

SUMMER 1962

# Clear Horizons

Personal Experiences In Christian Living

50¢



## IN THIS ISSUE

• Pray — At  
Your Own Risk

by Leland G. Griffin

*Shirley*

## 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

"Except ye become like a little child, ye shall not enter the Kingdom of Heaven." Maybe that is all contained in the cover picture. The child's new wonder, another world of discovery, the complete happiness and contentment, and the perfect security—all this is contained in the cover picture.

And, you can be sure that the parents and family are close by. The little baby may have momentarily forgotten about the parents, but you can be sure they haven't forgotten about the baby—he (or she?) is constantly under their care and protection. So it is with our relationship with the heavenly Father. We may forget Him but He does not forget us!

On the purely human plane the summer months are the times for picnics, family outings, the discovery of new routines, a time to really live! Like the little cover baby, we hope you thoroughly enjoy it.

SUMMER, 1962

Clear Horizons

VOLUME 23  
NUMBER 1

Yielding to the temptation to feel unimportant, can never be equated with humility.

## When You Feel Unimportant

By Ross M. Willis

TEXT: "There is a lad here, which hath five barley loaves, and two small fishes: but what are they among so many?"—John 6:9

Each time I read John's account of Jesus' feeding the five thousand I find myself becoming strangely drawn to the small boy who plays a part in the event. For the boy with the five barley loaves and two fish is a magnetic lad. He is often the symbol of *our* feelings, *our* emotions, *our* frustrations. There is a universality in his personality that speaks to some of our deepest needs.

What would seem less important than a small boy in a crowd of adults following a wandering teacher of God's own choosing? A child in the midst of serious-minded men and women always seems of little importance. Certainly that throng on the shores of the Sea of Galilee was no exception.

The multitude of demure adults followed Jesus because, "They saw the signs which he did on those who were diseased." They thought they understood what was happening. They realized they were in the shadow of greatness. They thrilled to Christ's every

Permission *Christian Herald Magazine*, February, 1962

word and action. And what would naturally seem less important to them, or to us, than a small boy, not even visible in the thick of the crowd, who had come out for the day carrying his lunch?

For what seems less important to us than children in a crowd of adults? We tell them to sit down and be quiet; we have something important about which we wish to speak with our friends. We encourage them to find something to do—just don't interrupt us. Better yet, they should busy themselves in the play room and get out of our sight entirely. We silently repeat: "Children should be seen, but not heard."

The boy with the lunch demonstrates one of our deepest frustrations, feeling that we are small and insignificant while surrounded by gigantic, serious and important people, problems and challenges, about which we are unable to do anything.

The temptation to feel unimportant often besets us in a place where we might least expect it—in our homes. The woman who washes clothes, picks up toys, changes diapers, cooks meals, does the marketing, sweeps the floors, dresses the children, settles all arguments, wipes all noses and sterilizes all cuts and bruises, only to go to bed at the end of an exhausting day looking forward to another just like it tomorrow, is sorely

tempted to feel unimportant. For she wonders how she can make any contribution to the challenges and problems of her community and the world when it takes every last drop of strength to pull herself together for the monthly P.T. A. meeting. There seems to be no opportunity to exert our creativity, no opening to wrestle with the real problems that need our attention, no occasion to use our talents, no pragmatic moment to meet the challenges we would like to meet.

And what is even more serious, we may meditate upon our temptation to such an extent we begin to feel unimportant in the sight of God. We may ask ourselves: "Why should God be concerned about us?" After all, we are just the little people of the world. Our problems are just the little problems. And God is concerned only with the big people—presidents, kings, chairmen of boards; big problems like East-West relations. With the Psalmist we may intone: "When I look at thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast established; what is man that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that thou dost care for him." (Psalm 8:3, 4; R.S.V.) Our problem is that God seems too big to be concerned about us, too big to be worried about our witness, or the witness of our local community of believers. We feel un-

important in His sight. This is disastrous!

The small lad in John's account of Jesus' feeding the five thousand should find a place in all our lives. That lad was certainly considered unimportant. The things going on were too great for him to understand. He could not wrestle with them.

Yet observe what happened to that lad, if you will. It was he, the unimportant and insignificant boy in the midst of serious-minded and towering adults, who was singled out to do what nobody else could. It was the child, so often considered unimportant when adults are gathered for urgent reasons, who suddenly became the center of all attention and the most important figure outside Christ himself. The hungry multitude was so great that two hundred denarii (roughly \$40) could not buy enough bread to feed them. The disciple Andrew observed: "There is a lad here with five barley loaves and two fish. . . ." Then echoing what must have been the sentiments of the crowd, Andrew appends, "but what are they among so many?" Even they appeared unimportant in the midst of such great need. The remainder of the story is well known. How Jesus took the five barley loaves and two fish, and after giving thanks He divided them among the people until they

had eaten their fill, and when they were finished they gathered 12 baskets full of fragments.

This lad, small and unimportant as he seemed, might well become the patron saint of all who are tempted to feel unimportant. For unimportant though he appeared, his very presence and his single possession suddenly became the very tools that strikingly ministered to the needs of the entire group. Unnoticed and uncared for until this precise moment, this lad suddenly became the instrument through which God poured out His grace upon the very people who had overlooked him. We can almost hear that boy returning home that night, running the last hundred yards at full gallop with hat in hand and coat flying, seeking to break the joyful news to his parents by shouting: "Me and Jesus fed the whole multitude! The man called Christ fed the multitude with my bread!"

What was the reason this lad could soar from his unimportant to his important state? What was the reason his small bit could nourish the multitude? Well, the reason his meager talents could feed the whole crowd was that between his giving and their receiving there rested the power of Christ. There's the answer. By ourselves we are always unimportant and insignificant. By ourselves we will always be comparable to small lads

in the midst of towering adults—  
too big for our strength and our  
imagination.

Not until we submit our lives to  
the power of Christ; not until we  
give our feeble talents to Christ  
so that His power might enlarge  
and expand them, will we realize

the importance of the stewardship  
of life God has bestowed upon us.  
When we place all that we have  
and all that we are in the hands  
of Christ, small and frustrated as  
it may seem to us, the temptation  
to feel unimportant has no chance  
for survival in our daily living.



### Bright Fruitage

*Mrs. Wendell Hall*

If God's own touch upon a cherry tree  
Can work, with love, on lifeless, ice-clad boughs,  
A miracle each spring, then surely He  
Who gives the leaf and blossom and endows  
It with such splendor under summer sky  
That fruit glows red like myriad lights to fling  
The challenge of a Christmas in July,—  
O, then His hand has power! His touch can bring  
Its miracle to lives long destitute,  
Till they too yield, for Him, their precious fruit!

## PRAY at your own risk

LELAND G. GRIFFIN

One of the problems involved  
in prayer is not the lack of an an-  
swer, but the definite possibility  
of an unwanted answer. The dic-  
tatorial type of prayer, where the  
so called "supplicant" explains to  
God what is wrong with the world,  
and tells him what to do about it,  
seeks to avoid this possibility by  
a pre-determined answer. It does  
not succeed, for it is not actually  
prayer. And, if this non-prayer is  
answered at all it is still an un-  
wanted answer; the simple, easily  
understood word, "No." God has  
a perfect right to say, "No," and  
He exercises that right whenever  
our requests are unwise.

It remains true that the prayer  
that is true supplication is often  
answered in a way that clashes  
with human desires. Let's take a  
very simple prayer, a single logical  
request, one that each of us needs  
to pray every day, and examine  
some possible answers.

On the Damascus Road a trem-  
bling and astonished Saul of Tar-  
sus said . . . or prayed . . . these  
words, "Lord, what wilt thou have  
me to do?" (Acts 9:6) One won-  
ders, if at the moment of praying  
them he could have foreseen the  
long difficult way the answer  
would take him, would he still  
have prayed this particular prayer?  
I personally believe he would have,  
for there is nothing in the char-  
acter of Paul to indicate hesita-  
tion in the face of hardship, dan-  
ger, or suffering. He was never  
afraid of the risks of prayer.

But when the average layman  
or minister of today uses these  
words in prayer, does he really  
want an answer? Would you want  
such an answer? The response to  
this requires thought, for this is a  
prayer whose answer separates the  
men from the boys, the dedicated  
from the merely professed.

The person whose attendance at

church and Sunday School is lax and careless cannot pray these words and receive the answer without becoming aware of the seriousness, the positive sinfulness, of such laxity.

The layman whose contributions to the church are low . . . the minister whose own contributions represent a lesser per cent than he preaches to his people . . . cannot receive the answer without reaching a new awareness of financial responsibility and even of honesty.

The minister whose zeal is flagging, whose visitation program is scanty or his sermon preparation is slipshod, may well face a complete re-evaluation of his whole life and program. We could go on and on with such illustrations, for the prayer really asks for a revelation of God's will in regard to the specifics of human action. We may or may not be willing to pay the price of obedience, but when we pray the prayer and feel the answer, the responsibility is doubly upon us.

Pray these words, then, at your own risk, realizing that the answer may well send you into activities that right now you do not think you want to enter. But look at the other side of the picture, for it does have another side, and it is bright and beautiful.

He who does pray such a prayer as this . . . who listens for and receives the answer, and acts upon it, enters a new area of Christian living. This is Kingdom Ground. The satisfactions are many, and have a completeness all their own. Once entered upon, this new, dedicated life is embraced with joy. It is only, "from the outside, looking in" that it appears formidable. It is the half-given person who is timorous and afraid of this prayer and its answer. The dedicated Christian, like Paul, knows no such fears.

What is true of this particular sentence prayer is true of prayer in general. Much of the time, perhaps we can even say most of the time, God's answer to our prayer is a deepening urge within ourselves to do the very thing we have asked God to do. When, as an outgrowth of our request for divine activity, we ourselves feed the hungry, visit the sick, or preach the Word . . . and when, because of our example others do the same, ours is an answered prayer. We have requested, and God has worked through us to answer our own request, and has multiplied that answer by as many others as follow through.

We can only say as Jesus, and as the Psalmist said, "This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes."

## LOVE EVER GIVES

"God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son." St. John 3:16

John Oxenham expresses "loving is giving" in words that sing in the heart:

"Love ever gives,  
Forgives, outlives;  
And ever stands  
With open hands.  
And while it lives,  
It gives  
For this is Love's  
prerogative,  
To give, and give,  
and give."

What message of glad tidings has this "loving is giving" for you who are ill, or you whose dear one is ill? If the God of love ever gives, is this illness His gift? Or is the healing of the illness to be His gift?

It will help you to determine what kind of gifts God gives if I share with you a sentence by Mary Gordon Kemmis in *The Human*

*Temple*: "We know that everything that is of Infinite Love is love-like and lovely and loving in nature."

### *Love Incarnate's Gifts to the Sick*

Test this statement about the gifts of the God of love to the sick by the words and deeds of Love Incarnate, for He declared "He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father."

One Sabbath Day Love Incarnate visits a sick woman. His gift to her is not the fever. 'He rebuked the fever.' His hand gives healing and strength. "He touched her hand and the fever left her; and immediately she arose and ministered unto them."

A few hours later all the city gathers at the door of the healed woman and "He laid His hands on every one of them, and healed them." Love Incarnate gives to each sick person a gift that is love-like,—healing and health.

A man full of leprosy comes

asking a gift. There is nothing lovely in his distressing diseases. But the gift bestowed is lovely, in the friendly touch of understanding, in the glad willingness of the Giver, in the instantaneous cleansing. "I will; be thou clean, and immediately the leprosy departed."

A helpless man is carried to Love Incarnate by four friends. Their human love would not have bestowed palsy. And their limited love assured them of a gift more loving than their sympathy and effort. Their faith in Love Incarnate proved well founded. The sick man receives not only the gift of restored physical health but also mental and spiritual healing. "Be of good cheer; thy sins be forgiven thee. Arise!"

A man with a withered hand enters a synagogue. All unsought, Incarnate Love would give His gift of Life Abundant into the helpless hand. It is love-like, not to do evil but to do good: not to destroy, but to save life. "His hand was restored whole as the other."

A tortured man falls down at the feet of Love Incarnate. The tormenting evil spirit, the gruesome surroundings, the fetters and the wounds, are not lovely. But there is loveliness in the gift compassionately bestowed—sanity restored and an awakened desire for fellowship and service.

A desperate father seeks a gift

for his dying daughter. "Come and lay thy hand upon her, and she shall live." The father's fear is not a gift of love for love casts out fear. Hope and peace are the gifts bestowed by love. "Fear not; believe only, and she shall be made whole." And at the home it is not death but Life that is given to the child: and to the parents, a living daughter.

So the inspired record tells of all the sick who contacted Love Incarnate. Ever His gifts to them are love-like and lovely and loving in nature. To a Syrophenician mother, a daughter made whole that very hour. To a man deaf and dumb, hearing and the power of speech. To a hopeless father and his lunatic son, peace and healing. To a centurion's palsied servant, healing. To the blind, sight. To a woman bowed down for eighteen years, the loosing from her infirmity so that she was made straight. Ever the gift of renewing, recreative Life.

#### *Incarnate Love Changes Not*

Love has not changed since Bible days. "Love ever stands with open Hands." His gifts have not changed, either, for He is the same, yesterday, today and forever. The gifts that He yearns to give are still love-like and lovely and loving in nature. "My peace I give unto you." "The water that I shall give . . . springing up into everlasting life." "The living

Bread given for the life of the world." "I will give . . . eternal life." To those who will receive, He would give Life, Life LIFE ever more abundant.

