

# Bread of Life

Vol. VI

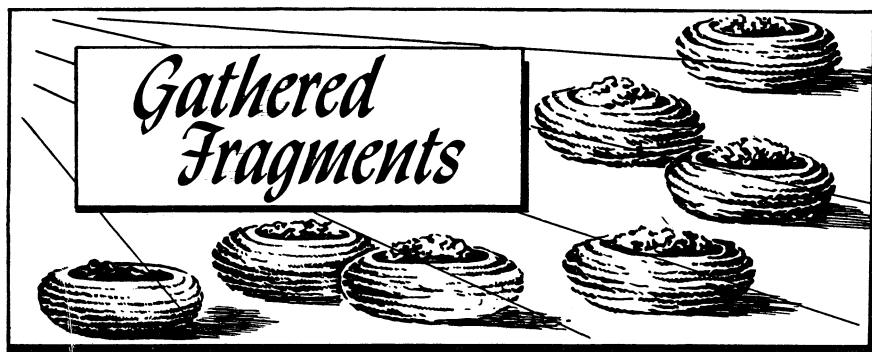
October 1957

No. 10



Photograph by Harold M. Lambert

In the Haven of Rest.



ACCORDING TO A REPORT issued by the *American Bible Society* earlier this year, there is at least one book of the Bible in 1,109 of the world's languages or dialects. Seventeen of this number were first printed in 1956. Only 210 languages or dialects, however, have the complete Bible, and only an additional 270 tongues have the complete New Testament. Bembi (Northern Rhodesia), Nimbi Ijo (Nigeria) and Maroro (Solomon Islands) were the languages in which the whole Bible was printed for the first time in 1956. Great as this achievement is, there is still much land to be possessed, for about one thousand languages and dialects have not yet been reduced to writing and consequently do not possess a single chapter, much less a single book, of the Book of books, the Word of God.

Over one million Bibles and Scripture portions were distributed throughout Germany last year by the *German Evangelical Bible societies*. Of this number about one fifth or over 200,000 portions were produced by societies operating in the Eastern or Soviet-controlled zone of Germany, from newsprint shipments sent in by foreign shipments. Truly the Word of God cannot be bound.

During *Billy Graham's New*

*York Crusade*, his longest and best-attended campaign to date, the evangelist, according to the *New York Times* (September 3) "preached the Bible to nearly 2,000,000 persons in Madison Square Garden—many of them repeaters—convinced more than 55,000 individuals to make 'decisions for Christ'—and on July 20 drew an attendance of 100,000 at a Yankee Stadium rally, the largest crowd in the history of the ball park."

Some additional statistics concerning the campaign are worthy of note (*New York Times*, August 30):

"The Graham contract with Madison Square Garden was the longest ever let by the arena.

"The average nightly attendance . . . was 17,828.

"Ninety-three per cent of the 'decisions' . . . were made by residents of the New York area. More than one third of the 'decisions' were made by persons in the 15-29 years age group and 25 per cent came from those between 30 and 49 years.

"On the basis of letters received at the headquarters of the Crusade, more than 30,000 persons 'accepted Christ' as a result of the weekly coast-to-coast telecast of the Garden rallies."

Truly this is the day when, the world over, the net is being

"cast into the sea, and gathered of every kind."

According to the 1958 *Yearbook of American Churches* the total membership of all religious faiths (Catholic, Protestant, Jewish, Buddhist, Moslem, etc.) for the United States in 1956 was 103,224,954, an increase of a little over 3,000,000 more than in 1955. This rise represents a three per cent gain in membership over the previous year while there was "an estimated population rise of 1.7 per cent." Sixty-two out of every one hundred Americans have some religious affiliation.

There are over sixty million Protestants, over thirty-four million Catholics, about five and a half million Jews, sixty-three thousand Buddhists, and an estimated twenty thousand Moslems.

Forty million are enrolled in *Protestant Sunday schools*, a 2.5 per cent increase over the previous year.

Baptists lead the United States Protestants numerically with almost twenty million members, followed by close to twelve million Methodists, seven million Lutherans, and about four million Presbyterians.

This fall a new and comprehensive life of *David Livingstone* by George Sever is to be published by Harpers, New York. This year marks the centennial of the writing and publication of Livingstone's famous *Missionary Travels*, the record of his first great Africa journey. To celebrate this anniversary an exhibition, opened by Livingstone's grandson, Dr. Hubert Wilson, himself onetime missionary in Northern Rhodesia, has been held in England.

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# *He It Is That Loveth Me*

By GOTTFRIED A. WALDVOGEL

*"He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me: and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him" (JOHN 14:21).*

THERE IS NOT A GREATER PROMISE given to us in the Bible than this, I think. Above all things, we want to have that promise fulfilled in our lives—that He will manifest Himself to us, that the Father and the Son will come and make their abode with us. The condition is very simple, that we love Him and keep His commandments.

