

Bread of Life

Vol. VI

December 1957

No. 12



A. Devaney, N. Y.

"And, lo, the star stood over where the young child was."

To Him Be All the Glory!

By HANS R. WALDVOGEL

THE CELEBRATION OF THE THIRTY-SECOND anniversary of the Ridgewood Pentecostal Church brings back blessed memories of the early days when this work was but a newborn babe in the Kingdom of God. We remember with joy the deep devotion with which the people rallied to the support of the work when it was decided to move out of Patchen Avenue, where we paid twenty-five dollars a month rent, into a hall that would cost a hundred fifty dollars a month. And though we were but a small company, we had tasted of the powers of the world to come and had been so deeply blessed by the presence of Jesus that faith had risen in every heart and the call of God was very real to go forward in His name. Today, the fact that God has been graciously pleased to bless this work and to make it fruitful for Himself is history.

It was interesting, too, how God provided the means to furnish this new hall on Seneca Avenue. The building we moved into was new, but the floor was rough. Different suggestions were made about what to do with a floor like that. My suggestion was to cover it with battleship linoleum, but some of the brethren threw up their hands, saying, "My, that will cost two hundred dollars!" Finally, however, they agreed to let me go ahead and do as I thought best.

The Lord led me definitely to a firm that knew how to cover a floor properly. (When we moved into our present building in 1945 this linoleum was transferred to it where it is still in use and in good condition!) When we were through the cost had risen to two thousand dollars. Where to get the money was the question. Well, the Lord who went before knew exactly what to do.

In the meantime, a man had come into our meetings out of curiosity who introduced himself to me as "the chief of devils." I had heard of his reputation before. People in his shop would go out of his way because he was so hot-tempered and in such a cursing mood most of the time that nobody wanted to associate with him. But prayer changes things. Oh, how wonderfully this world is blessed by prayer! As Tennyson says,

*More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of . . .
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.*

When the brother of this man came to me and told me of his escapades and how terribly he behaved and asked for prayer, I said to him, "Do you realize that Jesus promised that where two of you agree as touching anything they shall ask, it shall be done for them of My Father in heaven?" So we agreed. Getting on our knees we asked God definitely to do something immediately for this man. I remember speaking to the Lord, "O God, convict him of his sin—even if you have to do it by a dream or a vision," not thinking that God would answer that prayer that same night.

But so he did. The next morning when he came into the shop, he was a transformed being. Quietly he went to his work. By and by, when the men inquired the reason for the change in his behavior, he told them he had had a dream in which he was led by an angel into the land of the dead. There he was introduced to his godly mother who had died some years before. The dream made such an impression on him that that night he was willing to come to our meeting.

While the congregation was singing a hymn, he fell to the floor and began to deal with God. Conviction had seized him with terrible pungency. Afterwhile he raised his arms and shouted, "Hallelujah!" three times. After the meeting he told me he had had an experience that was quite new to him. He had fallen upon his face and something happened to his heart, he said. Something began to move around the inside and he began to ask, "What in the world is this?" Then he seemed to hear the voice of Jesus saying, "Thy sins are forgiven." This filled him with such joy that he immediately accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as His Saviour.

Many who heard about this experience shook

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The following sermon was preached by G. A. Waldvogel, associate pastor of the Ridgewood Pentecostal Church on the occasion of his last birthday, December 14, 1952.

Redeeming the Time

"See then that ye walk circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise, redeeming the time, because the days are evil. Wherefore be ye not unwise, but understanding what the will of the Lord is" (EPH. 5:15-17).

WHEN YOU HAVE A BIRTHDAY, especially after you have had quite a number already, you become conscious of the fact that time passes very rapidly and that it is of the greatest importance that time be redeemed profitably. It seems too bad that we are not so conscious of the fact that time is very valuable when we are young. It seems we become more conscious of it as we get older. But you know, every one of you here tonight is one year older than you were on the 14th of December last year. We are all going on. You cannot stop the stream of time. Oh, how important it is that we are conscious of the fact that time has eternal values.

We who are God's children, we who are saved by grace, we who are the disciples of Jesus, are also His servants, and we are commanded in the Bible by our Lord Himself to redeem the opportunities of serving Him every day. He tells us that we shall be rewarded according to the way we serve Him, the way we live for Him. How important it is that we spend the time in such a way that we shall receive a reward in that day. The Bible tells us that the reward of the believers is given to them according to their measure of faithfulness, according to their diligent devotion to Christ in His service. That wonderful day, when Jesus shall come, the first question that will be most important in our experience will be this—are we ready to enter into glory because we have kept



G. A. Waldvogel

our garments undefiled, we have washed them and made them clean in the blood of the Lamb, we have been walking in the experience of the forgiveness of sins, we have not permitted Satan to bring condemnation upon us and keep us therein? It speaks in the Bible about people who have been believers but have forgotten the cleansing of their former sins. They have not kept that white garment of divine righteousness; they have not kept that peace which the Holy Ghost gives, testifying in our conscience that all is well between us and our God. But we are told that if we give all diligence to follow the Lord Jesus and to live lives pleasing to Him, then an abundant entrance will be ministered unto us into His kingdom.

