

“*I Am the Resurrection*”

By D. TREHARNE



WHAT a marvelous revelation! It is true that Christ has risen, but what He here says to Martha is something more. He had not risen when He spoke these words; yet He could say, “I am The Resurrection.”

Concerning her dead and buried brother, Martha said, “I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day.” But the Lord replied that the resurrection was there and then in her presence. She need not look into the far-off future for it: “*I am* the resurrection”; not—I shall be. Further, Resurrection is a person, not merely an event. Put emphasis on the first word—“*I am* the resurrection.”

Glorious truth in its practical application to the everyday life of us, His disciples of the Twentieth Century! As we can say, “Christ liveth in me” (Galatians 2:20), let us realize that the Resurrection liveth in us.

I am the Resurrection *and* the Life. If we speak of our natural life as fallen men, we make resurrection come *after* the end of life; but in these words of our Lord, resurrection introduces the life. The Resurrection and the Life; not the Life and Resurrection. To live the life, I must *first* receive *Him*, Who is the Resurrection. When the Resurrection indwells you, you can live the Life, for Christ is both, the Resurrection *and* the Life. “He that hath the Son hath life” (I John 5:12), and necessarily—He that hath the Son hath the Resurrection.

So it is not for us who believe to limit our capacity to the normal strength of our physical frame. The Resurrection is our life, and Christ is both. Therefore as surely as I am living Christ—i.e., as surely as Christ *is living in me* (Gal. 2:20), I am being quickened, vitalized, energized, by resurrection life in this body which is hitherto mortal.

Is your bodily presence weak? Paul’s was (II Corinthians 10). Do you feel *your* inability? If so, eat these words—“I am the Resurrection.” Ruminant over them. All you need to satisfy yourself about is, What God calls upon you to do, and, waiting upon Him, using His strength, you can do it. He—the Resurrection—is in you. “I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me” (Philippians 4:13).

He Who is the Resurrection will lift the bodies of the dead in Christ out of their graves ere long; but He lives now in His saints who are alive, and His life is at our disposal, to live out, by faith. In this vale of tears we may be so pressed out of measure, above strength (i.e., above ours) inasmuch that we despair even of life (i.e., of *our* life) (II Corinthians 1:8). What shall we do? Shall we give up our spirit? Certainly not. Listen. “Hear; and your soul shall live” (Isaiah 55:3). The Lord speaks—“*I am the Resurrection.*” Just the One Whom a crushed, despairing, dying man needs! Hallelujah!



*BECAUSE THY LOVE hath sought me,
All mine is Thine and Thine is mine:
Because Thy Blood hath bought me,
I will not be mine own but Thine.*

*I lift my heart to Thy Heart,
Thy Heart sole resting-place for mine:
Shall Thy Heart crave for my heart,
And shall not mine crave back for Thine?*

—CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

Not Left Without A Witness

In declaring the Resurrection of Jesus before the High Priest and council before whom the apostles had been arraigned, Peter said, "*And we are His witnesses of these things; and so is also the Holy Ghost, . . .*" (Acts 5:32).

As proof of the Resurrection much is made of the fact — and rightly so — that Jesus of Nazareth Who had been crucified, dead, and buried, was subsequently seen of many, even "above five hundred brethren at once," "witnesses chosen before of God . . . who did eat and drink with Him after He rose from the dead" (I Cor. 15:4-6; Acts 10:41). It should be noticed, however, that the Apostle Peter does not consider this witness of men — no matter how trustworthy — as complete or final. He knew that the witness of God is ever infinitely greater and more reliable. Therefore, he boldly cites the Holy Ghost Himself as a Witness to the Resurrection.

As we consider the background of this trial, it is evident that Peter is hereby implying that the "many signs and wonders wrought among the people" (for the performance of which they had been arrested), and their subsequent supernatural deliverance

from prison were nothing less than an endorsement by God of their message that He Who was dead is alive. The sick who had been healed, the demon-possessed who had been delivered, the prison doors which had been opened — all had been done by the Holy Ghost in witness to the Resurrection of Christ.

Nor was this the first time that Peter had cited the Holy Ghost as a witness to the Resurrection. When called upon to explain the phenomenal events of the Day of Pentecost, he said, "This Jesus hath God raised up, whereof we all are witnesses. *Therefore . . . having received of the Father the promise of the Holy Ghost, He hath shed forth this, which ye now see and hear* (Acts 2:32, 33).

"He hath shed forth this which ye now see and hear." What had they just seen and heard? The one hundred and twenty disciples of the crucified Nazarene "speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance, . . . the wonderful works of God." So Peter says, in effect, "The Holy Spirit of God, the very Spirit of Truth, is hereby witnessing that our message is true." Everyone who was filled with the Holy Ghost and spake in tongues on that memorable

day was a living, positive proof to the fact that Christ was alive, for He had kept the promises made before His death. Hallelujah! In other words, *the baptism of the Holy Ghost with the accompanying speaking in tongues is offered to the world as a witness of the Resurrection.*

Today, as throughout the twenty centuries which have intervened there are many earnest Christians who have believed in the Resurrection *solely* on the testimony of the first eyewitness. That is well and good, but it is evident that God never intended, even in the days of the Apostles themselves who had been eyewitnesses of this mighty act, that man's faith should rest on that historical fact alone. Rather, Christ wants each one to have that faith corroborated by personally experiencing "the power of His Resurrection." Furthermore, He has promised and provided such a possibility in the blessed baptism of the Holy Spirit, for "the promise is unto you and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call" (Acts 2:39).