God would like us to know that we have this grace and this power and this ability to love Him and to keep His commandments. Some people say, "I am going to pray and find God and wait upon Him that He may pour into me that love for the Lord Jesus Christ, and I hope that I will get it." They say, "I fall far short. I'd like to love Him and I'd like to keep His commandments, but I can't do it, at least I fall short very often." And then perhaps they comfort themselves with the thought, "Well, anyhow, you can't come up to that standard, most people don't." And yet, beloved, that kind of reasoning is false. God's Word declares that to love Jesus and to keep His commandments is the mark of a real Christian, of a true disciple.

You remember what the Lord Jesus tells us in the Sermon on the Mount about keeping His commandments. There, for instance, we have His commandment about loving as the Heavenly Father loves, with an impartial love, loving even our enemies, blessing them that curse us, praying for them that persecute us. Then Jesus says at the end of the Sermon on the Mount, "Every one that heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man which built his house upon the sand . . . whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them I will liken him unto a wise man which built his house upon a rock: and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not: for it was builded upon a rock" (Matt. 7:24-27).

He says in that very passage, "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in Heaven." There the Lord Jesus certainly referred, at least in part, to His commandments which He had just given. They were given from the Father, God's commandments. Oh, we are all ready to say these com-

mandments of Jesus are very beautiful, and so they are. They are very wonderful. But wouldn't it be wonderful to live that way?

There is another word in the second chapter of I John, verses four and five, "He that saith, I know Him and keepeth not His commandments, is a liar, and the truth is not in him. But whoso keepeth His word, in him verily is the love of God perfected." If a man says, "I know Jesus," and he keeps not His commandments, he is a liar. My, that is a strong statement. So God really expects of us to keep the commandments of Jesus. He expects of us to keep His commandments because we love Him. That is the only obedience that is acceptable to God, obedience from love. He that doeth the will of God abideth forever. So, after all, it is not a question of some high experience which some disciples or Christians attain to, but actually God expects of us to keep His commandments. And if we are truly His disciples, we will. That is what the Bible says. God gives the Holy Spirit for that purpose, that we might keep His commandments.

Oh, beloved, it is of the greatest importance that we see that truth. But I am so thankful to know that grace is given to us, and indeed this is the grace of God that we are enabled to keep His commandments. It is all grace, hallelujah! It is the very spirit of life imparted to us, the life of Christ, the Spirit of Jesus, just He Himself dwelling in us, the King coming into our hearts and living and bringing forth the fruits of righteousness in us. O that is the gospel, thank God.

This great blessing of which we are speaking is found in the terms of the new covenant: "This is the covenant that I will make with the house of Israel after those days, saith the Lord; I will put my laws into their mind, and write them in their hearts." Now that is the covenant. I will do it. Then in II Cor. 3 we also read about this new covenant. We are told that in the old covenant God wrote His laws upon tables of stone, but now He writes them upon the tables of our hearts. "I will put my laws into their minds and write them in their hearts. I will be to them a God and they shall be to me a people." That follows, if God puts His laws into our minds and writes them upon our hearts, then He will be indeed our God be-

cause we will be obedient to Him, and we will be truly His people over whom He reigns.

"They shall not teach every man his neighbor, and every man his brother, saying, Know the Lord: for all shall know Me, from the least to the greatest." That is another result of His writing His law upon our hearts. We shall know Him, hallelujah! And the foundation blessing, the first blessing, the initial blessing is—"I will be merciful to their unrighteousness, and their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more. O beloved, have you received the forgiveness of sins? Can you say, "In Him I have redemption through His blood, the remission of sins"? Then Christ, the Mediator of the new covenant, offers to fulfill His ministry in you, to put into your mind and write upon your heart His laws. When? Continually, every day, every hour, all the time. That is the ministry of Christ, the Mediator of the new covenant. He does that through the Holy Ghost. Oh, what a wonderful ministry that is. That does not mean that we are not to read the Bible. Certainly that is not implied. The Lord Jesus says, "He that hath my words and keepeth them . . ." We want to listen to His words. We want to get acquainted with His words. We want to read the Bible. But we are told that the Holy Spirit will put these laws into our minds. Haven't you had that experience? You were brought into a certain situation, and maybe you didn't know exactly what to do or how to behave, and suddenly the Word of the Lord came to you. It was put into your mind. That is the ministry of the Holy Ghost and He brings to our remembrance the things that have been spoken by the Lord Jesus Christ and by His prophets. He brings them to mind. The right word at the right time. And not only does He put them into our minds, but He writes them upon our hearts, and we take them to heart, and we love the Word of the Lord.

