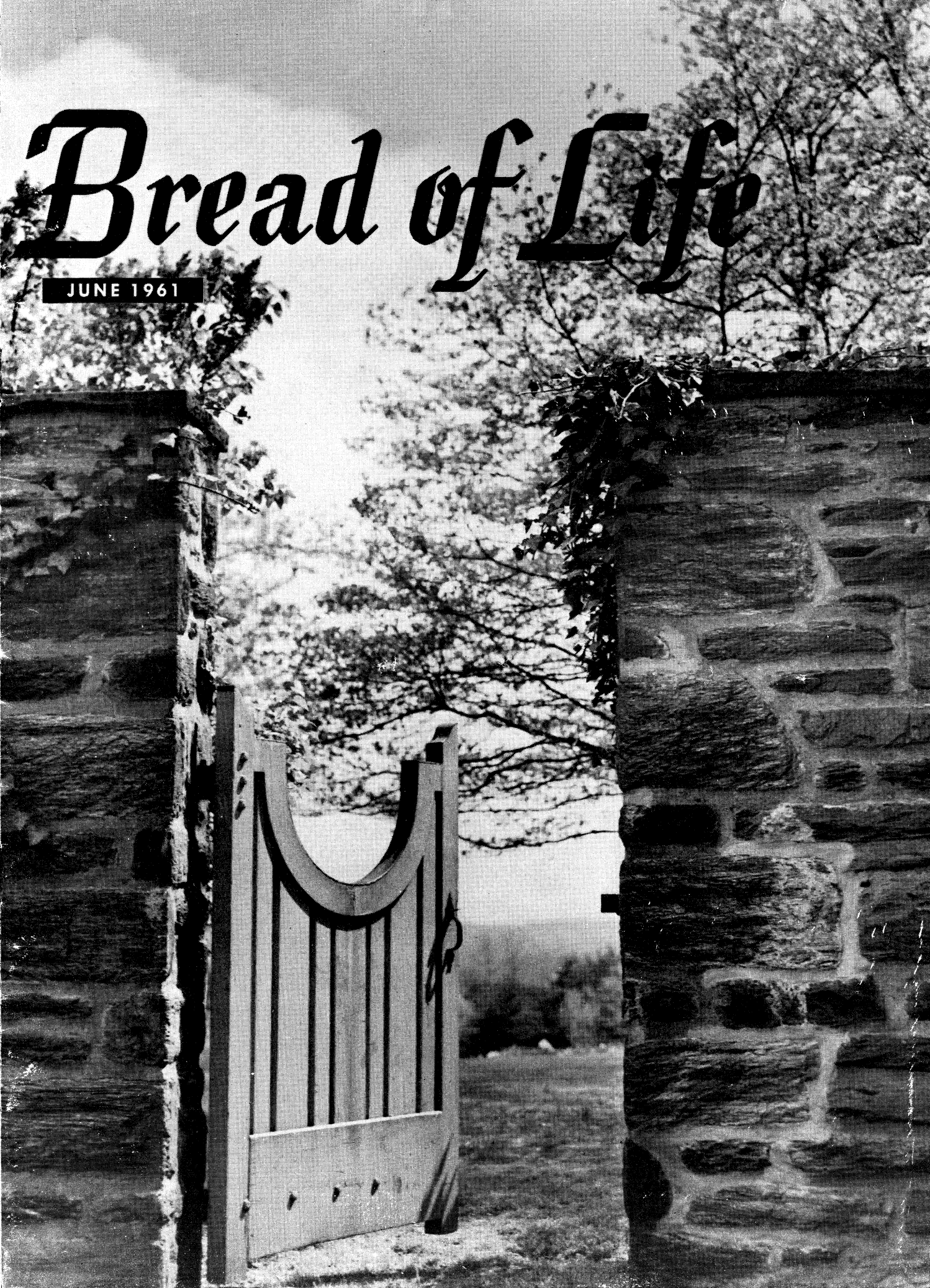


Bread of Life

JUNE 1961



STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

ON DIVINE HEALING

WHAT IS IT that drives the sick among God's own blood-bought people to Egypt for help? What is it that keeps the "arm of flesh" so much busier than God's own arm which is not shortened that it cannot save or heal?

The cause may be manifold—a lack of the knowledge of God's will regarding the healing of the body, a lack of faith to appropriate the promises and provision of God even after it is known, or a lack of patience to wait God's time and method in giving the healing. But is not one of the main reasons "the fear of death" to which man is in bondage? This, in reality, is the fear to risk ourselves on God and is obviously the cause in many, many cases why people do not trust God alone for the healing of their sick bodies. Delivered from this fear, the battle is half won.

(In considering this subject, we take for granted that the sick person is a child of God with *nothing* between his soul and his Saviour which could prevent his trusting in the all-atoning blood of Christ for physical healing.)

The fact is that we need more of the attitude of the Apostle Paul when he said, "So now also Christ shall be magnified in my body, whether it be by life or by death." The same thought is found in the words of Jesus' own lips, "Whosoever will save his life shall lose it, and whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it." This is real consecration.