When the apostle speaks of redeeming the opportunity, he is talking about the reward

which they who serve Jesus will receive in that day. Thou shalt be over ten cities. Thou shalt be over five cities. Is there any partiality with the Lord? No, but He rewards us according to the fruitfulness of our lives. Oh, what have we done with that pound? What has God been able to do in us and through us by the Holy Ghost?—that is the pound. Here we are admonished to redeem the time for the days are evil. "Wherefore, He saith, awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead and Christ shall give thee light." Have we really been awakened to see Christ? The Lord Jesus Christ is the great light, the Sun of Righteousness. But you know when you are sleeping in bed, the room is darkened by your shades or venetian blinds and you don't see the sunlight, not even the daylight. Awake thou that sleepest—Christ will shine unto you. What a wonderful awakening that is, what a wonderful light that comes to the soul when we wake up to the truth of Christ. What a change it made in the life of the apostle Paul! How zealous it made him to lay hold of Christ in all His fullness, to serve Him faithfully, to be faithful even unto death.

Oh, beloved, eternal values are at stake. Christ, the King of glory, He has called us to be His servants, He has called us to live for His interest, He has called us to be fruitful for His interest, the interest of His kingdom and His glory. Yes, in

this enemy country we are to live for Jesus, we are to serve Him, we are called to suffer with Him in order that we may be glorified with Him. Eternal values are at stake. He has given us the Holy Spirit. We cannot serve Him unless by the ministry of the Holy Spirit, unless His light really shines upon us and He becomes real to us—this Christ, this Saviour. Oh, He is a wonderful Lover of our souls, but He also is a holy King. We are His servants and He says He will reward us. If we suffer with Him we shall also reign with Him.

“See then that ye walk circumspectly.” Watch your step! See then that ye walk circumspectly. How can I serve the Lord Jesus? Oh, Jesus, I am so helpless, I am so weak, I am so ignorant. How can I serve Thee? Thou art so holy, so glorious a King. I know Thou hast all-sufficient grace, but Jesus, make it real to me. Thou alone canst do it.

In the Gospel of John, in those wonderful chapters, 14 and 15 and 16, the Lord Jesus tells us that if we are to be fruitful, we must be His lovers who keep His commandments, we must abide in Him and have His words abiding in us. Oh, that’s it. But Lord, how can that be, how can Your words abide in me? Oh, let me tell you, if I abide in Him, then He will cause His words to abide in me. If I abide in Him, if I am given to this Jesus, if I live in the faith of His presence, He certainly will not fail to speak to me.

Of course, it means that I have His Word, that I appreciate His Word of Truth, that I read it, hear it, meditate therein, but the Holy Ghost will give me the knowledge of His will. That is what it says here: Therefore, be not unwise but understand what the will of the Lord is. Oh, I am so thankful that this is my responsibility. It is not that I try to be somebody

else, it is not that I am anxious to accomplish what somebody else accomplished. I am the servant of the King—you are the servant of the King. The King has a purpose for your life—for mine. His will for you, the Holy Spirit will make known to you, and this is the way to redeem the opportunity of serving Him. It is not simply that we are working for Him, but it is that we do His will. I am His

His Birth

*The sky can still remember
The earliest Christmas morn,
When in the cold December
The Saviour Christ was born.
No star unfolds its glory,
No trumpet wind is blown,
But tells the Christmas story
In music of its own.*

*O never-failing splendor!
O never-silent song!
Still keep the green earth tender,
Still keep the gray earth strong,
Still keep the brave earth dreaming
Of deeds that shall be done,
While children’s lives come streaming
Like sunbeams from the sun.*

*O angels sweet and splendid,
Throng in our hearts and sing
The wonders which attended
The coming of the King,
Till we, too, boldly pressing,
Where once the shepherds trod,
Climb Bethlehem’s Hill of Blessing
And find the Son of God.*

—Phillips Brooks.

servant and what He bids me to do I will do. That is my responsibility. I am not called to be like somebody else, necessarily. I might be, in a certain way, but I am called to be, as I am, the servant of the Lord Jesus Christ. He has promised to cause His words to abide in me as I am continually yielded to Him.

