

Bread of Life

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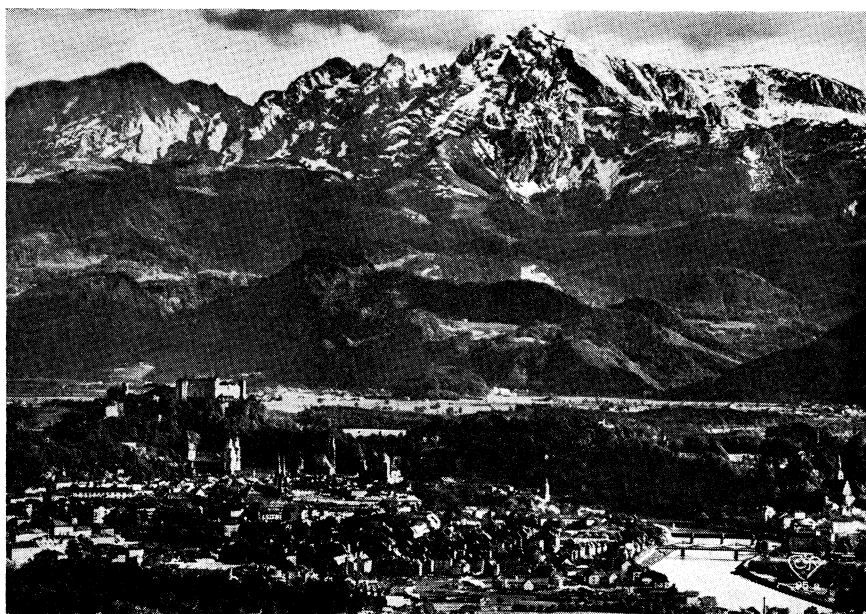


H. Armstrong Roberts

Pilgrims Going to Church

"THEY ASSEMBLE by beat of drum, each with his musket or firelock, in front of the captain's door; they have their cloaks on, and place themselves in order, three abreast, and are led by a sergeant without beat of drum. Behind comes the Governor in a long robe; beside him, on the right hand, comes the Preacher with his cloak on, and on the left hand the Captain with his sidearms and cloak on, and with a small cane in his hand; and so they march in good order, and each sets his arms down near him. Thus they are constantly on their guard night and day."

From an eyewitness description by a visiting Dutch official, Isaack de Rasieres, 1627.



Salzburg, Austria, "City of the Alps"

Notes of Thanksgiving

from

Bremen and Salzburg Campaigns

The following brief report of meetings held in Bremen and Salzburg, October 5 through 18, by Pastor Hans Waldvogel and party are edited excerpts from various letters received from the party.—EDITOR.

FROM the very first service in Bremen we all knew that the meetings were in the plan of God and were timed by Him, too.

* * *

We found Pastor Klemm an extremely ambitious fellow. He has twelve outstations connected with his work and has almost that many young men working under him. Most of them have been in the Erzhausen Bible School. During the conference he had them all attending the meetings of which we had three a day. In each meeting another of the young fellows would give a short message and then "Un-

cle Hans" or Walter Waldvogel preached.

Sister Klemm told us that she was so happy to have us come, but she had worried a little bit that folks would not respond to freedom in praising. That surprised me because we had such glorious times of worship that I thought they were used to it. However, it seems that it was just a mighty act of God and that the people responded to it as though it had always been their way of worship.

* * *

The presence of God has been so greatly with us in Salzburg it is a real feast. Some of the

folks have prayed all night and some marvelous experiences (salvations, baptisms, etc.) have taken place.

* * *

We just loved the people in Austria. They reminded us of the German people when we first came. They don't seem to have much of this world's goods but seem to have hungry hearts which, of course, is real riches. They complained that the meetings were too short; and when we came to the meetings, most of them were there on their knees praying. There were three meetings a day and they were always there, when we all came, praying for God's blessing upon the meeting.

* * *

Just finished our meetings in Salzburg. It was the most wonderful time we have had. People got saved, baptized, and healed. At first there was no praising at all, but you should have been there the last two meetings!

* * *

The conference was really out of the ordinary. It appears the Lord has a ministry for us in Austria.

* * *

Karl Sailer stayed on a few days with Pastor Betchel and visited the outstations of the Salzburg assembly.

* * *

A two-week Bible conference opened in Kirchheim on October 25. God willing, there will be a report of this convention in the next issue of BREAD OF LIFE.

* * *

If you don't keep the joy in your heart, you dethrone Jesus. That's the Kingdom. There is no one who rejoices as much as he ought to.

Bread of Life

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Behold, God Is My Salvation!

By GOTTFRIED A. WALDVOGEL

“**B**EHOLD, God is my salvation.

I will trust and not be afraid, for the Lord God is my strength and my song. He also is become my salvation.” That is the testimony of the redeemed ones. I wonder how many have caught really that vision, have found this one light, and can look up and say, “Behold, God is my strength and my song.” Have you come to the Lord Jesus Christ? Have you seen Him?

