



Bread of Life

OCTOBER 1962

WOY CHUN CO.

回春藥行

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CLEANERS
DYERS
AND
HATTERS

Woman walking on the sidewalk

Child walking on the sidewalk

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

PERSONAL RELATIONSHIP

WE ARE ALWAYS SHOCKED when we see someone who seems to be a pillar in the church suddenly fail God in a large and obvious way. Perhaps this is a person who, from all appearances, was flawlessly faithful, active, and seemingly a spiritual leader. And then there came a seemingly sudden spiritual reverse and the individual plunged headlong into the world, or perhaps disobeyed the Lord in a glaring way. Unfortunately, such situations are more common than we like to admit. Perhaps they give us moments of uneasiness, wondering, if such a pillar falls, where we ourselves stand.

The Bible makes it very clear that at the root of every outward or visible failure is a failure in a person's individual relationship with the Lord. Moreover it is equally clear that it is possible to go through the entire spectrum of outward religious forms and still be spiritually crippled internally. At the very beginning of his message Isaiah rebukes the children of Israel for exactly this condition. Notice in particular the religious exercises which he rebukes.

"I have had enough of burnt offerings of rams and the fat of fed beasts. . . . Bring no more vain offerings; incense is an abomination to me. . . . Your new moons and your appointed feasts my soul hates; they have become a burden to me, I am weary of bearing them. When you spread forth your hands, I will hide my eyes from you; even though you make many prayers, I will not listen; your hands are full of blood" (ISAIAH 1:11-15—R.S.V.).

One wonders if the prophet would not have as vigorously condemned our outward service, our tithes and offerings, our worship, our weekly gatherings, our special meetings and conventions, and surprisingly, our public prayers. It is not, of course, that these services are wrong, but when they are performed in the absence of a heart which is *personally* seeking God, they are not only vain, but actually repulsive to God.

We are a group of people who strongly emphasize the need for a personal *conversion*. But we need to be reminded that a personal *relationship* is equally necessary.

There is a distinct difference between a personal *experience* (or even experiences) with God and a personal *relationship* with Him. The first speaks of that happy moment when our hearts are confronted with His, and there is a real personal surrender and commitment to Him. Such experiences are extremely important. However though the glow of such experiences may carry us for a time, unless a day by day relationship with God is established, we are most certainly headed for spiritual failure. It is not enough to have been initially transformed. Without continual communion and daily spiritual nourishment, we cannot live the Christian life.

It is impossible to maintain a personal relationship with God without personal prayer and meditation on the Word. Yet many in our midst have little or nothing in the way of personal devotions apart from church services. Somehow we feel that as long as we worship with a group, we are spiritually secure. This is tragically untrue. Group worship is certainly to be encouraged, but unless it is coupled with individual worship it is empty and meaningless and will not save us from spiritual disaster. If church services and activities crowd out our personal time with God, they are a stumblingblock rather than a blessing.

It is also amazing how little we do about coming to grips with ourselves and our sin on a personal level. We repeatedly hear sermons which convict us, and for the moment we are moved and resolve to do better. The fact that conviction soon wears off is also evidence of lack of relationship. The more constant a man's touch with God is, the more persistent and painful will be the conviction he lives with. But it is this constant conviction which drives him toward victory.

It is also good for us to remember that a personal passion for Christ always goes hand in hand with a genuine relationship with Him. We see far too little of the type of passion that led David to exclaim, "Oh God, thou art *my* God; early will I seek thee . . ." The man who, like David, walks with God, finds personal communion with Him his greatest joy and the most meaningful part of his life.

Perhaps there are some who read these words who do not realize how closely they are coming to spiritual shipwreck. Outward symptoms are deceiving; the enemy endeavors to blind us to our real needs. But we are going to fail unless we get to know Jesus personally. On the other hand, as we take time to foster a personal relationship, we cannot help but become partakers of a life of righteousness and joy and peace, bathed in His Presence.

Peace Always by All Means

By PEARL G. YOUNG

Missionary to Formosa

WHAT A VERY WONDERFUL THING it is that God's will for us is "peace always by all means" (2 Thess. 3:16). If it were not in the Word of God, we could not possibly believe it. Surely, we would think, there are times when perfect peace and rest is just not the thing, when to have no anxiety at all is out of place. If not anxious over one's own affairs, then surely sometimes one ought to be worried over the affairs and needs of others—their physical needs, their spiritual needs—and over the great needs of the work of the Kingdom of God.

