schooling in the village grade school. After his minister-father died, he and his mother moved to the near-by town of Madras, Oregon, where he attended school until his enlistment in the United States Army two years before Pearl Harbor.

After Pearl Harbor had been bombed Jacob requested a transfer to the Air Force. In this branch of the service he advanced in training until he attained the

rank of bombardier. While on this assignment an event occurred that was to change his life completely. One day Jake and several of his service buddies volunteered for a secret mission.

His group was transferred to a special training ground in the east and after extensive orientation was finally informed that their mission was to bomb Tokyo under the command of the famous fighting General James Doolittle. On April 1, 1942, sixteen bombers were loaded on the carrier Hornet in San Francisco Harbor and departed on the fateful mission across the Pacific into the unknown.

Jake at this time was much the same as all fighting men. He was boisterous, profane, and excited with blood lust. The thought of killing and destruction completely dominated his whole life and thoughts. Somewhere in this excitement Jacob does remember that he had vague unidentified feelings that would draw his mind from the mission. He said, "I

meditated on the vastness of the ocean and how it was related to the brotherhood of man."

War, its weapons and spirit were not conducive to such meditations. The wonders of nature and God seemed to have no part in this scheme of destruction and so his mind was drawn back to activities that were in closer evidence.

On Saturday, April 15, at 3:15 in the morning the hand of fate guided Jacob De Shazer into the bombardier's position in the sixteenth plane of Doolittle's bomber squadron. All the planes became airborne in a few minutes. They were on their way to rain death on the treacherous pagans who had so willfully challenged a different way of life.

Tokyo was bombed. Fire ravaged the city inflaming the minds and hearts of the people with hate. Many planes and crews were lost in the debacle. Others were more fortunate; they were found and returned to their homeland and loved ones. Jake was among those who were taken prisoner. Soon after he and his crew were forced to abandon their plane because they lacked fuel to reach the mainland of China for protection.

It was here that Jake's Odyssey for Christ began. While being imprisoned he suffered all the ravages of starvation and sickness. Abuse was heaped upon him until

he nearly lost his sanity at times. He had no help or succor so he turned to God in prayer. He prayed as few men know how to pray and soon his burdens were lifted from his weary shoulders. In his own words he stated, "My suffering disappeared, my burden became lighter—easier to bear."

Some few months after imprisonment some God-loving soul supplied him with a Bible. Since it came at a time of crisis Jake buried himself in its wisdom and love. It became his food and drink. He studied it constantly and memorized vast amounts of the greatest message that was ever given to mankind. The message of love—peace—forgiveness—fellowship for and in the name of Jesus Christ.

Because of this new-found understanding of the great truth, Jacob repented of his sins. This brought about a sudden, dazzling experience—something very much the same as that which Paul experienced on the road to Damascus. In his own words, "It changed my whole being, filling the old mind and body with a new spirit."

He began applying all of the Christian teachings to his everyday life and this brought about a complete change in the prison environment. The example was so pronounced that his guards became interested which resulted in changes of attitude. It was at this

time that De Shazer made the paramount promise of his life. He vowed that he would dedicate the remainder of his life to the Lordly Jesus who had redeemed him and delivered him from suffering.

For forty months Jacob De Shazer practiced Christian Life in the midst of a hell; he wavered at times but with constant prayer managed to stay on the Christian path. Under these adverse conditions he drew the needed strength from the Spring of Life, but unselfishly let it flow through to those who were in close relationship with him.

On the day that his countrymen released him from prison he uttered his most profound words, "God released me from prison a long time ago, now I am only being freed from the Peking Prison."

Jacob was sent home. He entered into the old life with zest but he never forgot his vow. He went on evangelistic tours to tell the story of his wonderful experience. He gave testimony of a conversion that inspired others to search for a new companionship with God. During this time he was finally discharged from the service which made the way clear for him to make his vow into a reality.

He finished his high school education and enrolled in a western college to prepare for missionary work in Japan. His love was so

overwhelming that he wanted to go back to the land of his former enemies with a message of love and forgiveness. Jacob graduated with signal honors a full year ahead of schedule and prepared to leave as soon as the necessary papers could be obtained.

On Dec. 14, 1948, he embarked at San Francisco for Japan with his wife and son. He boarded the U. S. S. General Meigs with other missionaries who were carrying the story of Jesus to other distant lands. His departing words were, "This time I am going not to destroy but to love and forgive those who persecuted me, just as my Lord and Master did for the world."

His success since that memorable day has been momentous. His message has been received by millions and the Holy Spirit has found the way into many hearts. Old enemies welcomed him with wonder; they were astonished that one who had been so mistreated could find a way to love them and help them to find genuine happiness.

The power of God's love through the instrument of Jacob is manifested in the fact that several of his former prison guards became converted. Jacob's message reached much higher than this—it converted the squadron leader who bombed Pearl Harbor on that fateful December day.

BY BROWNE SAMPSELL

JANE ADDAMS BUILT CHICAGO'S "CATHEDRAL OF COMPASSION"

On a May morning in 1935, a lone hearse stopped for a traffic light at Twelfth Street in Chicago. It carried the body of Jane Addams.

"Is it she?" asked the big Irish policeman. The driver nodded. And the officer's whistle brought traffic to a standstill. As he signaled the hearse forward, he gave a reverent salute. And said in a voice that reached the crowds waiting at the curbs, "Rest in peace."

It was fitting that this benediction should fall from the lips of one who belonged to another race and religion. For the dead woman had taken all races and religions to her heart. It was fitting also that the last word uttered in her beloved city should be "Peace." For permanent universal peace had been one of her fixed goals.

On the day of her funeral, VIP's from all over the nation gathered in the courtyard of her settlement house. And the once "homeless, tempest-tossed, the Old World's wretched refuse" that

Jane Addams had called neighbor gathered by the thousands around her bier.

Countless others knelt in the streets, prayed and wept as they bade their benefactor "Good-bye."

To avoid an outpouring of mourners at the railway station, no public announcement had been made of the hour her body would leave for the little cemetery in Cedarville, Illinois, her childhood home. Which explains why the hearse traveled alone to the railroad station.

The daughter of a state senator, Jane Addams was born in a home of wealth and station; born also with a heart full of sympathy and understanding for the less fortunate. As she rode one day in the family carriage through the streets back of the factories at Freeport, not far from her lovely home in Cedarville, the six-year-old got a glimpse of underprivileged living. And she did not like it at all.

"When I'm grown up I'm going

to have a big house," she declared. "But I don't want it to be near other pretty homes. I'm going to live right next door to poor folks and I will invite the neighbors in."

And for forty-six years in the city of Chicago, Jane Addams did just that. She gathered them all in, Greek, German, Polish, Italian immigrants. Negroes came as residents to the settlement house of this foe of racial segregation. They ate at her table. And the first house doctor that she appointed was a Negro.

After graduation from Rockford Seminary (now Rockford College) Miss Addams planned a medical career. But a spinal curvature she had suffered from infancy ruled out for her the practice of medicine. For several years she traveled abroad with a college friend, Ellen Gates Starr.

The famous buildings and historic relics of the great cities received only a passing glance. It was the misery of the people that gripped Jane Addams' heart. The poverty of London's East Side impressed her not so much with its rags and pinched sallow faces as did the multitude of hands . . . "empty, p a t h e t i c, work-worn, nerveless, that clutched at food already unfit to eat." Those hands turned her thoughts on ways of "mitigating the suffering of the world."

After a visit at Toynbee Hall,

the world's first social settlement, then four years old, Miss Addams went to Chicago, determined to establish a similar settlement. For five months she tramped the slum districts, looking for the neighborhood that needed most the big house of her childhood dream. She found it at Polk and Halsted Streets, a onetime mansion, now flanked by a saloon and livery stable. A warehouse occupied the first floor; the second had been made into one-room tenements.

Miss Addams leased part of the first floor and all of the second. After weeks of scrubbing and disinfecting, she and her friend, Miss Starr, moved in. And just as she had planned twenty-three years before, Miss Addams invited the neighbors to Hull House named after its original owner, Charles Hull. Afterward the Hull estate gave Miss Addams the house and surrounding blocks.

Social workers then had not come into being. Miss Addams and Miss Starr had to chart a course across a new frontier. Their human material was immigrants living in a mud-paved street. Three or four families used a spigot in the yard. Three bathtubs served the thousands crowded in a radius of a third of a mile.

Miss Addams asked the tenement owners to provide decent places for the children to sleep.

She invited the mothers to bring in the babies for free baths. At first the people were aloof, suspicious. Before long, however, they saw that Miss Addams' friendliness was the genuine, the useful kind. Her day nursery and kindergarten helped win the cooperation of the foreign mothers. Within a year she had twenty women volunteers working with her at Hull House.

Her first big battle attacked infant mortality. Dirt, ignorance, and malnutrition were destroying babies by the hundreds. The city's milk supply was tainted. TB was a byproduct of the food handling trades. After a twelve-hour day at Hull House, Miss Addams used her evenings to place before women's clubs, at Union Halls, in the churches the reasons for the current infant mortality and rising crime rates.

A rich young man who owned several lots in the neighborhood of Hull House and which were occupied by prostitutes, asked Miss Addams what he could do to help. He had in mind a big contribution that would keep her still. But she told him, "Tear down your filthy firetraps. And give me the lots for a playground." And that rich young man went away, infuriated. But a few weeks later he gave her the land. And on May 1, 1892, Jane Addams opened

the first public playground in Chicago.

Next, she tackled the iniquitous needle trades. In unsafe factories they had the cloth cut, then hired women and children to sew it at home. The children were paid four cents an hour. Miss Addams demanded factory safety laws and the abolition of child labor.

Up to then Hull House had been considered a harmless project. Now, employers, politicians, and slum parents joined forces to stop Jane Addams' "interference with business." One manufacturer offered her a \$50,000 donation if she would forget about safety laws. Neither threats nor bribes stopped her. When grafting ward politicians fought against efficient garbage collection and sanitary sewerage, Miss Addams sent neighborhood women in pairs to find and report violations of the sanitary code. She took their findings to City Hall. The city council paid no attention. But the newspapers printed the reports. The mayor then appointed Miss Addams garbage inspector. From the first morning on she was ready at six o'clock to accompany the collectors on their rounds. She increased the number of collection wagons from nine to seventeen; sent landlords to the courts; raised such a furor that the city was forced into operation clean-up.

Of all the honors Miss Addams

subsequently received, she prized the most her appointment as garbage inspector. Why? Because it gave her power to fight dirt and disease. Almost single-handed she struggled for sanitary bakeries and butcher shops. She pioneered the movement for slum clearance in Chicago before any city in the United States had recognized the economic and ethical need for it. Arrayed against her were mighty adversaries, ignorance, intolerance, bigotry, greed, and dishonesty in public office. Notwithstanding, she lived long enough to reach her goals . . . child labor laws in most states; industrial safeguards for men and women workers, adult education, day nurseries, public playgrounds, and sanitary codes. She and her associates helped to pass the first factory legislation in Illinois and to establish in Chicago the world's first juvenile court.

In the meantime, 50,000 neighbors a year came to Hull House to learn the English language, a trade, American history, cooking and housekeeping. They took free baths in the basement, played games, staged community sings. Hull House, which Walter Lippman said was a "cathedral of compassion," fed the hungry, nursed the sick, guided the bewildered alien, and lured wayward youth onto the road of right living. It furnished a model of social service

for many a settlement house that followed afterward.

This plain-living woman who wore only the cheapest clothes (she said she had more important uses for her money) became one of the most famous women of her generation. Universities showered her with degrees; thousands read her socially revealing books and listened as she spoke in many countries. To Hull House distinguished guests flocked, a British Prime Minister, a professor from Heidelberg, Henry Ford, William Allen White, senators and cabinet members. Whatever the reason for their visits, they left inspired.