Herein lies one of the greatest of the miracles of Christianity—the continuous manifestation of Resurrection power and glory, proofs offered to an unbelieving, cynical world that He Who was dead is alive for evermore. In view of this apostolic teaching we ought to cherish the promised signs and especially the baptism of the Holy Spirit, not only as a blessed privilege, not only as a necessary endowment with "power from on high," but also as a living witness to the Resurrection. The Apostles themselves considered this Witness very important and needful. We ought to also, and we ought to be very thankful that God has not left Himself without a witness in "this untoward generation," but today thousands are being healed and delivered from the power of the enemy, and, above all, filled with the Holy Spirit as present-day witnesses to the fact that Christ Arose! Hallelujah!

Bread of Life

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Grace from Golgotha

Last year Joseph Schilly Sr., one of the early converts of the Ridgewood Pentecostal Church of Brooklyn, N. Y., responded to the Good Shepherd's call, "Come up higher!" after having faithfully followed Him on earth for twenty-five years. During that time he had been instrumental in winning a number of relatives and friends both in this country and in Europe to the Lord. Because of the uniqueness of his conversion the editor of Bread of Life persuaded Brother Schilly to write his testimony some fifteen years ago. Now it is presented with the intent that "by it he, being dead," may still speak.



A FRIEND of ours, himself a Roman Catholic, who had been converted through listening to the gospel at a street meeting, came to us and testified of John 3:16, "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him, should not perish, but have everlasting life." Hallelujah!

We were raised in the Catholic Church, and stood firm in the belief that this was the only true church. Our friend came often to us and always spoke about Jesus. Again and again I tried to change the conversation; yet I could not bring him from his theme, for our friend had learned to know Him, the Lover of his soul, and had eaten of the Living Manna, which we did not know. We told him that he had been carried away by a false doctrine. He invited me to come to church with him; and when he urged me, I promised to go along with him sometime. I intended to go with him when I had nothing else to do, but for several months did not fulfill my promise.

My wife began to suffer with rheumatism at that time. When I came home from work on Monday, May 5th, 1928, I found her in great pain, unable to stand upright or walk alone. That evening I had a strange feeling that I should go out once more. There was no reason at all for this since a friend who was with us had done all the needed shopping for the following day. Then about nine o'clock someone came to visit us. As

we sat together and talked, I became strangely restless and uneasy. A little later I got up and walked out.

After taking a few steps outside the power of God came over me and like a bright light came these words to me: *Even today you will go to that church.* My own will was overcome by this power and I proceeded to walk in the direction where I thought the church might be. After I had walked two blocks, I remembered that I did not know the address of the church. I wanted to turn back but was unable to do so. After I walked for about a half-hour I came to the crossing of three streets, and I stood there, not knowing which way to turn.

Now came the old serpent and whispered to me: "You want to go to that church today yet! Why, it is dark already, and you know neither street nor number. It is impossible! You are too late today. Better go home." I was almost persuaded to go home. But the Good Shepherd stood in my way. He had ninety-nine sheep safely in His fold, but that did not satisfy Him. He had no rest—He wanted to bring the one-hundredth one of His Father. He had to have that lost one. Hallelujah! And the Good Shepherd, Who had brought me this far, led me on.

After I continued for a short distance a light flashed into my mind: Seneca Avenue. Since the neighborhood was unknown to me, I asked a passerby for that street. He directed me, and soon I reached that street. But

I did not know the number; and although I tried to find it, I did not succeed. Again I was tempted to go home, when I remembered, "Cornelia Street." When I reached that street, I saw the sign "Ridgewood Pentecostal Church" at the door of the hall. I knew it was the right place, although I got there in such a strange and unexpected way.

In the Roman Catholic Church we had been taught that it is a sin to enter a Protestant church. I had never been to another church, and it was a defilement and disgrace for me to go to this church. The old serpent, the arch-enemy of my soul, knew all this, and was right there to prevent me from entering. He said: "You know now where the church is. Go home. You can come another time earlier." But the God of Israel sleeps nor slumbers never. I turned to go home but could not get farther than the corner. I went back to the church; I knew not why. (Today I know. It was the great love of my Saviour that would not let me go. He wanted to bless me. It was the Good Shepherd who wanted to lead me to fresh waters of the stream of life. Praise the Lamb forever!)

Slowly I opened the door and softly I ascended the steps. I listened at the door. All was silent when I entered about 10:30 p.m. There were about ten people kneeling at the altar, praying. Everything was so holy and quiet, and this impressed me deeply.

I stood there a few minutes; then two brethren arose and

The Seals of Our Redemption

By A. J. GORDON

HENCEFORTH we are to know Christ no longer after the flesh. Not that He is any more remote from us than ever. He can still be "touched with the feeling of our infirmities." But now it is by faith and not by feeling. Now it is by our sins and sorrows that find healing in His wounds that we are to know Him.

Among all the inimitable pictures which have been drawn for us by the evangelists, is there one that is more beautiful, and more worthy of the painter's highest art, than that which describes the first meeting of the risen Lord with the two Marys? "Jesus met them in the way, saying, All hail. *And they came and held him by the feet, and worshipped Him.*"

"They held Him by the feet." "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace." Ay, twice beautiful now that those feet are scarred with the wounds of that cross by which He "came and preached peace to them which were afar off, and to them that

were nigh"! "They held Him by the feet." What did they hold? The prints of those nails by which the handwriting of ordinances that was against us was fastened to the cross and blotted out,—the very seals and credentials of our redemption.