You may say you did not realize consecration had anything to do with trusting God for healing. It has plenty to do with it. An incident from the life of Madame Guyon will illustrate this point clearly:

This saint of the Lord lived at a time when the light of divine healing was very dim, so it was the usual thing to call in a doctor in case of illness. When Madame Guyon was dying with smallpox, the doctor was not available and did not come till the danger and crisis were over. In the meantime, she just "abandoned" herself to God as she did in every circumstance and situation, committing herself without fear to Him, knowing that all

power was given unto Him in heaven and earth to deliver in whatsoever way He might choose. And God did deliver and raised her up in spite of the fact that she had been given very poor care and ministered to by those who knew little or nothing about nursing a severe case of smallpox. All of which proves God's ability to rule and overrule if a soul is trusting and resting in Him implicitly.

When a life is given unreservedly to God for time and eternity, there will be a rest and confidence that no matter what happens God is able and will take care of it, delivering from death if need be. This is consecration in the full sense, when one yields even his body as a whole burnt offering to God for Him to take and to do whatsoever He wills with it. Then "I am His, and He is mine." Will He not care for and keep that which has been committed unto Him?

John Alexander Dowie, that great giant of faith in the field of divine healing, taught his people to pray at the close of every service:

My God and Father, In Jesus' name I come to Thee. Take me as I am. Make me what I ought to be in spirit, in soul, in body, no matter what it costs, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

If a person thus consecrated his body to the Lord, not only was there no need to use "means" of any kind, but to do so was inconsistent with trusting God for healing. Therefore, Dr. Dowie would not pray for a person's physical healing until he had discontinued the use of all medicine of any kind. In place of the drugs, however, he literally poured into his hearers, many of them dying with incurable diseases, the Word of God and demonstrated that this is far more certain and effective than any natural means. Is it any wonder that the results of his ministry were clear-cut, absolute deliverances for body, soul, and spirit?

A firm foundation for faith in God to heal is laid—first of all, in the dedication of ourselves to God, no matter what it costs. This settled—that we belong to Him, that we know it is His will to heal, that the provision is made for all who are His—the rest is up to Him as we trust and are not afraid.

God is after far more than relief from pain and a restoration of our physical health, although this is certainly included. He wants to manifest His own divine life in our mortal flesh, and this life is revealed in proportion as we "lose" our own limited, physical life and strength.

Furthermore, He is after His own glory which He will not share with another. And His glory shines most brightly when we implicitly trust Him—and Him alone, thereby causing Him to make bare His holy arm to get for us the victory.



Gottfried A. Waldvogel

The Character of Christ

Translated from a German Sermon

By GOTTFRIED A. WALDVOGEL



I WANT to read a word which we all know or ought to know by heart. It is more important, however, that we take it to heart, that the word may become a part of us—First Corinthians Thirteen.

This is the chapter which tells us of love and which lays it upon our heart to strive for love, to be filled with love. To get the connection, let me read the preceding verse, the last one of the twelfth chapter: "But covet earnestly the best gifts: and yet shew I unto you a more excellent way." That doesn't mean, I will show you a better way than the one described in chapter 12. Rather it means:—I will show you a more precious way, the most precious one you should walk in in connection with the service and the gifts of the Holy Spirit which ought to be revealed in the congregation. The way in which these gifts come to perfection and are a blessing is this way of love.

"Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not love (literally, no love) I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not love, I am nothing. And

though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not love, it profiteth me nothing."

The first three verses show us the great value of love. The apostle calls it the bond of perfection. The Saviour says: "This is the new commandment, the mark of discipleship. By this shall the world know that ye are my disciples." By your gifts? No!—By love, by love. The apostle tells us that this is the way of holiness—love, the fruit of the Holy Spirit.

In these first three verses special distinguishing characteristics are named which a disciple of Jesus may and ought to have. And yet one can misuse these. Our own self can reveal itself and can take glory to itself by them. He talks of spiritual gifts, of talking in tongues, and prophecy. All these are wonderful, and God wants these gifts manifested among the people and in the assembly.

Speaking in tongues—a glorious equipment! The apostle says, "I would that ye all spake with tongues. He that speaketh in an unknown tongue edifieth himself." Who doesn't need it?

Interpretation of tongues and prophesying for the edification

of the church! It is a marvelous grace when God lets us speak as the Spirit gives utterance, when the Holy Spirit fills us and we speak by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit. And yet if this is not done in love, the apostle says, we are as sounding brass, a tinkling cymbal, an empty sound. Speaking in tongues and prophesying ought to be inspired by the power of the spirit of love, the love of God.

And he speaks of wisdom and knowledge whereby we may understand the mysteries of God. That is also something wonderfully precious. He speaks of faith, of the power of faith to remove mountains. What a gift! And yet, he who possesses such power and such wisdom and lacks love is nothing, nothing.

He speaks of good works of compassion, of martyrdom. But even these are worthless without love. It says here: "And though I give my body to be burned, and have not love—" If love is missing, if love is not the motivating power in all these actions, then the principal thing is missing. Another reading in the Greek says, "Though I give my body as a martyr—to glorify myself, to boast."

Is it really possible, that a disciple is in danger to use these

distinctions—and they are excellent qualities—to glorify himself? Is it possible that the devil of pride can enter in here? Were there ever men who were willing to become martyrs simply because they were eager for glory? Yes, history tells us so. And many of them—sad to say—finally sacrificed incense at the altar—sacrificed to Caesar. That is the wrong motive—a selfish one.

