

Bread of Life

MARCH 1962



STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

ON SWEARING TO ONE'S HURT

"Lord, who shall abide in Thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in Thy holy hill?"

"He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not (Psa. 15:1, 4)."

IT MIGHT BE WELL to consider first the significance of abiding in God's tabernacle and dwelling in His holy hill. In short, the tabernacle was the place where the Lord met His people. Abiding in His tabernacle and dwelling in His holy hill are typical of living in His holy presence, and this is the blessed experience God's people both in the Old Testament and the New have desired and longed for.

David speaks of this desire in another psalm: "One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to enquire in His temple. . . . In the secret of His tabernacle shall He hide me" (Psalm 27:4, 5). This was his desire above all other desires—he, a king, who had all things at his beck and call, still longed for the presence and beauty of the Lord above the pleasure of anything or anyone else. And this is the experience God's people long for today, whether they realize it or not. There is no true or lasting satisfaction in anything else.

It is good for us to note the conditions set forth in order to attain to this experience. One of those listed is: swearing to one's own hurt and changing not. Put into present-day language, it means keeping one's word and fulfilling one's promise, no matter how inconvenient it may be or how much loss we may suffer because of it.

What confidence we place in one who faithfully fulfills his word, who does what he says he is going to do. How refreshing to find even a Christian who keeps an appointment at the time he says he is going to. But how disappointing to be held up repeatedly by those who have no conscience whatsoever about keeping their word. In-

cidentally, it is a mark of great conceit for them to think that their time is more valuable than that of anyone else so that they can keep people waiting without the least apology. Little wonder that their friends lapse into a feeling of distrust.

A common prayer Christians pray is that they "might be like Jesus" or "more like the Master." Did it ever occur to you to be like Him in this respect? His promises are yea and amen, and all our promises should be likewise (James 5:12). God is known by His Word, which is true and faithful. A man is known by his word. Is it dependable? If not, *he* is not dependable. You are known by your word. Is it dependable? If not, then *you* are not dependable.

Someone may argue, "But what if I find I am out of God's will in making a certain promise?" The answer to that is, do not make a promise till you *know* God's will in the matter. If you make a promise, keep it.

There is a good-natured easy-going-ness that says yes to everything, agrees to keep every appointment, and promises the world with the fence around it. For a time, that is, till it is caught up with, this carefree attitude may be appreciated. But very soon appreciation has changed to, "Don't take him seriously. He never means what he says!" How especially unfortunate if he professes to be a Christian upon whose word one should be able to depend.

The Israelite businessman was to keep his promise in spite of a loss in his business. The Apostle Paul exhorts both the Romans and the Corinthians to provide things honest in the sight of men. Surely, this included their business dealings. And this word is good for twentieth century business men and women as well, if God would be glorified. Strange, no matter how crooked men of the world may be in their dealings, no matter how little their word can be depended on, they are very quick to detect dishonesty or un-dependability in a Christian. "What you are speaks so loud that the world can't hear what you say." The world expects the Christian's deeds to tally with his word. And so does the Lord.

The attitude of many Christians is that dwelling in the presence of God is only a spiritual experience, pertaining only to the prayer closet or "His holy hill," whereas the Lord takes pains to show us repeatedly in His Word that such a matter as keeping our promises is one of the essentials of the holy life.

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The Fulness of God

A Meditation on Ephesians 3:14-21

By MARTHA WING ROBINSON



Martha Wing Robinson

“FOR THIS CAUSE I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of Whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named that He would grant you—*according to His riches in glory.*”

Pause a moment. Paul prays for something here—something a child of God may possess. But before climbing up this wonderful staircase of faith to its marvellous culmination as given in the next few verses, let us look at this thought,—“according”—how?—to a *small* measure of power?—a *small* measure of grace?—no, “according to *His riches in glory.*” *His* riches. *His* riches. In the eighth verse of this chapter we find a descriptive adjective, “the *unsearchable* riches of Christ.” Past finding out, indescribable! Our narrow minds! Our limited vocabulary!

Won't you stop a moment in real lifting of your soul to God? Ask Him here to draw aside the veil of the natural mind and reveal to us by His Spirit some mental conception of *God's riches.*

Have you prayed? Then let us look into eternity. It begins here. And as eternal life begins in our being (John 17:3), just so we *begin* to lay hold of the *riches*: forgiveness, salvation, cleansing—*inestimable, unutterable!* A life changed, purified—the old filthy rags laid aside! And Jesus *Himself*—more than all—*beginning*—only *beginning*, dear ones, to know *Him.* But we have only begun our search. The Holy Spirit, that great Gift to a waiting church and a preparing Bride, throws open the door into *glory*, so to speak, *beginning* here, *ending*—where?