During World War I, she pled for negotiation instead of war and was severely criticized. After the Armistice, as president of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, she continued to work for the outlawing of war. In 1931 she received the Nobel Peace prize jointly with Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler.

Four years later on May 21, 1935, Chicago's "First Lady of the Slums" passed away. But her spirit, her ideals and inspiration, the course she charted for social service live on. Throughout 1960, the centennial of her birth will be widely celebrated in the United States. For this woman, whose compassion for the least of men was extraordinary, is not forgotten. Nor should she ever be.

A

Lenten Rule

by the Rt. Rev. William Fisher Lewis

Bishop of Olympia

Some indolent eggheads have sold a lot of us mushy Americans a bill of goods. I am referring to the illusion current in our times that irresponsible and unordered living is the freedom man's soul desires. Perhaps these two ways of putting it may suggest something of the division in modern thought and life. For 35 years, at least, we have been attempting to go one way in scientific achievement and the exactly opposite way in personal life and relationships.

Many of the finest minds of our day rejoice in the exactness of formula and measurement demanded by scientific progress. Our mechanical achievement re-

quires ever more uniform parts, and relies on devices accurate to unimaginable fractions. Space missiles, modern office machinery, and the machines in our kitchens all bear witness to our capacity for order, discipline and exactness, and its effectiveness.

How strange then that we should worship disorder, the unrestrained and chaotic, in our personal and social living. In many circles words like duty, discipline, rule of life, self-denial are thought of as either indecent or mediaeval. Can you imagine a modern poet of the progressive school composing a hymn to the joys of Lent? Or a "beatnik" praising mortifica-

From *The Living Church* February 28, 1960. Reprinted from *The Desert Churchman*, monthly publication of the district of Nevada.

ion? How I feel is obviously irrelevant to a formula or a finely machined cog; but how I feel is considered all important in my dealings with God or my family. What a silly diversity this is! No wonder we are mechanically successful and tragic failures in so many personal relationships.

Against this folly the Church says: "Fast!" "Keep Lent!"—Reorder your time and your spending of money; rethink your diet. Put up some sort of a struggle against that sin which makes chaos of your lives!"

Since we live in a time when such thinking is so unpopular and so completely out of fashion, this counsel is far easier to write than to accept. We make a Lenten rule (if we bother at all) in somewhat the same tongue-in-cheek fashion of a New Year's resolution. No one expects us really to keep it for 40 days. We would do better perhaps if "circumstances did not become so difficult." But they always do; and our wills and devotions are that much weaker because we made a beginning and failed.

I would bid you, then, make a beginning and set a rule. Make it a simple rule, that you can hope to remember and to keep.

Make it sufficiently demanding to involve some sacrifice of will and preference. Try to select regulations that will bring some order into disorder, in your heart and life. Unneeded food, squandered time, money frittered into useless nonsense. These are areas that need attack.

Finally, let all that you do be done as a personal offering for Our Lord. Otherwise only failure waits us. We will get no help from the secular world around us. Most of our contemporaries will think us a bit odd if they find we truly intend self discipline. But because we are sentimental, we can put this hazardous quality to work for good and set our rule in the frame of very intimate discipleship. As we consider what He has done for us, as we recall His suffering and death, the prayers He has answered, the blessings He has given us, as we think of His promise to be with us and His continuing Presence in Communion and worship; under these circumstances, we can hope to find the strength and reinforcements of spirit to do these things that Christian men and women have found consistently useful throughout the years and centuries of experience. For Jesus' sake, keep Lent.



"God gives me each minute to enjoy."

Worry Takes a Break

PATRICIA KINNAMAN

Not so long ago the office water cooler provided the excuse for a brief respite from the day's activities. The workers would congregate around the water cooler and talk as they sipped their drink. Conversation would consist, for the most part, not of their work. The topic of conversation would be of a common interest such as the news of the day, sports, food, or perhaps automobiles.

From the water cooler gatherings evolved what is now known as a "coffee break." This is a work stoppage for a period of ten minutes during which time the workers drink coffee and relax from the routine of their job. Employers have come to realize the value of this brief cessation from routine. Not only does this recess from work contribute to good employer-employee relationship, it increases productivity and quality of work. This interval allows workers the opportunity to become better acquainted with their associates. When they return to their jobs their minds are rested

and they find their work problems easier to solve.

I found spiritual help and a new friend during a "coffee break." I had just been employed a few days in the large office and I did not know many of the workers. Perhaps the reason was that I did not try to know them for I was worried over an accumulation of medical bills incurred during my daughter's illness.

Mary's desk was situated directly in front of mine, but the telephones and typewriters kept us so busy that we had not had time to become acquainted. The "coffee break" provided the opportunity for me to know Mary. It also gave her the opportunity to impart some of her own faith and confidence in God to me. Her advice left a lasting impression and has helped me through many problems.

I sat and watched most of the office force depart one morning when the coffee bell sounded. I had been going with them to the little cafe across the street, but

today I remained at my desk. I stared out from the window on the sixth floor. I watched dark clouds massing together on the distant horizon and mentally I compared them to my medical bills. I had worried most of the morning and my shorthand notes were still not transcribed. Perhaps with the rest of the office force gone I could concentrate on my work better for a short time.

As I typed I saw that Mary was still at her desk. The other workers had said that she never went out with them for coffee, but always had a thermos at her desk while they were gone. They said they could see her from the little cafe six floors down. She would sip her coffee and stare out the window. One of the stenographers had told me, "Oh, Mary is very likeable, and always smiling and pleasant, and does a good job too! She just seems to want to be alone during coffee time."

I knew my mind was not on my work as I felt my fingers strike the wrong typewriter keys. I erased the error and began again. My typewriter was loud in the empty office, and soon Mary turned around. She reached into her desk and brought out another cup, pouring coffee from her thermos bottle. She put the cup on my desk and said, "This may not be as good as the coffee across the street. I made it myself this morn-

ing and it is quite strong. You'll have to stop working and drink it." She turned to look out the window as she sipped her own coffee.

I did not want to hurt her feelings by refusing the hot drink, and it did smell good. As I touched the cup to my lips Mary turned to smile at me. Her smile was so friendly that I started talking to her. Soon I had poured out all my worries to her, telling her of my daughter's illness and the large medical bill.

I went on to say, "You never appear perturbed or worried about things, or don't you fret over problems as I do?" I bit my tongue for saying this as I had been told that Mary was a widow with children to support. It was just that I was so worried myself that I expected others to be that way too.

Mary's answer to my outburst was one that has had a decided influence for good in my life. "I don't see any need to fret and worry. God gives me each minute to live and enjoy to the fullest. Why waste time in worrying about things that may not come to pass?" She peered intently at me and I knew I had assumed a raised eyebrow expression which showed I doubted her.

Mary continued, "You see I have what you might call a worry break whenever the coffee bell

sounds. I feel it is a waste of time to worry. During these few minutes rest from my work I think of the things that could worry me today and I commit them to God. I guess some folks would call it a prayer, for I just say, 'Well, God, there are my worries, you can have all of them.' And He takes them. You try it and everything will work out for you in a good way." The bell sounded then and we returned to work, and I resolved to give God my troubles.

I took my worry break each morning on the way to my job. As I stared out of the bus window I would mentally give my worry to God. I stopped worrying about the doctor bill, and eventually was able to pay it in full by making installment payments. Many employers endorse the "coffee break," for it develops better workers. I endorse the "worry break" and know it develops a keen awareness of God's ability to help me.

Wherever a person is or whatever he may be doing he can always find time for a worry break. Take the busy housewife for instance who feels hemmed in by her household duties. She rises early, prepares the morning meal for her family, and helps them off to work and school. She may find time then for that extra cup of coffee and her worry break. A mental list of things that harry

her can be made and committed to God's keeping. She need not fret over clothes to be mended, meals to be prepared, or time involved in cleaning the house. She has given her little daily worries over to God, and can now go about her tasks with zeal and enthusiasm unhampered by tension and anxiety.

God's love is all-encompassing and also applies to the businessman. Suppose he is a salesman and wants to secure a certain account for his firm. His worry is that he will not sell his product, and this in turn, will make his sales talk ineffective. Before meeting with the client the businessman could sit quietly alone in his office recapitulating his business apprehensions, and then turn them over to God. With worry absent he can devote his full time and energy to his sales talk. His sales will increase as he reflects confidence in himself, his product, and his Creator.

The student who fears an examination can take time just prior to the examination and surrender his apprehension to God. With his mind free of worry he will find it easy to concentrate on correct answers.

History records how Robert Bruce, famed Scottish chieftain, hid himself in a woods prior to a battle. In reflection and meditation he rid himself of his fears.

When he emerged from hiding it was to lead his men to victory. With worry gone he was able to devote his full mental and physical vigor to the task at hand.

The Bible gives many accounts of those who talked with God, released their worry, and went on to attain their goal. Moses went up to the mountain, and when he returned he was prepared to lead his people to the entrance of the promised land. Paul paused long enough on the road to Damascus to loose doubt and uncertainty to God. Jesus spent much time with God, committing worry to His heavenly father. He would return from His solitary walks unhampered by mental tension and spiritually refreshed, and He

would then heal the sick and raise the dead.

He offers us freedom from worry and promise of happiness as He speaks, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." (Matt. 11) Worry can only lead to more worry and separation from the blessings He would bestow on us.

Without the added weight of worry the businessman succeeds, the housewife enjoys her duties, the student passes his examinations, and each one appropriates some of the good God has in store for him.

Take a worry break. Free yourself from anxiety and give yourself time for the pleasant activity that is your life.



Spring Breakup

Mildred Fielder

Yesterday a skim of ice was on
The pond, still hard, repelling all the geese
Who sought their pleasure . . . yesterday is gone . . .
And spring is roistering in swift release.

The sap climbs upwards through the shaking trees,
Though ground is soft, no softer than the wind;
And in my soul, an inner vision sees
New hope for winter worlds undisciplined.

Pastor Hans Egede: 18th Century Greenlanders: And the Bible

BY MARGARET T. HILLS

The story of Bible translation is full of the heroic achievements of men with a driving conviction of the importance of an idea. Because of one of these men Hans Egede, the Eskimos of Greenland have long been Christians.

As a young Lutheran pastor in the Lofoden Islands, off the northern coast of Norway, early in the 18th century, Hans Egede became fascinated by the fate of the colony of pagan Icelanders who had gone to Greenland in the tenth century. Later they had become Christians, but in the 14th century, when the "black death" spread over Europe, connections with Iceland were severed, and the Eskimo took this opportunity to wipe out the Northmen. Various attempts to reclaim the land for the church had failed. Egede spent years trying to persuade the king of Denmark and church

authorities to help him convert and enlighten the Greenlanders. Friends in Bergen and elsewhere finally organized a Greenland society, which enabled him to purchase a ship, and the king at last appointed him missionary and leader. Leaving Bergen on May 3, 1721, the band of 46 found a site for their colony at Godthaab on the west coast. There were no descendants of the earlier Iceland colony, only Eskimos who seemed to have retained nothing from their earlier contact with Europe. It was the children who held the key to contact with these strange people—the Norwegian children soon learned the Eskimo language and the Eskimo children were the first converts. Egede's standards for church membership and behavior for the adults were very high, perhaps too high, but he gladly baptized boys and girls, if

Reprinted by permission from *Bible Society Record* magazine, March, 1960.

their parents were willing. It seems to have been the Europeans who caused him the most trouble, particularly when the home government shipped a group of outcasts to the tiny colony. Ten years later the king commanded that the colony be abandoned as a financial failure, but offered to send supplies for one more year. By this time the Greenlanders had learned to love Egede and appreciate what he was doing, begging him to stay. His son Paul had also joined him, and two Moravian missionaries from Germany went to Greenland. At this point Count Zinzendorf, patron of the Moravian Mission, persuaded King Christian VI to renew support for Egede. Then smallpox ravaged the island, killing off 3,000, leaving of the 200 families in Gothaab only a boy and a girl. Egede's wife died also. His own health broken, he turned over the work to his son and returned to Copenhagen, where he directed a school training missionaries for Greenland. Although his father had reduced the language to writing, it was Paul Egede who really worked out the language of the Greenland Eskimo, a Mongolian language related only to Hungarian and Finnish in Europe, preparing a dictionary, grammar and catechism, in addition to translating the New Testament. The four Gospels were printed in Copenhagen in 1744, The Acts was ad-

ded in 1758 and the whole New Testament in 1766.