The Lord Jesus is our Saviour. God the Father brings to us, gives to us, a full and free salvation when Jesus becomes revealed to us, when we really see Him, the One who died on Calvary and is alive forevermore. Oh, when He is revealed to us, then we say with the Apostle Paul: “If God be for us, who can be against us? He who spared not His own Son but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things?” O beloved, there is a wonderful salvation prepared for each one of us in the love of our God.

I am so glad that salvation is not only a gift of God, but Himself is our salvation. When salvation is called God’s gift, it is called God’s gift because God’s Son is God’s gift to us. He is our salvation; He Himself, the Lord Jesus Christ, is our salvation. Have your eyes been opened to this fact? What assurance comes into the heart, what victory when we really can say, “God is my salvation!”

God is my salvation. What

does it mean? It means this—God loves me. I am in His love. God Almighty loves me. He loves me and because He loves me in the name of Jesus He saves me.

We sometimes think that we have to prevail upon God to give us His blessings, and yet His Word tells us that He loves to save and He loves to bless, that He has prepared salvation for us because He loves us, and now He makes that salvation an experimental reality because He loves us. It is all love, the love of God. God is my salvation. He is love and He is mighty.

God would like us to come to Him in this condition—“I will trust and not be afraid.” I will trust. I have seen it. I have caught the vision. I know that the Father did not spare His only begotten Son, but in infinite and unfathomable love for me He delivered Him up for me, and now He gives to me in Him, the risen Christ, all things, *all things*. Hallelujah! The fullness of His grace is mine in the name of Jesus, and how the Father longs for us to say with determination, as the prophet says, “I will trust. I will trust and not be afraid.” He is mighty to save and He loves me, *loves me*. He has purchased my salvation at an infinite cost, and He is the same in His infinite love today, and in the name of Jesus that love reaches me. He is mine. He loves me. *He loves me*. HE LOVES ME.

What does it mean that He is my Saviour? What does salva-

tion mean? There is another word that would just as well translate that expression. It is deliverance, *deliverance*, victory. Oh, He saves me, as Zacharias in his prophecy said, “from all my enemies, from all them that hate me.” Yes, there is an enemy of my soul and he is the god, the prince of this world, but God saves me from my sins, from all my enemies. He saves me. He gives me victory. I will trust. *I will trust*.

The enemy may tempt me and God permits that I am tested and tried. Why does God the Father permit it? Why does He not let me go through life, on my way to glory, without testings, without trials, without temptations? He tells me, that I might become rooted and grounded in His love. Testings and trials purify and strengthen. They strengthen our confidence in Jesus. We are so rooted in our own selves that we need testings and trials to detach us from ourselves and to attach us to our God, and if we trust Him, every testing and trial will become an occasion for the manifestation of His love.

The Apostle Paul speaks about temptations and trials and says, In the light which God has given to us we glory in tribulation because tribulation brings to us an experience and confirms in us an experience which is indeed very wonderful. The love of God is shed abroad in our hearts through the Holy Spirit which is given unto us.

But here the prophet express-

es a determination, "I will trust and I will not be afraid." The world is full of fear today. It must be so. It is so. Fear is a bondage of Satan and his slaves are filled with fear, but oh, beloved, we are delivered from fear, we are saved from fear. If I really trust, I will not permit the enemy to scare me and to put fear into my heart. I won't let Him.

Fear—what is it? It is unbelief. Perfect love casteth out fear. Perfect trust in His love delivers us from fear. But here we must be determined—I will trust. I know God is faithful. I know He loves me. I know He is my salvation and I trust. *I will trust.*

I often wondered about the words of Jesus to His disciples when the boat had been filling with water. They were scared and they finally woke Him up, and He said, "O ye of little faith!" And in another Gospel He said, "Where is your faith?" They were learning to trust in Him, but here a storm was upon them; it looked pretty bad and they forgot Jesus had said to them, "Let's go over to the other side." They ought to have known that that word implied they would get over to the other side if Jesus said so.

Beloved, our Saviour is faithful. He said, "I will never leave nor forsake you. You shall not be tempted above that which ye are able to bear. God can make with the testing a way of escape." He is faithful. His love is ours. "I will trust," and when that determination is in our hearts, "I will trust, I will not be afraid," the Lord will manifest Himself, and He will shed abroad in us the love of God. That is victory, Hallelujah! He loves me. *He loves me.* He is with me. He is mighty to save. He is in the boat. The storms may rage without me; my heart may be laid low, but if God is with me, how can I be afraid?

Oh, shall we behold it anew?

God loves me. *God loves me.* I am surrounded by love because God is present, and He loves me and He is with me in the storm. He is with me in the testing and I say, "I will trust. I will not be afraid."

"Let not your heart be troubled." Twice the Lord Jesus says that in His last conversation with His disciples: "Let not your hearts be troubled." When ye hear of wars and rumors of war, be not afraid. Oh, what an admonition!

"Fear not." How often we read that in the Book. Don't let fear come into your hearts. Look up. I will trust and not be afraid. The Lord Jehovah is my strength.

