

Bread of Life

AUGUST 1961



STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

ON JOY

IN GALATIANS 5, there are nine fruits of the Spirit enumerated, and one them is *joy*. It is also interesting to note that joy is high on the list—second in order after love. Obviously, then, joy is an important fruit of a life filled with the Spirit of God.

There is a joy that people have today which is very superficial. It is only evident when everything is going smoothly, when there are no obstacles to overcome. But the joy that the Apostle Paul is talking about springs from within, from one's innermost being. The Lord alone is the giver of this joy, and it is evident *at all times*—in difficult times as well as in times of prosperity and peace.

When a person turns his failure of a life over to the Lord Jesus Christ and asks for cleansing from sin, the Lord not only forgives him and receives him as a son, but He gives him "the oil of joy for mourning." The Prophet Isaiah says, "My soul shall be joyful in my God for he hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, he hath covered me with righteousness. . ." When we have been lifted out of the "horrible pit, out of the miry clay," it naturally follows that the heart is filled with joy, real joy.

However, this joy which the Lord gives us is meant to last—it is to be ours all the time. Nothing is sadder today than the many long-faced, weebegone-looking Christians who aren't one iota of an inspiration to the unbelieving world. How many non-Christians have come to the conclusion that to be a Christian is the saddest state in the world. What a detriment to the advancement of the Kingdom of God when Christians are sad, unhappy, despondent, given to grumbling and complaining.

Perhaps some may say that they cannot have this joy because they are in a very difficult place. The trial has been a long, drawn-out one. Nobody knows how hard it has been. Or maybe there is an unpleasant relative in the home or someone in the shop or the office who makes your life downright miserable.

First, let us consider the fact that these things

don't just happen. The Lord Jesus Christ is molding beautiful vessels, and this probably is his method of refining or rubbing off some particular trait that isn't pleasing in His sight. In the meantime, though, He wants me to rejoice, to be happy in Him, to have His joy manifested in my life. It is interesting to note that James says, "*Count it all joy* when ye fall into divers temptations." Why in the world should I be happy when there is absolutely nothing to be happy about? James says we should be joyful because the Lord is trying our faith, He is working out something that far exceeds our finite thinking. He certainly hasn't put the difficulties in our way for no reason at all.

Of course, when the pathway is rough and hard to see, the *natural* thing to do is look sad, be sad, and talk sad. Jesus wants us to overcome—to see Him in our circumstances, to trust Him, and to rejoice. But 99% of the time it takes a "pulling up by the boot straps," so to speak, to rejoice. This is such a seemingly ironic thing about the Christian way, that in the midst of a trial we are to praise God. But as we do, a change comes within our souls, and the joy of the Lord becomes our very strength to go on. However, we have to praise the Lord *first* and see Him and *then* the help comes. What a blow this strikes to the kingdom of darkness. In turn, the victory becomes a source of encouragement to other Christians and a testimony to unbelievers.

The subject of joy is endless. Nevertheless, it is our portion as children of God—in fact it *should* be. When Jesus spoke to His disciples about abiding in Him and always depending on Him, He added, "These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy might *remain in you*, and that your joy *may be full*. This joy isn't meant to leak out or diminish as we walk the highway of holiness, but it is to *increase*. The Apostle Paul spoke of *finishing his course with joy*.

There is another clue in the Word of God on how to keep this joy. In Psalm 16 David says, "In thy presence is fulness of joy." If we always turn to Jesus and seek Him, He will fill us and keep filling us with His joy.

This doesn't by any manner of means imply that a Christian's joy should be of the giddy or silly type—no. There is that joy that is a deep fountain within, that makes us rejoice all the time. If Jesus has saved us from sin, if He has lifted us out of the horrible pit, if He has put within us the blessed hope of seeing Him again, we have absolutely no reason in all the world to be sad or despondent and least of all sour-faced.

How the world today needs joyful Christians, happy Christians! There are many even around us who are brokenhearted, captive, sick, and in

(Continued on page 11.)

The Gift of Words

By CLAUDE A. RIES

WHAT DO YOU READ, my lord?" Polonius asks Hamlet, and the melancholy Hamlet replies, "Words, words, words."

Have you ever thought how poverty-stricken man would be without words? The faculty to express himself in words is one of the greatest gifts that God the Creator has given to man, the creature. In that ability man too becomes, to a lesser degree, a creator.

The first recorded words of God are found in Genesis: "And God said, Let there be light: and there was light" (1:3). When God spoke the word "light," light came into being.

When the angel announced to Mary that both she and Elizabeth were to have sons, the angel said, "With God nothing shall be impossible." A more accurate translation would be, "With God no word shall be devoid of power."

To man also God has given creative word power, words of power for weal or for woe. Speech is given to man that he might more adequately glorify his Creator. But alas, how mankind has prostituted that gift.

