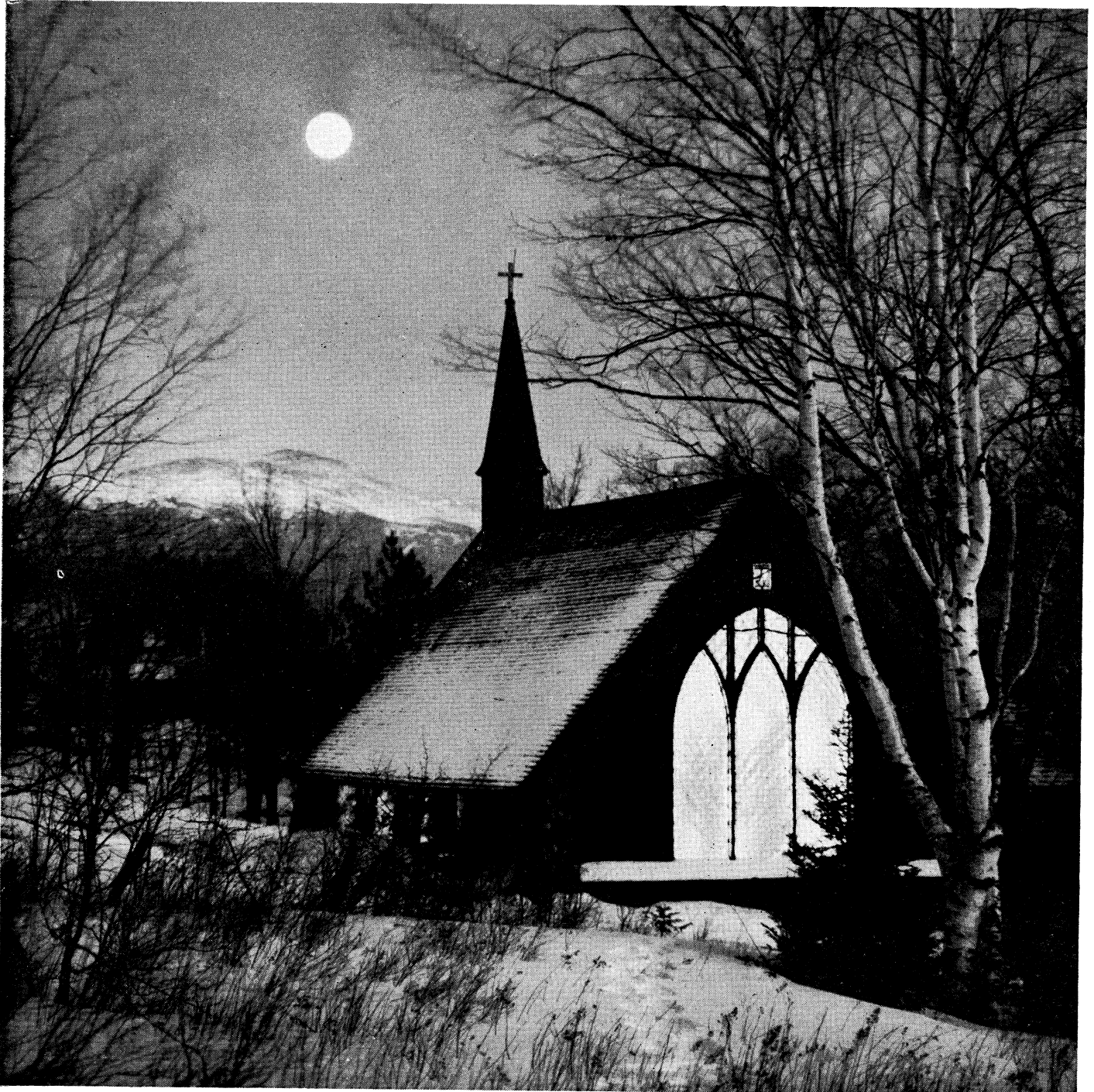


Bread of Life

Vol. V

December 1956

No. 12



The Word Was Made Flesh

and dwelt among us, . . . full of grace and truth.

*Let folly praise what fancy loves,
I love and praise that Child
Whose heart no thought, whose tongue no word,
Whose hand no deed defiled.
I praise Him most, I love Him best,
All praise and love are His.
While Him I love, in Him I live
And cannot live amiss.
Love's sweetest mark, laud's highest theme,
Man's most desired light.
To know Him life, to leave Him death,
To live in Him delight.*

—ROBERT SOUTHWELL, 1590.

“Comfort Ye”

By THE EDITOR

THESE BEAUTIFUL, REASSURING WORDS, uttered by the prophet Isaiah, stand at the very beginning of his mighty, majestic prophecy concerning the coming and work of the Messiah. To be sure, the way whereby God was to accomplish this was stated in veiled language and could only be fully understood by the revelation of God's Spirit. Nevertheless, throughout the years and centuries which passed before the Messiah came, there were always a few, at least, who though afflicted and tempest-tossed clung tenaciously to this promise of divine comfort.