What does it mean when we read, "Finally, brethren, be strong in the Lord." How can I be strong in the Lord? It cannot mean anything else but that Jesus wants to impart to me His strength and I have to believe Him. What else can it mean? It is a command. His strength is at your disposal. Be strong in the Lord and in the power of His might. "Behold, God is my salvation, and I will trust and not be afraid, for the Lord Jehovah God is my strength."

Oh, have you looked? Behold, He is my strength. He is my song. How important it is that we keep on singing. Praising is the exercise of faith. God is my salvation. I will declare it in the face of every foe. God is my salvation. I will trust and not be afraid. He is my strength, and He is the cause of my singing and the theme of my song, His love, His faithfulness, His unfailing grace.

It is so important, beloved, that we learn to sing, *sing*, SING. Sing, it says in the song, when your trials are greatest. How can I sing? Shouldn't I dump? Oh, no! That won't help me to get deeper if I dump, but I will praise the Lord and proclaim His faithfulness and His unfailing love and His presence and the fact that He is my strength, hallelujah, the Lord is my strength. He is my song, and He is become my salvation, my deliverance, my victory.

In Psalm 32 we read that He will compass me about with songs of deliverance. It is a wonderful truth, beloved. Let us lay hold of it. Let us put everything out of the way and reach out for this blessing, this light—God loves me. I am the object of His love. I do not have to persuade Him to save me and to bless me, but He wants me to throw open my heart and let the sunshine of His love come in. He wants me to be in that attitude where I say, "I will trust and I will not be afraid." As I take that attitude, with determination, His light will shine in and the shadows will flee. I will say, "He is my strength. He is my song. He has become my salvation."

Beloved, it is true. It is true, the light is shining. All the glorious light of the love of God is shining from the face of Jesus Christ. Let the sunshine come in. Let it in. Turn away from your fears and look unto Jesus and say, "He, the Lord, my Christ, my God, is mine, and He is my salvation. I will trust. I will not be afraid. He is my strength. He is my song. He has become my salvation."

Is "Bread of Life" on Your Christmas List?

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I Would Gather Children

Highlights from Talk Given to Sunday School Workers

At Pilgrim Camp, Brant Lake, N. Y., Sept. 6, 1959

By HELEN WANNENMACHER

*Some would gather roses along the path of life;
Some would gather money and rest from worldly strife.
But I would gather children from off the paths of sin;
I would seek a golden curl, a toothless, freckled grin,
For money cannot enter in the land of endless day,
And the roses that are gathered will soon wilt along the way;
But oh, the laughing children, as I cross life's sunset sea,
And the gates swing wide to heaven—I can take them in with me.*

IT HAS BEEN MY PRIVILEGE to gather the children, and I remember very well the first little tots I gathered. I remember one particular little boy—and I think that was where the real love for the children came into my heart, and I really felt there the concern of Jesus over these little children. He was a poor, neglected waif, very emaciated. He came in one Sunday before Sunday school began. I had a little story book of Jesus, and one story had a picture of Jesus, and He had a halo over His head. And he said, "Oh, I know that guy."

"Do you? Tell me about Him."

"Well," he said, "one night my mom and dad were not home" (I guess they weren't home much of the time. His home was dark; it was a big, old place right near the church). "I had to go in, because I couldn't stay out any longer, and I was scared. It was dark. I had to go through, past the big room, into my bedroom. At the other end of the room, just by my bedroom, *He* stood there. He was so beautiful and He had a cap on His head." (Of course, that was the halo.) "And He put His hands out and He said, 'Don't be afraid,' and so I wasn't afraid."

It struck my heart. I knew that Jesus had great concern over even the tiniest, even the most forlorn. And so the fire began to burn in my own heart. I have been gathering them ever since.

Love the Children

How the love of God for these children must be there! How you must yearn after them! How you must mother them, shall I say? You must, when they come, make them to know you love

them. Sometimes it is only that little thing that will turn the tide and open the door and make the lesson go in—your little act of love. Some of these children come from homes where they never know love—they don't know one thing about it—they're not loved. They're shoved around, they have to look after themselves. And oh! how the *world* is yearning for love—not only these little waifs—everybody needs a little love and a little tenderness and a little encouragement.

The world is plenty hard. There are many things that are discouraging, even among the best. Trials come, sicknesses come, deaths come, disappointments come. And oh, to be able to love them, to mother them, to turn the tide of that hard heart and let it feel Jesus.

And if we're Spirit-filled (and that is a requisite for a teaching job), not only do we have the burning love of Jesus in our hearts, but we are filled with the fruits of the Spirit—the peace and the joy. No grouches ever have a place in the Sunday School. You come in grouchy and you might as well go home. If you come in all in a turmoil, you might as well go home, or your class is just going to be that. For we have to have the peace of God abiding in our own hearts if we want peace in our classes.