A famous publisher once said that a normal person utters some 30,000 words each day. One day's production put into print would fill a fair-sized book. A lifetime of such books of daily speech brought together would match in size a well-stocked college library. Every one of the books would be by the

same author. In words of his own he would portray his inner and outer life.

The great Biblical specialist on the tongue is the apostle James. He devotes almost one whole chapter out of the five in his epistle to this little member, the tongue that speaks words of blessing and of cursing.

Some say that it makes no difference what a person says as long as he lives right. But our words are a vital part of our living. Our words are great telltales. They soon tell everyone whether we are Christians or sinners. They tell whether we are baby Christians or "perfect" or mature Christians. The Epistle of James (3:2) declares that only he who is master of his tongue is a perfect man. The Christian with a loose tongue is a baby Christian, no matter how high his profession. He who masters his tongue is a disciplined person, able to discipline his whole body. But the uncontrolled tongue is like a forest fire that is out of control. It inflames one's whole being because that tongue is directed by hell itself.

To put it bluntly, our words tell whether we are spokesmen for God or spokesmen for Satan. The self-indulgent, self-centered man is spokesman for Satan. It is possible for Christians to be spokesmen for Satan. When Peter tried to get Jesus to take the way of self-indulgence, the way of ease rather than the way of the cross, he was the spokes-

man for Satan. When he said, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God," he was the spokesman of God.

Our words are terrific telltales of our character, whether we bless God or whether we curse men with them (verse 9). "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh" (Matt. 12:34). "For (a man's) words will certainly show what is treasured in his heart" (Luke 6:45, Phillips). Hence, the admonition, "Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life."

Words, words, words—what revealers they are of one's inner life! Thirty thousand of them a day, and so many are idle, vain, fruitless!

A saintly colored woman who was greatly loved in her community was asked how she made and kept so many friends. She replied, "I stop and taste my words before I let them pass my teeth."

We all talk too much. The psalmist realized this and prayed, "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips" (141:3).

Everyone will be held accountable for his words. Jesus warned, "I say unto you, That every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment. For by thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned."

If men turn pale in earth's courts when recordings of their

own speech are aired, what will it be in the great judgment day when men and women hear their own words as recorded by the heavenly Recorder? "For by *thy* words thou shalt be justified, and by *thy* words thou shalt be condemned." *Words, words, words*—and all are to be evaluated at the judgment.

Many words that Christians use show but little reverence for God. Unaware of their true meaning, Christians use them flippantly, especially when under provocation. These words are what the dictionary calls "minced oaths," i.e., a diminutive oath, wherein a slangy substitute for God and for things sacred is used.

The words "golly" and "gosh" are evasive corruptions of God. The word "gee" is a substitute for Jesus. "Darn," "darned," "darnation" are colloquialisms for damn, damned, damnation. To say "gosh darned" is to say "God damned." Think of one who loves God saying those words! "O heck" is an exclamation used in mild oaths meaning "O hell." The words "holy cow," "holy Moses," "holy smoke," "holy mackerel" are minced oaths. Anything that is holy is set apart for God and as such must not be dragged to the dust. Whoever does so belittles God. Did you know that "jeepers-creepers" is a euphemism, i.e., an indirect or mild expression for Jesus Christ?

One of the most sacred words of Scripture is the four-lettered word "Amen." Originally it meant to "make firm" from the Hebrew verb *aman*. Jesus used it in stressing a great truth. It is rightly used at the close of a prayer, meaning "so let it be." Amen is a name of deity. It is a name for Jesus Christ. To flippantly use the word "Amen"

is to dishonor the Person of Christ. The enthusiastic religious leader shouts, "Everyone who's happy he's here tonight say 'Amen.'" It never should be so used. It is irreverent. God says that He "will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain." "But," said Jesus (Matt. 5:37), "let your communication be, Yea, yea; Nay, nay: for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil."

What a sad commentary upon the vocabulary of the average Christian today who uses the slang and God-dishonoring words of the comic section and the movie world more than he does God-honoring and Christ-exalting words!

Words, words, words—are yours God-honoring or God-debasing?

It has been said that great minds discuss ideas; average minds discuss events; small minds discuss people. Let gossip give her own testimony: "I tear down homes, break hearts and wreck lives. I travel on the wings of the wind. No innocence is strong enough to intimidate me; no purity is pure enough to daunt me. I have no regard for the truth, no respect for justice, no mercy for the defenseless. My victims are as numerous as the sands of the sea and often as innocent. I never forget and seldom forgive. My name is Gossip."

Words, words, words: beware of the ones that are man-debasing and belittling.

The faithful follower of the Lord Jesus will seek to avoid harsh and critical words that are not constructive. It is so easy to pass severe criticism before all the facts are known. I have heard of a certain man who derived most of his exercise jumping at conclusions. That

is a poor way for a Christian to exercise.

