

Bread of Life

DECEMBER 1962



STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

"ONE SON . . . A MINISTER"

GOD HAD ONE SON, and he was a minister." These striking words by the famous Puritan divine, Thomas Goodwin, have arrested the attention of multitudes, and have caused many to appreciate more greatly the extent of the consecration of our Father in giving His only begotten Son as a "minister." What is perhaps more important is that they have served to strengthen many parents in their consecration of their son or daughter to be a minister, as well as the high resolute of the children themselves.

"The firstborn of thy sons shalt thou give unto Me," was the explicit command of God the Father speaking unto the children of Israel (Exodus 22: 30). True, later, "instead of the firstborn" God *substituted* one tribe to be "Mine"—"as a gift for the Lord, to do the service of the tabernacle." In the very same breath, however, he repeated His original attitude and claim: "All the firstborn . . . are Mine."

Is there not in this decree a lesson for Christian parents of this day respecting their attitude towards the children which God has given them? after all, are not these things among those which have been written aforetime for our learning?

Throughout the centuries many Christian parents have considered it an honor, if not an obligation, to have at least one of their children become a minister. And in the years when parents did much to govern the vocations of their children, they often chose a promising child for the ministry. In some cases the choice was ill-advised and the practice became corrupted. This was detrimental not only to the individual concerned but to the church as a whole. These unfortunate results, however, are not the important factor, for any good principle and practice can be perverted. The important thing is that there was the idea of consecration on the part of these parents. Certainly this was scriptural and in many cases was as genuine and wholehearted as the consecration by Hannah of her firstborn.

Now God has chosen that by the means of hu-

man ministers—not by angels or by other supernatural agents—the seed of the Kingdom shall be sown and thereby children of the Kingdom raised up. This being so, it is little wonder that "the enemy" of the field should do all in his power both to keep the number of laborers as few as possible and to hinder as much as possible those few from entering the harvest field. Christian parents should not be ignorant of these devices of the enemy and above all should not be his accomplices in any way.

Strangely enough, however, this is often the case—sometimes more often than not. For various reasons, the light of consecrating one's children—even one of several—to the work of the Lord have grown very dim in many homes. Instead of considering it a glory if a child is called of God to be a minister, it is considered a shame; instead of an honor, a dishonor; instead of a cause for exceeding great joy, one for sorrow; and instead of helping the child forward, some parents—Pentecostal parents—have done all in their power to hinder him.

Fathers and mothers, this attitude ought not so to be. How can you expect others to enjoy the blessings of the gospel for which you rightly give such thanks unless there are those who will minister the gospel to others such as was once ministered to you? "How shall they hear without a preacher? And how shall they preach except they be sent?"

Unfortunately Christian parents are influenced much more than they realize by the standards of the world than by those of the gospel. We are living in a materialistic world where values and success are measured in terms of dollars and physical assets—a deluxe house complete with all the latest conveniences and luxuries together with all that goes with such a standard of living. And Christian parents usually covet—almost passionately—these same temporary blessings for their children and feel that it would be disastrous if *their* child should be called to be a minister with the loss of these "things" which is admittedly implied in such a call.

"The first call to the ministry should be from God Himself," and no parent should try to force his child to be a minister. That is a different thing, however, from discouraging, even forbidding, a child from answering the call of God. "He that loveth son or daughter more than Me is not worthy of Me." Do you dare—can you afford—to be willing to do less with your son—or daughter—than our Father did with His only Son whose birth we celebrate at this time? Any celebration of His birthday without this dedication is sheer hypocrisy.

“Although” and “Yet”

By HANNAH WHITALL SMITH

IN MANY of our store windows at Christmas time there stands a most significant picture. It is a dreary, desolate winter scene. There is a dark, stormy, wintry sky, bare trees, and brown grass and dead weeds, with patches of snow over them. On a leafless tree at one side of the picture is an empty and snow-covered nest, and on a branch near sits a little bird. All is cold, and dark, and desolate enough to daunt any bird and drive it to some fairer clime, but this bird is sitting there in an attitude of perfect contentment and has its little head bravely lifted up towards the sky, while a winter song is evidently about to burst forth from its tiny throat.

This picture, which always stands on my shelf, has preached me many a sermon. And the text is always the same and finds its expression in the two words that stand at the head of this article. “Although” and “Yet.”

“Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines: the labor of the olive shall fail, and the field shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stall: Yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation.”

