

# *Bread of Life*

SEPTEMBER 1962



# STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

## THE SECOND GENERATION SLUMP

ONE OF THE GREAT TRAGEDIES of the Christian church is that in connection with most of its spiritual awakenings the second generation has not nearly equalled the spiritual level of the first. This trend goes all the way back to the history of the children of Israel. They served the Lord "all the days of the elders . . . which had known all the works of the Lord . . ." but hardly had the generation died out and they were wallowing in idolatry and immorality.

This was also true of the New Testament church. In the various admonitions given to the seven Asian churches one can already clearly see the falling away which has taken place. In Paul's letters to Timothy one can sense the sadness of heart with which he views the backsliding of trusted fellow workers. The "perilous times" of II Timothy 3 had undoubtedly already set in. Empty philosophy was replacing the pure and simple love of Christ; worldliness was replacing godliness. The church was rapidly decaying. By the time Christianity became the official religion of the Roman empire it had fallen so far that it would have been hardly recognizable to the apostles.

The second generation slump has also hit hard at our more modern spiritual awakenings. Many of our present denominations are merely glowing embers where the flames of spiritual victory once burned.

Sadly enough, one cannot help but feel that this is particularly true of the modern Pentecostal movement. Outwardly the movement boasts of great success: numerically, organizationally, financially. Inwardly the movement is suffocating. First generation prophets are being replaced by organization men of lesser stature. Ministers are devoting an increasing amount of time to organization and planning and a decreasing amount of time to intercession. The number of church-sponsored social functions is increasing—at the expense of the prayer meeting. Academic training for the ministry has presumably improved. There is serious question as to whether spiritual preparation has kept pace. We send more of our dollars to missions, but per capita, do we send more of our sons?

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ON THE COVER: The Parthenon, Athens, Greece.

We may very well ask, "Why should this be?" With the additional help from the teaching and examples of those of the first generation, one would expect the second to outshine them. Unfortunately, this has not generally been the case. There are a number of reasons behind this which we do well to prayerfully consider.

For one thing there is always a need for vital personal experiences with God. The second generation usually has more *knowledge* of the workings of God than the first, which had to learn mostly by trial and error. But quite often there is not nearly the same *experience* of these things which are so often talked about. A child brought up in a Christian home generally knows all about salvation (and this is good) but often has never personally come to grips with the problem of sin in his life in the same way that his parents did. Because of what we have seen, perhaps we *know* quite a bit about the operations of the Spirit, but there is great danger in coming to the place where we can talk about his moving, but rarely, if ever, have Him *move in us*.

Then, too, there is the whole question of spiritual values. What are the things we count important? There has been a tendency to emphasize the outward, the flashy, the big, the seemingly successful. A steady stream of headlines, pictures, and statistics are spued into our laps. Big crowds and big tumult make the headlines; the less glamorous ministries of the "perfecting of the saints" go unnoticed. Unfortunately the same dangerous trend overflows into our thinking, and before long the movement is characterized by a sickening shallowness. Outward results are at a premium; inner holiness invariably suffers.

Another area which contributes to decay is the loss of the vision of the expanding kingdom of God. Engulfed by God's blessing, we tend to become complacent and forget the fact that it was their hunger for *more* that made our spiritual fathers seek God until He moved mightily in their midst. We often forget that what we already *have* is not as important in maintaining spiritual progress as what our hearts still *crave*. With all due respect for our spiritual leaders, should not our hearts carry a certain discontent until God does more for us than He did for them?

We each cannot help contributing either to the decay or the progress of the movement we find ourselves in. First of all, if those we minister to—our Sunday School class, young people's group, congregation—are not finding the Lord in as great a way as we have come to know Him, we have contributed to decay. Secondly, if we personally do not at least match the spiritual level of our leaders, we have likewise failed to contribute progress. Let us carefully search our hearts.

# *Kings and Their Kingdoms*

## **Or How to Reign in the Interior Life**

By HANNAH WHITALL SMITH

*(Continued from last month.)*

A FEW SUCH KINGS we have at some time or other seen or heard of in this world of ours, and all hearts have acknowledged their unconscious sway. One I read of among the brethren of the monastery of St. Cyr. Because of their piety, these brethren incurred the hatred of the monasteries around them, and the anger of their superiors, and were cast out as evil from their community.

One of them was sent as prisoner to a monastery where his chief enemies dwelt, and was there subjected to the most cruel and degrading treatment. Although he was of gentle birth and had been an abbot in the community he had left, he was compelled to do the most menial work, was forced to carry a noisome burden on his back, and was driven out to beg with a placard on his bosom declaring him to be the vilest of the vile.

But through it all the spirit of the saint reigned triumphant, and nothing disturbed his calm, or soured for a moment his Christ-like sweetness. For his persecutors he never had anything but words of kindness and smiles of love. And at last by the mighty power of the divine kingdom in which he lived, he subdued all hearts around him to himself, and became the trusted friend and adviser and the beloved ruler over the very enemies who had once so delighted to persecute and revile him. "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." By his meekness he conquered and became king.