As I was thinking about this, doing His will, keeping His commands, I said, “Lord, but what

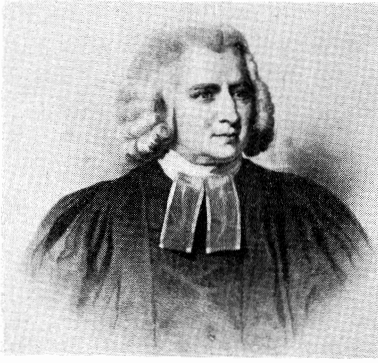
are Your commands?” Then He called my attention just to two that are given to us right in those chapters in John — or three, probably. The one is love. Isn’t that a simple command? To walk in His commandments means that we walk in the Spirit; to walk in the Spirit means that we walk in love. And in those chapters He admonishes us to love—in the 13th especially. That ye love one another even as I have loved you.

Then there came to my mind another and that is—have faith. That is His command? Yes, trust in God, trust also in Me. How often we have that commandment given in the Bible!

And then the third that came to me, at least by implication—pray. The Lord Jesus shows us how we ought to serve through prayer because our fruit, as it says in Hosea, is from Him, and we must receive from Him through prayer in His name. That does not simply mean that we are to receive from Him blessings for ourselves. Not that so much. That surely, but I am to receive from Him to give unto others. Yes, that is it. I am to receive from Him that which is purchased for me and for souls by His precious blood. I come to the Father in His name, and as I receive from the Father, through prayer in His name, I am able to serve in His name. Oh, how wonderful is God’s way!

But oh, this one point: Beloved, every day—the days are evil we are told—Satan is at work. Our days are evil, today, especially. Oh, we have lots of opportunity to lose out in this respect. The world crowds in upon our mind and heart, and a lot of other things. We have to pay attention to earthly things while we are in the world. Certainly. But oh, we can live above it, thanks be unto God. We can see in every circumstance, in every duty, an

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Charles Wesley

“The Greatest Hymn Writer of all Ages”

By GORDON P. GARDINER

ONE WEEK BEFORE CHRISTMAS, two hundred and fifty years ago—December 18, 1707—the eighteenth child of Samuel and Susannah Wesley was born in the parsonage at Epworth, England. Born two months before his time the baby “appeared dead rather than alive.” Carefully the little boy was wrapped in soft wool and lovingly tended “until the time when he would have been born according to the usual course of nature, and then he opened his eyes and cried” for the first time.

Like the seventeen children before him, the infant Charles was “put into a regular method of living” from his birth and “when turned a year old” he was “taught to fear the rod and to cry softly.” The day after his fifth birthday he was taught his letters. The next day he began, first to spell out, then to read the first verse of the Bible:

In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.

This he did, “over and over, till he could read it off hand without any hesitation.” Then he went on in his reading to the second verse and continued through the chapter and through the Bible.

When he was eight years old he went away to Westminster School and from there to Oxford University where his older brother John was a senior student. John endeavored to influence Charles toward a serious and godly manner of life. “What!” exclaimed his younger brother, “would you have me to be a saint all at once?” The following year, however, he associated himself with some other students, among them George Whitefield, in an effort to live a regular and religious life. As a result the group was derisively called the Holy Club and its members nicknamed Methodists. Writing to his brother John, who was then assisting his father, he said of this change: “It is owing in great measure to somebody’s prayers (my mother’s most likely) that I am come to think as I do; for I cannot tell myself how or when I awoke out of my lethargy.”

According to his own testimony, he was not yet born again. In fact, this did not take place for several years—not until after he was ordained as a minister and had labored faithfully but unsuccessfully in the infant colony of Georgia in North America. Illness forced him to return to England. There, some months later, in February, 1738, when in the midst of his periodic attacks of sickness, he was visited by Peter Böhler, a Moravian enroute to Georgia as a missionary.

“At eleven I waked in extreme pain,” recorded Charles Wesley in his journal, “which I thought would quickly separate soul and body. Soon after Peter Böhler came to my bedside. I asked him to pray for me. He seemed unwilling at first, but, beginning very faintly, he raised his voice by degrees, and prayed for my recovery with strange confidence. Then he took me by the hand, and calmly said, ‘You will not die now.’ . . .

“He asked me, ‘Do you hope to be saved?’

“‘Yes!’

“‘For what reason do you hope it?’

“‘Because I have used my best endeavors to serve God!’

“He shook his head, and said no more. I thought him very uncharitable, saying in my heart, ‘What, are not my endeavors a sufficient ground of hope? Would he rob me of my endeavors, I have nothing else to trust to.’”

Thus the Holy Spirit pierced his soul and awakened him to his need of a Saviour. He recovered somewhat and during the next three months went through a period of deep conviction and struggle. Then he was again seized with his malady and was taken for care to the home of a Mr. Bray whom Wesley described as “a poor, ignorant mechanic, who knows nothing but Christ; yet by knowing Him, knows and discerns all things.” By him his faith was strengthened, yet for several days he continued to seek for salvation but received no assurance or lasting peace.