There come times in many lives, when, like this bird in the winter, the soul finds itself bereft of every comfort both outward and inward; when all seems dark, and all seems wrong, even; when everything in which we have trusted seems to fail us; when the promises are apparently unfulfilled, and our prayers gain no response; when there seems nothing left to rest on in earth or Heaven. And it is at such times as these that the brave little bird with its message is needed. “Although” all is wrong everywhere, “yet” there is still one thing left to rejoice in, and that is God; the “God” of our salvation,” who changes not, but is the same good, loving, tender God yesterday, today, and forever. We can joy in *Him* always, whether we have anything else to rejoice in or not.

By rejoicing in Him, however, I do not mean rejoicing in ourselves, although I fear most people think this is really what is meant. It is *their* feelings or *their* revelations or *their* experiences that constitute the groundwork of their joy, and

if none of these are satisfactory, they see no possibility of joy at all.

But the lesson the Lord is trying to teach us all the time is the lesson of self-effacement. He commands us to look away from self and self's experiences, to crucify self and count it dead, to cease to be interested in self, and to know nothing and be interested in nothing but God.

The reason for this is that God has destined us for a higher life than the self-life. That just as He has destined the caterpillar to become the butterfly, and therefore has appointed the caterpillar life to die, in order that the butterfly life may take its place, so He has appointed our self-life to die in order that the divine life may become ours instead. The caterpillar effaces itself in its grub form, that it may evolve or develop into its butterfly form. It dies that it may live. And just so must we.

Therefore, the one most essential thing in this stage of our existence must be the death to self and the resurrection to a life only in God. And it is for this reason that the lesson of joy in the Lord, and not in self, *must be learned*. Every advancing soul *must* come sooner or later to the place where it can trust God, the bare God, if I may be allowed the expression, simply and only because of what He is in Himself, and not because of His promises or His gifts. It must learn to have its joy in Him alone, and to rejoice in Him when all else in Heaven and earth shall seem to fail.

The only way in which this place can be reached, I believe, is the soul being compelled to face in its own experience the loss of all things both inward and outward. I do not mean necessarily that all one's friends must die, or all one's money be lost; but I do mean that the soul shall find itself, from either inward or outward causes, desolate, and bereft, and empty of all consolation. It must come to the end of everything that is not God; and must have nothing else left to rest on within or without. It must experience just what the prophet meant when he wrote that “Although.”

It must wade through the slough, and fall off of the precipice, and be swamped by the ocean,

and at last find in the midst of them, and at the bottom of them, and behind them, the present, living, loving, omnipotent God! And then, and not until then, will it understand the prophet's exulting shout of triumph, and be able to join it: "Yet, I will rejoice in the Lord; I will joy in the God of my salvation."

And then, also, and not until then, will it know the full meaning of the verse that follows: "The Lord God is my strength, and He will make my feet like hind's feet, and He will make me to walk upon mine high places."

The soul often walks on what seem high places, which are, however, largely self-evolved and emotional, and have but little of God in them; and in moments of loss and failure and darkness, these high places become precipices of failure. But the high places to which the Lord brings the soul that rejoices only in Him can be touched by no darkness or loss, for their very foundations are laid in the midst of an utter loss and death of all that is not God.

If we want an unwavering experience, therefore we can find it only in the Lord, apart from all else; apart from His gifts, apart from His blessings, apart from all that can change or be affected by the changing conditions of our earthly life.

The prayer which is answered today may seem to be unanswered tomorrow; the promises once so gloriously fulfilled may cease to be a reality to us; the spiritual blessing which was at one time such a joy may be utterly lost; and nothing of all we once trusted to and rested on may be left us, but the hungry and longing memory of it all. But when all else is gone, God is still left. Nothing changes Him. He is the same yesterday, today, and forever, and in Him is no variableness, neither shadow of turning. And the soul that finds its joy in Him alone can suffer no wavering.

It is grand to trust in the promises, but it is grander still to trust in the Promiser. The promises may be misunderstood or misapplied, and at the moment when we are leaning all our weight upon them, they may seem utterly to fail us. But no one ever trusted in the Promiser and was confounded.

The God who is behind His promises, and is infinitely greater than His promises, can never fail us in any emergency, and the soul that is stayed

on Him cannot know anything but perfect peace.

The little child does not always understand its mother's promises, but it knows its mother, and its childlike trust is founded not on her word, but upon herself. And just so it is with those of us who have learned the lesson of this "Although" and "Yet." There may not be a prayer answered or a promise fulfilled to our own consciousness, but what of that? Behind the prayers and behind the promises, there is God, and He is enough. And to such a soul the simple words, GOD IS, answer every question and solve every doubt.