At one time a dangerous criminal was sent to the monastery

for imprisonment. He was so violent that no bonds sufficed to bind him, and no strength could control him. At last he was taken to the cell of this brother from St. Cyr, and they were shut up together; even the stolid monks themselves recognizing in that divine meekness a power to conquer that surpassed all powers with which they were acquainted.

The saint received the violent man as a beloved brother, and smiled upon him with heavenly kindness. But the criminal returned it with abuse and violence. He broke the monk's furniture and destroyed his bed; he kicked him, and beat him, and tore his hair, and spat upon him. He exhausted himself in his violence against him.

Through it all the monk made no resistance and said no word but words of love; and when at length the criminal, worn out with his fury, paused to take breath, the beaten and outraged man looked upon his persecutor with a smile of ineffable love and tender compassion, as though he would gather him to his bosom and comfort him for his misery.

It was more than the criminal could bear. Hatred and revenge and anger he could repay in kind, but against love and meekness like this he had no weapons, and his heart was conquered. He fell at the feet of the saint and washed them with his tears, as he entreated forgiveness for his cruelty and vowed a lifelong loyalty to his service.

And from that moment all trouble with that criminal was

over. He followed the saint about like a loving and faithful dog, eager to do or to be anything the other might desire. And when the time of his imprisonment was over, and the gates of his prison were opened for his release, he could not be induced to go, because he could not bear to leave the man who had saved him by love.

Of such a nature is kingship in this kingdom of heaven.

Each soul can make the application for itself, without need of comment from me.

In Matt. v., vi., and vii., we have the King of this kingdom describing the characteristics of His kingdom and giving the laws for His subjects. "Blessed are the poor in spirit," He says, "for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." Not the rich, or great, or wise, or learned, but the poor in spirit, the meek, the merciful, the pure in heart, those who mourn, and those who hunger and thirst, those who are persecuted, and reviled, and spoken evil against, all such belong to this kingdom. Gentleness, yieldingness, meekness, charity are the characteristics of these kings, and they reign in the power of them.

One Christian asked another, "How can I make people respect me?" "I would *command* their respect," was the reply. And this meant, not that he should stand up and say in tones of authority, "Now I command you all to respect me," but that he should so act, and live, and be, that no one could help respecting him. Men sometimes win an outward show of respect and



submission by an overbearing tyranny, but he who would rule the hearts of his subjects must try other methods.

Our Lord developed this thought to some who wished to share His throne. He called them to Him, and said:

*"Ye know that they which are accounted to rule over the Gentiles exercise lordship over them; and their great ones exercise authority upon them. But so shall it not be among you: but whosoever will be great among you, shall be your minister: and whosoever of you will be the chiefest, shall be servant of all. For even the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many."*

From the human standpoint, that man alone reigns who is able to exercise lordship over those around him. From the divine standpoint the soul that serves is the soul that reigns. Not he who demands most receives this inward crowning, but he who gives up most.

What grander kingship can be conceived of than that which Christ sets forth in the Sermon on the Mount, "But I say unto you, that ye resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also. And if any man will sue thee at the law and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also. And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain"?

Surely only a soul that is in harmony with God can mount such a throne of dominion as this!

But this is our destiny. We are made for this purpose. We are born of a kingly race and are heirs to this ineffable king-

dom, "heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ."

Would that we could realize this and could see in every act of service or surrender to which we might find ourselves called an upward step in the pathway that leads us to our kingdom and our throne!

I mean this in a very practical sense. I mean that the homely services of our daily lives, and the little sacrifices which each day demands, will be, if faithfully fulfilled, actual rounds in the ladder by which we are mounting to our thrones. I mean that if we are faithful over the "few things" of our earthly kingdom, we shall be made ruler over the "many things" of the heavenly kingdom.

He that follows Christ in this ministry of service and of suffering, will reign with Him in the glory of supreme self-sacrifice and will be the "chiefest" in His divine kingdom of love. Knowing this, who would hesitate to "turn the other cheek," since, by the turning, a kingdom is to be won and a throne is to be gained?

Joseph was a type of all this. In slavery and in prison he reigned a king, as truly as when seated on Pharaoh's throne or riding in Pharaoh's chariot. (See Gen. xxxix. 6, 22, 23.) He became the greatest by being the least, the chiefest by being servant of all.

Dear reader, art thou reigning after this fashion and in this sort of a kingdom? Art thou the greatest in thy little world of home, or church, or social circle by being the least, and chiefest by being the servant of

all? If not, thy kingdom is not Christ's kingdom, and thy throne is not one shared by Him.

To enter into the secrets of this interior kingdom and to partake of its heavenly power is no notional victory, no fancied supremacy. It is a real and actual reigning which will cause thee as a matter of fact to "rise superior" to the world and the things of it and to walk through it independent of its smiles or frowns, dwelling in a region of heavenly peace and heavenly triumph which earth can neither give nor take away. "For the kingdom of God is not in word but in power." It is not a talk but a fact; and those who are in it recognize their kingship and prove it by reigning.