At the time of the Messiah's birth we read that “There was a man in Jerusalem,” Simeon by name; “the same man was just and devout, waiting for the con-

solation of Israel” (Luke 2:25). That phrase, “Waiting for the consolation of Israel,” is most interesting. The Greek word (*paraklesin*) here translated consolation could also be translated comfort—the comfort of Israel. Now it is significant that in the Greek version of Isaiah the same word, only in the verbal form (*parakaleite*), is used for that sublime exhortation, “Comfort ye, comfort ye my people.”

Immediately after Luke states that Simeon was waiting for the comfort of Israel, he adds that “the Holy Ghost was upon him.” And then he says, “And it was revealed unto him by the Holy Ghost, that he should not see death, before he had seen the Lord's Christ”—i.e.

the Messiah (Messiah being the Hebrew equivalent of the Greek word, Christ). The clear implication of this passage is that the Holy Ghost revealed to Simeon that the true comfort of Israel was to be found in the long-looked-for Messiah.

But Simeon tells us much more than this in the outburst of praise which he uttered when he took the child Jesus in his arms. Then he calls this Comfort of Israel, the Messiah or Christ, the salvation of God which he has “prepared before the face of all people, a light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of Thy people Israel” (Luke 2:30-32).

The Comfort . . . the Christ . . . Thy Salvation . . . a Light . . . the Glory!

In prophecy Isaiah had foretold how this comfort of God would be made available to His afflicted people. Certainly in a way far different than the mind of man could possibly conceive. In order for this to be accomplished there must be a tremendous work of preparation, and this was to be done in the first place by “the voice of him that crieth in the wilderness.” This voice, the inspired Evangelists tell us, was none other than John the Baptist. That voice spoke the word of God to the multitudes from “Jerusalem, and all Judea, and all the region round about Jordan.”

What was the word? “Repent!”

Repentance—surely that is a strange way to get comfort. Strange at least to the natural man! For repentance is connected with sorrow, and sorrow is not considered comforting. But “My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways

(Continued on page 10.)

Bread of Life

VOL. V

No. 12

DECEMBER 1956

Published monthly by RIDGEWOOD PENTECOSTAL CHURCH, 457 Harman Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Editor: Gordon P. Gardiner. Ass't Editor: Caroline Gardiner. Contributing Editor: Hans R. Waldvogel. Office Manager: Miss Eleanor Perz. Photoengraver: Bingham Photoengraving Co. Entered as second-class matter at post office at Brooklyn, N. Y. Printed in U.S.A. Address all correspondence to P.O. Box 11, Brooklyn 27, N. Y. Make all subscriptions payable to Frank G. Posta, Treas. Annual Subscriptions: United States and Canada \$1.75; Foreign, \$2.00. Single copy—15c.

Christmas at Bethany

By HANS R. WALDVOGEL

DID YOU EVER HEAR about the Christmas celebration Jesus had at Bethany? Of course, Martha wanted to have everything just right for Him when He would arrive. She was so busy with Christmas preparations that she was all out of breath. She had been trimming the Christmas tree. And the day before Christmas she had gone all over town to do some last minute shopping and finally landed in the ten cent store. As she hurried home, she thought, "Tonight we are going to celebrate Christmas, but I don't know whether I'll enjoy it. Maybe the Master will, and of course, He'll have something to say about my hard work!"

Now she was just about out of grace, for, to add to everything else, her feet were wet because her rubbers had a hole in them and she had been slushing through snow the whole day.

When she came home, she found that the Master had been there *all day*. There the Master was in an easy chair with warm slippers on His feet and Mary was sitting on the floor before the fire, just listening to what He had to say. That was just the last straw! Martha just couldn't take it. Why in the world did He stand for all that foolishness—Mary sitting there all day while she was just working her head off to make a nice Christmas celebration for the Master? So she just put the supper on the table and said, "All right, you two go ahead and eat." Then she went up to her bedroom, flung herself on her bed and sobbed out her grief.

Silent night, *holy* night!

Christmas! Jesus had the right verdict, "Mary hath chosen that good part." What made Mary choose the good part? She had a different eye. Somehow the Spirit of God had been able to make her behold and understand and appreciate spiritual values for which Martha hadn't had time. If Martha had taken time and sat at the feet of Jesus He would have spoken words of life that would have transformed her.

Anybody can celebrate Christmas like the world celebrates it, and if you don't, you're not popular, you're not considered very nice. You're not considered a very good Christian if you don't pass out presents at least as valuable as those you have received from others, and you put them carefully on the scales, of course, to be sure so that you don't give any more candy than you receive. People outdo themselves to sort of appear Christ-like and appear like Christians and celebrate Christmas.

But I have been wondering how we would celebrate Christmas if God could anoint our eyes with eyesalve and make us to behold spiritual values. I tell you, there would be some difference. There would be a transformation of our minds. We would not be conformed to this world anymore, but we would be transformed by the renewing of our minds. We would think as God thinks. Our affections would be set on things that are invisible, not Christmas trees nor presents of this earth. Our affections would be centered in Him and we would realize where the true fountain is flowing.

"Of His fulness have all we

received." Why don't we? We are so busy, like Martha, fixing up the Christmas tree, so busy frying a steak and getting things ready for the Master, so busy with our own good works and our own spiritual intentions. Then you find that the Lord Jesus just shrugs His shoulders and says, "Martha, it is all vanity." We don't like that.