To the little trusting child the simple fact of the mother's existence is the answer to all its needs. The mother may not make one single promise, or detail any plan, but *she is*, and that is enough for the child. The child rejoices in the mother; not in her promises, but in herself. And to the child, as to us, there is behind all that changes and can change the one unchangeable joy of the mother's existence. While the mother lives, the child must be cared for, and the child knows this, instinctively if not intelligently, and rejoices in knowing it. And while God lives, His children ought to know this and rejoice in it as instinctively and far more intelligently than the child of human parents. For what else *can* God do, being what He is? Neglect, indifference, forgetfulness, ignorance are all impossible to Him. He knows everything, He cares about everything, He can manage everything; and He loves us; and what more could we ask? Therefore, come what may, we will lift our faces to our God, like our brave little bird teacher, and, in the midst of our darkest "Although's," will sing our glad and triumphant "Yet."

All of God's saints in all ages have done this. Job said, out of the depths of sorrow and trials which few can equal, "*Though* He slay me, *yet* will I trust in Him."

David could say in the moment of his keenest anguish, "Yea, *though* I walk through the valley of the shadow of death," *yet* "I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me." And again he could say, "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore, will not we fear, *though* the earth be removed and *though* the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; *though* the waters thereof roar and be troubled; *though* the mountains shake with the swelling

(Continued on page 10.)

Bread of Life

VOL. XI No. 12
DECEMBER 1962

Published monthly by RIDGEWOOD PENTECOSTAL CHURCH, 457 Harman Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Editor: Gordon P. Gardiner. Ass't Editor: Caroline Gardiner. Contributing Editor: Hans R. Waldvogel.
Office Manager: Eleanor Perz. Photoengraver: Bingham Photoengraving Co. Printed in the U.S.A.
Second-class postage paid at Brooklyn, N.Y. Address all correspondence to P.O. Box 11, Brooklyn 27, N.Y.
Make all subscriptions payable to Frank G. Posta, Treas. Cover Photo: H. Armstrong Roberts.

Annual Subscriptions: United States and Canada \$1.75; Foreign, \$2.00. Single copy—15c.

Faithful Anna's Reward

By ALICE REYNOLDS FLOWER

THE STORY of this good woman is told in just three verses of the second chapter of Luke. This is one of the peculiarities of God's Word—the covering of much time in a very short space, with some outstanding lesson taught. Here we find it in a marked degree. Anna was from the interesting tribe of Asher, to whom blessed promises were given in Genesis 49:20 and Deuteronomy 33:24.

If you had been living then, you would have marked her as a very unusual woman. Perhaps even as a girl her walk would have been noteworthy, living as she did in a period of deep religious corruption. She had known sorrow and tears, losing her husband while still but a girl. She remained a widow, finding ever-increasing comfort in God and His service.

John the Baptist and Jesus both revealed the hypocrisy of the religious leaders then. The temple and its ritual had been sadly corrupted, and this was why Jesus must cleanse it before beginning His ministry in Jerusalem. Yet we find Anna disregarding the failure and hypocrisy of others as she wholeheartedly sought to please her God. Her devotion shows the greater in contrast to the faults of others.

If only we could always remember this in similar conditions! She could not have been

totally ignorant of the spiritual wickedness in high places around her, but she did not let that deter her from her course. Day after day, year after year, the faithful widow served God "with fastings and prayers night and day." She found in that temple just what she went for—the living God.

And then I hear young folk declare they just won't go to this or that service because of some unfaithful one who also attends. A foolish excuse! Why do we go to church? Is it not to meet God—to worship Him? Let the tares and wheat grow together until God sees fit to separate them, only be sure you are not a tare yourself.

*"Search thine own heart, what paineth thee
In others in thyself may be;
All dust is frail, all flesh is weak,
Be thou the true man thou wouldst seek."*

The years rolled by with no great stir for faithful Anna. Until—yes, until! Such an attitude as hers is always rewarded; and one day—seemingly just like all the others—she walked into the temple to behold her Messiah, the infant Jesus, lying there in the arms of Simeon. Like a response to Simeon's anthem her opened lips poured forth praise to God and encouragement to other faithful waiting ones. That

was an hour worth a lifetime of patient plodding to obtain. What if Anna had failed to draw near that day! What if her footsteps had lingered from "coming in at that moment"!

