

Bread of Life

FEBRUARY 1965

"Cut from the Loaf"

Excerpts from a Sermon, Jan. 1, 1965

By H. R. WALDVOGEL

"YE ARE ENRICHED by Him in every utterance" — in every gift — "so that ye come behind in no gift, waiting for the manifestation of Jesus Christ." Now that is what we are here for — waiting for the manifestation of Jesus Christ. Some people relegate that to the far future, but God teaches me in the Bible that I must expect Him every day, that I must be watching morning, noon, and night. What will happen to me if He doesn't find me watching? What will happen to me when He finds me watching — watching for what? Watching for Him.

* * *

Wherever Jesus Christ is wanted He will manifest Himself, but we must learn that lesson — to watch for Him, not for a program that man has made, but to watch for Him. God has called us into fellowship with His Son, Jesus Christ our Lord. That is our call. It is God's call that Jesus Christ should look through my eyes, speak over my lips, and possess my hands and feet, my head. My whole being is to come under His control so that my life shall be a manifestation of Jesus.

There is another word that Jesus tells us about His manifestation: "Verily, I say unto you, Blessed are those servants whom the Lord when He cometh shall find so doing." Doing what? Waiting for the knock at the door so that they may open the door immediately. I must be ready *today* to let Jesus Christ come in and be all and in all. He says, He will come forth and will serve them. That will be a very, very wonderful event when Jesus Christ comes forth. When He was here in the flesh, He said, "I am among you as one that serveth." But He is that today. He desires very greatly to be One in the midst that serves us. He cannot do that unless He has abandoned vessels, hearts, bodies, that are wholly given.

But there are a thousand powers constantly at work to pull us out of such a call and such a place. Wherever I have traveled through the world I have found that that has happened in Pentecost. Today, instead of it being Jesus the Lord and Master and King, it is speaking in tongues, it is divine healing, it is gifts and powers, it is the authority of man. Oh, what the devil has been able to do to divert the attention of people from just Jesus Christ, to draw them out of that "first-love" experience where their hearts are set aflame with a fire that is hotter than the fire of hell.

* * *

Everyone of us has a great responsibility to be what God wants us to be.

God must have churches in every city and in every hamlet where Jesus Christ is recognized as King, where His presence is acknowledged and His Kingdom is acknowledged.

* * *

Do you know what a leverage the devil has found in television? A television set itself is no worse than a microphone used for recording sermons, but it is what it spits out. The great television companies have now decided to bring horror pictures, vile, licentious shows, into the home. They come into the homes of Pentecostal saints and they are received. You go into those homes and see how much time they spend in waiting upon the Lord and praying and raising their children in the fear and admonition of the Lord. They don't. But the devil, Satan Himself, is king in that home. He commands. He rules.

I came into the home of a Pentecostal saint and all the children sat around the television set. I looked at the dad. He said, "I know it's wrong, but I don't have the heart to shut it off." Beloved, we are living in the day of which the Bible speaks when it says, "Let him that is vile, be still more vile." God has given them up to a reprobate mind. Things that were once shut out of our homes because God was a wall of fire round about the saints' homes are now in because we have driven away the Holy Ghost and we have let all hell come in and reign. It is the truth.

Talk about the battle of Armageddon! Beloved, here it is. Here is Gog and Magog amassed against the city God to crush out the very life of God. But God calls upon us to pray, to wait on God. Prayer will tear down the powers of the devil. That is what we are here for.

* * *

God is going to have a people that are so united to the Son of God that they will not be two but one. Christ must be manifested in His saints. That is what the Holy Ghost is working on. Christ is to be glorified in His saints. What does that mean? Christ is to be admired in all them that believe. Tell me, is Jesus admired in you? Is He *really* admired in you? That is the call of God.

* * *

God gives us a wonderful description of the kingdom of heaven in John 14, 15, 16, and 17. "At that day ye shall know—" Oh, the knowledge that the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost unite me to themselves, swallowing up my whole being.