Look to the wounds of Christ, oh sinner; look to the wounds of Christ for the evidence that your sins are put away. No wounds in your conscience will suffice; no wounds of deep and piercing penitence in your heart will do.

"He was wounded for our transgressions — He was bruised for our iniquities."

And now as He comes forth from the grave with the scars of His crucifixion upon Him, His companions hear His voice, saying unto them, "Peace," and when He had so said He showed them His hands and His side, and even unto this day those wounds in Jesus' glorified body are a surer token of our forgiveness than all the feeling or spiritual evidences that we can experience in a lifetime.

greeted each other. One came over to me and greeted me with a warm handshake and "Praise the Lord." I had never heard such a greeting and did not know how to answer. The brother then asked me if I was saved. I did not understand him and said, "I am a Catholic. No one is nearer to God than the Roman Catholics, and God loves them best of all." (A well-meaning sister brought me a chair, but I did not want to make myself at home there.)

The brother continued, "We must be saved." Laying his arm around me he said, "God wants us to pray for you. Come to the altar and we will pray."

But I replied, "No, I am the first time here and don't know what you are going to do."

He answered, "Nothing, but pray." I did not go to the altar, but promised to come again.

I turned homeward, and when I was about two blocks away from home, the whole atmosphere seemed to change. Everything was different, and in my heart was a joy as never before, a living, holy joy—fresh as the water that springs forth out of the rocks. Words cannot express this heavenly joy; one must have tasted it. Then came a power from heaven, hovering over me. My mind was full of wonder. What could this be?

But in my heart came the words: *This is of God. This is of God. This is of heaven. This is of heaven.*

Now God put before me the decision if I would give my life to Him or keep it for myself. Again came the tempter to me, showing me the sin which had the greatest control over me. But I turned from it and cried to God. Slowly the temptation retreated, and the tempter left me.

Immediately, right on the street, I was enveloped on all sides by the power of God, and I had a vision of Calvary as an open book. The full salvation purchased by Jesus Christ became real to me, and I recognized and accepted the Lord Jesus as my personal Saviour. The blood of the Lamb began its work in me, and that moment my burden of sin rolled away. I knew my sins were washed away in the precious blood of Jesus. Hallelujah! I was a new man. The light of grace from Golgotha came into my heart. Now my thoughts ascended far up into the unfathomable heights to my Father. There was born in me such great love to the Father that I forgot all else, even wife and child. Clearly I knew that this world was no longer my home, but that my true home is over there by the Father. I am only a pilgrim here and have brought nothing into the world and can take nothing out of it when I return unto the Father.

The vision faded and I found myself on the street; I realized that I was still upon earth, and a sadness came over me. Slowly the heavenly atmosphere lifted, but that which God gave into my heart by the Holy Spirit did not leave me. It has never left me since. I know it is eternal life, it is the Lord Himself, the Living Water which flows down from heaven into my heart. It is the Holy Spirit which testifies

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The following vision given to the late Kate Knight, missionary to India, was intended, she felt, to be but a picture "to represent and emphasize" the truth of . . .

What Sin Cost God

ON Sunday morning, May 1st, 1908, alone in my room at prayer I suddenly saw Jesus on the cross. Then a voice which I believe was the Holy Spirit said, "Do you want to understand sin?"

I replied, "Yes, I have always wanted to know what my Savior suffered for me."

He said, "Then come," and I was taken and seated at the foot of the Cross with my back against it beneath the feet of Jesus. The blood from His hands dropped down each side of me and I heard it patter on the ground. The blood from His feet fell on my head and shoulders. For a time I realized nothing but the dropping of the blood. Then I noticed that He breathed heavily, and sighed, and caught His breath in pain. This surprised me as I had always thought He controlled or hid all His agony on the Cross by divine power and so was outwardly perfectly calm.

Soon I heard Him say, "*Father, forgive them for they know not what they do.*" I then realized God was up in the sky in front a little at the left and that this prayer pleased Him and was answered. Then time dragged on wearily, and I only heard the patter of blood, and felt it fall on me, and noticed Jesus was moaning as His suffering increased, and His body was quivering and shaking.

Soon there appeared before me at the left Mary, His mother, and John. She was leaning on him and he was holding her up. Jesus spoke to them and said, "*Behold thy mother, behold thy son,*" but not at all as I had

thought. I had thought He was only finding a home for His mother as He was going to leave her. It was that, no doubt, but more. His voice was so full of pain and sorrow it was as though He said, "Mother, I give you up. John, I give you up. Be all you can to each other." It was the tenderest, most loving heart that ever was, giving up its dearest earthly treasures. Oh, how pure and sweet and natural was the love in those quivering tones.

Again time went on, and I was now suffering so exceedingly that I felt I could not endure it, so I tried to hasten the revelation to a close by recalling all that Jesus said on the cross as recorded in the Bible, but my mind would not work and I could not remember the sayings. A voice then said, "Listen, and He will speak again." As I waited He groaned aloud and His body writhed and shook the Cross at my back. The multitudes round about shouted and railed and called out their wares for sale till it seemed like hell, so awfully did it jar upon the scene above my head. Amid the din I heard the words, "*Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy Kingdom.*" I looked up at Jesus and saw that livid, suffering face turned with difficulty to the right. I glanced at the thief and he had turned his face towards Jesus. They looked at each other, and the most beautiful smile broke over the Lord's pale face as He said, "*Today shalt thou be with Me in paradise.*" This was His one joy on the Cross, the only voice that spoke a word sweet to His ear.

The dropping of the blood went on and as the agony increased the convulsions of His body against the Cross became more violent.