On the Day of Pentecost, May 21st, he “waked

in hope and expectation of His coming," he noted in his journal. "At nine my brother and some friends came, and sang an hymn to the Holy Ghost," he continued. "My comfort and hope were hereby increased. In about half an hour they went.

"I betook myself to prayer; the substance as follows: 'O Jesus, Thou hast said, "I will come unto you"; Thou hast said, "I will send the Comforter unto you"; Thou hast said, "My Father and I will come unto you, and make our abode with you." Thou art God who canst not lie; I wholly rely upon Thy most true promise: accomplish it in Thy time and manner.'

"Having said this, I was composing myself to sleep, in quietness and peace, when I heard one . . . say, 'In the name of Jesus of Nazareth, arise, and believe, and thou shalt be healed of all thy infirmities.' . . . I never heard words uttered with like solemnity. . . .

"I said, yet feared to say, 'I believe, I believe!' . . . Still I felt a violent opposition and reluctance to believe; yet still the Spirit of God strove with my own and the evil spirit, till by degrees He chased away the darkness of my unbelief. I found myself convinced, I knew not how nor when; and immediately fell to intercession. . . .

"I rose and looked into the Scripture. The words that first presented were, 'And now, Lord, what is my hope? Truly my hope is even in Thee.' I then cast down my eye, and met, 'He hath put a new song in my mouth, even a thanksgiving unto our God. Many shall see it, and fear, and shall put their trust in the Lord.' Afterwards I opened upon Isa. xl. 1: 'Comfort ye, comfort ye My people, saith your God: speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her, that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned; for she hath received of the Lord's hand double for all her sin.'

"I now found myself at peace with God, and rejoiced in hope of loving Christ. My temper for the rest of the day was mistrust of my own great, but before unknown, weakness. I saw that by faith I stood; by the continual support of faith, which kept me from falling, though of myself I am ever sinking into sin. I went to bed still sensible of my own weakness (I humbly hope to be more and more so), yet confident of Christ's protection."

The Lord did indeed put a new song in Charles Wesley's mouth. "I began an hymn upon my conversion," he notes two days later in his journal, "but was persuaded to break off, for fear of pride. Mr. Bray coming, encouraged me to proceed in spite of Satan. I prayed Christ to stand by me, and finished the hymn." Thus his first hymn from a redeemed heart was composed, consisting of seven stanzas, beginning with:

*Where shall my wondering soul begin?
How shall I all to heaven aspire?
A slave redeem'd from death and sin,
A brand pluck'd from eternal fire,
How shall I equal triumphs raise,
Or sing my great Deliverer's praise?*

In the fifth stanza he invites others to come and closes with:

*For you the purple current flow'd
In pardons from His wounded side;
Languish'd for you the eternal God;
For you the Prince of Glory died:
Believe, and all your sin's forgiven;
Only believe, and yours is heaven.*

So a little stream broke forth which was to broaden and deepen into a mighty river which was to make glad the entire city of God, for this was but the first of over six thousand hymns which Charles Wesley was to write during the next fifty years of his life before he joined "the choir invisible," March 29, 1788.

Christian life and worship seem to us almost inconceivable without his inspired paeans of praise and prayer, such as "*Jesus, Lover of My Soul*," "*Hark, the Herald Angels Sing!*" and "*O For a Thousand Tongues*"—all three written during the year immediately following their author's glorious conversion.

Although there are several apocryphal stories concerning the origin of "*Jesus, Lover of My Soul*" it was probably born out of Wesley's own early struggles in his new Christian life, for he gave it the title of "*In Temptation*." The third stanza, omitted from all printed versions of the hymn, reads:

*Wilt Thou not regard my call?
Wilt Thou not accept my prayer?
Lo, I sink, I faint, I fall!
Lo, on Thee I cast my care.
Reach me out Thy gracious hand!
While I of Thy strength receive,
Hoping against hope I stand,
Dying, and behold I live!*

It was of this hymn that Henry Ward Beecher, the great Brooklyn preacher of the last century, said: "I would rather have written that hymn of Wesley's, 'Jesus, Lover of My Soul,' than to have the fame of all the kings that ever sat on the earth. It is more glorious. It has more power in it. That hymn will go on singing until the last trump brings forth the angel band; and then, I think it will mount up on some lip to the very presence of God."

The first Christmas of Charles Wesley's new life in Christ he celebrated by writing a "Hymn for Christmas Day," which began

*Hark! how all the welkin rings,
"Glory to the King of kings."*

These words were later altered to the ones heard wherever Christmas carols are sung:

*"Hark, the herald angels sing,
Glory to the newborn King."*

"This hymn," says Dr. John Julian, regarded as "the greatest authority in English hymnology," "is found in a greater number of hymn books, both old and new, than any other of C. Wesley's compositions; and amongst English hymns it is equaled in popularity only by Top-lady's 'Rock of Ages' and Bishop Ken's morning and evening hymns, and is excelled by none." (Bishop Ken's hymns contain the famous, universally used "Doxology.")