I am so thankful for this promise, the promise of the new covenant. We have said to the Lord, "Oh, Lord Jesus, I want to do your will. You know I want to have your words. I want to abide in you and have your words abide in me—oh, Jesus, how shall your words abide in me? I am

going to read the Word of God. I am going to meditate upon it, and then Jesus Christ by the power of the Holy Ghost brings to me that Word of God, puts it into my mind, and writes it upon my heart, and my life is controlled and shaped by that Word of God." The will of God is expressed in the Word of God, and the Spirit reveals in me that will through the Word. Then the Word creates in me faith, obedience, and light, brings me into the right attitude, and helps me to do the right thing.

There is grace for all the lowly, grace to keep His commandments. His Sermon on the Mount is law. It is gospel. It is Christ. And yet when the Lord Jesus gives us these commandments, He says, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God. You can't keep these commandments until and unless you let Me be King in your heart and life." There is the thing. Jesus must be enthroned. The flesh and its lusts and passions must be crucified, and kept crucified, and if we thus yield our lives to the Lord Jesus Christ, He will work in us. He will minister to us His Word. He will cause His Word to become to us spirit and life. I am so thankful for the gospel. I am so thankful that it tells me that I can love Jesus, and I will love Him, and I do love Him.

Let me say another thing. This loving Jesus is primarily a matter of your will, of your purpose. Cleave to the Lord with purpose of heart. Daniel purposed in his heart to do the will of God. Let us purpose in our hearts to follow Jesus. Let us purpose in our hearts to do His will and to please Him, and with that purpose in our hearts, let us believe Him to work in us, to minister to us His grace, His life, His Word, and that Word will become to us the very Bread of Life. I can love Jesus. I can keep His commandments by His grace.

Let us trust Him and take grace from Him. It is possible, not in ourselves, no, but by His grace. When He tells you something and it seems impossible, look to Jesus. Don't ever say, "I can't do it," because that pleases the devil. But say, "I can do all things through Christ who enables me."

**T**HE GREAT THINGS *that are happening in this world today are not those you find recorded in the headlines of the newspapers or proclaimed with loud voices over the radio; but they are the things which I record, the things which I am permitted to do in human hearts that want Me and that say, "JESUS, BE THOU MY ALL AND IN ALL."*

## N'yangori Mother

Kitale, Kenya, East Africa

By KATHRYN ROTH

"IF GOD GETS HIS WAY with you, you will one day go to Africa." In that wonderful way in which the Lord speaks into the heart, He spoke these words like music to my heart, calling me to Africa when, as a child of eight or nine, I was sitting in my Sunday school class in the First German Baptist Church of Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

I had been brought up in a Christian home and had always wanted God, but although I was very sincere, I did not at this time have any definite consciousness of being saved. I did know, however, that God was as definitely speaking to my heart that day while sitting in my Sunday school class as I knew my teacher was speaking. It was the sweetest experience I had had, and I had never had anything like it before.

Being a very timid child, I was afraid to mention this experience to anyone, for to anyone else it would have seemed ridiculous. In fact, it was many years before I said a word about it to anyone, but I kept it in my heart. It was a very precious thing to me because *I knew the Lord had spoken to my heart.*

Soon after this experience our Sunday school teacher said that our class was supposed to have a number on a special missionary program in which each girl was to represent a certain country, speaking a piece about it. Next Sunday she would assign the various pieces to each girl.

Shy and fearful as I was, I felt I could never speak in public. That was an utter impossibility. I did feel, however, that if the Lord would let me

speak for Africa, I could do it. Throughout that week I prayed that God would let me speak for Africa; I felt I could not speak for any other country, but I could for Africa. So the following Sunday, when the teacher gave me my piece to memorize and said, "Yours is Africa," I was thrilled.

Although the piece was quite lengthy, it was very easy to memorize. And when the day of the program came, although the church was packed, even to the balcony, it was not difficult. The piece seemed to speak itself. It seemed as if all those people before me were Africans. I seemed to be speaking to Africans. I can remember only a few lines of the piece now, but it ended:

*Mohrenland die Hand austrecket  
Lange schon zum Herrn empor  
Und aus Manchem Stamm er-  
wecket  
Gott ein Erbe sich hervor.\**

Throughout the following years, I was very unhappy. My Sunday school teacher dealt with me about my soul many times and asked me to pray through until the Lord would answer my prayer. I prayed but somehow I didn't get any victory. Finally, when I was sixteen, the minister came to our home and helped me. He told me to open up my heart and ask the Lord to come in. To the best of my ability I did that. Then the three of us—Mother

was with us—knelt there in the room and prayed. Afterward, the minister said, "Now, you are a Christian. You are converted. You have given yourself to the Lord, to Jesus, and you are saved."

