

SEE THE GLORY

by

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CHAPTER EIGHT

NEVER FAILING TREASURY

“AFTER TWO YEARS OF TEACHING, I entered the Bible Institute of Los Angeles at the age of twenty-four, planning, at the advice of the China Inland Mission, to take a two-year course of special missionary and Bible subjects in order to get to the field as soon as possible,” wrote Adelaide.

Feeling it her obligation to obey Christ’s clear command, **“Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature”** (Mark 16:15), Adelaide also believed that God’s command implied His call. There was inner evidence of this personal call in her ever deepening concern. She needed no trumpet blast to move her into action. Was it not said of the Lord Jesus that out of every tribe and tongue and people and nation He had made purchases with His blood? (Revelation 5:9). Had not He been waiting almost two thousand years for His dilatory Church to deliver His purchases to Him? Lots to do in backsliding America? But many to attend to its spiritual needs who never could or would concern themselves with places farther than their eyes could see! So it seemed to Adelaide.

China was her first love. She concluded that while other mission fields might have a larger area, still China’s enormous population demanded some priorities. Should not one-fourth of the world’s inhabitants be entitled to one-fourth of the missionary effort of the Church? She sometimes quoted the well-put question: “If a heavy log needed to be moved and you saw ten men lifting at one end of it and a single man at the other, where would you feel called to help?” Adelaide had been going on step by step as far as she could know her Master’s will, and now she purposefully proceeded.

Her decision to go to the Bible Institute was really difficult to make. One obstacle was related to finances. For her work as a teacher, her salary had been a good one and had come with gratifying regularity. To change to complete dependence upon the Lord for funds and for opportunities to earn them required real faith, for the world was still in the latter part of the “depression” years.

The major problem, however, was the criticism and opposition of those who were unsympathetic with her step. This mountain was made low by quiet, persistent prayer.

The day finally came, of which she wrote:

“Bible Institute was all I had expected it to be. Never had I enjoyed such Christian fellowship and such interesting classes! I had expected to work for at least part of my support; but as jobs were not too plentiful, they were given to the students who had less cash on hand than I had. Another girl and I organized a prayer group to pray for work. All sixteen of the girls in the group finally found employment, impossible though it had seemed. I received only about four hours a week in my position, however, so that there were two subsequent results. First, I was able to attend practically all of the extracurricular meetings and activities at the Institute, which were denied some of the students who worked longer hours. In the second place, since I was helping my brother, who was finishing college that year, and since I discovered I had to have a tonsillectomy during Easter vacation, my funds dwindled from the six hundred dollars with which I had started the school year to exactly \$6 on the day I left Biola [the abbreviated name of the Bible Institute of Los Angeles] in June. That was just enough to pay my fare to Mount Hermon, where I was to teach at a young people’s conference for a week.

Added to this difficulty, a box which contained my hat and the skirt of my best suit was lost at my roommate’s wedding, just as school closed. Though I applied at all lost and found offices, there was no trace of it; and I was rather heavy-hearted to think that the Lord would allow this to happen, especially in view of my rather stringent financial circumstances. It was to teach me an important lesson, however. A few months later, when all hope of recovering the articles had been abandoned, I recalled an illustration from one of Dr. Louis Talbot’s sermons, entitled, “An Impartial Love for the Will of God.” He spoke of a man who, on being informed of the theft of a pair of shoes from outside of his hotel door, said, “Well, Hallelujah! I have another pair,” and by this victorious spirit won several people to the Lord.

I thought of my loss and laughed aloud, telling my roommate the story and adding, “Hallelujah! I have another skirt!”

It had taken me all that time to get the point of what the Lord was teaching me. Then, strangely enough, within the very next week a letter and a package came from my former roommate explaining that my hat and skirt had been picked up with the boxes of wedding presents which they were only now beginning to sort.

That summer I taught Daily Vacation Bible School under the American Sunday School Union in three mountain towns in northern California: Diamond Spring, El Dorado and Sheep ranch, all in El Dorado County. At the end of the summer I still had not enough funds to register for the fall term at Biola, but I had the promise of work and part of the necessary funds, so I returned, trusting that the Lord would do something.

Always looking so cheerful and always dressing nicely, naturally enough it was thought that Adelaide still had a comfortable amount reserved from her teaching salary. Even those close to her had not been admitted into the secret of the slimness of her funds.. She was truly looking to the Lord alone for His provision. There was not even a sidelong glance of appeal for help from friends.