May you receive His gift of Gifts, Himself. As a beautiful prayer asks, "*May I permit Thee to give me Thyself and health and strength and peace. Fill me with the joy of Thy companionship, and make me radiant with the light of Thine abiding Presence.*" Old fears and doubts and misunderstandings may hinder your ability to receive, but love will win, your increasing love for Him that makes possible an increase in the manifestation of His love. Pray often the inspired old prayer. "*O God, Who hast prepared for those that love Thee such good things as pass man's understanding; pour into my heart such love toward Thee, that I,*

*loving Thee above all things, may obtain Thy promises which exceed all that I can desire, through Jesus Christ, our Lord.*"

Remember, that love increases by being with the loved one, by thinking often of the loved one, by doing what would please the loved one. If your measure of love is but a "penny pot," take that and Infinite Love will fill it brimful. Only come again and again and your capacity to receive will increase. Come with quiet confidence and joyous thanksgiving that Infinite Love

" . . . ever gives,  
Forgives, outlives;  
And ever stands  
With open hands . . .

To give, and give, and give."  
what is lovelike and lovely and loving in nature,—Life, Life ever more abundant.



The Psalm of David has sung its way across the barriers of time, race and language. For twenty-five centuries it has been treasured in the hearts of people. Today it is more beloved than ever before.

The reason it lives? Not just because it is great literature. Because it tells that *above all the strife and fears, the hungers and weaknesses of mankind, there is a Shepherd—a Shepherd who knows His sheep one by one, who is abundantly able to provide, who guides and protects and at the close of the day opens the door to the sheepfold—the house not made with hands.*

Charles L. Allen in THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM  
(Fleming H. Revell Company)

# CONFORM OR TRANSFORM?

*by S. Barry O'Leary*

There is a sense, it seems to me, in which we can quite truthfully say that a fundamental urge in human life is the urge for status, the desire to be recognized, accepted, approved of, respected and wanted. I am sure that children feel this as much as adults. A child in school may not want every other member of his class for a close personal friend, but he does like to know that the others in the class accept him, that they like him. He likes to be able to feel comfortable in the group of children he studies and plays with. And so most children tend to regulate their behavior by the unspoken—but very apparent—standards of the group. They don't want to be too different, in the way they dress, or in the way they behave. There tends to be a sort of conformity, a sameness about school children in any area. They wear certain clothes, do certain things, behave in certain ways, because it is the "popular" thing to do. Those who do not conform are different, and

gradually come to feel themselves as being on the outside looking in, not really belonging to the group.

This approval and acceptance is important in the mind of most adults, just as it is with children. A popular new Broadway play gives us a satirical but often true picture of the "company man", the man who has discovered that he can have a much more secure future with his firm if he always plays it the "company way." This means always agreeing with the boss, never differing with company policy—in short, conforming to the standards of the business community to which he belongs. A perfect example of such a person would probably be difficult to find, but there are enough business men who play it safe and put the company ahead of their own personal convictions so that you know to what I am referring. They believe the regularity and size of their paychecks depend upon their being the kind of employee whose words and behavior are always ac-

cepted and approved of by the front office. Nor is such conformity in a business firm done for purely mercenary or security reasons. It is comfortable and pleasant to go along with the mainstream, and to know that you really belong, that you are a desirable employee. Sometimes this means the sacrifice of personal integrity. Sometimes it means quieting ones conscience or ignoring it. Sometimes it means leaving unsaid things which one feels are important. But if these things are not done, life would not be nearly so peaceful or secure.

We see the same situation in most all of our relationships. Be they good or bad, every little segment of society has its own standards with which most feel they must conform if they are to be accepted and respected. This is true of the housewives in a neighborhood, members of club or fraternal organization, parties, meetings, civic activities, even churches. The teen-age tough guy a few years back wouldn't be seen without his black leather jacket. The housewife who serves the wrong kind of dish at a bridge luncheon is talked about for weeks. The new club member quietly observes how things operate for awhile before he tries to become an active participant.

We must be accepted. We must conform. Or at least such seems

to be the popular pattern of behavior in our society.

We tend to lose sight of the fact that our assumptions of what we must do to be accepted by a group are frequently not true at all. The reliable company man may get an occasional pat on the head, but it is usually the man with new ideas and the courage to propose them and try them occasionally who moves up to the vice-president's desk. It is the teenager who dares to be different who frequently starts the new fad that the rest of the pack begins to conform to. It is the mother who dares to stand up at the PTA meeting and challenge some outmoded practice who wins the respect of others. A tree conforms to what is expected of a tree because it is incapable of doing differently. Not so with people. Being different, in itself, is not particularly virtuous. But daring to be different because you believe in something deeply, because you are motivated by some honest conviction, because you sincerely believe there is something wrong with the status quo,—this is the stuff that greatness is made of. This is one of the things that makes people different from animals. This is the element which is behind every worthwhile reform, every advancement, every new scientific breakthrough, every advancement of the cause of mankind.

It is comfortable to conform, but Christians are not called to a life of conformity with the popular standard of the moment. St. Paul said, "Be ye transformed!", and of course he was referring to the transformation that inevitably takes place in the life of the individual who dares to invite Christ into his life and become the motivating force for all he does. In the New Testament there is a painfully accurate statement made of those who are afraid to break with the standards of their day and follow Christ. It says, "They loved the praise of men, more than the praise of God."

Well, let's face it. You've got to live with your fellowmen every day while God often seems quite remote. It's easier to conform, than to be Christ's.

Think how radical then is the statement of St. Paul, "Put on a heart of compassion, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, long-suffering; forbearing one another and forgiving one another. Put on love, which is the bond of perfectness. Let the peace of God rule in your hearts. Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly. And whatsoever ye do, in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus."

There's a manifesto for the person who dares to break the chains of conformity. Don't do something just because it is the safe thing to

do, or the popular thing, or the socially acceptable thing. Don't live your life according to the standards of the uncreative, the unproductive, the fearful. Don't let someone else live your life for you, force you to conform to their standards, bring you down to their level. Look up to the Lord who is the designer of this life and who demonstrated that he knows how to live it, and let his words be your words, let his standards be your standards, let all the richness and magnificence of his life flow into your life.

You don't have to damn your neighbors and crawl into a box where you can be holy. But you can let yourself become an instrument through which Christ can raise and sanctify and enrich the standards and patterns that men live by. Conform—if you must—to the Christ-life that is within you, and let the splendor of the life that can be yours in him reach out and touch the lives of your schoolmates, your fellow workers, your family, your neighbors. Dare to be the person God created you to be. If enough would do so, it is inevitable that the kingdoms of men would soon be transformed into the Kingdom of God.

How can this be done? St. Paul put it very simply. "Whatsoever ye do, in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus."

# 12 Rules for Living

*Grenville Kleiser*

Happiness is a habit—a by-product of right thinking and living. Here are twelve rules for happiness:

1.—Live a simple life. Be temperate in your habits. Avoid self-seeking and selfishness. Make simplicity the keynote of your daily plans. Simple things are best.

2.—Spend less than you earn. It may be difficult, but it pays large dividends in contentment. Keep out of debt. Cultivate frugality, prudence, and self-denial. Avoid extravagance.

3.—Think constructively. Train yourself to think clearly and accurately. Store your mind with useful thoughts. Stand porter at the door of your mind.

4.—Cultivate a yielding disposition. Resist the common tendency to want things your own way. See the other person's viewpoint.

5.—Be grateful. Begin the day with gratitude for your opportunities and blessings. Be glad for the privilege of life and work.

6.—Rule your moods. Cultivate a mental attitude of peace and good-will.

7.—Give generously. There is no greater joy in life than to render happiness to others by means of intelligent giving.

8.—Work with right motives. The highest purpose of your life should be to grow in spiritual grace and power.

9.—Be interested in others. Divert your mind from self-centeredness. In the degree that you give, serve, and help, will you experience the by-product of happiness.

10.—Live in a daylight compartment. That is, live one day at a time. Concentrate on your im-



mediate task. Make the most of today.

11.—Have a hobby—nature study, walking, gardening, music, golfing, carpentry, stamp collecting, sketching, voice culture, foreign language, chess, books, photography, social service, public speaking, travel, authorship. Cultivate an avocation to which you can turn for diversion and relaxation.

12.—Keep close to God. True and enduring happiness depends primarily upon close alliance with Him. It is your privilege to share His thoughts for your spiritual nourishment, and to have constant assurance of divine protection and guidance.

Depend upon yourself. Make your judgment trustworthy by trusting it. You can develop good

judgment as you do the muscles of the body—by judicious, daily exercise. To be known as a man of sound judgment will be much in your favor.

Your sufficiency is of God. Nowhere else is it possible for you to find complete satisfaction and contentment. You are transformed by the renewing of your mind and being filled with the fruits of righteousness.

You are not sufficient of yourself, for alone you can do nothing. You are wholly dependent upon the Divine Father. Trust, therefore, implicitly in Him, and lean not on your own understanding.

In all your ways, in every thought, aspiration, and enterprise, seek and acknowledge Him, and He will direct you in the paths of truth, love, and righteousness.



Thought and learning are of small value unless translated into action, said the learned Chinese philosopher, Wang Ming.

## If You Believe YOU SHALL RECEIVE!

Geraldine Russell

My sister Ernestine said to me one day, "Geraldine, I don't know whether you have Faith or whether you are just stubborn."

My Mother told me that I was stubborn even from my high chair days, but I like to think of God using even this as stubborn faith. When I see a promise in Holy Writ such as: "In all thy ways acknowledge him, and He will direct thy paths," I say, in my heart, "Lord, You said it. It is in Thy word. You will do it." Then I ask Him to hold me and not let me do anything foolish, for I constantly remind Him that I am only His handmaiden.

Simplicity is a marvelous way of clearing your wire through to God.

One day I was talking to two of my nineteen grandchildren, ages eight years, about the Second Coming of Christ. I said, "Thomas Waterfield, if your Daddy, Bob, took you into Los Angeles and left you on a corner saying, 'Wait here, Thomas, I have some Ram business to attend to, but I'll be

back and take you to the colosseum with me,' do you think he would come again?"

"Sure," said Thomas.

Then I asked Christopher Russell the same question about his Daddy, and he answered, instantly, "Why, sure, he would have to or he wouldn't have any son!"

These boys did not question their fathers' word for a second. Daddy had said he would come again and that was sufficient. Don't you think it was because their fathers had never let them down?

One time, I thought the Lord had let me down, and I told Him so. It was a legal matter, and I was up against a stone wall and through my own stupidity. There seemed no way out. But He says in Isaiah, "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord." So the flaw was shown me and, miraculously, the whole thing straightened out.

God's promises very often start with an "if." It is such a little word and yet so potent. It can change your whole course. Sometimes, you

From *The Fruit of Faith*, by permission Macalester Park Pub. Co. \$35.

will cherish or conceal a treasure of no spiritual value. You craftily think God doesn't know about it and you brazenly look Him in the face. Well, He doesn't say anything to me. He just looks at me and looks at me, much as He must have looked at Peter when the cock crew. After awhile, I go away ashamed and make things right, maybe clean up a mess. Then I put in my petition a second time. It is accomplished so quickly I am astounded.

Someday, when we understand God's laws, I believe we will discover that they are just as scientific as the laws of gravity or electronics. Maybe we have a short, maybe we are grounded, or maybe we are perfect but just not plugged in. It could be that we are carrying a forty Watt bulb when we should be carrying a hundred Watt. I know that there is nothing wrong at the Power House. He is more anxious to give than we are to receive. This was said of the Holy Spirit which is the power that gives us the strength to overcome our weaknesses.

We are told to pray without ceasing. I wonder if our very thoughts are not prayers? When I drive to the market, some of the nineteen grandchildren are generally in the back seat. As we near the parking lot, you can hear a chorus of little voices, "Thank you Lord, for a parking place."

Sure, enough, as we drive in, a car will back out of a nice handy place.

John, the Revelator, saw golden vials filled with the prayers of the Saints. He said it was like incense, odors coming up before God, and these prayers caused thunderings, lightnings and earthquakes upon the earth. Moses prayed, the nine plagues followed in Egypt. This is a far cry from a parking place, but try it on the parking place first.

I am certain you can pray yourself right out of faith. In New York, when I was a young girl making the rounds of the theatrical agencies, I would often say, "I talked myself right out of that job because I talked too much." The Lord said we were not heard for our much speaking. I believe a sincere desire from the heart can be expressed in a few earnest words that register in Heaven.

Faith is simply this: if you believe when you ask that you receive, you shall have it.

When Jane was nineteen, she met a very beautiful actress at one of the studios. She was just Jane's age. This young girl was as beautiful with her golden hair, blue eyes and glorious skin as Jane was with her dark hair, soft brown eyes and olive complexion. They made a wonderful pair.

I remember one week end when she was our house guest. I went into their room to call the girls to

breakfast and beheld a vision. All unconscious of my presence, this fair maiden stood in front of a full length mirror in her flowing nightgown and perfectly shaped bare feet. She was arranging a flower in her golden hair, apparently dreaming about her next date. I smiled to myself and hated to break the spell.

Two years ago, Daughter phoned me to meet her in Hollywood. We arrived at a rooming house, climbed two flights of stairs and rapped at the last door. When receiving no answer, Jane opened the door. There wasn't a piece of furniture in the room. Lying on a bare mattress in the corner of the room was a woman thumbing through the yellow pages of the telephone book. Surely this creature could not be the beautiful girl of my vision long ago.

I hesitated, but Daughter entered, undaunted, "Hello, honey, what you doing?"

The woman burst into tears. There was a quart of cigarette butts in a bottle on the floor beside her. She was looking for a sanitarium for alcoholics. She had the same response to each one listed, "Oh, no, not there." She had been in them all. At last we made a choice, and we left her in a sanitarium where she would be cared for, for three days.

Every one at Chapel prayed. About ten days later she phoned

us that she had taken a position as receptionist in a doctor's office, and the doctor was giving her special care and building her resistance. She came to Chapel and was so thankful that God had given her another chance. The last we heard she was holding her own. Praise God.