We never know the blessing that may await us in the round of spiritual obligation or service, however commonplace. Have we not all regretted the one time we failed to draw near, and missed the sweet token God had designed for our refreshing and inspiration? There was the stormy night when God's blessing fell on the faithful few—and you missed it. And you could have gone without much difficulty. Then there was the service you did not attend with wrong motives and feelings—and you missed the dew from heaven on your soul. There is a good deal for us all to consider as we think of faithful Anna. From the Gaelic comes this quaint verse—

*"Some go to church just for a walk,
Some go there to laugh and talk;
Some go there for time to spend,
Some go there to meet a friend;
Some go there for speculation,
Some go there for observation;
Some go there to doze and nod,
A few go there to worship God."*

In an hour that we think not our Savior shall appear. May He find us like Anna joyfully filling our place as we confidently look for Him.

Sowing Beside All Waters!

By H. R. WALDVOGEL

"THE WORLD is the field," and "Behold I have sent you to reap," are the words of our blessed Lord which are being realized as never before by the people of God. And we are thankful to our Lord for giving us a share in their fulfilment.

Upon awaking in the morning, often I wonder which continent I happen to be in. One day I may hear in good Mandarin Chinese: "*Dzan May Joo*" (Praise the Lord); a while later: "*Salaam Sahib*" in Hindi (Peace, Sir). And then weeks later in German: "*Grüss Gott, lieber Bruder!*" (God bless you, dear brother) or in Spanish: "*Quando me alegró de verle*" to be followed in Good American: "Praise the Lord, so glad you're back."

And in our travels around the world all the contacts the Lord has created for us have by His grace and Spirit proven very fruitful.

In Dehra Dun, India, attending the early convention of the Pentecostal churches (October 7-14), we were blessed by meeting many missionaries who have been laboring in North India for years. However, our greatest joy and blessing resulted from our visiting the mission stations with which we had been in contact for years: Mahoba, where Florence Dreyfuss served the Lord till called to her heavenly home; Orai, where Sisters Grieger, Kreiss and Michelsen have given their all to minister the Word of Life to natives and their children; Lucknow, where a blessed tent meeting was in progress; and Partapgarh, the station of Brother and Sister Gus Ericson.

A new insight was gained by these visits into the needs of the field and a better appreciation of the great sacrifice brought by our precious brethren on the field.

The following testimonies may be of interest to our readers:

"Ere you leave India I want to write you a line of thanks for taking all the trouble of coming to minister to us. You were sent by God, and you were a real inspiration to all of us. Saturday afternoon we had all the national brethren and sisters come in for a cup of tea, and then we had a testimony meeting which lasted for hours! I wish you could have heard it! Not one wanted to be left out, and I do praise the Lord. Do continue to remember us in prayer. God is working, and we thank Him."

V. Frandsen, Mahoba

"That meeting in Lucknow was very wonderful, as it seemed to me the people just drank in the Word. We keep praying that every meeting will be according to His will, and in spite of the shortness of the time you have in each place God can do the work He planned from the very beginning.

I know our people were greatly blessed, and so were we. They have received something from God that they will not soon forget. Surely the darkness is descending upon us, and we cannot say what will be before us in the coming days. But you will at least know a few of our places and will know better how to pray and encourage others to pray too for us.

We do thank you for coming to our very humble little place.

We will keep praying for you and your work."

Adeline Grieger, Orai

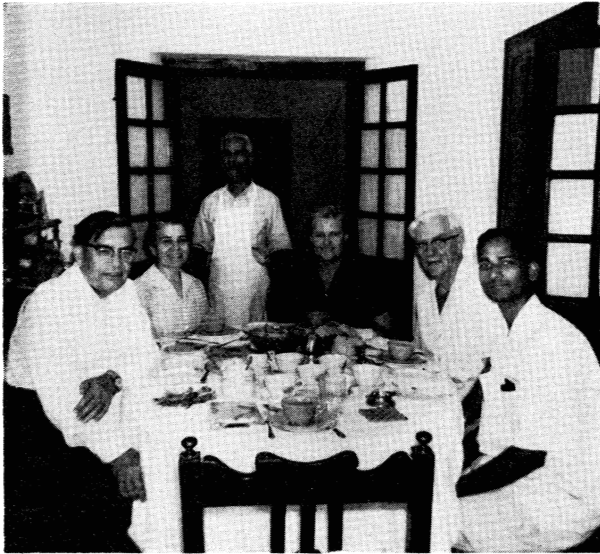
"Just a little note to thank you for your wonderful ministry to us at the seminar in Mahoba. We want you to know we all deeply appreciated it and it has done something for all of us. The Lord poured out of His spirit in our midst, and we had no more



Pastor Waldvogel with a Group in the Dehra Dun Tent



Pastor Waldvogel with Brothers Sunanto and Bils at Dehra Dun



Supper in the
Partapgarh
Mission House

classes. It was so precious, and we surely know the Lord sent you to us at this time.