What will it be when Jesus comes and puts our works on the scale, and He says, "Wood, hay, stubble, put it in the fire, let it burn up"! We thought so well of ourselves. We thought we had done so well. We had worked so hard. But the only way you can work to please God is to have faith in God and to receive out of His fulness, to sit at His feet, to let Him be everything, to let Him do everything.

What a change would come over an assembly if each one in it would, like Mary, choose that good part! Do you know what would happen? People would pray as they never had before. How hard it is to get people to pray, to sit at the feet of Jesus! That is a spiritual job and only comes to those whose eyes have been anointed. Jesus said, "Father, You have hid these things from the wise and prudent"—they'll never discover them—"but Thou hast revealed them unto babes." Thank God, He has babes today to whom He has been able to reveal the beauty and wonder of Jesus.

That is what Paul is praying for in connection with the Ephesian church when he says that He would give unto you the spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of Him. You don't give Him a chance, else today our hearts would be en-

raptured with a sight of Jesus. We would not just overflow with joy because we get a blessing but our hearts would burn. There would be a love created by Almighty God for Jesus Christ and all hell couldn't quench it. There would be a sight of God that would shut your eyes to the beauties of earth. The Spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of the Son of God would make you love Him more than your own life. Also, it would make a disciple out of you.

One of the Christmas presents I prized most was an enlarged picture of my father and mother. It was so lifelike it almost shocked me when I saw it. It brought to my memory the good things, the wonderful things, my father and mother were to me and did for me. So it is when the Holy Ghost enlarges within your soul the sight of the Son of God. It brings to your heart the things that God is to you—what He is to you now. His fulness comes to you. Oh that unspeakable fulness!

Martha had no time for it. She had no heart for it. She was too religious, too spiritual.

"That slowpoke, Mary! That lazy thing! That mystic soul! You know you can go too far. You can get fanatical. You can get a little bit off."

Can you see that frown on Martha's face and the lip upturned in sarcasm? The Marthas will always do that.

When God brought me to Himself, He taught me to wait upon the Lord. Beloved, you will never, never know Jesus, you will never know the fulness of His grace, you will never know what He died for and what He rose for, and what He is coming for until you celebrate Christmas in God's way. And the only way to celebrate it is like Mary did, sitting at the Master's feet until the sun of the knowledge of the Son of God rises within your soul.

The wise and the prudent can come with their theology and philosophy, with their books of learning and their libraries, with their spiritual pride and their carnal pride, and all that the world today calls power and prides itself with, and to which god they build their costliest temples. Just as the heathen of old did! But the Lamb of God is still hanging on the cross, as it were, in the eyes of the world, still being crucified by those who call themselves Christians and sin willfully because they are not willing to be nothing and to come to Him like that, as empty vessels, and to wait upon the Lord.

How practical it is, but how difficult for the natural man that is so full of pride. It will never happen unless you wait upon the Lord. Do you know why? Because He has come to wait on us. He came to Bethany, not to admire that Christmas tree and to open the packages, but He came there with His fulness. He came unto His own and He is here every moment of your earthly life. And every moment of your earthly life He desires to bestow upon you out of His fulness, and we don't receive His fulness because we can't get it all at once. But listen, you never have His fulness until you're willing to take it as He gives it to you. You wait upon the Lord and the first thing that He will teach you is, not to be an apostle or a prophet, but He will teach you how to humble yourself, to come down and be nothing, and to think better of everybody else than of yourself. But, beloved, we can carry the imps of hell with us from Christmas to Christmas and sing "'Joy to the World, the Lord is come' but, Lord, don't come too close."

That's what's the matter—we don't want Him to come too close. If you gave Him a chance, if you took one week honestly to be alone with God, because

you believe that God is, and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him, if you took honestly the words of God and waited upon Him and came to this fountain of life to drink, you would find out what a farce this whole business that we call religion is. What a deception of the devil it is! And the more holy you think you are, the more spiritual you think you are, the less you see your need of Jesus.

You say, "The Lord is my Shepherd. He leadeth me beside the still waters, into green pastures." Yes, He will, but as sure as you follow Him, He will lead you to wait upon Him. It is a hard job. Try it once, try it for an hour, to get still before God. And then two hours. Then a day. Then two days. Try it once. See how hard it is. This natural man doesn't have any divine wisdom. He just doesn't want to follow. God says you cannot please God except by faith. That will make you to wait upon the Lord until He renews your strength. Out of His fulness you receive, and the emptier you are, the weaker you are, the poorer you are, the more you receive.

How many times have I said, "Jesus, I come to You with exactly nothing, and Jesus, I expect positively everything from You." I used to bring to Him zeal and a heart full of love, I thought. Like Peter, I found out that it didn't stand up in the hour of testing and trial. Now I bring nothing and I have more love for God than I ever dreamed of having because it is His love. He is doing it all. Praise God! Beloved, that Great Shepherd of the sheep make you perfect in every good work to do His will. He has to do it. How does He do it? By working in you.

Martha's looking down from the top of the stairs to see whether Mary is still sitting there!