I was a little disappointed because I had expected something to happen, but I felt that it must be so and accepted it by faith. I was baptized after that and became a member of the church, but it was not until I was eighteen or nineteen, after I had come to Pentecost, that I was filled with the joy of the Lord and *knew* that my name was written in the Lamb's Book of Life.

I had somehow heard of some Pentecostal tent meetings and went out of curiosity. As soon as I arrived, I knew God was there. From that time forth I could not stay away, though it was very difficult, because I belonged to the Baptist Church, and misunderstanding arose with my mother and the members of the church who tried to persuade me that I was making a mistake.

For a long time I attended these meetings, seeking the Lord constantly. I saw other people were happy, but I had no joy and I wanted to be sure that I was really saved. I felt that somehow I must know that I was saved. Finally one day as I was ironing, praying all the time, suddenly John 3:16 seemed to be illuminated to my mind's eye. I saw it like I had never seen it before—that God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life. My

\*Translated into English: Africa has stretched its hand for a long time to the Lord, and out of many tribes God is gathering an inheritance for Himself.



eyes were opened and I saw that if I believed, I would not perish but have everlasting life. I put my iron down. The wonder of it came over me. I realized that it was done, that it was just my unbelief before that had kept me from saying, "I believe. I believe in Jesus Christ as my Saviour; therefore I have eternal life." The joy of the Lord just filled my heart, and I skipped all over the house and sang and rejoiced and praised the Lord. My heart was just filled with glory. I knew that I was saved.

That night I went to the service in a large hall in the downtown section of Milwaukee. I was sitting beside a special friend of mine and was so full of the glory and joy of the Lord that when the altar call was given I did not go forward because I had Jesus. I was so happy that I felt I could not possibly contain any more joy than I had. My friend beside me, however, was hungering and wanted to go forward but did not like to go by herself. When I asked, "If I go with you, will you go?" she nodded and said she would; so we went forward. Before my knees reached the floor I received a very glorious baptism in the Holy Spirit.

It may have been six months or a year after I received my baptism that the Lord led me to the Faith Homes in Zion, Illinois. I first heard about the Homes when I enquired about a friend of mine whom I had missed for a time and was told that she had gone to the Homes in Zion. I became curious to know what kind of place it was. Therefore when later on another friend asked me if I would like to go to Zion with her, I decided to go for a few days' visit. Then I learned that the Homes were conducted by a group of ministers for the purpose of affording a place where hungry souls might come for spiritual refreshing. In addition to this some young people were there

training for Christian work, among them our friend.

When we planned to go home, this friend asked me, "But are you *sure* that you are in the will of God?"

"Oh, I just came for a visit and I'm going now," I replied.

I immediately began to fear lest I should be asked to stay and wanted to go before anything like that happened. My friend, however, persisted, "You had better be *sure* now and find out if you are in the will of God."

Finally she prevailed on me to go to one of the ministers, Mrs. L. M. Judd, who, after prayer, asked me, "How would you like to come to the Faith Homes for a while?"

I did not know what to say. I was afraid to stay. I did not want to stay, for I had a feeling that if I stayed, I would not get away. I wanted to go home. Yet I was afraid not to do the will of God, and so feeling that it had been indicated that this was the will of God for me, I finally agreed that I could come for a few months.

When I went home, I changed my mind. I thought, "I'm not going to Zion. I can't go there. I'll go to Chicago and get a job there. Perhaps I can work in the slums there." Somehow I had always wanted to work in the slums and thought I might have opportunity to serve the Lord in that way, by serving the poor people in Chicago. So I tried very hard to get away from the leading of the Lord. I did not realize just why.

My mother was heartbroken over this idea of my going to Chicago. She did not want me to go to that city which we always considered a very wicked city. She wanted me to stay home, but nothing could hold me. I was determined to go to Chicago. And I was determined to steer clear away from Zion. I did not want to go there. But the Lord has ways and means of

dealing with us, and He certainly dealt with me about getting to Zion.

As I was preparing to go to Chicago, something happened to turn my plans completely. It was a little thing, but by it God stopped me. As I was pressing the one good suit I had, I burned a hole completely through one of the pleats of the skirt. While my mother, an excellent seamstress, was mending it, the Lord dealt with me. I was conscious that He was hindering my plan. Then I announced that I was not going to Chicago, but to Zion. My mother was relieved and perfectly willing that I should do that.

I wanted to do the will of God, but still I was afraid to go to Zion because I heard that once you were there, you could not go home when you pleased. Furthermore, you had to trust the Lord for everything, and it might be difficult to get a postage stamp even to send a letter. Little things like that that I had heard made me afraid to go there. At the same time it was indicated to me that that was the will of God, and I was afraid not to do the will of God.