But perhaps thou wilt say, "How can I enter into this kingdom, if I am not already in?" Let our Lord Himself answer thee:

*"At the same time came the disciples unto Jesus, saying, Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven? And Jesus called a little child unto him, and set him in the midst of them, and said, Verily I say unto you, Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven. Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven."*

It is the kingdom of child-like hearts, and only such can enter it.

To be a "little child" means simply to *be* one. I cannot describe it better than this. We all have known little children in our lives, and have delighted ourselves in their simplicity and their trustfulness, their light-

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# Obeying the Macedonian Call

By MARY ORPHAN METAXATOS

I WAS a premature baby, born in the seventh month, and lived for six months in an incubator. Mother had despaired of my life, but God had His hand on me and spared my life. My parents were Greeks, and, as such, had been brought up in the Orthodox faith. Mother came to the knowledge of the gospel in a very strange way while I was very young.

My father had been very discouraged and was contemplating suicide when several men passed by his place of business from Bethel Bible School in Newark, New Jersey. They spoke to him of the best friend, Jesus. He invited them home and later attended the Pentecostal Church in Newark, just one time. He was unimpressed, but Mother, though she did not understand a word of English, was gloriously saved.

Dad refused to let Mother attend church, but she prayed secretly at home. One day the Lord assured her that she would see the conversion of her husband if she remained faithful in prayer. Six months later, while praying, she had the conviction that something had happened to her husband. Dad, while working in the machine shop, suddenly felt the visitation of the Spirit upon him, and his life passed before him as in a movie. He saw himself released from prison, a new creature in Christ Jesus. "I felt like throwing my arms around the workers beside me," he said. When he came home, there was no need for him to tell Mother a change had taken place; it showed on his face!



Mary Metaxatos

After Dad's conversion, we attended an Evangelical Church, and it wasn't until I was twelve years old that we came into the Pentecostal teaching. Again Mother was instrumental. Passing by a street meeting one day, she made inquiry as to who those people were that were so enthusiastically preaching the Word. She was told they were Pentecostal, and so we began attending Glad Tidings Tabernacle in New York City.

That same year I was filled with the Holy Ghost, and it was while praying at the altar of Glad Tidings Tabernacle that God spoke to my heart, as young as I was, about surrendering my life to Him. Since that time I have felt the hand of God on my life. Under the Spirit-anointed ministry of dear Brother and Sister Brown, we all grew in the nurture and admonition of the Word.

God miraculously moved on our lives and wonderfully healed my father of paralysis. The doctors had given up hope of

his ever walking again, but one night after the attack we prayed through the night, holding on to the horns of the altar. God graciously undertook, and the next morning he was completely well and has been all these many years!

As I felt the call of God on my life, I devoted my time to praying with those around the altar at Glad Tidings Tabernacle. That one so young, only a teen-ager, should earnestly seek to lead others to the Lord left quite an impression on those coming to the altar for salvation. All the while, I continued my secular training. At eighteen I looked forward to a medical career, but because of Mother's ill health I was forced to give this up. Later I became a dental assistant, instead, because training was shorter. Meanwhile, my work was in an office.

One day while attending some services in Staten Island, God spoke to me about going to Bible school. Although I was then looking forward to becoming engaged to a young lawyer, I gave him up to go to school. In the fall of 1938, I attended Eastern Bible Institute and later transferred to Central Bible Institute. Upon graduation I sought God for His leading in my life, and one day, while praying in Missionary Prayers, I received the Macedonian Call and knew without a doubt God had called me to Greece.

In my vision, I saw a man standing before me and heard the words, "Come over to Macedonia to help us." Never before had I had any feeling for my parents' homeland, but now I



**The New Church in Piraeus**

*"This new church is in Piraeus, the seaport city adjoining Athens. Piraeus has a population of about 200,000, and this is the only Pentecostal church in the area. The people are open to the Gospel for many of them are refugees from the Smyrna massacre in Constantinople and have heard the Gospel preached by the Evangelicals."*



**The Dedication Service—June 17**

*"So far we have been able to redecorate only the upper story which seats approximately 100 people. It has a church office and three Sunday school rooms. We haven't touched the lower story yet—this is a plastics factory that will be turned over to us in six months. When this floor is redecorated, it will seat over 300 people."*

knew without a doubt it was God's call.

I had spent the last six months at school working on a thesis, "The Religions of India," for I had been looking forward to going to India with a young man who was shortly to go there as a missionary. Now I rose from my knees and wrote Mother of my decision as well as the young man and told him I could not keep my promise. My parents wrote me, asking me to please make sure of the step I was determined to take. The brethren of my mission board suggested I go to South America as Greece was then closed (1940), but I felt it was Greece or nowhere!

I returned to New York, engaged in evangelistic work for a time, then took a course in practical nursing at Booth Memorial Hospital, and continued to help my father in the Greek work in New York, where he served as pastor for many years.