Handel's Messiah

A Sacred Oratorio in Three Parts

By GORDON P. GARDINER

PART I —*The Old Testament prophecy of Christ's Advent and its fulfillment in His birth and earthly ministry.*

PART II —*Christ's Passion, Resurrection, and Ascension, followed by the spread and final triumph of the Gospel.*

PART III —*A personal confession of faith in the living Redeemer and the resurrection of the dead, culminating in the worship of the Lamb by the redeemed of all ages for ever and ever.*

I SHALL NOT FORGET the night when the first time the message of Handel's *Messiah* broke upon my soul. I had heard it a number of times before this by various choral groups in different parts of the country. I had gone the first time, I remember, because I had heard it was a great masterpiece. I had gone again because—well, because I really did enjoy certain numbers and because I felt one should go when one had the opportunity.

Along with many, I had my favorite solos such as the tender "Come Unto Me" or the reassuring "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth." Then there were the choruses I looked forward to—the glorious "And the Glory of the Lord," the mighty "For Unto Us a Child Is Born," the strong "Surely He Hath Borne Our Griefs." And then, of course, there was my favorite—the favorite of almost everybody—the incomparable "Hallelujah Chorus." But on the whole my general impression of the work was that it was a collection of Scripture passages, very beautiful to be sure, but without any real connection or underlying theme. Of course, I took it for granted I had heard the whole thing. As a matter of fact, however, I heard it several times before I knew there was more to it than I had heard.

Meanwhile questions began to come to me: Why was it usually sung at Christmas when only a comparatively small portion dealt with Christ's birth? (I was to learn, years later, that Handel wrote it to be given at Eastertime, and that it is an American custom to sing it at Christmas.) And why was there anything after the "Hallelujah Chorus"? Surely, that was the grand finale.



(The fact is, one of the first times I heard it, the conductor placed that chorus at the end!) But my main question, the thing that really bothered me, was how come it is so unconnected, that it has no plan?

These questions, I know, reveal my gross ignorance, an ignorance, however, which I have found many other devout listeners to this masterpiece have also shared.

But at last came the memorable night when I heard the unabridged version in its "original continuity" for the first time!

And the light dawned!

What an experience! I was spellbound! Why, here was actually the whole plan of redemption! From prophecy to consumma-

tion! From "the beginning of the Gospel of Jesus Christ," sung by a lone voice, the voice of him that cried in the wilderness, to the ending when "the mystery of God should be finished" sung by a full chorus, representing the voices of the "thousands of thousands" of the redeemed of all the ages. After all, there was point to it. There was a plan! What a real thrill!

Now I *wanted* to hear it, for I heard it with understanding. I could attend a performance and receive light from God, blessing, a real anointing. It was like listening to an exposition of the Bible by a Holy Ghost teacher with the added blessing of music fitted to the words.

Of course, I had much to learn. For example, it was some years before I came to appreciate the Amen chorus. That? Oh, that was a matter of form, like hanging up the receiver at the end of a telephone call! Like most people, I used it as an opportune time to put on my coat to make a

quick exit ahead of the crowd. Especially if I were sitting in the balcony of Carnegie Hall with how many flights to go down?

Then one night it was my privilege to attend a practice of the Oratorio Society of New York conducted by Alfred Greenfield and to hear him teach that chorus. Just close your eyes, he told the singers, and imagine yourselves dancing for joy around the throne of God. It's to be sung reverently but liltily.

And so, there was point—great point, in fact—even to the Amen Chorus. Never again would I be so sacrilegious as even to think of leaving while it was being sung, but I would do just as Greenfield had instructed and contemplate what a great Amen there will be when the purpose of God is accomplished.

And, of course, the "Hallelujah Chorus" was exactly where it belonged. For it is the celebration not of God's final victory but of the glorious triumph of the gospel throughout the world in spite of the furious rage of nations. The reason why I had failed to get the full import of this triumphant chorus was because of the numbers generally omitted in this part. Christ's Ascension and the Great Commission are missing! Thus the continuity of thought is broken.

As one critic has said, "The detachment of any one number (or section) from its context in this work is doubly indefensible: on the one hand Handel's method was always towards . . . the symphonic ideal; on the other he was developing an argument . . ."

And so my appreciation grew. I realized that the beginning dealt with the prophecy of the coming Messiah, that by the musical effects, on the one hand, the truth of the gradual but increasing unfolding of God's plan was conveyed, while, on the other hand, "gross darkness" was covering the Jewish people until they were in the blackest night.

Then came the "Pastoral Symphony." What a beautiful way to bring out the long period of time between the prophecy and the beginning of its fulfillment. And I found if I abandoned myself to it, it seemed as though I were actually "abiding in the field" near Bethlehem among the shepherds who were "keeping watch over their flocks by night." It was all so restful—just like lying down in green pastures.

And then it seemed as though I must have experienced something of the same thrill which the shepherds did on that first Christmas Eve when the soprano soloist sang,

"And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them,
And the glory of the Lord shone round about them . . ."

Very early in life, probably before I had heard even an abridged rendition of *Messiah*, I had heard the story of how when Handel's servant

came into his room just after he had finished the "Hallelujah Chorus," "the composer, tears streaming down his face," exclaimed, "I did think I did see all Heaven before me and the great God Himself." Little wonder that a piece born out of such inspiration has inspired thousands upon thousands!

The fact is that the whole *Messiah* was composed in an incredibly short time—twenty-four days, from August 22 to September 14, 1741. The text had been given Handel some time before by one Charles Jennens. "The selection and arrangement of [the scripture] texts," someone has said, "amounts almost to a work of genius itself," for it shows "an almost uncanny knack of culling from the most scattered passages of Scripture a series of extracts which . . . illuminate the character, message, and significance of our Lord."