Introduce Jesus to Them

One thing, and that is the most important of all, is to introduce Jesus to every one of our boys and girls. Some of them come from places—you know where—you've visited—you've found them. But that doesn't make any difference. That makes it so much more wonderful, that we can present

Jesus, and not only present Him but make Him so real and so wonderful and so desirable—and their own needs so great—that there is not a thing in the world those boys and girls want to do as much as to find Jesus Christ for themselves.

Molding Character

We are molding character; therefore the teacher must be a man or a woman of character. We are producing character, Christian character; teaching the principles of Christian character. I wish we would always remember that. And that which they see in us is that which is going to be produced in them. Therefore we must be men and women of character. O God, help us! We are molding lives and we are shaping destinies.

Teaching is really a life. Teaching is the life of the teacher. I think you will find that your children will remember *you* many, many years after they have forgotten everything you said. They will remember that which you *are*. And after all, "What you are speaks so loud I can't hear what you say." And the impression that any dear, humble, holy teacher makes upon his children is the impression that is going to last. They do remember *you*—the unconscious training, the unconscious influence, that thing a teacher teaches most when he is not teaching at all. I think he has more weight as he walks down the street or walks before his class than probably the words that he utters. Naturally, we teach them truths. Naturally, we bring forth the Word. Naturally, we present Jesus. But if we don't present Him in a consistent fashion, then it isn't much good.

The Key Man

In every Sunday school there is a "key man." You may have the best methods—I would say methods are to be the best suited to *your* particular needs. You may have the best equipment—and you need that — good blackboards, good books, good illustrations, globes, maps, and anything else that you can get. Of course, for the younger tots we should have everything that would hold them, keep them, interest them. You may have all of that—you may have the best of everything—the most beautiful building (unfortunately, I haven't had the most *beautiful* buildings, especially in the very beginning days—we had one great room; some of you perhaps are acquainted with such a Sunday school), you can have the *best*, but the Sunday school rises or falls with one person.

You may say, "That must be the superintendent. I think that must be the general superintendent." Well, I want to tell you it isn't. Because if a Sunday school is well arranged, well planned for, the staff well taught, know their place, do their work, it will go on. But with all

that there is only one man—one "key" man—in every Sunday school, and that is the teacher. *You* are the most important person in the Sunday school.

"Why?" After all, what are we doing in Sunday school. Who takes the most time with the children? Who meets them face to face each Sunday? Who has them under their care? Therefore, knowing the job that we have to do—and I say that the call of God to teach is a serious call—it shouldn't be entered into lightly. The call to teach in Sunday school should be just as important and entered into with just as much responsibility felt as anything else—even as a pastor, for in a small sense you are a pastor.

Prayer

There is nothing else that will do for you and do for your Sunday school and for your children as prayer. There is nothing like prayer that will bring forth that which we want and that which we are aiming for. Every day should see a faithful teacher weeping. "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall *doubtless* come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." There should be weeping, weeping, because only that will bring forth the fruit that God wants as Sunday school teachers.

A Shepherd Heart

The teacher should have a shepherd heart. He should be able to know his sheep, as the tenth of John brings out. He should know them by name. It is an insult for any teacher to have to refer to a boy—"Well, you in the last row—*you*." We should know their names. We should know all about them.

Jamie was really a disturber in the class; the teacher stood it as long as possible and was about to dismiss him. So the superintendent said, "You had better go and see Jamie. You had better go and see his mother." So he did.

He went to Jamie's house and knocked, and Jamie's mother came to the door. When she found out that it was Jamie's teacher, she was all smiles and enthusiastic and said, "Ain't Jamie a wonderful kid? Ain't he wonderful?" And the teacher's mouth dropped open because he wasn't quite so wonderful in Sunday school and he didn't know what that mother was talking about. But the mother rattled on as any mother would who is proud of her son. Jamie was wonderful to that mother. Then she went on, "I lost my husband. I have to do the washing. Jamie goes after the clothes, and he takes care of the baby while I do the washing. He takes back the laundry when it is done, and he—well, he's just wonderful!"

Well, the teacher found out that Jamie was *really wonderful*. The only reason he was so very,

very naughty in Sunday school was that he had no moment to play when he was home. He did have to do all of those things. He was so occupied that he couldn't do anything else.

So that teacher and that superintendent got their heads together, and they said, "All right, Jamie is going to have a little opportunity to have a little fun too." So they saw to it that Jamie's outlook was different. He didn't have to sit down on that chair all the time. There were things that Jamie could do. There were outings that Jamie once in awhile could take. There were treats that that teacher could supply. And Jamie really was wonderful. But you don't know all about them until you go and find out—find out the background—find out what they are like.

The teacher with a shepherd heart will lead them out of bad habits into habits that are good. Lead them into habits of prayer and into habits of giving. Surely any child could bring a couple of pennies. If there isn't anything but pennies, well, all right, but don't you think it is a good idea for that child to learn to give a tenth of a dime for Sunday school?

Then the Sunday school teacher will feed his children. He will feed them with good food, well-proportioned. Not very much, maybe. I will say that it is a good idea to feed them in good proportions. Don't try to stuff the whole lesson down. Don't try to cover too much ground. Give them the portion that is "gettable" for them. You know how it is—sometimes you can't take in a real long sermon, yourself. Sometimes there is a limit to the capacity of that which you can take in. And it is true in our teaching—there is a limit.