My own sufferings were more than I can describe, yet my eyes were fixed on Him with ever-increasing intensity. Again and again I saw His body would have been thrown from the Cross had it not been nailed fast at His hands and feet.

Then came darkness such as I had never seen before, thick like a cloud of soot and so black. I was so glad, for it shut out all the mob below, and even their noise seemed to recede to a distance and I was alone with Jesus. As I looked up I saw His whole body was covered with glorious light which also covered me at the foot of the Cross. But the awful agony went on increasing, till suddenly with mighty force He threw Himself forward from the Cross till His body only touched at the nails. His face looked wild with unbearable fear. His eyes stared in terror, and He shrieked until it seemed to fill the universe, "*My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken me?*"

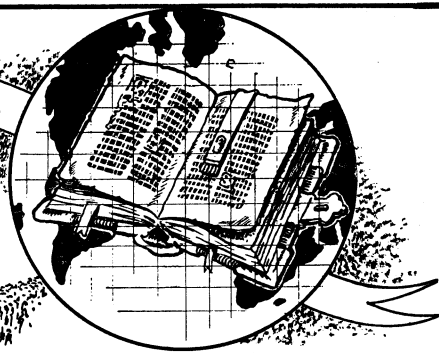
I never saw or imagined such a fearful sight. He looked up and down and all around and then sank back as though stunned. I looked where God had been in the sky, but all was inky blackness.

From that time I knew that Jesus was dying. He became gradually more quiet, and I heard again the blood dropping to the ground. After a while He said softly, "*I thirst.*" Some

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GO YE INTO ALL THE WORLD...

Seed-Time and Harvest on the Mission Fields



To Formosa

Miss Elizabeth Lindau of the Ridge-wood Pentecostal Church, Brooklyn, has felt the call of God to Formosa and expects to work with *Miss Pearl Young*. Miss Lindau has labored in various churches in the metropolitan area and at Pilgrim Camp, Brant Lake for several years. We rejoice that God is leading her forth to the regions beyond. Let us ask God to make plain the way before His two handmaidens, and that the necessary permits may be granted speedily.

At the Great Hindu Mela

"My dear Indian coworker was at that big Hindu *mela* for nearly five weeks. He came home very tired but happy and blessed for what he had been able to do for the Lord. There surely was great opportunity. Although the government did not permit any preaching in the *mela* proper, they had very good places on the sides of the main roads, and thousands heard the blessed Gospel, many perhaps for the first time. The good seed is sown and the Lord will give the increase as we continually water it with our prayers.

"A very sad thing happened on the big day of the *mela*. Several thousand people were trampled to death and many were badly hurt. People are ready to give their lives for their idols and superstitions. What are we doing for our dear Saviour?"

Mrs. Ericson was expected to arrive by plane from Sweden, March 7. Praise God for so restoring her that she is able to join her husband once again in the work of the Lord in India.

Returning Missionaries

Miss Florence Steidel who founded New Hope Town, a leper colony in Liberia, in 1947, has been home on furlough since last May. She was quite broken in health then, but "the Lord has wonderfully healed me, for which I do praise Him," she testifies. "It is my plan to go back to the field the last of May or the first of June." During her absence souls have been saved and filled with the Holy Spirit. In the past year thirty-four have been baptized in water. There are about "five hundred leprosy patients being cared for at New Hope Town" at present.

Miss Edna Wagenknecht, who has been on furlough since last May, is preparing to return to India within the next few months. She writes that the Bible School at HarDOI which she has helped to conduct is grow-

ing, and there are now "over sixty students, young men as well as young ladies, and above all the Lord is blessing. Do pray with us for these young people that they may go forth filled with His Spirit."

Miss Ruth Williamson left New York, March 16, for South Africa where she has labored extensively in North Transvaal since 1933 when she first went out.

Miss Martha Schoonmaker arrived in Bombay, India, February 28th, and from there was going to DehraDun.

Miss Laura Waite expects to return to South Africa in the early part of April.

Miss Helen Hoss will return to her ministry in Port Elizabeth and East London, South Africa in the summer.

There are now over 200,000 Pentecostal Christians in Brazil.



A Hindu and a Christian Girl
with Miss Hilda Wagenknecht
Bettiah Orphanage, India



No Substitute

*The personal testimony of Miss Louise Schultz
now returning to China for her fifth term*

CAN MONEY SAVE A LIFE?

THIS headline in a Chicago newspaper caught my eye one day in 1922. Reading the article I learned that a strange disease had appeared among the children of the city. Now it had attacked a child of one of the wealthiest families. Ten prominent specialists had been called to Chicago from various parts of the United States in an effort to diagnose the disease. In spite of all the money spent and the best of medical investigation available the child died.

I had just recently returned to Chicago at the urgent call of another wealthy woman to care for her children, a position I had held previous to going to Beulah Heights Bible School in North Bergen, New Jersey. Shortly after reading this news item, "Can Money Save a Life?" Joan, the youngest child I was caring for, came down with the same disease. Immediately I was reminded of the headline and turning to the Lord, answered the question, "No, Lord, money can not save a life, but you can. And if you heal Joan, I will go right away to China."

About six weeks after my conversion in 1915 under Paul Rader's ministry in Chicago, I had received a very definite call to China. I intended to go to Moody Bible Institute for training, but upon application was told that I was too old (I was then thirty-eight) to be trained and go to China. As a result, I decided to train and send as my substitute a young woman who had received a call to China the same evening that I had. I put my

young friend through Moody's; but instead of going to China, she married and settled down in this country.