So I went, but I had a very difficult time. I just counted each day, actually marking the days on the calendar. I thought I would never live through the time that I had agreed to come there for. I had a terrible struggle. The people were nice, and I enjoyed the meetings, but I was not happy there, for I felt hemmed in.

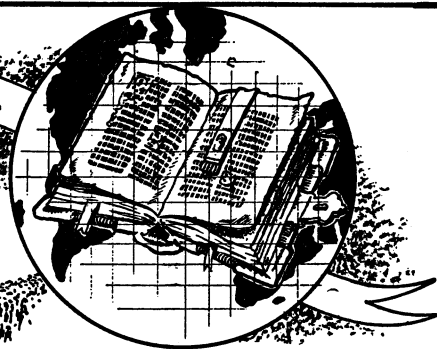
Before the time was up, however, the Lord met me so gloriously that I was, as it were, treading on air, I was in such victory. Then when I enquired of the Lord what He would have me do about going home and He indicated He would be pleased for me to stay on, it was an easy matter then because the victory had been won, at least for a time.

(Continued on page 11.)

GO YE INTO ALL THE WORLD...

## Seed-Time and Harvest

on the Mission Fields



### Great Events in Stuttgart and Zurich

Reported by

HANS R. WALDVOGEL

and Party

*Sept. 8-11 in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of his leaving Switzerland for America.*

OUR CAMPAIGN in the city of Stuttgart was a very great event.

Whenever the tent is put up here, people come from all over, and it is like a wonderful, happy family reunion. The tent is always filled to overflowing, and the testimonies are very thrilling, to say the least.

On the first Sunday we had three big meetings. In the afternoon a busload came from Frankfurt which is approximately 200 miles from here. They were mostly young folks who had a great hunger for God and did not know where to go to find satisfaction. Then someone told them to go down to Stuttgart, and they would find what they were longing for. I think they did get filled to overflowing, too, because the meetings on Sunday were wonderfully filled with the presence of Jesus, and all who were there in faith and desire got a real in-filling.

We have also been impressed with the many testimonies of people who were saved and healed in the tent last year. There are a number of fine young people, an old couple who are both over eighty, some boys and girls, etc. It is truly wonderful what the Lord has done; and if He had not done it, cer-

tainly nothing would have happened.

One young couple have several stores in this city. They were saved in the last meeting in Stuttgart last year, but then they drove up to Ulm, an hour's ride, every single evening, even though they only close their stores at 6:30. It was a joy to see them seeking the Lord in the prayer tent. They have brought a number of folks who work in their stores and several were saved this summer.

Many indeed were saved, many were healed, and many were baptized with the Holy Ghost. At the very end of the campaign one elderly woman cried out with glee that she had received her hearing. She had been a rather sorry spectacle during the meetings because she could not hear; but as we prayed for her, the hearing seemed to begin coming back. Then right at the close of the meetings, while the tent was being folded up, she gave this exclamation of joy and told me personally that she had received her perfect hearing. Praise God from Whom all blessing flow.

*From Stuttgart Pastor Hans Waldvogel and the evangelistic party went to Zurich, Switzerland, where he conducted special meetings in the Börsen Hall (the Stock Exchange of Zurich)*

About a hundred folks came from the North to celebrate my golden jubilee, as they call it. Many friends have come to see me again after so many years so that we have been able to renew acquaintances with people whom we haven't seen or heard from for fifty years. Pastor Lardon came all the way from Hamburg and took charge of the meetings which was a very great help.

Our first meeting, Sunday morning, was in the Pfingst Mission of Brother Schneider who asked us to preach. God gave us a very lovely meeting in that place. In the afternoon we were in the Börsen Hall, and the place was really packed both then and in the evening. God came forth and moved in a sovereign way for which we were thankful.

On the last day of the meetings (the 11th) we had a little dinner with all the ministers who gathered with us for the meetings. This gave me the opportunity to meet with them in a more personal way. Fortunately, one of our brethren is one of the head waiters in one of the large restaurants and was able to arrange a nice conference for us.

In spite of the fact that this campaign has been very short, God has done a very real work and forced a wedge into the kingdom of darkness.

# Real Victories in Formosa

By PEARL YOUNG AND ELISABETH LINDAU

THE BAPTISMAL SERVICE on August 4th was a precious one. Mr. Wu Yung, the young preacher, who received the baptism of the Holy Spirit some months ago, took the service. Twenty-one were baptized. Two or three others could not come on the day.

Many of the candidates represented real victories for the Lord. For instance, there was Dr. Hsii, the husband of the dear woman who was killed in an accident through the winter. How she had exhorted him and prayed for him, while she lived, but seemingly without effect! I'm sure she must be rejoicing in heaven now.