Can one be liberal to glorify himself? The Pharisees were, our Lord tells us. Is it possible for people to do this even today? Yes, it is. Is it possible that people are proud of their supposed power, their faith, or that they even use the blessings, which God gives them, as an ornament, like a nice necklace? Yes. I may prophesy, speak in tongues, interpret, yes, but in all these things self-glory can show itself. But not if the love of God is the motivating power behind them.

The love of Jesus Christ is the opposite of self-seeking, self-exaltation, self-glory. "Love seeketh not her own." Thus the apostle describes love in the following sentences. I think as we read these verses, we see clearly this is the nature of love: It goes out to give. It gives *again*. It sacrifices itself for others. It is impossible that there is any selfishness in it. The love of Christ is the opposite of self-love.

Love suffereth long. It can endure. It is kind. Love envieth not. Oh, how terrible is envy! That is self-love. Love is not angry or vexed when someone else is preferred. Love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up. Love is not haughty. It does not exalt itself. It is not puffed up. That is the natural man, but love is not that way.

Love does not behave herself unseemly.

Then here is the principal sentence: It seeketh not her own—not her own honour, not her own rights. It does not say, "I have to stand up for my own rights." Love is just the opposite.

It is not provoked. Strange, that the translators of the English version have added a little word that makes this sentence a little more acceptable. They said: "Is not *easily* provoked." But the "easily" is not there. That would be fine if it were, wouldn't it? We always have "reason" to be provoked. Of course, *we* are not *easily* provoked. But love is *not provoked*.

It thinketh no evil. It forgives and forgets and buries its grievances. "Rejoiceth not in iniquity." To rejoice over another's failure is something awful. It is always a revelation of self.

Love rejoices in the truth. Wherever and however God blesses, we rejoice with all our heart. We rejoice in the truth.

When Pentecost came to Los Angeles, one brother thought God had sent the blessing to the wrong address. He and his assembly had prayed for months for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit. When he heard that the Holy Spirit had fallen in a neighboring church, he said, "Oh, dear Lord, that must be the wrong address!" He really was a little angry about it, but God straightened him out. He saw it and thanked God. He closed his meetings and said, "Let us all go where the fire is falling."

Love beareth all things. That says a whole lot, doesn't it? Love beareth *all things*.

One manifestation of our sinful self is suspicion. How many

people are possessed by it and do not know that it is sin. How many, even in Pentecost, think that others are wrong. How many have said to me: "You know, people hate me. They don't like me. They talk about me." A sister said to me: "I know people talk a lot in your church, and they talk about me." I said: "Oh, how do you know?" Beloved, that is not the spirit of love. That is the enemy. That is flesh.

If we are filled with the love of Christ, we have confidence and faith in others. They are in God's hand; Jesus loves them and He has power to help them. The enemy tries to attack them, but we do not look at the matter from the natural standpoint. We do not know anyone anymore after the flesh. We consider our brothers, sisters, and fellowmen as such for whom our Saviour died and whom He wants to save from the power of Satan. If our hearts are filled with love, we do not expect anything but the victory of Jesus Christ in them, too.

"Love hopeth all things." It is full of hope. Oh, how wonderful! Do we see it? It is in direct contrast to self-love and the opinion of the flesh. The apostle here shows us through the Holy Ghost the divine nature of love. "Love never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away. For we know in part, and we prophesy in part."

Something remarkable is said of Jesus, the great Prophet, in comparison with the Old Testament prophets: God gave Him the Spirit of prophecy, without

(Continued on page 8.)

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'Round the World

By HANS R. WALDVOGEL

On April 3 Pastor Hans Waldvogel left New York on a trip around the world. After a few days in Hawaii, he proceeded to Formosa where he conducted three weeks of meeting. The following report has been combined from various letters and messages he has sent enroute. At the conclusion of his conference in Kirchheim, Germany, he will return home, God willing, in June.



THE KOU TZU K'OU church is perched on a hill, and one has to climb up forty-two steps to reach it. When one gets there, he finds a beautiful chapel which is filled with the glory of God.

Taipei is full of idolatry. Not so long ago a new idol reaching to a height of more than seventy-two feet was set up on top of a hill. I have passed homes where food has been placed for the ghosts of their ancestors and where incense is burned. Then when they go to worship, they burn a lot of fireworks.

It is so much more beneficial not only to find many who profess to be Christians but to find assemblies like the one in Kou Tzu K'ou where Jesus really manifests Himself and where He is appreciated. The thing that impresses me about this work is the character of the people. They are a new class of Chinese, some of them pretty highly educated and some holding pretty high positions in government circles.

I feel that God has brought us in touch with this work and has given us part in this work, very much like our work in Germany. We ought to take it to our hearts and pray much for Miss Young and Miss Lindau.

I went to different towns and to different churches, and every-

where I found very dear saints of God. In one place there was an old woman who grew up with Pearl Buck and there learned English. She speaks a good English and interpreted me one night. She testified how very grateful she has been to God for these meetings, how changed she had become by the Word of the Lord and how she recognized Jesus Himself in it. It is certainly heartening to hear these people say these things.