As you prepare your lesson, think of your own children. Think of their needs. Think of Jamie. Think of that little Skippy.

We had a Skippy in our Sunday school. He was really some problem. He was the terror of every class. Every teacher kind of wished he would be promoted, but he wasn't promoted until his time, when his age came when he should be. But Skippy went to Youth Camp and was really saved. He found Jesus in a very wonderful way. Now he is one of my teachers, one that you can depend upon, one that has found God, and is able to really be a blessing because we were patient with him. He was really born again.

We have to feed them but we have to, as we give the lesson, be sure that we apply it. That is the main thing. We have to make the application. As you teach, don't wait for the final application, the final summary of the lesson, but apply it as you go along, as the opportunity is afforded. They say you should catch fish when they bite, and when there is an interest, when the truth has gone home, grab it. If there is an

opportunity for an altar call, make it. We have had more than one altar call given in our classes. More than one boy or girl has been saved right there because there was interest. The truth was illustrated—it was received—it was accepted, and the moment was there. Strike while the iron is hot. Get them right there as they respond. Don't wait. When they mix with the other boys, all that impression is gone.

If you want to keep your class, you had better feed them. "If you want your pigs to stay at your own gate, feed 'em at home." (Marion Lawrence, not my quotation.) Feed 'em. I don't mean the children are —. I'm only saying that you'd better feed 'em.

Visitation Work

Then the Sunday school teacher will seek out the lost. I love visitation work. I still do it. There is no royal road to Sunday school enlargement. There really isn't.

Of course, there is a way to lose the children. They say, the turn-over in every Sunday school is 25% in every year. That is an awful thing, isn't it? But there ought to be some way to stop those leaks. And do you know that one of the ways to hold your children, increase your Sunday school, is the work of visitation?

I think at every teachers' meeting I ever have, and I sometimes almost apologize when I start to talk about it, I say to the teachers, "Visitation." We have real visitation methods. My assistant is the superintendent of records and visitation and absenteeism, and she really is a good one. And we require the teachers to make reports, etc. That is the one way to build up your Sunday school, and believe me, if you are not willing to do that as a teacher, I think you had better—ask God to help you; I won't say, quit. Ask God to make you a shepherd that really goes out after those sheep. And oh, how they are won!

We have families upon families who have been brought in because someone persistently called on the children. We have one family—the father and mother are now our janitors in our church. They said, "Sister Wannenmacher, if you hadn't come—." And oh, how I came! I never let them go. Every once in awhile I would go after them until they were almost weary of seeing me, but I went and knocked on that door: "Will you come?" They came finally. They didn't come regularly at first, but now they are some of our finest folks in our church. What was it? It was persistently going after them. I was seeking them out. It was all that and more.

Not Afraid of Toil

The Sunday school teacher must not be afraid to work. Don't be afraid of the toil. Don't be

Death!

DEATH! Does it mean just this,
That my very self shall die?
That all the hopes and plans of years
I shall sternly mortify?

Dead to myself—Crucified
On the Cross of sacrifice
'Til out of the ashes of that old life
A strange new life shall rise.

Must I die?—Die to all
That has made my life most dear?
The hopes and plans and the cherished ties
Formed through each passing year?

Yea, it means just this,—My Death!
Dying with Him! Casting down
At the foot of the Cross where I'm crucified
All earth's gifts. To wear the crown

Of thorns of the scorn of this world,
To live to myself no more;
To spend and be spent; to give and to love,
Day by day, hour by hour, to pour

Out for others; To give no heed
To my heart, or its self-seeking cries.
Yea, this is Death. The passing of self,
The acceptable sacrifice!

Death to self—Death to sin—
Treading the path that He trod,
With up-springing joy in that newness of life,
Hid with my Christ in God.

Death, did I say? Nay, beginning of Life,
The birth of a sin-cleansed soul;
Life, springing up in Divine overflow
Of spirit and body made whole.

Spend, did I say? Yea, of abundant supply,
Give? Yea, of what we are given
By the Father of Him with whom we're co-heirs
From the inexhaustible storehouse of Heaven.

To leave at the cross the best of our gifts?
'Tis to empty ourselves for His own,
Cast aside all our plans, and our hopes, and our joys?
Yea, for greater, For we have not known,

Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard,
Neither have entered the heart
Those things which God hath prepared for that life
Where self hath no lot nor part.

Death? Nay, Life! Abundant, Divine!
For who has thought for the scorn
And the pain and the woe and the anguish of death
On the Resurrection Morn?

Abundant Life! For this purpose He came,
For this He died on the tree:
That I, through Him, shall live, yet not I,
But Christ Jesus shall live in me.

—MARTHA W. ROBINSON.

afraid of the cross. They pay well in Sunday school work. It means toil. It means work. But do you do it? Have you been in your working schedule? God wants you to be. God wants all of our hearts to be in tune with that which He has for us.