Three years after my conversion, I heard about the baptism of the Holy Spirit for the first time in Bethel Temple. I began to pray for this experience and after three weeks, I received, singing one hymn after another in other tongues. I praise the Lord for the baptism of the Holy Spirit. Christ was made so real to me, also the second coming of the Lord, and I was filled with compassion for the lost.

Then I left my work as a nursery governess to attend Bible school. While there the Lord began to deal with me concerning China and showed me that I should go *myself*.

One day, as I was praying, I had a vision. I saw our Lord Jesus on the Cross. Underneath the Cross many Chinese people, adults and children, walked but did not look up to see Jesus. Then the Lord showed me that I was to point these to the Lamb of God, Who taketh away the sin of the world.

Then came the call to return to Chicago and the illness of the child already referred to. After I spoke to the Lord as I did, I spent all the day, without eating, in the child's room, silently praying. The presence of the Lord filled the room, and in the evening I saw a light in the darkness and Someone moving at the bedside of the child. The child was healed! Then I told the mother that now I had to go to China and left immediately.

From 1923 to 1930 I labored

in the interior, and two years before returning, opened a home for missionaries' children in Kowloon, Hong Kong. From 1931 to 1937 I continued this work. After a ten-month furlough I returned and opened a station at Ping Chau, one hour from Hong Kong. When the war broke out, along with many others, I was interned in a concentration camp and repatriated in 1942 on the famous voyage of the *Gripsholm*. After the war, I returned to the mainland of China in 1946 and witnessed in Shek Kai, an area where the Gospel had never been preached. At the end of two years I returned home, sick with heart trouble.

Now the Lord has perfectly healed me of that condition, and God has put it into my heart to return to China. God willing, I will sail from New York, April 14, for Hong Kong, China, on the *S.S. Nicaline Maersh*. I will be working on the mainland of China, however, in the territory still held by the British. In the event of Red Chinese aggression this is a vulnerable spot and would be one of the first places seized as it was by the Japanese during the war. There is still an open door here and much work to be done among the three million inhabitants. God has miraculously enabled me to get permission to return to this field. Praise His wonderful name!

Grace from Golgotha

(Continued from page 4.)

to my spirit of eternity, of the Father, and of the Son; he testifies to me that Jesus is the true Son of God Who has not only died for the world, but gave His precious blood also for me for the forgiveness of my sins.

When you give yourself to prayer, God gives Himself to you.



Sanctification

"IT IS JUST as easy for children to be sanctified as it is for grown-ups," Mrs. Robinson once told a group of children who were visiting her, "*for sanctification is just pleasing Jesus.*"

This definition of sanctification is characteristic of the simplicity both of her teaching and experience. The greater her experience, the simpler she became. The greater the truths she discovered, the greater the knowledge that "all the truths of the Bible are but pathways to the feet of Jesus."

As Mrs. Robinson saw her need of love and prayed so earnestly for that need to be met, the Lord shewed her other spiritual needs in her life. She saw how that in the three preceding years of service for the Lord, her own spiritual life had suffered loss. Amid all this fervent—almost feverish—activity the awakening of her soul to the wonder of just Jesus Himself, the first love experience, had waned somewhat. To be sure this change had been absolutely unnoticed by others and almost by herself. But the Lord Who seeth not as man seeth looked into her heart, and revealed to her her true spiritual condition. In addition to this, there was also a need in her body, which had been weakened by the strain of excessive toil and indefatigable labor, both secular and spiritual.

Once awakened to her spiritual and physical need, Mrs. Robinson sought the Lord with purpose of heart. As she did an intense longing that her "whole spirit and soul, and body" be sanctified "wholly" took possession of her. Instinctively, as was her habit whenever her interest in any spiritual truth and experience became aroused, she went to her Bible to see *exactly what the Bible itself had to say* about this truth. A thorough student, she took a concordance and made an intensive and exhaustive study of this great subject, looking up all the references, noting the different usages and relations. For months she studied, and for months she prayed to be

sanctified wholly. In the course of this, she was led into a place of deeper consecration than she had hitherto experienced and into a closer walk with the Master. It was also a preparation for greater experiences and larger victories in Christ.

Some months later (July, 1907), in response to some questions asked by her sister Nettie who wrote that she was "troubled over the question of sanctification," she gave quite a detailed account of her findings and personal experience.

"You want clear, plain scripture, just as you have had for Divine Healing," she began. "That is a good way to begin. 'Faith cometh by hearing and hearing by the Word of God,' and if you haven't faith for sanctification, you can't take it by faith."

"But still," Mrs. Robinson continued, "it isn't good to use the *head* too much and reason a thing out too close. That is, we are too analytical. We watch the process, or stages of our development too closely. We hear someone's else testimony of just how he received his blessings and we get a notion we must follow that same way. And so we come up to a certain point and there we stick because we are looking at someone's experience or ourselves, instead of at Jesus. And we will stay there until we come to the end of ourselves and do just look to Jesus. It is well to have a good clear knowledge of these things, but we can stumble ourselves by trying too hard to understand. I am learning to keep clear of theology—cut and dried ways and regulations for God to work in. He always surprises us by going around by some other route. . . . In my own case I definitely and positively took sanctification by faith and about ten days later received a clear witness. Other people get a wonderful experience of sanctification without ever taking it "by faith" at all. They would just be seeking God. . . .