"If I had a thousand tongues, I'd praise Christ with them all," said the German Peter Böhler to Charles Wesley. By this remark he probably suggested the thought which the poet so beautifully expressed in the hymn he wrote "*For the Anniversary Day of One's Conversion.*" The complete hymn, written to commemorate the first anniversary of his own conversion, contains eighteen stanzas, beginning with the words of rapturous thanksgiving:

*Glory to God, and praise and love,
Be ever, ever given;
By saints below and saints above,
Church in earth and heaven.*

*On this glad day the glorious Sun
Of Righteousness arose,
On my benighted soul He shone,
And filled it with repose.*

Stanza seven is the first one of the hymn we know as "*O For a Thousand Tongues*" which includes that and the following five stanzas.

Time would fail to tell of the many other excellent and loved productions from the inspired soul and pen of Wesley which have refreshed the garden of God. Two things, however, should be mentioned about his hymns in general. One is his strong emphasis on Christ as King. The other—"the richness and variety of [his] Pentecostal hymns." With Charles Wesley, it has been observed there began an "era in Christian expression" in which the Holy Spirit is spoken of and addressed as a person, not merely a gracious influence.

Truly Charles Wesley was God's gift to the Church of Jesus Christ, and while human estimates are often inaccurate and mistaken, yet there are many who would agree with Dr. Julian that this hymn writer was "perhaps, taking quantity and quality into consideration, the greatest hymn writer of all ages."

To Him Be All the Glory!

(Continued from page 2.)

their heads, not believing that it was possible. However, after three months he was baptized and found the joy of the Lord to a very marked degree. When we moved into this new place, it was he who brought two thousand dollars to pay the expenses, saying that if at any time we should be able to pay it back it would be all right and if not it would be all right too. So the Lord took care of the expense in that way.

This, however, has only been the beginning of a succession of miracles that God has wrought during these thirty-two years which are too wonderful to relate. I have often stated that if a book could be written, people would not believe what God has done, excepting those, of course, who are walking with Jesus and who have similar experiences.

So our meeting hall was furnished and became a very real haven for many of God's people who were seeking after God's best. It was soon noised abroad that here was a meeting where the Holy Ghost was permitted to have His way. That brought not only hungry souls but some trouble-makers. However, it was wonderful again to see how the Lord is able to take care of His own work. As long as we keep our hands off and recognize Him to be the Head of the church, He will take care of it so well that everybody will be able to recognize it is God's work. This has been our experience to this present day.

Our first meetings were marked by such an outpouring of the Holy Ghost that Mrs. L. M. Judd, of Zion, Illinois, who had been called to be our evangelist, remarked about it, telling me that surely God must have a very real plan with regard to this work. I had no idea that I would stay here at all or that the work would continue very long, having accepted the pastorate for only one year. However, God seemed to move in a sovereign way to establish His church and immediately began to save souls. The most productive part of our work has been the street meetings and the tent meetings where God stretched forth His hand and brought in many people who otherwise would never have found the way to Jesus. Throughout the years He has enlarged our borders throughout this city and since 1947 in Europe, where the Lord has raised up a number of assemblies as a result of the prayers which have been faithfully offered up at the weekly Monday night prayer meetings and the Wednesday all-day of prayer. Little by little we have seen the unfolding of the plan and purpose which He had in mind when He brought the Ridgewood Pentecostal Church into existence thirty-two years ago. To Him be all the glory!

N'yangori Mother

By KATHRYN ROTH

Kitale, Kenya, East Africa

BEFORE I WAS HEALED, even some time before my breakdown, Mrs. Otto Keller—then Mrs. K. Whittich—of Kenya came to Zion and spoke on a Sunday morning in the Faith Home. As I heard her speak I realized then that if the Lord had His way with me, and if I did His will, that I would go to Kenya to work with Mrs. Whittich. After my healing I prayed definitely that God would show me what to do. As I was waiting upon God about this thing He made me to know very clearly that I was to wait yet three years. And, in spite of all that I did to get out sooner, there was no opening until the end of the third year. Then God opened all the doors and I went forth to Kenya.

In the beginning, not knowing the language, I used to help Mrs. Keller in the early morning school for women and girls, held from six until half-past eight or so. This was a very marvelous work, and up to this day we still see the results of this work. To begin with, I had a class of the difficult cases that were unable to learn to read. Mrs. Keller felt it was good for me to have this contact with the Africans and that it would help me to understand them while I learned the language.