A young man who thought more highly of himself than he ought to think was standing in front of a taxidermist store. In the window was an owl which had attracted many sight-seers. Anxious to display his knowledge, he said with a pompous air, "Well, if I couldn't stuff an owl better than that, I would quit the business. The head isn't right. The pose of the body isn't right. The feet are not placed right."

But before he could finish his judgment, the owl turned his head and winked at him. The crowd laughed and the critic moved on.

We need to watch our words of criticism. We may have to eat them. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

Then there are those thoughtless, cutting words that at times come so easily. Daniel Webster in his reply to Mr. Robert Hayne launched a single sentence that caused him to writhe in a spasm of pain as he bowed his head and doubled up in his seat. Words are powerful. They can deeply wound or they can blessedly heal. In our words are issues of both time and eternity.

Are any words harder to say than these five: "Forgive me; I am sorry"? But what wonderful results follow such confession, whether it is said to God or to man.

As we think of the positive side of our words we are reminded of the advice that Jacob gave to his sons when he sent them back to Egypt to buy food. He said, "Carry. . . a little honey." Jacob knew that such a gift for the Egyptian official would not be amiss.

(Continued on page 10.)

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“A Vessel unto Honour”

By HANS R. WALDVOGEL



IF A MAN therefore purge himself from these, he shall be a vessel unto honour, sanctified, and meet for the master's use, and prepared unto every good work.—2 Timothy 2:21.

What a difference God can make in a heart that is really in love with Jesus. All his actions, all his thoughts, all his feelings, all his ambitions, all his plans and opinions are directed in but one direction—to please Jesus, to have Jesus manifested. That is what it means to be a vessel.

When you are a vessel, you do not exercise your own opinions or your own thoughts or your own feelings. You have repented of those things long ago. Jesus Christ has cleansed you of them. You have accepted that Jesus Christ alone is worth considering, and you have desired very greatly that His kingdom should come and His will should be done on earth as it is done in heaven.

Therefore, you, for one, have separated yourself completely unto Him, away from yourself and away from your own ideas and your own plans and your own wishes, from your self-love and your ambitions and your self-esteem—away from everything unto Jesus Christ. And if a man separates himself from these, he shall be a vessel unto honour, sanctified and meet for the Master's use and prepared unto every good work.

A person fails to become a vessel unto honour, however, when he does not separate himself from these things. For example, God takes a young man that has been equipped for the ministry and places him in a hard field, a place where people criticize him and do not understand him. Presently he gets tired of it and begins to fight and chafe in his own soul. He becomes discouraged. Discouragement takes the place of the Holy Ghost and of Jesus Christ. God put him in a hard place because God could have won that hard place for the kingdom of heaven, if he had been willing to go through instead of getting discouraged.

It takes something to be a vessel sanctified and meet for the Master's use. It takes the Holy Ghost to create a vessel like that and it takes a vessel that is absolutely and unreservedly abandoned to God.

Oh, to see that Jesus Christ is the great Master Builder and that He is not working aimlessly, but He is really calling people unto Himself and that the time has come when Jesus Christ must have a free hand in His church to do His will. And if He is going to do His will and manifest His kingdom, then He must have a people who are poor in spirit, that are absolutely down at His feet, without any desires or any plans or

any knowledge of their own, but they have seen Jesus. They have come to be acquainted with Him. Their eyes have been anointed with eyesalve, and they have caught a vision of the coming kingdom. There is but one thing that animates them and quickens them—“Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done.”

When God has hearts so abandoned, He is not going to let them go. He is going to take them and hide them in the hollow of His hand. He is not going to waste any time or let them waste any time. He is going to crucify them, and then He is going to raise them again together with Himself and to shut them in with Himself.

One single soul thus surrendered to the Son of God is worth a thousand that advertise their great success and fruitfulness and are, perhaps, only clouds without water. Oh, one solitary soul that really loves Jesus all the time and loves Jesus more than his own life also—a soul like that is bound to be purified even as He is pure because God will have the leverage, because He has a free hand to do as He pleases.

A soul like that will not be in love with himself. A soul like that will not judge or criticize. He will be delivered of all such thoughts. Those thoughts won't bother him anymore. They won't turn him aside even one fraction of an inch. His eyes are single and his body is full of light. Jesus Christ has moved in. Jesus Christ has adopted him, has joined him, united him unto Himself.

O beloved, the power of God is not jumping around and clapping your hands and making a lot of noise. The power of God may produce all that, but the power of God is the reign of the Holy Ghost in your soul, in your heart, in your mind, in your body, too.

Grace for Grace

The Autobiography
of Alice Reynolds Flower

Part VIII



Alice Reynolds Flower

Migrating to Pennsylvania

For us again "the cloud" was lifting.