"You know how it is with healing. You rarely get your healing just as you set out for the Lord to give it. And if you have a certain time, or place, or way all planned out, you will just stick there until you lay it all down and say, '*Your way, Lord, not mine.*'"

"In my own case, I received the 'witness' altogether different than I expected. I was looking for an anointing of the Spirit, joy, and some rich experience that I would come out sweet and lovely, etc. And instead, in great quietness and stillness, God, one day, in the midst of a time of deep prayer and consecrating, just gave me a vision of my heart, absolutely empty and clean. And I said, 'Why, it's nothing but a hollow shell.' And Jesus spoke and said, '*I will come in and make it a well of praises.*'"

"But He didn't *then*. And the experience that followed was just that sense of emptiness and cleanliness. I went around for days feeling as if

my heart were empty and terribly clean. But not a feeling of any other kind—no joy, no change of any kind, no increase of love.

"Now, I have been using the word sanctification so far as the work of cleansing from . . . sin. This is the way it is commonly used. But I do not find the Bible so uses the word. If you study up the word sanctification in concordance and try to make it fit the word cleansing you will certainly get confused. I believe sanctification includes cleansing, but it doesn't stop there.

"I find at least three distinct uses of the word:

"First, it is commonly used to designate 'setting apart' for God. The Old Testament speaks of sanctifying vessels, etc.

"Second, it carries the thought of cleansing, such as we have been speaking of.

"Third, it seems to cover that process of gradual development and growth in the things of God.

"Personally, I believe properly the word sanctification should be used to include all three. First, the consecration, surrender, setting apart. Second, a real cleansing from . . . sin by the blood of Jesus. Third, a development, building up, teaching process under the Holy Ghost, the life of the walk in the Spirit after cleansing, the pruning, purging, dying process that goes on and on. . . ."

"One can't drift into this kind of experience very easy. Of course, if one sweeps into it on the height of some rich spiritual experience, all well and good. But most people have to *walk* in, straight and businesslike, with their heads up and their eyes open.

"One must feel one's need of God. And perhaps the only way to do that is to get a good view of one's self.—If we get that we will see our tremendous need of God to make us fit to live.—A little introspection here is excellent. Just look at yourself squarely, asking God to show you yourself.

"I was much helped at the time I began to seek God so earnestly, a year and a half ago, by a good look at myself, by this method: By taking a paper and writing down in plain black and white, ugly, horrid-looking sins, failures and weaknesses of my life, just every one out in plain, disagreeable English. It helps one to be definite. Of course everyone might not be so led, but it made me clear-cut and honest with myself. Then I put it before God and just told Him there was my mean, wretched, useless, good-for-nothing life. Here it was, a perfect fizzle, and yet I gave it to Him. And I had so little of the spirit of prayer at the time, I felt as if my *words* didn't reach Him. They did, you know, but I *felt* as if they didn't.

"And I just finally wrote my consecration down. I just made a *contract* with the Lord, that I gave myself wholly, unconditionally to Him. . . .

In my 'contract' I listed what I gave. It wasn't very flattering. When we really size up what we are giving to God, we will find it mighty little. I remember some—a weak body, poor education, weak spiritual life, bad nerves, loose tongue, etc. (You may laugh, but I was honest with myself for once.) . . . I told Him I was so weak, and cold, and helpless, I was just a babe crying in the night. I wasn't able to come to Him. Nor to really give myself. He must take me. He must undertake for me. I didn't even have power of prayer, but I *meant business* and *wanted Him* in all His fullness. And He took me right then and there. Of course, He did. And I didn't have a particle of feeling about it.

"And do you know what happened? I did all the worst things I was equal to, all piled up together, for a long time, by spells, you know. But I wasn't really any worse in God's sight, inside you know. Only God let things come into my life that rolled up the *dirt inside* and made me see what a poor, useless piece of humanity I was. God knew my bump of self-esteem needed carving off first of anything, so that is how the work began in *me*.

"*Yet*, most of us need a good look at ourselves. Not a general knowledge that we are sinners, but a good look at our *sins* and *unrighteousness*. And if we put ourselves into His hands absolutely, He is going to give us what we need. And He lets just the trials come upon us that will reveal our weaknesses to ourselves, or He will let us be rubbed and hurt most where there is an unsightly excrescence that needs to come off.

"All this alternately discouraged me and set me to seeking harder. I had hot spells and cold spells, ups and downs. I couldn't see that God had really undertaken my case. There was no one to give me light how to yield myself, and the Holy Ghost had to teach me as best He could from the out-

Press On!

*MY SOUL, PRESS ON! press on with speed,
The time is short! pause not, nor stay;
If aught thy progress would impede,
Cast it behind thee! Haste away!
Thou hast one object to pursue,
Enough to fill life's fleeting day:
One glorious prize to keep in view—
Look not behind thee! Haste away!*

side. (This was a year before receiving Pentecostal teaching.)”

Finally, “just before receiving my knowledge of a clean heart [December, 1906], I made a thorough canvass of my life to know if *everything* were wholly God’s, spirit, soul and body. Everything went on the altar: Harry, my friends, their approval, my good reputation, ambitions, plans, religious work, life itself, my future work, position, my home, everything God suggested to me after great heart-searching.

“Of course, we each travel our own road, each come into the blessing our own—or rather, God’s way *for us*. Still, we each have to do the same thing by *some* path, give ourselves up wholly, reserve nothing before God can *absolutely* undertake *for us*. If our consecration is incomplete, our blessings will be incomplete. . . .”