* * *

The great need of the church today is to make room for Jesus Christ to come and be the Head. Man has barred Him from the throne. You don't have to go to Rome to find the man of sin. Today you can find him in Pentecost — maybe in your own heart.

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Concerning Spiritual Gifts

By PEARL G. YOUNG

THERE ARE two quite different understandings of the purpose and operation of the various gifts of the Holy Spirit. You can note the great difference in the two kinds of meetings conducted by those who hold these views respectively. In the one, the eyes of people seem to be centered mainly on the gifts of the Spirit, on "ministry", while in the other, Jesus Himself and Jesus alone is the Centre. They want *Him*; and when they see *Jesus* in the meeting, they are satisfied and forget all else just to feast with Him.

The gifts of the Spirit, precious and important as they are, are, in reality, but a means to an end. The "end" is to have *Jesus*. The gifts are manifestations of Jesus. Their purpose in a meeting is to awake souls to their need of Jesus, to draw souls to Jesus, to bring the mighty presence of Jesus into the meeting. So, in a meeting where *Jesus* is the centre the eyes of the worshippers are not on the gifts, but they are looking for Jesus. When they hear His Voice, feel His wonderful Presence, they just rejoice in *Him*. They find what they want and need and are satisfied. The truth is expressed so clearly in Psalm 69:18, "Thou hast ascended on high, Thou hast led captivity captive: Thou hast received gifts for men . . . *that the Lord God might dwell among them.*"

But in the other kind of meeting, also called a Pentecostal meeting, it is quite different. People wait for the gifts, instead of waiting for Jesus. Their minds seem to be taken up with that. They look for a prophecy, a message in tongues, or some other manifestation of the Spirit, and their minds are taken up with these things as though they were an end in themselves. They never seem to settle down and just enjoy Jesus. Of course He is there all the time, but perhaps they are not looking for Him and so miss Him, or perhaps they do not realize that to find Him is their need and their only need.

Very often a manifestation of the Spirit in a meeting is used to lift the meeting. Maybe the people are tired or are not in touch with Jesus, and He wants to help them, so He speaks by means of the gift of tongues. Then the people are aroused. But the Lord's purpose is that they be aroused to *His presence* and that their eyes then be on *Him Himself*. He is the One they need. He wants to fellowship with them and they with Him, and now they ought to do just that and forget all about the gifts — unless or until the Holy Spirit may again choose to work by means of a gift, when, of course, there should be abandonment and obedience. Even with the use of the greater gifts, such as the word of wisdom or knowledge,

the purpose is the same, to bring Jesus Himself into the meeting and that souls may see *Him*.

It is significant to note that in Revelation 3:20 Jesus did not say that to anyone who would open the door He would come in and give gifts or power for service (which is what so many seem to be seeking), but that He would give *Himself*, that He would manifest *Himself*, in order that they two might have a feast of love together. This is evidently what *Jesus* considers the all-important thing.

In a meeting where all were already in touch with Jesus and all were wanting just Jesus, He might just come in a mighty way without the operation of gifts at all. He might just come in great silence. I believe this is often the case.

I remember one meeting especially which was practically all silence. Although perhaps every one present was "gifted" in the Spirit, yet there was no operation of gifts. The presence of Jesus was so mightily manifested, and the power and glory of His presence increased as the time went on. I am sure there was no thought of or desire for anything else. Jesus was there. And oh, how one is strengthened by thus feasting on the Living Bread! This is the secret of receiving physical and spiritual strength. It is not enough to look

(Continued on page 13)

The Fighting Elder

Conflicts in the Narrow Way

As Experienced in the Lives of Elder and Mrs. Eugene Brooks

PART XXI

SYNOPSIS OF ELDER BROOKS' LIFE.