Then there was Mr. Chen, a commissioner in the ministry of Education who has considered the matter of becoming a Christian for a long time, but just wasn't sure. He is a highly educated man, having studied in England, and I guess his head was in the way. But his wife has prayed earnestly, and God answers prayer. Mr. Chen had previously said that if he ever

did become a Christian, it would mean giving himself wholly to God; and it has meant just that. Mr. Chen says that the day he was baptized he said, "This is my wedding day. I am wedded to Jesus, and the rest of my life I will live wholly for Him." Mrs. Chen has been such a blessing in the work. Their home is always open to us. He is such a perfect gentleman and she such a lovely lady.

Mr. Fu was also baptized with three others of his family. He is the writer who had formerly strongly opposed the gospel but was brought to God through serious illness, and has been witnessing to all ever since. On the day he was baptized, one of his articles appeared in the Central Daily News here, and in it his testimony to his conversion.

The oldest woman in the group is so precious. She accepted Jesus the first time she heard the gospel story, as Mrs. Chen and I visited her in her home. She told us later, "I had heard about Jesus dying on the cross, but I never knew why.

Now I know it was for my sins." Another woman was a Buddhist and twice escaped out the back door of her home when she learned we were at the front door! Then her husband took sick and she prayed and told God that if He would heal him, she would believe. Her husband got better, and Mrs. Cho kept her promise. She gave up her heathen worship all by herself and began coming to meetings. How true it is that many would never come to the Lord except for their troubles and sorrows. Surely God's great mercy is in all of this.

The following Sunday, August 11th, we had our dedication service with a packed house. Both Mr. Vigna and Mr. Chuang, a very precious Taiwanese minister, assisted in the service. Bing Loh, a soldier that attended the Mu Shan Bible Class, sang "The King's Business." There was an anointing on his voice and it brought real blessing. It just thrilled our hearts. Some of the officials of the K'ao Shih Yuan came for the occasion. One sent a beautiful basket of red roses and two others sent Bibles for the Church. Eight of our young people sang, "O Zion Haste," and this seems



First Baptismal Candidates in Hsi An T'Ang

Rear row, left to right: Miss Young, Mr. Wu Yung who conducted the service, and Miss Lindau.

Interior View of Hsi An T'Ang  
"The Lord's Dwelling-Place"

The Pentecostal Church in Taipei Hsien, Formosa.





to be the small beginning of a choir, for which we thank the Lord. Two of Pearl's C.I.M. friends also came to attend. Our hearts were blessed and encouraged by the interest many showed.

The first week in August, we had a D.V.B.S. for the American children from the nearby MAAG Villa. At first some of the parents were reluctant to let their children come, but upon hearing the reports of those that attended the first day, the others soon joined the classes too. Next week, D.V., we will have a session for the Chinese boys and girls. Their vacation begins later and for this reason we are having the D.V.B.S. at a later time. We have been making a special effort to reach the boys and girls this vacation time. We are glad for contacts which the Lord has given us.

While we thank God for what we see here of His working, yet we realize keenly the need for much more. We long for more. May the dear friends there continue in persevering prayer. I know the mighty victories of God won't take place without this.

## Hardoi Bible School Graduation

By **EDNA WAGENKNECHT**  
Hardoi, U.P., India

ON OUR GRADUATION DAY, as in other years, we had a good number of guests, both national and missionaries. The school chapel was decorated with palms and ferns; on the platform we had a lovely background of potted plants and white amaryllises which made a beautiful setting for the twenty-five graduates, our largest class thus far. The fifteen young men wore white suits and blue ties; the ten young ladies wore white saris and blouses. The student



**Miss Edna Wagenknecht with Hardoi Bible School Graduates**

*"Our largest class thus far."*

body, seventy - five in all, marched in to the tune of "Onward Christian Soldiers," the graduates leading the line. The three speakers did exceptionally well this year, and later as all sang the Hindi translation of the song, "Who Will Go?", and after the third verse, "We will go; yes, we have a burden for the lost; yes, we know the value of a soul," our hearts were thrilled, and my prayer was "Lord, keep them true to that promise and use them to win India's lost." Do please hold them up in prayer.

In this graduating class we had five young men from Nepal. Do pray especially for them as they plan to go back to their own land with the message of salvation. The darkness of that land is so very great, ignorance and superstition are appalling, but God can shine into those darkened hearts as He did into the hearts of these five who so recently came to the Lord and are now ready for His service. They will need a constant infilling of the precious Holy Spirit to combat the forces of evil. Will you remember to pray for them?

Another group of six left to go up into the mountains to take the gospel message to the many thousands there who have had little opportunity to hear. One of our graduates of last year has been faithfully serving the Lord up there this past year. These young men will go with him into the distant mountain villages, up to the mountain tops and down into the valleys. Also please pray for them that souls may find Jesus as their Saviour.