The result of this heart-searching and deep seeking was that she was enabled to take her “heart cleansing ‘by faith,’ came to a point where I definitely *could*, and then left it to God to give me the witness. And He did some time after in the midst of a wonderful experience, and I knew my heart was clean and empty of all sin and of this world. But I got no anointing of the Spirit. And it was not until the Baptism of the Spirit, two months later, that I felt that He had come in. During that two months I had a perfect rest and consciousness that I had a heart clean and undivided. Yet I conspicuously failed in many things, and my life was far from being an overflowing fountain of good. I was little help to anyone. . . .

“Now He did not perfect me at once. Alas, far from it. More and more, day by day, I realize how imperfect I am. Some people receive a great outpouring that *does* almost seem to perfect them at once. But if we live with them, if we know them, anyway if we could see all the inner workings of their lives, we would find that to a life so blessed and yielded up to God there comes a tremendous purging, pruning, teaching, *dying*.

“But God seems to give according to our capacity. My capacity to receive was limited, and the Holy Ghost came in as a *teacher* to enlarge and develop me. Looking back these five months, since my Baptism, I realize keenly that I have been in God’s training school, and I have been a slow pupil. . . .”

Summing up her light and experience Mrs. Robinson concluded, “To boil all this down, it is simply *Jesus*. Are you seeking righteousness, sanctification? *He* is our righteousness, our wisdom, our sanctification, our redemption. (See I Cor. 1:30 especially.) If we seek Jesus more and *more*, and *more* and MORE, a personal relation with Himself, we come into Him and He into us, and the cleansing, and purging, and pruning goes on almost unknown to ourselves.

“We *do* need to be definite in our consecration. But after that don’t keep looking at yourself. Look at Jesus.

Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus
I’ve lost sight of all besides;
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. 2 Corinthians, 3rd chapter, verse 18 (R.V.) 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 take their places—changing from *glory to glory*.”

Hope

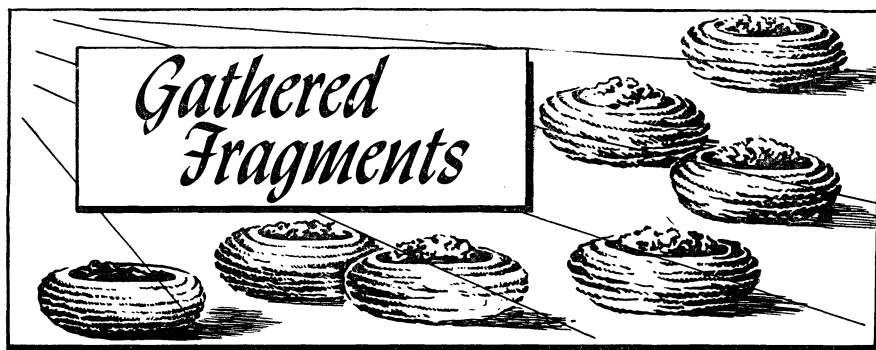
HE DIED!

And with Him perished all that men hold dear;
Hope lay beside Him in the sepulcher,
Love grew corpse cold, and all things beautiful beside
Died when He died.

HE ROSE!

And with Him hope arose, and life and light.
Men said, “Not Christ but Death died yesternight.”
And joy and truth and all things virtuous
Rose when He rose.

ANONYMOUS.



April is a month full of anniversaries interesting and significant for every Christian. On April 3, 1769 died *Gerhard Tersteegen*, famous German teacher of the inward way. He is best known to English readers in the translations of his poems by Frances Bevan and John Wesley. Several of Wesley's translations have been set to music, among the best-known, "Lo, God is here" and "Thou Hidden Love of God."

* * *

Anniversaries of two other of the greatest teachers that God has blessed His church with occur this month. *William Law*, author of many books, best known, *A Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life*, died April 9, 1761. What could be more challenging than the opening paragraph of this treatise:

"Devotion is neither private nor public prayer, but prayers whether private or public are particular parts or instances of devotion. Devotion signifies a life given or devoted to God."

* * *

*Oh, I'm glad the promised Pentecost has come,
And the 'Latter Rain' is falling now on some;
Pour it out in floods, Lord, on the parched ground,
Till it reaches all the earth around."*

This chorus to one of the earliest songs of the Pentecostal movement was written in November, 1906, immediately following the glorious baptism in the Holy Spirit received by its author, *D. Wesley Myland* (born April 10, 1856), who had been a prominent minister in the Christian Missionary Alliance in Ohio.

* * *

Madame Guyon, the great French lover of God, was born in this month,

the 13th (1648). Her famous *Autobiography* has inspired thousands, and her *Short and Easy Method of Prayer* has been used of God to keep alive the light of the inward walk with God among multitudes of Christians. Many of her beautiful poems have been made available to English readers by one of our greatest poets, *William Cowper* (died, April 25, 1800). Cowper is also the author of some of our best-loved hymns: "There Is a Fountain Filled with Blood," "Oh! For a Closer Walk with God," "God Moves in a Mysterious Way."

* * *

A. J. Gordon, author of the music of "My Jesus, I Love Thee" and "In Tenderness He Sought Me," is also an April (the 19th) man. We are happy to include some excerpts from his pen in this issue.

* * *

David Brainerd, famous missionary to the American Indians, whose *Journal* has blessed many and revealed to them the all-importance of a life of prayer was born April 20, 1718.

* * *

One of our personal friends, *Otto DeCamp*, has been ministering in Korea amid the many calamities which have befallen that land. In a recent letter he writes, "While the Korean people are still bitter over the failure of the United Nations to unite their country, they are grateful for all that has been achieved, especially for the freedom of South Korea which has been preserved. . . . Let us pray that God will overrule in all that transpires here in Korea; He can accomplish what armies and conference tables have been unable to do."