Yilan is about 60 miles from Taipei. It took us about two and a half hours to get there because it is over very mountainous terrain. (Some of the mountains here measure up to 12,000 feet.) We went through rice fields and over hills and mountains with tea plantations. In Yilan I saw real heathen practice. But in the church we had a very wonderful time. The church there is larger than the one in Kou Tzu K'ou, comprised, strange to say, mostly of men, wonderful young men filled with the Holy Ghost. Night after night souls came to seek the Lord.

I had a very precious time throughout Formosa and was very happy to see hungry hearts opening to Jesus. I found that the Lord Jesus Christ is the very same here that we have found Him to be elsewhere.



Pastor Waldvogel at Sung Shan Airport, Taipei

A welcome by missionaries and Chinese Christians.

There was a wonderful revelation of God in the midst. The last meeting was a great meeting. The Lord really broke through, and the entire three weeks present a perfect job of the Lord. It filled my heart with joy and thanksgiving to God for letting me go there.

Upon arriving in Hong Kong I was met by Brother Hanson, a veteran missionary. I spoke to about fifty students at the Ecclesia Bible School there. They asked for another meeting so classes were dismissed. The Lord met us in old time power.

From May 10 to 13 I was in Calcutta. The sights there were heartbreaking—teeming multitudes more dead than alive. I was pleasantly surprised when Margaret Michelsen showed up. She took me around. I had a very good service at the Assembly of God church.

From there I flew to Beirut and went to Jerusalem where I spent two days. There I felt led to go to the Garden of the Tomb and found a number of brethren who had come for the World Conference. With these I had precious fellowship and again was conscious that the Lord had ordered my steps. On the 16th I went on to Frankfurt, Germany, and so on to Kirchheim for the conference scheduled to begin Pentecost Sunday.

Formosa Campaign Report

By ELISABETH LINDAU

and

PEARL YOUNG



IT CERTAINLY WAS of the Lord's appointment that Pastor Hans Waldvogel came at this time, for the Lord, Himself, set His own seal upon his visit. He arrived at Sung Shan Airport on April 17th, and the Lius, Ch'ens and Yehs as well as a few missionaries went to welcome him.

The next morning we commenced our eight days of special meetings at Kou Tzu K'ou morning and evening, both of which were well attended. Some came from other parts of the island for this purpose. Some of the folks here took off from work in order to get in on the morning meetings and were well rewarded for it. For several mornings Luke 11:1-13 was brought to our attention—our great need of prayer, importunate prayer, prayer without ceasing. Hearts have been awakened in a new way to their need of Jesus and to His soon coming. God dealt not only with the young people but likewise some of the older ones who had reserves about coming to the altar came seeking the Lord in a new way.

Mr. Waldvogel realized that God was with us and that hearts were open and prepared for his messages. The Chinese are especially fond of stories, so they just loved that part of his ministry—all the stories and illustrations. And they felt that he loved them, and they appreciated that.

After the meetings in Kou Tzu K'ou Mr. Waldvogel went to Yilan on the east coast for four days from April 26-30. There Mr. and Mrs. K. McGilivray, Miss Marjorie Sykes, and Mr. Chang labor. (The latter received the baptism at Kou Tzu K'ou about two or three years ago.) This Yilan work is a very hopeful one. There are quite a number who earnestly seek the Lord. The Lord was really in the meetings, especially the Saturday evening altar service when the place was fairly charged with the power and glory of God.

We returned for the Sunday meeting at Kou Tzu K'ou, and then on Monday evening the Christians met together in a hall in Taipei for supper, fellowship, singing and picture-taking. It was a very happy time.

We rented a hall for meetings from May 2nd through the 6th in the Taipei City Hall, so that those of the missionaries who were free could come. The group that attended was not large but the Lord came in a very precious way. About twelve different missionary organizations were represented, and some came from Tainan, Chiayi, Yilan, Hsin Chu, Taichung and Keelung for the express purpose of getting to those meetings. Margaret Sykes testified in her own inimitable way, "I am not one given to insomnia, but the

Lord met with me in such a marvellous way that I could not sleep. Waves of glory came over me again and again and His Presence so unspeakably marvellous that I did not care to sleep." The way of praise and waiting on God was something new to some and of great help.

One could not help but think of that verse from Psalm 72:16, "There shall be an handful of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains; the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon; and they of the city shall flourish like grass of the earth." Just a handful of missionaries, but taking these rich truths that were given, what could God do on this small island through the power of His own Holy Spirit!

"A very lasting impression was made not only on me but on many others, missionaries and Chinese," writes one of the missionaries who attended many of the services. "But that impression was not of a man—one seems almost to forget him, but it's a deep impression of the wonder, the beauty, the glory of our Lord Jesus. Jesus has become more real to me than I ever dreamed was possible (and I thought I was having wonderful fellowship with Him before, and I was, but these days have just brought Him more and more wonderfully close.) Isn't it a strange and yet very marvellous truth although today I can have perfect fellowship with Jesus, perfect rest and peace and joy, yet—tomorrow can still be better?