In 1949, the mission board wrote that I could now go to Greece as the war had come to an end, but that I must get ready in two weeks! In two weeks, on September 6, 1949, with a trunkful of books and

very little else, I set sail for Greece. To my surprise, when I came to the dock, I saw my boat was a luxury liner. There were only one hundred passengers on the ship, and all of them were going on a cruise, three quarters of the way around the world. I was the only missionary! As I was coming up the stairs to the deck, after bidding goodbye to the young people of Glad Tidings Tabernacle, a lady stopped me and asked, "Are you the Mary they were singing to?"

"Yes," I answered.

"Well, where is your husband?" "I do not have one," I replied.

"Then why did they give you a bouquet of flowers?" I hastened to explain that I was a missionary. "A missionary!" she exclaimed and walked away smiling.

The news soon got around, and I had to tell everyone why I was on this ship and where I was going. Soon after I boarded the ship, I saw, to my great astonishment, that it was going to visit ports in Italy, Portugal, France, Egypt, Syria, and then go to Greece, and that the ship was to stay several days in each port! Imagine my dis-

appointment. All I had was twenty-five dollars in my pocket, not enough for tips for this luxury liner!

To my surprise, the day we neared the port of Naples, a young man and woman approached me and asked if I would be their guest as they toured the city. The same thing happened in Barcelona and in France. As we neared Egypt and realized we would be in the land of Sphinx and Pyramids, that Cairo was just some hours' distance from Alexandria, but that I couldn't go because of lack of money, disappointment crept into my heart. However, the night before we docked, a young Egyptian doctor called me to the side of the deck and told me he was Orthodox in religion and I being a Greek should also be of the same faith. "Why did you change?" he asked. So I had the wonderful opportunity of bringing the message of salvation to this man. As we neared port, I slipped upstairs to the top deck to watch those disembarking, when suddenly I heard a voice calling my name. As I turned, I saw the young man to whom I had been speaking the night be-

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# THE MINISTER AND HIS MINISTRY

By MARTHA WING ROBINSON

(The following are excerpts from the writings of Mrs. Robinson concerning the ministry taken from various sources. Many of them are verbatim, but some are from stenographic notes.—Editor.)

## The Call to the Ministry

THE FIRST CALL to the ministry should, if possible, be from God Himself to the heart of the called, and the older people should not be looking, expecting, or perhaps, which is worse, *demanding* that the person be expecting this call. God must lead His children His *own* way.

Are you eager to win souls, help souls, bless them, and are you really in earnest to bear the burden of being patient with those who are weak and backward? If you help souls and do it for God, you get to love them.

Don't preach the Gospel because *you* want to preach or to be seen or heard.

## The Preparation for the Ministry

THE REAL TRAINING of the ministry is the simplicity of a well-spent, devoted *daily* life always, in all places, doing your work because of, and for *Jesus*, and every bit of recreation (which you are entitled to sometime) being for Him, *unto* Him. That is the true ministry. But, in addition, you must have a great spirit of self-sacrifice. No child of God, no Christian, is ever fully prepared for the ministry till he can bear the stress of a *busy* life and yet keep in prayer and keep in God, so his prayer and life and Bible study measure up.

There are two sides for a young minister's preparations. One is his service and ability to be among men and fill a minister's place, preaching, etc. Another, and the important side, is the deep, spiritual walk with God—the daily grace, the power to live in all places and under all conditions just for Jesus. Without this latter equipment, one had better not take the former service. The first is a necessity, of course, for a minister, and yet if he had that, and the second is lacking, he would fail.

True preaching to bear fruit for souls should be living, abandoned, and original, in that the Holy Ghost guides and brings out the truth, and it is not something just received mentally.

Great men who do great things for God are taught of the Holy Ghost.

## The Conduct of the Ministry

A FIRST LESSON of preaching the Gospel, of being in the vineyard, is "hard work."

Always put Jesus first in your ministry, and people will. It makes them want Me.

Christ knows who has put Christ first and who has put service first. Some people are awfully hard at work and just running for fear they won't do enough. But God knows who has set Christ first. God knows who cares for Christ. God knows who runs after Him. God knows who speaks the words and who thinks the thoughts that He gives. But it is Christ you have to fall in love with, not His service, not His righteousness—Himself, Christ alone.

Be sure never to get out of the Center, Jesus, into the center, service for Jesus.

It is *my business* to know the Bible. I am an ambassador of the King; this is my message.

A minister cannot go on in God's work depending upon *past* instruction. His Bible study has to keep pace with his experience and service. He must be advancing and deepening in Christ as he preaches and serves.

There will be great losses in your work if you don't get and give the simplicity of the Bible. Don't give what you are just learning.

When you preach, you must be true. What the Holy Ghost gives you, you must give, no matter what it entails.

Practice what you preach. Live what you talk about. It is the daily life, not the sermon, that counts.

Seeing Jesus *in* meeting means seeing Him *all* the time *out* of meeting.

