

SEE THE GLORY

by

Carolyn L. Canfield

Copyright © 1951

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

SUGAR IN THE CUP

THE tone of Adelaide's letters harmonizes with the writings of the seventeenth century saint, Samuel Rutherford. He from his discordant exile life produced similar heart music: "I bless the Lord that all our troubles come through Christ's fingers and that He casteth sugar among them and casteth in some ounce weights of heaven and of the spirit of glory in our cup."

While at the Mayo Clinic, Adelaide was a stranger, alone and ill; but the Lord had not forgotten to cast sugar in her unpalatable cup. She wrote of meeting friends old and new:

One of the teachers who was at Bacone last year and who now is at Wheaton College came up to spend three days with me in the hotel after I left the hospital, which was a real blessing . . . President Riley of Bacone came to see me while I was in the hospital, as he was on a speaking tour in the North, so I felt that the Lord was especially good to me, considering the distance from most people I know.

Unexpectedly, Adelaide also met three people all related to the mission she loved. Even as she registered for admission at the clinic, just in front of her a white-haired lady was being interviewed, and Adelaide could not help overhearing the word "China." The patient, very ill, had just arrived in the United States after having been hurried by a miraculously provided hospital plane from India. It was Miss Bertha Lang, who subsequently made an excellent recovery and returned to her work with the China Inland Mission in Chekiang. *

* See, *Here I Am* for Bertha Lang's story of the Lord's remarkable provision for her, published by the China Inland Mission, Philadelphia, Pa.

The second person was formerly a nurse with the China Inland Mission in China. She was caring for Miss Lang; and as her duties kept her near Adelaide's room, many sugar-bits of helpfulness were dropped by her into Adelaide's cup in passing.

The third coincidental visit was with Dr. Robert Hall Glover, then the Home Director of the China Inland Mission. He heard that Adelaide was a patient at Mayo's. While he was in Rochester as a missionary conference speaker, they were mutually pleased at their meeting, for Adelaide felt honored that he should call on her and Dr. Glover was blessed by the girl's wonderful cheerfulness.

This bright spirit also shone through her correspondence. Under the circumstances, any friend would have understood if Adelaide had merely scribbled some excuse for brevity on the grounds of severe suffering and impaired eyesight. There were times when she resorted to a card or telegram, but usually she wrote letters, satisfying letters, full of things her correspondents most desired to learn.

Adelaide's special topic in this correspondence was not her health, although she usually made some reference to that, knowing her friends' concern; but her real subject was some phase of the King's business, some answer to prayer, some opportunity to witness, someone's conversion. These were her promised "**treasures of darkness,**" and out of her dark shaft of adversity she brought these nuggets to the light with enthusiasm. Every letter included some optimistic note. Every time she wrote, there were words of praise and thanksgiving to God.

Had she even secretly indulged in the luxury of self-pity, surely a faint "pity me" spirit would have drifted into the atmosphere of her life and befogged her writing. But in a search through a few score of her letters there is nothing of gloom revealed. The reason is obvious: reserving no halo for herself and wholly intent upon glorifying God, she shed forth a radiance which was reflected directly from the Sun of Righteousness Himself.

The following are some of the letters from this period:

* * *

Bacone,
October 18, 1944

I came "home" [Bacone] last Wednesday, exactly a month from the day I left. So far I've just been getting my room in order and doing my unpacking. I now have my curtains pressed and hung again and all my washing done for this past month of hotel and hospital life. The faculty have been most generous about insisting that I do not start work too soon. The students were very cordial in their welcome. It is nice to be once more among so many people I know.

The surgeon's assistant told me that mine was a slow-growing malignant tumor and that it was therefore very hard to be sure they had it all. He said that they felt reasonably confident that it would not come back this time.

We are to have a series of special evangelistic services for our students this week, and I am more than happy to be back in time for them. We are having special faculty prayer meetings, and these are a real blessing.

Adelaide

* * *

How happy I have been since returning to Bacone!

I think I told you of our special evangelistic services in the last letter, and they turned out to be quite fruitful in the lives of some of our students who already professed having received the Lord. However, some unsaved ones, for whom we had prayed most, were apparently untouched .

..

[Then she described a boy for whom several of them had prayed for over a year, an inveterate smoker from a not-too-good background, but in spite of that, a very bright and likable boy. After the meetings were over the boy confessed his faith in Christ. —C. L. C]

The result for this lad has been the greatest change I have seen in the life of any Indian student since I came to Bacone.

There are still many students to be won; among them there are quite a few in the junior college. It does seem, however, that the Lord is working, and we are thrilled at the prospects. One boy, a devout Christian Scientist, has a serious handicap and as a result has a very bad speech defect. He is in my speech class, and because of my Camp Wycliffe training I have been able to give him some individual help as he struggles with this difficulty. I do pray that the opportunity may come sometime to deal with his spiritual problem also.

Yesterday we were thrilled to hear in our chapel service the sister-in-law of two of our students, San Bias Indian boys from Panama.

She is now the only “foreigner” working among them, as the Panamanian Government has barred all missionaries from the outside . . . She came by plane this week, bringing us four more dear little Indians, Peter and Francisco, Lois and Rosita, the children of San Bias parents who were willing to let them come all the way to the United States to be trained as Christian leaders.

How my heart filled with praise to God as this missionary spoke to our Indian young people, reminding them that they are debtors to their own people to proclaim the gospel that has been brought to them through much sacrifice and that they should make the most of their opportunity of studying in a Christian school!

If the Lord tarries and if He wills that I shall remain here, think what a glorious privilege lies ahead of me to train these young people and help bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord in order that some day they may go and bring forth fruit to His glory among many of our North and Central American tribes!

She celebrated her thirty-first birthday with “sugar, ounce weights of heaven, and the spirit of glory” almost completely disguising the essential flavor of her cup.

On November 25, I had a big celebration. Mrs. Lewis sent an angel cake from Ontario, and my sister Marian sent a big box of homemade cookies. I bought ice cream and with some jam and a few bananas I made sundaes. I entertained all the junior college boys in our building (twelve in all) and the six teachers who live in that dorm. Dressed in their good clothes the boys sang “Happy Birthday” to me.

Then the poor high school boys on the outside, who hadn't been invited because the cake wouldn't go around, sang, "Come out, come out, come out, Miss H., come out, come out" in an intentionally awful discord.

(Miss H. is the teacher who is always giving the high school boys something to eat, so I guess they thought she was their only hope!) We really did have a lot of fun.

Adelaide

~ end of chapter 13 ~

<http://www.baptistbiblebelievers.com/>