Born: June 9, 1856, Bowling Green, Virginia

Entered the Ministry: December, 1885, Carthage, Ohio

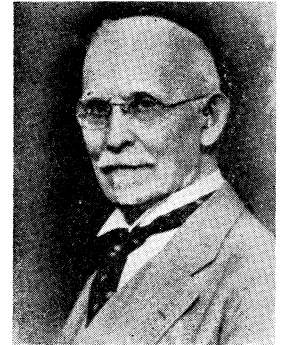
Healed when Dying: April, 1896

Married: Sara Leggett Brooks, Feb. 22, 1900

Ministers in Victoria, B.C., and Toronto, Ont., 1900-1906

Baptized in the Holy Spirit, 1908

Ministers in Toronto, 1908-1909



“ONE SATURDAY evening in November,” wrote

Mrs. Brooks in continuing the narrative, “Mr. Brooks felt led to go down to visit Mr. and Mrs. Marlatt, who had belonged to our Zion Gathering. (At the time when Mr. Brooks was in jail in 1906, they had come to our home and took care of the house which released me to take care of the assembly.) When Mr. Brooks arrived, he found Mrs. Robinson there. He was indeed happy to see her and insisted that she come back with him to our home and stay overnight. I, too, was delighted to see her again.”

The fact is that on that Saturday night there was a little meeting in the Marlatt parlor for those friends who happened to be in the house at the time, and Elder Brooks was deeply impressed with Mrs. Robinson's ministry. This was really nothing short of miraculous, for ever since he had first met Mrs. Robinson back in 1902 he had been prejudiced against her. It was not that he did not think that she was a fine woman and devout, but he did not care for her ways in the work of the Lord nor for her type of ministry. This attitude had grown with time and especially after she came to Toronto the previous year. And

as for the unusual experience which she had had in their home while she and her husband were living there during their absence from the city, Elder Brooks thought that it was little short of extreme fanaticism to say the very least. Frankly he did not care to have his wife be very intimate with Mrs. Robinson lest she be influenced by her. So now for Elder Brooks to experience a complete and instantaneous reversal of opinion on the basis of what he saw and heard in the Marlatt meeting was very surprising to all concerned.

Of course, since he had last seen the Robinsons he had received his baptism in the Spirit and the various experiences which he had undergone had had the effect of making him more humble, more teachable, more open to the work of the Holy Spirit. Elder Brooks had come down in the last year till he was hungry for the bread and water of life wherever it could be found. And in Mrs. Robinson's ministry that evening he found something which satisfied his soul. He now recognized that God was with her in an unusual way. He knew that his wife had always cherished the blessing which she had received from Mrs. Robinson's life and ministry the previous year

and would be only too delighted to have her visit them now.

Mrs. Robinson had been holding meetings with her husband in Montreal and was now on her way to join him in Ohio where he had been sent to attend a theological school by the church in Montreal which they had been pastoring. Mrs. Robinson intended to visit only a short time in Toronto on her way to Ohio. When she arrived in Toronto, she went to the Marlatts. They received her with open arms and fairly compelled her to remain with them.

This proved to be the Lord's provision and leading, for Mr. Robinson very shortly became dissatisfied with the school and decided to take a church in Missouri. His stay there was also brief, and after many trying experiences he returned to Toronto. Meanwhile Mrs. Robinson continued in the Marlatt home, giving herself to mighty intercession and continuous prayer. The result was that God came very mightily to her and wrought great changes in her and through her for others.

On February 14, 1909, Elder and Mrs. Brooks felt led of the Lord to visit the Robinsons that evening. There they found another visitor, Miss Eva MacPhail. After they had all settled themselves and become still in the presence of the Lord, the Lord Himself began to speak through Mrs. Robinson concerning His plan and said that He now had the ones together He had been waiting for and that they should start regular meetings two nights later. These services were not to be advertised, but they should let the Lord send in the people whom He would. It was eleven o'clock before the meeting closed, but the time had passed so quickly that the three hours seemed but a few minutes. And little did the five realize that night they had entered into a five-fold fellowship of the closest friendship and ministry which was to last throughout their lifetime.

The meetings were begun in due order and held on Sunday afternoon in the Marlatt home and once a week on Saturday night in Mrs. Malaby's home where the Brookses were living.