Two other translations of the New Testament followed, one by Otto Fabricius (1795), of which nearly all was destroyed in a fire, though the book was reprinted in 1799; and one by J. C. Kleinschmidt, a Moravian, published by the British and Foreign Bible Society in 1822. The work begun by Fabricius was carried on to the Old Testament by N. G. Wolf and Peter Kragh, published by the Danish Bible Society. It was another native Greenlander, Samuel, the son of J. C. Kleinschmidt, who really completed the Greenland Eskimo Bible. Returning to Greenland in 1840, Samuel Kleinschmidt improved the system of orthography and reexamined the grammar. From 1856 to his death in 1886 he worked on his translation from the Hebrew and Greek, as well as with all the previously published and unpublished translations of Lutherans and Moravians. As each book was completed it was circulated among the missionaries and catechists for criticism. A few books remained uncompleted at his death. The final work was done by H. F. Jorgenson, Chr. Rasmussen and J. Kjer. The Bible was published in 1900 at Copenhagen by the Danish government.

The Greenland Eskimos now have long been Christians with

their own Bible. The Moravians, who reached Denmark shortly after Hans Egede and his party of Norwegians, contributed much to the story of the Church in Greenland, but in 1900 withdrew, turning their work over to the Danish Lutheran Church.

The American Bible Society has recently been able to acquire a copy of that first edition of the four Gospels, printed in 1744, one

of the earliest missionary Bible translations. Hans Egede must have been used to Arctic cold on the Lofoden Islands, but life in Greenland in the 1720's was in other ways much different from that in a snug Norwegian house. But he was a leader, a man with an idea, and his son was a man who was able to struggle with a difficult language for people he loved.



It Is An Old Question

"It is lovely to let out the light, but how shall we keep out the dark?" said a five-year-old London youngster when the blackout curtains were taken down after Germany's defeat.

That is a question that has been asked by millions of men and women, all through the ages. They, too, have wanted to know how to keep the darkness out of their lives.

The important truth to remember is that it is light alone that has substance. A little light can overcome darkness, but no amount of darkness can overcome light.

What is true of light and darkness is also true of love and hate, or unselfishness and selfishness, of industry and laziness.

To keep the darkness out, just keep the light burning.

PRAYER IS POWER

If you are put to a severe spiritual test and feel the need to pray it through, perhaps these suggestions will help you:

(1) Praise God for giving you a test of your spiritual strength and thank Him for being the answer to all your needs.

(2) Ask God to take away every bit of resentment out of you for anything anyone may have done to you. Ask for His grace to forgive what you need to forgive.

(3) Ask God to help you see all the good there is in any difficult situation.

(4) Ask God for His eyes to help you see the matter as He sees it.

(5) Ask God to make all the pain in the situation bearable.

(6) Ask God to give you the strength to accept and use it.

(7) Ask God to show you every way you must change in order to solve this problem and give you gifts from His nature to solve the problem—wisdom, understanding, insight, meekness, humility, and poverty of spirit.

(8) Ask God to guide each step, moment by moment, in His way, not yours.

(9) Ask Him for enough grace in His love to melt all the bitterness and resentments in the situation and in any other person toward you so that together you may be reunited with him in Christian fellowship and bring your problem before God for His solution.

(10) Ask God to give you His ears with which to hear your answer.

After each prayer, wait in silence and meditation, contemplating the meaning of Jesus Christ in your life. Do nothing, no matter how long it takes of your time, until you do get your answer. Simply reflect more and more upon His wisdom and glory and the beauty of His life lived within you, believing that He can do all things, even the impossible in you.—Anonymous.

From *Faith at Work Magazine*.

"THE POWER TO RESPOND TO ANOTHER"

The Communicating Power We All Have

by Allan A. Hunter

In the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew our Lord tells of two men who put to good use the responsibility entrusted to them. The third, however, was a timid, retiring individual. The talent handed over to him, that could have brought in some interest, he buried in the ground. The end of that story is not a happy Hollywood one.

You and I likewise are stewards. Of money—our bodies—the time we are permitted to move about in them. What else? Many, many things. But chiefly we are stewards of a power all too frequently undervalued and hidden: the communicating power which God shares with us. If we are careless with *this* power, tragedy may be just ahead.

One of the most poignant passages of current literature is in Alan Paton's *Too Late the Phalarope*. Here an older woman, a close relative of a young man who had been the bright hope of a South African community but now

a wreck in prison, dishonoring his family, confesses to the reader the harm she has been guilty of in not expressing to that young man what was on her heart when it would have done some good.

"Perhaps," she cries, "I could have saved him, with only a word, two words, out of my mouth. Perhaps I could have saved us all. But I never spoke them.

"Strange it is that one could run crying to the house of a man that one loved, to save him from danger, and that he could say to one, *have I not told you not to come to this house?* And strange it is that one should withdraw silent and shamed.

"For he spoke hard and bitter words to me, and shut the door of his soul on me, and I withdrew. But I should have hammered on it, I should have broken it down with my naked hands, I should have cried out there not ceasing, for behind it was a man in danger, the bravest and gentlest of them all. So I who came to save was

made a supplicant; and because of the power he had over me, *I held*, in the strange words of the English, *I held my peace*.

"Yet I should have cried out my knowledge at him, it might have saved him, it might have saved us all. Then may the Lord Jesus Christ have mercy upon me, that I held the peace that was no peace at all."

Why did that woman not speak out? What held her back? The same thing that inhibits *us* when we might be saying what desperately needs to be said. The pride that is inertia. The shyness that makes us postpone. The softness that dares not challenge the other person to act in terms of his or her integrity. Because we are thinking only of ourselves we fold our power of communicating neatly in a napkin and cover it up as if it didn't exist!

But God is generous. Constantly he offers one opportunity after another to use this capacity to share, releasing truth, or unfolding beauty with one another, constructively. You didn't warn that person who was playing a dangerous game of brinkmanship which jeopardized other lives? You were too scared of being hurt or it was too much trouble? There's still another chance to be direct, if not with him at least with someone else. Always the Eternal Generosity is presenting

to us such recreative chances, if only we pay attention. Let us pause a moment right now to think of some of them.

That boy who has the right to understand what he calls "the facts of life" in a healthier, wider perspective—perhaps this is just the time to take him on a fishing trip so that for once in his life he will have someone to talk things out with, someone he can trust.

That man in the hospital who knows very well he hasn't much longer in the body; more than you may suspect he is ready to have you take his hand and invite him to think with you of God as present and as available, as adequate to encourage and to cherish.

If God is that will pervading the universe, which really wants to communicate something terribly important through you and me and everybody else, we will be wise to stand astonished before the versatility and vastness of this communicating power. Our satellites are equipped with something like one hundred "channels" over which they give us information about outer space. God is infinitely more resourceful. Through every encounter with another, through every relationship, yes and through every sight and sound, He speaks to us. But that is not all. For every one of us He has a special TV set of electrical impulses or, if we may

continue the image, wave lengths, through which He would speak to those about us. We have the marvelous privilege, if we choose to avail ourselves of it, the privilege of serving as His unique transmitters. You say, "But Jesus is the Word." He certainly is. But that fact does not let us off from trying to get across to others what the Supreme Communicator would say through us as well as through Him. That most telling Word of His needs to be translated, broken down into ordinary, contemporary, communicable speech, into something, that is, which everybody can see as plain as day in your life and mine. What we are to receive is not the attitude of cringing but the boldness, as Paul discovered, that goes with faith and a sound mind.

There are frustrations. You seek to share with your fellows a purpose that is everything to you: reconciliation between nations or races, a fairer distribution of life's necessities, insights that could make marriage radiant, a more ecumenical church, or some other aspect of what you consider to be the Kingdom of God movement on earth. You hold a hand uplifted over hate. But there it stands like an iceberg. You push your hand closer. Nothing seems to happen except this: You yourself are getting cold, all over.

This is your crisis, your chance

to discover yourself what God is doing. He is at work in this situation. And now you are beginning to see what before was shut out from your eyes. The warmth of your body won't make that iceberg of apathy or misunderstanding disappear. It isn't sufficient. Nothing less than the sun's white heat will do that. And here it is, pouring down with relentless good will upon that which almost had you down. The warmth that flowed through your hand is only an infinitesimal part of this eternal solicitude that keeps the stars and all life going.

The effort to communicate that which matters most is God's effort and He does us the honor of letting us participate in it. Sometimes it demands so much of us that we almost wish we were those fishes in the sea that don't have to agonize over making meaning clear. They simply grunt at one another and they've been doing it millions of years. Those weird noises make no sense to us? Neither do some of our modern poems make sense to them or to anybody else, except possibly to the authors of them.

Why are we so unintelligible to each other? Partly, perhaps, because we are so proud of being intellectual. We often love our own arguments more than the person we maneuver into arguing with us. But that is futile. We

can't reach the power of another to respond from the depths if we approach him merely from the surface of our own mind.

Saint Francis acted in accord with that law. He understood that what men are hungry for more than anything else is communication from that center within them where God hides to that center in others where His truth equally waits for a chance to come out into the open.

There is a charming story about him and a young admirer that brings this point poignantly home. The disciple eager to preach joined Francis' friary. Instead of being trained in what he considered to be the fine art of presentation, he was, as he imagined, forgotten in the kitchen. After several months there, the great moment came. The great Francis took him by the arm and led him toward the market place where together they would preach. On the way they exchanged comments about the weather with a farmer in his field. They had a brief visit with an old sick woman. They paid careful attention to the father of a boy who needed a job. In the town they called on a merchant to see if he could give the boy that job. Up and down where things were being sold they walked, chatting but mostly listening. There were ex-

pressions of sorrow, but also of joy and even some teasing. Finally the saint informed his pupil, "We'll go back to the friary now."

"But I thought we'd come to preach," blurted out the disappointed young man.

"Of course," answered Francis gaily, "that's what we've been doing all the time."

The time seems to be coming when everybody will carry around a tiny machine so that at any moment he can make contact with any other human being on the planet, unless he's dead. As if that weren't enough to make life worth leaving, our descendants will, presumably, be sending all sorts of signals to planets not yet explored. Dr. Harlow Shapley of Harvard seems convinced that his original figure, one hundred million or so planets with possible consciousness on them, is an under-estimate. Our opportunities, therefore, for communication are unlimited. Personally I don't have to look even to Mars for a challenge to make myself clearly understood. The task is all too difficult right here in this church. It is so to live from the center that God will be given a suitable channel through which to say all the time in every situation what He has to say.

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

by Norman K. Elliott

Thoughts Farthest Out

MANIFEST THE POWER OF GOD

And his disciples asked him, "Rabbi, who sinned, this man or his parents, that he was born blind?" (John 9:2) . . . Sometimes we ask questions that we have no right to ask. We sit in judgment when it is not our part to sit in judgment. Many times our questions reveal our lack of faith.

In asking Jesus about who sinned in this situation, the disciples were at least sitting in judgment. What did it matter who sinned (if indeed someone did sin)? Certainly it was none of their business. In the question of healing, is God limited by the cause of a condition? Of course not. However the condition came about, God's arm to heal and make right is not shortened by such considerations. The disciples had their eyes on the condition rather than on the all-encompassing power and availability of God.