But, no. "Be careful for nothing" (lit. in nothing be anxious) is God's will, clearly stated. Oh, hallelujah! What a God we have! What love that ordained for His children a life of perfect peace, perfect rest, and that right here on earth and in every circumstance! It was on the very eve of His crucifixion that Jesus said to His disciples, "My peace I give unto you." Did Jesus have peace then when He knew that on the morrow He must suffer the awful agonies of the Cross? Peace when He knew that His followers were weakening and His whole work seemed to be ending in failure? Yes, our Lord had perfect peace right then; and that peace—His peace—is for us.

The beautiful hymns of the Church have been such a blessing to me, and that blessing began in early childhood. One which particularly impressed

me as a child was "Peace, Perfect Peace."

Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin?

The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed?

I do the will of Jesus; this is rest.

Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?

On Jesus' bosom naught but calm is found.

and so on, through the seven verses. I also knew this hymn to be a favorite of my father, and I would often play it on the piano when I knew him to be around. It was one of the first hymns that I memorized.

But it was not until years later that I learned to live what I saw in this hymn—and in the Word of God on which, of course, it was based—that is, to have perfect peace of heart *always* and in *everything*. And it came about in this way: I needed guidance in a certain matter, and I desired very earnestly to know what the will of the Lord was. When that will was not revealed to me and time was passing, the day in which a decision must be made drawing nearer, I became anxious,—fearful lest I miss God's will.

Then God spoke to me, clearly, definitely, and He said, "You *do* know My will, and you are not doing it. My will is 'Rejoice evermore', 'Cast thy

burden upon the Lord', 'Be careful for nothing', You do what you *know* to be My will, and I will take care of the rest."

Then I saw that while seeking to know God's will in one matter, I was actually disobeying that part of His will which has, in His Word, already been revealed. I then began to do as I was told—just to cast the whole thing upon the Lord and to leave it there. And as I did, a wonderful thing happened. It was as though a great load fell from me. My heart was light and filled with peace. It was indeed "the peace of God which passeth all understanding," Phil. 4:7. (And of course, the guidance I needed was given too, and in plenty of time. I have never known God to be late doing His part, when I have first done mine—that is, obey Him). This experience was a tremendous lesson to me and really changed my life.

God knew that the temptation to fear, to be anxious, to be out of peace, would be very strong, and so He has literally filled His Word with this light that we are *not* to fear, *not* to be anxious. It is so very important, therefore, to see that not only is perfect peace His wonderful will for us, but also that to yield to any fear or anxiety or unrest whatsoever is disobedience to His will and therefore not pleasing to Him.

We are to "let the peace of God rule our hearts" (Col. 3:15). There is something *we*

must do about it, and that is refuse to yield to the temptation to fear or worry as we would refuse to yield to any other sinful temptation. And when we do this, when we obey the simple command, "Be careful—*anxious*—for nothing," then our Lord takes over, causing *His* peace, the peace that passeth all understanding, to keep our hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.

It is like the man with the withered hand in Matthew's Gospel. Jesus told him to stretch forth his hand while it was still withered! How could He expect him to do that? But that is God's way. He requires that we first determine to obey, and as we make the effort, He gives the power to do it. Had that man not made the effort to obey, to stretch forth that withered hand, he would never have been healed. But when he did make that effort, God stepped in and his hand was "restored whole."

"Be careful for nothing,"—this, too, is our Lord's wonderful command: and, oh, how He must rejoice when He sees His children concerned with just one thing, and that is, doing exactly as they are told. He will do all the rest, and that includes giving this wonderful peace of heart.

Perhaps we are looking to God to know His will in a certain matter. He has promised to give wisdom *liberally* to those who lack, so we have a right to expect clear guidance, and need not, should not, act until we have it. But the waiting should be in faith and without anxiety or strain, for anx-

iety is *never* His will. How important it is that we learn to do nothing without His directing! It may mean waiting in our present pasture until the Shepherd leads us to another. This we certainly ought to do. (There were times in China when to have done the *naturally* sensible thing such as flee from approaching danger, would have been disastrous. We were saved because, receiving no word from God to move, we stayed where we were). But whatever we may be waiting upon Him for, it should be in perfect peace.