Acting on the conviction that God wanted us once more out in active ministry, at the close of the six years in Springfield, Mr. Flower accepted a unanimous call to serve the Pentecostal Church in Scranton, Penna. This was one of the oldest assemblies in the East, located in the heart of the anthracite region. We had usually been agreed in matters of guidance, but this time I felt no witness in my heart which I fear held a personal inclination to another opening in familiar territory. Perhaps the realization of a complete change in environment, people and ministry, coupled with the long journey over the mountains of Western Pennsylvania to the Eastern Coast, had affected me.

All our life and ministry thus far had been spent in the central states. Now was to come this complete "pouring from vessel to vessel." I felt blank about the undertaking. Then came the assuring thought from the Lord: "Your husband is the head and you are his helpmeet, so you are on good scriptural ground to accept his conviction and back him up, placing the responsibility on him as he obeys God." This assurance brought peace and settled the fear of missing God's plan, because of the lack of a definite personal conviction.

The next ten years in Pennsylvania proved how definitely we were moving in the will of God.

Leaving our oldest son behind with my father and sister to finish his year's schooling, we loaded the other five children in our recently acquired Dodge sedan and started on our winter's exodus to Scranton. There was a short stop at Maranatha with the Flower grandparents, and again in

Indianapolis to spend Christmas with a devoted aunt and uncle.

From Indianapolis on, we had real winter conditions with hazardous driving as we continued eastward. Traveling over the snowy mountains (our first experience) brought some anxious moments. But God graciously spared us from several accidents. Naturally we were the subject of interesting comment and concern as we stopped along the way. With much relief we arrived in Scranton on New Year's Day, 1926, to be warmly welcomed by a gathering of the saints in the apartment prepared for us until we could have occupancy of the parsonage. Our ten years' sojourn in Pennsylvania had begun.

The Scranton Ministry

The Pentecostal Church in Scranton was the mother church for a number of assemblies scattered up and down the Lackawanna Valley. Its congregation was composed of fourteen or fifteen nationalities, and the atmosphere was a complete change from what we had experienced in Springfield. This was certain to bring a great development in our family life.

The parsonage was located in the church yard, and our home life became an open book as well as a standard for our dear people, numbers of whom had been saved out of the Catholic Church. We found it very essential that our children show no partiality in their relationship with the different nationalities. Perhaps this is good place to emphasize the importance of every pastor and his family taking an impartial attitude along various lines in their church relationship. It is easy to develop snobbery in the children. While they may have a better background and greater privileges than other families in the church, the

impressing of this upon the children may warp their later development for effective service among people in general.

In dealing with the young people, whose numbers and spirituality were at low ebb on our arrival, we were especially diligent to raise no racial barriers. We recognized and made use of consecrated ability wherever it was found. We had systematic Bible study classes which served as preparation for some who later became ministers. In numbers and spirit the work grew, and our older children soon found their places in various enterprises that were undertaken for God. There were jail and street meetings, other institutional services, and several groups to visit the shut-ins on Sunday afternoons. The young people would meet to pray before the Sunday night services, making a rich contribution to the spiritual life of the church. This is as it should be in every assembly, for our young people are the important potential of the future life of the church.

Anticipating our need of help along various lines, God brought into our home a young Welsh woman, Bertha Evans, soon after our arrival in Scranton. She was a trained secretary, but her helpfulness reached into every area of the parsonage life. She was devoted to our eight-month-old baby David, and in times of special pressure did assume the responsibility of the household.

Problems from many directions spill over into the minister's home. Our loyal helper knew how to keep secrets, an important quality for anyone serving in a minister's home. One dear sister who tried unsuccessfully to extract information from Bertha remarked to me afterward, "You certainly have the right young woman in your home." For almost ten years we had the joy of her presence until she became the wife of Frederick Eide, now serving as superintendent of the New Jersey District.

We were also privileged to have Mrs. Elizabeth Lennox, the mother of Grace Walthers, with us in our home, serving for a time as housekeeper. Her victorious life has left a sweet memory in our family life, and we felt very privileged to have her daughter go to India from the Scranton Church for missionary work. After a term of years on the field, Grace Walthers is serving now on the faculty of Evangel College in Springfield.

As far as the Flower family is concerned, that parsonage could speak of some amusing as well as serious occasions. It was a well-mixed life for all. There were the private weddings in the living room of the parsonage. To the children with ever ready initiative, a wonderful observation point was discovered from underneath the big table in the adjoining dining room. All went well until on one occasion a smothered burst of laughter emerged from under the table, and the startled bride looked about in surprised consterna-