Handel had disregarded this text for some time after receiving it. In fact, it was not until he was at the very lowest point of his popularity and fortune that he undertook to set these wonderful words to sublime music. But now, unpopular and in debt, he turned to the neglected text and produced his greatest masterpiece.

During his work of composition and arrangement, Handel was, as it were, withdrawn from the world. For days he went without food, and when his faithful servant crept into his room, as already described, it was to beg him for the eleventh time to eat.

Then in order to present his masterpiece in a friendly atmosphere and at the same to escape his creditors who were plaguing him incessantly, Handel fled to Dublin, Ireland. There he conducted the first performance of *Messiah*, April 13, 1742. Something of the greatness of the composer's spirit is indicated by the fact that although he himself was bankrupt, he gave this first performance for the benefit of three local charities including the "Poor Distressed Prisoners for Debt in the Several Marsh areas in the city of Dublin."

Three days before this first performance the following notice appeared in one of the Dublin newspapers:

Mr. Handel's new Grand Sacred Oratorio, called THE MESSIAH, was rehearsed [April 8] at the Musick Hall in Fishamble-street, to a most Grand, Polite, and Crowded Audience; and was performed so well, that it gave universal Satisfaction to all present; and was allowed by the greatest Judges, to be the finest Composition of Musick that ever was heard, and the sacred Words as properly adapted for the occasion.

A first judgment which has indeed stood the test of time!

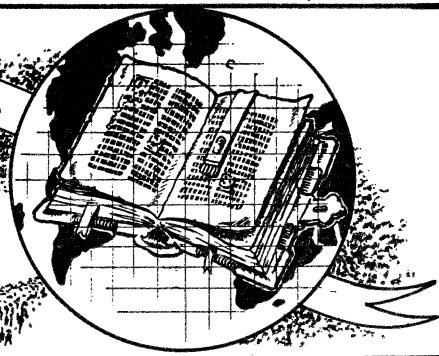
So enthusiastic was the response to the rehearsal that a capacity crowd was anticipated so that on the morning of the performance the same newspaper carried the following request:

(Continued on page 10.)

GO YE INTO ALL THE WORLD...

Seed-Time and Harvest

on the Mission Fields



God Builds His Kingdom

SOME YEARS AGO a meeting was held in a hotel room in the small town of Kirchheim-Teck, Germany. That was the beginning of a work that has blossomed into a very wonderful Pentecostal assembly. Little did the people at that time realize what God had in His mind and what kind of a work was to grow out of that small beginning in a few years' time. Not only has a large congregation grown out of that handful of people, but already the Lord has also supplied them with a lovely church. "This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes." Often men with strong personalities manage to gather large groups of people about themselves in a short time, but bringing forth a large congregation of blood-washed, born-again children of God who have learned to praise the Lord and worship Him in spirit and in truth is something only the Holy Spirit can accomplish.

It was our great privilege during October to be among those who gathered for the dedication service of the newly-built church at Kirchheim. Many from far and near had gathered to take part in these wonderful meetings. What a joyful time it was of meeting one another and of sitting together at the table of the Lord! Among

the ministering brethren were Brother Hans Waldvogel with his nephews Edwin and Walter, Sister Wally Roth, his niece, Brother Lardon from Hamburg, and Brother Maile from Untertennen. Again the blessed truth was realized that "if we walk in the light as He is in the light we have fellowship one with another."

The general consensus of opinion of all that came was that the building is much more beautiful than anyone had anticipated. The seating capacity in the large hall is six hundred with the possibility of enlarging it to accommodate still more. There is room in the basement which is now being used for prayer meetings which seats two hundred. On the second floor there are rooms for a minister's home.

The dedication service on the fourteenth of October marked the beginning of a four weeks' conference, which turned out to be a time very richly blessed of the Lord. Hungry hearts were filled to overflowing with the life and blessing of the Lord. Many yielded themselves anew and dedicated themselves to the Lord's service. There were moments of heart-searching when the Word of the Lord was brought forth as a two-edged sword, times of repenting, and

again great bursts of praise when God poured out great glory upon the meetings. At other times hearts were melted in stillness before the great presence of God which was being manifested in every meeting. And although every time we came together God had some new revelation of Himself and a different manifestation of His power, it was always refreshing and wonderful. How glorious it is to come to a meeting to find Jesus manifesting Himself, doing *His* wonders! How marvelous it is to let the Lord work out His own will not only in meetings but in each individual! When the Holy Ghost controls meetings, the presence of Jesus is manifested to bring victories for body, soul, and spirit. It is then that He manifests His deliverances, and we realize in truth that Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today, and forever.

God is building His Kingdom, not according to the plans of men or the speculation of human minds. It isn't something that can be comprehended with the mind of man, but the great Master Builder is bringing forth a masterpiece that will astonish not only men but angels as well. Because of this, we have had the joy of experiencing day by day many surprises in our

personal lives and walk with the Lord and also in the midst of the congregation. God works far above our small understanding and ideas even though they may be well meant. The Spirit of God works how He will, and we know that this time of dedication was something that had found its inception in the very thought and heart of God. We are thankful to have had the privilege of taking part in this wonderful time of blessing.