Or, could we put the emphasis on the word "born" in this sentence? It is bad enough to *become* blind (in the mind of the disciples) but how much worse must the sin be to be *born* blind! And, of course, in their mind, the fact of being born blind might also mean that as the condition was of such long duration the chance of healing would be much less. This is judging by human experience. The longer the condition the less chance there is of correcting it. But, never forget, God is not limited by the capacity of the human mind to understand or to comprehend. Jesus once told the disciples, "With man this is impossible, but with God all things are possible." This we must always keep uppermost in our minds. *All things are possible with God* — regardless of condition, length of duration, or any other consideration.

Jesus gave the disciples (and us) the answer. The point is not that this man or his parents sinned (and apparently the condition was not due to their sin in this case) but that there is a chance for the glory of God to be demonstrated. The eternal purpose of God in Jesus Christ is to bring all things back to that perfect state in which God created all things, and saw that it was "very good." Regardless of the cause of anything that is not in a heavenly condition, the purpose and

work of Jesus (and through him our purpose and work) is to manifest the power and the glory of God by setting it right.

Read: **Finding God's Healing Power** by Gertrude McKelvey. \$3.50

THE LAW OF SOWING AND REAPING

And let us not grow weary in well-doing, for in due season we shall reap, if we do not lose heart (Galations 6:9) . . . The basic law on which this verse is grounded is that whatever a man sows that shall he also reap. But like the good student of human nature that he was Paul knew that when we do not see quick results we often become discouraged. The cynic might well say what is the use of praying for peace when war is still abroad. However, history will prove that the desire of people for peace, which is truly prayer when it is elevated into God's presence, has maintained peace far more than it has war. There have always been small forays of warlike nature, but as far as the general population of the world is concerned, peace has dominated.

Weariness in well-doing is more apt to come when we are working and praying for some individual. Our eyes are always searching for results, and when they do not come as quickly as we hope, then our attitude and actions imply that either we consider the person hopeless or our prayers ineffective. But if the general law of sowing and reaping is a universal law, as inevitable and sure as the laws that govern the planets, then we can rest assured that our prayers will result in a changed life.

The trouble with most of us is that we want to be the ones who do the reaping instead of the ones who do the planting and the watering and the tending. We point with pride to a change that has come about in someone through our prayers and efforts, and the assumption is that we did it. Never forget that we are always reaping where another has sowed. Some friend, some parent, some loved one over the years has had that person in their prayers. Without this who is to say that we would have ever been present at harvest time? Starr Daily says that he is sure it was the prayers of his father, even after the death of his father, that brought about his transformation in prison.

Keep in mind that the law of reaping and sowing in spiritual matters is just as sure and predictable as the structure of the universe is sure and predictable. Harvest time in plants comes about in varying lengths of time, and it is so with people. But know this: *every prayer according to the will of God is answered.*

Read: **Secrets of Answered Prayer**, by Cyril H. Powell. \$3.00

LIVE BY GOD'S STANDARDS

Nevertheless many even of the authorities believed in him, but for fear of the Pharisees they did not confess it, lest they should be put out of the synagogue: for they loved the praise of man more than the praise of God (John 12: 42-43) . . . Scripture probes human nature with greater revelation than comfort. Many times we meet ourselves in the pages of the Bible and the meeting is apt to be embarrassing. Robert Burns, the Scottish poet, said, "Oh to see ourselves as others see us . . ." That may be bad enough, but it is oftentimes worse to see ourselves as God sees us.

How many times have we been like the authorities in this verse of scripture? The motivating factor in their behavior was the love of men's praise. It might just as well have said that it was the fear of men. How often are we more afraid of the censure of people than of the censure of God? In this case the praise of men (or the fear of men) outweighed whatever God thought of it.

A minister I know spoke out in favor of low cost housing and brought down upon his head outraged pressure from groups in the city who were opposed to it. This man made his decision in prayer, and obeyed the light he received in prayer. Sometimes the praise of God will automatically mean the disapproval of man, but whom do we serve?

Charles Sheldon wrote a book about a group of people who took a vow that before they made a decision about anything they would ask themselves, "What would Jesus do?" In living by this standard their lives were transformed, their efforts proved more successful, and they broke through the ceiling of human standards that had kept them small and fearful. The title of the book was *In His Steps*. Glenn Clark wrote a sequel to this book using the grandchildren of the original characters. The title is *What Would Jesus Do?*

People who have read these books invariably say that they have broken through into a higher dimension of life.

It may be difficult to speak against a general policy in a business organization, especially when it is not in agreement with those in charge of the group, but if it is done in the proper manner, without belligerency but with understanding, holding up a higher standard for all to see, there is little chance that one will be hurt by it. Whether it is in business, politics, church work, or wherever, this world of ours needs people who will act according to God's standards rather than according to man's standards. Live by the standards of God!

Read: **What Would Jesus Do?**, by Glenn Clark. \$3.50

I have continued to be thankful for those few hours which I had dreaded.

God Knows No Iron Curtain

Elizabeth Dimmlich

It was the first day of August, 1956. For months I had looked toward this day with anticipation and with dread. My husband and I were traveling on a crowded German train which had left Nurnberg that morning. We knew that we were to cross the border into East Germany approximately at noon.

As far as we knew we were the only Americans on this overloaded train. The one thought that now possessed me was that we were going behind the iron curtain alone. As the miles disappeared behind us, I found myself in the grip of a fear which I could no longer evade. All along I had been dimly aware of this fear, but up until that moment I had always managed to suppress it behind a forced front. Now this fear, eyeing me warily, stalked back and forth across the horizon of my consciousness. I finally admitted to myself that I had to face it and fight it out.

Immediately I began to take

myself firmly in hand and in a rational way point out to myself all the bright spots on the scene.

It was certainly better that we were crossing the border in brilliant daylight than to be on the train which would have deposited us at the border at midnight. The darkness of night would have most surely furthered my fears by objectifying them.

And now I remembered how only last night as we were leaving Vienna our friend from Yugoslavia, one who had come out of great tribulation, had said to us in parting, "Remember, our God is a great God!" I had known in that moment that this was not a pious platitude, but these were living words. And remembering, I drew strength from them again.

To further buoy my sinking spirits I deliberately concentrated on what the end of the day would bring. We were to know, this very day, the joy of a hopelessly harbored dream come true. For we were on our way to my husband's

town to be at last with his family who had lived for so long in the gray shadows behind this man-made curtain.

But again my thoughts slid back into their worry rut. Would the visa really be waiting for us at this border station as the official telegram from Berlin had stated? They wouldn't trick us, would they? It struck me forcibly that such thoughts were foreign to my mind for I had never feared or mistrusted another human being in this way.

The train had come to a halt now. It was shortly past noon. I noticed that the sun was shining just as brightly here as it had been shining farther down the tracks in West Germany.

"Well, really now," I said to myself with mild amusement, "what did you expect?"

More urgently seeking that firm foundation for my quaking faith, I reminded myself that for the past ten years I had been boldly saying, "With God there is no iron curtain." Then I closed my eyes and began to recall to my mind and affirm deeply within myself the verses that I had been hiding in my heart for such a time as this:

"If God be for us who can be against us?"

"I shall fear no evil for Thou art with me."

"Be strong and of good cour-

age; be not afraid, for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest."

"My Presence shall be with thee."

"The Lord is the strength of my life, of whom shall I be afraid?"

I felt the pressure of my husband's hand on my shoulder as he stood up and turned to leave.

"I'm going out now to get our visas. I'll be right back," he said, as casually as if he were going to the corner mail box.

A few moments later a loud clanging of doors sent a flash of terror to my heart and a momentary hush over my fellow travelers. We were being locked in, I realized frantically. I had visions of my husband being detained and the train leaving without him. Looking out the window and seeing the soldiers pacing up and down with their guns brought forth a prayer of feverish desperation. "O Lord, this is it. Don't leave me now."

From a place of deep quiet and calm within I heard an answer:

"Either I Am or I Am Not. If I Am, it is foolish for you to be filled with fear. If I Am Not, no frantic prayers can help you now."

I knew this was truth. I had hit rock bottom. I knew simultaneously that God was The Rock and that Rock was Solid Ground. With this I seemed to be forcibly

ejected from my absorbed self containment. My thoughts became suddenly objective. I became alertly aware of the others around me. I had a strange feeling that I was an outsider looking into the train window on a drama which was being directed from Beyond. I was now curious to see what was coming next. I was certain of one thing only; but that one thing was all that mattered: One greater than any of us was in control.

A child's petulant whimper broke through to me. It was stifflingly hot in the overcrowded train. In our compartment I was one of five wedged in a seat for three. I was conscious also that every inch of aisle space was occupied by human bodies, although there was a temporary respite now that some persons were out in the station. As the hitherto apparently passive children began to stir restlessly, someone produced a bottle of obviously tepid water which was passed around to pacify the little ones. I became more aware than ever that there was no drinking water on the train.

To divert our attention a loud speaker in the station began to blare popular music. Then a few moments later over the speaker we heard a hearty voice welcoming use into the German Democratic Republic. Looking around I observed that the loud music and the

welcome speech brought ironic smiles to the faces of the surrounding passengers who were also my fellow prisoners.

The little fellow opposite me slid from his mother's lap and landed with an unceremonious bounce on my feet. His weary and embarrassed mother began to apologize while I tried to explain that I knew all about bouncing boys. I was aching to pick up the lad and hold him on my lap. Impulsively, I opened up my purse to show this other mother the pictures of my two little boys at home. As I did so, my hand fell on a package of gum in my purse. I quickly took out a stick and offered it to the child. He looked questioningly toward his mother. It was evident that chewing gum was not a part of his world as it was of the American child's. His mother told him he might accept it, after warning him not to eat it. With a difficult "Danke" the youngster did as he was told. I was putting the package of gum back in my purse when I became suddenly aware that all the eyes of the adults in our compartment were on that package of gum. I remembered now that earlier my husband had told me, after conversing with these people, that they were East Germans returning from a visit in West Germany. So it was true. Adult people could look hungrily at a package of

chewing gum. I calculated hastily. Fortunately I had another package on hand in my purse and more in my suitcase. I was well supplied because my husband had said that my nephew and nieces would be won to their new American aunt if I would give them each a pack of "gummi" soon after our arrival.

I had just given out both packages of gum to my seat companions and was noting with astonishment how quickly all traces of it disappeared from view, when I saw the East German official standing above me. Money declaration. Passports. For the first time in my travels I was without my passport! I heard myself saying in my halting German, "Mein Mann ist dort," pointing to the station. I wondered if he would really believe me. But he paid no further attention to me. He seemed to be nothing but a hot and harassed human being like the rest of us.

The officer gone, everyone around me, with obvious signs of relief, began to open up his briefcase and bring out his lunch. The mother of the little boy was just offering me a thick sandwich, when suddenly the heavy doors were unlocked and my husband was beside me again. The train started almost immediately and jubilantly I thought, "We're in!" In surprised and almost unbeliev-

ing relief I whispered, "Walter! don't you realize? Our luggage wasn't inspected." I remembered how a few weeks before at another border I had seen a suspicious official persistently question a woman for a few grams of coffee she was hiding in her shopping bag. I thought of the message we were carrying from our young Carl to his cousin of the same age. It was a piece of Sunday School handiwork; prison doors which opened to reveal an angel releasing Peter. But surely that would not have been considered propaganda! And I glanced at the Church magazine which my husband had rolled up in his pocket. Several times he had tried to send this magazine to his family behind the iron curtain. And every time it was confiscated. We had decided that he would just carry it now openly as if it were an ordinary American magazine he were reading. I thought also of how many times I had packed and repacked my suitcase during the last few days of waiting in Vienna. I had finally given up and decided I couldn't possibly adequately hide the big bright pictures from American magazines which I was bringing to our relatives to show them our way of life. I had decided that if they were taken from me, they would not be entirely lost, for I knew that the East German officials would devour them with

great interest and they would have their impact. And now, after all my worrying, our suitcases hadn't been touched!