"Well, it's not the messages that stand out to me in these past three weeks, although of course I have received much help and blessing from them, but the opportunity to see in action under all kinds of circumstances, in meetings and out of meetings, what it means to walk in the Spirit, to live in the Spirit, to be filled with the Spirit. To be in meetings which were *really* led by the Spirit—oh! this has been such a joy—a thrill—something my husband and I have discussed and dreamed about, and seen in the Word as God's way, and yet never before really seen anyone who even remotely knew how to begin to put this into action. This has been a tremendous encouragement to

us both and our hearts are very full of praise for all we have seen. What a privilege!"

On Sunday Mr. Waldvogel was again in Kou Tzu K'ou for two services. At the close of the morning meeting a number of people gave their testimonies on tape which Miss Young interpreted. Among them were the following:

One sister said, "Thank the Lord for sending His servant to us. Because he has come to us it has increased my hunger for the Lord, and I want to seek Him more."

A commissioner in the Ministry of Exams gave this word for the Lord Jesus: "For many years I have taught in the universities. My ancestors were farmers, and all my life I have had to depend upon myself to get along. Therefore I have been a very strong-minded individual. I believed that man's wisdom is strength, and anything I could not see I did not find it easy to believe or receive.

"Since I have believed in the Lord, I have found that man's wisdom and strength has a limit. Even science has a limit. We really must trust in the Lord to accomplish anything.

"But although I really had come to believe in the Lord, yet I felt that my faith and my seeing of the Lord has not been sufficient and I have felt that my heart has been empty and I haven't really touched the Lord. I have discovered that unless one has the Lord living in one's heart one cannot satisfy the Lord and please His heart."

Mrs. Wu, the wife of a doctor in the village, who has been with the work since its beginning, was filled with the precious Holy Spirit during these meetings. "It is over twenty years since I first believed in the Lord," Mrs. Wu testified. "Sometimes I really loved the Lord, and sometimes I was cold. Sometimes I prayed much before the Lord, but I knew that I did not have the fulness of the Holy Spirit. Why was that? Because I did not pray earnestly enough and did not take time to wait on the Lord.

"Then one day Mr. Waldvogel preached in the church here. The first few times I came, I did not receive anything. I just went home again the same way. One day I was at home and thought I would come that time, but it seemed as though a

voice said to me, 'You must go.' So I went.

"There I was—sitting in the presence of the Lord like Mary pleasing the Lord. I just quietly sat there but opened my heart and received the Lord's fulness. Everybody had gone home, but I sat there by myself praying. Then the Holy Spirit moved me to feel my sins and to confess them. Then Miss Young laid hands on my head and the Holy Spirit filled me. I prayed for two or three hours, although I did not know how long it was. But when it was all over and I looked at my watch, truly it had been two or three hours. I believe that it was then that the Holy Spirit filled me and changed me and I was truly born again.

"I can never forget that day, the twenty-first of April. From then on I felt that I must continually pray that the devil would not have any part in me and that Jesus would not leave me. I want to pray much because He is the Vine and I am just a branch in the Vine. I want for ever and ever to follow Him and to trust Him. Glory to His name."

Mrs. Wu's father is one of the oldest members of the church. He escaped out of the mainland about two years ago and came to live with his daughter. An ardent Buddhist, in a wonderful way the Lord brought the light into his soul and saved him. He gave this testimony:

"When I was on the mainland at home, I had old customs and old beliefs. I believed in false gods, not

in the true God. Although I knew those who believed in the true God, I opposed them. Then the Lord brought me out. When I came to Hong Kong, it was very wonderful how a relative took me to a church and I began very earnestly and reverently to pray to God. It was very wonderful how all this happened and how God brought me to Taiwan. Then when I was here Sister Young and Sister Lindau prayed much for me. It was really then—here—that I truly believed in God. Praise the Lord that He brought me to Taiwan and to know God. I have peace and happiness."

The Sunday evening service was the climax. We had communion. Jesus was so very present. The people opened up more in praise than they had done heretofore. For this we praise God. They need to let the Holy Ghost possess and take charge of them. That will do wonders for them.

This also happened to be the week of our Fourth Anniversary in Kou Tzu K'ou. One couldn't help but feel God's seal was set upon Mr. Waldvogel's coming at this time to bless the work with his ministry. How we praise the Lord for this, another token of His love and goodness to us and to the Lord's work here, as we cross another milestone.



The Kou Tzu K'ou Congregation Says, "Goodbye"

Character of Christ

(Continued from page 4.)

measure. The old prophets were given only a measure of the Spirit. The gifts of the Holy Ghost are given to us, too, after a measure—that means after the measure that Christ has appointed unto us, but in Him is the fulness. Our prophecy here is partial. Our knowledge, too, is partial. God gives a little light here, and then some more is given. But listen to what it says here: “But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.”

“When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things.” We still are children, little children. We are in the primary school here on earth, but we shall graduate. Hallelujah! Beloved, it is important that we are faithful here, for in the school up yonder there are different grades, and it depends upon our faithfulness and how we pass our exams here, what place we shall occupy in the higher service. When we enter into the perfect relationship with God and Christ, that which is childish shall cease.