Finally, Mr. and Mrs. Keller asked me if I would like to start work with a closed tribe, as Mr. Keller called it, the N'yangori

people, who had not had the gospel. They did not respond very quickly and kept themselves aloof. While Mr. and Mrs. Keller were the only missionaries in that place, they worked entirely with the Bantu people, and the N'yangoris are a branch of the Nandi. I was very happy over this suggestion and felt a definite witness in my soul that it was the will of God. So I started going out into their villages. I took two Bible women who, although they were not N'yangori, knew some of the N'yangori language. They were able to speak to the people and to understand what they were saying. We traveled through the villages day after day, and by degrees the Lord helped me with the language. The first thing I learned to say was "What is this?" and "What is that?" And so I would point at this and at that and ask, "What is this?" "What is that?" I had a notebook with me and would write down these words as they told me. That is how the Lord helped me to get hold of the language. And it pleased these N'yangori immensely when they realized that I wanted to know how to say this and what are the names of the other different articles. It was very, very interesting to get this language and then very thrilling when I could speak to them myself in their own language about the Lord Jesus Christ.

During those first three years I walked the villages on foot. Many times the heat was intense and I walked for many hours through the day from village to village and always gathered the people around me. In some places where the men gathered under the trees to discuss their travel difficulties and difficulties in their communities, I would have the opportunity, little by little, as the language came to me, to tell them the wonderful story of Jesus and His love. The beginning two years were difficult, and there was no visible result, but at the end of two years there was a definite break and God began to work. The young men of the tribe in their blankets, decorations, and ornaments came to me and said, "If you will come out to the nearest out-school of the N'yangoris and teach us how to read, we will come every day." I realized the Lord had answered prayer, and so I went everyday to this nearest out-school, which was about two miles from the main station and was entirely for these people and in their language. I began to teach these young men to read, and of course, I always had a gospel message and taught them the hymns. They did very well and learned to read very quickly. In no time many of these young men were reading the Bible, though slowly in the beginning, but by degrees

In the previous installments of her testimony Miss Roth told how the Lord called her as a very timid child to work for Him in Africa. After a period of training in the Faith Homes of Zion, Illinois, she was engaged in Christian work during which time she suffered a complete nervous breakdown and physical collapse, her left side paralyzed and her heart in a very serious condition so that she was at death's door. When at length she finally consecrated to go to Africa, in spite of the seeming impossibility of so doing, the Lord healed her perfectly in September, 1923. The name, N'yangori Mother, was given Miss Roth by her children in the faith, Christian converts of the N'yangori Tribe of Kenya, out of gratitude for her having brought the gospel to them. Miss Roth is now on furlough in this country. Her home address is c/o Full Gospel Tabernacle, 18 Philippa Ave., Waukegan, Illinois.



Kathryn Roth

God really did help them so that they could read the Word of God.

At the same time, I had a rescue home for girls. The N'yangori tribe practises circumcision for both the boys and the girls and when they come back from those terrible initiation rites, they are like possessed. I saw little girls taken away to the forest where they are taught every evil thing imaginable and where they are kept for several months, according to the length of time that the people of the tribe are able to feed them. So my great desire was to get hold of these girls before they were taken away, but I could not get them myself. If I tried to be friendly to them they ran, fled for their lives because their parents had warned them not to go anywhere near this white person. They were told that once they arrived at the mission station these white people would eat them. And so they were terrified and it was no use trying to be friendly and invite them to come to the mission. Mrs. Keller said to me one day, "There is only one way to get these children and that is through prayer. We will pray with you." And so we prayed together, and it wasn't too very long, some weeks, when the Lord began to answer prayer.

First a little girl came and peeked around the corner of the veranda. When I saw and greet-

ed her she fled for her life for fear that I might take hold of her and keep her a prisoner. But I put some very delicious-looking bananas on the veranda table and went away and left them there, calling to her that she could come and get these bananas. So by degrees, day after day, this little child came and snatched away the bananas and ran back into the bush. After awhile she gained confidence and realized that I was not trying to keep her as a prisoner and came more often and closer. Finally very shyly one day she stood at the corner of the veranda and said, "Miss Roth, I would like to live here." My heart just leaped within me for joy and delight, realizing that God was answering prayer.

I asked, "Would you really like to live here?" She answered, "Yes."

"Well, perhaps something can be arranged." I couldn't tell her how overjoyed I was just then. And so I gave her a piece of Lifebuoy soap and sent her down down to the river to take a bath and told her when she came back, if she lived with me, we would make her some clothes. So, when she came back from the river I had the sewing machine out on the table on the veranda. The little child came and stood beside me shining with cleanliness and watched me make her clothes. She was thrilled. I have wondered many

times since, who was the happier of us.

She went to school daily and learned to read, went to the little services, heard the story of Jesus, and had all the food she wanted to eat, whereas in her own little hut she had been hungry many times. Her mother had died and her father was out drinking most of the time, so the little child had had a terrible life in her own village. Now she was so happy having all she needed to eat and to wear!