There has been a real work done in the hearts of the people, and they all told me to tell you they are on the right train now and by God's grace they are going to stay on. We do praise Him!

I also am so glad for the time of fellowship I could have with you after so many years. God bless you, dear Brother, and give you many more years in His service if He should tarry."

J. M. Lewis

On November 10 we concluded what was considered the best convention we ever held in the city of Kirchheim, Germany, and that is saying a great deal because we have had many excellent conventions in that town. Ever since God sent us to Germany to preach the gospel, He has caused the work to grow mightily. Night after night the large hall in Kirchheim was filled with people who were hungry for God. It was certainly blessed to see the spiritual growth also in so many lives who only a few short years ago didn't know God as their Savior.

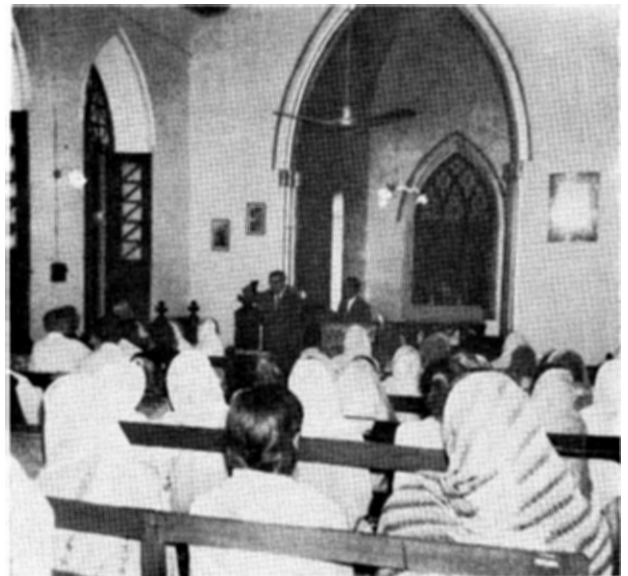
Throughout the convention, which began on the first of November and lasted ten days, a spirit of fellowship prevailed,

and we were made happy by visiting ministers from our far flung battle line. In many sections of Europe God has opened blossoming Pentecostal assemblies where the Lord Jesus Christ manifests Himself in glory and power in every meeting. From Vienna came Brother and Sister Krameric. Also, Brother Griesfelder from Linz, Austria, came to be with us for a week. We were especially happy for his visit, for the revival which we are now enjoying really began in his town in 1947, when we witnessed scenes that were reminiscent of the re-

vival of the house of Cornelius in Cæsarea. Brother and Sister Lardon with their daughter blessed us with a visit from Hamburg, while Brother Bettschel from Salzburg brought a whole busload of his people. About two years ago we had a tent meeting in that city of Salzburg where many found the Lord, and we were so happy to see that they are going on with God. And this summer, by means of the tent which our assembly was able to help them purchase, the whole work was revived. They went from town to town witnessing to the full salvation in Christ Jesus. Brother Joseph Kniesel and some of his people and Brother Rolf Cilwik and a group from Hannover came also. Then every night large groups came from Stuttgart and from Ulm, as well as Sister Olga Weber with some of her friends from Switzerland.

"Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity," became true of this convention. There the Lord commanded His blessing and He certainly did to an overflowing degree. Praise the Lord!

Pastor Waldvogel
Preaching
in the
Partapgarh Church



Back Once More in Katanga

By WM. F. P. BURTON

Co-founder of the Congo Evangelistic Mission

TWO YEARS AGO, almost to the day, a group of thirty-one missionaries and their children were rushed from their mission stations in eight motor-cars. After two hundred nightmare miles God brought us safely to Kamina, whence we were evacuated, by the gracious provision of the American Consul, in a giant transport plane to Salisbury in Southern Rhodesia.

It was a most gracious provision of God that Kamina has remained almost unmoved amid the welter of hate and rivalry that has devastated so much of the Congo since the declaration of Independence and the withdrawal of Belgian authority. Our Congo Evangelistic Mission has continued to carry on its ministry and specially along the two lines of Bible school work and relief work to the starving, ragged refugees who are hiding away in the forest.

Once indeed, for a few weeks our missionaries had to escape across the border into Rhodesia while United Nations, for some inexplicable reason, were dropping bombs on Kamina Station siding. However our missionaries were soon back at work once more.

For myself, the two years of enforced exile from Congo have been a precious time of fellowship with Assemblies of God's children both in South Africa and in Great Britain.