This school year has ended. It has had its sorrows and joys, disappointments as well as encouragements, but it will have been worth all the toil and effort if in the days to come souls will find the Lord through these students.

Success in the ministry does not consist in gathering a large congregation but in keeping in touch with Jesus. Then the whole world is your field.

Praise is the key to abandonment, and abandonment is the test of true love.

# *It Takes Time to Know the Lord*

By RUSSELL R. KAUFFMAN

OUR TITLE is a well-known adage. In the Scriptures we find it worded, "He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him." We sing it from our hymnals:

*"Take time to be holy,  
Speak oft with thy Lord."*

But to know and to practice what we know are two different things. I heard someone say recently, "We pray for more light, but we haven't lived up to the light we have."

This is the age of timesaving devices which are no longer considered luxuries but part of our way of living. We save time with everything from moving sidewalks to electronic ovens that produce tantalizing steaks within seconds. But we still have no time to know the Lord.

Consider the aggressive pastor today. He must run his church, look after the social life of his congregation, carry on a radio broadcast, edit the church paper, write books, speak at all the outside meetings to which he is invited, keep a spotless record of never missing a hospital call and spend hours on the telephone trying to keep people happy. Shakespeare's celebrated words concerning time's "petty pace from day to day" should be revised. It is no longer a petty pace, and as the hours and days race by the symphony of procrastination lulls the conscience to sleep with the thought, "Tomorrow I will have more time to know the Lord." Many of us know tomorrow never comes.

But what about the man in the pew? He too has imbibed the spirit of this maniacal pace. Before long he is whizzing around to noonday luncheons, healing meetings, evangelistic centers, deeper life crusades and

prophetic conferences. The organizations and places we could name are legion. For the few women who are not working there are auxiliaries, Christian teas (so-called), circles A, B, C and D to fill in the afternoons before the evening meetings. Nobody has time to know the Lord, or even to know the children who grow up in the draft caused by the father going out the back door to one meeting and the mother leaving from the front for her gathering. Is there someone reading this who has not been caught in this evil snare? If so, then read no more. Bow your head in grateful praise for the pleasant, plain path into which the Spirit has led you.

Occasionally some Christian stops long enough to ask the thoughtful question, "How profitable is all this and where is it leading us?" Then some glib wag who is constantly giving his personal testimony all over town retorts with a deep, convincing modulation of voice, "Remember, the devil never takes a vacation!" That is proof enough to justify this whole senseless rush. If someone would only think to remind him that we are not to imitate the devil. But

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*Just to leave in His dear hand*

*Little things;*

*All we cannot understand,*

*All that stings.*

*Just to let Him take the care*

*Sorely pressing,*

*Finding all we let Him bear*

*Changed to blessing.*

—FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

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there is no time for that either, for someone is telling his life story that night, "From Dope Addiction to Jesus," and away we go again.

If the devil cannot keep us on the shelf completely he will run us around seven days a week four seasons a year to everything and anything remotely connected with that magical word "Christian," whether it is a Christian bowling club, a Christian softball team or only a stadium rally on the other side of town. It may be any place as long as there is noise, motion and excitement, anything to keep the Christian from really getting to know the Lord in all His beauty of character and holiness.

We harmonize the latest chorus but we find no harmony with the blessed Spirit. We memorize the sacred Word but the Word lies cold and dormant in our hearts. We listen to many voices but our ears are closed to Him whose voice is as the sound of many waters. We learn of the experience of men but He of whom the prophets speak is little more than a stranger to us.

Fifteen of the twenty years I have walked with God have been spent in His service as an under-shepherd. I confess that for some of that time I was guilty of letting Satan take advantage of me. I did not know his devices. In His mercy the Lord led me to observe His dealings with others and through that to show me the answer to my problem. As I look back over the short distance I have traveled I recall men whose ministries have become almost worthless. They were never able to say "no" to activities. They could never eliminate the nonessentials. They had great potential but it

never raised its head above the state of suspended animation. The Spirit brooded and wooed but His voice was lost amid the myriad voices that cried for the Christian's time.

Then I have watched men whose lives were like that of the son-in-law of Jethro, dwelling on the backside of the desert. For years no one knew they lived except the little handful who came to hear them recite on the Lord's day what they had

heard in the secret place during the week. These quiet saints did few things but they did them well, and to them we go for refreshment when our nerves will be still long enough to listen. Someone wrote, "They produce cream, and it takes time for cream to rise."

Shall we decide together today to add a new word to our vocabulary? I plead for today; we have already wasted too many tomorrows. It is only a

one syllable word—*No*. Let us say "no" to all the activity that goes by the name Christian but keeps us from coming to know Jesus Christ. Then let us dedicate time, precious time, to learn to know our wonderful Lord. Resolve to dedicate in the morning and in the evening a priceless season when He will be found and guard it jealously. "Then shall we know, if we follow on to know the Lord."