Ministers who go ahead, not being led, will have great loss. Better let the meeting be a little awkward, but wait for the leading of the Spirit.

Have faith over souls; deal with God about them. Don't try to have the reputation of getting souls saved. Let your concern be over individuals—not meetings nor a work. Be concerned that that soul might not be saved or that soul might not know about the baptism of the Holy Spirit.

## The Dangers of the Ministry

THE LORD has not put anybody on pedestals because they are preachers.

If you are contented to slide back from some of your blessings, you will slide back from certain blessings. It is often the case with preachers—they have lost the first anointing, and they get up excuses for themselves, or there is some "yarn" of the natural man that keeps them from getting right down before God and saying, "Lord, what did I do to lose you?"

Oh, it is so much better to just go on with Jesus in a deeper and more hidden, a closer walk with God, and not spread, carrying too many loads. God is not satisfied for a man to enlarge because he has the *opportunity*, but let it be done

because Jesus has appointed this to be done. Losses come so often to ministers because they become too useful to escape the inevitable pressure. So few ministers understand what to do under these circumstances.

Whenever you get to the place where you are

studying the Bible to teach it, you have "lost" your Bible.

There is a no more babyish thing than a dump. It has spoiled many ministers' work.

You may be able to preach the gospel, but do you know the King?

## The Macedonian Call

(Continued from page 6.)

fore. He told me he had searched the ship for me and that he had invited the ambassador to Cyprus and his wife and another young couple and wanted my roommate and me to be his guests in the home of his brother, who lived in Cairo, for he wanted them to hear my story. So I got to see the Pyramids!

As I stepped off the gangplank into Greece, a poverty-stricken land, after having spent a month of luxurious living on the ship, I felt no strangeness. I knew not where I was to stay nor what awaited me. I had only a post office box number and waited an hour for the national worker to appear. As we came down the unpaved roads to his home, I could see the houses all broken down by the guerrilla warfare. As the taxi stopped in front of the house, chickens, cats, and other animal together with the worker's wife came out to greet me! As I stepped into the very poor atmosphere and sat at the round table with the minister's family, my heart was at peace, for I knew I was in the center of God's will. Then I was taken to a 4' x 4' room with no window. For the first two nights I slept on a thin pallet on the floor, and for two years I shared an outside rest-room with a family. This room also served as washroom. We had a shower which was a crude container over the roof of the house used to gather water which was warmed by the rays of the sun. After a shower, the water had to be swept out of the room,

sometimes making one need another shower!

During the first month I was here, the government fell three times, and the guerrillas were still hiding in the Macedonian mountains. As I travelled out of the city, I had to have a police escort. And everywhere there was great poverty! Many children were run-down and a large percent had tuberculosis!

As the years have passed, conditions have become better politically, socially, and spiritually. When I first came, as I walked down the streets, the people would call out, "Masona" (which means Mason). Now they have accepted us as the Evangelicals. In the cities we have greater religious liberty, though we must be careful that we do not say anything against their religion. Of course, we are not permitted to have street meetings or to give out tracts freely. In the villages, we must work ever so carefully and wisely for fear of being accused of proselytism, and then our work would be closed down.

Two months after my arrival, Brother Harry Mamalis, the founder and national leader of the work more than thirty-five years, returned to America supposedly for six months. (He returned only eleven years later!) Upon leaving, he asked if I would take over the work. For several years, I did the pastoral work here as well as travelling through Macedonia and visiting the various islands where we have churches. Now, I represent the Assemblies of God throughout Greece, visiting the various works, conducting Bible studies, preaching and sitting in on the Presbyters' meetings as well as being on the

Synod Board. All visitors coming through Athens are entertained by me, and I act as interpreter for the meetings in Athens.

Shortly after my arrival in 1949, I was asked to visit some churches in the interior. There was still much disorder, and the railroad had only old German wooden trains. As we stepped on board in Athens, I had doubts of ever reaching our destination in Katerina, Macedonia, which was about 400 kilometers from Athens (twelve hours' journey). We made our way down the corridor of the train which had soldiers, farmers, and people of every class returning to their villages after the Christmas holidays. There were all kinds of live-stock all over the place as well. We quickly made our way to bench-like seats, sitting in three's as close as we could, our knees touching the knees of those opposite us. There was no arm rest, and sitting in the middle, I had an awful time keeping my equilibrium. After twelve hours of this torture, we finally arrived in Katerina, but oh, the joy when looking down into the faces of the Christians gathered there to greet the first American woman to come to speak to them! I saw love and hunger for the things of God written so plainly on their faces!