We have a "tops" job. I have said I would rather build a fence at the top of the precipice than build an asylum or a hospital or a jail down at the bottom because many a life would have been spared that sad experience, had they in their youth found Jesus—had they learned the Word. Had there been put into their hearts the love and the fear of God they would never have come to such an end.

A Serious Responsibility

Let us ask God to make us real teachers. Let us ask God to make us *real* and let the things of God be real. Let them be wrought out in our lives, and never forget that teaching is the teacher, and *you* are the one that makes the teaching. You are the one that is held responsible. *You are the one.* If we fail in our office, we are going to have to answer to God. There is going to be a judgment. I firmly believe that. We cannot be careless in our lives. We cannot be careless in any way, but our influence and all about us has to be Jesus. It isn't enough to talk about it, but it is enough if we live Him and keep bringing forth Him in our teaching through the Word.

Importance of the Devotional Mood

By A. W. TOZER

MAINTENANCE of the devotional mood is indispensable to success in the Christian life.

Holiness and power are not qualities that can be once received and thereafter forgotten as one might wind a clock or take a vitamin pill. The world is too much with us, not to mention the flesh and the devil, and every advance in the spiritual life must be made against the determined resistance of this trinity of evil. Gains made must be consolidated and held with a resolution equal to that of an army in the field.

To establish our hearts in the devotional mood we must abide in Christ, walk in the Spirit, pray without ceasing and meditate on the Word of God day and night. Of course this implies separation from the world, renunciation of the flesh and obedience to the will of God as we are able to understand it.

And what is the devotional mood? It is nothing else than constant awareness of God's enfolding presence, the holding of inward conversations with Christ and private worship of God in spirit and in truth. Public worship embraces the community of believers and is genuine only as the individuals who compose the company assemble in the mood of reverent devotion. Anything short of this is sheer formality and must surely be unacceptable to God.

Among the enemies to devotion hardly another is so harmful as distractions. Whatever excites the curiosity, scatters the thoughts, disquiets the heart, absorbs the interests or shifts our life focus from the kingdom of God within us to the world

around us—that is a distraction; and the world is full of them. Our science-based civilization has given us many benefits, but it has multiplied our distractions and so taken away far more than it has given.

One thing is certain, however: we cannot turn the clock back to quieter times, neither can we hide from the persistent clamor of the twentieth century. We must learn to live in such a world as this and be victorious over it.

In the normal course of things a certain number of distractions are bound to come to each one of us; but if we learn to be inwardly still these can be rendered relatively harmless. It would not be hard to compile a long list of names of Christians who carried upon their shoulders the burden of state or the responsibilities of business and yet managed to live in great inward peace with the face of the Lord in full view. They have left us a precious legacy in the form of letters, journals, hymns and devotional books that witness to the ability of Christ to calm the troubled waters of the soul as He once calmed the waves on the Sea of Galilee. And today as always those who listen can hear His still, small voice above the earthquake and the whirlwind.

While the grace of God will enable us to overcome inevitable distractions, we dare not presume upon God's aid and throw ourselves open to unnecessary ones. The roving imagination, an inquisitive interest in other people's business, preoccupation with external affairs beyond what is absolutely necessary:

these are certain to lead us into serious trouble sooner or later. The heart is like a garden and must be kept free from weeds and insects. To expect the fruits and flowers of Paradise to grow in an untended heart is to misunderstand completely the processes of grace and the ways of God with men. Only grief and disappointment can result from continued violation of the divine principles that underlie the spiritual life.

The multiplying of artificial objects of attention has not made people happy; it has made them quite the opposite. Think of the contented grandmother of American tradition, a look of sweet serenity on her face, quietly knitting on a hollyhock-fringed porch, and compare her with the nervous, exhausted housewife of today, moving tensely among her laborsaving devices trying to get her work finished in time to keep an appointment with her psychiatrist. These pictures may be slightly overdrawn; the grandmother being, possibly, not *quite* so contented and the modern housewife not as frustrated as we suppose, but there is a lot of truth here nevertheless. Things cannot bring happiness; they can only add more weight to the already too great burdens of the heart.

The remedy for distractions is the same now as it was in earlier and simpler times, viz., prayer, meditation and the cultivation of the inner life. The psalmist said, "Be still, and know," and Christ told us to enter into our closet, shut the door and pray unto the Father. It still works.