My husband explained that fortunately for us we were on a train with thousands of West Germans going to the Leipzig Sports Festival.

"Fortunately!" Oh, no! this was not mere good fortune that we happened to be going in at this once-a-year time when the bars were let down. We had applied for permission to make this visit for a half a year. Always the answer was "No." And then at the last minute, just a week before our ship was to sail, the East German government granted us permission, hoping it was too late. How I had chafed under the delay! And now I saw that the Lord's timing, as always, was perfect. This was not a matter of good luck that we got across the border so easily. This was the Lord's doing and it was marvelous in my eyes.

I sighed, collapsed more deeply into my seat and said, "Thank you Lord, for arranging it Your way. Your ways are certainly not our ways," I confessed. "So often I think I can arrange things myself. When will I learn at every moment to put all things into Your Hands? When will I learn that

your way is not only different, but higher and better than mine? I thought that more than anything else I needed peace of mind and freedom from fear. While I was struggling desperately to attain this, You answered me. But You didn't give me merely what I asked for. You took a little child and a mundane package of gum and You made me forget—not only my fear, but myself. I was begging you for safety and security. You gave me a far greater gift, Yourself in me reaching out to others who are also Yours. O Lord, when will I ever learn to ask first and only for this greatest gift of Yourself, instead of always being willing to settle for a secondary thing? Looking ahead, I am never able to guess how you will open the way and see me through. I only know You'll do it. In your way. We couldn't foresee it, but You had our schedule planned with perfect timing today. Looking back I can always trace your working. That's really the most wonderful part of adventuring with You!"

I have continued to be thankful for those few hours which I had dreaded. For in them I found God to be a great God, a greater God than I had ever known before, a God who truly knows no Iron Curtain.

2000 Alcoholics have taken the 5th step with this Minister.

A Church With — 150 AA's

MARY E. LOCKHART

In the center of a large city in the upper midwest is a church which ministers to the alcoholics in a way unmatched by any other in the United States. There are 150 members of Alcoholics Anonymous in its total roll of 1404. So far as is known, only one other church in another state claims one hundred members. Astonishing as it may seem, thousands of churches pay little or no attention to the alcoholic and his humbling fight to attain permanent sobriety.

In 1945 this anonymous minister, after attending the Yale Summer School of Alcohol Studies returned to his pastorate convinced that alcoholism is a disease. He was determined to spend his life salvaging human beings suffering from it. Approximately 2000 men and women alcoholics have taken their momentous fifth step in recovery with him in these fifteen years and he has given at least 750 talks to AA "squads," ministerial groups, churches, and civic organizations.

The fifth step is one of the

twelve steps of the AA recovery program. It requires a complete confession to God, to the alcoholic himself, and to another human being of the exact nature of all the wrongs ever committed. This "clearing the slate" is the most vital part of the slow creation of a new life. Following this, many AA's see that a church relationship will help them to help others and at this point they become members.

"Am I my brother's keeper?" AA's are!!! Personal evangelism, as it is practised by AA members in this midwestern church, is demonstrated by their readiness to express earnestly their dependence on a Higher Power by their faith in God, by their ability to tell *why* they believe, and by their hovering care over other struggling men whom they sponsor. Their enthusiasm and appreciation for the church permeate all its departments and a recent check showed a *larger* percentage of AA church members are performing important parish tasks than are

non-alcoholic church members! Also, their very *real* and *continuous* struggle for sobriety and their concern for the welfare of fellow alcoholics provide incentives for those within the church who are fighting all sorts of inner battles themselves!

A second minister, a spring graduate from a seminary, added to the church staff in September, 1959, caught the same vision as that of the minister and congregation. He too speaks to AA "squads" throughout the city and to other groups of the concerned. Already, he has heard the moral inventory of thirty men and women.

The approach of the church and these ministers is non-judgmental.

Through acceptance, love, and fellowship, alcoholics can be redeemed. Where else can such forsaken people go but to the minister and the church? To this anonymous church and anonymous ministry in this anonymous midwestern city these human derelicts are wending their unhappy way with a timorousness that is heart-breaking. Happily, they are discovering that they can live a victorious life by conquering alcohol one day at a time. Hundreds and hundreds need the love and understanding of Christian counseling. This church and its ministers are providing God's panacea for this gigantic social disease which claims six times more lives than cancer.



He Hears Me

By Norman M. Davis

When I seem lost from human love,
Or fear uncertainty,
I concentrate on God above,
And courage comes to me.

His thought holds off the storm and squall,
To comfort and provide me
Assurance that He hears my call,
And walks, through prayer, beside me.

BY W. E. SANGSTER

The Hands of Jesus Christ

I want to speak about hands and, in particular, about the hands of Jesus Christ. Our hands are no more important in one sense than any other part of our bodies—each part depending upon every other. And yet I think it is possible to assess the *special* importance of our hands from the way in which the word has crept into our speech and made a place for itself which is all its own.

The hands have been called "the executive officers of the brain"—and worthily they live up to that description. "To lend a hand" is a fine expression of service; "to be a poor hand" at anything is definite condemnation; "to come cap in hand" is a sign of servility; "to be an old hand" is a mark of ripe experience; "to come with an empty hand" is a sign of poverty or meanness; "to rule with a heavy hand" is to be an oppressor; to call a man your "right hand" is to make him your first assistant; "to get one's hand in" is to become familiar with the work; "to take a thing in hand" is to make it a serious undertaking; "to act with a high hand" is to be arrogant; "to have clean

hands" is to be incorruptible; "to have one's hands full" is to be completely occupied; "to be a handful" is to be a nuisance; "to wash one's hands of a thing" is to abandon it entirely; "all hands on deck" is the cry in an hour of danger; "hands off" is a serious warning not to be ignored, and "hands up!" is the cry of the gangster which all but paralyzes his victim.

When we turn to things spiritual, the repetitive use of that fine word strikes us again. Our Lord told us that when we did good, we were to do it stealthily and not let our left hand know what our right hand was doing. And the psalmist said long ago that those who "ascend into the hill of the Lord" are those who have "clean hands and a pure heart."

I am bold to say that no other part of our body has so worked itself into common speech. Our five senses are inferior to those of the lower creatures. We have not an eye as sharp as the eagle's nor a nose as keen as the dog's. We have not an ear as alert as the horse nor a touch as sensitive as a spider's, but we outsoar all the

From *Can I Know God?* Copyright 1960 by Abingdon Press.

lower creatures with our hands. Not even the ape can claim to have our amazing dexterity with hands.

Notice, also, that the word has not only worked itself into common speech; it has worked itself into custom and symbol as well. To shake hands is a sign of friendship. When I marry people, I bid them take their vows holding hands. When I was ordained to this ministry, hands were laid on my head.

Our hands are seldom idle. At work or play they are still serving us. Have you ever looked at your hands and thought on their thousand services to you through twenty, thirty, fifty, seventy years? When I meet a master pianist, when I talk with a brilliant surgeon, when I discuss a point with a skilled masseur, I love to look at their hands. What skill, what beauty, and what healing in those hands. When I take the service of Holy Communion, I do not see faces; I only see hands. How I exult in their variety, all reaching out for the bread which is his body and the wine which is his blood, all making their mute demand for that which Jesus will not deny: the large hands of men, the small hands of women, the smooth hands of the clerk, the rough hands of the manual worker, the soft hands of the woman of leisure, the coarse hands of those

who have found life hard, the shapely hands of the maiden, and the shrivelled hands of the old—all different and all equal at the table of the Lord. What interesting members of our bodies are our hands! I ask again, have you ever sat and looked at them? I do not want to take a deep dive into doctrine but will you follow me while I lead you in a simple meditation on the hands of Jesus Christ?

I

Will you notice, in the first place, that they were *toil-worn* hands. The soldier noticed it; the soldier who nailed him to the wood. As he stretched his arm along the crossbeam and pointed his nail at the palm, it struck him—this was not the hand of some sedentary worker; this was not the hand of some habitue of the court. This was the *toil-worn* hand of a working man.

Notice that! Jesus was a working man. Oh! you don't realize the wonder of that until you think yourself back into the Greek and Roman world and consider their attitude to manual work. They *despised* it. It was the occupation of slaves. Plato and Aristotle were both great and clever men, but to both of them manual work was a thing of near contempt. It was not an occupation for free-

men; it was a task only for the slave.

And this was God's answer to that, his reply to the ancient world's contempt for manual work. Peep into the carpenter's shop at Nazareth, and see the incarnate Son of God bending his back at a bench; see him ankle-deep in the shavings and perspiring as he toils. This is the answer of almighty God to those who despise manual work.

Not only was our Lord's hand a *toil-worn* hand; it was a *tender* hand. Both, and both together! And why not? Hands can be *toil-worn* and *tender* too. A hand can be *tender* without being *soft*!

When I was in Liverpool recently I heard with dismay of the damage that had been done by bombing to the cathedral. Apparently, it is only blast. But among the windows which have suffered is the window near the entrance to the Lady Chapel dedicated to some of the wonderful women of our race. It would interest you to see that window! Florence Nightingale, the noble nurse, is there, and Susanna Wesley, the mother of John and Charles; Josephine Butler, who fought the white-slave traffic, is there, and Grace Darling—in popular esteem the heroine of the Farne Island. Those noble women are crowded together in one window, and I think, if you are

a well-informed person, you would know them all—except perhaps one! Let me try her name out on you now to see how many of you know it. In that window of wonderful women Kitty Wilkinson finds place. Kitty Wilkinson!

"And who was Kitty Wilkinson?" you ask.

Ah! I feared you would not know. She was the saint of charwomen. I have a picture of her in my study. Her lovely life is little known beyond Liverpool, but they know it there, and she has a place in that wonderful window. When the cholera came to Merseyside, and everybody who could do so had fled, she stayed and fought the cholera, becoming the foster mother to forty-five orphaned children and earning their keep by washing and scrubbing in other people's homes.

She was the pioneer of the public washing-house. The first one that was ever opened in the country was opened by the authorities as a result of her influence. In my picture of Kitty Wilkinson it shows her hands. They are gnarled and shapeless. Forgive the word—they are "knobby" and swollen at the joints. They look like the hands of one who was being beaten by rheumatism. But what tender hands! These are the hands of the woman who mothered the motherless; these are the hands our blessed Lord himself

used in the slums of Liverpool more than a century ago.

Our Lord's hands were tender as well as toil-worn. They caressed the heads of little children.

I wish that His hands had been placed on my head!

They touched to life the little daughter of Jairus and stole the fever from the throbbing brow of Peter's mother-in-law. They touched the lepers and made them clean.

My friends, there may be those among you sad at heart today and sorely needing the tender touch of your Saviour's hands. Go to him in the quietness and ask his help in your need. Be unhurried. Wait before him, filled with just that longing—to find him near. And he will honor your faith. *He will touch you with his tender hand.*

When Paul went into prison, chained hand and foot, it must have seemed a dark mystery that God should allow such a thing, seeing that Paul's only ambition was to preach about Jesus wherever he went. But, when he went to Jesus about it, I fancy that Jesus showed Paul his hands. That was enough! There is a kinship among those who suffer which others cannot share. They understand each other! Most talk on suffering by those who haven't suffered is shallow. And the Leader of the scarred company has pierced hands.

As we come to the conclusion of our meditation, I want you to think for a moment on the nail, the nail that pierced his hand. Have you ever wanted a symbol for sin? That nail would serve as well as anything.

Ask yourself this question. What would the hand of Jesus have been doing if it had not been nailed to the wood? It would have been moving out in blessing. It was always moving out in blessing. It moved out to heal, to soothe, to help.

That is what sin always does. It nails the hand of God. Sin beheaded Paul. Sin burned John Huss. Sin flung Bunyan into prison. Sin nails the tender hand of God.