Paul tells us again, “Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him” (1 Cor. 2:9). This is where the natural man, the natural mind, the veil of flesh be-

gins to lose sway, and the spiritual man, with spiritual eyes, spiritual ears, a spiritual heart, begins to see beyond the confines of mortality. “The *deep* things of God” are not understood until there is the interpreting power of the Spirit upon the Word for us. “The things of God are *foolishness* to the natural man.” God knew this. And it is by His provision that Christ upon His ascension “shed forth this which you both see and hear,” the Holy Spirit—that endowment of power for feeble men and women.

As we study the Word we see that God's order was *repentance* and *baptism*—*then immediately* the baptism of the Holy Spirit for every believer. Alas! the Church has so lost this vital power that few of the members of “the Body” receive this outpouring of the Spirit, and the majority of even these live many years outside of the mysteries of Christ, blind and deaf to the “deep things,” until they learn what God is holding ready for them. The fruits and gifts of the Spirit, the opening of hidden mysteries, the touch with the divine supernatural, the discernment and power to contend with the evil supernatural, all these things are but vaguely comprehended by most professing Christians, and such knowledge is looked upon as a very special manifestation of God's favor, a privilege only for “chosen vessels.”

What has held us, the common ones, out of all these privileges? What but our failure to receive, either through ignorance, lack of consecration or yielding, the real work of the Holy Spirit at the beginning of our Christian lives? It is “the *Spirit* that searcheth all things, yea, the *deep* things of God.”

But even as yet we are touching only upon the riches *this* side of eternity. Just as our short span of life is measured in the great arch of eter-

nity as but a moment, a twinkling of an eye, in God's ages, just so may we fully believe, must we measure *all* God can do for us here beside all God can do for us and will do for us there, throughout the eternal centuries.

Is it not worth considering a moment? Was it any wonder Paul calls them "*unsearchable*" riches? And so, with this thought in mind let us climb this staircase of grace with a prayer in our hearts to lay hold and claim our matchless inheritance.

First, "That He would grant you, according to *His riches in glory*," first, "to be *strengthened with might* (R.V. *power*) by *His Spirit* in the *inner man*."

How? Not by learning? Not by talents? Not by ability? Nay, by *His Spirit*. By the power of God Himself.

Yea, Lord, *according to Thy* riches in glory do this work in *me*—this poor, frail vessel, unfit to battle against the temptations and powers of darkness or to give a message of Jesus that will convict a soul. Oh, my poor, struggling flesh! How long this natural man has sought to serve Jesus! How he has *tried* and *tried* to do the will of God, to live according to His word! O my Father, all I have accomplished is to get a knowledge of *my* weakness. Many failures have shown me this. Every tiny victory has been in Jesus, when at a moment of quickening of my dull faith, I have leaned on *Him*. But now, now, strengthen this inner man, this weak, fluctuating, tempest-tossed soul by your Spirit. Strengthen with *power* into calm that I may be delivered from this life in the flesh, and, walking no longer in the flesh, learn to walk in the Spirit.

Second, "That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith."

Wonderful possibility! Wonderful plan of God! Not one can understand it, but oh, how many have preciousely experienced it! Yet how few, when we consider it is the privilege of every child born into the Kingdom.

Get clearly the thought, usually overlooked, the indwelling Christ is an additional experience to the work of the Holy Spirit in the life. "That the Holy Spirit," Paul prays, "may strengthen with power,"—the power in the inner man—for a purpose, for another advance step into the fulness of God,—"*that Christ may dwell in your hearts*."

O feeble Christian, you tell yourself you have this experience. You know you have sweet times of communion, blessed fellowship with Jesus. But what of those moments that seem cold and dead, times when your prayers do not rise, times when your words for Jesus carry no weight? Jesus comes to us as fully as possible. Every moment of yielding to the Spirit quickens us into a knowl-

edge of *Him*. But the office of the Holy Ghost is to *reveal Christ*, both to you, by changing you from the natural to the spiritual, and through you to a dying world. Have you that unbroken abiding—you in Him, He in you—that your soul yearns for? Does *He dwell* in you?