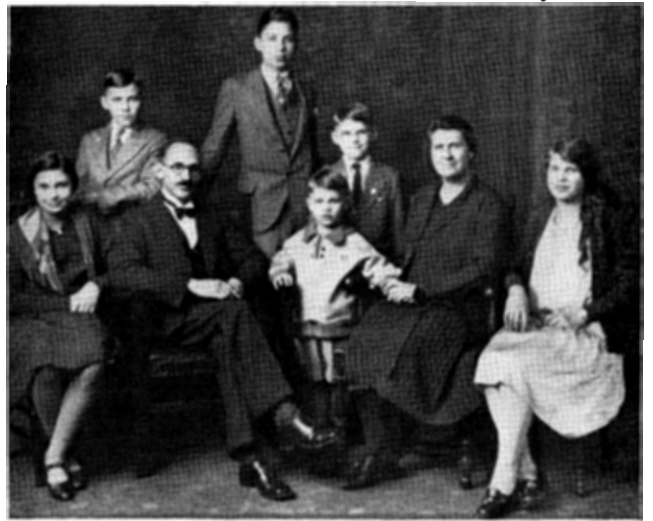
tion. So ended their reserved observation post for the weddings.

Under Evangelist Jack Saunders of Canada in two evangelistic meetings, God gave us marked seasons of blessing. We sometimes tarried in the church until three o'clock in the morning as God poured out His Spirit in baptizing power. Those were truly fruitful tarrying meetings for baptized saints and seekers as well. One night there were six who received a normal, scriptural baptism in the Holy Spirit, while showers of blessing fell on those who tarried with them. Our own daughter Suzanne received a gracious baptism in the Spirit, at eight years of age, the reality of which never left her life.

One amazing thing, however, was Brother Saunderson's concern for me, referred to by him as his "overburdened hostess." He voluntarily suggested that the wives stir up an extra cake for the parsonage when baking their own. The next week we received seventeen cakes of every size and description, but unfortunately, Brother Jack never touched cake himself. The diplomatic disposing of those cakes presented somewhat of a problem.

For Mr. Flower and me, there was once a night of prayer in the study when our David lay very ill on the couch nearby. It was a form of bronchitis with the threat of pneumonia, and his breathing could be heard all over the downstairs. A number of children had died with the same ailment that winter. We were holding on together, "two agreed" in a real fight of faith. It was not far from daybreak when God whispered to one of us, "I will come and heal." In a few moments David fell asleep and the crisis had passed. There was a rapid recovery.

What about the conduct of our family in the



Family Picture Taken in Scranton, Pennsylvania, in 1930.

Left to right: Suzanne, George, Mr. Flower, Joseph, David, Roswell, Mrs. Flower, Alice.



Mother Flower with Mr. and Mrs. Flower.

midst of all this activity? The answer to this will also be a partial answer to the question often asked of us, "What course did you follow in the raising of your children?"

This is as good a place as any to emphasize some of our personal family principles. With all his obligations as pastor and I as assistant, Mr. Flower and I both recognized our definite home responsibilities before God. The very fact that our parsonage was subject to constant and urgent interruptions made us endeavor to maintain a "well-knit" family spirit in our home. We were constantly working at the task together, in the giving of loving understanding as well as necessary discipline. In every situation that affected the children, we as parents stood together—always the first foundation stone in developing a united family.

The conversation of a home is important. Careless discussion of church people with their various weaknesses, failures, and idiosyncrasies can do much damage to youthful listening ears. Respect for certain worthy individuals may be lessened this way, destroying confidence in the very ones who might prove a blessing to those children. The father and mother can direct and guard wholesome conversation about table or in the home in general. A great man of God once said, "Never in my boyhood days did I hear one unkind word about another from my mother's lips." Children naturally bring tales; a wise parent can quickly upset these, emphasizing the possibility of another side in every situation.

Through the years, the family altar we had started on our wedding night had been continued. Now, more than ever, we felt its necessity and importance with all the multiplied activities of that busy Scranton parsonage. There must be faithful observance of the family altar, too often slighted in ministers' homes today. No place is it needed more than right in the parsonage for the continuance of God's grace there, as well as establishing an example for the families of the

church. No pastor can exhort his people with authority to maintain their family altars unless he as the husbandman is first a partaker. In any home, if the father is forced to be absent, the mother must feel a personal concern as well as a delight to carry on in his stead. Nothing should hinder the united daily reading of God's Word and prayer in every Christian home.

"It Knotted the Thread"

From the pen of our younger daughter, Suzanne Earle, herself the mother of three at the time of writing, comes this pointed appreciation of what the family altar in our home meant to her in her childhood days:

"For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen!" Three little heads came up simultaneously as each in turn clamored for a 'goodnight' kiss. Family prayer had laid its benediction upon the day just ended, and the children bounded up the stairs to bed.

"For some minutes after the sound of their bare feet upon the steps had died away, I sat meditatively watching a few stray shafts of sunset slanting across the room as I waited to hear the faint rustling from their bedrooms cease for the night. Memories of another family altar of days gone by crowded in upon me, and I found myself silently praying, 'Oh, God, make our family altar mean to our children what the family altar of my childhood days has meant to me.'

"And just what did it mean to me? So many things!