**Mr. and Mrs.
Wm. H. Marlatt**

*Loyal helpers of the
Brookses in their To-
ronto ministry.*

Eagerly and hungrily the people gathered and, Quaker fashion, simply waited upon the Lord for Him to manifest Himself in whatever way He chose. "The thing which blessed people so greatly in Mrs. Robinson's teaching was that she pointed them to Christ," testified Mrs. Brooks. "It was not a new doctrine which was preached; it was just the simplicity of the gospel, Christ Himself. He alone was exalted. The Lord met with those who gathered there in a great way and performed many miracles of divine grace in our midst.

"The time had come when God wanted to come to His people in a greater way, and He used Mrs. Robinson to inspire a number of us to pray that He would reveal Himself more greatly to us than we had ever experienced before. As a result I was led to have a special season of prayer and waiting on Him. By the experience which the Lord gave me at this time my inner life and communion with Jesus was completely changed as well as my ministry. I found Him whom my soul loved and had longed for. I lived continually in His presence and under the shadow of His wing.

"This brought to my mind some experiences I had had when a young girl (already referred to) which seemed to be an earnest of this greater blessing which I was now enjoying. God had also answered the prayer which He had put on me in Victoria when I prayed that He would come to me and do the work Himself — the work we were not sufficient to do."

The change which came to Mrs. Brooks "included everything from head to foot." She, as did the others to whom the Lord came in a similar way at this time, "walked out of the natural into the spiritual in the body as well as the soul. In a moment we were gone, and a greater One was there. Entire spirit, soul, and body were in a new and divine control. It was the mystery of the indwelling Christ. It was, 'Nevertheless I live, yet not I, but Christ living in me'.

"After I had come into this experience of the Lord doing His work through me, Mrs. Robinson was shown to open parlor meetings in the Marlatt home for the public. Mr. Brooks and I with others were led to minister with her in these services. The Lord met with those who gathered there in a great way and performed many miracles of divine grace in our midst. People were healed, baptized in the Spirit, and delivered from many bondages."

(To be continued)



You and Your House

By HELEN WANNENMACHER

ON MY dining room table as a centerpiece, I have a beautiful bowl of fruit; luscious grapes, a pear, a peach, some apples and oranges, — all looking very real and inviting, so much so that my little granddaughter one day decided to have a bite of the peach — but her look of surprise and disappointment told plainly what she was thinking, — “it looked so real but it wasn’t.”

A bowl of attractive fruit is not a necessary item in any home, — but there is an array of beautiful fruit that Jesus longs for each of us to possess, and they are the fruits of the Holy Spirit — the love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness and temperance — and any home adorned with such fruit is a place of rare beauty, no matter how plain and humble it may be, and, — it is a pleasant place to dwell.

One of the most attractive of these fruits is joy, whose source is from within, for it springs from the wells of salvation (Isaiah 12:2, 3).

Our Young People sing so heartily —

*“If you want joy, real joy, wonderful joy,
Let Jesus come into your heart.
Your sins He’ll wash away —*

*Your night He’ll turn to day,
Your life He’ll make it over anew.
If you want joy, real joy, wonderful joy,
Let Jesus come into your heart.”*

God intended that His people should be a joyful people and our homes to be happy homes. In Deuteronomy 12:7 He tells us, “Ye shall rejoice in all that ye put your hands unto, ye and your households wherein the Lord thy God hath blessed thee.” And in Psalm 89:15, David tells us, “Blessed are the people that know the joyful sound: they shall walk, O Lord, in the light of thy countenance.” Job 8:20 tells us: “Behold, God will not cast away a perfect man, — till He fill thy mouth with laughing and thy life with rejoicing.” “A merry heart doeth good like a medicine” (Proverbs 17:22).

Some folks are afraid of anything like joy in religion. Perhaps it is because they have so little themselves, they do not like to see it in others, their religion is like the stars, very high and clear, but very cold. They know nothing of the joy of His presence, nor of the “pleasures found at His right hand.” (Psalm 16:11).