One day, I heard of a young woman who had had a nervous breakdown and an operation. The doctors couldn't help her; her mother couldn't help her; her husband couldn't help her. I really was thinking out loud when I said, "I'd like to have her for three days." Well, the word got around. One young man said, "Mother, what would you do with her? You can't preach to her, for she is a very, very sick woman."

"I'd just put her in that magic bed, pray for her, and leave her alone. There is peace in that bed."

"Well, Mother, why didn't you put me in that bed?" he retorted.

The next day, they brought her. She was glassy-eyed with no coordination, and couldn't find her mouth with her spoon. We prayed. She lay on the couch during a meeting, and slept that night in the twin bed in my room. I wakened to find her crawling to the bathroom on her hands and knees. I fed her, prayed with her, and nursed her.

The following day, she said, "Can I trust you?"

I said, "Yes, but can I trust you. If we want God to work with us, we must be honest with Him."

At this, she staggered to the bathroom and emptied a bottle of sleeping pills down the toilet. Well, we continued to pray, and in three days she went home with her husband. God had performed a miracle. He had touched her body, soul and spirit. The following Friday night, she arrived at Chapel as crisp as a lettuce leaf, happy, smiling, sure of her step, and praising God!

When she had been waiting for her husband, this young woman asked me why I didn't write a book about these different interesting cases that came my way. I answered that I intended to one day, for many people had asked the same question. I told her that I wanted her to report back to me

once a week that we might have a little time of prayer and Bible study. She had received a spiritual healing, and she needed this contact to keep her strength.

"Very well," she answered. "I'll come on Wednesday and you read me what you have written."

I was caught.

The following Wednesday, she came to lunch. We had a little prayer and study. Then I read the two pages I had written. She smiled and said, "Very good, just keep it up!"

It wasn't until then that I learned that she was a writer. Twelve magazines had sent her to Europe to cover the Grace Kelly wedding.

As for me, I was on my way to uncharted seas, for this was the birth of my book, *Oh, Lord, What Next?* (Vantage Press, New York, N.Y.)

### My Faith

*Enola Chamberlin*

I have faith that always the nighttime  
Will give up its dark to the dawn;  
And faith that the warming sunshine  
Will come when the stars are gone.

I have faith that always the summer  
Will bring spring's blossoms to fruit;  
And that autumn and winter will cherish  
The seed, the bulb, and the root.

I have faith in the sprouting and pushing  
Of grain blades up through the sod,  
And faith that my soul in its yearning  
Will find its way to God.

Trust in God, obey His rules, and live a whole and healthy life.

# MOSES

## Ancient Man of Medicine

D. G. McKenzie

Incredible you say! Indeed it is that a man who lived more than 3000 years ago first put into effect health and sanitation laws similar to those we have today. Dr. Victor Robinson, Professor of the history of medicine, Temple University School of Medicine, Philadelphia, said, "Physicians have examined the medicine of the Bible, . . . commending the sanitary regulations of Moses, and pronouncing him the Founder of Public Hygiene. According to William A. Lane, a prominent English doctor, "Moses was, with the possible exception of Hippocrates, the greatest hygienist of all

time. The law of Moses is largely the law of good health."

The common practice of quarantine was begun by Moses. If an Israelite developed a skin disease of any sort, a priest put him in isolation until his case was diagnosed, and he was not released until it was proved that his disease was not contagious. Some historical authorities tell us that fungus growing on the wall of a house provoked alarm in the city fathers, and if it were bad enough the house was demolished. Likewise infected clothing was destroyed by burning.

The rules for the disposal of

waste were rigidly enforced, and this, perhaps accounts for the virility of the Jewish people, when others have suffered and died needlessly. During the terrible Middle Ages the plagues that swept across Europe sprang from the shocking ignorance of the most rudimentary rules of hygiene. In 1348 the Black Death which swept across the continent accounted for almost half the population. Germs and vermin bred in the water of the moats surrounding castles, simply because all the household sewage poured into them. The floors of dining rooms were covered with straw and the decaying refuse from the previous meal. Is it any wonder that pestilence spread across the land?

Bathing was a rarity. Clothes were seldom washed. Strangely enough no one saw the connection between this filth and the Black Death, in fact learned men of medicine in those days put it down to some evil conjunction of the stars!

Even 100 years ago the ignorance of the masses was appalling. Doctors knew little about asepsis. CONSEQUENTLY the death rate among hospital cases ran into hundreds, and made an appalling mess of family after family.

Moses was a person of tremendous practical insight in the way he related faith in God to the small

letters of the daily script of living. It mattered to God how a man disposed of his household waste, and cared for his bodily hygiene.

Moreover, thousands of years before Dr. Paul Dudley White, heart consultant to President Eisenhower, Moses said, "Ye shall eat no manner of fat . . ." (Leviticus 7:23, 24.) Today a low-fat diet is a necessity in the prevention of accumulating cholesterol in the blood vessels. Bearing testimony to Moses' insight, Dr. White said, "It is conceivable that a few years from now we medical men may repeat to the citizens of the United States the advice that Moses was asked by God to present to the children of Israel 3,000 years ago."

Through Moses the high incidence of heart attack in the community, is of special concern to God. He is interested in our blood pressure and pulse-beat, as well as our spiritual posture. In fact there is a case to be made for believing God seeks our total welfare, and asks for the intelligent application of His laws to our daily life.

The textbooks and the microscopes of today's medical detectives only prove the rules Moses gave for hygiene, sanitation, and medicine, to be exact in remarkable detail.

Trust in God, obey His rules, and live a whole and healthy life!

## The

## "What Are You Going to Do?"

## Question

Charles R. Allen

Some people think harmlessness is holiness. They think the only requirement for goodness is not being bad. They take great pride in the sins they do not commit and they are satisfied because of the harm they are not doing.

Jesus told about a man who drove an evil spirit out of his life. The man probably boasted that he had overcome this evil thing and felt quite complacent and pleased with himself. But one day the evil came back and looked into the man's life and found nothing there to take his place.

So the spirit went out and found seven other spirits even worse than himself, and they all moved into the man's life. As a result, the man ended up in a worse state (Matthew 13:43-45).

In Jesus' day the Pharisees had this negative approach. For ex-

ample, they had a long list of things one could not do on the Sabbath. Jesus violated some of their laws and they severely condemned Him. In reply, Jesus simply said, "Is it lawful on the Sabbath day to do good?" (Luke 6:9).

That is, instead of talking so much about what we should not do on Sunday, let us begin concentrating on what we should do and go to work on that. We will come out much better that way.

"Thou hast been faithful," Jesus said to the ones who used their talents. And "being faithful" is what counts.

One of the finest stories I know came out of the life of Dr. Gunsaulus, the famous Chicago preacher of some years ago. One Saturday morning, while he was in his study writing a sermon, his

From *In Quest of God's Power* by Charles Allen, by permission Fleming H. Revell Co. \$2.50.

nephew came in. The boy was a fine athlete about twenty-five years old, but he had never been quite able to find himself.

He noticed his uncle's sermon text, "For this cause I came into the world" (John 18:37). That is a statement of Jesus to Pilate. The boy said, "Uncle, I wish I knew why I was born." That gave the preacher a chance to say a few words to him about life, and soon the boy went on his way.

While he was walking down the street he heard the fire engines. He noticed that the old Iroquois Theater was burning. In that fire more than five hundred people lost their lives. The boy rushed over, and when he arrived he saw a number of people gathered around a balcony window.

Quickly he found a heavy plank, climbed on the building next to the theater and laid the plank across to that window. Then he stood in the window and helped many people across to safety. However, while he was working, a heavy timber fell on him and knocked him to the pavement below. Just before he died his uncle got to him and said, "Now you know why you were born. You were born to save those people."

The curtain drops on the story there. But several years later Dr. Gunsaulus was traveling in Europe. One night he met a man in a hotel lobby, and in the ensuing

conversation the preacher mentioned he was from Chicago, when the other man suddenly became hysterical and began to mutter something over and over. Another man came over and led him away.

Later Dr. Gunsaulus asked the third man what had caused the distressing scene. The man said it was a very sad case. He told Dr. Gunsaulus that his new acquaintance was in Chicago one Saturday and went to the old Iroquois Theater. The theater caught fire but this man got out. However, to get out, he had to climb over many screaming and fear-crazed people.

Though he himself was not harmed he became insane thinking about the experience. As a result, he fell into the habit of saying over and over, "I saved nobody but myself. I saved nobody but myself."

I speak at numerous banquets of various types. I notice that when I tell a joke people will laugh, if I talk about the news of the day, people are interested. *But when I begin talking about Jesus, a strange tenderness comes over their faces.*

Why do people love Him so? I think Jesus' critics gave us the answer. As Jesus was dying on the cross, a man was heard to say, "He saved others; himself he cannot save" (Matthew 27-42). That was meant to be a criticism of Christ, but in reality it was the

greatest tribute that could have been paid Him.

We are born with two instincts: Hunger and the fear of falling. Even as tiny babies our first thoughts are concerned with satisfying our hunger and holding on to someone. And those are the first thoughts of many people all the way through their lives. That is the reason so very few people ever rise to greatness. They never save anybody but themselves.

Recently I flew down the Mississippi for about a hundred miles. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and the great river below our plane looked like a flowing silver ribbon as the soft beams of the moon played on it.

It gave me a tremendous thrill to watch the river, the greatest in the world. For centuries it has been giving all that it has. It freely pours all of its water into the big Gulf of Mexico.

But suppose the Mississippi decided it could not afford to give so freely, that, instead, it began to hold back for fear it would run dry. Then it would cease to be a river and become a swamp. As a swamp it would be an ugly thing and a breeder of evil.

It gives all it has, but it has not run dry. God takes care of the river. He causes the sun to draw the water out of the gulf into clouds, the winds carry the clouds back up the river, and the clouds

pour the water back. What the river gives, it gets back.

One of the unexplainable but true mysteries of life is that you never lose what you give. The wisest man who ever walked on this earth said, "He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it" (Matthew 10:39). No person ever really begins to live until he finds something big enough to give himself to.

It was one night when we were sitting around the fireside. Our father was in one of those mellow moods that always called for stories. He told us this story but that one time, yet I think it was his favorite of all the boyhood experiences he used to tell us about.

He grew up in the Loudsville community, in White County, Georgia. The family had very little money then, but they didn't need much. Life was simple and they lived a rather secluded life.

It was the Christmas Eve when he was seven years old. His father was going to drive to Cleveland and told him he could go along. Just before they got to Cleveland his father handed him a dime.

It was the first dime my father ever had, and he could spend it just as he liked. When they got to town he began looking in the stores for something he could buy. He said he could have spent a peck of dimes had he had them. He saw some oranges—the first he had

ever seen. He wondered how an orange tasted. He saw a big red table-cloth with part of the Constitution of the United States printed on it. He wanted one of those. There were toys, red-stripped candy, and so many other things that he was still trying to decide when dinner time came. He went back to the wagon and he and his father ate their dinner.

Then he hurried back to a store, trying to decide what he most wanted to buy with the first dime he had ever had. Finally it was time to go home. He made a decision, put the package in his pocket, and ran to the wagon.

While they were riding along home, he pulled the package out of his pocket. It was a huge red handkerchief. Then he looked up at his father, handed it to him, and

said, "I bought you a Christmas present."

All the remainder of his life I think my father got more joy out of giving his dime back to the father who gave it to him than he would have received from anything he could have bought for himself.

This is a great big world and there are so many ways I can spend my little life. In fact, there are so many ways I would like to spend it, it is hard to know just what to do. I can spend it all just for myself.

The very best and biggest way I can invest the life I have is to give it back to the Father who gave it to me. In that way I am sure to get more out of it.

It is true for all of us.



*Abbe Georges Lemaitre:* "I do not believe that God ever intended to disclose to man what man could find out for himself."

## An Organist's Hi - Note

Harold Helfer

"I decided that instead of a monument to myself I'd spend what money I had on some of the deserving young fellows in our midst."

This, simply, is how William R. Bishop explains why he decided to set up some science scholarships.

No, Mr. Bishop is not a scientist himself. What makes it odder still is that he's a very average sort of citizen, a man of modest means. He is not a banker, industrialist or top government official. He's a Washington, D. C., church organist and it is a well-known fact that church organists do not exactly become millionaires.

Mr. Bishop is a small town boy, from Marlboro, Mass., and, coincidentally, his first scholarship award went to a small town boy, 18-year-old Robert Brown of Beltsville, Md.

Mr. Bishop started out in life as a pianist. Played in the pit, as they say. He was with an orchestra that furnished the music for a Washington vaudeville house.

When the talkies came along to put the skids to vaudeville, Mr. Bishop found himself out of work. He began to do clerical work. He also took to playing an organ for a church "on the side" to help make ends meet. He has been a church organist ever since and that's all he does now.

As a boy from a small town who knew how tough it was for some young people to go to college . . . he was never able to go to college himself . . . he began to think, since he was a bachelor and had no children of his own to leave anything to, if his money could nevertheless be used to help some deserving young people achieve their goal.

What made him think in terms of science was that he knew, from reading the newspapers that his country was in dire need of scientists. By enabling young people to undertake science courses in college, he'd not only be helping out individuals but also his country.

Mr. Bishop passed by the Naval Ordnance Laboratory in the Washington area often and he began to drop in and talk to the people there about his idea. It was after several of these consultations that the quiet 64-year-old church organist set up his scholarship program.

The program is not geared to operate fully during Mr. Bishop's lifetime, but, in order to get the program under way, he has already established an individual scholarship starting this autumn, and he may set up additional ones during his lifetime.

This first scholarship went to Robert Brown, who graduated near the top of his Beltsville high school class and who already has been accepted by the University of Maryland under this scholarship.

He will major in chemistry and during summer vacation he will

work at the Naval Ordnance Laboratory in chemistry, thus enabling him to apply what he is learning to actual work projects.