If we could pull that nail out, what would the hand do? It would move out instantly to bless. And, in this world, he has no hands now but yours and those of other consecrated souls, who give their hands to him. That is the way to outwit sin. That is how to make the nail of no effect, to give him these hands, to say in simple truth:

Take my hands and let them move

At the impulse of Thy love.

So let us sit a few moments in silence looking at our hands and asking, "Are these the hands of Jesus Christ?"

The man who lives like Jesus, and loves like Jesus, is a true follower of Jesus.

The Revelation of Love According to Christ

Bradford Lambert

Strange as it may seem, the face of death has ever been more attractive to the mystics' imagination of man than the face of love. In fact, all the world's religions consist, in substance, of teachings about death reaching back to prehistoric times. With the advent of Jesus all this changed, for He came with the avowed purpose of teaching us how to live. "I came that you might have life, and life more abundant." He ended his ministry on the same note. "A new commandment I give to you, that you love one another; even as I have loved you, that you also love one another." I know that if we learn to live as Jesus lived, and learn the meaning of love as he knew it, a vast change would

take place in ourselves. Actually, we learn to live by loving and one who hasn't loved, hasn't lived.

In reality, love is a cosmic force in which man's life is mere incidental. If man could understand this, with even a part of his consciousness, a new world would open and he would find that love is something else, and quite a different order, from the petty phenomena of earthly life. Mistaken about the origin of love, man is equally mistaken about the consequence and he sees only the material fact, the obvious. He falls in love, marries, and has children, and thinks that this is love, but it is just the beginning—not the end.

Those who regard love from

this mistaken point of view are sometimes conscious of the fact that there is a much greater force and power in love than is necessary, and infinitely more than is consumed in this worldly way. Now if merely a part of love's energy is utilized in this worldly concept, the balance must go in another direction. We must recognize that all the creative activities of mankind result from love and our entire world revolves around love as its center. If creation, the birth of ideas, comes from love, then love's light comes from a great fire. In this eternally-burning fire in humanity, all man, all the world, is being purified: all the forces of genius are being resolved and refined.

If this energy of love transforms itself into intuitions, ideas, art, song, music, and poetry, then we can easily imagine how the same force may transform itself into a higher consciousness, a higher order of intuition, which will reveal to us a marvelous and mysterious world. This sensing of the truly real can only come to those who have outgrown their world concept and have acquired the conception of Jesus.

When a man in a dream begins to be conscious of the fact that he is asleep, and that which he sees is a dream, then he is waking up. So also the soul, beginning to be conscious of the fact that all vis-

ibly worldly life, is a dream, approaches its awakening.

A few of us have experienced a brief flash when the real world breaks through our consciousness, whether at long intervals or merely once, and we are jolted out of our complacency and see what Jesus saw, and hear what Jesus meant. We are literally "born again," and will look at life in a different way and it will take on a revolutionary meaning, compared with what our life meant before. The words of Jesus, in particular, take on a new significance and we can say with Paul, "For I did not receive it from man, nor was I taught it, but it came through a revelation of Jesus Christ."

During Paul's time there were several hundred men who had known Jesus and heard him speak, including the Apostles, and yet Paul ignored them, "For neither did I receive it from men." He listened at great length to the Apostles and others including Peter, and yet he said, "Nor was I taught it." He chose the revelation of Christ, the intuitive direction that came to him spontaneously. He was so sure of the source of this intuition that he could face down Peter, "the chief of the Apostles," and did, yet Peter called him "the blessed Paul," and for good reason.

Peter who knew Jesus in the

flesh, and Paul who knew Christ in the Spirit, met on common ground. It is impossible for us to completely comprehend the thought world of Peter and Paul, for they lived in a different age. But of this I am sure, they regarded as a separate personality the Jesus who lived in the flesh and Christ who lived in the Spirit.

Jesus who took on manhood with all its limitations was not infallible. In fact he would have answered in the same manner as he answered the man who called him good, "Why do you call me good? No one is good but God alone." He would have returned the same answer, if called infallible, "Why do you call me infallible? Only God is infallible." But after his ascension and in his own world, the Spirit world, He is infallible.

So Paul getting his inspiration from Christ stood on higher ground than Peter who merely knew Jesus in the flesh, in common with the other disciples who never completely understood Him.

This sweeps away much of the writings of the apologists and theologians with their involved and fragile thinking; trying to make Jesus say what He did not say, and mean what He did not mean. If theologians would take His sayings to mean what He intended, rather than their inter-

pretations, much of the confusion would be eliminated.

Jesus' thought-world was steeped in Jewish eschatology and therefore His belief that his death would usher in the Messianic age, as he understood it, and his saying to the disciples, "Many stand here that shall not taste of death until I come," was not borne out. According to tradition, they all suffered martyrdom and violent death. Jesus was not infallible about the material, mechanical, historical details of *this* world: but was infallible about the things of *His* World. One must make a distinction between the visible world and the world of the unseen or Spirit, as Jesus carefully pointed out. So frequently he said, "Those that have ears, let them hear, and those that have eyes, let them see." Now they could see the obvious world, and they could understand the usual conversation, but His sayings remained an enigma to most because He was not talking about the usual, or referring to the obvious. But He was appealing to their imagination, their intuition, their spiritual insight and those who had this discernment JOINED Him.

By joining Him, the man who can live like Jesus, and love like Jesus, is a true follower of Jesus. And therefore he may feel that he is truly saved, and as a matter of fact—he is.

"GIVE, AND IT SHALL BE GIVEN UNTO YOU; GOOD MEASURE, PRESSED DOWN, AND SHAKEN TOGETHER, AND RUNNING OVER . . ." Luke 6:38

GIVING IS LIVING

RUSSELL J. FORNWALT

If I were asked to put the message of the Bible in one word, I would choose the word "Give." All through the Scriptures we are told that the way to success, security, satisfaction, and happiness is by *giving*. We are assured in verse after verse that giving never impoverishes the giver.

"But they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing," says Psalm 34:10. And in Psalm 37:4 we read, "Delight thyself also in the Lord; and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart." Turn to Matthew 6:33 and you'll find, "But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."

Now, just what is meant by "seeking the Lord" or "seeking first the kingdom of God?" To me it means "giving"—giving one's all if need be.

About twelve years ago I thought I'd try my hand at writing. I did a piece called "How

to Enjoy Your Job" and sent it to editors of a dozen or so "self-help" magazines. Each time it came back, and each time I became a little more discouraged.

One day I was waiting for a train in the Hoboken, New Jersey, station. I spent some time looking through magazines on the newsstand. One was a trade journal for men and women engaged in door-to-door selling. I thought it would be just the publication for my article, so I jotted down the name and address. When I got home I wrote to the editor and told him he could have the manuscript for *free*.

"If I can not sell it," I thought to myself, "I'll *give* it away."

Three weeks later I heard from the editor.

"We accept your article," he wrote. "It's rather long, so we'll run it in two issues. And could you please send us a photo of yourself."

At that point I dropped the

letter and ran all over the house looking for a suitable photo. After I found one I again picked up the letter and continued reading.

"Would you consider writing an article every month for a new department?" asked the editor. "We're thinking of starting a Vocational Clinic, and we're sure you could handle it. Of course, we'll pay you the regular rate."

I answered that editor's letter—but fast, and while I was writing, the words "*good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over*" were constantly running through my mind.

The rewards of *giving* can sometimes be enormous. I read once of a wealthy New York widow who left fifty thousand dollars to a theatre usher when she died. In her will she stated that she was leaving the boy the money because of his "extra courtesy and consideration" whenever she visited the theatre.

Bill Gordon, a friend of mine, was writing a magazine article, and he needed opinions on a certain subject. So he sent a processed letter to some fifty congressmen, senators, governors, educators, businessmen, church leaders, movie stars, and others. One day at my office Bill complained about the poor response.

"May I see a copy of the letter you sent those people?" I asked.

"Sure," Bill replied as he removed an envelope from his coat pocket.

I looked over the letter. It had been poorly processed on a duplicating machine. In content it was cold and impersonal, and it was far too long.

As I handed back the letter I said, "Bill, do you mind if I make a suggestion or two?"

"Not at all," my friend replied. "That's what I've really come here for."

"Well, first of all, Bill," I began, "you have a wonderful idea. But I think it deserves better treatment than this spotty job. Why it's hard to read words here and there. *Give* those folks a nicer looking letter."

Bill, smiling, nodded in agreement.

"You've sent that letter to lots of busy people," I continued. "You know, they get many such requests for opinions and information. Some they answer, and perhaps many more they ignore. Maybe it would be well to type a personal letter to everyone on your list."

"But that'll take too much time!" my friend protested. "My goodness, fifty letters!"

"It's going to be a big job, all right," I commented. "Also, I think it would be nice to *give* every letter a little personal touch. For example, tell that senator

what a good speech he made the other day. Congratulate the movie actress on her latest picture. Compliment the novelist on his recent book. Wish the Cardinal a successful trip abroad. Get the idea?"

As Bill left the office he said he would follow my suggestions. Two weeks later he came back.

"How are things going?" I asked.

"Swell!" he exclaimed. "I've already gotten thirty replies. One businessman even sent me an autographed copy of his book. Another asked a friend of his to write me a letter, too. And a television producer sent me a 500-word reply. The response has been a landslide, and I'm getting a gold mine of material."

For a moment I really didn't know what to say to Bill. I was as overwhelmed with the results of his *giving* as he was. Again the words "*good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over*" came to mind.

Just a few weeks before he passed away, Cecil B. deMille, pioneer movie producer, wrote me a most inspiring letter, and I'd

like to share part of it with you, as follows:

"But as I look back upon my life from my present age of seventy-seven, I find that the things in which I take the deepest and most lasting satisfaction are the things that involved *giving* more than getting. Youth may not see this as clearly as age does. But any person who tries to be guided by that principle will find that it pays dividends of the only kind he can take with him."

The life of our Lord was a life of giving. It is the kind of life He intended us to follow. "Freely ye have received, freely give," is the admonition in Matthew 10:8. And in Acts 20:35 we read, ". . . remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Yes, the message of the Bible in one word is "Give." It is the way to health, harmony, and happiness. It is the way to peace, plenty, and prosperity. *Giving* is the way to richer and fuller *living*.

"For God loveth a cheerful giver." II Corinthians 9:7



\$850 each year for military defense, and less than \$4 a year to communicate the Christian faith to the rest of the world.

A Study of the World in Miniature

by Henry Smith Leiper

IF, IN OUR IMAGINATION . . . we might compress the total population of the world, now more than two-and-a-half billion persons, into a community of one thousand persons living in a single town, the following is a picture of the contrasts we would then vividly see!

Sixty persons would represent the present U. S. population; the rest of the world would be represented by 940 persons. The 60

Americans would receive half of the total income of the entire community; the 940 other persons would share the remaining half.

Of the Americans in the town, 36 would be members of Christian churches, and 24 would not. In the town as a whole, about 330 people would be classified as Christians, and 670 would not be so classified. Less than 100 in the whole community would be Protestant Christians, and more

Written by Henry Smith Leiper, Field Secretary, *American Bible Society*.

than 230 would be Roman Catholics. At least 80 people in the town would be believing Communists, and 370 others would be under Communist domination.

Classified as to skin color, 303 people would be white, and 697 would be classified as "nonwhite." The 60 Americans would have an average life expectancy of 70 years; all the other 940 would average under 40 years.

The 60 Americans would have 15 times as many possessions per person as all the rest of the people. On an average, they would produce 16 per cent of the town's total food supply, but would consume all but 1.5 per cent of what they produced and keep most of it for their own future use. Most of the 940 non-Americans in the community would always be hungry and never quite get enough to eat.

Of the community's total supply of electric power, the 60 Americans would have 12 times as much as all the rest; 22 times as much coal; 21 times as much oil and gasoline; 50 times as much steel; and 50 times as much in general equipment of all kinds. Of the 60 Americans, the lowest income groups would be better off than the average in much of the rest of the town.