Then surely you go rapidly on to the next step—"being rooted and grounded in *love*." Stop long enough to turn to the thirteenth of First Corinthians and read again, carefully, prayerfully, clause by clause, that wonderful description of Christ-like love. How we shrivel and shrink before that magnificent picture! How full of the flesh we feel! How far from the ideal man!

Why is it Christ is not manifested through you? *Why* have your words no weight?

"Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels and have not love I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal."

O my Father, may the Holy Spirit indeed do His work, that Christ may dwell in my heart by faith, make myself His *abiding* place, that *I* may be "*rooted and grounded in love*" and "*able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height, and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge*."

Words fail here. To me nothing suffices but one of those deep moments of unveilings of eternal spaces and measurements. Ask God to help you to grasp this. Close your eyes and sink into Him. Ask God for a spiritual vision of measureless heights, and fathomless depths, and breadths, and lengths, without end—eternities of eternities, shoreless, bottomless seas. Wait in your prayer before God until this has entered your soul. It is good to get still and let God think into us His infinite thoughts.

Now, as we take up the thread again—that we may know this boundless, measureless "*love which passeth knowledge*."

O dear heart, could you grasp it? Could you measure it? Was it revealed to you? Nay, verily! Just a little corner of this immense space. Just a drop of this ocean of love could your finite mind comprehend!

"Which passeth knowledge." The best we can hope for is not that we shall grasp it, comprehend it, but that it shall lay hold of and surround us until we are lost, bathed, buried in His presence. Yes, indeed, it "*passeth knowledge*."

One might feel Paul had brought us up to a fitting climax and surely our souls have found sufficient to seek for through all eternity. But nay, the Holy Spirit still opens up and reveals these unsearchable riches.

All this is to be wrought out in us for a wonderful culmination, "*that ye may be filled with all the fulness of God*."

(Continued on page 10.)

My Pentecostal Baptism

By HELEN WANNENMACHER

HOW THANKFUL I am for the wonderful baptism of the Holy Ghost, and for what it has meant to me all through my Christian life. And I have always been grateful to God that when I received my baptism I did not know too much about the teaching concerning it—as to how it could be received, or what it would do for one who did receive. Not that a perfect understanding of the Pentecostal blessing would not be helpful to the one who was seeking, but for me, I was glad it was an experience of just hungering and thirsting to know more of Him.

*"He drew me and I followed on,
Charmed to confess His Voice
divine."*

Just the week before I received my baptism I had found Jesus as my own personal Savior. My heart was so filled with "the wonder of just Jesus Himself"—His great mercy in forgiving my sins, His marvellous love in loving *me*, who was so unworthy of that love—that it seemed nothing more could be added to make my joy complete. Yet I remember so well, as I was making my way over to the little meeting place where I was saved, how Jesus spoke to my soul that He had a greater blessing for me that very night. The service that followed was a very precious one, and my soul was blest in His wonderful Presence.

After it was over I was aware that I still had not received all that He had for me, so while the others visited in the vestibule, I quietly knelt down in an inner



Helen Wannenmacher

room by myself. No sooner had my knees touched the floor than the Spirit began flooding my soul with the glory of the Lord. Soon others began praying and praising with me. The power of God was so mightily upon me that before I realized it, I was lying prostrate on the floor, with my hands outstretched to heaven and at times shaking mightily under its power.

We tarried thus in His wonderful presence for a good while. I seemed to be alone with Jesus, and yet I knew that others were praising Him with me. At once, somewhere from a corner of the room, I heard a sweet voice singing

*"I surrender all, I surrender all,
All to Thee, my blessed Savior,
I surrender all."*

Such a joy of surrender filled my soul that I began to laugh and weep at the same time, and I said to Jesus, "Oh yes, I do surrender all, and now I belong to You." At that moment I began to speak in other tongues as the Spirit gave utterance. For some time I lay praising God in tongues and weeping with tongues of intercession.

That indeed was a memorable night and one I shall never forget either in time or in eternity, for by His Spirit I was placed into a new realm, even into the Kingdom of God's dear Son, where Jesus was to be loved and honored and obeyed. I was conscious that now I was in Him and that He was in me, just as He had promised it would be, when He told His disciples on that last Passover night,—*"At that day ye shall know that I am in my Father and ye in me and I in You."*

I have not always been obedient to His Word and will, but how thankful I am for the faithful Holy Spirit who has reproved me many times when I was wilful and disobedient, showing me myself and my utmost need of Him, and then, lest I be discouraged, He has come with fresh assurance that He was with me and that I must reckon on His indwelling power to keep me.