All the scholarships will apply to the University of Maryland, with the Naval Ordnance Laboratory selecting the students. When Mr. Bishop passes away, the residue of his estate will be given to the University's general endowment fund and administered as a part of that fund. Then each year the University will determine how many four-year scholarships can be paid for out of the income from the "Bishop money" and that many students will be selected.

Anyone is eligible to apply for one of Mr. Bishop's scholarships. There is only one stipulation. In order for a student to continue receiving the benefits of the scholarship, he must remain in the upper half of his class scholastically.

The church organist is well-satisfied with this legacy of his that he has worked out. "I wanted to make some contribution to my country and to its youthful citizens," Mr. Bishop says.

And everyone seems agreed that the church organist has struck the right note.

Only he who can see the invisible can do the impossible.

*Frank L. Gaines*

*Bruce A. Stinedurf*

## The Long Road Back

Three years ago, in Ypsilanti, Michigan, an armed bandit walked into the branch office of Western Union and announced "This is a hold-up." After several days of investigation he was captured, and later sentenced to a prison term of 5 to 15 years. The story could have ended when the steel doors were closed behind him at Southern Michigan Prison, but the fact that you are reading this article is proof that it didn't. I was that armed robber.

The thirty days that were spent in the reception block offered nothing but frightening anxiety. I knew that before too long I would be unlocked and placed amid the bedlam of screaming convicts (all armed with knives and Brooklyn accents) that I had conceived from

the stilted movies and TV dramas. Therefore, I was quite amazed when I was introduced to a gentleman who informed me that he was going to be my counselor.

Our first visits didn't amount to much, because, quite certain that he had an angle, I refused to open-up. Eventually, after I had gained a bit of confidence in him, he gave an outline of the rehabilitation program here. I was to be assigned to the sheet metal shop where a trade could be learned. He added that there were many other programs that I could participate in if I wanted too. These included, Group Therapy, High School Courses, Civil Defense Courses, Religious Training, Correspondance Courses (Paid for by the state) and other activities where

prisoners work hand and hand with people of the "free-world".

One such program, "Toys for Tots", is carried out every year. The toys are collected by outside volunteers and sent into the prison to be repaired by convicts. Still, with these many advantages, I had to have time to consider. There is a lot that can be learned out on the yard also. It is generally assumed that society refuses to accept a man once he has done time. Then, if this be the case, why not talk to the real pros and learn how to punch a safe, forge a check or pull the perfect stick-up? There were many things to be considered.

Still not certain which road I was going to take, the chaplain called me in for a visit. I felt that this was strange indeed, since I had never been to church more than a couple times in my life.

I expected to find a man whose primary concern was to see that I was issued an arm-load of Bibles. Reverend Pollard is not such a man. He doesn't demand — he suggests. Therefore, I found it very easy to "run my thoughts down to him", minus the usual modifications. He suggested that I try a couple of Bible courses and take advantage of the High School training. I accepted. Yet, I was afraid; life had beaten me and nothing seemed possible outside of a life of crime.

After two months of study, I returned to the chapel and saw Reverend Pollard again. I told him that I was failing in all of my lessons and it looked as if things just weren't going to work out. He handed me a Bible and requested that I go to my cell and read II Chr. 20:15. "Be not afraid nor dismayed, for the battle is not yours, but God's." Suddenly, I realized what was missing. I had been trying to do it alone. I decided to turn my life over to God and place complete confidence in His decisions. Gradually, my mind cleared and the lessons became easier. In the next year I finished High School and two Bible Courses. Then on to graduate from Creative Salesmanship, Real Estate Salesmanship and Civil Defense. Next, one of my sisters suggested that I try writing. It was ridiculous.

I laughed when I told Reverend Pollard about her request and said, "I could never become a creative writer." Smiling, tongue in cheek, he replied, "No—you can't. You couldn't finish High School either." I was ashamed. I prayed that God forgive me, for it had been forgotten how I was able to keep going when things looked the darkest.

I couldn't decide what to write. But, finally an idea was conceived. Why not see if Western Union would like an article telling why

I had chosen them above all the other places that could have been robbed. It would also be a very good way to say that I was sorry. They liked the idea. I outlined every flaw in their security; told how these things could be corrected, and what they should do if ever approached by a bandit. They paid me thirty dollars for the piece.

Since that very first sale there has been a mountain of rejection slips. I have threatened to quit writing many times. But, then I remember that it is not my fight alone. I scurry back to the type-

writer and before long another check is realized. Had anyone told me these things three years ago I would have thought them insane. I had traveled to a world of negative thinking, and it was only after I had surrendered my life to Christ and developed positive attitudes that I was able to find the road back to reality.

It isn't difficult to see why I ended up in prison; my thoughts left no where else to go. I cannot help but wonder what might have been if I had known these things as a teenager and didn't have to take the long road back.



Every human being has a potential bit of greatness within him, put there by God Himself.

But without adequate challenge, that potential may lie dormant. If it is allowed to go unused, a person will never achieve the fulfillment of which he is capable and which by his very nature he truly yearns to attain.

*Christopher Notes*



# Make This Your Day!

LESLIE DUNKIN

"I might get somewhere myself," Jack confided to Tom, while congratulating him on his latest accomplishment, "if I only had more of your good days. You seem to have one right after the other."

"Jack," smiled Tom, patting his friend's shoulder, "you see all my days are custom-made. Yes, made pretty close to my special order. You see I make them myself."

On the wall of Tom's private office, where he can see it, also in easy view of any visitor, is this motto, "*Each Morning Comes, The Way You Take It; Each Day Becomes The Kind You Make it!*" A similar one greets his eyes each morning in his bedroom as soon

as they open, reminding him another day is awaiting his own wise efforts.

"Jack," Tom continued, "Take each morning the right way and then make this your day!"

Tom suggested his three steps for taking the morning the best way.

(1) His alarm clock summons him early enough to allow a brief time for some choice reading, before having to start on his regular day's work. This is not left to a morning's mere chance. If he is using a daily morning devotional plan by some publication, this may be sufficient in itself or at least a good start.

To get his mind away from the

1962

MAKE THIS YOUR DAY!

31

day's activities or the evening's interests, before retiring for a night's restful sleep, he does some short reading. If he finds a small portion, a bit of verse or personal philosophy, or current news write-up, that would be helpful to read in the morning, he has this ready for then.

"This bit of early morning reading is a springboard for me mentally to be keen and eager for what the day may have for me," Tom explained. "You have to be ready yourself, if you want the day to be ready with the best for you."

(2) Tom's preparation for the morning starts the evening before. He knows what is to be started or done the first thing in the new day. Before leaving at the close of the day's work, he has everything possible ready for him to start at once in the morning. He places the thought of this in his subconscious mind from then until his return. Without interfering with his evening away from work or with his night's sleep, Tom finds himself keenly eager to start the new morning at his work, and often with some new or different idea for it. Often unexpectedly the evening and early-morning reading and thought have a helpful bearing upon what his subconscious mind has been considering.

(3) Where Tom has a choice of work to be done that day or

morning, he selects what is best suited for the immediate situation. If some work requires a sunny day, while other can be done just as well on a cloudy or rainy one, he is ready to make the most advantageous choice so the most can be done with the least forced effort.

To start the morning, he tries to have some part of his work that is easy, or about which he is enthusiastic or determined. This gets him off for the day with a good start. Thus a good pace is set for the entire day.

Tom then suggested his three steps for making the day his.

(1) He sets two goals for his day's efforts, an easy minimum and then a reasonably difficult maximum. He tries to have it so he will reach the former by noon or at the mid point of the hours for his work. Knowing he has reached this first goal, he has new impetus to push on eagerly toward the maximum goal. He is not troubled with worry about not getting the day's work done. A starting amount is already done.

The maximum goal serves him a double purpose. It challenges him to use the minimum goal as a springboard toward a day's real accomplishment. At the same time it warns him not to overdo by going much beyond the maximum. Excessive work one day usually means less vigor the next day.

(2) He is alert to help somebody or as many as he can during the day. He remembers that they have or should have goals for their own day at hand. He finds there are many ways he can help others. He uses as many of these as he can. A friendly smile is an easy way for him to start his helping. A word of greeting or a "pat-on-the-back" in passing means much toward helping others. He makes no effort to "boss" others, but he finds he is able to answer perplexing questions and give helpful suggestions to make the work easier or clearer for some other person. He has found a similarity at least in the way of going at the work to be done, if not in the actual work itself.

His policy of helping others, when done within reason, helps him with his own day's work. The momentary shifting from his to theirs acts as a kind of a "coffee break" relaxation for him. The thrill from helping brings an added

impetus for his own work. Now he is working on a team rather than as an individual.

(3) He enlists the interest of others often to a helping point. When he asks questions of others about their work, he learns something that is of help to him in his. He watches others who are doing work similar to his, to see how he can improve his own efforts from the way they work. He does not hesitate to ask questions of others about his own work. He invites a friendly conversational discussion about it or how it might be done better or more easily. His willingness to help others with theirs, attracts people who are ready to help him with his day's efforts.

"At the end of each day," Tom concluded to Jack, "I have a strong confidence that I have made this my day. Rather, I should say that we have made this our day—a team of workers working closely and helpfully together."



To be a friend, a man should recognize that the art of friendship is a lifetime study, that no man knows all the answers, and that he should add each day to his knowledge of how to live the friendly way.

Wilfred A. Peterson

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

# Thoughts Farthest Out

by Norman K. Elliott

### REJOICE IN THE RIGHT

*John answered, "Master, we saw a man casting out demons in your name, and we forbade him, because he does not follow with us." But Jesus said to him, "Do not forbid him; for he that is not against you is for you." (Luke 9:49-50) . . .* Evidently the disciples had no quarrel with the man for casting out demons. It is doubtful if they had any quarrel with the fact that they were cast out in Jesus' name. But they did not like it that this man was having success without paying the price of being one of their company (" . . . he does not follow with us. ").

We are often not thrilled over some good work that is done by a denomination other than our own. If our Lord asked us why, about the only excuse we would have would be that of the disciples, ". . . he does not follow with us." Or, perhaps, we are not as joyful as we ought to be over something quite admirable that is done by another country and the only reason for it is that "they do not follow with us." Or the reason might be that their skin isn't the same color as our own, or they adhere to the Communist system, or we don't have a good trade relationship with that land. All these reasons and excuses, and a lot more like them, can be grouped together under the embarrassing heading of, "They do not follow with us."

We ought to rejoice in what is right, in what is just, in what is merciful, in what is charitable, in anything that tends toward good. As the Apostle Paul says in the 13th chapter of I Corinthians, "(Love) rejoices in the right."

When we fail to develop the habit of rejoicing in the right, regardless of who performs it, we develop the habit of skepticism and withholding ourselves from others. Since most of our joy comes from entering into the achievements and joys of others, we must not train ourselves in separation. If we do, we are only robbing ourselves.

Rejoice in the right—no matter who performs it. Get into the habit of being happy whenever anything admirable is done. Get into the habit, too, of praising anything worth praising. And, if possible, tell the person or the group about your opinion and feelings. Telling it will increase the joy of the situation and you will share in it.

Read: **As a Man Thinketh**, Allen. \$1.00.

### THERMOMETER OR THERMOSTAT

*For he taught them as one who had authority, and not as their scribes.* (Matthew 7:29) . . . A friend told me about an illustration in a talk that impressed him very much. The speaker said that some people are thermometers and others are thermostats. A thermometer takes on the temperature of its environment. A thermostat regulates the temperature of the room where it is.

Most people are thermometers. They take upon themselves the atmosphere of the group they happen to be in. They are too embarrassed to stand up for what they know is right. It is so much easier to fit in with the group. They think they will be disliked, and at times this will happen but it is better to have that happen than to remain silent in the face of what is wrong.

The history of the world's progress hinges on those personalities who were thermostats! It matters not what their field—science, art, literature or religion—they all turn on those few personalities who “changed the climate of their group.” In some instances they were called heretics. Jesus would have to be called a heretic according to the accepted traditions of his day. If it had not been for a Moses the Hebrews would have remained in slavery in Egypt. These men, and so many others like them, are the pioneers of history who have changed the course of human affairs.

A pretty young girl in high school was told that to be “one of the crowd,” to be “on the inside,” she had to go steady. Then she was told that those who went steady indulged in heavy “necking.” But she was different from the “thermometers” in that high school.

She started a group who met for 30 minutes in a nearby church every Monday morning. Only a few students attended at the beginning. Outside speakers in the community were asked to lead devotions and give their witness. By the time the year was out they were averaging about 80 boys and girls each Monday morning. Many boys and girls on the verge of becoming “thermometers” become “thermostats” because of this morning meeting. Many students found out that real leaders are made of the stuff that stands out from the common run of morality.

In a certain city there is a group of ministers who get together for prayer and Bible study. Strange as it may seem they were considered a little strange by many members of the clergy. They were thought of as a little “too religious.” However when the clergy as a whole saw the change in these men's lives, and when they saw the difference it made in their parish work, the idea spread.

The world is hungry for “thermostats” to change the temperature of this world.

Read: **The Goal and The Glory.** \$2.95 (paper \$1.00).

### IT MUST HAPPEN TO YOU

*And the word became flesh and dwelt among us, full of grace and truth. . . .* (John 1:14) . . . The world has never lacked for good ideas, but it has lacked for so long “the idea made flesh.” In other words “someone who personifies” what we have already determined as the ideal.

The “Word became flesh” in Jesus in the highest sense. Jesus Himself was the “Word made flesh.” It is also true that “the Word” must “become flesh” in each one of us. Ideas are not enough. People are influenced by other people.

A minister told me that one of the most important experiences that occurred in his church during this past year was the sermon by a young girl during “Youth Sunday.” This young woman was nervous before the talk and the wise minister told her to just talk from her heart. The talk that she gave was divided into three main experiences. They have something to say to all of us.