And in the work of the Lord problems often arise, sometimes very urgent and serious. We may not know what to do, but one thing we do know, and that is that to be out of peace is not God's will. *His* will is "peace always by all means." Hallelujah! Our business is to hold steady with our eyes on Jesus, and to keep that way. And as we do so,—in other words, as we obey His command not to be anxious—He is pleased and glorified and, moreover, is able to take over and to work His wondrous works.

The peace which God gives when we *choose* to trust and not be afraid is a glorious reality and passes all thought. Numbers of times when in danger in China, sometimes facing likely death, there has been that great peace of heart which could not be accounted for in any other way except that it was Jesus fulfilling His wondrous promise, giving His own peace. I remember once when in the presence of a most evil Communist officer who, humanly speaking, had the power to do

what he liked with us, being so utterly without fear that I had to restrain myself from laughing in his face. It was perfect peace, God's peace.

Again, there was the time, when my co-worker, Mrs. Esther Hess, and I slept in a Chinese home which was due to be burned that night. A little child in the family had been taken by mountain robbers (bandits) and was being held for ransom. When the ransom demanded by the robbers was not forthcoming—the family could not afford it—those evil men sent word that they had set a deadline and that if the money were not paid by that date, the home of the child would be burned!

We—Mrs. Hess and I—had previously agreed to go to this village to hold meetings, and it had been arranged that we stay in this home. Now that all this trouble had arisen, the Christians there thought it best that we postpone our visit. But we knew that it was God's time and that we should go. We felt, moreover, on arrival, that we should sleep in that particular house, as had been arranged. The house had been evacuated, but now several Chinese had courage to join us.

Before retiring for the night, we prayed, committing ourselves to God, and then went to sleep, our hearts in perfect peace.

The village was an unwallled one, near the mountains, and around midnight, sure enough we were awakened by the sound of shooting which came nearer and nearer. Humanly speaking, there was nothing to hinder the

(Continued on page 11.)

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The Chicago Fire



The Chicago Fire started October 8, 1871. During the next three days 17,450 buildings burned, 250 persons died, and as a result there was 196 million dollars of damage done. The "well-meaning woman" of this poem was Mrs. O'Leary in whose barn at 558 DeKoven Street (according to tradition) the great fire started when the cow kicked over a lantern.—EDITOR.



"When thou passest the deepest of waters through,
No wave, nor billow, shall e'er over-flow;
When through fire thou walkest, the fiercest flame
Shall not kindle upon thee. For thee by thy name
I have called; thou art Mine; have no fear."

Through the bare little room rose and fell, sweet and clear,
These words from God's Book. The sweet, aged face,
Grown fair with its years of heavenly grace,
Brightened and quivered. The grave voice softly shook,
And two tears fell down on the worn old Book.

"O Sister," she said, "Our faith is so weak;
Need we for further assurance still seek?
Three years have we lived in this simple way,
And God has watched o'er us, from day unto day.
Not once have we hungered; not one day has gone
But e'er we have needed abundance has come.
Not one sparrow falleth that He does not see,
And much more He careth for you and for me.
What then if our larder's supply has run low,
The manna was given for but one day, we know;
No promise is given for future supply,
'Tis daily, you know; so may you and I
Do as we've done so often before,
Give the burden to God and question no more."

The two aged saints then knelt in their prayer,
And God heard and answered, with tenderest care.
Scarce had they risen where they knelt on the floor
When someone knocked gently on the low, wooden door,
And a little maid came in, in her light tripping way,
With a kiss for each one, and a merry "Good day,"
And a basket so great she it scarcely could bear,
Filled full of good things. "My mamma had fear,"
She told them so brightly, "that no one today
Might remember you two, and she sent me to say
The basket is yours." And she tripped through the door,

Then turned and came back to tell them once more,
"There's a terrible fire raging down through the town;
My papa is worried. He goes with a frown
Between his two eyes, and he says, unless they
Get it stopped pretty soon, 'twill sure come this way."

The happy face vanished. (Childhood's too glad
To catch the great import of what had been said;)
And two frail old handmaids whose faith was as sweet
As the child's were led to softly repeat:
No wave, nor billow, shall e'er overflow;
When through fire thou walkest, the fiercest flame
Shall not kindle upon thee. For thee by thy name
I have called; thou art Mine; have no fear."
To gether the words rose and fell, sweet and clear.

What a great matter is kindled by the tiniest flame,
What little steps start the course downward to shame;
What frail hands grasp the lever of mighty events,
And what sorrows befall the most kindly intents!

A well-meaning woman; a cow in a stall;
An over-turned lantern; a blaze—that was all.
Then an up-springing flame, and a fierce, singeing breath,
And out swept the fire demon on its mission of death.

An alarm all too late; a mad, fruitless race;
The clanging of bells, and the terrible pace
Of mad, plunging steeds as they dashed where the flame
Shot high in the air, in a demoniac game
With the wind and the sky, and the pygmies called men,
And the tiny shells that live in. Tongue nor pen
Never has, never will, tell the story complete
Of that race of the fire down each doomed city street.

On, onward it went! Like a great seething sea
Burst from its bounds in wildest of glee,
With a heart of revenge toward the pygmies called men
That its great rolling billows the shore had shut in.
Away swept the dwelling modest in mien!
Down crashed more pretentious mansions in vain.

What matter the silver and gold that they held,
What mattered the values which long had compelled
The owner to struggle in wealth-getting strife—
In this maddest—this wildest—this supreme race for life?

O the homes that were lost in that terrible fire!
O the hearts that were broken with hopeless desire!
O the deeds that were committed of plunder and shame!
O the actions heroic that were worthy of fame,
Had there been there a scribe to see and write
The story complete of that wild day and night.

The great sea swept on, and at last the great roar
Reached the ears of the handmaids, just as the door
Burst open, and hatless and breathless, a man
Shouted, "Quick! get your things! be quick as you can!
The whole block is doomed! God Himself could not save
This whole part of the town from a horrible grave!"

The sisters looked up, and startled arose.
 "Come, come! There's no time for questions. The clothes
 You have on are all you can take!
 God knows if e'en now we'll be able to make
 Our escape. I'll help you. Be quick!" And his hand
 Roughly grasped the one sister. "Come, don't stand,
 And lose time! It means your own life."
 Her breast rose and fell, heart throbbing, all rife
 With a struggle for utterance. "Dear sister," she cried,
 "God won't let the fire come. Has He ever denied
 One right petition since we learned to trust Him?"
 "Trust God?—In this fire?" A grim
 Humor broke out in the midst of his fear;
 "Trust God? Don't be fools! God don't hear
 In such times as these. Come, be quick, or I'm gone."
 The next pause and the two were left alone.

And then to their ears came the roar like the sea,
 And the light brightened their windows. Down bent the knee:
 "O God, who hast watched us these three years or more
 And cared for us, loved us, and given good store
 Of all that we needed; who gave us this home
 By the heart of a friend; Thou hast never been known
 To take from Thy children one gift Thou hast given,
 And we trust Thee for this. 'Tis our *home*, and not even
 The great, raging fire like a demon though it come
 Shall drive us away from our own little home."
 Then softly together, their prayer completed,
 The words of their lesson they calmly repeated:
 "When thou passest the deepest of waters through,
 No wave, nor billow, shall e'er overflow:
 When through fire thou walkest, the fiercest of flame
 Shall not kindle upon thee."

There came

A crash and a roar, and the great seething sea
 Swept over them, round them, and yet on the knee,
 With eyes tightly closed to shut out the dread sight,
 They whispered, "The flame shall not kindle. O God, by Thy might
 Keep our home from the fire."

The buildings down crashed

To right and to left. Throbbing fire billows dashed
 Madly to catch and encircle each tower,
 Each spire and each dome. But no demon power
 Could reach through the barrier God had placed round
 To compass the home where real faith was found.

The air was so hot they prayed for God's care
 And strength, the awful oppression to bear.
 The roar of the fire drowned their voice as they prayed,
 But each trusting heart beat on unafraid.
 Great mantels of fire encircled their home,
 Great pieces of fire, wind swept, seemed their doom,
 But they still looked to God in their confident prayer,
 And the angelic host guarded o'er them there,
 And when the great fire swept onward and sought
 New fields to conquer, this plain wooden hut,
 Blacked with smoke, in the midst of a wide heaving sea
 Of smoldering flames, stood perfectly free
 From burn or destruction; an evidence there
 Of God's tender willingness to answer true prayer.

And when the fire demon at last was embound,
And when the people came back to their lost homes, they found
Standing trimly and brave, in the midst of expanse
All blackened, this hut; and said, "What strange chance
Saved that poor little hut while great buildings went down?"

The story went out, and some way it found
A reporter, who came, as reporters e'er will,
To tell with their pen the tale, good or ill.
He viewed the earth blackened, the smoked hut, and anon
He climbed up the step to the handmaidens' room
And heard their strange story, so sweetly told,
Of God's mighty love toward His handmaidens old.
And with the wonderful wisdom of man,
He smiled, and he listened, and smiled yet again,
And then went away, and loudly laughed he
At the two dear old ladies' credulity.

And he wrote an article, logical, clear,
Of the very singular freak of the fire
That left there standing, scorched and stained,
Direct in the path of the pitiless flame,
An old frame building, brittle and dry,
While all about it, towering and high,
Stood much greater buildings, all strong and new.
And people read and believed it true.

But no one guessed that the God above
Had saved the place in His tender love,
For two frail handmaids whose simple prayer
Of simple trust had insured His care.
And had the story been truly told
By some other writer, overbold,
They would have laughed in sneering glee,
Like the scribe, at the maidens' credulity.
Yet they doubted not, in their wisdom higher,
'Twas but a freak of the wind or fire,
And they counted it quite as reasonably true,
That chance had done what God could not do.

—MARTHA WING ROBINSON



Courtesy of the Chicago Historical Society.

Panorama View of the South Side of Chicago After the Fire

Back in Formosa

A Report from Miss Pearl Young After Her Return,
September 20, 1962

EVERYTHING WENT very well, praise the Lord. The weather was fine, and the flying very smooth—"jet" all the way. I was a day and a half in Tokyo with my cousin and his family, so arrived here the 20th. A number of missionaries and just about all our dear Chinese Christians were at the airport to meet me. It was indeed a "welcome home," so warm and so precious; and from that moment I felt almost as though I had never been away. Sister Elizabeth is well, though tired, and did so much to make everything look its best.

There was the regular meeting in the church that evening, and oh, what a blessing it was to find the glory of the Lord filling the place—our little home and the church—just as before! The first day, it felt rather awkward speaking Chinese, but it is quite natural again now.

It is really wonderful traveling by jet, 4 hours 46 minutes from San Francisco to Hawaii, and 7 hours from Hawaii to Tokyo. From Tokyo to Taipei, 2½ hours only. And it is cheaper—a good deal—than by boat. But is **is** upsetting to your system—at least I've found it so.

The weather here is still very hot, simply sweltering. There have now been four months of this—July and August no doubt even hotter. You can't keep dry at all. And with this there have been the typhoons. All

this isn't so hard for the natives of Formosa as it is for Westerners, and for the Chinese from the mainland.

The last typhoon—just two weeks ago—was more devastating than even the previous bad one—Opal—in that it brought terrific floods. This whole area was flooded—water pouring down from the mountains to join the overflowing river. The homes had water up to 6 feet—8 feet, and sometimes nearly to the ceiling — *filthy* water, unspeakably filthy—and with many snakes. It happened so suddenly—the worst they've ever known in this part, I believe—and then, as usual, it went on raining for days, so that only now are the people able to get their things out to dry. And what a sight! Streaked and faded clothing of all kinds, bedding, and beds which had to be taken apart, pages of precious books, etc., etc.

Our Christians went through it all too, of course; but I haven't heard anything but notes of victory and praise. Last night in the meeting, I was led to speak on the Holy Spirit as the "*Comforter*," and of what Jesus said that *in the world* we would have *tribulation*, but *in Him*, *peace* (John 16:33), and of what the "*good*" of Romans 8:28 may be. One thing and perhaps the most important—certainly is that, finding—experiencing—His *peace* in the midst of trouble, we are

really finding *Him* more fully, finding Jesus in His preciousness, His loveliness, His all-sufficiency. Surely God's ways are very wonderful. I could give them my own recent experience in leaving home as an example of this.

Speaking of the flood,—isn't it lovely that the two drums of clothing, sent by the Ridgewood saints to the church here, should come just at this time (they arrived in port yesterday)? So dear ones will have some nice fresh things for the winter. Praise the Lord!

Yesterday (Sunday) morning, I spoke at the meeting in the new place of worship near Brother Liu's home. (This place was opened last November). There is a precious group there too, and we had a good time. However, they have not yet come into Holy Ghost ways even to the extent that they have here in Kou-Tzu-K'ou. In both places, I see a good many new faces, as well as the old ones, and one is thankful for this. Quite a few to be baptized.

I know it is largely a matter of faith,—this having Holy Ghost meetings; faith, and a great unwillingness to be satisfied with anything less. The meetings, in connection with a church work, are so very, very important. God can do such great things, or is hindered from doing such great things, according as the ministers are able to be controlled and led absolutely by the Spirit. The great cry of my heart is that God may be able to do His will, accomplish His purpose, in this respect, among this people. I trust the dear ones at home will continue with us in prayer, persevering, believing prayer,—to this end; and that we here may really let God have His way.

COVER PHOTO: A Street Scene in Chinatown, New York City.

Great is Thy Faithfulness

A brief resumé of Pastor Hans Waldvogel's ministry in Europe this past summer.

MY FIRST STOP was in Vienna, that great city, which has only one Pentecostal assembly. The fire is burning there. I was delighted to find a house full of people that were hungry for God. We had just one Sunday there, but God saved souls and came to that assembly and lifted it. We ought to pray very much for them. Very wonderfully God has given them a large building that is their own. The opportunity is there to branch out. People come from everywhere and they are clamoring for more evangelistic services.

From Vienna I went to Hamburg for about a week, where Brother Oskar Lardon is pastor. The highlight of that campaign was the baptismal service which was held at the close. It has indeed been a wonderful act of God to bring us together with Brother Lardon, the editor of *Sieg des Kreuzes*. Each month he publishes one of our sermons in his paper so that they are being read by about 50,000 people every month. And from everywhere now, since we have our broadcast in Europe, we have had hundreds of letters from behind the Iron Curtain from people who are so happy to hear the gospel, and they all want *Sieg des Kreuzes* sent to them. So we have this additional contact, and it has come through this association that God has brought about with Brother Lardon. The wonderful thing is that we didn't do it; God did it. We have simply committed our way to the Lord,

and He has brought it to pass.

After Hamburg, I went to Hanover for three weeks. Brother Rolf Cilwik has taken the pastorate there. He had asked me if I would be willing to come for a tent campaign. God gave a wonderful breaking-through. Hanover is a large field and places everywhere around are clamoring for workers. We went out into the outstations and met some of the people. From Hanover we went to Hamlin—the city of the Pied Piper. God met us in a marvellous way. We had a real revival. The people had been praying for a long time, and God came to that meeting. At the end of the meeting in Hanover a whole delegation waited on me from Dortmund to have a week's campaign. I couldn't do that, but I went there for a Sunday night meeting. (Dortmund is in the coal district.) We had a tent full of people and a wonderful meeting.

From there I went to Switzerland to be with Brother and Sister Walter Waldvogel who have been conducting a summer camp in the mountains there with some of their people from Kirchheim. There were about 50 of us who gathered for a time of worship and waiting on the Lord each morning and evening.

From the Swiss camp I went to Wuppertal for ten days. The weather was cold, but we had a full house on Sunday, and practically every night a group of folks came to surrender to God. One young man who came last summer was a wicked

man from the French legion, but today he is one of our best saints. Whenever I went into the prayer room, I found him kneeling and praying, weeping and rejoicing in the Lord. That is the kind of people God has saved in Wuppertal.

It is such a joy to see these young fellows come out every night before the tent meeting. They go to the Rathhausplatz at six o'clock right from work and have an open-air service. This is an ideal place to have a street meeting because people have to go through there coming from work. Hundreds and hundreds of people come there who are very attentive, and then the workers bring them into the tent. The pastor, Eghard Tetzlaff, told me that one night he counted ninety strangers.

Another wonderful thing in Wuppertal is that many relatives from people here who were saved in our street meetings in Ridgewood have come. There is one family, relatives of one of our sisters who has gone to be with the Lord, who were among the first to come to God. They have seven children who are all serving the Lord with all their hearts in the meetings and out of the meetings.

I didn't know what God had intended to do when we went there ten years ago. I was a little questioning because I knew that they had had a good deal of fanaticism and the whole town is a religious town. Everybody belongs to some church. When we came with our tent, the manifestation of the presence of Jesus was new to the people, but they said, "Oh this is the thing that we have been hungering for."

On Sunday, August 26th, we had an anniversary service in Wuppertal where ten years ago we started meetings in our tent. (Our tent still looks new; we

have had a new roof put on it.) We had a full house. The best part of the service was the testimonies of the people. I did not realize till now what a great work God did in that place, what wonderful people were saved. Their testimonies revealed how they came out of deep tribulation and deep sin and how today they are filled with the Holy Ghost.

The people there are also enjoying the broadcast and gave a very large offering for it. They have a heart for this work which is reaching out into all sections of Europe. We have heard from people in Denmark, Switzerland, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, France and Sweden. And so you see, God has opened for us a door of utterance and a harvest field that is unspeakably ripe.

I say this because I would like to inspire everyone of our readers to get behind this effort with prayer, for it is prayer that changes things.

When you get into Europe, you see the black night that is descending upon the continent, especially since the recent happenings in Berlin. All of Germany is under a black cloud. They know they're in a trap.

The time is short. Before you know it this world will go down in judgement, and anyone that doesn't see it coming is blind. On the other hand, we see Jesus coming, Jesus moving in great power, very definitely. I'm so thankful that God has given us these years since 1947. To think that God put us in Germany right after the war and gave us the chance year after year to preach the everlasting gospel and to have thousands of people to find the Lord!

And how did it happen? God kept us at prayer, and the work in Europe is the result. I trust that God will quicken us and make us pray like never before!

Peace Always

(Continued from page 4.)

oncoming robbers from carrying out their evil design. But God. As we looked to Him, we knew we should stay where we were, and before too long the firing ceased and nothing more came of it. What happened to the men to turn them back, nobody knew. God had done it.

The days of meetings that followed were greatly blessed of God. He was present in power. A demon-possessed woman was set free, I remember, in answer to prayer; and among the new converts was a young lady who, on the first hearing of the Gospel, got such a grasp of the love of God in sending His son for our salvation as I have seldom seen. But not least of the wonders of God's grace and power was the fact that during that first night our hearts were so kept in peace that we did not feel it necessary even to get up and dress.

Then when we were returning home from Japanese concentration camp after the war, the waters around China and Japan

were still mine-swept and the ship we were sailing was a converted military transport more ready for repairs than for service.

When still not far from the Japan coast, at six o'clock in the evening, both engines went dead. Soon we were in total darkness and at the mercy of a terrifically strong gale. For six hours, until twelve midnight when one engine was repaired, we drifted thus. And once again, there it was so very evident the great difference between Christians who know to trust their God and the people of the world. In the one case there was real calmness—God-given peace, while in the other there was very natural fear and alarm.

Yes, He, in His great love, has promised grace—and peace—sufficient for every need; and what a wonderful thing to know that no circumstance can ever arise where that grace and peace will be wanting! Hallelujah! Oh, let us trust Him wholly as He desires us to do, and *fear nothing* except to be out of His will.

WHO IS ON THE LORD'S SIDE?

THE END OF THE WORLD is upon us, and God is going to have a great Army of evangelists, of ministers, and of missionaries, and they are going to preach and work differently than anybody has ever worked in the history of the world, in the power of the Holy Ghost. The Bible tells us that.

I would like to inspire young people who have youth on their side to put aside everything and call on God for all you are worth to come to you, to burn up the dross, and to fill you with the Holy Ghost. If He can't get you, He'll get somebody else. He will.