It is the office of the precious Holy Spirit to lead us into all truth and to perfect us 'til at last we come into His image and likeness. May we all seek and receive an ever-increasing filling of His Holy Spirit. I believe this is His will for every one of us. Praise His wonderful Name.

God's Ways with Children

(The Final Article in a Series)

By PHYLLIS L. GAITHER

WHAT IS PRAYER? Prayer is reverent conversation with God. You cannot begin too early to influence your child's prayer life. Before he can talk, he senses your prayer attitude. One of the first things parents teach their children to say is "thank you." This is one of the first things to learn about prayer also. We should thank and praise the Lord for what He is to us, as well as for what He gives. Out of a grateful heart the psalmist cried, "Great is the Lord and greatly to be praised. Oh, that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, for His wonderful works unto the children of men."

Children must learn to pray individually. When they first attend Sunday school, the extent of their prayer life is usually:

*"Now I lay me down to sleep;
I pray thee, Lord, my soul to keep.
If I should die before I wake,
I pray thee, Lord, my soul to take."*

As a child learns to pray, he will express himself as he desires: "God bless Mama and Daddy, bless my puppy, help me to be good, thank you for the candy and cookies," etc. We must never belittle a child's petitions, for spontaneity in prayer makes worship real.

We teach our children that prayer is "talking to Jesus," as we stand, kneel, or sit quietly in our seats. First we learn to thank Him and tell Him we love Him. We ask Him to come into our hearts. Asking, we believe, so we thank Him for living in our hearts. We learn to pray for those who are ill. Asking Jesus to heal them, again we believe, and again we thank Him for what He has done. We also thank Jesus for His blessings to us: for food, clothes, homes, and for Mama and Daddy. We ask Jesus to help us to be good boys and girls.

This little chorus has proved to be a blessing at our prayer times:

*"We stand to our feet when we sing;
We sit while the message you bring;
We bow as we worship in heavenly friendship;
We kneel as we pray to our King."*

We are learning to let Jesus speak to us, by sit-

ting quietly in His presence. Little hands are clasped tightly, countenances—"angelic," and grimaces—so quiet. Maybe a wiggle here or a wiggle there, but for a minute or perhaps two—silence. Who knows what truths are dropped into little hearts as they "look" at Jesus, with eyes closed?

We seldom ask for prayer requests in class—don't dare—for the prayer line would take most of our time. All want to be prayed for: "I have a cold;" "My head hurts;" "My tummy aches;" "I got a sore" (sometimes it takes minutes to locate same); "I fell down—it hurts right here;" "My daddy is in the hospital;" "My mama is sick;" "Tommy is sick" (Tommy may be a cat, but Jesus will heal him); "Pray that Teddy will come home." (I inquired about Teddy; he is a dog. And Teddy arrived home safely, after being gone for several days.)

Prayer is made real to children because they are so prompt to respond and believe.

Salvation

The question of salvation among pre-school children is a point of much discussion. The world bids early for the child. Too often the fault is not in the child, but the failure is on the part of adults (parents and teachers, mainly), who fail to instruct, guide, and prayerfully intercede for the child.

Let us consider the following poem carefully and prayerfully:

How Old Must I Be?

*"Dear Mother," said a little maid,
"Please whisper it to me;
Before I am a Christian,
How old ought I to be?"*

*"How old ought you to be, my child,
Before you can love me?"
"I always loved you, Mother mine,
Since I was tiny, wee."*

*"I love you now and always will,"
The little daughter said;
And on her mother's shoulder lay
Her golden, curly head."*

*"How old ought you to be, my child,
Before you trust my care?"
"O Mother dear, I do, I do;
I trust you everywhere."*

*"How old ought you to be, my child,
To do the things I say?"
The little girl looked up and said,
"I can do that today."*

*"Then you can be a Christian, too.
Don't wait until you are grown;
Tell Jesus now; just come to Him,
To be His very own."*

*Then, as the little maid knelt down
And said, "Lord, if I may,
I'd like to be a Christian now,"
He answered, "Yes, today."*

(SELECTED)

We must know the characteristics of Beginners; their sins will differ from the sins of adults, but it is important to emphasize that even little Beginners need to come to Jesus for cleansing and forgiveness. They must learn that Jesus is always willing to forgive them when they are truly sorry for their sins. "Jesus makes our black hearts white!" Our children are taught that Jesus died on the cross to purchase their salvation.

Many children have been saved when they were but four or five years of age, and as they have grown older they have retained their experience of salvation. A child's acceptance of the Savior is often quite simple and natural. No wonder Jesus said, "Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein" (Mark 10:15).