The first one was that she had attended a Billy Graham meeting in which she had become intensely interested in the Bible. For the first time in her life she began to read the Scripture. The Bible became a living chart of life. She came to love the Bible and the instruction it has for living life as it must be lived if it is to be meaningful. It had meant so much to her that the desire to read the Bible was reborn in the congregation.

The second experience was attending an Episcopal conference for young women given by an order of Episcopal nuns. She was most impressed by their attitude of warmth and helpfulness. She yearned to have the peace they evidently had. So, she asked one of the nuns, “What is your secret?” The nun replied that it was dedication or commitment. The joining of oneself to something that was more important than one's own personal wants.

The third experience came when she and her mother were visiting a woman in the hospital. While they were there the woman had a turn for the worse. Her mother went for a doctor. Left alone with a person in medical crisis, the young woman prayed, and when she opened her eyes the person was smiling in relief. She had been shown that her prayers were important too.

Three experiences were all of life, and still are: the Bible, seeing the word made flesh in others, and knowing that your prayers are important too.

Read: **It's Bright In My Valley,** P. J. Cleveland. \$3.50.

"We are brothers" under the spell of those words, everyone began the work of relieving suffering.

## "Sono Fratelli"

JAMES ALDREDGE

Perhaps when the world's head statesmen put their heads together and knit their puzzled brows at the next "summit conference," they need to be reminded of something that happened more than one hundred years ago in a little town in Italy.

The date was June 25th, 1859. The great battle of Solferino had just been fought, and a long procession of wounded was pouring into Castiglione. Every oxcart and mule team brought its load of casualties. Soon every house was crowded to the doors.

The center of the town presented the most confused spectacle. There, in the *Chiesa Maggiore*, over five hundred men were jammed together on a floor of straw. Many more lay on the stone steps and on the grass plot in front.

Suddenly a commotion arose. Discovered among the wounded in

the church were two Austrians. Their injuries were so bad that they could not stand on their feet. Yet, because they were the despised enemy, rough hands seized them and were about to hurl them down the stone steps.

But then a remarkable thing happened. From nowhere, so it seemed, a man in a white suit appeared.

"Stop!" he cried out. "Don't throw them down! *Sono fratelli!* We are brothers!"

The enraged Italians paused, they were so astonished. As they released the prisoners, the crowd took a long look at the stranger who had spoken up in the name of a common humanity.

Then, stranger still, the phrase that he had uttered—"*Sono fratelli!* (We are brothers)"—seemed to work a kind of magic over the entire throng. Under the spell of those words, everybody who could

pitched into the business of relieving the sufferers.

It was an amazing sight to see. The townsfolk bestirred themselves as they never had before. The women rushed to bring huge bundles of lint, while the men and boys ran pell-mell after water and fresh jugs of soup.

Amid all that scurry and bustle, "the man in white" was the busiest of all. Taking charge as the self-appointed leader of the great life-saving task, he sent off his driver with a well-filled purse to the nearby city of Brescia. Presently the man returned with a towering load of sponges, linen, tobacco, camomile, sugar, oranges and lemons.

Inside the church, there was activity with a purpose. Enmities were forgotten as four Austrian doctors went from one wounded man to another to give what aid they could. The sacristy had been turned into a bandaging room, and under the stranger's direction the soldiers were carried in to have their wounds dressed.

As the day wore along, the corps of merciful helpers grew larger. A German doctor who happened to come along offered his services.

Not long afterward several Italian medical students joined him. A veteran naval officer also volunteered, and before evening descended, the group had been swelled by a French tourist, an Italian professor, a French newspaperman and two young Englishmen.

But nobody toiled more energetically than "the man in white." For three days and three nights, in full hearing of the piercing shrieks from the operating room, driving himself without any thought of rest, he stuck to his grim task.

Not one of the little group that worked beside him could know they were laboring beside the man who would establish one of the world's noblest humanitarian enterprises. "The man in white" was none other than the Swiss philanthropist, Henri Dunant, founder of the great Red Cross Society.

But if his co-workers did not guess who he was, they must have remembered for long years the slogan he gave the world. Those simple words that Henri Dunant spoke at Castiglione still carry a kind of magic to unlock men's hearts to the cause of world humanity: "*Sono fratelli!* (We are brothers!)"



# When THINGS GO WRONG

by

Heather Hume

In all our busy, hurried lives there are moments when things go wrong. Things can go wrong on the job, in the home, in our family relationships, and in our crowded suburban living they can go very much wrong in the neighborhood!

One of the busiest people I know—a school principal, incidentally, had the perfect answer on how to handle things when they start going wrong. He withdrew! If this could be done, by arranging to have time quietly alone, he preferred this, but often he had to

do his withdrawing mentally and emotionally.

He told me about his secret. "When things go wrong, I withdraw. By that I mean, I get quiet inside, and try to find the harmony within. It's there. It's within me. It's within any situation. Intellectually I KNOW this, but sometimes circumstances pile up so and get so noisy I forget, and then panic can set in, and I'll handle things all wrong."

It's true. The harmony is everywhere. In the home, on the job, in the neighborhood, wherever you

are, God IS, and there harmony is also.

There are ways to anticipate when things might go wrong, if we catch these *tendencies* early enough the whole problem may well be avoided.

We are apt to forget harmony and have our troubles when:

1) We get overtired, we get out of harmony with ourselves. Fatigue is our enemy, and it is unnecessary if we arrange our lives harmoniously.

2) When we have misplanned and have to hurry too much. Hurry brings on fatigue. It is to be avoided.

3) Pressure mounts up. We sometimes mistakenly get involved where we face pressures simply because we haven't made wise choices and selections in our lives.

4) Fear—when fear sets in, the worst enemy of all is at work. We are most apt to forget our perspective under the influence of fear.

There are ways to handle these four problem areas. If we live in harmony we are apt to face little fatigue. What pleases us and gives us joy never tires us. If we are bored, don't like what we are doing, we are apt to be tired. We should be in harmony with the kind of job we have, with the circumstances we live among.

If we live in hurry and select wisely our true duties and obligations we should seldom have to

hurry. It is overcrowded lives, hectically lived, with little thought for harmony that cause hurry.

This is true of pressures also. If we get involved in more than it is our business to manage, we will face pressures. This often means we must think out carefully what obligations and responsibilities we will accept. To live in harmony it is necessary that we make this kind of choice. We must give our lives and times generously, but **WISELY**, and if we are not wise, we will never be generous or effective.

Fear can operate only when we forget our Divine Estate. If we turn quietly to the center of Joy and God within, we can quickly eliminate this bugaboo.

In a life harmoniously linked to the Divine Within there should be only rare moments when negatives can cause the appearance of things going wrong. However, the truth of the matter is that too often things going wrong is a more or less constant state for us.

Most of us hurry too fast, try to do too much, and then become frightened at the results this in-harmonious approach to life brings. *We bar ourselves from Heaven by forgetting to turn to it in moments of noise and confusion.*

It takes both faith and thought in moments of panic not to lash out and fumble along in our blun-

dering ways however brilliant or generous we may believe our impulses are. It takes courage to withdraw either physically or mentally, and to get quiet within so that one can have a true perspective of what is actually going on.

It can be done. Just as Brother Lawrence did it in his kitchen hundreds of years ago so we can do it whatever circumstances we are in. We can remind ourselves that no matter what the situation, there is harmony in us, and in those around us, and even in the situation itself!

Workers, instead of taking coffee breaks might profit by getting away and taking "Quiet and prayer breaks". The job goes better. The strain drops out, and harmony drops in, if one took this kind of reminder frequently.

Teachers with unruly classes would be helped if they could be alone and quiet. Too often the teacher's room is as noisy as the classroom or the playground. We need more areas of quiet in this noisy civilization of ours. One teacher solved this problem by slipping away on her lunch hour, and going to sit for a few moments

in a near-by church. She came back refreshed and was able to help unsnarl the tangled nerves of her children.

Seeking the quiet, the peace within, is the triumphant way to tackle any problem. It is the best way to act when things start going wrong. All will quickly right themselves if they are approached in this attitude.

What does happen is that sometimes, if we are tired, hurried, feel too much pressure, we fail to reach that center within us. What then? Then it is a great help if we have "another"—a friend, a loved one who can fortify and help us. Who can become quiet and, reaching this peace within themselves, help it spread to us if we are momentarily too rattled to find it alone.

Withdraw, recall what needs adjusting in your viewpoint. YOUR reactions. One of the very potent Biblical statements that helps is this very familiar one "Be still and KNOW that I AM God." With this comes the correlating thought, "God's in his Heaven, All's right with the world",—*with me, with everyone, with every situation.*"

# The Law of Increase

Robert Collier

In a pamphlet written by Don Blanding, he tells of a time during the trying years of the Great Depression, when he found himself financially, mentally and physically "broke." He was suffering from insomnia and from a physical lethargy amounting almost to paralysis. Worst of all, he had a bad case of "self-pity", and he felt that the self-pity was fully justified.

He was staying at a small Art Colony (on credit), trying to rebuild his wrecked life and wretched body. Among those at the Colony was Mike, a Hawaiian boy. Mike seemed to be always cheerful. Mike seemed always prosperous. And, naturally, Blanding wondered why. For Mike, when he had known him before, had been blessed with few of this world's goods.

So one day he asked Mike what good fairy had waved her wand over him and turned all that he touched into gold.

For answer, Mike pointed to a string of letters he had pasted over his bed — "L-I-D-G-T-T-F-T-A-T-I-M."

Blanding read them, but could make no sense out of them. "What are they, the 'Open, Sesame' to the Treasure Cave?"

"They have been the 'Open Sesame' for me," Mike told him, and went on to explain how they had helped him. It seems that Mike, too, had experienced his ups and downs, but in the course of one of his "downs," he had happened upon a teacher who showed him the power of PRAISE and THANKFULNESS.

"There is an inherent law of



By permission from *Riches Within Your Reach*, Robert Collier Publications.

mind," says Charles Fillmore, "that we INCREASE whatever we PRAISE. The whole of creation responds to praise, and is glad. Animal trainers pet and reward their charges with delicacies for acts of obedience; children glow with joy and gladness when they are praised. Even vegetation grows better for those who love it. We can praise our own ability, and the very brain cells will expand and increase in capacity and intelligence, when we speak words of encouragement and appreciation to them."

God gave you dominion over the earth. Everything is your servant, but remember it is said in the Scriptures that God brought every beast and fowl to Adam, *to see what he would call them*. You are like Adam in this, that you can give to everything and everybody with whom you come in contact the name you like. You can call them good or bad. And whatever you call them, that is what they will be—good servants or evil. You can praise or curse them, and as you do, so will they be to you.

There is one unailing Law of Increase—"*Whatever is praised and blessed, MULTIPLIES!*" Count your blessings and they increase. If you are in need of supply, start in now to praise every small piece of money that comes to you, blessing it as a symbol of God's abundance and love. Salute

the Divinity represented by it. Bless Him and name Him Infinite and Abundant Supply. You will be surprised how soon that small piece of money, will increase to many pieces. Take God into your business. Bless your store, bless every one who works for you, every customer who comes in. Know that they represent the Divinity called Abundance, so bless them as such.

If you are working for someone else and want a better job or more pay, start by BLESSING and being THANKFUL *for what you have*. Bless the work you are doing, be thankful for every opportunity it gives you to acquire greater skill or ability or to serve others. Bless the money you earn, no matter how little it may be. Be so thankful to God for it that you can give a small "Thank Offering" from it to someone in greater need than yourself.

Suppose the Boss does seem unappreciative and hard. Bless him just the same. Be thankful for the opportunity to SERVE faithfully, no matter how small the immediate reward may seem to be. Give your best, give it cheerfully, gladly, thankfully, and you will be amazed how quickly the INCREASE will come to you—not necessarily from your immediate boss, but from the Big Boss over all.

Few realize the power of praise and blessing. Praise may be call-

ed the great liberator. You remember the story of Paul and Silas. They lay in jail bound with chains, but they did not despair. They rejoiced and sang hymns of praise, and lo, the very walls were shaken down and they were set free.

Praise always magnifies. When we praise God and then look about us and praise His invisible presence in all that we see, we find that the good is so magnified that much becomes evident that we ordinarily fail to see. Running through all of Jesus Christ's acts as well as His teachings we find the glowing element of praise. When He looked at five loaves and two small fishes and realized that He had a multitude to feed, His first thought was a thought of praise. "And looking up to heaven, he blessed."

"If anyone could tell you the shortest, surest way to all happiness and all perfection," wrote William Law, "he must tell you to make it a rule to yourself to thank and praise God for everything that happens to you. For it is certain that whatever seeming calamity happens to you, if you thank and praise God for it, you turn it into a blessing. Could you therefore work miracles, you could not do more for yourself than by this thankful spirit; for it turns all that it touches into happiness."

How then can YOU increase

your supply? How can you get more of riches and happiness and every good thing of life? In the same way as the Wise Men and the Prophets of old. In the same way that He filled the disciples' nets to overflowing with fish, after they had labored all night and caught nothing.

By EXPANDING what you have! And the way to expand is through love, through praise and thanksgiving—through saluting the Divinity in it, and naming it Infinite and Abundant Supply.

Throughout the Bible we are told—"in everything by prayer and supplication WITH THANKSGIVING let your requests be made unto God." Again and again the root of inspiration and attainment is stressed. *Rejoice, be glad, praise, give thanks!*

And that was what our Hawaiian boy had done. That was the secret of his prosperity and success. The Talisman he had pasted over his bed meant—"Lord, I do give Thee thanks for the abundance that is mine." Every time he looked upon it, he repeated those words of thankfulness. The happy ending lies in the fact that these words of praise and thanksgiving proved to be as potent a talisman for Don Blanding as they had for Mike, the Hawaiian.