—*R. C. in Sieg des Kreuzes.*

In the African Bush

By ROSE KLOB

Kenya Mission

P. O. Fort Hill

Nyasaland, Central Africa

INASMUCH AS IT IS THE DRY SEASON and the rivers are low and passable, we have been having services in the bush places each weekend. Consequently I have been doing a lot of traveling in the bush these past few months.

A few weeks ago we went into Northern Rhodesia, 40 miles straight in the bush. I was surprised to see many villages of the different tribes along the path. Many of the older people and children came running to see the motor car. They ran behind us for miles as it was something new to them. We stopped in some of the villages and a group came, so we preached to them and then went on. We trust that the Holy Spirit will deal with many hearts in this area. We have a pastor living in the bush, working for the Lord. This seems to be a hard place but we know God's Word has power. There were many children so I was glad to have a service for them. They sat with eager faces to listen. Please pray for the native pastor and for the work there.

We also went into another bush place 15 miles from our

mission straight across the valley. It took us hours to get there with the jeep as there is no road and there are many thorn bushes. Since I have been here, I have learned a little mechanics as I have been driving over many rough places. The Lord has been very good, and His protection has been very plainly seen. We had a baptismal service and dedicated a new bush church. The Lord blessed our hearts as we worshipped together.

There is another place that is a great concern to us. Iringa, a large town with about 17,000 people and no full gospel work there. We have a preacher there but there is no church building. As it is in a town there has to be a permanent building and it cannot be made like our bush churches. We have received word that there is a larger num-

ber of Christians now and the house they are praying in is too small. We have just received permission from the commissioner to have a piece of land. Pray with us that the Lord will undertake and speak to hearts concerning this place.

Later word from Miss Klob tells of continued blessing:

We have had blessed services in the bush as we have gone out on safari. This past weekend we visited one of our pastors at his church and had a communion and a baptismal service. There were thirteen that took the step of water baptism. The Lord melted our hearts as we worshipped together.

Pray for the work of the Lord here on the mission that the Lord will give us wisdom in dealing with the many problems that we face.

A Christian Funeral in Heathen India

By HILDA WAGENKNECHT

Bettiah Orphanage

Bettiah, U.P., India



RECENTLY one of our dear Christian women passed away very suddenly with a heart attack. She had helped with the cooking for our large family and had finished her morning's work when she complained of a pain in her chest. Her husband had prayed with her and then she prayed so sweetly asking God to heal her if it was His will and if not she would gladly go to be with Him. Then she passed away suddenly into His Presence. I cannot tell you what a shock it was to us when we rushed to the house to find her gone!

We have no undertakers here, so we took care of the body and, when we had her ready, laid her on a rope bed in her room while people kept coming and going. In the meantime we had to send men to dig a grave, another man to see about getting a box made, someone else to buy the cloth in the bazar for the lining of the box.

All this had to be done quickly, for it is very hot here and we have no way of keeping a body as we do at home. She passed away at two in the afternoon. By six-thirty we had the box ready. It was already dark

when we went to the church for the service, but the place was packed, for all loved her so dearly. Then on to the cemetery we went with a lantern and flashlights. By eight we had her buried. She ate with her husband at noon and by night was out of his sight!

This dear Nepali couple came to us over twenty years ago, he as a watchman. They had had several children but had lost them before they were a year old, and how they longed for a child! They did not know the Lord, but others began praying with them and the Lord gave them a son who is now a teacher in our Bible School. By the time a daughter and another son were born, the mother had given her heart to the Lord. She learned to read so she could read her Bible. The father was still not too interested until one day he began to think about his children and said since God had given them this family he wanted to dedicate them to Him.

Then one night he came to me heartbroken and said, "I, too, want to take baptism and be a real Christian." We will never forget the Easter when he and his wife were baptised, giving their testimony for the glory of God, and then brought their three little children to dedicate them to Him.

They have five lovely children now: Stephen, teaching; Mukti (Salvation), training to be a nurse; Barkat (Blessing), Kristbir (Here-for-Christ), and Daniel, all three in school. This family live not far from our house, and how often we would hear them at family prayers, the mother and father and each child taking their turn to pray. Their home was indeed a light-house to many. They have also received the baptism of the Holy Spirit.

The mother was so spiritual, such a prayer warrior! How she loved to pray and read her Bible, and what a blessing her prayer life has been to Hindus

and Christians alike! She will be greatly missed, but our loss is her gain, and I am sure she will hear, "Well done, faithful servant!"

Home Again!

FLORENCE DREYFUSS

Mahoba, U.P., India

Yes, I'm back home again, and so happy to be here. In some ways it seems I've been gone for ages, and then again it doesn't seem as though I've been away at all. It's so easy to slip right back into the work again.

I had to start right in getting my house repaired and white-washed. It was just falling to pieces. I see a number of needs in the school which I'm praying about. I wish you would pray with me that I'll get some good Pentecostal, *consecrated* teachers.