The child does not try to analyze or figure out the logical theory; he simply believes! I can see children now, sitting on the edge of their chairs with their eyes, ears, and mouths open, swallowing, as it were, all I have to say. Children make excellent congregations. There is some squirming about and plenty of wiggling, but they are always eager to hear and receive what we have to offer.

Perhaps it is because of my own experience that Jesus has given me patience, love, and faith to see these little ones come into the knowledge of accepting Him as their personal Savior. You see, I know Jesus can speak to a child; I know He saves children, for I was one of them so honored.

As a child, I had no heavenly visions or dreams, as some children do, but I had a blessed experience with Jesus. I was almost six years of age, and no one had to tell me when Jesus came into my heart! I recall I wept pitifully, and then I felt so good, so clean, so warm inside. Everything

was so clear, so pretty; I could hear more clearly, my step was lighter, my voice softer, I had a sense of someone being with me constantly, a sense of belonging to someone (besides my mother). When I associated with other children, somehow I felt different. I had a secret, and I wasn't sure if I wanted to share it or not. Oh, yes, Jesus reveals Himself to little folks!

For years I went to church, any church, alone; but always I felt I had to go. I felt I belonged; always the desire was in my heart to be where Jesus was. As I grew older my ardor cooled (I'm sorry to say), but never did I fully get away from Him. Always I attended church; I was baptized in water seven times. When I was disobedient, which was quite often, it was easy to pray and to repent. Later I reconsecrated my life to God as best I knew how and have, by His help, endeavored to follow and live for Him. I often refer to the reconsecration date as my 'spiritual birthday,' but really my "first love" was at the tender age of six.

I Believe

I believe God! I believe that what God has said and what He has promised, He will bring to pass.

I believe that God loves all the children; I believe that He is interested in each one individually, and that He will guide, protect, and supply the needs spiritually, physically, and materially for all.

I believe that children are gifts from above, a heritage from God, our greatest treasures on earth, and "jewels for His kingdom."

I believe that as God made a way for the Biblical children, likewise He will make a way for our little ones.

As he spared young Isaac, by providing the ram for the sacrifice; baby Moses, by placing him in the king's palace; little Samuel, who was given to God and reared in the temple; the shepherd boy called David, whose steps were guided and ordained from above; the three Hebrew children—Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, who were preserved in the fiery furnace; young Prince Joash, who was hidden from wicked eyes until God's appointed time; and the Baby Jesus, whose destiny was foreordained, being born in a manger in a secluded little town, whose birth was announced to humble shepherd folk and who later was transported by night to a distant land that He might be saved from the wicked hand of King Herod; also, the boy Timothy, who was taught the Scriptures at a tender age because God's hand was upon his life—in the same manner He will watch over our boys and girls. Each child has a heart that must be won for Jesus, a soul that some day must meet God, and a life over which God has a plan.

Hungering After God

By A. S. M.

JESUS says "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." But a woe is pronounced upon the people who feel no hunger and are satisfied. "Woe unto you who are full, now, for you shall hunger hereafter." O dear heart, if you have hunger in your heart, cherish and encourage that hunger as you would your life. It is put there by the Holy Spirit to lead you closer to God.

I do not know of a more serious or lamentable condition, or persons more to be pitied than they who have no heart hunger and thirst after a deeper revelation of God and His Son Jesus Christ, and are satisfied and content with past blessings, not longing to go on to perfection. Time after time in our meetings I have gazed with amazement into the faces of people who would say with a self-satisfied air, "O, I've got all the Lord has for me and am as good as I ever hope to be." Woe unto you who are full now on a shallow experience. Repent and ask Jesus to give you a real deep hunger for Himself, and He will do it. What a high standard God's Word sets for us! We should not stop pressing on till changed from glory unto glory, till at last in Heaven we take our place and we cast our crowns before Him, lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Dear struggling soul in a valley of dry bones, don't try to crush that hunger in your soul. It is the hand of God come to lead you on to a place where you

can say, "It is no more I but Christ that lives in me." For indeed it is as we decrease that He increases.

When I hear someone telling what a great person he is and how well he lives, I cannot help pitying and saying to myself, "Poor soul!" He is so far from God and beholds Him from afar off. We have learned that the nearer that we get to Jesus, the smaller and more imperfect our own self-life appears in our eyes, and He grows bigger and more perfect and lovely at each onward step till, as He stands revealed in the light of righteousness, we fall prostrate at His feet and cry with Job, "I have heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear; but now mine eye seeth Thee; wherefore I abhor myself in dust and ashes."