An out-and-out Christian is a

joyful Christian, the half-and-half Christian is the kind of Christian that so many are. Jesus was very careful that His disciples should learn the secret of real and lasting joy, for He said to them in John 15:11, “These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy might remain in you and that your joy might be full.” He had been talking to them of the Vine and the Branches — He, the Vine, — they the branches, — and that if they would abide in Him, they would bring forth much fruit (John 15:5). We — simply abiding, He, bringing forth the fruit. And joy is one of these lovely fruits of the Spirit — that all are so eagerly desiring.

Could we not spend the time we have spent in sighing for fruit, — in fulfilling the simple conditions which Jesus has given to us, — “Abide in me, and ye shall bring forth much fruit”?

“May the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing” (Romans 15:13). “Now unto Him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy” (Jude 24).

Text for 1965

***But grow in grace and in the knowledge
of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.
To Him be glory both now and for ever.***

Amen.

— II PETER 3:18

Momentous Events from The History of Christianity

The Sack of Rome and the Life of Augustine

By J. S. C. ABBOTT

Edited by G. P. GARDINER

AFTER THE DEATHS of Valentinian (375) and Valens (378), the two brothers who were emperors of the western and eastern divisions of the Roman Empire respectively, the Roman power became a crumbling ruin which no human energy or skill could rebuild. For years both Valentinian and Valens had been engaged in almost incessant warfare with the various barbarian tribes which had been advancing from the north against the boundary of the empire from east to west. Valens himself had fallen at Adrianople in one of the most decisive battles in history when the Visigoths defeated the imperial forces. Upon his death, Theodosius, one of his generals, succeeded him and by force and diplomacy secured the subjugation of the Visigoths for a few years. He put Alaric, one of their kings, in charge of the Visigothic troops which served under him.

Under Theodosius the two divisions of the empire were reunited very briefly, but upon his death (395) it was again divided between his two sons: Arcadius (395-408) was crowned in the East, Honorius in the West. The Western Empire was now much the weaker. Rome had ceased to be the capital, Milan was the seat of the empire. The

Visigoths now saw their opportunity to rebel, and chose Alaric as their leader. Immediately he began to harass the forces of Arcadius and finally reached an agreement guaranteeing peaceful coexistence. In 400 Alaric invaded Italy but withdrew.

Eight years later, however, he again advanced against Italy. The timid Honorius was so alarmed by the invasion, that, with his court, he retired from Milan to Ravenna. Alaric, at the head of a hundred thousand men, contemptuously passing by Ravenna, commenced the siege of Rome. The walls surrounding the city still remained in their massive strength. Famine compelled the citizens to purchase a temporary peace at the price of payment of a vast sum of money, and the surrender of many of the leading citizens as hostages.

When the delegation from the Roman senate, with the offer to surrender, was introduced to Alaric, the members of the delegation ventured to state rather menacingly, that, if Alaric refused them honorable terms, he would rouse against him an innumerable people animated by despair. Alaric replied with a scornful laugh, —

“The thicker the grass, the easier it is mown.”

He then assigned the only terms upon which he would retire. He demanded *all* the gold and silver in the city, whether it were the property of the State or of individuals; then all the rich and precious movables; then all the slaves who had been captured from the barbarians.

“If such, O king! are your demands,” the ministers replied, “what do you intend to leave to us?”

“Your lives,” the conqueror haughtily replied. Still Alaric somewhat abated the rigor of these demands.

Alaric entered into various negotiations which failed, and so two years later, in 410, he and his fierce hordes were soon again encamped before the walls of the imperial city. There were forty thousand slaves (white slaves), the victims of Roman rapacity, within the walls. They conspired with the invaders. At midnight there was a servile insurrection: the gates were thrown open, and the clangor of rushing barbarians resounded through the streets. Thus on August 24, 410, the great city of the Roman empire was captured by a Gothic king.