A few days later we made our way from this small city into the interior. To go, we must either walk, go by oxcart, or use an old 1938 touring car. We chose the latter, but as we were going up the mountain a rear wheel fell off. That was the end of my ride; I decided to walk the rest of the way. However, my American shoes were

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## GATHERED FRAGMENTS



“EUROPE still has fewer foreign missionaries than the city of Hong Kong or the island of Haiti. There is every evidence, though, of quickening concern about this strategic area called the ‘overlooked continent’ by missions at work there.” This comment by Robert P. Evans, founder and European Director of the Greater Europe Mission, the largest foreign mission in Europe, and founder of the European Bible Institute, Paris, appeared in *Christianity Today* in the issue (July 20, '62) which was devoted to a study of “Christianity in Free Europe.” Inasmuch as the subject is of such great importance, we are quoting extensively in this column from the various reports given in *Christianity Today*.

“Less than 5% of the Protestants in Germany attend services regularly,” observes Robert P. Evans, and “almost half of the people of the Federal Republic now profess to be Catholic.” At the same time, another observer states that Billy “Graham has said that he finds the response to the preaching of the Gospel in Germany greater than that in almost any other place in the world.”

In Austria there are about 420,000 Protestants out of a total population of over 7 million.

The steady increase of Catholicism in Switzerland, until now 41% of the people are professing Catholics, has been a cause

for grave concern in this stronghold of Protestantism. “Still vigorous but losing ground, Swiss Protestantism faces the challenge of making the Gospel relevant to more than a small minority of the population.”

Quite in contrast is the situation in Norway where there are only 5,000 Roman Catholics in a population of 3½ million. 96% of the Protestants are members of the State Evangelical-Lutheran Church. The largest number of independent Protestants are Pentecostals—30,000. Outstanding has been the missionary zeal among the various independent Protestant groups so that they have some 850 missionaries throughout the world. In this connection it is interesting to note that impartial observers of missionaries throughout the world are pretty well agreed that the Scandinavian missionaries for faithfulness and endurance rank among the best in the world.

“National church members total over 95%” of the population in Sweden. Of the remaining 5%, 92,000 are Pentecostal.

Less than 2% of the people in France are Protestant, and while most of the people are nominal members of the Roman Catholic Church, only about 15% are practicing Catholics. “Although, apart from Baptists, Plymouth Brethren and Pentecostals, no large increase in numbers is to be noted, the French public is ready to listen

to the Good News of Jesus Christ, as has been seen in various evangelistic campaigns in recent years.” About 36,000 towns and cities have no Protestant church at all. “Second to India, France probably has more unevangelized towns than any single country in the free world.”

Less than one half of 1% of the population of Belgium is Protestant. “Belgium’s unbelieving millions rank high, as a wide open mission field.”

The same percentage of Protestants exists in Italy—less than one half of 1% (about 100,000 of 50 million)—29,000 towns with no Gospel witness!

In the last thirty years “the number of Spanish evangelicals has quadrupled,” from 4,000 to 16,470 in 225 scattered churches. “More than 20,000 Spanish towns (5,000 with no roads leading to them) are still untouched by the Gospel.” The Christians in Spain “face persecution but not without fearlessly witnessing in the pulpit, by the printed page, and through personal testimony to Spain’s 30 million inhabitants, nominally Catholic but mainly indifferent.”

“The first Protestant church in Catholic Portugal dates from 1839. . . . Today active membership numbers 15,000 with attendance of 30,000 in 517 places of worship; 500 workers (part and full time), assisted by 36 missionaries, are distributed among 11 groups (Pentecostals, Brethren, Baptists and Presbyterians, being the largest in that order).”

“The whole Protestant community in Greece does not exceed 30,000 out of more than 8 million.” However, Protestant churches have exerted a strong influence on the Greek Orthodox Church so that hundreds of its

priests and some of its bishops "use all of their influence to encourage the ever-increasing circulation of the Bible in the tongue of the people. . . . The sowing of the Word in the land which heard Paul preach has been plentiful; there are signs that the imminent harvest will be commensurately rich."

\* \* \*

"Europe needs missionaries, and we Europeans will do what we can to help them. I cannot list all the American missions and groups that are successfully working in Europe, but we appreciate them. Missionaries should know the Word of God thoroughly, be able to teach it, and be willing to lose sight of the fact that they are from North America. European Christians will generally accept foreign missionaries on this basis."

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Before the season opened at Pilgrim Camp, Brant Lake, New York, your editors had the pleasure and blessing of a visit from a former resident of the community, Jesse David Roberts, the author of *Bears, Bibles, and a Boy* (W. W. Norton Co., N. Y., \$3.95). Subtitled "Memories of the Adirondacks," this book deals primarily with events in the immediate vicinity of Pilgrim Camp. The author was born eighty years ago.

While visiting the Brant Lake area, Rev. Roberts preached at the Brant Lake Wesleyan Methodist Church at which time he related the vision found on the back page of this issue. At our request Mr. Roberts kindly wrote this out for BREAD OF LIFE. In sending it he commented:

"Since the time when the vision was related to me, there have fallen on the church some very blessed showers of heavenly rain, encouraging us to believe the time for the outpouring of the spiritual promises for both Gentiles and Jews may be very near. And, as my friend explained to me, the duration of the big shower was not long, though followed by remarkable results. Hence, in Paul's words, we will 'thank God, and take courage.'"