When crossing the Rocky mountains in a train one time, we saw them before us miles in the distance before we reached their base. When we were far off they looked so small and insignificant, and we and the train seemed so big. But the nearer we came to them, the larger the mountains grew; till as we were at their feet, they had expanded and grown till as revealed to our wondering eyes they seemed to rise clear into the heavens and were lost in the clouds. We seemed appallingly little and helpless and insignificant.

That is just like our approach to Jesus. He grows so sweet, real, big, righteous, and holy that as we fall at His feet, we see as never before our own ut-

ter helplessness, imperfection, and insignificance. Then it is that He can work in our lives. After we have come to the end of self-righteousness and a great all-absorbing, unquenchable hunger has engulfed us, He will give beauty for ashes, rejoicing for mourning, victory for defeat, His righteousness for our unrighteousness. It is then that He can take a worm to thrash a mountain, the weak to defeat the strong. It is then that He can take us to higher heights and deeper depths.

Seek and ye shall find. Blessed are they that hunger; they shall be filled.

—*Triumphs of Faith.*

ON THE RAND

By HELEN HOSS

Johannesburg, South Africa

THE WORK on the Rand of Johannesburg is coming along beautifully. In two months it will be self-propagating and self-supporting. I'm already giving most of my time into the Natal work with Pastor Goven-der. Of course, Pastor Jacobs will need my help from time to time and especially when it comes to build a church.

We have had two days already of our campaign in Merebank. The last two campaigns the weather was against us, and so I felt led to give it another chance because I had one burning passion to see the Indians converted there. Praise the Lord, seven have already accepted the Lord and a number came forward to be prayed for. One girl was healed of deafness in one ear. It looks like we are in for a blessed move of the Holy Spirit. The atmosphere is clear and anything can happen. We want the Lord to come forth in Pentecostal fashion.

We found a little tent cheap and were able to erect it in Merebank. Now it can rain all it wants to. The work will go on! Praise the Lord!

seed-time



and harvest



IN TORTOLA, B.V.I.

By RUBY MCKINNON

WE HAVE been holding meetings in different parts of the West End of the Island. The first week was held near a store in the middle of "nowhere." We put up a few notices and it was amazing how many turned out. The most precious thing about them was that on Thursday night when a young man in his thirties and a lady about the same age came forward. They really sought the Lord with tears and testified to finding HIM. So we are rejoicing over this. One night a bus came with people, and last night several jeep loads came. One thing that has made these meetings different is that the people came "early" and were waiting for us when we got there (and we are usually 15 minutes early). The man in the store had put up benches and told us they would like us to come back real soon. The storekeeper asked us to visit his wife who was sick.

Then at Carrot Bay seven children and young people came forward the first night, and last week there were some precious notes of praise from some of them. Also the young girl who was first saved there, Naomi, who is fifteen years old, was mightily anointed with His Spirit this week. She waited quietly on the Lord, and then it seemed like she was drinking at the well of living water and be-

gan to drink deeply. Praise His wonderful name! There were nineteen others who came forward this week. So we are thanking Him for at least putting a willingness in souls to come and pray.

Please pray with us for a completely paralyzed girl at Carrot Bay. Her mother invited us to pray for her. She has been like that for twenty years. Her name is Miss Donovan.

On Sunday night we began a week's meetings at Cappon's Bay. One young girl, Stephany, stayed on the bench while all the others had practically gone. When we spoke to her, she melted like a little snowflake. She said, "I want Jesus." Last night little Stephany was the first one to step out, and along came three others. The altar service was marvelous. Jesus was so manifested that I just hated to leave. So we are thankful for Him. He is drawing.

Also, the older lady who came out last night was so hungry for Jesus to take her whole life and fill her with all His fulness. She, too, seemed to be drinking in such a quiet way of the sweetness of the Lord.

In Sea Cow Bay we had more adults and young people the last two Sundays than we have had before. We had a wonderful closing there, too, last week. We know it is direct answer to prayer, and we want to return thanks to all who have prayed for the work here.

IN INDIA

MARGARET MICHELSEN has recently held special meetings in two different places and sends the following report of God's working: "Our hearts are rejoicing in His great love and faithfulness. Also because some 'sheep' have been brought home.