"It was the 'gathering' time of the day when each member of the family laid aside his interest peculiar to that day and felt himself irresistibly drawn into the enclosure of the family circle. For a little while we ceased to be independent individuals, each bent on his own pursuit, and found a common interest in the reading of God's Word and the expression through prayer of the secret intents of our hearts.

"It was a time for 'cleaning the slate' before retiring for the night. It was so easy to ask forgiveness when the other members of the family were doing likewise. And there was always the possibility that Jesus might come before morning. Not one of us wanted to bear the responsibility of breaking the family circle should another day find us in His presence.

"It was a time for gleaning from God's Word truths which in after-years were to stand at attention in our memories and place themselves at our disposal. Since then, many times the Lord has spoken to my heart through a scripture either learned or read together at the family altar, until I have come to appreciate the value of the medium for hiding His Word away in our hearts.

"It was a time for learning to pray. As Mother
(Continued on page 11.)

seed-time



and harvest



FROM KIRCHHEIM/TECK, GERMANY, *Mrs. Walter Waldvogel* sends this interesting testimony, written June 24: "Last Sunday morning the fire really fell at the altar service, and one of our sisters who had been earnestly seeking her baptism for some time came through to as glorious an infilling as we have seen. She spoke in clear Italian—a striking fact, we thought, since so many Italians are in Germany these days. She sang in this tongue, prayed in it, and prophesied about the soon coming of Jesus. It was simply glorious, and I am sure those that stayed and tarried with her, as we did, were all filled to overflowing. Someone remarked to us afterward that the whole place seemed to be electrified with the presence of God. Praise God—and how we pray and long for a Holy Ghost revival in all of Germany and elsewhere before Jesus comes. It is time for the Lord to work!"

FROM PARTABGARH, U. P., INDIA, *A. G. Ericson* reports this glimpse of his daily activities: "I am very well and trying my best to do the work the Lord has set before me. I usually visit two or three villages in the morning. In the evening we have the markets where many people gather and may stop to listen to us and buy our books and take our tracts. In the villages we have many opportunities to pray for sick people, and the Lord in His great love and mercy heals many of them. We meet great needs everywhere. Mrs. Ericson will be in the U.S.A. very soon. She expects to fly from Sweden August 7. Heartiest greetings to you all."

FROM HSIN PEI-TOU, FORMOSA, *Jean Mould*, who is teaching at the Living Way Institute,

gives this news: "How wonderful it is to be back in Taiwan once again. The Lord has opened the way for me to serve Him at the Bible school here in Hsin Pei-tou (sin-bay-toe). I am living in a completely Taiwanese atmosphere, sharing a home with Miss Lee, the principal. How much I'm enjoying living with a Taiwanese friend. We have precious times of fellowship together. Miss Lee helps me with Taiwanese, and I help her with English. We often have some good laughs over the languages.

"The Bible school is located on Mt. Zion. In the distance we can see Taipei, the capital of Tai-

wan. There are twenty-nine students studying here. Twenty-four girls and five boys are taking the three-year course, preparing to serve the Lord. Please pray for these young students that the Lord will fill them with His Spirit and use them mightily amongst their own people here in Taiwan. Classes this term end mid-July, resuming in September. I trust that during the summer I'll have extra time to prepare for the classes next term when responsibility will be increased. I would appreciate your prayers concerning preparation and fluency in the Taiwanese language."



Margaret Michelsen with a Group of Children of Leprosy Parents at the Children's Home, Bhogpur, U. P., India.

Miss Michelsen has been invited to hold special services for children in various places throughout her area. "An invitation to hold some meetings in a Methodist Primary School has come," writes Miss Michelsen in a recent letter. "These meetings are to be held in August. The missionary in charge is a friend of mine. She is so hungry for fellowship. So join me in faith that I may be a blessing to her as well as to the children."

The Stillness of His Presence

By MARTHA WING ROBINSON

*Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus,
I've lost sight of all beside;
So entranced my spirit's vision,
Looking at the Crucified.*

*All for Jesus, all for Jesus,
All for Jesus crucified.*

YOU KNOW the song. It can become a living reality.

Second Corinthians 3:18 (Revised Version) says, "But we all with unveiled faces, *reflecting* as in a mirror the *glory of the Lord*, are transformed into the same image from *glory to glory*."

If we looked at *Jesus* MORE, and ourselves, and our friends, and our trials, and our failures, and conditions of life, and the world, and flesh, and devil, *less*, we would *reflect His* image more and more, and the hardness, and impurity, and temper, and selfishness would fade away, and there would be tenderness, and purity, and gentleness, and love just taking their places—changing from glory to glory.

This is why He requires closet prayer. This is why we need to get still before Him and listen to His Voice, get into His presence. If we *listened* to Him more, looked to Him in stillness more, and chattered less to Him, we would get the sense of His presence better.