It is not in the power of human imagination to conceive the horrors of a city sacked at midnight, — a city of more than a million of inhabitants, men, women, and chil-

dren, at the mercy of a savage foe. The slaves were glad of a chance to avenge the wrongs of ages. They were of the same race with their masters. The hour of vengeance had tolled. The Romans had thoroughly instructed them and their barbarian confederates in all the arts of cruelty and lust. God alone can comprehend the scenes which were enacted during that awful night. The most venerable and costly memorials of the past were surrendered to conflagration: large portions of the city were consumed.

For six days the Goths held the metropolis; then, reeling in intoxication, encumbered with spoil, and dragging after them their captives, — the young men to groom their horses; the maidens, daughters of Roman senators and nobles, to fill their harems, — they rioted along the Appian Way, and surged over all Southern Italy, giving loose to every depraved desire.

Men of senatorial dignity, and matrons of illustrious birth, became the menial servants of half-naked savages. These burly barbarians stretched their hairy limbs beneath the shade of palm-trees; and young men and maidens born in palaces washed their feet, and presented them Falernian wine in golden goblets.

Alaric the Goth was one of the most remarkable of men. His native ferocity was strangely mitigated by profound respect for Christianity. Many of the Gothic soldiers had also, at least nominally, adopted the Christian faith. When Rome was taken by storm, Alaric exhorted his soldiers to respect the churches as inviolable sanctuaries. A Goth burst into the house of an aged woman who had devoted herself to the service of the Church. Upon his demanding her gold and silver, she conducted him to a closet of massive plate.

"These," said she, "are consecrated vessels belonging to the Church of St. Peter. If you touch them, the sacrilegious deed will remain upon your conscience."

The barbarian was overawed, and sent a messenger to inform the king of the treasure he had discovered. Alaric sent an order that the sacred vessels should be immediately transported, under guard, to the church of the apostle.

"From the extremity, perhaps, of the Quirinal Hill to the distant quarters of the Vatican," relates Gibbon, "a numerous detachment of Goths, marching in order of battle through the principal streets, protected with glittering arms the long train of their devout companions, who bore aloft on their heads the sacred vessels of gold and silver; and the martial shouts of the barbarians were mingled with the sound of religious psalmody."

Augustine, in his celebrated work entitled *The City of God* refers with much gratification to this memorable interposition of God in behalf of His church. This treatise was begun two years after Alaric's sack of Rome as a vindication of the Christians against the charge of the heathen that Rome, the so-called "eternal city," which had not been invaded for a thousand years had fallen because the heathen gods had been deserted and the God of the Christians accepted. After ably refuting that attack, Augustine went on to show that there are in reality only two cities. The one, represented by Rome, is indeed "the perishing city of the world" or pagan civilization. The other, its rival represented by the New Jerusalem, is the true "eternal city," and is seen now in the rising Christian civilization and will indeed conquer. He continued to develop this theme for almost thirteen years, finishing his masterpiece four years before his death.

Augustine was born in Tagasta, a small city in Africa, on the 13th of November, 354. His father was a pagan, though he became a disciple of Jesus just before his death. His mother was an earnest Christian, by whose pious teachings Augustine in his early childhood was deeply impressed. While a mere boy, upon a sudden attack of dangerous sickness, he entreated that he might be baptized, and received into the fold of Christ. The sudden disappearance of alarming symptoms led his mother to hesitate, fearing that he might again fall into sin, and that then his baptism would only add to his condemnation. Augustine afterwards expressed the opinion that this was a great mistake. He thought, that, had he then made a profession of his faith in Christ, it would have operated as an incentive to a holy life, and would have saved

him from much subsequent sin and suffering.

With returning health, temptation came, and the boy of ardent passions was swept away by the flood. "My weak age," he writes, "was hurried along through the whirlpool of flagitiousness. The displeasure of God was all the time imbittering my soul. Where was I, in that sixteenth year of my age, when the madness of lust seized me altogether? My God, thou spakest to me by my mother, and through her warned me strongly against the ways of vice. But my mother's voice I despised, and thought it to be only the voice of a woman. So blinded was I, that I was ashamed to be thought less guilty than my companions. I even invented false stories of my sinful exploits, that I might win their commendation.