"Whoso offereth praise, glorifieth Me," sang the Psalmist of old. And it is as true today as it

was thousands of years ago. Praise, thankfulness, understanding—these three supply the golden key to anything of good you may desire of life.

One of the finest persons who worked for me was an elderly servant woman. She had a tough time in life, poorly educated, used split infinitives, came early in the morning to clean the house. She often said to me as I left in the morning, 'Sure, you look good today. You've got a big job, you work hard, you'll win.' She *thought* I was good, and when I went out I *was* good. Top executives who read this know very well the truth of what the chauffeur, maid, gardener—who gives them a cheery word of praise, means to them at market time, conference time, or directors' time—it rings in their mind—oh, yes, they remember. You can't fly too high.

And the mother who *thinks* her boy or girl is about right, aids them on as no one else can.

I have this belief—that big or little, praise does win friends, wins respect for yourself, wins you a monetary return, and it helps a Pullman porter, a housewife, an industrialist, to bigger, better things. It cost you nothing but a smile—but do be sincere.

To the wives who may read this: You know your man. He can't fool you. But be just as honest as you can, praise him, send him out to his private automobile, his street car, his bicycle, his train, or his walk, with a smile, with praise, and you'll wear sables—try it.

Like attracts like. Praise and appreciation bring back greater praise and appreciation to you. If you want health, happiness, in your life, if you are seeking riches and success, *attune your thoughts to these*. BLESS the circumstances that surround you. Bless and praise those who come in contact with you. Bless even the difficulties you meet, for by blessing them, you can change them from discordant conditions to favorable ones, you can speed up their rate of activity to where they will bring you good, instead of evil. It is only lack of RESPONSIVENESS to good that produces the lacks in your life. Good revolves at a high rate of activity. You can key your activity to that same rate by an expectant, confident state of mind. You can bring all your surroundings and circumstances up to that same level by BLESSING them, PRAISING the good in them, saluting the DIVINITY in them.

BY ALICE JACKSON WHEATON

# My Philosophy of Life

The word "philosophy" is a large and comprehensive word. To be asked to give one's philosophy of life which a panel of four was asked to do for a church Woman's Organization demanded searchings of heart and mind. We were told to go into the past to discover what was making us "tick" in the present. I was the oldest of the four so looked backward a number of decades. In the process of reminiscing which this involved we all agreed that an analysis of our individual philosophies was most difficult since we were still groping and we hoped, growing. It is perhaps worth while to record

which of the influences in a long life were basic and permanent.

A statement which my older brother was fond of making, greatly influenced my impressionable years, "Character is destiny". It is a stern and challenging philosophy, although it does not tell the whole story and was the cause of much introspection, both wholesome and unwholesome.

From my college course in pedagogy I had gathered a key word, "Experiential", which I had applied more or less to both people and ideas. If a person posed as a religious leader, had he tested out his faith? If advice was offered



was it unselfish and sincere? Did an author believe what he wrote? Etcetera. The word or what it connotes is being increasingly used in serious articles today.

The young married folk of my generation had to go through two wars and a depression. Whether or not tragedy stalked into our lives the events which were transpiring colored and slanted our attitudes and acts. We felt it a duty to go into numerous activities, drives, organizations, war work, church "circles".

I must have felt at this time that my roots for living were not very deep as I copied into a note-book of that period the following, author unknown: "I read in a book that a man called Christ went about doing good. It is very disconcerting to me that I am so easily satisfied with just going about."

A small book written before the 1900's by a French priest, the Abbe de Tourville is entitled "Letters of Direction". Certain influences that were especially strong and deep I like to think of as "Letters of Direction". I shall not elaborate on the ones I failed to read or misread. As someone puts it, "How I've always yearned To live one life for practice, Another when I've learned."

A fortunate "Letter" led me to have special contacts with Isabella Reid Buchanan, who, outside of my family, I may call my most un-

forgettable character. She was a pioneer in systematic and graphic methods of Bible study. I was a charter member of a club that was started between wars, a club, not a class and was named for Mrs. Buchanan. It is still flourishing with approximately a hundred members who represent a variety of denominations. (This club was described in the Winter 1951-1952 issue of "Clear Horizons" with the title "A One-Book Study Club".)

I was later drafted to prepare programs for the group. My father was a minister and there were daily family prayers during my growing up years. Great Bible passages and verses rang bells for me. Now for program building I approached the Bible as a student and became acquainted with those dedicated Bible scholars who have spent their lives in Bible study and have opened up new vistas of Bible appreciation. The Book which had heretofore been somewhat of a devotional scrap book was now a never ending surprise and challenge. Bible study became and has continued to be my principle avocation.

I shall not forget the period when I discovered the Psalms, or shall I say the Psalms discovered me! I could apply to them my criterion of "experiential religion". Those Old Testament poets combine a realistic facing of every hardship and of every joy of life

with a touching and poignant faith in God and in His mercy enduring forever.

Another "letter of direction" brought my husband and myself to know intimately Glenn Clark and to test his philosophy of life. We were among the first members of his class at Plymouth Congregational Church of Minneapolis. This class had the uninterrupted leadership of Dr. Clark until his death and since has been led by his son-in-law, Norman Elliott—a period of over thirty years. The projects which Dr. Clark started from small and prayerful beginnings with Christians of various denominations have grown phenomenally and are witnesses for Christ around the globe. As the Revised Standard version puts it, "God works with those who love Him" (Romans 8:28).

Glenn's philosophy was both simple and profound as he lived it: love as a way of life together with prayer as a fellowship with God in Christ Jesus, equal faith and trust.

Before his death he encouraged me in research for an anthology which would consist of excerpts from the words of the men and women of the Christian era whose lives were open windows to God—the so-called saints and mystics from the time of the early Church Fathers down to the present day. To enter into the inner lives of

those souls who had made the thrilling discovery of God and who lived in utter dependence on Him, according to the pattern set by Jesus Christ,—this was experiential religion; it helped to fill a hitherto empty place in my spiritual storehouse. As Rufus Jones says, "Christianity is at its very heart a mystical religion."

The study of the life and ministry of Christ has been a continuing one. Every so often a realization of the impact of that life floods the soul with an almost overwhelming force. To apply the words of the greatest of all the Psalms (Psalm 139), "Such knowledge is too high, I cannot attain to it." The miracle of all miracles is Jesus Himself. The Christian church down the centuries is the supreme testimony of His living and continuing influence.

The Apostle Paul did not have a static philosophy of life. His tremendous summary is found in the verse, "For me to live is Christ." We cannot read his autobiography related in half-apologetic fashion in II Corinthians, eleventh chapter, without being stirred to the very depths. We apply the words of Paul which the writer of Hebrews used in his eulogy of Moses: "He endured as seeing Him who is invisible."

These are a very few of the kind of influences operating down

through the years that have helped to determine what I think and how I act today. I cannot seem to "wrap them up" into a neat packet of words which would make up a philosophy of life. I do add four rather personal "I Believe's" which I am sure will never be set to music:

1. *I believe that as long as we live we should strive to ENDURE, trusting "that as our day so shall our strength be."* These times are turbulent for both young and old. The prophet Hosea wrote that the Vale of Achor (which is translated "trouble") can become the door of Hope. The Chinese have two words for our one word "crisis", "danger" and "opportunity". Let us stretch our horizons to take in the opportunities.

2. I believe we must make every effort to control thoughts as well as acts. Also that one of the worst sins is to feel sorry for ourselves. We look in vain for words of disillusion or discouragement in the recorded words of true Christian saints and martyrs and true religious leaders.

3. I believe that every sincere cry to the Father for help and illumination is answered. For specific things that we pray for, the answer may be Yes, or No, or Wait.

4. I believe, since our days are broken into hours, and the hours into minutes, it is possible to live just a day at a time, forgetting, as Paul says, those things that are behind.

Paul has for me a special "letter of direction" to help in the living of each day with "radiant serenity" to use Rufus Jones' words. It is found in the last chapter of his Epistle to the church at Philippi, a "spiritually gallant letter", someone called it, to a church that was very near his heart. After conferring dubious immortality on two women, Euodias and Syntyche, who were evidently causing trouble in the Ladies' Aid of that day, and telling them to be of one mind, Paul gives very detailed advice. I use the Phillips translation (Letters to Young Churches); "Delight yourself in God". (King James version, "Rejoice in the Lord".) "Have a reputation for gentleness" (a very precious phrase). "Never forget the nearness of your Lord. Don't worry over anything whatsoever; tell God every detail of your needs in earnest and thankful prayer; and the peace of God which transcends human understanding will keep constant guard over your hearts and minds as they rest in Christ Jesus."

## TARGET

# ANXIETY

RAYMOND E. DAVIS

Anxiety means a state of being uneasy, apprehensive or worried about what may happen. Fear, many times without a real cause or far out of proportion to the real cause, produces the same basic bodily changes as actual fear. Because anxiety has its main source inside the mind, it is often harder to expel than fear.

Three professions collaborate in attempting to help the anxious patient: (1) the medical world attempts to tranquilize with drugs, (2) the psychological world attempts to complement this action with the theory of psychoanalysis and the application of it, and (3) the divinity or theological world, with appreciation for the medical and psychological approach to anxiety goes further by adding spiritual therapy.

Each person in the world today should have a target of achievement to hit in life and if spiritual, mental and physical coordination and aim are good, the bull's eye can be hit every time. We are human and we err. Our vision is often blocked with spiritual astigmatism, and our target is often clouded by anxiety. Though medical science cannot form lenses to correct your spiritual outlook or vision and psychoanalysis cannot completely irradicate anxiety, there is an answer, and it is found in the Bible. The great physician, the great psychologist, and the greatest of all ministers, inspired Paul to say, "Entertain no worry, (or be anxious for nothing) but under all circumstances (whatever they be) let your petitions be made known before God by prayer and plead-

ing, along with thanksgiving (a grateful attitude). So shall the peace of God that surpasses all understanding keep guard over your hearts and your thoughts in Christ Jesus (Philippians 4:6 Berkeley version).

No special talent is required to be a worrier, for worrying comes quite natural for all. It's quite easy to become troubled, uneasy, anxious or distressed about everyday happenings in our lives. And to the discouraged, anxious, nervous, fearful, irritable, excitable and agitated, the weak, exhausted, preoccupied, unsociable, and to those who have lost interest and zest for life, there is an answer. Prayer to an understanding God who is interested in our most trifling problem is the answer. Prayer can be to us a spiritual tranquilizer and diuretic. It can be the healthful talking out of painful ideas to an understanding and loving God. It can be the emotional excretion of material that has been poisoning our minds. Often our thoughts given to God in prayer would be disagreeable if expressed to even our closest of friends on earth, but God understands and accepts all

thoughts. He encourages a complete elimination of troubling thoughts. Confession of sin in our lives can be a form of catharsis and can have good psychological and spiritual benefits in our lives. The greater the problem in our lives, the greater the intensity of our prayer should be. Our sincerity is many times shown by tears, and it should be remembered that tears are not always a sign of weakness but many times indicate a potential strength.

Prayer aids in understanding problems and we need not be locked in life's dark dungeon of anxiety, scared by insane threats of life. The spiritual hypodermic of faith can be injected, and our problems which threaten our happiness can be lessened greatly by this faith. God can be a very present help in times of trouble, and the therapeutic of prayer can relieve anxiety. In some cases, time enhances the value of prayer. Since prayer never fails, we should not become anxious about the time it takes to relieve a problem. Remember, time is on our side, and so is God.



Patience is a most necessary qualification for business; many a man would rather you heard his story than granted his request.

*Lord Chesterfield*

Faith in miracles is the faith that has lifted the world.

# Miracles

*Glenn Clark*

What the Protestant Church needs is a rebirth of *faith in miracles*. Not a faith in miracles that run counter to the laws of life and reason, the fruits of superstition and ignorance, but rather a faith in the new and higher synthesis of science and mathematics, the newly discovered laws of Matter and Space and Motion and Energy—laws which reveal, for instance, that within a cup of cold water there lies power enough if properly released, to send a battleship across the Atlantic ocean, laws that reveal that a voice speaking in Moscow can be heard in New York, laws that reveal that some day a man who starts west in an airplane at sunrise can travel clear around the world faster than the sun. These laws of Space and Time and Motion are the mere fringes of the higher spiritual laws of Eternity, Infinity, and Stillness, that are waiting until our faith shall bring them to pass.

The Protestant Church is the church that exalted the thinker.

For thousands of years the thinkers were engaged proving by logic that miracles could not happen. Now the pendulum is moving to the other side, and the thinker is proving through radio, X-ray, ultra-violet ray, cosmic ray, and the airplane that miracles are the law of life.

Through the Middle Ages the Catholic Church, despising the thinker, had been the church which kept alive the tradition that miracles could happen. Now the time has come when the Protestant Church, exalting the thinker, must take the lead in bringing miracles again into the field of the spirit.

One-half the educated Protestant laity and clergy believe in miracles in the Bible, but stop definitely there. They do not believe in miracles in modern times. The other half of the Protestant thinkers neither believe in the miracles in the Bible or out of the Bible. Where Catholics and Christian Scientists and the new thought creeds go beyond the Protestant

is in their faith in miracles. Catholics have from time immemorial commemorated the miracles of their saints. Christian Scientists believe that greater miracles than those that occurred in the Bible may happen now every day. True, in many instances, especially in the past, their understanding has been insufficient, faulty. Uneducated Catholic lands are hotbeds for superstition, Protestants claim. Every once-in-a-while a Christian Scientist's home is visited by a death that might have been prevented had ordinary, scientific, hygienic, and medicinal precautions been taken we are told. Undoubtedly there is truth in these claims—undoubtedly there are times when faith in miracles is a handicap. But where such faith is backed up by sound sense and purified spirit, it is never a handicap. Faith in miracles is the faith that has lifted the world to the point where it is now. The spirit of wonder, of expectation, of faith in the invisible, the unseen, has led our clumsiness into new discoveries, our Edisons into new inventions, our Wordsworths and Coleridges into wonderful new vistas of rhythm and beauty. Every day the world is taking a step forward because of men who believe in their hearts in miracles.