"Let us return to ourselves, brothers," said the Greek saint Nicephorus, ". . . for it is impossible for us to become reconciled and united with God if we do not first return to ourselves, as far as it lies in our power, or if we do not enter

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The Life of Song



Haldor Lillenas

On August 18, at the age of 73, Dr. Haldor Lillenas, author of over 3,000 gospel songs, died at his summer home in Aspen, Colorado. Perhaps best known for his hymns, "Wonderful Peace" and "Wonderful Grace of Jesus," Dr. Lillenas has enriched our hymnody with the words and music of "Don't Turn Him Away," "How Can I Be Lonely?", "Soldiers of Immanuel," and "Wonderful" with its familiar chorus:

*"Wonderful, wonderful, Jesus is to me,
Counselor, Prince of Peace, Mighty God is He;
Saving me, keeping me from all sin and shame,
Wonderful is my Redeemer, praise His name!"*

He is also the composer or arranger of the music for "Give Me Oil in My Lamp," "Jesus Has Lifted Me," and "It Is Glory Just to Walk with Him." In addition to writing songs, he was the editor and publisher of a number of song books, among them, WAVES OF GLORY and GLORIOUS GOSPEL HYMNS, which have been used in our fellowship. The following brief biography is taken from an anonymous life sketch of Dr. Lillenas, written some years ago, with such changes as needful since he has joined "the choir invisible."—EDITOR.

DESTINED to help set the religious world a-singing was a little Scandinavian lad, born on one of the hundreds of small islands dotting the stormswept coast of Norway. On one of these islands, in a beautiful fjord thirty-five miles north of Bergen, lived the O. P. Lillenas family—a plain but God-fearing people. In this prosperous community of the Far North, the father operated a country store while his wife dutifully cared for the home, singing as she worked. It was in 1886 that Haldor Lillenas was born—the boy who was to inspire countless thousands to sing, "Jesus Has Lifted Me"!

In a short time the lure of America became so strong that the father closed his business in Norway and migrated to the United States, where he soon made preparations for his family to follow. At the age of two, little Haldor, with his older brother and sister, accompanied his mother on their momentous crossing of the mighty Atlantic. This stormy voyage, requiring two weeks, was made in a com-

bination passenger and cattle boat from Liverpool, England, to Quebec, Canada.

The Lillenas family, now reunited, settled on the virgin soil of South Dakota, where a sod house was soon completed. In those pioneer days, when homes were scarce and people few, Haldor lived close to nature where it was easy to commune with God. The seeds of poetry and song were deeply planted in his soul. It is little wonder that he later wrote:

"In the cool of the day He walks with me,

In the rose-bordered way He talks with me;

In love's holy union, and sacred communion,

In the garden of my heart."

After two years in South Dakota, the Lillenas family moved to another pioneer section—northwestern Oregon—where a new home was established among wooded hills, under the shadows of giant Douglas firs, Sitka spruce and towering cedars. This house was strong and rugged, built of hand-sawed ce-

dar logs. In this log house Haldor sang his heart out—the Lillenas family loved music. He began singing, in his native tongue, the Norwegian translations of the very popular Moody and Sankey gospel hymns. Other songs he learned were those brought from Norway and sung in the rich contralto voice of his mother.

During the following twelve years, under the influence of a Christian home, Haldor grew to young manhood. There was plenty of hard work and diligent study, but always he had a song in his heart. At the age of seventeen he began the study of chemistry and he delved into its mysteries for the next four years. After completing this work he quickly found a position in a chemical laboratory.

In response to publishers who advertised for new songs, he wrote his first songs while living in North Dakota, when he was only nineteen years of age. At that time he was not aware of the fact that legitimate publishers never need to advertise in order to secure music manu-

scripts. "Needless to say," in Lillenas' own words, "these first songs were not very successful."

Following the death of his mother, Haldor Lillenas left home to make his own way in life. On one beautiful summer evening, while in the city of Astoria, Oregon, he was attracted to a gospel song service being held on a street corner. Here he heard for the first time, "Tell Mother I'll Be There." The message of this song brought back vivid memories of his childhood, the family altar, the country church and the Sunday school. God talked to his heart—he was deeply convicted; he repented, and two weeks later, in a little mission, young Lillenas was gloriously converted. It was not long before God bestowed upon this young singer-Christian a call to the ministry of the gospel. He lost no time in obeying the divine command, resigned his position with the chemical laboratory and began to study and to prepare himself for his new calling.

Mr. Lillenas united with the Church of the Nazarene in 1908, and after attending the Deets Pacific Bible College, he entered the ministry of the gospel, in California.

The path of the young and aspiring song writer is never strewn with roses. Haldor Lillenas proved the truth of this statement. Over a period of years following his conversion, he persistently wrote songs—mostly sacred numbers—but received little or no encouragement from anyone. Finally he succeeded in selling ten songs to one publisher—for fifty cents each! One of these, "He Set Me Free," became very popular.

In the years that have followed that first "hit" in sacred song, Lillenas' songs have been enthusiastically accepted and sung by millions of people. Today a religious radio broadcast is hardly complete without one of the "heart songs" of Haldor

Lillenas. The compositions of this noted composer number over three thousand, many of them known and sung around the world. These gospel messages have been translated into many other languages. A few of the best loved songs for which Haldor Lillenas is most widely known are, *The City Where They Need No Sun*, *Wonderful Grace of Jesus*, *I Have Settled the Question*, *Peace That My Savior Has Given*, *It Is Glory Just to Walk with Him*, *Wonderful Peace*, *The Peace That Jesus Gives*, *Your Roses May Have Thorns*, *The Garden of My Heart* and *Jesus Has Lifted Me*.