“For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face.” In the time of the apostle they had metal mirrors that were not as clear as ours. A few times the Word is compared with a mirror. In it we see Jesus, the Saviour, and His salvation. We shall see Him as He is. How wonderful is His Word. Out of it we draw our knowledge, and yet now we see through this glass darkly, but then face to face. Hallelujah! Now we know in part, but then we shall know even as also we are known.

“And now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these is love.” Is this not

a strange ending? Why does the apostle add faith and hope? Faith and hope and love abideth. We have a beginning here but it shall go on through all eternity. And now another thing: these three cannot be separated one from another. Faith and hope draw out of the fulness of Jesus’ love. Faith trusts the Saviour as the present one who saves *now*. Hope expects the future salvation from the Saviour. These two hands—faith and hope—take out of the gracious fulness of God’s love.

God loves me in Christ Jesus. He prepares fulness of grace for me for the present as well as for the future. So the light of God’s love shows brightly through the windows of my soul, and wherever it shines in, it shines out, and forth. It cannot be otherwise. If God’s love fills my heart, it will go forth again from my heart. Faith, hope, love, these three. Strive after love.

I have often said, that among all the chapters the Apostle Paul has given us, this chapter is remarkable. It is perhaps the most wonderful chapter, and yet it is peculiar in this respect: the name of Jesus is not to be found in it. There is no reference to Him. That is peculiar.

I just think again of the picture of my parents, a beautiful picture of Father and Mother. The picture hung for a long time in our living room. It had no name; it didn’t need one. So the love which is written here has another name, and that name is *Jesus*. The fruit of the Spirit is love, and the Spirit is Jesus. Oh, beloved, it is more important that we find Jesus than all other spiritual gifts or attributes. Jesus wants to give Himself to us. It is for you to know the living Saviour, who lives and works and rules in you, and if He sets up His kingdom in you, then He fills you with love, His love. Let us strive after it.

Let us open our hearts to the Saviour. Beloved, if we cannot love, then we really don’t walk in the Spirit. If we are filled with the Holy Ghost, we love. Oh, then we desire with all our heart to be a blessing to others. Then we are not offended. Have you been offended yet? No, no, no. We love, we give ourselves for others, we must be a blessing. The character of Christ is the character of love. Let this character or mind be in us which was in Christ Jesus.

Newclare Area

Experiences Awakening

By HELEN HOSS

Johannesburg, South Africa

WE HAVE HAD some evangelists from America who felt led of God to have special tent meetings among the Coloured people. They got in touch with me and asked if they could come. I told them of Newclare a small community of about 10,000, where I have not been ministering. It is a very wicked place, an area where I was afraid to go. They immediately tackled that place and had wonderful tent meetings with over 4,000 decisions for Christ and many marvellous healings. People went home wheeling their wheelchairs, praising God for their healing. It has awakened the entire Coloured community.

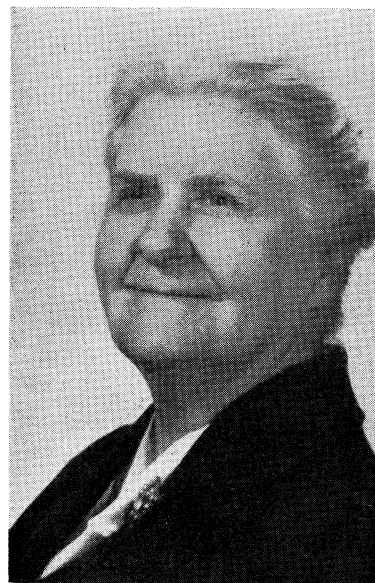
Every afternoon I had children’s meetings and up to four hundred came out. God blessed and spoke to many hearts.

After much difficulty, the Lord has wonderfully helped us in securing a double schoolroom to accommodate people after these special meetings. We trust that many from these tent meetings will come and fellowship with us. We are thankful that the Lord has broken through the darkness of sin in the community of Newclare. Now I am not afraid any more to go into that area.

Grace for Grace

**The Autobiography
of Alice Reynolds Flower**

Part VI



Alice Reynolds Flower

Our Maranatha Days

Our second son, George Ernest, arrived in St. Louis the following year. Our family was still six, for our German sister had left us. For a period of time, Mr. Flower left his work at the publishing house and went out on the field to hold Bible Conventions, chiefly in Missouri and neighboring states. The family was then moved to a little country place near Sullivan, Missouri, about sixty-five miles southwest of St. Louis, where we were joined by Mother and Father Flower. Here, one bright Sunday morning another blossom joined the garden, our second daughter, Suzanne Grizelle, now Mrs. Albert Earle.

Engraved in my wedding ring was the word "Maranatha" (our Lord cometh), and this was the name we gave to our simple home on the hill. The word "Maranatha" had come to be a family watchword, for the hope of the Lord's coming continued to be a dominating factor in our lives. Already we had had some trying changes and uprootings, but what a comforting, happy expectation was ours as we lived from day to day in the light of His coming. A number of years later we were to have the privilege of giving the same name to the large Eastern District camp ground, located near Green Lane, Penna.