It was only a short time when she brought another dirty little urchin to the veranda corner, asking me if I could take this little girl. She would like to stay here too. And so God answered prayer and brought the children in. After there were two of them, it was not difficult. Seeing how happy these children were the others came easily. But it was a bitter battle with the parents of these children. They objected very seriously and did everything in their power to prevent the children from coming to the mission. They threatened them and told them terrible things would happen to them if they stayed. But God overruled even though many times the parents came, furiously angry, and tried to take the children by force. It was the Lord, Himself, Who kept them, for the children were free to go home if they wanted to,

but they of their own accord did not want to go. Later on, there were many girls that came and returned to the village. But others stayed on right through the years until they were old enough for marriage. They married boys who had started to learn to read and had heard the gospel and had come to the Lord Jesus Christ. So now we have Christian homes among the N'yangori people. These couples have happy families, large families, many of them. The heathen had told them they would never have any children if they did not go to these rites! Instead of that they have seen with their own eyes that these girls who have stayed true and have never gone into these rites have been blessed of God. The Christian homes have seven or eight, or even ten, children, healthy children, whereas in heathenism, there is only one child in a hut and perhaps two in another hut, and it is the survival of the fittest. The enemy did not relinquish his territory very easily, but after years of struggle and the girls resisting the influence of the parents, God overruled, and now there are happy Christian homes among these N'yangori people.

God continued His work, and as the years went by He called some of these young men to serve Him. Among the first converts was a young man who lived in a village, perhaps two or three miles away from the main station. He had injured his knee and had been quite helpless for some time, unable to stand on that foot. When I found him, he was truly in a very bad condition and needed to be taken care of immediately. I went to his village regularly, for he was unable to travel, and took care of the need. At the same time I had an opportunity to witness to him about the Lord Jesus Christ, prayed for him, and eventually he became a Christian. After he was saved

he had bitter persecution from his wife who was a heathen. The wife was furious because after her husband was saved he would not allow any more sacrifice in his home to the evil spirits for the sickness of their three children. She determined that she would do something about it. She did not believe in the religion of her husband and was very angry that he had become a Christian and a follower of the words of the white people, as it seemed to her. One night while her husband was asleep she came softly to him with a knife in her hand and was going to kill him. As she raised her arm, wanting to kill her husband, it was arrested in midair. She was unable to bring it down. When she realized that there was a power that had held her arm so that she was unable to bring it down to do this wicked deed, she was terrified and thought it must be the God that her husband believed in. So she waited carefully until dawn, not able to sleep for the shock. Her husband slept soundly until morning. He always went to the early morning prayer meeting, and when he woke up to go, he marveled that his wife was not asleep. She said, "I am going to prayer meeting with you this morning." He could not understand it, he was so amazed. She went to the prayer meeting and there confessed, with tears streaming down her face, how that she had wanted to kill her husband. Then she told the prayer meeting that she now knows that there is a God in heaven and that it was God that held her arm when she was wanting to bring it down to kill her husband. She asked the Christians to pray for her, she repented of her sins, and wept her way through to God. She too was gloriously saved. And so the Lord has manifested Himself to the different ones among these people and is still

working. I praise Him for what He is doing.

About three years ago I felt very definitely that the Lord would have me go further up north to the original N'yangori people, the Sebay people who live upon Mount Elgon. Kitale is a town near the foot of Mount Elgon, about one hundred miles north of N'yangori Mission Station, the main station. For the last three years I have been living up in Kitale and trusting God to open the way for us to work among the Sebay people who are nestled on the slope of Mount Elgon. We have not yet been able to enter in as we would like, but we have made trips up into these areas.

Meanwhile our hands have been more than full, for there is much work to do for the Lord in Kitale among many tribes. There are as many as twenty different tribes represented up and around that area. We have been busy working in the African location which is teeming with humanity and it is just like a beehive of activity. We have given out great numbers of tracts and talked to different ones personally. There is a marvelous opportunity for personal work among these people. In all the towns we have the same opportunities. We have visited in the hospitals and in a social center about fourteen miles away from Kitale which the government has built for the Africans to amuse themselves on Sundays. Large crowds congregate in this place and we have been able to witness to these people and to give out large quantities of tracts in different languages.

Then the Lord finally opened the way for us to work in the prison. There is a large prison, perhaps four miles out of the town, which has been built in recent years, I believe, during the beginning of the Mau Mau uprising and when there were many, many prisoners. There was a time when there were per-

haps as many as a thousand prisoners in this one prison. There was a marvelous opportunity to reach different tribes here. As we looked to the Lord and prayed, God opened the door, and we finally had permission to hold services in this prison every Sunday and to give these prisoners Bibles. Also we were very happy to provide them each with a little hymn-book and tracts as the Lord provided. It has been a very blessed work, and our hearts have been thrilled as we have gone in there Sunday after Sunday. We have started out sometimes feeling utterly incapable and unable to do this work and have come home just thrilled and filled with the glory and the joy of the Lord. His blessing has been upon it and there are many who have found the Lord in that prison, who have been completely changed, really transformed. I think of some of their testimonies. They have said that it did not make any difference now where they would be, they could just as well be in the prison for the rest of their lives, since they have found the Lord Jesus Christ, that they are free and no longer prisoners. They are just as happy in prison as they could be anywhere else. Their faces are just radiant with the love of Jesus. It was the Lord Who had transformed their lives, and so our hearts are thrilled to see His Spirit move upon these people.