"In the Methodist School between 60 and 70 boys and girls came to the altar to pray one day. They were all asking God for forgiveness for their lying, stealing, etc. The next day, as I went to the hall, I was met by some of the big boys who asked, 'Can we have another time of prayer today?' Bless their hearts, they really wanted an opportunity to get right with God.

"In the second place the meetings were with a mixed group outside of school hours. So we had real villagers attending—babies, children, teen-agers, grandpas, grandmas! A goodly number knelt before Him, asking Him to wash their hearts clean from sin.

"Our hearts rejoiced especially over two teen-agers, Prena and Bhugi, a brother and sister who were wonderfully saved and gave their testimony in the meeting with their mother present. These have heard the gospel for many years but never came to a decision, always claiming to be followers of another religion. Now they claim, 'We are Christians. We belong to Jesus.' The glow on the boy's face was glorious. Later he told the missionary, 'My sister and I will now preach to our parents and help them get saved.' Isn't Jesus wonderful!"

TO THE FIELDS

Miss A. M. Schuette, associate pastor of the Williamsburg Pentecostal Church, Brooklyn, N.Y., is visiting the McKinnons in Tortola.

The Fulness of God

(Continued from page 4.)

Dear brother or sister reading this, shall my pen attempt to deal with that thought? Shall not that thought rather be dealt with by the Holy Spirit to your own soul as you again with closed eyes and hushed thoughts lift your heart in wonder, and awe, and praise, as you ask for a *spiritual* understanding of what God had in mind when He through His servant by the Spirit penned that infinite thought?

And now will you again read this passage asking God to truly bring you to the place where you may go forward with all your soul to the step beyond your present experience?

1st—the indwelling Holy Spirit.

2nd—the indwelling Christ.

3rd—rooted and ground in love.

4th—comprehending with all saints the breadth and length, depth and height, and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge.

5th—that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God.

Does some timid or doubting soul say, "It is beautiful—beyond words or understanding—but it is not for me. Only chosen ones surely will travel that path"?

Then read the triumphant finale: "Now unto *Him* that is *able* to do *exceeding abundantly* above all that we"—(you and I, we weak, ordinary human beings)—*ask—or—think.*"

Can God give anything more complete—more positive? Paul, sitting in heavenly places when he wrote this wonderful epistle, writing under the power of the Spirit, seems to have exhausted every adjective to convey to his readers that vision of infinite hope. Beginning with marvelous riches in glory—*His* riches—he finishes with so tremendous a possibility the natural fails altogether to reach up to it; and then, failing of further words, intimates that above and beyond *all* that has been suggested to your mind as you prayerfully dwelt on this passage God is able to do.

But stop! There is, at the very end, a condition. God is able "according to the power that worketh in us."

What power? It takes us abruptly back to the first step—to the power of the Holy Spirit.

God works by spiritual laws. It is to the spiritual, not the natural man, this door to powers of the world to come is open. Would you take these steps, go on—and on—and on—ever growing infinitely blessed? It is the Holy Spirit who has been sent to this earth to be our Guide into eternal mysteries. It is He that opens the Word to our understanding. It is He who is to teach us.

What child of God does not long to have all this passage has suggested to his mind? Some hungry soul may ask, "How we may attain to this first step—the indwelling?"

Is it any wonder that when the disciples were asking to be taught how to pray, Jesus, knowing all things and what should be their chief future need, gave a parable of persistent prayer relating directly to the giving of the Holy Spirit? See Luke 11:1-13, concluding with the direct promise, "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children; how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?" This promise finishing this parable gives a definite answer to the question. Remember the man at the door asking for bread ceased his quest and gave up asking *only* when he obtained the bread.

It may be as you knock at the door this Holy Spirit for Whom you are pleading may come to convict and show you your need of a cleaner life, a purer heart, a fuller consecration, and you will not, for a time, understand why you are kept waiting. He wants to enter a clean, surrendered vessel, but if you are in *earnest*, God will not fail.

But how may I who am certain I have come into the baptism of the Holy Spirit take the next step?

Dear reader, when He comes in to take *possession*, He does the rest. The secret lies in the *yielded* vessel, the yielded life,—emptied of every earthly desire by beholding Christ's face and changing from glory to glory, this giving up the life of self that you may put on Christ, the daily sinking into Him, yielding to the control of the Spirit, until the natural man is dead and the spiritual man—"Christ in you the hope of glory"—has power. Many who truly receive the Holy Spirit as a definite experience are slow in learning the yielded life, and God is only able to give *according* to the power that worketh in us. But again, He is our Teacher, and one poor in spirit, yielded in will, will find God answering prayer for this need as well as all others, that the life may yield wholly to Him.