There is no miracle I could mention or describe that stirs the incredulity of the average orthodox

church group, and especially of ministers and theological students, more than the assumption that it is possible for living beings to become saints, that perfection is possible, that sainthood is possible, that it is not only possible, but natural, normal. Jesus was the only completely natural and normal man. The Catholics and the Christian Scientists accept the assumption as perfectly reasonable. Therefore I find that a prophet coming to a Catholic or a Christian Scientist audience would find half his work already done, whereas, coming to a Protestant audience, he would have to devote half his time to persuading them that his hypothesis of perfection was possible before he would find it of any profit to show them how to attain it.

Therefore, if a new Messiah should come to Protestant America, he would have to be preceded first by a voice from the wilderness making the way straight, and that voice would find its message to be the call to the belief in miracles, and above all, to the miracle of perfection as an attainable ideal.

The greatest single equipment for the modern missionary is an unconditioned faith in the perfectibility of people. It is not seeing a man's faults, but seeing his perfection, that makes him perfect. The Protestant religion has been condemned by many as a religion

of protest, a religion of long faces and acrimonious fault-finders. True it is, that the history of the Protestant Church reveals occasional waves of criticism and fault-finding, but these waves, I believe, are the ebb, and not the flow, of that eternal tide of perfection in the hearts of men.

In my little book, *Fishers of Men*, I gave my conviction that each person is essentially perfect, like a victrola is perfect, and that his bad habits and perverted instincts are merely the wrong records that he has allowed to be placed upon him. Strange to say, this hypothesis of mine has been questioned by only one group of thinkers—graduates from our Protestant Theological Schools. The Catholic, the Christian Scientist, the Protestant laymen, and the man in the street all accept it as a matter of course. Without my knowing it, in my simple and naive expression of what is, perhaps, my deepest, inmost conception, the most precious tool, which enables spiritual thinkers to bring about their most marvellous spiritual awakenings in those who are in the depths of despair, is questioned by the very ones in whose hands the spiritual welfare of the Protestant Church lies.

Now, I did not propound this idea as a theory, but as a hypothesis. A hypothesis is something that is not intended to be talked about,

debated about, but *put into action*. And until it is put into action it is not, as far as you are concerned, a truth at all; it is merely a theory. It is possible that much of the weakness on our modern Protestant Churches is that our pulpits are being used as places for talking *about* opinions and theories, and not used as altars for revealing burning, living truths!

The one thing which the missionary can take to foreign lands is Christ. Not creeds, not rituals, not a system of church hierarchy. The Pagan religions have all these. The only thing which pagan religions do not have is Christ. And the only place where Christ goes beyond the pagan conception of religion is His doctrine of Love. And the only place where His doctrine of Love goes beyond the doctrine of love in all other religions is in His doctrine of forgiving His enemy. And no one can, in all sincerity, forgive a man whom he considers a veritable sewer of filth. This forgiving of one's enemy, says Jesus, is the point in man where perfection is reached.

A missionary from Turkey said, "A group of Turkish students came to our home every Sunday night to study the life of Christ. Finally one said, 'Show us one American who forgives his enemies, and we will all become Christians.' And I was sorry to

say I could not." A missionary in South America told me, "The chief handicap in making converts in South America is the personality of Martin Luther. If Luther had been less pugnacious and more forgiving of his enemies, a man like Abraham Lincoln, we could sweep South America into the Protestant Church tomorrow."

Almost no converts are made to Protestant Churches in Turkey and South America, and why? Because we have failed to grasp and live the greatest truth of Jesus' life—the gift of forgiving one's enemies.

Therefore, the first step one should take in his process of preparation for such a field of labor should be an unwinding of the cords and bonds of material thoughts that bind him about those conventional wrappings that have enveloped him about and hampered his freedom of the spirit. And when we come to the very last and deepest layer of these cords that bind the spirit and hold one's eyes toward things earthly, and chain

one's feet to the dust, we find that they are prejudices and rancors and unforgivenesses and hatreds and envies and jealousies toward people.

Now, a reasonable, sensible, thinking person with high ideals cannot, down in his heart, forgive a man who is essentially wicked, who is at heart a devil. Anyone, on the other hand, can forgive a man who is not a devil, but who *has* a devil. I have yet to find anyone in America who identifies a person's sin with a person who ever converts him, or who identifies a person's trouble with the person and makes any permanent cures through prayer, or identifies a sin with the sinner and does any permanent and outstanding saving of souls. I sincerely believe that the single greatest equipment for foreign missionary work, as well as for all spiritual work, whether at home or abroad, is a conception of every man's infinite, essential, God-given perfection.

### Each Sacred Hour

*Evelyn DeWalt*

I hold this next hour up for YOU to bless:

It is an empty cup, not filled with life  
As yet; what it will contain of livingness

(It may appear as joy or maybe strife)

Is all a part of my eternal Plan

As YOU have planned it; I thrill to each event,  
Knowing each moment holy in the life of man,  
Each tiny circumstance significant.

## Stand "Tip - Toe" To Grow

ENOLA CHAMBERLIN

"Look, Mommy," the three year old cries, "see how I've grown. I can get a drink of water all by myself."

Mother looks to see her baby standing on tip-toe to reach the faucet above the wash bowl.

Now this baby hadn't grown suddenly in physical stature, but he had grown in making an effort. He had grown in knowledge, in independence, in self-reliance. He had grown into a sense of equality with the big folks around him. He had grown in his power of seeking and finding, in attaining. But he had to stand on tip-toe to do it.

Perhaps all of us would be willing to stand on tip-toe physically if that were all we had to do to grow to the things we want, the things we need. But after the years have swept by us with our full physical growth, few of us have

to stand tip-toe at all. We thus lose the challenge of childhood in that respect and the incentive to stand on tip-toe in other ways.

I perhaps, am fortunate. Being short, I have often to stand on tip-toe, and I know that in many ways I have gained from it. Let me give you an example. My bedroom windows are so high that, standing flat footed I can see only the broad sweep of sky, the tops of the trees and my neighbor's roof. By coming to my tip-toes I see tree branches, and birds come into view. I can see my neighbor's lawn where his curly haired boy plays with a shaggy dog. My heart expands at the beauty, the peace of the scene I would not ever revel in if I did not stand tip-toe. Yes, I would like to have lower-set windows, but would I then actually notice these things

which press themselves into me so deeply since I have to stand tip-toe to see them? Would I not deny myself the growth I gain by standing tip-toe to drink in these wonders of God's world? I do not know. I know only that I do not get the lift from looking from my lower windows that I get when I have to stretch to look from the higher ones.

But standing on tip-toe may have nothing physical about it at all. I have a friend who has stood on tip-toe figuratively for all the years I have known her. One day an acquaintance snubbed her pointedly by not asking her to a dinner given for a noted person whom they both knew. A short time later my friend had an out of town notable for dinner. Did she retaliate by not asking the woman who had snubbed her? No, she sent her a special invitation, gave her a seat of honor at the table. Later some of her friends remarked about it.

"That was a big thing for you to do," one woman said.

"Not so big," my friend replied, "I had only to stand on tip-toe to do it."

"You had only to stand on tip-toe!" the woman rejoined. "I would have had to climb the Empire State Building and stand on tip-toe in the bargain."

But that was because she had not been standing on tip-toe,

reaching, reaching for higher things as my friend had.

We stand on tip-toe when we make a special effort to gain knowledge. We stand on tip-toe when we do something which is very hard to do. Asking forgiveness is an example. Being thankful for the blessings we have when some have been denied us or have been taken away, is another. Being cheerful, walking the extra mile, turning the other cheek, repaying evil with good are others. And if we are to grow into God's kingdom, if we are to see His will done on earth no flat-footed, effortless approach will do. We must stand tip-toe, reaching, reaching to our utmost.

Taking a page from the psychologist's note book, we find that emotion follows action or is simultaneous with it, that actually, standing on tip-toe physically a number of times a day, makes mental and spiritual tip-toe standing a much easier thing to do. It also helps to keep us reminded once we have set ourselves to a reaching-up attitude.

In my own case I have found this to be true. Physical tip-toe standing exhilarates me. I, like the little boy who reached the faucet, feel that I have grown, that I can touch things I had not touched before. And in this mood I can go on to mental and spiritual tip-toe standing with ease.

## Ye Shall Know the Truth

*Joel S. Goldsmith*

The Infinite Way is based on the premise that our state of consciousness draws to us our life's experience. We are responsible for whatever of good has come into our lives. Nobody could have given it to us because it is not separate and apart from our own consciousness. We have drawn it to ourselves.

Moreover, and this is not as easy to swallow and digest, whatever of discord and inharmony we have experienced in life, we have created for ourselves. Nobody has done it to us, and nothing has brought it to us, except ourselves. We may not be willing to accept or believe this as we think back over our life, because the tendency is usually to blame someone else for our own shortcomings: "Oh, no, it was my parents' situation that prevented me from getting an education"; "it was my partner's failure that caus-

ed me to lose a fortune"; "it was my husband's lack of consideration that made me unhappy"; or, "it was my wife's extravagance that increased my worry." None of this is true. Hard as this is to acknowledge, nevertheless, our state of consciousness has drawn to us the experiences that we have had or are now having.

That does not imply that there is any guilt upon our shoulders for wrongdoing or wrong thinking. It only indicates our ignorance of the truth, and that is what determines the outcome. In other words, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." If we do not know the truth, we will be in bondage. Our only fault has been that we have not known the truth, and for that we are not responsible.

Unless we have been taught the truth from birth, it is inevitable that sin, disease, lack, limitation,

From *Science of Thought Review*, by Joel S. Goldsmith.

or death must touch us at certain periods in our lives. The only way in which we could have avoided these experiences would have been to have known the truth, but because we were born into ignorance, the truth was not always available to us. In fact, there was very little of truth for anyone in the West to know until modern metaphysical teachings brought a measure of light.

Wherever the Spirit of God is, there is liberty. But it takes a *you* or a *me* to bring that Spirit of God into active expression where we are. We must not look to a God for our good any more than we must look to "man, whose breath is in his nostrils", but we must know the truth. This puts the responsibility on our shoulders, for unless you and I know the truth, we shall not be made free and we cannot help free those to whom we owe that obligation.

Although God is the same yesterday, today and forever, and is no respecter of persons there is a "ye"—"Ye shall know the truth." The responsibility rests with you and with me. In proportion to your state of consciousness, do you bring harmony into your body, your home, family, purse, community, and ultimately into your entire world.

The degree of consciousness that you develop will determine your outward life—of the body,

of the purse, and the life you experience in your community and family. No one can add to your consciousness more than you permit to be added to it. On the other hand, no man can withhold from you an experience to which your consciousness entitles you, because it is the substance of whatever demonstration in life you make.

That leads to what, at first thought, may seem like a very selfish principle, but one which years from now you will realize is actually the most unselfish principle there is. Remember that the Master told His disciples, "Ye are the light of the world," a light that cannot be hid—but until you have become that light, you have nothing to give the world and nothing with which to benefit the world. The world is full of men who can tell the world how to live, but who cannot demonstrate it even for themselves, much less for others.

Therefore, give up all thought of benefiting or helping the world; all thought of healing or teaching truth; all thought of blessing mankind. This sounds very selfish, but until you have first learned the truth and practiced and demonstrated it to such an extent that you are the very light of truth, you cannot be of any help even to yourself, let alone to others. Let the world come to you and seek you out only when you have be-

come the light that shines in the darkness.

*Your function and mine is to share the truth with those who seek it—those who want it, who have earned it, and who are willing to pay the price.* Perhaps you are wondering why there is or should be a price for truth, and what that price is. The Master said, "Go and sell that thou hast." Dedicate yourself, give yourself, spend unto your last farthing until you have become the very embodiment of Truth Itself, until you have It, until you are It, until It possesses you, until you live, yet not you, but Christ lives your life.

Then as you rise into that awareness, someone will come to you and say, "I don't know why it is, but I feel so comfortable when I am in your presence. Can I tell you my troubles?" And outwardly you will be all attention, but inwardly you will be saying, "Thank you God, I don't believe it," and just because of your not believing it, he will be benefited.

Error perpetuates itself until it hits up against a state of consciousness that does not accept it. It is like gossip, rumor, or scandal which travels from one person to another until it reaches one person who scornfully repudiates it as nonsense. Then it comes to an end and dies.

As you develop a state of consciousness that does not accept

error as a reality, one by one people will come to you, telling you that they are comforted by being with you. You will then begin to find that you are a light and a blessing. When you discover that, be even more silent than before. Keep it within yourself because anything in your life that is sacred is secret.

You bless the outside world, not by divulging what has happened to you, but by your risen state of consciousness. At this moment, dedicate your life to the search for the Holy Grail, and then let your service to God and man come after you have found it.

As long as you are searching for Truth, you have not very much to share—certainly not enough spiritual power to heal or comfort the people of the world. All you have is a hope, a hope that you are on the right path, a hope that you have found the right teaching, but you are not yet certain, you have not yet had a revelation from God, saying to you, "This is the way"; or "Now My power is upon you, and you are ordained."

Continue seaching until you discover your path and until it registers in your consciousness so forcefully that you feel, "I now forsake all others. This is the way, and I walk in it. This is my path, the path God has shown me. This is my spiritual home. These are the principles with which I can heal,

comfort, and bless." Until that time comes, you have not arrived. Until that time comes, you are still searching to find the way, and it is best that you keep silent and keep secret whatever you are doing.

When the day arrives that you absolutely know that you have found your spiritual path or your particular approach to life, then work with the principles it teaches so that you understand the letter of truth upon which you are building your consciousness.