"I committed theft from the wantonness of iniquity: it was not the effect of the theft, but the sin itself, which I wished to enjoy. There was a pear-tree in the neighborhood loaded with fruit. At dead of night, in company with some profligate youths, I plundered the tree. The spoil was thrown away; for I had abundance of better fruit at home. What did I mean that I should be gratuitously wicked?"

The father of Augustine, though not wealthy, had sufficient means and the disposition to afford his son all existing facilities for the acquisition of a thorough education. The young man devoted himself sedulously to the cultivation of eloquence. In the pursuit of his studies, he repaired to Carthage, then the abode of intellect, wealth, and splendor. Here he plunged quite recklessly into fashionable dissipation. When seventeen years of age, his father died; but his fond mother maintained him at Carthage. It is manifest that he was still the subject of deep religious impressions. Upon reading the *Hortensius* of Cicero, he was charmed with its philosophy; but he writes, —

"The only thing which damped my zeal was, that the name of Christ was not there, — that precious name, which from my mother's milk I had learned to reverence; and whatever was without this name, however just and learned and polite, could not wholly carry away my heart."

He commenced studying the

Scriptures, but with that proud, self-sufficient spirit which debarred him from all spiritual enlightenment. His haughty frame, he afterwards confessed, "justly exposed him to believe in the most ridiculous absurdities."

"For nine years," he writes, "while I was rolling in the slime of sin, often attempting to rise, and still sinking deeper, did my mother in vigorous hope persist in incessant prayer for me. She entreated a certain bishop to reason me out of my errors. He replied, 'Your son is too much elated at present with the pleasing novelty of his error to regard any arguments, as appears by the pleasure he takes in puzzling many ignorant persons with his captious questions. Let him alone: only continue to pray to the Lord for him. It is not possible that a child of such tears should perish.'"

"My mother," writes Augustine, "has often told me since, that this answer impressed her mind like a voice from heaven."

For nine years, from the nineteenth to the twenty-eighth of his age, this very brilliant young man lived in the indulgence of practices which he knew to be sinful. His pride of character and his high intellectual attainments precluded his entrance upon scenes of low and vulgar vice. He was genteelly and fashionably wicked. He had attained distinction as a teacher of rhetoric, and supported himself in that way. There was a young man in Carthage who had been a nominal Christian, the child of Christian parents, and a companion and friend of Augustine from childhood. A very strong friendship sprang up between them; and Augustine succeeded in drawing this young man away from the Christian faith, and in luring him into his own paths of error and of sin.

This young man was taken dangerously sick. When unconscious, and apparently near his end, he was, by the wish of his parents, baptized. Contrary to all expectation, he recovered. Augustine writes, —

"I regarded his baptism when in a state of unconsciousness with great indifference, not doubting that he would adhere to my instructions. As soon as I had an opportunity of conversing with him, I attempted to turn into ridicule his late baptism, in which I expected his con-

currence. But he dreaded me as an enemy, and with wonderful freedom admonished me, that, if I would be his friend, I should drop the subject. Confounded at this unexpected behavior, I deferred the conversation till he should be thoroughly recovered."

There was a relapse, and the young man died. Augustine was overwhelmed with anguish; remorse was manifestly in some degree commingled with his grief. Time gradually lessened his sorrow; and in his restlessness he resolved to go to Rome, there to seek new excitements and a larger field of ambition. Knowing that his widowed mother's heart would be broken by his abandonment of her, he deceived her, and, upon pretence of taking a sail with a friend, left his home to seek his fortune in the renowned metropolis of the world.

"Thus," he writes, "did I deceive my mother; and *such* a mother! Yet was preserved from the dangers of the sea, foul as I was in the mire of sin. But the time was coming when thou, O God! wouldst wipe away my mother's tears; and even this base undutifulness thou hast forgiven me. The wind favored us, and carried us out of sight of shore. In the morning, my mother was distracted with grief: she wept and wailed, and was inconsolable in her violent agonies. In her, affection was very strong. But, wearied of grief, she returned to her former employment of praying for me, and went home; while I continued my journey to Rome."