With the exception of perhaps 200 persons representing Western Europe and a few favored classes in other areas, such as South America, South Africa, and Australia, and a few wealthy Japanese, most of the non-American people in this imaginary community would be ignorant, poor, hungry, and sick. Half of them would be unable to read or write.

Moreover, half of the people in this community would never have heard of Jesus Christ, what he taught, or what he lived and died for. On the other hand, more than half would be hearing about Karl Marx, Nicolai Lenin, Joseph Stalin, Nikita Khrushchev, and other Communist leaders.

In view of these facts, it is interesting to contemplate that indirectly, through taxes, the average Christian American family would be spending at least \$850 each year for military defense and less than four dollars to communicate their Christian faith to the rest of the people of the world community.

This might raise a question as to how seriously they regard the Christian faith and its emphasis on peace on earth and good will among men.

"Hello out there!"

THE STORY OF DON JOHNSON AND TEENAGERS FOR CHRIST

by

Duane Valentry

Last year a slim, dark-haired fellow just turned seventeen found himself in sudden demand as a speaker throughout the Midsouth. In Memphis alone, young Don Johnson delivered more than a hundred speeches in churches during the year. Recently the minister of the second largest church in the city stepped aside while Don talked on the subject of youth.

Who is Don Johnson?

Some say he is a young Billy Graham—a fellow who is going to make his influence for good felt all over the nation as a "specialist in youth."

Don knows about youth, for he is head of the Teen-agers for Christ. This non-denominational movement, which began less than two years ago, is already making many friends in many areas. In Memphis it is one answer to the increasing reports of juvenile delinquency.

Sunday mornings at 7:30 Don's

voice goes out over the air, a voice becoming known for its sincerity as well as its eloquence.

"Hello out there. This is Don Johnson with the Teen-agers for Christ," Memphis hears him say. "We invite you to spend the next fifteen minutes with us. We are just a group of fellows and girls from the different high schools and colleges who want to witness for our wonderful Saviour."

Memphis listens. Others listen, too. In fact so successful has this vigorous teen-age movement been that it has now spread through western Tennessee and into Kentucky, Mississippi, and Arkansas. It also sets the pattern for youth groups in Chicago and Oneida, New York.

"It is so seldom that groups made up entirely of young people accomplish so much, and they should be given our prayers and assistance in all matters," said Governor Frank G. Clement of

Tennessee not long ago.

Don Johnson has wanted to be a preacher ever since he can remember. He has been preparing himself for the work for many years and has studied the Bible assiduously. However, after founding Teen-agers for Christ, in February, 1953, Don felt his mission lay in evangelism, with a special message for youth.

"All across the nation newspapers are filled with stories of teen-age delinquency . . . stories of theft, vandalism, arson, and many other crimes being committed by teen-agers from coast to coast. We believe that the only permanent solution to this menacing problem is the Lord Jesus Christ. Christ in their lives, Christ in their homes," says Don, gravely.

Teen-agers For Christ is operated and carried on by the teen-agers themselves, but in the background are Christian adults who act as advisors and counselors always available when needed.

Don Johnson, who has no greater desire in life than to serve Jesus Christ, talks in a way his listeners can always understand. One of them, he knows their problems, temptations, and goals. He's down-to-earth and speaks with authority, and isn't against using slang if it will help him put over a point.

"Get on the ball for the Lord,"

is a favorite admonition of this young dynamo for Christ. Don also makes a special point of emphasizing that Christianity is for the strong.

"Christianity isn't a sissy sort of thing at all . . ." he says. "Here's where a lot of people get messed up. They pictured Christ as a little weakly sort of fellow. But Christ had to be strong to do what He did for us on the cross."

Adults who hear Don address his huge teen-ager audiences agree that no grownup could do the job as effectively. He's a teen-ager appealing to a teen-ager's basic drives—the craving for acceptance in a gang that mocks at sissiness; the idealistic yearning for a strong hero worthy of worship.

"One of these days there'll be an Examination, just like for us teen-agers in school," he tells his audience. "Some day, on Judgment Day, God is going to open that Book of Life wide. And He is going to be fair. He'll ask 'What did you do with My Book, the Bible? Did you study it and try to learn of Me? What did you do with Jesus Christ; did you accept Him?'"

Don talks to God as to a lifelong friend, often ending his prayers with the words, "Lord, we've done the best we could."

Teen-agers who hear Don Johnson's heartfelt messages on Christ gladly place a good part of their

weekly savings for babysitting and grocery-clerking in the baskets at offering time. It is these freewill offerings that permit TFC to have its own radio program and to travel by bus from town to town, spreading the Gospel. They are currently purchasing, on faith, a center for Teen-agers—asking the prayers and support of those in Memphis and surrounding territories such a center will benefit.

Religious meetings conducted by teen-agers for teen-agers were rare in Memphis and the south and many adults came to see what was going on—remaining to join with the teen-agers and to agree to dedicate their lives to Christ.

There is an urgency in Don's talk. Now is the time, he urges, to begin living for God and Christ, not tomorrow.

"One of these days His patience, His grace, will run out. How many more years, months, weeks, days, hours, before it happens? It could be tonight. It could be tomorrow. Who knows? The Scriptures tell us the nations are going to set themselves up and go all out against God. You can see that in Communism, a firm, set-down move against God."

A lot of teen-agers tell of changed lives through heeding Don's message and joining forces with Teen-agers For Christ.

"Since I joined TFC I have come to know the real meaning

of the word Christianity and I know now that being a Christian isn't just being a bench-warmer in Church, but it is walking, talking, and working with Christ as your leader."

The speaker, flashing-eyed Marquita Street, means every word of it. So does Patsy Allen when she says, "When I attended a meeting of TFC I realized I wasn't living as close to the Lord as I could, and that Christ wasn't shining forth in my life as He was in the lives of the Teen-agers. After I became active in TFC and saw what a wonderful work was being done through them, I became more interested in working for the Lord and studying the word. Now I can truly say with Paul that 'for me to live is Christ and to die is gain.'"

Glenda Condrey is another typical teen-ager with a new outlook on life. "I not only grew closer to my Lord, but I also grew nearer to my Church," says Glenda. "I have given up many of the things I formerly loved, but these sacrifices were not hard, for into the places of all the worldly pleasures have come peace, joy, contentment, and happiness—new Christian friends and wonderful Christian fellowship."

Adults and teen-agers are not the only ones to hear Don Johnson, nor the only ones he considers important. He has recently

inaugurated a drive aimed at pre-teen-age children by holding Bible classes for these smaller ones.

"After all, the small child is the teen-ager of tomorrow," reminds Don. He would like to reach these youngsters before, not after, they get into trouble.

Through radio and bus trips around the country, many hear of the work of TFC and set up similar movements. But an equally important part of the work, according to Don, are the weekly Bible-study meetings, where passages of the Bible are read and discussed. To these meetings teen-agers bring friends they feel may benefit by a new and more wholesome outlook.

Reports of Juvenile delinquency tell, according to police records, of the close connection between drinking and crime.

"When they come to us, they stop drinking and they stop smoking, too," says Don. "We do not tell them. They just do."

One of the most successful efforts staged by TFC occurred at the holiday season. Too much emphasis was being put on drinking, frivolity, gift-exchanging . . . not enough on the pure meaning of Christmas, Don and his friends decided. So they held a six-day revival called "Christmas for Christ." During this time the boys and girls, led by Don, tried to bring the real spirit of Christmas

to their city.

These young people have a definite aim in their work, whether learning new numbers for the choir or traveling long miles by bus. "They go out after those who need help," explains Johnson, "not after those who are already churchgoers and church workers."

That is why the teen-agers who have found a religious experience which has changed their lives count no work too hard, no sacrifice too great. With equal confidence they visit jails, reform schools, or rise at dawn to be at their radio station on time.

"I know I have a real friend in Jesus," says one of them. And another echoes, "Christ is my personal Saviour. He has blessed me in everything I have done."

Reaching hungry hearts with the message of salvation is the most satisfying work in the world, says Don.

"Perhaps you've been searching for something that will give you peace and happiness. You can find all that you've been searching for in Jesus Christ, if you will only receive Him into your heart, if you will only accept Him in simple child-like faith and put your entire trust in Him. He will save you. When you have Jesus you will have everything!"

At seventeen Don Johnson has a full, rich life in helping others to find real happiness.

LIVE TODAY

James D. Furlong

We often hear the advice, "Live Today!" What does it mean? Does it mean we are to live fatalistically, to hope for the most pleasure and the least pain? Does it mean gritting our teeth and bearing up under life as a Stoic? Does it mean to forget the past—to eat, drink, and be merry for tomorrow may never come? Does it mean that we are to struggle through each day by our dogged determination and a philosophy of positive thinking that vaguely resembles faith?

The ancient position of prayer was to stand with hands outstretched to heaven in an attitude of receptiveness.

As we rise each morning God places in our hands twenty-four hours, no more, no less. It is enough for us to handle at once. With this day He gives us our "Daily Bread!"

Into our lives He sends the love, the forgiveness, the patience, the fortitude, the courage and all the spiritual resources we shall need to meet the physical and mental demands which this day shall bring.

We are to live this day as a gift from God. We are to use it wisely. We have eight hours for work, eight hours for rest, eight hours for recreation and other activity. It is our responsibility to use this time with discretion.

Our greatest need is to evaluate our days and to see just where our energy is being used and to what purpose. We must discover the things that are gaining the priority of our time and ability. We must see if our days are making sense in the light of eternal values and peace of mind. We must see just how much we are living in harmony and perspective with God

and His will, and whether we are depending too much upon our own strength and not enough upon God.

When evening comes and we lie down to sleep, we are meant to lift up our hands in prayer and give back this day of our life into the hands of God.

We are to let go of this day with its trials and decisions, the things we've done well, the things we've failed to do, the words we've left unsaid or said too hastily, the sorrow, the fear we have faced, the joy, the success we have won, the fatigue and the boredom: all these must be placed in the hands of God.

When we do this—God in His

infinite love and mercy will take this day into His keeping for all eternity. He will sanctify our good works, quiet our fears, heal our bruises, forgive us our shortcomings, reconcile our losses; the day is now with God. The past is in His hands. It is ours no longer. Thus commending our spirit and our day into His hands we can lie down to sleep, knowing that God means for us to have no thought for the morrow for the morrow is still with Him; and in His own time and own way He will bring it to our door and with that day the all sufficient strength of His love, His mercy, and His grace.