The Shepherd Speaks

OUT OF THE MIDNIGHT SKY a great dawn broke,
We started through the fields to find the Child.
And a voice singing flooded us with song.
In David's city was He born, it sang,
A Saviour, Christ the Lord. Then while I sat
Shivering with the thrill of that great cry,
A mighty choir a thousandfold more sweet
Suddenly sang, Glory to God, and Peace—
Peace on the earth; my heart, almost unnerved
By that swift loveliness, would hardly beat.
Speechless we waited till the accustomed night
Gave us no promise more of sweet surprise;
Then scrambling to our feet, without a word
We started through the field to find the Child.

JOHN ERSKINE.

Handel's Messiah

(Continued from page 6.)

The Stewards of the Charitable Musical Society request the Favour of the ladies not to come with hoops [Remember, fashionable hoopskirts of the day measured nine yards in circumference!] . . . to the Musick Hall in Fishamble Street. The Gentlemen are desired to come without their swords.

Evidently the guests cooperated with the request, even though it meant considerable cramping of their style, for some seven hundred crowded into Neal's Musick Hall for what was to be a truly memorable occasion. "Hundreds more stood outside in the street hoping to hear some portion of the music within." The verdict of "the admiring crowded Audience" was that this production "conspired to transport and charm the ravished Heart and Ear."

A year later, when Handel conducted the first performance in London, George II, the king of England, was present. "The audience were exceedingly struck and affected by the music in general; but when that chorus struck up, For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth, they were so transported, that they all, together with the King . . . started up, and remained standing till the chorus ended; and hence it became the fashion . . . for the audience to stand while that part of the music is performing."

George Frideric Handel was born in Halle, Saxony, Germany, on the 23rd of February, 1685, the same year in which his famous contemporary Johann Sebastian Bach, was born. In 1711 he went to England where but for brief intervals he lived until his death, April 13/14, 1759, rather significantly, on the seventeenth anniversary of the first performance of his crown jewel, the production upon which his fame rests.

Shortly after Handel had conducted *Messiah* for the first time in London, he was calling on

Lord Kinnoul who had been present then and who now complimented the composer and conductor upon his work, implying it was a lovely entertainment for the audience. "My Lord," replied Handel, "I should be sorry if I only entertained them. I wished to make them better."

That is the spirit in which it was written and that is the only spirit in which it should be listened to.

"Comfort Ye--"

(Continued from page 2.)

My ways, saith the Lord" (Is. 55:8). And never was this truer than in receiving comfort by means of repentance. Nevertheless, the promise of Christ standeth sure: "Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted" (*paraklethesontai*).

There is another very interesting correspondence between the phrases used by the Prophet Isaiah and those used by the Evangelist Mark in speaking of the comforting work of the Messiah. Isaiah declares that this comfort is to be given at an "appointed time" (Is. 40:2, margin). Significantly, Mark records that when "Jesus came . . . preaching the gospel of the kingdom," He said, "The time is fulfilled" (Mark 1:14, 15).

Jesus then continued His proclamation with the same words as John the Baptist: "Repent!" Why? "For the kingdom of heaven is at hand" (Matt. 4:17). A great deal is implied in these words, much more than a casual reading of them discloses. Comparing these passages with each other, however, one thought emerges: The comfort of God is ministered only to those who repent of going their own way, doing their own will, and, instead, submit to the will and way of God as signified by the kingdom of heaven. In other words, comfort comes by complete submission to the King.

The earthly ministry of Christ was not the complete fulfillment of Isaiah's prophecy, for Christ Himself gave the blessed promise of the Comforter (*parakletos*) referring to the gift of the Holy Ghost. Here again the word comforter is but another form of the "comfort" of Isaiah 40:1.

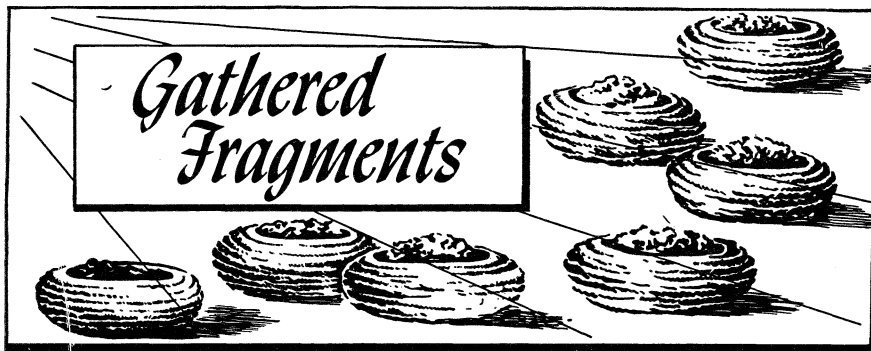
Inasmuch as Christ made it clear that the Comforter was to continue His work, it is no surprise to find that "He will reprove (convince, margin) the world of sin" (John 16:8). Again, as in the case of Christ Himself, what a strange work, naturally speaking, for One who is divinely designated as the Comforter. Yet how many having experienced the blessedness of His wounding have found it to be the way to the truest comfort they have enjoyed!

But this Comforter is to do more than that: "He shall teach you all things. He shall guide you into all truth" (John 14:26; 16:13). And the promise goes even beyond that, becoming very personal: "He shall be in you" (John 14:17).

So, when the Comforter was given to a group which had been waiting for the promise of the Father, Peter told "all the house of Israel" that if they would receive the gift of the Holy Ghost, they must "repent and be baptized . . . in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins" (Acts 2:38). Thus, by this means, and this means only, was Israel and those "afar off," the Gentiles, to receive in fullness the comfort of God promised by the Spirit of God through Isaiah.