## The Macedonian Call

(Continued from page 8.)

not made for the furrowed fields, hardened by the cold winds of winter. Before long my feet became sore and blistered. The new missionary began to feel sorry for herself! But God spoke to me while I sat there bathing my feet, with tears streaming down my face, that this was His way. That night at the little village church, revival broke out. Many young people surrendered their lives to the Lord, and today some of them are preachers of the gospel.

During the years of my ministry here I have had some serious and amusing incidents. Some years ago a telegram reached me that twenty-one missionaries were arriving via "The Ambassador" (the plane owned by the Assemblies of God at that time). There were two infants on board as well as a missionary seriously ill. At that time I had no car. They were arriving after midnight. It was election time, and no one was allowed on the streets after dark. Suddenly the thought occurred to me that as they were Americans, why not call on the American Army stationed here? I called the American Consul, explained my predicament, and he readily came to my aid, giving me a lieutenant. At midnight we were at the airport. The plane came in at 1:30 a.m., and we whisked them through customs. An army bus was there to take them to the hotel; milk was secured for the infants. At 6:30 the next morning, a bus awaited them for a bird's-eye view of the city. At 11:30 they were back at the airport with a box lunch for each one. The sick one had been taken to the plane again in an army ambulance. Happily we bade them Godspeed!

At another time I was driving the jeep downtown when a policeman stopped me. Un-

consciously I spoke in English. He looked at me and said, "Stop kidding us, Lady. You are a Greek." It took my American passport to convince him I was an American! God had helped me to learn the language so well that very often since then I have been taken more for a national than an American.

Shortly after my arrival, I was introduced to a family whose two daughters attended the prayer meeting at the national worker's home. I was invited to their home but because of studies did not visit them for many months. When I did, I was asked to help the brother, a medical student, with his English, for he was to leave very shortly for the United States. While visiting the Army Medical Hospitals, he visited my home for several weeks. My father spoke to him of the Saviour. He also attended Glad Tidings Tabernacle and a Pentecostal church in Washington, D. C. However, he did not accept the Lord at that time. After returning to Greece, he was transferred by the army to Thessalonika where he served for several years.

In 1951 I made a tour of the Macedonian churches, and we met again through the illness of a sister who had come to visit him. After complaining of headaches for several days, she had an X ray which disclosed a tumor on the brain. An operation was recommended. When her brother told me of it, I told him we had One that could perform even a better operation than he and that it was to be successful. He shook his head and left, but two days later he stood at the hotel door of his sister and upon opening it, the first words he told me were, "I have come to pray with you." I invited him in, and together we knelt by the bedside of the sick one. I prayed and the sick sister prayed as well as she could. Then he said the Lord's

Prayer (this is customary among the Greek people), but he did not stop there but prayed for forgiveness of sin. The room was filled with the consciousness of the presence of the Lord, and though nothing had been said about the healing, when we arose to our feet, she asked to eat for the first time in days. God healed her, and we travelled the next day almost 500 kilometers to Athens. From this time on she was well. That marked the day of Jerry's salvation, September 6, 1951, exactly two years to the day since I had left the States!

Four years after he had accepted the Lord as His Saviour, we were married in 1955, September 22nd. In 1957, on August 3rd, a little baby girl came to grace our home. Now together we serve the Lord and have consecrated our efforts to the winning of souls.

## Kings in Kingdoms

(Continued from page 4.)

hearted carelessness, and their unquestioning obedience to those in authority over them. And to be the greatest in this divine kingdom means to have the most of this guileless, tender, trustful, self-forgetting, obedient heart of the child.

"Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven."

It is not saying, but doing, that will avail us here. We must be a child, or we cannot sit on the child's throne. And to be a child means to do the Father's will; since the very essence of true childhood is the spirit of obedience united to the spirit of trust.

Becoming a little child, then, by laying aside all thy greatness, all thy self-assertion, all thy self-dependence, all thy wisdom, and all thy strength, and consenting to die to thy own

self-life, be born again into the kingdom of God. The only way out of one life into another is by a death to one and a new birth into the other.

It is the old story, therefore, reiterated so often and in so many different ways, of through death to life. Die, then, that you may live. Lose your own life that you may find Christ's life. The caterpillar can only enter into the butterfly's kingdom by dying to its caterpillar life, and emerging into the resurrection life of the butterfly; and just so can we also enter into the kingdom of God by the way of a death out of the kingdom of self, and emergence into the resurrection life of Christ.

Let everything go, then, that belongs to the natural; all your own notions, and plans, and ways, and thoughts; and accept in their stead God's plans, and ways, and thoughts. Do this faithfully and do it persistently, and you shall come at last to sit on His throne, and to reign with Him in an interior kingdom which shall break in pieces and consume all other kingdoms, and shall stand for ever and ever.