She continues:

This year was one of constantly trusting the Lord to meet my financial needs, and I would not exchange it for any other year of my life. First I decided I should tell the Dean of Women, Mrs. Boehmer, why I could not register, and she said she would sign my underwriter's card. I protested that I would not have confided in her had I thought that she would offer to help. She then said she had never done it before and perhaps would not again, but that she had decided that I should be in school that year.

My employment proved somewhat disappointing in that the hours were almost always short, but I tithed the amount that I received and trusted the Lord to help me meet my weekly payments of board and room. There was not a single week, miraculous as it seemed then and now, that He did not do so, either through tips received in the dining room or by a small gift from some interested Christian friend.

As Thanksgiving vacation approached, I knew I should have to undergo a minor nasal operation for which I had no funds. The doctor would cut his fee to twenty-five dollars since I was from the Institute; but he always expected cash, and then, too, I would miss a week of work. In all, there would be a loss of about thirty-five dollars. I went ahead and made arrangements, however, knowing that I had to have the operation and believing that the Lord would meet the need in some way. This had been one of the matters for prayer in our dormitory prayer meetings for many weeks.

Then just one week before time for me to go for the operation, I received a check for thirty-five dollars from friends who had never before sent me any sort of gift. They had some extra income from their ranch, they said, and knowing that I had to have this operation before I could go to China, they thought that perhaps their gift would help toward that end. You can imagine the rejoicing of our prayer group; especially that the gift was thirty-five dollars and not just twenty-five dollars.

I still marvel at the accuracy with which the Lord provides. As the operation proved to be more serious than was expected, I had to miss another week of work. However, my birthday came along that week, very conveniently, and with it a package from home. In it were the bits of currency which made up another ten dollars—board and room paid again!

Work was scarce. Wages were low. Always being short of money and working in a dining room, were two rather pride-reducing experiences for Adelaide. She felt it embarrassing when some of her friends from Upland and Ontario came to Los Angeles, ate in this select place, and spoke rather patronizingly to her. But she concluded that this, too, was all right, for had she not been praying for the work as well as for any lessons God had to teach her in it?

Busy days! Supporting herself, attending classes at Biola, studying, wedging in time for a little recreation, besides engaging in many forms of special Christian service—all these she systematically accomplished. Neither was letter-writing neglected. Her handwriting always showed how she dashed off the letters, though their content was so fully and well expressed that one might have thought she spent hours composing them.

One of these letters gives an idea of her full schedule. It was written to Helen, one of her former students:

Every day seems more full than the one that preceded it, but today I'm taking "time out." Please forgive me if I write hastily.

A couple of weeks ago I spoke for the Areta (a Christian sorority) initiation at U.C.L.A., and that occupied most of a week's spare time in preparation; then the following week we had "open house" on our floor at school and I was chairman of arrangements. . . . This last week I was busy with the school annual. We're taking pictures now and I'm a departmental editor with quite a bit of arranging to do. Yesterday I spent all day up in the snow with a group of Bible Institute students and some forty-eight of our Japanese Sunday school pupils. We took two trucks and went to Snowcrest and had a big day of it . . . Did I tell you that I've started going on "hospital team" on Sunday afternoon, so that my Sunday schedule reads like this:

- 7:45 a.m.-12:15 p.m. Going to and from and teaching in a Japanese Sunday school at Terminal Island [about twenty miles from the Institute].
- 12:15-2:30 Working in the dining room and eating lunch.
- 2:30-3:30 Free.
- 3:30-7:30 Getting ready, going to and from and working at the hospital. (We sing mostly, and give out tracts and flowers.)
- 7:30-8:00 Eating supper.
- 8:00-9:15 Going to church.

It really makes a full Sunday. At present I'm writing to you in the 2:30-3:30 period, and I'm hastening to write a line to Dotto, also, before I lie down for my "forty winks" which are to keep me from going to sleep in church tonight! About your question concerning "God's Grace": Its often taken to mean several things and that is probably why you are confused.

(1) "God's grace"—refers to unmerited favor extended to us. See Ephesians 2:8; Romans 3:24; Ephesians 1:6, 7, and II Corinthians 8:9. [Then under two more main headings there followed a clear and concise exposition of the subject].

One weekend Adelaide invited Helen and the other girls she had taught in the Upland Sunday school class to visit her in Los Angeles. She showed them around the Bible Institute buildings, concluding the tour in the Kings Daughters' parlors on the thirteenth floor. There she had arranged to have several of her Biola friends greet them and entertain them with a graphically told Bible story and some good singing. It is easy to understand why Adelaide later had the joy of seeing Helen enter the Bible Institute as a student!

~ end of chapter 8 ~

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