—*Alliance Weekly*.

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## N'yangori Mother

(Continued from page 6.)

But I had an up-and-down experience. There were many doubts and many discouraging things. Time went on, and I remember one day when it was housecleaning time and we were working hard and were short of help as far as housework was concerned, that while I was climbing up ladders, cleaning walls, the tears were rolling down my face and my heart was just as heavy as lead. I felt that I was very foolish to stay on in a place like that whereas I ought to be at home to help mother out, to have a job and earn some money, and to be able to be a help to somebody. Instead I was working here indefinitely. My clothes were wearing out, and often I had difficulty to find the postage stamp to get a letter back to my mother, and things like that. I was discouraged. On this particular day when I was busy and very weary from this housecleaning, I decided that I would settle it that night. I felt that I must know definitely if the Lord wanted me to continue in the Homes. I did not want to disobey God, but I felt I must be sure that this was God's will for me to continue there indefinitely.

I asked the Lord to give me a sign and prayed that He would show me definitely that night in

the meeting that if He wanted me to stay in the Faith Homes that He would send someone to come and to lay hands on me. I did not ask for a message or anything. I simply asked for a sign that someone would lay hands on me and that if it was not His will for me to continue that He would not let anybody lay hands on me. I took that for a sign and went to the meeting knowing definitely that God was going to show me. Before the meeting I was just in the act of kneeling when hands were laid on my head and the Lord spoke to me. He told out everything that had gone on in my heart that day and answered all my questions, saying, "Why, of course, you are in My will. And can you not trust Me to take care of your mother? Are you not willing to leave your mother in My care? I will take care of her." I just broke down completely and utterly, knowing that the Lord had spoken.

I know definitely that the Lord did many things for me while I was in the Faith Homes. No one could have been in greater bondage than I was. I was terribly tied up and bound in many ways, and the Lord gave me real victory. It was also during that period in the Faith Homes that at different times a message was given or the Lord would deal with us about consecration. And the Lord began to

deal with me about that call I had had in my childhood.

Throughout the years, at different times, the thought of Africa had come to me. I had tried to put it out of my mind because, as I grew older, I felt that I was a child when I thought the Lord had spoken to me and I could have been mistaken. And I knew I was not able to go to Africa as a missionary. Then, too, later on the dangers came to me. I thought of life in Africa—the terrible discomforts, the wild animals, the snakes, the malaria, tossing on a bed in terrible delirium. All these things came before me, and I knew I could never endure these things.

The young people in the Homes used to go out to the neighboring cities of Waukegan and Kenosha to minister. I rarely went with them because I was in absolute, terrible fear. Once or twice I went to a street meeting with them, but I was in such fear that I did not feel I could do it. I felt utterly incapable of daring anything like that.

But the Lord began to deal with me about that childhood call. I feared, but I prayed that the Lord would win. I wanted Him to have His way with me, but I did not know how it would end or what would become of me because, of all things, I did not feel capable of going to Africa.

*To Be Continued.*

# Stand Upon the Rock

**O** MY HEART was heavy laden,  
O my tears would ever flow,  
And I cried to God to save me  
From my weight of pain and woe,  
Cried that in my darkened spirit  
All His glorious light might shine  
'Til I felt His blessed presence  
And I knew the Saviour mine.  
His voice answered, "Here beside Me  
Is a place;  
Stand upon a Rock I'll show you  
By My grace,  
All My glory shall pass by you  
As you stand;  
In a cleft I'll place and hide you  
By My hand."

Could I doubt the promise given  
To His weary, wand'ring child?  
Down I laid my heavy burden;  
Down I laid my heart defiled.  
Though I caught no glimpse of glory,  
Though my day was cold and dim,  
Sinful self I yielded wholly  
And I answer made to Him,  
"On the solid Rock, Christ Jesus,  
I will stand,  
'Til Thy glory passes by me,  
And Thy Hand  
Puts me in the cleft and covers  
All my soul;  
'Til I feel Thy blessed Presence  
And am whole."

There upon the Rock, Christ Jesus,  
Stood I waiting patiently  
'Til the glory dawned upon me  
There to shine thenceforth for me.  
In the cleft His loved Hand placed me;  
There my soul shall safely hide,  
In the Secret Place He showed me  
Of His Presence I'll abide,  
In the clefted Rock, Christ Jesus,  
Safe at last,  
All my future is my Saviour's,  
All my past.  
Here I have no doubt to touch me,  
Fear no fall.  
Life and death to me are nothing;  
Christ is all.

—MARTHA WING ROBINSON.