Closing with the beautiful words found in the hymn:

Oh, to be but emptier, lowlier,
Mean, unnoticed, and unknown,
And to God a vessel holier,
Filled with Christ, and Christ alone!
Nought of earth to cloud the glory,
Nought of self that gold to dim,
Telling forth His wondrous story
Emptied—to be filled with Him!

My prayer is that the Holy Spirit will interpret to you as He has to me this beautiful passage of Scripture and kindle in your hearts a great desire to go all the way of the Cross.

Radiant Glory

The Life of Martha Wing Robinson

DURING a recent visit in Canada we called on a regular reader of BREAD OF LIFE, a member of the United Church of Canada. We had hardly had time to get seated when our hostess most unexpectedly asked, "Who is Martha Wing Robinson? I always look for her writings the first thing when BREAD OF LIFE comes."

Evidently this is a question which has been in the minds of a number of our readers who have also found special spiritual nourishment in her words which have appeared from month to month in these pages for over ten years. The answer to this question will be found in *Radiant Glory*, the story of Martha Wing Robinson, which is now at the press and will be published, God willing, sometime in April. Exact date of publication is not yet set.

Largely autobiographical, *Radiant Glory* is, as the author states in the Preface, "the odyssey of a soul from 'the quicksands of Unbelief's shore' to . . . 'a land flowing with the milk and honey of His own presence,' followed by the record of the trail which Mrs. Robinson blazed as she explored and scaled some of the little-known, highest mountain peaks of the Promised Land.

Something more than the biography of an interesting and unusual life is intended by this narrative, however. Its purpose is primarily practical,—“that as the reader follows the trail which she blazed, he will note the notches which she left by the way, and so be encouraged and inspired to go on until he

A LIVING EPISTLE of Christ written by the Spirit of God, a life hid with Christ in God, a revelation of what God can do with a soul wholly dedicated to do His will, such is the subject of this handsomely illustrated book.

The author, Gordon P. Gardiner, has performed a labor of love and a most precious ministry for the people of God in writing this biography of Mrs. Martha Robinson. We who have known her intimately and have been so greatly helped by her ministry as well as the readers of BREAD OF LIFE welcome with profound thankfulness to God the appearance of this overdue biography. In it is described the operation of the Holy Ghost in a Spirit-filled life in whom the Pentecostal blessing has found its most perfect expression.

—Hans R. Waldvogel

also truly finds Jesus in all His fulness."

"One could not be in her presence long without recognizing her life was controlled by the One who dwelt within her. There was an inner radiancy and something of a celestial fire which burned the love of Jesus into

our very souls." This testimonial with which *Radiant Glory* opens and which sets the tone for the whole book comes from the pen of Helen Innes Wannemacher, frequent contributor to BREAD OF LIFE. (See "My Pentecostal Baptism" in this issue.)

In addition to a wealth of information heretofore unpublished, there is included a number of her letters on a variety of spiritual subjects which are here printed for the first time. An especially attractive feature of this book, which adds greatly to its interest, is the many illustrations included. A hard cover book, it will contain approximately four hundred pages of text.

Because of the deep interest shown in the life and writings of Martha Wing Robinson on the part of the readers of BREAD OF LIFE, it is fitting that the first announcement of *Radiant Glory* be made to them. Full details concerning the securing of this book will be found in the accompanying Pre-Publication Order.

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Resting

*"This is the rest wherewith ye may cause the weary to rest;
and this is the refreshing."—ISA. 28:12.*

*Resting on the faithfulness of Christ our Lord;
Resting on the fulness of His own sure word;
Resting on His power, on His love untold;
Resting on His covenant secured of old.*

*Resting 'neath His guiding hand for untracked days;
Resting 'neath His shadow from the noon-tide rays;
Resting at the eventide beneath His wing,
In the fair pavilion of our Saviour King.*

*Resting in the fortress while the foe is nigh;
Resting in the lifeboat while the waves roll high;
Resting in His chariot for the swift, glad race;
Resting, always resting in His boundless grace.*

*Resting in the pastures, and beneath the Rock;
Resting by the waters where He leads His flock;
Resting, while we listen, at His glorious feet;
Resting in His very arms!—O rest complete!*

*Resting and believing, let us onward press,
Resting in Himself, the Lord our Righteousness;
Resting and rejoicing, let His saved ones sing,
Glory, glory, glory to Christ our King!*

—FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL