

Bread of Life

Vol. VI

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No. 7



God Knows

*When burdened with care and distresses of life,
When facing the world with its battle and strife,
When troubled within and harassed without,
When Satan would swallow up Faith in cold doubt,
How sweet the thought of God's presence and power,
To whisper to self each day and each hour,*

GOD KNOWS.

*When friends have proved foes, and the venomous dart
Of pitiless tongues has wounded the heart,
'Tis sweet to rest in the thought of the One
Who sees the motive for each thing that's done,
To whisper to self, "O heart, still thy cry;
Do friends come or go, HE ever is nigh,*

GOD KNOWS."

*He knoweth my steps and the way that I take;
He is my true friend, and He'll NEVER forsake.
What tho' the way is oft unto me
Hidden before? By faith I shall see
One step ahead. Need I then to know
Any farther when every step that I go*

GOD KNOWS?

*O the balm of the thought on Life's sea alone
Breasting the waves, unloved and unknown,
Friendless and helpless, afar from the land,
To know that God watches and holds in His Hand
My tiny tossed bark, that HE cares for my soul.
Then let billows toss and stormy waves roll,*

GOD KNOWS.

MARTHA WING ROBINSON.

Bread of Life

VOL. VI NO. 7

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A Serious Word to Parents

By HANS R. WALDVOGEL

LET US HAVE YOUR CHILDREN till they are seven; after that we do not care what you do with them" is the slogan of a large religious organization. Educators also have come to the conclusion that man's character is being shaped almost beyond the power of any one to change it during the first years of his early life.

God says the same thing in Proverbs 22:6, "Train up a child in the way he shall go and when he is old he will not depart from it," or in Matthew 19:14, "Suffer the little children to come unto me for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." In other words: "Let Me have them when they are young and I will draw them into the Kingdom of God."

What an expression of the glorious provision God has made for the children! There is no time during the short span of man's earthly existence when he is more tender toward God or more ready to respond to His wooings than during the early years of his youth. What responsibilities this places upon all who have to do with the guidance of youth!

World leaders who have been shaping the destinies of nations, overthrowing old systems and introducing new ones, are making their strongest appeal to the young generation. Almost overnight we see these would-be saviours taking hold of the younger element, bringing forth a generation molded after new ideas.—"The children of this world are wiser in their generation."

If only God were given an equal opportunity at the hearts and minds of the young! Instead of that we find even among God's people a lazy, indifferent attitude, generally speaking, towards those efforts that are being made to bring the little ones to Jesus, such as Sunday school, vacation Bible training schools, and young people's meetings. According to the best authorities there are thousands of young people growing up in this United States without the privilege of religious training of any kind.

Summertime is here with its allurements, and for many it is a time of spiritual declension. Even to so-called Christians it seems more important to let the flesh have its fill than "to flee from the wrath to come" and "to work out their own salvation with fear and trembling." During the summer months churches throughout the city are closed while the devil is working overtime. Sunday has been changed into a Funday, or worse still, into a Sinday.

Everyone, of course, has the power to choose for himself, either Christ or Belial, Christ or the Devil; but no one has the right to take from the children the privilege of coming to Jesus; and I've always found that wherever children are given the opportunity of coming to the Lord they respond most readily and joyfully, and almost without exception. — "Woe unto that man by whom the offence cometh. It were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea."

STRONG WORDS! But listen to a prayer offered in hell by one who neglected his opportunity while on earth: "Father Abraham," he shrieks, "send Lazarus to my five brothers lest they too come into this horrible place of torment." If this parable of Jesus in Luke 16 has any meaning at all, it tells that at this very moment there are fathers and mothers in the blazing caverns of hell crying to God to send some ghost to warn their children lest they too come into this horrible place where they are now, which has been prepared for the devil and his angels. What was God's answer to the cry of the rich man? "They have Moses and the prophets, let them hear them."

And what would be God's answer in modern language to these fathers and mothers? "They have Bibles and Sunday schools. Let them make use of that." He might point an accusing finger at these parents and say to them, "You took them to the movies, you brought the television into your home, whereby their pure minds were defiled with lewd pictures; and instead of bringing them to Jesus while young, you set for them an example of worldliness. The seed of evil and indifference which you sowed in their receptive hearts has born evil fruit. They have become calloused to the gospel and soon they will be joining you in the infernal pit." Indeed it had been better for you that a millstone had been tied around your neck in time to avert this awful catastrophe.

FATHERS! MOTHERS! You want your children to bring lasting joy to your hearts, you want them to decide for God and to live lives that will reflect credit upon yourselves. If so, it must be you who decide for them before they have the power of decision themselves. That darling little boy on your lap, that sweet little girl in your bosom will certainly make a choice one of these days of either God or the Devil, either the world or Christ. Think of it—that you, father and

mother, have the privilege of bringing these little ones to Jesus before their hearts have become sullied by sin and influenced by evil.

*"There is a time, we know not when,
A place, we know not where,
Which marks the destiny of men
To glory or despair.*

*"There is a line by us unseen
Which crosses every path,
Which marks the boundary between
God's mercy and His wrath.*

*"To pass that limit is to die,
To die as if by stealth;
It does not dim the beaming eye,
Nor pale the glow of health.*

*"The conscience may be still at ease,
The spirit light and gay,
And that which pleases still may please
And care be thrust away.*

*"But on that forehead God hath set
Indelibly a mark,
Unseen by man, for man, as yet,
Is blind and in the dark.*

*"He feels perchance that all is well
And every fear is calmed;
He lives, he dies, he wakes in hell
Not only doomed but damned.*

*"Oh, where is that mysterious line
That may by men be crossed,
Beyond which God Himself has sworn
That he who goes is lost?*

*"An answer from the skies repeats,
'Ye who from God depart,
Today, oh listen to His voice
And harden not your hearts.'"*

I believe that God has put the power within the grasp of the parents of every child to guide him to a decision for Christ and eternal life if they will but make use of the blessed opportunities God has given them. Of course we do not say that Sunday school or Bible training schools can take the place of a family altar and godly training in the home, but they are great helps to fathers and mothers who want to train their children, not for this world but for the world that is to come.

There has never been written a more sublime story than the one contained in the short scriptural passage in Hebrews 11:24-26:

"Moses when he was come to years refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a sea-

son, esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt."

At a time in life when many young men and women make a choice that leads them down the primrose path of sin into eternal damnation, Moses chooses affliction, poverty, and the reproach of Christ in preference to the comforts and pleasures of Egypt. Like Paul he counts all else but dung for the excellency of the fellowship of God's people and the Son of God.

If you want to find the secret of Moses' choice it is found in the godly training received from his parents. By faith, father and mother, God-fearing parents of Moses, hid him three months, not fearing the commandment of the king. They saw that he was a goodly child; they said, in substance, "He is too good for the crocodiles," and so by faith they committed him into the care of Jehovah. How God honored this faith of the parents and the dedication of their child to Him history records. This only act of Moses' parents saved him for his divine mission and gave to the world the greatest emancipator, law-giver, and saviour it has known outside of the Lord Jesus Christ. Moses was born into a world of enemies that sought his life. He was protected and saved from them by the faith of his parents.

Today every one of our children is born into a world full of spiritual enemies that seek the eternal destruction of each child's soul. Thank God, there is the command of the Almighty, "Suffer the little children and forbid them not to come unto Me," which shows godly parents what to do for their children in order to safeguard them against these enemies and tells of the great protection God Almighty has provided for their safekeeping and their salvation. God will honor parents who believe their children too good for the world, the flesh, and the devil, and who by an example of holy living and godliness and by a definite act of faith bring their little ones to Jesus that He might take them into His arms and bless them.

Our well-meant efforts in surrounding our children with the best the world affords—providing for them good homes, a liberal education, and so on—are in themselves no defense against the angel of the bottomless pit, who is exerting all his hellish influence to destroy the bodies and souls of people. We must bring God into their lives and that as early as possible.

"Moses when he was born—" His parents, well aware of the dangers that threaten the child, lose no time in finding for him the only safe place of refuge—the "Everlasting Arms." Can you afford to do any less than that for your children?

How very carefully human society tries to care for and protect the little ones against physical

(Continued on page 11.)

“Thou Shalt Know the Lord”

By JEAN HALL MASON

Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound: they shall walk, O Lord, in the light of thy countenance. In thy name they shall rejoice all the day: and in thy righteousness shall they be exalted. — PSALM 89: 15, 16.

I THANK GOD I was reared in a Christian home. My earliest memory of a definite yielding to God was as a child, perhaps eight years of age. In our little Community Baptist Church a call was made for those who wished to accept the Lord. I went to the altar and knelt, but no one came to speak to me; they probably thought I was a child and had just come along with others. But it was a very definite decision in my own heart. The following morning, however, when I was ready to go to school Mother came to the door to kiss me goodbye and said, “Remember, dear, you are Jesus’ little girl.” These precious words have influenced my whole life, “Remember you are Jesus’ little girl.” I have never forgotten those wonderful words from my mother. All my life I have realized that I belong not to myself, but to Him. Though no one came to pray with me at the altar or to guide me in any way, there was a definite trans-action in my own heart and I knew I belonged to the Lord.

Not many years later my father and mother became interested in the work of Dr. Dowie. My mother was afflicted with a very serious heart ailment. She went to Chicago and was wonderfully healed. This was a number of years before the founding of Zion City. When she came home with this message of divine healing she witnessed to our neighbors and friends the wonderful thing God had done for her. As a child we knew persecution. I remember as a very little girl at school they would call me Faith Cure”

and very early learned what it was to bear reproach for the name of Jesus.

The following several years we were associated with a group of people who accepted the message of healing. We met every Sunday in each other’s home to worship God. We would read one of the sermons that Dr. Dowie had preached and there would be a time of testimony, a time of song, and a time of worship. If there was any need in any family for prayer we would gather together and pray and God wrought miracles of His grace among us.

My first experience of divine healing occurred during this time. I had scarlet fever and was very desperately ill. There was to be an all-night prayer meeting a few days later, which my parents wanted to attend, and as a child, of course, I wanted to go but was bedfast and ill. Mother knelt and prayed for me, and as though someone lifted a blanket from me that fever was lifted. It was so severe that the skin from my whole body peeled off. I was completely healed and was able to attend the all-night prayer meeting. We gathered New Year’s Eve and spent the whole night in prayer, reading of Gospel portions, testimony, song, and in dedication of our lives to God.

In 1900 my father sold his farmlands in Canada, as also did other members of this little group with whom we worshipped. We went to Zion City at the opening of that wonderful little community. My father helped lay out the streets of the



Jean Hall Mason

city and built us a lovely home. There were no homes at the time we came so we lived in the farm houses that were already there. People came by the hundreds, however, until we were quite a little city. For six years we worshipped in this wonderful truth of God’s miracle power to heal the sick.

As a child I witnessed many healings. I remember particularly one woman who was brought in on a cot from the train. Her cot was placed down in front of the platform in the tabernacle seating 7500 people. On this particular day Dr. Dowie walked over to the edge of the platform, and speaking to the woman on the cot, said, “In the name of Jesus of Nazareth, rise and walk.” He did not touch her. He did not go down to her bedside. He just spoke in the name of the Lord. That woman who had not walked for more than a year got out of her bed and walked the full length of the tabernacle, down one aisle, across the back, and up the other aisle. Later, this woman lived a block from our home and I never knew her to be ill during my acquaintance with her. She was completely and miraculously healed. We saw lame people

leave their crutches and walk. We witnessed miracles of God's healing power in such a way that there never could be any doubt in my own heart concerning God's power to heal the sick.

In 1906 when difficulties came in the church and financial difficulties to the city, God brought to our community a man who a few years before had been pastor of a little Holiness church. He had decided that there must be a larger evidence of God's power in the baptism of the Holy Spirit than he had witnessed. They began to tarry for the like experience as there was manifest on the day of Pentecost. It came to them in 1901, and in a prayer meeting some began speaking in other tongues. A few people in Kansas and a few more in Houston, Texas, entered into this experience. In 1906 it came to us in Zion City. There was no open hall in which to preach so this man began meetings in cottages.

My father, always an inquiring person, went to these meetings and came home and told us about them. My mother was conservative. Father asked her, "Don't you want to go and see what is going on?" She answered, "No, I don't think I want to go." However, later she became one of the number. My curiosity was awakened and I went. Immediately God laid hold upon my heart with a very great hunger to seek Him. I wanted to know the Lord, and still today the cry of my heart is to know Him.

We continued to go to the prayer meetings. We would go at 9:00 o'clock in the morning and stay all day and far into the night. Some did stay all night. Day after day in these cottage prayer meetings we met to wait and seek the Lord. Presently someone broke out speaking in tongues. When this occurred everyone's faith was quickened.

On this particular day of

which I speak, at the lunch hour, though we were fasting, we went out with a friend to walk in the open air a little while. As we were walking on an old-fashioned boardwalk we came to a little place where the walk was elevated and sat down on the edge of the boardwalk. I began to cry; I wept and sobbed as though my heart would break. I said to this friend, "All the rest of you will receive this wonderful experience but I will never be good enough. I never can be good enough." We were taught that we should be sanctified, and sanctification was a word bigger than I knew how to speak. I could not come to the place of believing that I was sanctified. My understanding of it was such a standard of holiness and perfection that I would not dare to claim it.

However, a little later, when we went back into the prayer meeting, the bandmaster of our city came in and sat down. Immediately he sprang to his feet, his face as white as snow, and he spoke these words, "I put the last thing on the altar coming up the hill." When he said that, a wonderful light came to me. I realized that was it; it is not *being good enough*; it is putting *ALL on the altar*.

At once my whole being yielded and responded to God and the Spirit of the Lord came upon me. There is one word of God I know, and that is—"God is light and in Him is no darkness at all." I was flooded with light, a glowing, warm penetrating light. I knew it was the Lord. I felt that my body was as transparent glass. This glorious light was flooding through me. I felt so clean, so washed, so purified, and so rejoiced in that immediate personal presence of Jesus.

I did not think of any manifestation, but I was speaking in other tongues. The fact of speaking in tongues did not seem to impress me. It was the

presence of Jesus. I knew He was there. I did not see His face but I did see the light and felt the warm glow of His wondrous penetrating light. Some hours later, while walking home, a woman overtook me and remarked, "You received the Spirit today; I heard you speaking in tongues." The thought came to me, "Oh, I wish she would not talk to me." Her comments disturbed me—I was walking with the Lord. I was speaking to Him and did not want anyone to intrude on that wonderful experience.

A few nights later in the evening service I was asked to pray. I had never been accustomed to taking part in public service, but I began to pray and prayed in tongues. There was a young man in the service who knew me. He was Norwegian and had come out of curiosity to see what were believed to be peculiar things. He got down on his knees and wept before God because he heard me speaking in his own language. He knew that I did not know a word of Norwegian language.

I did not feel that I was in any way fitted for public ministry, but it was only a few days later that a woman who was working in these meetings asked me to come with her to Chicago to help in services. As she spoke the witness came to my heart that I should go. We went and gave our testimony. Through these years, more than fifty of them, we have been witnessing in many different places through the United States and Canada to this glorious presence of God's wonderful Spirit in our lives. I believe with all my heart that today God fills His believing children and that His gifts and powers are for the believing church of Jesus Christ today.

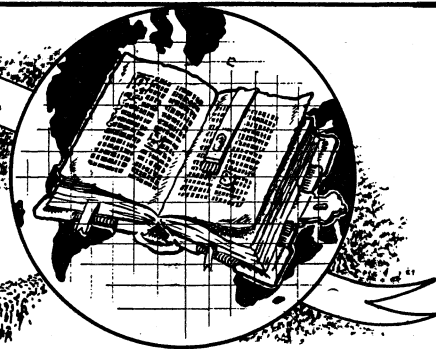
Many years ago when I was conducting meetings in a community in Ohio, a little woman

(Continued on page 11.)

GO YE INTO ALL THE WORLD...

Seed-Time and Harvest

on the Mission Fields



LYON'S LOG

ON MAY 3RD Rev. Robert D. Lyon, accompanied by Mr. John Schreck, sailed on the *S.S. Italia* for Germany where he is to be engaged in evangelistic work for the summer. They arrived on May 14 and were met at the boat by Pastor and Mrs. Oscar Lardon. The following log is taken from his letter to the editor.

"The first meeting (May 15) was held in Quickborn, a small town out of Hamburg. This is one of the newest outstations of Brother Lardon's work. It was interesting to hear how this work was started. A former S.S. Storm Trooper, who had been saved in a tent meeting that Mr. Waldvogel held in 1950, became very zealous for the Lord after receiving the baptism of the Holy Ghost. His wife was in the hospital with T.B., and Brother Lardon visited her from time to time and had the joy of leading her to Christ and shortly afterwards of seeing her healed. This brother bought a tape recorder and would record a meeting in Hamburg and then go from house to house in his own town telling the people he had something very good that he would like them to hear. In one home when he played a recording he led the whole family to the Lord Jesus.

"The meetings in Hamburg were very wonderful to us as the presence of Jesus was very manifest. They have had morning worship in the church from Tuesday to Friday every week

for the past two years. These are well attended. Brother Lardon said that each month the meetings become more wonderful and blessed. John showed the German film on Thursday (May 16) and I spoke. The folks enjoyed the film very much as it was a panoramic view of the work in Germany since 1947.

"Friday evening John, Brother Lardon, and myself drove up to Rensburg for a meeting with Brother Wagner. The German film was shown and I spoke, Brother Lardon interpreting.

"Sunday (May 19) we were in Hamburg and I preached again in the morning meeting. The church is very greatly remodeled since I was here in 1954. They have redecorated it, have new chairs, a new front for the platform, and a Hammond organ. The church looks very nice now. Sunday evening they had a wedding. The new pastor of Moers and Rheinhausen, Rolf Cilwick by name, married a young nurse from the Hamburg assembly. The ceremony was similar to ours except the bride and groom both lead out in prayer. The Sunday evening service usually begins at five and then about seven o'clock the young people go out for street meetings.

"Tuesday (May 21) we left Hamburg and drove to Rheinhausen where we had a meeting in the schoolhouse. One thing about the meetings here so far is that the churches are well

filled for every meeting. I had great liberty in this meeting and found out that here too they are having morning worship together.

"Wednesday (May 22) John and I drove to Bonn and met Mr. Waldvogel and his niece Wally Roth. We drove on to Wuppertal where we had a service in the evening. It was the kind of a meeting that people don't want to leave—where Jesus has been so manifest that everyone is held in His Presence. Thursday morning (May 23) we had worship together and then had to say goodbye to the others who left for the south.

"Brother Lardon has been very kind to me, taking me to the different assemblies and arranging for meetings. Thursday evening Brother Lardon and I had the meeting in Wuppertal. Friday and Saturday evening and Sunday morning (May 24-26) we had meetings in Düsseldorf. It was a real joy to me to see many that had been saved in the tent meeting in 1954 when we were here. Sunday evening Brother Lardon and I had our last meeting together in Wuppertal and he left Monday morning to go back to Hamburg."

Mr. Lyon continued to hold meetings in Wuppertal through June 6. From a report sent at the close of those services we quote:

"On Wednesday (May 29) there was a real breakthrough and since then the meetings

have been rising in glory and power."

On June 8th Mr. Lyon began services at Düsseldorf and wrote:

"For the next three days we are having special meetings because of Pentecost (June 9)—three on Sunday, two on Monday, and then one every night during the week. The churches of Moers, Rheinhausen, Rendsburg, Wuppertal, and Düsseldorf are uniting for these meetings."

Mr. Lyon continued in Düsseldorf until the 23rd. His tentative schedule for the summer is:

June 30-July 21 or 28—Wuppertal

July 28-August 11—Moers

August 25-September 8—Wuppertal

September 15-September 30—Hamburg

Kirchheim Convention

THE CONVENTION at Kirchheim, Germany, came to a glorious climax on Sunday, June 30, when the assembled congregation gathered for communion at the table of the Lord. For four weeks Evangelist Hans Waldvogel had been breaking the bread of life to hungry souls who had come to the morning Bible studies and to the evening worship services. Daily the tide of blessing had risen as the sword of the Spirit was unsheathed and wielded with power and authority.

On the previous Lord's Day, June 23, the first baptismal service in the new church was held. Great was the rejoicing when fifty-seven followed the Lord in baptism. Many of these had been saved during the last year. To see the great change in those who were so full of sin and unhappy when they first came to the services was cause for great thanksgiving to God for the power of the blood of Jesus to wash whiter than snow. One man had been a rather notori-

Enlarging the Borders in Formosa

THE FOLLOWING REPORT is from a letter written by Miss Elisabeth Lindau, May 29, from their new home,

78 - 1 Kou-Tzu-K'ou

Mu Shan Hsiang

Taipei, Hsian

Formosa.

"Here we are at last settled in our new home and new environment. There are many Taiwanese here, which makes life a bit different. From somewhere on the main road which is not too far there is a Taiwanese music box that keeps going most of the day and breaking into that which would otherwise be a lovely quiet atmosphere on the mountainside. Closer can be heard the song of the birds and the scissor-grinders. Outside of

the music box—this is a much quieter place than Tai Shuen Kiei where we heard the settling of neighbor disputes constantly as well as the cries of a woman who evidently is abnormal.

"We moved here on May 1st. Upon arrival, discovering that our home was still unfinished, we had to move into the church with our belongings piled up in the center and plenty of mosquitoes to keep us company at night. We certainly blessed the Lord for our nets. Both because of weather and hard-to-deal-with heathen workmen, there's been a steady stream of conferences on one matter or another besides both kind visitors and curious folks. During our first days the Christians were ex-



HSI AN T'ANG

"The Lord's Dwelling-Place."

The new Pentecostal church in Taipei Hsien, Formosa.

"Between the church and our little apartment there is a good-sized Sunday school room—all joined together," writes Miss Pearl Young. "The other houses in the picture have no connection with us. We are on the side of the mountain, and the view is really grand—mountains on all sides. Most of the people live in the valley. The trees directly below us are the lovely bamboo."

ous criminal but had been gloriously saved in a previous tent meeting.

Throughout the convention days, work proceeded on the new building which is rapidly

approaching completion. Truly it is marvelous to see how God has worked to build both the spiritual and the material house of God in this city where He has chosen to put His name.

tremely kind in sending our meals over. This was a great help. Others sent plants and you should see the garden we already have—two coffee trees, two banana trees, two papaya trees, three palm plants, and other pretty tropical shrubs and climbers, also several poinsettia bushes. Plants just flourish in this country because of the dampness.

"We have three rooms—not too large, and bathroom and kitchen on the outside in Chinese fashion. It had to be built that way because it was filled-in land at that spot.

"The first Sunday we were here the Sunday school attendance shot up to 93; the next, we had over a 100. Many more have been also attending the services, and we somehow feel it to be a seal of God upon this forward step.

"Regarding the situation in Taipei, we have been advised not to go into the city for a few days yet. Between two air raid drills and the uprising in Taipei, there was no small stir here. However, through it all, the peace of God has filled and thrilled our hearts. How wonderful to have Him!"

Farther Afield

Nyasaland, Africa

By ROSE KLOB

RECENTLY WE SPENT one day with the P.A. system in a small town where there was a recruiting station for boys going to the mines in South Africa. The Spirit of God was dealing with many hearts and when we called them to repent, close to 60 men came forward for prayer. These boys are the roughest group I have seen, but it was a blessed sight when they stepped forward and with tears in many eyes asked God to cleanse them of their sins. Some said they had stolen and had many things to make straight. We are sending one of our

preachers to stay by this camp and teach these boys the ways of God. Pray for this area that many boys will find peace for their souls and live a clean life for God.

After Conference I am going weekends into the bush of Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesia to some unreached villages and some of our new territories. Pray that God will prepare the way and speak to many sitting in darkness.

"Every Home Crusade" in Bloemfontein, South Africa

IN MAY Miss Helen Hoss spent her vacation with Misses Hilda Olsen and Peggy Anderson, Pentecostal missionaries who labor about one hundred miles from Bloemfontein. They first spent over a week in the Missionary Rest Home in Durban where they had a blessed season

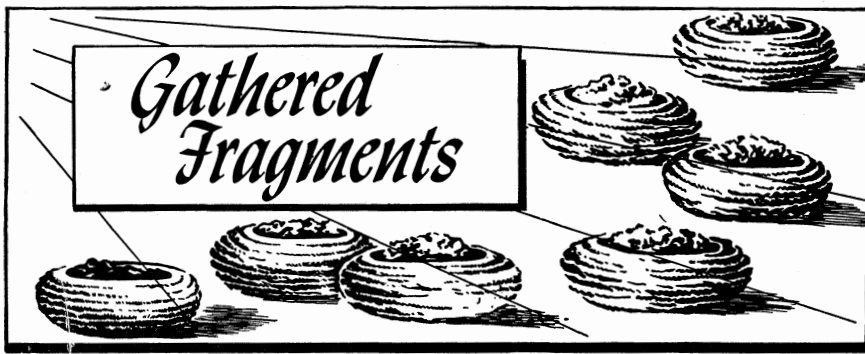
of worship together. After that, they visited the Game Reserve where they drove from camp to camp seeing the various animals, witnessing "real action."

"On my way home from the Game Reserve," writes Miss Hoss, "I stopped at Nelspruit, Eastern Transvaal. This was the first time that I had visited Nelspruit where we have our printing press for Christian literature in the native languages. It was wonderful to see the Christian literature come off the press, and we were told the press goes day and night. Brother Phillips who is in charge there asked me if I would take charge of the "Every Home Crusade" for Bloemfontein. I was happy to do that although I know it will be a great job! The tracts to be distributed from house to house are good ones indeed. Do believe and pray with us that souls will be won for the Kingdom through this great effort."



**Ridgewood Pentecostal Sunday School Float
Brooklyn Anniversary Day Parade, June 6**

"Christ—the Prince of Peace" was the motto for this year's parade of the Brooklyn Sunday School Union of Brooklyn, N. Y. To bear effective witness to the multitudes of spectators along the line of march, the Ridgewood Pentecostal Sunday School carried out the theme by appropriate verses of Scripture in English, German, and Italian on the float and large placards and by the specific appeal—"Accept Christ your Prince of Peace." Billy Graham was one of the official reviewers of the parade.



MANY OF OUR READERS will be interested to know that *Jean Hall Mason*, whose inspiring testimony, "Thou Shalt Know the Lord," appears in this issue of *BREAD OF LIFE*, was a personal friend of Sara Leggett Brooks (wife of Elder Brooks) and her sister Lydia Leggett Mitchell (Mrs. George A. Mitchell), both of whose testimonies have already been published in *BREAD OF LIFE* (December, 1954, and March, 1953). Although their respective ministries took them into widely separated fields of labor, they never forgot the "sweet counsel" they had together in the beginning days of their deepening Christian experiences as they "walked unto the house of God in company."

After her baptism in the Holy Spirit, the Lord immediately led her out into Christian service. For a time she was vitally associated with Marie Burgess Brown in establishing the Pentecostal testimony in New York City. Later she married Rev. L. C. Hall with whom she labored extensively throughout the United States and Canada until his homegoing in 1941. Mr. Hall will be long remembered for the worshipful songs and choruses given to him by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit: "Jesus!" (which begins, "Who took my burdens all away? Jesus"), "Deeper in Thy Love, O Jesus," and his last chorus, "God Is Moving by His Spirit," given to him not too long before he went to be with

his Lord he loved so well. In 1948 Mrs. Hall married Mr. Alfred G. Mason.

One of the doors of service which the Lord opened for Mrs. Mason after her baptism in the Spirit was in a Baptist church in Aurora, Illinois, where she was invited to minister repeatedly with very blessed results. It was at the suggestion of the pastor of that church that Mrs. Mason was ordained as a minister of the gospel in his church. For many years she has been associated with the Assemblies of God.

* * *

The subject of Bible archaeology is often presented in such a way that the average reader has a little difficulty in seeing its value and close connection with the Bible itself. Consequently it was delightful to find *Junior Bible Archaeology* by H. V. Morsley (Macmillan, N. Y., 99 pp., \$1.50). Accurate but simple and well-written, it is very satisfying and shows how the account of the Bible has been abundantly corroborated by the archaeologists' spade. One very acceptable feature of the book is the numerous Bible quotations in connection with the various findings referred to.