He is going to have an army, the Bible says, that are called and chosen and faithful, and you don't get there playing basketball and chasing the girls and the boys. You get there by doing like the Apostle Paul—counting everything but refuse for the excellency of Christ Jesus my Lord, forgetting the things that are behind and pressing toward the mark.

God is not pleased with Pentecost as it is today, and He is finding people in the denominational churches who are really paying the price. I meet them everywhere. They are on fire for God. They are finding God, and God is coming to them. Let us wake up. Give God a chance, and He will surprise you and do exceeding abundantly above all that you can ask or think.—H.R.W.

GATHERED FRAGMENTS



"NOW LET ME BURN OUT FOR God," prayed *Henry Martyn*, missionary to India and Persia, who died one hundred and fifty years ago this month, October 16, 1812. Only a little over six years before, he had landed in Calcutta, and two days later confided to his journal this complaint about himself: "I feel pressed in spirit to do something for God. Everybody is diligent, but I am idle . . . I have hitherto lived to little purpose, more like a clod than a servant of God." Then he adds the words which will ever be associated with his memory, "Now let me burn out for God."

Certainly he made good his resolution, for he henceforth labored incessantly. Within one year he translated the whole New Testament into Hindustani which, while subsequently revised by others, is still regarded as a work of excellent skill and learning and rigid fidelity. Then on February 18, 1812, he was able to record, "This is my birthday on which I complete my thirty-first year. The Persian New Testament has been begun, and, I may say, finished in it, as only the last eight chapters of the Revelation remain." Within a week that was accomplished. Truly he could testify: "The Word of God has found its way into Persia, and it is not in Satan's power to oppose its progress if the Lord hath sent it."

Eight months later he burned out for God, but the afterglow

of his fire has been even more brilliant than the actual fire of his life. "The story of his long desert marches, with bitter hardships, in Persia, is one of the most pathetic and thrilling in missionary annals."

* * *

We regret that in the September issue of *BREAD OF LIFE*, Page 10, credit was omitted for the question beginning with, "*Europe needs missionaries*," etc. This paragraph should have been prefaced with: "Is Europe a mission field?" asks Mr. Evans. The answer seems selfevident in view of the facts, and Dr. René Pache of Switzerland says . . ."

* * *

Pastor Hans Waldvogel left New York, September 25, for special meetings in Hamburg, Germany, to continue through September 30. From there he flies to India where he will participate in the Pentecostal Convention at Dehra Dun, October 7—14. The following week he will visit some of the mission stations. Returning to Germany, he will conduct a Bible Conference at Kirchheim, November 2—9. The next day, God willing, he expects to come home.

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A number of orders have been received for the *Index* to the first ten volumes of *BREAD OF LIFE*, 1951 to 1961 inclusive. This *Index* will be exhaustive as all articles will be listed under both subject and author and a separate listing of all illustra-

tions. A major project, this work has been accomplished through the combined efforts of Misses Antje Nissen, Gerda Bocker, and Janet Bowers. Now at the press, it should be ready for distribution shortly. Price of publication has not been determined as yet. If you have not given your order for this valuable reference guide, do so at once. This will aid us in determining the number of copies to be printed.

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Grace for Grace, Some Highlights of the Grace of God in The Flower Family, by Alice Reynolds Flower is now off the press. Originally written for and published in *BREAD OF LIFE*, January to December, 1961, this is now available, with considerable additions, in attractive book form. It may be purchased directly from the author at 430 Woodridge Street, Springfield, Missouri, for \$1.00.

* * *

Numerous repairs at *Pilgrim Camp*, Brant Lake, N. Y., are under way. First on the list is the porch of the Mayflower Boathouse which has had to be raised. Also a new cement boat dock is being built there. Later the Lodge will be raised and new footings placed where the trusses have sagged. Included in this major project will be the erection of a new outside staircase to the second floor of the Lodge. Plans are also being laid for a new kitchen, dining rooms, and new lean-to village for the juniors. Further details concerning the development and enlargement of the camp will be announced later.

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A best seller in religious books is *In His Steps* by Charles M. Sheldon, written in 1896. Since then it has sold over 8,000,000 copies in the United States, and over 20,000,000 throughout the world.