Whenever you can, take a few minutes of just waiting on Jesus, not necessarily praying, but just waiting, looking into His face, desiring His presence. At first you may not seem to receive much, but if you take every opportunity, presently your soul will hunger for Him, and the sweetness of Himself will come to you, and you will get like lovers—rather slip away with *Him* just for a minute or two than to talk or read

or rest or eat. And when you are tired, or rushed, or nervous, a few minutes with Him in the stillness of His presence will rest you more than anything in the world. "If any man *thirst*, let him come to *Me*," Jesus said. You are thirsty for righteousness, for a work to be done in you, but you must have the righteousness of *Christ*. See Philippians 3:9.

Don't bother your head as to the details of being so clothed upon. After a square look at yourself and a real consecration, you are a vessel in God's hands, and you can just enjoy Jesus. Take all the time you have, all the thought you have to spare, and follow on to *know* Jesus, Jesus! He will supply *all* your need.

In your hurrying life, you can't split hairs. Let God have His way. Ask Him to make you hungry and thirsty for Jesus, and give Him the chance to answer by getting into His presence every opportunity you have, and *He* will give the victory along every line.

I have learned in prayer to do less talking than I used to do. We rush into God's presence too boldly and irreverently. If, when we go to prayer, we would just take time in the beginning to get quiet in soul, to be still before Him, to seek to get into a sense of His presence, to reverence Him, and then, when we do speak, first thank and praise Him, when we did offer our petitions, we would not so often have the feeling of their falling back on our heads unanswered, but we would pray "through."

Often when I have a burden on me until it seems as if I can hardly stand it until I get before the Lord alone, and I ex-

pect to just lay my difficulties before Him in detail and with earnest supplication, when I follow this method of prayer, by the time I have felt His presence and felt His touch, and praised Him, I have just a sweet time of worship, and when I get up, I think, "Why, I never told the Lord about that at all,"—and I just don't need to, the burden is gone, the problem solved, and I know He has undertaken for me.

Not that we never need to supplicate, because we do, but not so often as we sometimes think. But we need *far* more waiting on God than we have.

The Gift of Words

(Continued from page 4.)

We too need to carry a little honey in our words. It will sweeten the conversation. It will bless and heal. The honey of praise, thanksgiving, appreciation and genuine love relieves the tension and strain of life and blesses the giver an hundredfold. It has been observed that when the bee is full of honey she does not have a disposition to sting.

"A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver," said the wise man long ago. The poet asked:

*"Why should good words ne'er be said/
Of a friend till he is dead?"*

Words, words, words—thirty thousand a day!

Pleasant words, wise words, healing words, thankful words, forgiving words—all are ours to use. Why then should we utter hateful words, cruel words, cutting words, proud words, minced words, diseased words? "If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man, and able also to bridle the whole body."

How can a person become a perfect or full-grown man in Christ? He can by a complete

sellout of his life to the Lord Jesus wherein he is enabled to say with the Apostle Paul by life as well as by words, "Not I, but Christ," emptied of self-centeredness and filled with the Holy Spirit. For the Holy Spirit alone can make us a master of our tongue.

The Spirit-controlled tongue spouts no acid. It is love-prompted; hence, its words are gracious, healing and God-honoring.

*"Oh, that my tongue might so
possess
The accent of His tenderness*

*That every word I breathe should
bless."*

*"Let the words of my mouth, and
the meditation of my heart,
Be acceptable in thy sight,
O Lord, my strength, and my
redeemer."*

—Alliance Witness.

Straight from the Shoulder

(Continued from page 2.)

need of help, and we have the good tidings for them that will comfort them and, most of all, free them. But how will they know except they see the results of our walk with Christ? The children sing, "If you're saved and you're glad about it, show it in your face." You can't put this joy on like a mask either because the world recognizes it. It's the momentary, fleeting kind of joy that they well know.

The Kingdom of God today is suffering one defeat after another because Christians are not bearing this fruit of the Spirit. Instead, they are pitying themselves and refusing the help the Lord has for them. How He longs to give them His joy, to have them rejoice in His salvation.

Let us honestly ask ourselves this question: Do I really have this inward joy, this fruit of the Spirit? Jesus has said that those branches that do not bear fruit He casts away.

Grace for Grace

(Continued from page 8.)

and Dad led the way, we learned how to share in prayer not only our own needs but the needs of others. There were the days when we first lisped our baby prayer by repeating what the older ones told us to say. And then the happy day of achievement when we prayed alone for the first time. Sometimes our thoughts may have been a little mixed up, like 'Bless Mama and Daddy and all the other heathen Chinese,' but I'm sure God knew how to unravel them and put them in proper order. Someone has said that you learn to preach by preaching. We have found that you learn to pray by praying. What better place for these lessons than the family altar?