* * *

"For some months now a remarkable work has been carried on among one of the most desperate groups of terrorists ever to stain with blood the pages of modern history, the Mau Maus of Kenya, East Africa," reports Wilbur M. Smith in

"A Survey of Religious Life and Thought," *S.S. Times* (June 8). "The Navigator organization announces that since November, more than 42,000 of these terrorists from the highly literate Kikuyu tribe have heard the Gospel, and more than 2,500 have made a decision for Christ for the first time.

"One of the most difficult meetings for the *Navigators* was at Embakasi Quarry, where they preached to 600 Mau Mau life-term convicts, men classified by the British Government as "uncooperative," and "completely uncooperative." At one meeting about seventy-five of these extreme 'hard cores' appeared with blankets over their heads. In another meeting with 1,200 hard cores, unusual attention was first given to the message, but, says the report, 'When we came to the crucifixion in the message, we referred to Christ as the Son of God without mentioning His name. We challenged them to receive the Son of God, and then declared that He is no other than Jesus Christ. You should have seen the reaction of these men! At the mention of His name, their demeanor changed completely. They jumped to their feet, shouting and cursing. In the face of such disheartening antagonism, the Denler team was rewarded by the fact that a number of the 'hard cores' decided for Christ — decisions which could cost them their lives at the hands of other Mau Maus.'"

* * *

In the same article Dr. Smith tells of the spread of the ministry of divine healing in Scotland as told in the *Record of the Church of Scotland, Life and Work*:

"In one congregation in Dundee now, a book is circulated and members record the names of those who need prayer. A group of people share with the minister the visitation of the

sick. When the minister is on vacation, they continue this ministry on their own. A report from this particular congregation says, 'We have had remarkable cases of recovery,' and details the healing of a woman at a morning service when doctors said her pulse had stopped. They add, 'We make no dogmatic statements about this; we simply record our wonder and thanksgiving.'"

* * *

When *Kwame Nkrumah*, the prime minister of the new state of Ghana, Africa, was asked at his first press conference, "Now that Ghana is independent will you encourage missionary activity?" he replied, "Surely. We have what we have because of the missionaries." He further explained that all Ghana's leaders went to mission schools.

"Thou Shalt Know the Lord"

(Continued from page 6.)

came to me and said, "My husband is very angry at you."

I answered, "I do not know your husband."

But she said, "He is attending these meetings and he has told me that three nights in succession you have spoken to him in Swedish in the public service. He said you had no right to speak to him in a public service." When he learned that I was not Swedish and did not know a word of his language he was convinced that God had spoken

to him and he yielded his life to God.

On another occasion in South Bend, Indiana, where we had been called to preach but found no open church when we arrived, we held street meetings each day. We were in front of a little shop owned by a Jew. He was interested because we drew a crowd and I guess some went in to trade with him later. He would bring a chair out of his shop and we would stand on it and speak to the people. There were three of us and we would sing and the people would gather. This particular day I was anointed of the Lord and spoke in other tongues. After the service was finished, a very distinguished-looking gentleman came to me and said, "Little girl, where did you learn to speak Latin?"

I replied, "I studied Latin for two years in high school."

He answered, "Well, you did not learn the Latin you spoke today in high school." I told him that I did not know that I had spoken in Latin. He was a very highly educated Catholic and recognized it, as Catholic people do, to be a miracle of God. He was very much interested and went to the city papers and told them the story. We had the front page of the South Bend papers the next day, and a few days later we had a hall open to us and through this miracle of God the work was opened in that City.

On another occasion in Plymouth, Indiana, before the eve-

ning meeting we were speaking in the street when a woman came to me and said, "Why did you say in Hungarian that Jesus was coming back to this earth again? and then said it again in English?" I told her that I did not know that I had spoken in Hungarian because I did not know that language, that it was the Spirit of God speaking to her. She followed us to the tent and yielded her heart to God.

Through the years we have seen miracles of God's grace and power, and in my heart today there is a very enriching promise. I do not feel that the best and most wondrous experiences are in the past. God speaks to me and has for several weeks, perhaps several months. The word comes to me when I waken in the night, it comes to me with the dawning of the morning, it comes to me often at the busiest, most active time of the day, and it is this: "THOU SHALT KNOW THE LORD. THOU SHALT KNOW THE LORD."

With it comes an expectation and I am believing God that some very wonderful manifestation of the person of Jesus will enrich my life for these last days. It seems like a prophetic promise. I do not believe it is for myself alone. I believe that to God's believing children there is coming a wonderful presence of Jesus Himself and the realization of this personal presence of Christ will bring to all of our hearts a oneness, a unity that will make us ready for His glorious appearing.