As before mentioned, Mr. Flower was on the field, but we had his good father, a patriarch indeed, to head the family in his absence. None of our older children will ever forget Grandfather Flower conducting family worship each evening. From the tiniest one up full attention was given. His little black satin skull cap on his bald head, God's Word open on the table before him with an old-fashioned kerosene lamp nearby, he presented

a saintly picture any artist would desire to copy. Grandfather read the Word, then knelt to lead in prayer. Slowly he lifted the little cap and, with a direct statement of "facing toward Jerusalem" as did God's great servant of old, poured out his heart in detailed intercession for the neighborhood, the family and the absent son on his mission for God.

And God blessed that neighborhood. Our good-sized living room was opened for a Saturday night meeting. This was one of my particular burdens, and it was a joy to see the country folk filling the room and adjoining space as well as standing outside. Some walked for miles to attend these services; to some families it had actually become the focal point of the week. We pumped the organ, prayed, exhorted and broke the Bread of Life, and God poured out His Spirit on hungry hearts.

Our personal ministry touched the nearby village of Stanton, where I was asked to take charge of the Community Church. But there was no way to reach the town as we had no car or horse. Some of the good people bought a grey nag for thirty dollars, and with an available buggy we proceeded to pastor the church. Grandmother and I loaded the four children in the buggy and cautiously made our way down the steep Anderson hill for the three-mile drive, to minister to hungry souls that God gathered in. God gave a definite spiritual awakening in the town, previously noted for its wickedness and commonly nicknamed by some "Hell." The railway station agent, his wife and a number of others found the Lord.

Returning home for a little visit, Mr. Flower held a noteworthy baptismal service in the Mera-



The Flower Garden in 1918

Mr. and Mrs. Flower with Joseph, Adele, George, and Suzanne.

mac River, at which time our two eldest children earnestly desired to be immersed. To our own satisfaction, they had given evidence of having accepted the Lord Jesus, and we duly impressed upon them the significance and the importance of the step they desired to take.

At the time we moved there we little realized what a center of blessing and helpfulness this home would become, in practical as well as spiritual things. When the roads grew bad and the smaller neighboring children could not attend the country school, we opened classes for them in this same, adaptable living room. This is where our own Joseph had his first days of schooling. In return, these dear country folk sent of their produce, beans and onions, milk and eggs, all of which was a much appreciated addition to the family larder. Grandmother opened a sewing class for the little girls whose over-burdened mothers had little time to help them, and in all of these contacts God's grace flowed from that hilltop into a number of homes.

The older Blossoms especially will never forget those Maranatha days. There were always the enticing discoveries to be made in the surrounding woods, with limitations of course. There were cows, goats, chickens, dogs and a big garden—as well as an occasional snake to shock and thrill. They entered keenly into the outdoor oc-

cupations of both Grandfather and Grandmother Flower.

They had a chance to feel, see and know the wholesome processes of nature. It gave them an appreciation of basic realities, so necessary for a child to understand early in life to offset the sham and evil pretense that so quickly affects our children today. There was close managing of finances; but there was always God, and the constant manifestations of His care for the family left their forceful impression on each young heart. Plenty of fun always—some thrilling escapes and wholesome living!

Those dear grandparents were so acceptable and close to our boys and girls that I was able to leave for brief periods of ministry in the surrounding country where there were many hungry believers and little ministry of the Word. There must be praise for one winter when God was especially mindful of us. With all the fruitful ministry God gave Mr. Flower and me, the actual income in money was small and “earmarked” before it came. We ran no debts. But that was the winter a dear sister, wife of a Baptist minister in Illinois, herself open to Pentecostal fullness, was moved to send to us a barrel of home-canned fruits and jellies, right from her own provision closet. It came to us like Elijah's “handout from God.” No ravens this time! It was such a boon, and fruit was never more delicious, for little had been available that year of drought. Just remembering His goodness with a heart that even now is moved in its recounting the same!

A Remarkable Christmas

That was a remarkable Christmas too—perhaps the leanest we have ever known. It provided a wonderful challenge to God and to us as we improvised delights for the children. And every little thing brought them pleasure, still fresh to our older daughter (Adele Dalton—now a missionary in Spain) as you can read from her pen in a Christmas article, printed some years ago in the Sunday School Counsellor, a portion of which we are giving herewith:

“We were poor—so poor that when the holidays drew near, even the toys on the enchanted pages of the mail order catalog were beyond our reach. Then why, of all the Christmases I have ever known, does this one stand out as the shiniest and best?

“My grandmother had a broomstick, a very wonderful broomstick, because in it her eyes of love could see a prancing charger to gladden the heart of little Joe. So my father went to work with his saw to fashion a horse's head that would be worthy of so handsome a steed. And for me? Out of the family trunk appeared the scraps that grew into a doll. And on Christmas morning when our daddy stood beside the pop-corn-trimmed

evergreen that had found its way in from the woods, and Peter in his little blue sailor suit became my very own, I clasped to my heart the most beautiful doll that any little girl had ever owned.

"Many times in the years between, I have asked myself what made the Christmas so happy. Could it be that in the very simplicity of our poverty we had come to an understanding of the love that throbbed in the heart of the Father that first Christmas—the love so great 'that He gave'? Or, is it possible mother had caught something of the yearning affection that filled the heart of Mary as she prepared the humble swaddling clothes—her first Christmas gift for her newborn Son? Had each of us, tiny as we were, captured something of the impelling sentiment that sent the shepherds rushing across the Judean hillsides to lay at the feet of the infant King the most precious gift of all—their love?