"It was a time that brought us children close to Mother and Dad. A sort of comradeship grew between us during the moments of devotion at the close of the day. Sometimes the subject under discussion was intensely fascinating. We found ourselves expressing and exchanging opinions that indelibly stamped certain truths upon our minds. I'm sure that many of our opinions and side lights were most immature, perhaps ludicrous to the mind of the adult, but each was

received for what it was worth, and we were encouraged to participate in the discussions.

"It was the knot at the end of the thread for that day!

"There were times when we failed to appreciate the worth of the family altar. Perhaps the activity planned for the remainder of the evening caused us to chafe a little under the necessity for being present at prayer-time. We wanted to hurry it up and get it over. But those times were in the minority. No child ever reacts consistently to principles and standards as does the mature mind that is able to penetrate the deed and recognize the motive. But the ground work was being laid and it was a good one!

"The family that prays together stays together.' I believe that! The family altar can knit a bond between members of a family that will hold them firmly together though separated by many miles and varied circumstances. It can ward off the dastardly rifts that many times bring separation and misunderstandings. It can weld the family unit so firmly that nothing will be able to sever the sweetness of fellowship.

* * *

"The sun had set. Not a sound came from the rooms upstairs. My heart was full of precious memories of yesterdays. 'Oh, God,' I prayed, 'make our family altar mean to our children what the family altar of my childhood has meant to me.'"

There have been similar sentiments expressed by all our children; and we consider that the family altar has been a great factor in causing them to follow God through the years. Mr. Flower and I did endeavor, however, to live as we prayed. Consistent living is vital in a successful home testimony for God.

It was during the four years in Scranton that both our fathers were called into the presence of the Lord they loved and served. Following Father Flower's death, Mother Flower was to spend the greater part of the next twenty-five years in our home, a blessing to us and to all who knew her. My sister who had lived with Father Reynolds until his demise also spent some years with us, until she joined her twin sister, Zella Mussen, in China.

(To be continued.)

JESUS' FINANCIAL POLICY



FOR MOST PEOPLE who are now living in this period of rising prices and shrinking incomes, money is a pressing problem. The needs of the present and the demands of the future call for prudence and foresight on the part of each one of us. How can a Christian make the best use of his resources?

There is scarcely a serious problem of life on which the Lord Jesus Christ did not have something to say; and this one is no exception. In the parable of the unjust steward (Luke 16:1-12), He gave His estimate of the proper use of money. Doubtless, the parable was drawn from life and was recorded that the readers of Luke's Gospel might understand how they should regard the resources that they possessed.

Jesus pointed out first that *money is a token*, useful only as a sign of credit; for the paper or the metal of which it is made has small intrinsic value. The coinage of a dead nation is not negotiable on the open market; it is valuable only as a curiosity. Money carries value only because it represents time and strength. The weekly wages of a workingman are the tokens of the energy that he has expended, which in turn can be exchanged for the commodity that he and his family need. The money in itself is worth nothing, either materially or morally. The possession of it does not make its owner either better or worse. It is simply a token of what he has done, and its value to him will be determined by his attitude toward it and by the use that he makes of it.

Again, Jesus taught that *money is a tool*. In the parable of Luke 16:1-12, the steward was threatened with sudden unemployment. His dishonesty in administration was discovered, and he knew that he would be discharged without recommendation. How could he provide for the future? His shrewd scheme of using his authority to cancel the obligations of his master's debtors and thus to obligate them to himself showed that he knew how to use money as an instrument. If they did not accept his dishonest proposition, they would lose money; and if they did accept, as they might do quite innocently, he could afterward draw support from them under the threat of exposure. The steward's master commended him not because he approved of his trickery but because he was wise enough to provide for his future needs with his present resources.

The Lord Jesus was not advocating dishonesty, but He was trying to show by this parable that if the tricksters of this world can provide for a material future by unjust means, His disciples should provide for an eternal future by the right use of money. "Make to yourselves friends by means of the mammon of unrighteousness: that, when it fails, they may receive you into everlasting habitations." The day will come when the tool will no longer be useful, because, as men say, "You can't take it with you;" but the investments made with it can last forever. Jesus said: "Sell that ye have, and give alms; provide yourself bags which wax not old, a treasure in the heavens that fail-eth not, where no thief approacheth, neither moth corrupteth" (Luke 12:33).

Finally, Jesus implied that *money is a test* of the man who possesses it. In verse ten He said, "He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much." It is a test of faithfulness, for if men are not faithful in their use of the material wealth, how shall God intrust to them spiritual values? It is also a test of interest. Men invest in the things that interest them most: the businessman, in his business; the sportsman, in his guns and fishing tackle; the housewife, in her furniture and dishes. If as Christians our main interest is in Christ and in His work, does our material investment show it?

For the Christian, then, money is a token of his zeal and consecration, a tool by which he achieves eternal rather than temporal results and a test of his faithfulness to Christ.

—MERRILL C. TENNEY.