A Serious Word to Parents

(Continued from page 4.)

harm. Laws have been passed designed to protect the little ones from different forms of disease which threaten their lives. We ought to heed most earnestly the warning of our Lord Jesus when He said, "Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul; but rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell." There are enemies—infinitely worse

than smallpox, diphtheria, and scarlet fever—which will surely claim the souls of those who have not been divinely protected against them. But hallelujah! "There is a fountain filled with blood drawn from Immanuel's veins;" and there is a Word of Life, which when received in the heart will make one invincible against all the powers of the devil, as St. John puts it, "I have written unto you, young men, because ye are strong and the word of God abideth in you and ye have overcome the wicked one."

PASSION FOR THE PERSON

By Edwin Raymond Anderson

IT IS A TRUE, spiritual "thrill" to hear a lovely voice sound forth in the midst with the sweet and sacred message of . . .

"Turn your eyes upon Jesus,
Look full in His wonderful Face,
And the things of earth will grow strangely dim,
In the light of His glory and grace"

. . . for there is verily a message there which should sink its way into our innermost "heart-of-hearts," and search out everything of life and living in relation to the reality of this lovely Lord Jesus. The singer will sound the note for, "Turn your eyes upon Jesus," and while the listeners will shake the head with musical appreciation, it is the innermost tragedy that there is no corresponding shaking of the heart in true, earnest spiritual apprehension. After all is said and done, it is, alas, more often true that we manage to do everything with Jesus . . . except to turn our eyes upon Him and look full into that wonderful Face. We have a Saviour Who, alas! has become the piously accepted Secondary. We love Him for our needs, but we are loath to link ourselves to Him in nothing save pure praise and worship. And for that, we have lost far more than could ever be measured by the compass of thought or of language.

A Saviour Who has suffered for us in love is left to suffer when there is little or no return of love in pure praise and warm worship. We make Him the "grand rush" for the circle of problems and perplexities, and we are more than ready to accept the Scripture check, "Casting all your care upon Him for He careth for you." But we somehow forget that His caring is underscored of His amazing love. He does not mind our rushing into His presence with the thorns and the trials, if, in the midst of one rushing, there would be a sliver of rest and a heart-felt, grateful pause for the whisper of, "I thank Thee, Lord, for Thyself, to me." But somehow we turn out as the ten lepers who, in gospel days, came to the Lord for cleansing, and all save one rushed forth with the cure, forgetting the crux of a moment's simple return and an adoring worship at His feet for praise. Theologically, there may be much of love as far as Scripture rightness is concerned. But then, it is always true that theology, that is choked short of doxology, often becomes a cold and formal thing, withholding from the Lord that which is His first desire. Let us remember that it was a church astride the pinnacle of theo-

logical correctness that the wounded and grieved Lord sent back the condemning word, "Nevertheless, I have somewhat against thee, because thou hast left thy first love" (Rev. 2:4). And when the heart is left, the remainder becomes hollow in a very short period of time. . . .

I love to recall that motto of the Moravian Count Zinzendorff, also taken up by that prince of preachers, Charles Haddon Spurgeon . . . "I have one passion, and it is HE, only HE." It is regrettable that such is the language of giants of the past, for we should love to hear it over and over from the lips of God's servants of the present hour. Such a motto becomes the moving and moulding and melting of the heart and soul and life and all, leaving everything to be kindled as a thing of flame, to "Jesus Only." It is tragic when we come to regard such a motto as a voice from the past, a memento of earlier days, and feel that somehow it could not fare well if deposited into the midst of our 20th century fundamentalism.

And yet, beloved, see how much we have missed by that! Can anything really matter, when time and heart is not spent long and often in His holy, precious Presence? We need not feel nor fear that anything for the work of the Lord is missed or slighted, when we take time off for deeper fellowship with the Lord of the work. We would do our work in deeper and richer fashion if we would take more time to behold Him and fix the framework of our heart upon the lovely features of that Wonderful Face, seeking Him out for ALL that He can, and will, mean for us. A "stamping of the Saviour" upon and over us would indeed be a holy "trade-mark" for our business, impressing the reality of the Lord Jesus Christ upon those whom we meet and serve.

I recall, too, those words of the apostle . . . "That I may know Him." Here is the blessed testimony of a busy servant. And yet . . . not that busy that no time is left nor granted for the season alone and apart with the Lord Himself. We may well measure ourselves accordingly, beloved. Men of passion become men of power. For where the Lord is real, He imparts fire and strength to the labourings, so that sinners seeing the saints see in the sight the splendor of the Saviour, and in turn, become captivated by Him. And without such holy, consuming passion, we are petty triflers, skimming the surface rather than plunging deep into the heat and heart where everything circles and concerns itself absolutely and utterly with . . . "Jesus only."

—*The Northwestern Pilot.*