Prayer Works

by Alma Fisher

DIRECTOR, THE UNITED PRAYER TOWER

To the beloved readers of Clear Horizons, the United Prayer Tower extends the season's greetings:—

"It is now time for me to happily renew my subscription to *The Manual of Prayer*. Again I wish to extend my appreciation of all that your messages mean to me in my quiet time. Also to let you know that when helping at Church meetings many of the key thoughts provide seed for leading in worship. Friends have received help through my copies as well. So you know that your work never becomes inactive."—*Ont., Canada*

"I want to thank the dear, gentle people who have prayed me through my dark hour. There is wonderful power in sincere earnest prayer by devout dedicated people. Thank you for the literature and for the loving service you have bestowed on me and others who have called in their need. May the dear Lord bless you always."—*Ohio*

"I must write you and tell you how wonderful my first time to teach turned out. Thank you for your prayers. Your letter gave me courage and I pasted the prayer at the top of my notes, 'Breathe on me breath of God.' I really felt God's presence. I have no more fear of being nervous. God is wonderful. I shall endeavor to give out to others of that which He has so wonderfully given to me each time I teach, which is an answer to prayer. Thank you for your prayers,

not only this time but for years past."—*Alabama*

"Your letter meant so much to me and still does. I always underline your letters and keep them to read many, many times. I surely need your love and prayers. I know you love me and that brings me great happiness. I have been through so much, for so long, and have been in a state of exhaustion for such a long time that I believe I was losing all emotion; my mind sort of became a blank and I am sure your letter brought back emotion to me. Of course it did more than that for me. I feel with you that 'all things are become new.' I know that God in His mercy and power is working on all these problems."—*Ohio*

"I committed my spirit unto God and He used His instruments—doctors, nurses, a psychiatrist, my pastor, and all prayers including those of The United Prayer Tower—to remove my right kidney. Soon after I got up and walked and have been up ever since and with no complications. I did not even need a blood transfusion and I have pernicious anemia. I could feel the hand of the Lord on me and healing power entered my body. A nurse supervisor said one day, 'You must have many praying for you.' I told her that I had. I am anxious to go to my own church prayer meeting soon and give my testimony of what God has done for me."—*Massachusetts*

"It is wonderful to know that God's people everywhere are praying for one. I was surrounded by prayer, yes borne on wings, during the time of my major operation and subsequent convalescence; and my recovery, although slow at first due to excessive heat this year, has been quite remarkable. Agnes Sanford's *Healing Light* was a great help to me and after I had the deep-ray therapy I got myself quiet every day to realize, 'Be still and know that I am God,' and applied spiritual therapy. I kept it up for over three weeks until I had the assurance that the Lord had indeed touched and healed me. Now it is only a matter of becoming strong again. Being a mother and having a home to run in addition to school, this is not easy and would have been impossible just now. But thank God for his planning, my leave was due and has been granted so that I do not go back to school for some time. Thank you for your prayers, your love, your great help and sincere thanks to the kind people who are making it possible for me to continue receiving the *Prayer Manual*. It is such a privilege to be a Christian and my daily prayer is that henceforth my life may always be only His, for His service as He may see fit."—*South Rhodesia*

"I want to thank you and all who have been praying for me. Although it has taken about five months for me to really feel like myself again, it has taken place. Also I want to bear testimony to the power of prayer and its healing effects. I have been definitely conscious that healing has come through prayer and it has done something to me more than the physical effects. After all that is the most important thing which has happened."—*California*

"I just don't know how to thank you and the others enough for your intercessory prayers for my dear mother—and myself. As soon as I hung up the receiver, I placed my hands on my mother's stomach, as you instructed, and asked Jesus to let them be as His hands and to let His healing power flow through them. Actually, I did not feel that my own faith was very strong that night, due to nervous strain and lack of rest—but, do you know, in approximately thirty minutes there was a change, and the obstruction of the bowels was removed. Also she hasn't suffered further from her gall bladder. She is still weak but seems to be improving. God is good, and I am grateful to Him for answered prayer."—*North Carolina*



THE UNITED PRAYER TOWER

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

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 PA 9-4944, Minneapolis, Minn.

LET GOD IN, Lenn Latham. 176 pages, Prentice-Hall, \$3.50. This book is a happy blend of inspiration and good, logical, common sense. The author, a Presbyterian minister, does not gloss over the tough decisions and temptations of life. He meets them face on, and has good advice about them. His purpose is to bring all areas of life under the power and the disciplines of God in Jesus Christ. I think it is a book that can be given to a man, and if he begins it I feel he will find the approach to his liking. It is by no means limited to men, but as we all know it is often more difficult to get a man to read a religious book than a woman. This one is good for both. The chapter titles are: How to Begin, A Realistic Appraisal, How to Build a Firm Foundation, You Can Have the Strength of Ten, How to Transform Your Relationships, To Love and To Cherish, Handling Your Resources, How to Exercise Your Most Valuable Privilege, How to Keep in Vital Touch with the Source of All Power, and, New Horizons.

BEYOND COTABATO, Curran L. Spottswood. 256 pages. Revell, \$3.50. We do not often associate first-rate adventure with the Gospel. At least most people do not. This is a book to change anyone's mind. It is a personal account of a missionary's life in the Philippines, and this missionary happens to be a pilot. The number of times that he has cracked up in the jungles and on the mountains is enough to make a lesser man quit—at least flying! If you are interested in South Pacific jungles, guerrilla rebels, tribal headhunters, restless natives, flying adventure and the Gospel—well, this is it. Full of human interest.

STORIES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY FOR JUNIORS, Alice Geer Kelsey. 127 pages. Abingdon, \$2.00. The sub-title is "34 story sermons for boys and girls." I'd call them good stories, well-done, with a moral to each one. I should think they would not only be good for ministers and teachers as resource, but they are good reading for the youngsters themselves. Divided into five sec-

books of interest

comments, summaries
reviews & opinions
on religious books

NORMAN K. ELLIOTT

tions: Today's Children—Here, Today's Children—There, Yesterday's Boys and Girls, Folk Tales of Yesterday, The Bible in Today's World.

FINDING GOD'S HEALING POWER, Gertrude McKelvey. 173 pages. Lippincott, \$3.50. This is the first report I have read of the extent and influence of the healing ministry within the church. Most books on healing deal with the subject from either the personal point of view or from the viewpoint of groups outside the regularly recognized major denominations. The author, a Methodist minister's wife, spent years investigating the subject. She visited and talked with such people as Dr. Alfred Price, Dr. Samuel Shoemaker, Dr. Norman Vincent Peale, Dr. John Sutherland Bonnell and others. Then she investigated those who claimed to have been healed. The result is a positive affirmation of God's availability to heal today just as He did in the past. The writing is excellent, and the faith of the writer shines through. The book is filled with stories and anecdotes that lend interest to the treatment. The lay person will find it thrilling reading, well-documented and most instructive. Here the minister will meet

pioneers who point the way to what can be done in his own church. I think it ought to be in every church library, and it ought to have a wide reading by both laymen and clergy. I look for a wide sale of the book everywhere.

JESUS SAYS TO YOU, Daniel A. Poling. 119 pages. McGraw-Hill, \$2.95. Once in awhile you come across a book like this and you wonder why others cannot write the same way. Some write so much, and say so little: and Doctor Poling writes so little and says so much. The book takes statements of Jesus and elaborates on them for two or three pages, but what he says goes straight to your heart. He is talking to you in words that pierce through indifference and tiredness. He takes the word, "... I must be about my Father's business," and tells the importance of having something you *must* do. "Come and see" is the invitation that Jesus extends to everyone, and through it remakes life. "... forgive us our debts as we forgive ..." teaches us that enemies are a dead weight about us. And, so page after page the book goes with a warmth that flows from a most dedicated spirit. This is a book to live with, and it comes from the pen of one who has obviously lived with his Master.

SEEKING A FAITH OF YOUR OWN, E. Jerry Walker. 109 pages. Abingdon, \$2.00. The jacket of the book also says, "Inspirational talks addressed to teen-age problems." Give this book to your own teen-ager, or to some teenager that you love. The talks are inspirational alright, but they are much more. This is a hard-hitting, a meeting-of-problems-head-on-without-any-side-stepping, practical book on what to do where you are, and the Christian message basic to it all. The chapter on "Overcoming Temptations" is worth the price of the book alone. The other chapters are: Does Your Life Have Purpose?, Develop A Faith Of Your Own, When Dangers Threaten, Learning Jesus' Way With Prayer, and God's Frontiers.

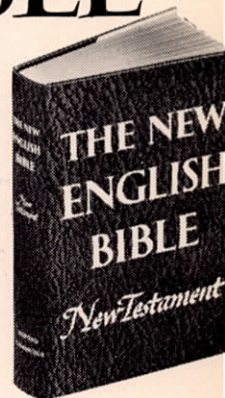
THE HEALING MINISTRY IN THE

CHURCH, Bernard Martin. 125 pages. Knox. \$3.00. This could be the most solid book on healing that I have ever read. It fills a big gap in the literature. It is a positive affirmation of the healing ministry, the Biblical basis of it, the theological ground for a healing ministry, the need for it in the church, and what is being done and ought to be done about it. The author is a minister in Switzerland, and besides his parish ministry, works at a psychiatric clinic in Geneva. He holds healing services in his church, and is a member of the Order of St. Luke. One is apt to think that a book aimed directly at the ministry will be involved and a little incomprehensible to the average layman. Such is not the case with this book. It is lucid, the reasoning is easy to follow, and the average reader will come away from it with ammunition Biblically, theologically and reasonably outlined for the ministry of spiritual healing. I found the book quite exciting. If you do not want to read it yourself, then give it to your minister. I do not see how he can fail to be greatly impressed by it, and likely be made uncomfortable if he is not serving this aspect of the Gospel.

THE PROMISE OF THE SPIRIT, William Barclay. 120 pages. Westminster. \$2.50. It is always a delight to sit down and have a clear mind and a deep spirit share his findings with you, and that is what Dr. Barclay does in this book. There is likely no more popular and interesting subject than the Person and Function of The Holy Spirit (the subject of prayer could possibly be more popular). And, there is probably no more mystifying subject to the average laymen, if not to the ministry. After reading this book I am sure that everyone will have a much more balanced view of this Person of the Trinity than before. He treats of the subject in the Old Testament, the synoptic gospels, the gospel of John, the Acts, the letters of Paul, the rest of the New Testament, and the need for the Holy Spirit in the church today. The book is easy to read, interestingly written, full of insights, and very satisfying to the soul. Get it.

THE NEW ENGLISH BIBLE

New Testament



A completely new translation—not a revision of another translation—by the foremost Biblical scholars of the British Isles. A work of thirteen years that is authoritative, vivid, shot through with clear insights, reads as smoothly and interestingly as any novel and yet retains the beauty of superb English. A New Testament that will enrich your life. \$4.95

OUR GUARANTEE: BUY THE ENGLISH NEW TESTAMENT. USE IT FOR 10 DAYS. IF YOU ARE NOT SATISFIED, IF YOU DO NOT WISH TO KEEP IT, RETURN IT TO US FOR A FULL REFUND.

A Doctor's Thoughts on Healing

William S. Reed, M. D. A medical physician and surgeon tells of his Christian conviction of the reality and power of spiritual healing. The physician works in cooperation with God. Case histories, instruction, conviction and inspiration at its best. \$.50

Order From: (Add 15c for postage and handling)

MACALESTER PARK PUB. CO.

1571 Grand Avenue — St. Paul 5, Minn.

CONTENTS

Prayer Is The Answer To Tension .. <i>Norman H. Hair</i>	1	
Ten Commandments For Parents .. <i>Author Unknown</i>	4	
Crossing The Ocean By Faith	<i>Stephen C. Tornay</i>	5
"Heart" Is Important In Understanding Holy Communion	<i>Bishop Austin Pardue</i>	9
Jake De Shazer Returned To Love His Enemies	<i>Philip Stanton</i>	12
Jane Addams Built Chicago's "Cathedral Of Compassion"	<i>Browne Sampsell</i>	15
A Lenten Rule	<i>Bishop William Fisher</i>	19
Worry Takes A Break	<i>Patricia Kinnaman</i>	21
Pastor Hans Egede: 18th Century Greenlanders And The Bible	<i>Margaret T. Hills</i>	25
The Communicating Power We All Have	<i>Allan Hunter</i>	29
Thoughts Farthest Out	<i>Norman K. Elliott</i>	33
God Knows No Iron Curtain	<i>Elizabeth Dimmlich</i>	36
A Church With 150 "AA's"	<i>Mary E. Lockhart</i>	41
The Hands Of Jesus Chirst	<i>W. E. Sangster</i>	43
The Revelation of Love According To Christ	<i>Bradford Lambert</i>	47
Giving Is Living	<i>Russell Fornwalt</i>	50
A Study Of The World In Miniature	<i>Henry Smith Leiper</i>	53
Hello Out There!	<i>Duane Valentry</i>	55
Live Today	<i>James D. Furlong</i>	59
Prayer Works	<i>United Prayer Tower</i>	61
Books Of Interest	<i>Norman K. Elliott</i>	64