If you are lifted up, you can draw all men to your state of consciousness. But if you do not have a healing consciousness, what is the point of wanting to heal? If you do not have a developed consciousness of the Spirit of God, you will not bless anyone. This

is an important point. With their first smattering of truth, many students want to run out to the world, broadcasting the little they know, ignorantly believing that because of their enthusiasm, they can heal. Enthusiasm is not the healing agency. Only the Spirit of God is that. Only a developed spiritual consciousness is that.

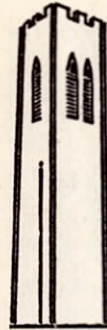
Therefore, give your first attention to yourself; study and practice . . . Silently and secretly practice by helping members of your family. Silently, secretly, practice, practice until you actually witness fruitage taking place. Then keep doubly silent, until somebody comes to you and asks for help. Then one by one, and two by two, the world will come to you, the world that can receive you.



## God Speaks

*Elizabeth Ricketts Taylor*

There is a sermon in the rose,  
And in everything that grows.  
From rocky crag and mountain peak;  
In whispering trees we hear God speak.  
His love flows in the bright sunbeams;  
We hear it murmur in the streams.  
His power is seen in fertile lands,  
And in the wasted desert sands.



# Prayer Works

by Alma Fisher

*DIRECTOR, THE UNITED PRAYER TOWER*

"This is to report on the young girl about whom I phoned you, the one with the brain tumor and whose eyesight was effected. She went to her eye doctor, to their family doctor, and two neurosurgeons. All said they saw the brain tumor in the x-ray. This is quoted from her mother's letter. 'They took her to the hospital, took more x-rays to know just where to operate and it was gone! She is all right now and has gone back to school.' We were all praying, our prayer group, those in her town, and even abroad, as well as all of you. May God bless you always."—*Kentucky*

"Dear, wonderful prayer partners who helped me to pray for Mary Beth (substituted by the editor for the real name). I have talked with her sister and have learned how truly miraculous her healing was. I am not sure, however, that either Mary Beth or any of her family realize whence the healing came. That it was a medical miracle they readily admit. I have said nothing about the place prayer played in this, being guided by the Spirit. I have only prayed that they would *know* Christ healed her in answer to prayer. They do know that I, with others, was praying daily. Mary Beth had internal injuries as a result of the head-on collision. There were injuries to her liver and other internal organs and internal bleeding. Her pelvis was crushed, the bones were broken—ribs, arms, legs, jaw. She could not eat or talk. In fact she was not conscious much of the time at first.

Her brother, a doctor in a distant city, talked with the physician in charge and then telephoned his mother and sister to get to her as quickly as possible, as she could not live. The doctor told them on arrival that she could not live. 'Of course we can hope and try,' he said, 'but medically and surgically it is impossible.' The accident happened in June. She went home in August and is able to drive her car. So thank God for this miracle, and thank each and every one of you who prayed to God with us."—*Texas*

"It is almost six years ago to the month since my husband wrote you of my condition and asked that I might be remembered in prayer. And what a difference the prayers of faith have made in our lives. We thank all who have taken time to pray with faith and love and we pray that all may be richly blessed in their service of assurance and joy for individuals and for all the people of God's world. We were happy to receive last week the *Fellowship Messenger* and went through it page by page in order to know who the leaders are to be and when the Camps will meet. Just to think about them and recall the days of inspiration and fellowship brings comfort and strength. Please pray for all those who are just beginning their years of retirement. We are among them. It is not easy though we know they can be the best years of our lives if we listen and trust and seek strength to make them such."—*Wisconsin*



"I read with gratitude your annual letter addressing us as 'Dear Family in Christ.' It is something to be grateful for—to belong to the United Prayer Tower, with all your prayers and personal interest received. The messages, lessons, and prayers in the *Manual of Prayer* have been more meaningful (next to my Bible) than anything that God has been so kind to provide for my spiritual food. I want to thank you again for every prayer that has been offered for me and my home. They have been answered, and with new strength, courage, and understanding I now go into the future. Please continue to pray that I may live up to and be faithful to His tasks for me here on earth. I join in a renewed resolution to be a more prayerful member of 'This Family in Christ.'"—*Virginia*

"Thank you, Prayer Tower friends, for an inspiring monthly fellowship. My copies are sent out to others after reading them. It is to folks like myself, shut in the home a good part of the year, that this *Manual* is so valuable. I thank Mrs. Fisher for her recent letter and prayer card. In Canada and in our churches we always pray for the U.S.A. and your fine President Kennedy and his superhuman responsibilities. In fact, you are our cousins and we have the same objectives and outlook as your country has. You in the Prayer Tower will never know

how much you are helping and have helped others with your prayers for those in distress and the wonderful release given to them. God seems to answer as soon as we ask Him. That has been my experience. God bless you all."—*Canada*

"In September I wrote you asking if you would put the names of two of my young friends in your prayer box. This couple wanted so much to adopt a child and we wanted to pray about it to be sure it was God's will. Two weeks later a little boy was born and has been given them by an adoption agency. You have never seen a happier home. Also, I want to thank you for the sweet letter received from you in answer to my request. We will keep that in the baby's book and some day he will see for himself that he was a much-prayed-for child. God bless you one and all. I'm happy to be in your family."—*Minnesota*

"Thank you again for all the help you've given me through the years. I find it constantly amazing, the spiritual growth I have made since first receiving the *Manual of Prayer*. Each day finds me looking for more ways to serve our heavenly Father and grow more Christ-like. Life for me has become a great adventure. But for you, my friends, I would be plodding along through this life."—*Ohio*

#### 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 \$2.00 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.

THEY CAME TO A PLACE, Robert L. Otterstad, Augsburg, 48 pages. \$1.25. What happens to a man when he is told he is going to be blind? There was to be a cataract operation on one eye; and then shortly afterward there was the news that the other eye was going the same way! Words of cheer and comfort are empty. Suddenly the world seems strange and distant. What does a man do in such a situation? That is the account of this book. One of the turning points came in the office where he worked. When he announced the impending tragedy, one man said, "I'll pray for you." He knew this man meant it, and it meant everything in the world to him. And this is the story of a man who found out that His Lord was his true comfort, that his Lord walked the same path he was now walking, and that his Lord knew the way to overcome it. As it turned out his eyesight was restored after he had experienced blindness, but the big story is that when life is at its worst, God is at His best! Here is a little of what he says, "You knew that time was running out for you. The time of miraculous deliverance was growing shorter with each day. The moment of facing the apparently inevitable destiny was inching closer. You would expect your anxiety to be sharpening, but you found that this was not so. Here was another compensation: the peace and well being that came from living with God's love, will, and grace." For anyone facing the extremes of life, or illness of any sort, this book is hard to beat.

THE GOAL AND THE GLORY, Ted Simonson, Editor. Revell, 128 pages. Cloth \$2.95, paper \$1.00. The sub-title says, "America's Athletes Speak Their Faith." Introduction is by Branch Rickey. Many of America's finest athletes confess their faith in Jesus Christ, and the experiences that have meant the most to them in their personal lives. Some of the contributors are: Alvin Dark, Buddy Dial, Gil Dodds, Otto Graham, Rafer Johnson,

## books of interest

comments, summaries  
reviews & opinions  
on religious books

NORMAN K. ELLIOTT

Vernon Law, Dean Noomaw, Biggie Munn, Bob Petit, Wilma Rudolph and Francis Tarkenton. This is an almost perfect book to give to a teenager, especially a boy. It will increase their faith in Jesus Christ; and lead to a stronger life.

A CALVIN TREASURY. William F. Keesecker, selector and editor. This book will likely acquaint more people with the thinking of Calvin than any other book that has been written. Here are 535 essential selections from the "Institutes of the Christian Religion," the famous work of Calvin's that is world known. Calvin died quite early in his life. The literary output of this man, and the influence it had on succeeding generations, is monumental. To find that his famous work has been condensed and selected is wonderful. Anyone who wants to know the mature thoughts of this outstanding man will find it in this book.

THROUGH THE VALLEY OF THE KWAI, Ernest Gordon. Harper, 358 pages. \$3.95. The author is now the dean of the chapel at Princeton. At the beginning of the book he was an officer in the British army, and an agnostic. With his capture by the Japanese, and the subsequent hell of a prison camp, and also the imminence of death through illness, he came to a knowledge of God through Jesus Christ that changed his life. Most people will remember what he is talking about from the motion picture, "The River Kwai." When he was left to die some men came to wash his wounds and help him in any way possible. He lived. Then some of the soldiers came to him and asked him to conduct a class in Christianity. He himself wanted to know about it too. Their first contact with the living Christ was through reading the Gospels, and learning that Christ suffered too. They built a chapel for themselves. They remembered that Christ had forgiven his enemies and it soon became impossible to take communion unless they also forgave the Japanese. The end result of this inward journey was that this man entered the ministry after the war. The best that can be said about this book is that it is the story of humanity at its worst and God at His best! I found it one of the most memorable books in my life. Give it to a man who wonders if religion has anything relevant to say about life. This is true religion, and the true God, revealed at the extremes of life.

THE MAGNITUDE OF PRAYER, Kermit Olsen. Revell, 96 pages. \$2.00. One of the finest books on prayer you will read in many a day. The son-in-law of Glenn Clark has evidently learned a lot through association, but more

than that, he has experienced it and filtered it through his own experience into something that speaks directly to the heart. You will find it easy reading, and it will witness to your heart. The chapters are: In The Beginning, Prerequisites of Prayer, Understanding the Nature of Prayer Itself, The Kingdom of God and Prayer, Surrender and Prayer, Faith and Prayer, Love and Prayer. Mr. Olsen has worked his way into the reality of prayer. Through suffering he knows of what he writes. This is one book that mines the real ore of the Kingdom of Heaven.

ITS BRIGHT IN MY VALLEY, Philip Jerome Cleveland. Revell, 192 pages. \$3.50. Few writers have the knack of making an experience live all over again in print, but this man does it. He takes many of his experiences in the ministry with people, when he was the minister in a little seafaring town in Massachusetts, and tells what happened to him and his people. "A Wedding Gown for Mazie" tells of a fisherman's wife who gave up her prized possession, her wedding gown, for another girl who could not get married without a wedding gown which she couldn't afford. And, this girl, Mazie, was not the type that good church people would put themselves out for. It caused a crisis in the family, but based on the words of scripture to do unto others as you would have them do unto you the wife did what was right. And, the girl was married in the church. There are lots of good stories, and all of them true incidents, in this book. You will like it and be much better for having read it. The Rev. Mr. Cleveland must be a wonderful pastor.

# CHAMPION OF THE SILENT BILLION

## THE STORY OF FRANK C. LAUBACH BY HELEN M. ROBERTS

This is the first complete biography of Frank C. Laubach by someone who has actually worked with him, and known him over the years. In order to know a man, the inside man, one has to have had dreamed with him, known him in moments of victory and in moments of defeat, known him as the public knows him and also known him in those moments away from the crowd when he is alone and praying to awake a whole world, known him as a world leader acclaimed by foreign governments and known him as a perfectly human personality reaching out to God with one hand and toward mankind with the other, known the early aims and dreams and how they matured and changed with age and experience. All this has to be known. That is what this book is about—the complete man.

This book is filled with stories, anecdotes and incidents that have never been printed before. This is a sympathetic searchlight into the soul of one who is known as a modern saint.

CONTENTS: The Signal on Signal Hill—Each One Teach One—Boyhood in Benton—Growing Up—Preparation for a Career—Beginnings in Mindanao—Success or Failure—Literacy Around the World—Struggles in India—India's Asian Neighbors—African Safaris—Latin America—Europe and the Middle East—South Sea Island Magic—Streamlined English—Literacy Through Television—With Wings Like Eagles—The Tireless Writer—The Great Inspirer—The Army of Compassion.

THE AUTHOR: Helen M. Roberts is a successful writer of short stories and television drama. She has worked on the Laubach literacy programs in Africa and around the world. Price: \$3.50

**35 PHOTOGRAPHS!**

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

**MACALESTER PARK PUB. CO.**  
1571 Grand Avenue — St. Paul 5, Minn.

## CONTENTS

When You Feel Unimportant .....	<i>Ross M. Willis</i> .....	1
Pray At Your Own Risk .....	<i>Leland G. Griffin</i> .....	5
Love Ever Gives .....	<i>Ethel Tulloch Banks</i> .....	7
Conform or Transform .....	<i>Barry S. O'Leary</i> .....	10
Twelve Rules For Happiness .....	<i>Grenville Kleiser</i> .....	13
If You Believe, You Shall Receive	<i>Geraldine Russell</i> .....	15
Moses, Ancient Man Of Medicine	<i>D. G. McKenzie</i> .....	19
The "What Are You Going To Do Question" .....	<i>Charles Allen</i> .....	21
An Organists High Note .....	<i>Harold Helfer</i> .....	25
The Long Road Back .....	<i>Bruce Stinedurf</i> .....	27
Make This Your Day .....	<i>Leslie Duncan</i> .....	30
Thoughts Farthest Out .....	<i>Norman K. Elliott</i> .....	33
"Sono fratelli" .....	<i>James Aldredge</i> .....	36
When Things Go Wrong .....	<i>Heather Hume</i> .....	38
The Law Of Increase .....	<i>Robert Collier</i> .....	41
My Philosophy Of Life .....	<i>Alice Wheaton</i> .....	45
Target Anxiety .....	<i>Raymond Davis</i> .....	49
Miracles .....	<i>Glenn Clark</i> .....	51
Stand Tip-Toe To Grow .....	<i>Enola Chamberlin</i> .....	55
Ye Shall Know The Truth .....	<i>Joel S. Goldsmith</i> .....	57
Prayer Works .....	<i>The United Prayer Tower</i> .....	61
Books Of Interest .....	<i>Norman K. Elliott</i> .....	63