* * *

One of *Bread of Life* readers, *Tommy Thompson*, is with the navy in far off Bikini, "the Pacific Proving Grounds. We saw our first Atomic

Detonation some time ago," he writes. "The Lord has been good to me since arriving here in the Proving Grounds. I have been able to lead two young men to the Lord and lead two others on further with our Lord." *Don't forget to pray for our service men.*

* * *

Have you been blessed by BREAD OF LIFE? How about sharing that blessing with your friends? Subscribe today for them.

* * *

We regret that credit was not given to the International Child Evangelism for the use of the picture of Miss Frances Bennett which appeared in the March issue of *Bread of Life*.

What Sin Cost God

(Continued from page 5.)

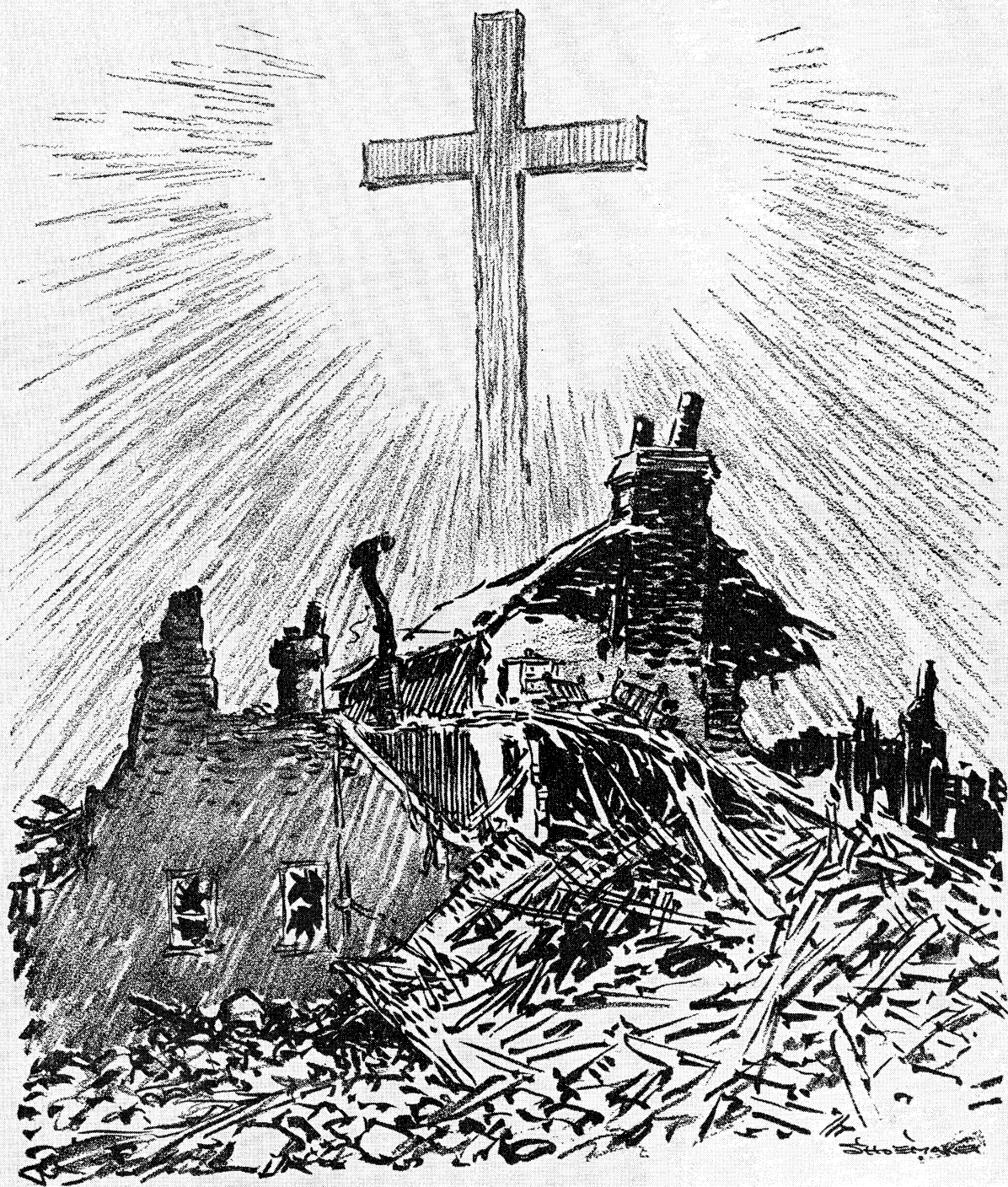
men below heard Him and came in the dark with torches. They had the sponge with the vinegar. He sucked some of the vinegar from the sponge as one dying of thirst, and then there passed over His face a smile, not like the one He gave the thief, but a bitterly sad smile as though He would say, "This is their reward to Me for all I am bearing for them—vinegar, gall, not even water in My dying agony."

Then He was still again, and the blood dropped very slowly on either side. Without opening His eyes, He said faintly, "*It is finished*," and then was so quiet I thought He was dead. Only one more drop of blood splashed down over my left shoulder onto my heart. Then as I looked, He opened His eyes and said restfully, "*Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit*." Jesus, my Jesus, was gone! I could not be sorry the agony was over and He had gone from this cruel, cruel world. This is what sin cost God.

Christians hinder God by trying to help Him develop their lives.

There is no substitute for obedience.

"TOWERING O'ER THE WRECKS OF TIME"



*In the cross of Christ I glory,
Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.*

*When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.*

—JOHN BOWRING.