Now the way has opened for me to return to the Congo. Some may remember that for over twenty-five years Sister Burton and I conducted a Bible school for training native

evangelists. What happy, constructive years they were! And today, up to forty years later, those dear old Congolese pastors continue to give out the precious truths which they learned from us when they were young men.

So here I am, back in Congo, but what a different Congo it is. Between the Rhodesian border and Kamina we were stopped at thirteen road blocks, some manned by United Nations soldiers in steel helmets and fondling their guns, others by Katanga troops in mottled battledress. Here they were building gun-emplacements. There we looked down the muzzle of a bigger weapon from a hidden armored car. Soldiers, soldiers everywhere, while jet-planes zoom overhead and pock-marked walls bear eloquent witness where there has been fighting.

The condition of the suburbs of Elizabethville was very depressing. Beautiful bungalows, once occupied by prosperous Belgians, gape at one with all the window-glass smashed and the doors sometimes still hanging by a single hinge—over-run by soldiers. Sometimes Christians recognized us and called a friendly greeting. It will be long before the Africans can do without the white man's help, yet at times their attitude made us feel that they resent our presence. Their studied leisureliness at barricades and offices, where I had to go for documents, was not encouraging.

Probably no record will ever be given of the thousands of both Africans and whites who

have been senselessly slaughtered in cold blood, hospitals and libraries demolished and their contents scattered, bridges blown up, etc. A hideous sadism seems to have possessed many of the "jeunesse". In bands sometimes amounting to thousands they have ranged the country, sometimes armed with bicycle chains and even with modern sub-machine guns, burning, pillaging, spreading death and ruin. Not content with mere killing, they hacked their victim's arms and legs off, dug their eyes out and left them to struggle and bleed to death. Splendid herds of cattle, carefully built up over many years by Belgian colonists, have been treated in the same way, the poor beasts' feet cut off, so that they struggled painfully on stumps until they died and rotted, finished off by the hyenas, crows and jackals, while the villagers hide starving in the forests, afraid even to cultivate gardens. This primitive savagery has destroyed the painstaking work of years.

One would feel happier were there an end in sight to these orgies of cruelty. It is true that there are many fine, godly men among the African leaders and administrators. Doubtless with the help of European "counselors," law and order will be established. We have had the greatest sympathy with the emerging Central African nations who wish to manage their own affairs, even though they go through birth-bangs of national agony to achieve it.

Will Kamina remain aloof from the struggle? Who knows! Other parts of the vast Congo are gradually emerging into an uneasy tranquility. We can only seize the opportunity while it is ours, by helping to fit the native leaders of our splendid African churches. Through all the years we have kept before

them self-government, self-support and self-propagation. They have risen magnificently to the challenge. Hundreds of believers including numbers of outstanding leaders have laid down their lives rather than waver in their wholehearted loyalty to the Lord Jesus.

Here is our chance. We can only "take time by the forelock" and feed these precious brethren with the Word of Life while there is opportunity. Thus I am so happy to be back in the classroom and at the blackboard, helping our Congolese brethren to store their notebooks and minds with the amazing, supernatural doctrines of God's Word. I had feared whether, with my two years' absence and my failing memory with advancing years, I might not be able to get over to them in their beautiful Kiluba language the fine points of these precious truths that are so dear to our own souls. But God is helping wonderfully. Some are dear old "stick-in-the-muds." Others are as sharp as needles. So when I fail to make a point clear to somebody, the others help me out. "Now, Petelo, you explain it." And so we get along.

Paul wrote to Timothy, "The things that thou hast heard of me . . . the same commit thou to faithful men, who shall be able to teach others also." 2 Tim. 2:2. And Joel 1:3, "Tell ye your children of it and let your children tell their children and their children another generation." Who knows where these days in Bible school may reach! Through Paul's two years in Tyrannus' Bible School, Acts 19:9-10, "all Asia heard the Word of the Lord Jesus." With the help of your prayers the same sort of thing must happen here.

—Congo Evangelistic
Missionary Report



BAPTISMAL SERVICE IN NATAL

For some months Helen Hoss has been ministering in conjunction with Stephen and Percy Govender, ministers of the Peniel International Assembly, in Durban, Natal, South Africa. God has blessed their united efforts in many of the surrounding communities where they have been holding services. Among those saved have been a number of Indians as well as coloreds and nationals. Thirty-seven were baptised at the service pictured here, held in October. In the picture at the top Miss Hoss is seen with all the women candidates. Below, Brother Stephen Govender is telling the congregation how the woman about to be baptised was healed of heart trouble so that she is now able to do her work. Through this healing her own family has come to the Lord as well as her mother, sister, and brother. Miss Hoss is playing the accordion.