There is no other way. This kingdom cannot be entered by pomp, and show, and greatness, and strength; but by littleness, and helplessness, and childlikeness, and babyhood, and death. He that humbleth himself, and he only, shall be exalted here; and to mount the throne with Christ requires that we shall first have followed Him in the suffering, and loss, and crucifixion. If we suffer with Him, we shall also reign with Him. Not as an arbitrary reward for our suffering, but as the result that will follow in the very nature of things. Christ's loss must necessarily bring Christ's gain, Christ's death must bring Christ's resurrection; and to follow Him in the regeneration,

will surely and inevitably bring the soul that follows to His crown and His throne.

We pray daily, "Thy kingdom come." Do we know what we are praying for? Do we comprehend the change it will make in us if it comes in us? Are we willing to be so changed?

What is the kingdom of God but the rule of God? And what is the rule of God but the will of God? Therefore when we pray, "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven," we have touched the secret of it all.

A horde of savages might conquer a civilized kingdom by sheer brute force; but if they would conquer the civilization of that kingdom, they could only do so by submitting to its control. And just so is it with the kingdom of heaven. It yields its sceptre to none but those who render obedience to its laws.

"He always reigns who sides with God," says an old writer. And again, "He who perfectly accepts the will of God dwells in a perpetual kingdom."

Art thou reigning after this fashion and in this sort of a kingdom?

Art thou the "chiefest" by being the "servant of all"?

Art thou a king over thy circumstances, or do thy circumstances reign over thee?

Dost thou triumph over thy temptations, or do they triumph over thee?

Canst thou sit on an inward throne in the midst of outward defeat and loss?

If thou canst answer, "Yes," to all these questions, then thou art come into thy kingdom; and whatever thy outward lot may be or the estimation in which men hold thee, thou art in very truth among the number of those concerning whom our Lord declares "the same shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven."

## AN ENCOURAGING VISION

OVER FORTY YEARS AGO, when I was the pastor of a Methodist Church in Hartford, Conn., the wife of a Pentecostal minister in the same city told me the following story:

She had been distressed with a stubborn illness which neither the doctors nor her praying friends could help her overcome. Then one night when she was determined to pray through, as Jacob did in his bout with an angel, her knees gave out so that she sank exhausted to the floor. Undefeated, however, she continued to wait on the Lord for the help promised to all who ask, seek, and knock, and as exhaustion and drowsiness threatened to defeat her as on former efforts to reach the Lord, suddenly the Healer whom she sought appeared on the floor beside her. Reaching out a hand, He touched her, saying, "You are healed now." Moreover, as she affirmed, she was not only completely cured but soon after was given this remarkable vision:

She saw the earth around her dry, dusty, barren, and cracked as it would be after a prolonged drouth. Presently a cloud floated in the sky and gave a gentle sprinkle of rain. Then intermittently other clouds appeared with gradual increasing amounts of precipitation until the parched areas of land became thoroughly moistened. As the soil was thus prepared to receive it, the heavens were soon filled with nimbus clouds which gave an abundant, though brief downpour, of shining drops of water.

And now the view changed from one of depression to one of delight, for in every direction there were fields of lilies, some shorter and others taller, but all lovelier than Solomon in all his glory. As she was gazing on this fascinating scene, a more beautiful light from above caused her to look upward where she beheld the radiant presence of the One who a few days before had restored her health. Reverently addressing Him, she asked, "Lord, what does all this mean?"

In reply, He said: "The dry, cracked, and barren soil which you saw at first showed the condition of Christendom as it is divided by many creeds and forms of godliness without the Spirit and power thereof. Just as the gentle fall of rain at first made the soil ready to receive the waiting showers, so do revivals in the churches prepare the hearts and minds of believers to be filled with the Spirit, the Promise of the Father to all who will receive Him."

Wishing to know, she asked for the meaning of the lilies, and the Master explained: "These are My people, united in faith and love, for whom I am coming."

We who are now living and have observed the many revivals which have occurred in this and other lands should open our hearts, lift up our drooping hands and, according to the directions of the Prophet Zechariah, "Ask ye of the Lord rain in the time of the latter rain; so the Lord shall make bright clouds, and give them showers of rain, to every one grass in the field" (Zech. 10:1).

Full assurance of faith, with thanksgiving, should cause us to draw nigh unto God in the name of His Son, our Lord, for, as we sing:

*"There shall be showers of blessing; this is the promise of love;  
There shall be seasons refreshing, sent from the Saviour above.*

*There shall be showers of blessing, precious reviving again;  
Over the hills and the valleys, sound of abundance of rain.*

*There shall be showers of blessing; send them upon us, O Lord!  
Grant to us now a refreshing; come, and now honor Thy Word.*

*There shall be showers of blessing: O that today they might fall,  
Now as to God we're confessing, now as on Jesus we call!*

*There shall be showers of blessing, if we but trust and obey;  
There shall be seasons refreshing, if we let God have His way.*

*Showers of blessing, Showers of blessing we need;  
Mercy drops round us are falling, but for the showers we plead."*

—JESSE DAVID ROBERTS