"Perhaps we had come to a fresh appreciation of the spontaneous love-giving of the Wise Men—love that left no room for the evaluating or comparing of gifts, no place for vying with another as to whose was the greatest worth. For in the Bible story there is not the faintest hint that in the eyes of the Christchild the gift of gold was of greater value than the gift of myrrh. And as they journeyed away, the Wise Men went with gladdened hearts, for each had learned in his own way the tremendous truth that 'it is more blessed to give than to receive.'

"In the hearts of those who have come to an appreciation of the true significance of Christmas, it is still 'more blessed to give than to receive.' How fortunate the homes where this motivating impulse underlies their holiday celebration! How happy the boys and girls whose parents have helped them to capture an understanding of the real meaning of Christmas! And what tragedy will lie this year in the thousands of homes where the holiday will be celebrated as always, with no thought as to what it really means."

There were some surprise gifts finally from a distance. But the chief thrill of our Christmas that year centered in the home-prepared gifts, first to the young recipients and then to us who rejoiced in their pleasure and appreciation. The memory of that holiday has helped us through the years to avoid the surfeiting of children with gifts until their taste has become dulled to real values of giving and receiving. A parent's true love for a child should know when to withhold as well as when to give. God pity the child who has lost the pleasure of receiving simple gifts. God pity the parent responsible for this attitude—unthankful, ungrateful—so evident among children and youth today. A mark of the last days!

While still living in Missouri, Mr. Flower had been called off the field to assist in locating a site

for the removal of the Publishing House from St. Louis. The cramped rented quarters in St. Louis made it impossible for any expansion, and operating cost in a big city became increasingly high. With Brother Bell, a location was found in Springfield, Missouri, which was much more advantageous for the growth of the Publishing House. His help was also requested for the removal of the plant to its new location in the summer of 1918.

God's Comforting Grace

About this time our dear Mother Reynolds was called Home. God had doubled her life, and she had now reached the age of seventy. Her going meant a painful separation, actually the first break in our family, and my own deepest personal grief thus far. More than once through the years I had anticipated the hour of her departure, and the very thought had brought a quick rush of tears to my eyes. Hastily I would leave the room and ask God to take from my mind the painful anticipation. But now the word came from Indianapolis that Mother was nearing the end.

We were able to go with the children for some last precious hours before Mother left us. In spite of much pain God gave a victorious end. Not a word of murmur escaped her lips those last trying days. She was still trusting the God who had raised her up so many years before.

Individuals who came to comfort her told us afterwards their own hearts were lifted just to look on her face. After all, God has different ways of establishing His testimony. An aunt who had lived much for the world stood with us by mother's bed, and as the end neared she turned to me and desperately said, "Pray, Alice, pray." All I could say in return was, "This is not the time for prayer—this is the time for rejoicing as dear Mother enters into the presence of her Lord." And as I spoke these words a smile lighted Mother's face—and she was gone.

(To be continued.)

PREACHING should be just for the love of Jesus and to get others to love Him.

Don't preach the gospel because you want to PREACH or to be seen or heard. Leave yourself out in preaching.

Always put Jesus FIRST in your ministry, and people will. It makes them want ME.

—MARTHA W. ROBINSON.



John Tauler

A MIGHTY PRAYER

By JOHN TAULER

One of the greatest preachers of the middle ages, John Tauler, was born about 1300 in Strasbourg, Germany, where later he was to minister so effectively. According to the testimony of his spiritual contemporaries he not only taught the truth but lived "in conformity to it as perfectly as a preacher can do" so that his life counted "for much more than his words" even. And through his printed sermons he has influenced multitudes, notably Martin Luther. A practical mystic who "put every experience of love and every virtue of his purified nature into action in life and service," this "gifted and holy Friend of God" died June 16, 1361.

SEEK THE KINGDOM OF GOD and His righteousness; that is to say, seek God alone, who is the true kingdom for which we and all men daily pray when we say the Lord's Prayer.

Children, the Lord's Prayer is a mighty prayer: ye know not what ye pray for in it. God is Himself the kingdom, and in that kingdom He reigns in all intelligent creatures. Therefore, what we ask for is God Himself with all His riches.

In that kingdom does God become our Father and manifests there His fatherly faithfulness and fatherly power. And insomuch as He finds place in us to work is His name hallowed and magnified and made known. That His name should be hallowed in us means that He should reign in us and accomplish through us His rightful work. And thus is His will done here on earth as it is in heaven; that is when it is done in us as it is in Himself, in the heaven which He Himself is.

Oh! how often does man give himself up in will to God, and take himself back again as quickly and fall away from God! But now begin again and give thyself to Him afresh. Yield thyself captive to the Divine Will in rightful allegiance and trust thyself to the power of thy Father who has all power and might and whose presence thou hast so often and so plainly felt and art yet made to feel every day and hour. Trust Him wholly, and seek His righteousness.

For therein is His righteousness shown, that He abideth ever with those who heartily seek Him, and make Him their end, and give themselves up to Him. In such He reigns, and all vain care falls away of itself in those who thus keep close to God in true self-surrender.