“Although” and “Yet”

(Continued from page 4.)

thereof . . . God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved; God shall help her, and that right early.”

Paul could say in the midst of his sorrows, “We are troubled on every side, *yet* not distressed; we are perplexed, *but* not in despair; persecuted, *but* not forsaken; cast down, *but* not destroyed . . . For which cause we faint not; *but though* our outward man perish, *yet* the inward man is renewed day by day. For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal.”

All this and more can the soul say that has learned this lesson of rejoicing in God alone.

Spiritual joy is not a *thing*, not a lump of joy, so to speak, stored away in one's heart to be looked at and rejoiced over. Joy is only the gladness that comes from the possession of something good, or the knowledge of something pleasant. And the Christian's joy is simply his gladness in knowing Christ, and in his possession of such a God and Savior. We do not on an earthly plane rejoice in our joy, but in the thing that causes our joy. And on the heavenly plane it is the same. We are to “rejoice in the Lord, and joy in the “God of our salvation”; and this joy no man nor devil can take from us, and no earthly sorrows can touch.

A writer on the interior life says, in effect, that our spiritual pathway is divided into three regions, very different from one another, and yet each one a necessary stage in the onward progress. First, there is the region of beginnings, which is a time full of sensible joys and delights, of fervent aspirations, of emotional experiences, and of many secret manifestations of God. Then comes a vast extent of wilderness, full of temptation, and trial, and conflict, of the loss of sensible manifestations, of dryness, and of inward and outward darkness and distress. And then, finally, if this desert period is faithfully traversed, there comes on the further side of it a region of mountain heights of uninterrupted union and communion with God, of superhuman detachment from everything earthly, of infinite contentment with the Divine will, and of marvelous transformation into the image of Christ.

Whether this order is true or not, I cannot here discuss, but of one thing I am very sure, that to many souls who have tasted the joy of the

“region of beginnings” here set forth, there has come afterwards a period of desert experience at which they have been sorely amazed and perplexed. And I cannot but think such might, perhaps, in this explanation, find the answer to their trouble. They are being taught the lesson of detachment from all that is not God, in order that their souls may at last be brought into that interior union and oneness with Him which is set forth in the picture given of the third and last region of mountain heights of blessedness.

The soul's pathway is always through death to life. The caterpillar cannot in the nature of things become the butterfly in any other way than by dying the one life in order to live in the other. And neither can we. Therefore, it may well be that this region of death and desolation must needs be passed through, if we would reach the calm mountain heights beyond. And if we know this, we can walk triumphantly through the darkest experience, sure that all is well, since God is God.

In the lives of many who read this paper there is, I feel sure, at least one of these desert “Although's,” and in some lives there are many.

Dear friends, is the “Yet” there also? Have you learned the prophet's lesson? Is God enough for you? Can you sing and *mean* it,

*“Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in Thee I find”?*

If not, you need the little bird to speak to you.

And the song that he sings, as he sits on that bare and leafless tree, with the winter storm howling around him, must become your song also.

*“Though the rain may fall and the wind be blowing,
And cold and chill is the wintry blast;
Though the cloudier sky is still cloudier growing,
And the dead leaves tell that summer is passed;
Yet my face I hold to the stormy heaven,
My heart is as calm as a summer sea;
Glad to receive what my God hath given,
Whate'er it be.*

*“When I feel the cold, I say, ‘He sends it,’
And His wind blows blessing I surely know;
For I've never a want but that He attends it;
And my heart beats warm, though the winds may blow;
The soft sweet summer was warm and glowing,
Bright were the blossoms on every bough;
I trusted Him when the roses were blowing,
I trust Him now.*

*“Small were my faith should it weakly falter,
Now that the roses have ceased to blow;
Frail were the trust that now should alter,
Doubting His love when the storm-clouds grow.
If I trust Him once I must trust Him ever,
And His way is best, though I stand or fall,
Through wind or storm He will leave me never,
For He sends all.”*

GATHERED FRAGMENTS



MANY OF OUR READERS have expressed special appreciation of the article, "*Kings and Their Kingdoms*," by Hannah Whitall Smith, which appeared in the August and September issues of BREAD OF LIFE. Taken from an early edition of *The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life*, this and two other chapters were omitted from the standard edition. In this issue we are presenting another of the omitted chapters, "*Although*" and "*Yet*."