*Though Christ a thousand times
In Bethlehem be born,
If He's not born in thee
Thy soul is still forlorn.*

—ANGELUS SILESIVS.



HERE we raise our Ebenezer! *Bread of Life* is celebrating its fifth birthday. With grateful hearts we acknowledge the goodness of God in enabling us to engage in this ministry for five years. Truly we say, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us." We covet the prayers of our readers that this periodical may fulfill its ministry in the months to come—feeding souls with the bread of life indeed.

* * *

Five hundred years ago, in August, 1456, according to the best of our knowledge, the first copy of one of the first books to be printed by movable type, was completed. It was then that Henry Cremer of the Collegiate Church of St. Stephen, Mainz, Germany, finished the hand decorations of the pages of the first volumes of the famous *Gutenberg Bible*.

* * *

And just one hundred years ago, *D. L. Moody* began his great evangelistic ministry by renting four pews of Chicago's Plymouth Congregational Church and filling them with "a motley crew of men and boys . . . riffraff from Chicago's street corners." Little did he, or his dismayed fellow church members, realize whereunto Moody and these efforts would grow, literally filling the whole world with fruit, first by his own extensive ministry and then by the many he was instrumental in training to carry the Gospel unto the uttermost parts of the earth. According to one

estimate, quaintly put, this humble shoe salesman, wholly given to God, was personally responsible for reducing "the population hell by a million souls."

* * *

One of the clearest treatments of the subject of Divine Healing is to be found in *A Reporter Finds God Through Spiritual Healing* by Emily Gardiner Neal (Morehouse-Gorham, New York, \$3.50). The author, who describes herself as "a professional reporter and feature writer," says, "All my adult life I have been a twice - a - year churchgoer. That is, I went twice a year when sufficiently pressured into it. Otherwise I went once—at Easter." A virtual agnostic. All this was changed, and the author became an ardent born-again Christian as the result of having attended a healing service in an Episcopal Church. There she saw two miracles, one of which was later confirmed by her own doctor who was to operate on the per-

son healed. This led her to a thorough investigation of the whole subject.

The book deals primarily with healing in the Episcopal Church. The extent to which this is practised in that denomination and the miracles which have been performed will no doubt astonish many. It is but one more proof of how God is endeavoring to speak to people wherever they are, drawing men and women unto Himself.

While the basis of the book is the author's personal experience, not of healing at all but of salvation, and the book is not intended to be theological, still it covers the subject in an unusually thorough fashion. Especially gratifying to this reviewer is the certain, clarion note that it is *always God's will to heal anyone of any disease, regardless of the advanced stage of the sickness or the advanced age of the person*. Almost every question raised on the subject of healing is dealt with here simply, directly, and with unusual definiteness and force. We may not agree with some of the phraseology employed or some of the denominational practices referred to, but the book in the main is certainly scriptural, faith inspiring, and gratifying in a day when there is so much unscriptural, uncertain, and fantastic being put forth on the subject.

THE TRUTH OF GOD'S WORD is the illuminator of the believer's mind and also the sword—the knife—with which the HOLY GHOST strips the veil off the old, natural mind, bit by bit, as we allow Him to do the work.

It is only as the Word—not man's word, but God's own Word—penetrates the mind which has been veiled by Satan that the veil is destroyed and the mind renewed.

The renewing of the mind is a gradual process, accomplished as the Word of God penetrates, and takes possession of it, requiring waiting on God and spending as much time alone with Him and in the Word as you can.

—MARTHA WING ROBINSON.

The Shepherds Had an Angel

THE SHEPHERDS had an Angel,
The Wise Men had a star,
But what have I, a little child,
To guide me home from far,
Where glad stars sing together
And singing angels are?

Lord Jesus is my Guardian
So I can nothing lack:
The lambs lie in His bosom
Along life's dangerous track:
The wilful lambs that go astray
He bleeding fetches back.

Lord Jesus is my guiding star,
My beacon-light in heaven:
He leads me step by step along
The path of life uneven:
He, true light, leads me to that land
Whose day shall be as seven.

Those Shepherds through the lonely night
Sat watching by their sheep,
Until they saw the heavenly host
Who neither tire nor sleep,
All singing "Glory, glory"
In festival they keep.

Christ watches me, His little lamb,
Cares for me day and night,
That I may be His own in heaven:
So angels clad in white
Shall sing their "Glory, glory"
For my sake in the height.

The Wise Men left their country
To journey morn by morn,
With gold and frankincense and myrrh,
Because the Lord was born:
God sent a star to guide them
And sent a dream to warn.

My life is like their journey,
Their star is like God's book;
I must be like those good Wise Men
With heavenward heart and look:
But shall I give no gifts to God?
What precious gifts they took!

Lord, I will give my love to Thee,
Than gold much costlier,
Sweeter to Thee than frankincense,
More prized than choicest myrrh:
Lord, make me dearer day by day,
Day by day holier;

Nearer and dearer day by day:
Till I my voice unite,
And sing my "Glory, glory"
With angels clad in white;
All "Glory, glory" given to Thee
Through all the heavenly height.

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI.