Redeeming the Time

(Continued from page 4.)

opportunity to serve Jesus, to live for Him, to glorify Him. Whatsoever ye do, even eating and drinking, do all for the glory of God. It depends upon the attitude of our heart. We are the servants of Jesus.

You slaves, there in Colosse, in Ephesus, you are serving the Lord Christ. Don't forget it. You are the bondservants of Jesus and you are to serve in your

position, not as doing eyeservice only, you are serving the Lord Christ. Therefore whatsoever ye do, do it from the heart as unto the Lord, for of the Lord ye shall receive the recompense of reward!

The days are passing by quickly but every day brings its golden opportunities. But you say, "Oh, it's always the same, every day the same, *every day the same*. How can I live for Jesus?" You can, and you will find that as you live for Jesus, you will do your duty gladly, happily. When you have an opportunity and you meet somebody and can show to them the love of Christ, that is not lost. And it isn't esteemed a little thing in His eyes either. Whatsoever ye have done unto these, the least of My brethren, ye have done it unto Me—even if it is only giving a cup of cold water to a thirsty saint in the name of Jesus.

I met a brother in Chicago, a lawyer, who told me this: "A lot of beggars come to my door, and I never send them away without something, but I always tell them, 'I do this because I am a Christian. I do it in the name of Jesus.'" I think that is a good testimony, although we need not always say it.

Let us not be foolish. It is a foolish thing not to redeem the time. Be ye wise, understand what the will of the Lord is. You want to do His will. You want to serve Him. You want

to please Him, to give yourself to Jesus for this purpose and renew your covenant every morning. He will let you know His will. He may not always bring a Bible passage into your mind, but the Holy Ghost leads us to walk in the commands of Jesus and according to the principles of the Word of God.

Is that not a wonderfully comforting thought that no matter what your position is you can live for Jesus and receive a full reward? You do not have to be a preacher. You might not be a missionary. So many people say they are called to some great work. Oh, I have found quite a number, but all the time they are waiting for the day to break when they go into that great work, they do not do anything. We had a brother in the middlewest who said he had a call to the mission field. He never got to the mission field. It seemed he never served the Lord Jesus Christ in faithfulness, and finally died. He could have served the Lord Christ in his business quite well. Lots of poor people around there to whom he could have testified for Jesus.

Now I want you to share with me a little bit this thought: Let us get conscious, time-conscious. Let us know, above all, time is a very, very valuable article for a child of God. Let us redeem the time, redeem the opportunity, daily. Jesus wants to enable us.

MAY THE FULLNESS of Christmas joy be yours,
and may the angels' song of that first Christmas
echo and re-echo through our hearts and lives,
until everything in these temples of ours says,

"Glory to God in the highest,
And on earth peace,
Good will toward men,"—
"till He come."

—Martha Wing Robinson.

“Thursday at 4:16”

A FAMILIAR SIGHT in Boothbay Harbor, Maine, is a bright, shiny station wagon which carries on its top signs of a religious nature, with many quotations from the New Testament. A sign on the front of the roof proclaims: “Jesus is Coming,” and then follows a textual reference, written in script. The writing in script reads: “I Thess. 4:16.”

One evening a child, who had seen the sign and puzzled over it, asked his father: “Do you know when Jesus is coming?”

“I do not think anyone knows that.”

The child replied: “I do.”

“When is that?” asked the father, quite surprised.

“Thursday at 4:16.” He had mistaken the abbreviation, “Thess.,” for “Thurs.,” meaning Thursday.

We may well smile at that, but underneath it is something deeper than any mistake or than any prediction of the time of Jesus’ coming. For it is true that Jesus comes into the world at any time and every time. We do not have to wait for any dated coming of Christ in the future.

He is here in God’s world now. Here is the glorious scriptural prediction of the coming of Christ into any life that opens to Him:

“Behold, I stand at the door and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come into him, and will sup with him, and he with me” (Revelation 3:20).

Jesus is coming at 4:16 on any day—whenever we look for His coming and open the door of our hearts.

*How silently, how silently,
The wondrous Gift is given!
So, God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His Heaven.
No ear may hear His coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still,
The dear Christ enters in.*

—ADAPTED FROM THE PULPIT DIGEST.