It was while young Lillenas was attending the Bible College in Los Angeles that he met and fell in love with Bertha Mae Wilson, talented daughter of Dr. W. C. Wilson, who later became General Superintendent of the Church of the Nazarene. At the close of the school year this consecrated young couple were married. Rev. and Mrs. Lillenas labored together for about forty years as pastors, evangelists, singers and writers of sacred song until her death. Bertha Mae Lillenas was a gospel song writer in her own right. Her best known songs include, *Jesus Took My Burden*, *He Will Not Forget*, *Jesus Is Always There*, *Saved by the Blood*, and *Leave Your Burden at the Place of Prayer*.

While Rev. Mr. Lillenas was pastor of the First Church of the Nazarene at Indianapolis, Indiana, he found himself at the fork of the road in his career as a minister of the gospel. Up to that time he had traveled two highways of Christian service. He had divided his time between song composition and pastoral work. The magnitude of his duties and responsibilities became so great that he felt compelled to choose between giving his entire time and attention to his much loved pastoral ministry or to the fascinating work of writ-

ing gospel songs and hymns. After much prayer and meditation, the latter field was chosen. In this way he felt assured that his ministry could touch more people and, in the end, be much more fruitful.

The Lillenas Publishing Company was organized in 1924. This concern, located at Indianapolis, Indiana, grew and prospered for six years, and in 1930 was purchased by the Nazarene Publishing House of Kansas City, Missouri. In addition to securing all the assets of the Lillenas plant, the Nazarene Publishing House also obtained the services of Rev. Mr. Lillenas as manager of the Music Department.

We close this little biographical sketch of Haldor Lillenas with an excerpt from the foreword of one of his later song books, *"Favorite Radio Songs and Poems"*:

"If any word that I may say
May brighten someone's dreary day,
If any song that I may sing
Can just a bit of comfort bring;
Then, let me say that little word
And let my little song be heard
To help some weary heart today
Along life's toilsome way."

Importance of Devotional Mood

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within ourselves, tearing ourselves—what a wonder it is!—from the whirl of the world with its multitudinous vain cares and striving constantly to keep attention on the kingdom of heaven which is within us."

Distractions *must* be conquered or they will conquer us. So let us cultivate simplicity; let us want fewer things; let us walk in the Spirit; let us fill our minds with the Word of God and our hearts with praise. In that way we can live in peace even in such a distraught world as this. "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you."

—Alliance Witness.

AS THANKFUL AS HE?

By V. RAYMOND EDMAN

The Lord Jesus Was Thankful in All Circumstances of Life

HE WAS GRATEFUL FOR DAILY FOOD, the evidence of God's concern and provision for His creatures. It was perfectly natural that He should give thanks as He broke the five little barley loaves and two tiny fish which were to be divided among the hungry multitude (John 6:11). He did the same when the four thousand were fed on a later occasion (Mark 8:6). He was thankful there was food for others and for Himself, and so should we be thankful!

He was thankful for divine favor that enlightened the understanding of the humble. The worldly-wise were conceited in their learning and contemptuous of the lowly. They were the "enlightened ones," the doctors of the Law, the disciples of Gamaliel; and they scorned the Nazarene teacher and his Galilean followers. "At that time Jesus answered and said, I thank Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes" (Matthew 11:25). He was thankful that the simple-hearted recognized that they were sinners and needed a Saviour, that the humble were honest enough to admit that He was their only hope of heaven, and that the meek were content to leave life's mysterious and cruel conditions to an all-wise Creator. He was thankful that the keys of knowledge and destiny were in omnipotent hands, and so can we be thankful!

He had a spirit of gratitude even in the face of death. Death is a grim enemy, and not an illusion. Death takes no holidays, but is an ever-present specter and shadow. At any moment he may knock at our door, as he did at the lovely haven in Bethany long ago. Lazarus was dead; and of course the hearts of Mary and Martha were torn with grief. Then Jesus came; and lifting his eyes upward in prayer He said simply and earnestly, "Father, I thank Thee that Thou hast heard Me. And I know Thou hearest Me always. . . ." (John 11:41-42). Jesus did not minimize death; He mastered it. He did not doubt divine providence; He depended upon it. He was thankful that the believing heart can pray when the eyes may be blinded with tears, that the redeemed may know the power of the resurrection—and so can we be thankful!

Our Lord was thankful even in the shadow of His own decease. The cross had cast its ominous and awful shadow across His heart and mind. He knew that one of His own would soon betray Him. Before Him lay agony and anguish, the spitting and the scourge, the causeless condemnation and the cross; yet in the last supper He "took bread, and blessed it . . . took the cup, and gave thanks" (Matthew 26:26-27). He was thankful that His life was in God's hands, that the divine will and purpose for Him would be accomplished, that the wrath of man would redound to God's glory, that the cross would lead to a crown; and so can we be thankful!

This thankfulness is not in ourselves, nor because of our goodness, but by the indwelling Spirit of the Thankful One.

—Wheaton College Bulletin.