* * *

During a recent visit with Mrs. Marie Brown, pastor of Glad Tidings Tabernacle, New York City, she related the incident found on the back page of this issue. At that time we were preparing the copy for this month and had already selected "*Although*" and "*Yet*," and although the idea of Mrs. Brown's testimony was identical with Mrs. Smith's article, yet we were impressed to include this story in this same number as it is such an excellent illustration of the truth set forth. At eighty-two, Mrs. Brown's natural force seems unabated so that she is still preaching and shouldering the responsibilities which she began when she came to New York fifty-six years ago on this coming January 7.

* * *

Letters in increasing numbers, especially from behind the Iron Curtain, witness to the blessing received from the weekly broadcast conducted by Pastor Hans Waldvogel over Radio Luxembourg, each Monday

morning, 6:25 to 6:40. Many listeners state that this is their only opportunity for receiving spiritual food and consequently are very thankful for it. Let us remember this harvest field, Pastor Waldvogel as he ministers, and Pastor Edwin Waldvogel as he prepares the programs on tape for broadcast.

* * *

The weekly German broadcast in New York City continues to be held each Sunday night over WHOM, 6:00 to 6:30. The broadcast in Chicago was discontinued with the sale of the station which carried it.

* * *

Work at Pilgrim Camp, Brant Lake, N. Y., has been proceeding rapidly. The four lean-tos designed to house in all 32 campers and 4 counsellors have been erected, enclosed, and roofed. The shingles are on one, and as the weather permits, the other three will receive theirs. Further details will be given in the January BREAD OF LIFE.

In recent years the ministry of divine healing has been steadily growing, especially in the denominational churches. *Sharing*, the official magazine of the Order of Saint Luke, a group of clergymen and laymen, including physicians, reports, as quoted in *Time* (September 28), "The number of U.S. churches offering healing services has grown steadily, from fourteen in 1947 to four hundred and sixty today (about 95% of them Episcopalian). The order now has 4,200 members in 85 countries." Outstanding in its leaders is Alfred Price, Rector of St. Stephen's Episcopal Church in Philadelphia. Regretting "the unwillingness of most respectable churchmen to pray for cures," Price says, "No matter how we may look down our noses at some of those who use God's power on behalf of healing, we must wish that His church would take over this responsibility from them—not abandon it to them."

* * *

The American Bible Society announces that with the recent publication of portions of the Scriptures in six more languages some part of the Bible is now available in 1,181 languages and dialects. The recent additions are in languages used in Nigeria, Guatemala, Peru, Solomon Islands, Assam, and Indonesia.



*We so love to have people know.
Not so the bride.
She cares only that He knows.*

—MARTHA WING ROBINSON

"Not in Word Only But in Deed and Truth"

CONSECRATION means a great deal—much more than the words themselves. Sometimes when we say it in words, God causes events to come to pass to see whether we mean just what we have been saying. I had a very marvelous experience along this line.

The second year of my marriage I was privileged to bring to the altar of God an unborn child. It had always been the great longing of my heart to have a child of my own. And now God was bringing to pass that deep desire. As the months passed on, many times I had laid my deep desire on the altar, but during the last month before my child was born, I had a very different experience of consecration. As I knelt at the couch in the living room waiting upon God, His presence became very real. Again I brought this unborn child—I called him Samuel—at this time, for in my heart I felt I wanted to do as Hannah of old did with her little Samuel—dedicate him to the Lord. I felt it was such a privilege to give back to God that which He was giving to me. Hours swept by swiftly as I knelt there in His presence and laid my little Samuel on the altar.

Then the day came when this little Samuel was born and the Lord saw fit to take him to Himself immediately. My heart ached—to think I could not embrace that gift that God had given. And in that midnight hour I began asking God why He took my little Samuel. And the Holy Spirit reminded me of that day of dedication when I had laid him on His altar. My heart was filled with tears as I remembered that marvelous experience.

"You gave him to Me, didn't you?" He asked.

"But I didn't expect You would take him."

Then to comfort my heart the Lord caused these marvelous words to appear on the wall of my bedroom:

Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no calf in the stalls: YET I WILL REJOICE IN THE LORD, I WILL JOY IN THE GOD OF MY SALVATION.

These words were written in letters of gold with those beginning with the word *yet* in larger letters, and instead of the word *herd* as found in Habakkuk, there was the word *calf*. As I looked at those words, realizing they were the words of God and knowing that God's words shall never fail, I said, "I thank You, Lord. You have taken that which You have given to me in glorious promise, and I will yet rejoice in the God of my salvation."

God flooded my soul in a way such as I had never known—at that hour. I needed it, and He came to plant within my soul a deeper, holier longing for Himself, a longing for fellowship with God such as I had not known. I believe it was the beginning of a real consecrated life to God such as I had not known in its fulness till then.

—MARIE BURGESS BROWN