Soon after his arrival in the city, he was taken dangerously sick, and his life was despaired of. In the lethargy of his sickness, he thought but little of his sins and his danger. His mother, though uninformed of his sickness, repaired to the church every morning and evening, there to pray for the conversion of her son. Gradually Augustine regained his health, and was invited to give some lectures upon rhetoric in Milan. Bishop Ambrose was pastor of the church there, — a man of superior intellectual powers, and who had acquired renown both as a logician and an orator. Young Augustine called upon the bishop.

"The man of God," he writes, "received me as a father; and I conceived an affection for him, not as a teacher of truth, which I had

no idea of discovering in the Church, but as a man kind to me. I studiously attended his preaching, only with a curious desire of discovering whether fame had done justice to his eloquence or not. Gradually I was brought to attend to the doctrine of the bishop. I found reason to rebuke myself for the hasty conclusions I had formed of the indefensible nature of the law and the prophets. The possibility of finding truth in the Church of Christ appeared."

His mother, drawn by love and anxiety, now left Carthage, and, crossing the Mediterranean, went to Milan, where she became united to her wayward and wandering son. Augustine informed his mother of the partial change which had taken place in his views, and that he was in the habit of attending the preaching of Bishop Ambrose. She replied, "I believe in Christ, that, before I leave this world, I shall see you a sound believer." She made the acquaintance of the bishop, interested him still more deeply in her son, and, with renewed fervor, pleaded with God for his conversion.

"Ambrose," Augustine writes, "was charmed with the fervor of my mother's piety, her amiableness, and her good works. He often congratulated me that I had such a mother, little knowing what sort of a son she had. The state of my mind was now somewhat altered. Ashamed of past delusions, I was the more anxious to be guided right for the time to come. I was completely convinced of the falsehood of the many things I had once uttered with so much confidence."

A season of great anxiety and sadness now ensued. He was firmly convinced of the divine authority of that Bible, which, in his infidelity, he had rejected. Still he had not as yet surrendered his heart to the Saviour, and had found no peace in believing. In comparison with eternal things, all the pursuits of this world seemed trivial. His heart was like the troubled sea: his conscience reproached him for neglecting the salvation of his soul. The following extract from his "Confessions" gives a vivid idea of the struggles in which his spirit was then engaged: —

"Your mornings," I said to myself, "are for your pupils: why, then, do you not attend to religious

duties in the afternoon? But, then, what time should I have to attend to the levees of the great? What, then, if death should suddenly seize you, and judgment overtake you unprepared? But what if death be the end of our being? Yet far from my soul be such a thought! God would never have given such proof of the truth of Christianity if the soul died with the body. Why, then, do I not give myself wholly to God? But do not be in a hurry. You have influential friends, and may yet attain wealth and honor in the world. In such an agitation of mind," continues Augustine, "did I live, seeking happiness, yet flying from it."

Twelve years had now passed away, during which Augustine had been professedly seeking the truth, and yet had found no peace. "I had," he writes, "deferred from day to day devoting myself to God, under the pretence that I was uncertain where the truth lay."

And then the question occurred to him, "How is it that so many humble persons find peace so speedily in religion, while I, with all my philosophy and anxious reasonings, remain year after year in darkness and doubt?" Conscious that the difficulty was to be found in his own stubborn will, he retired in great agitation to a secluded spot in the garden, and, as he writes, "with vehement indignation I rebuked my sinful spirit because it would not give itself up to God." His anguish was great, and he wept bitterly. Falling upon his knees beneath a fig-tree, with tears and trembling utterance he exclaimed, —

"O Lord! how long shall I say to-morrow? Why should not this hour put an end to my slavery?"

Just then, he fancied that he heard a voice saying to him, "Take up, and read." He had with him Paul's epistles. Opening the book, the first passage which met his eye was this, found in the thirteenth chapter of Romans, thirteenth and fourteenth verses: —

"Let us walk honestly, as in the day; not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying. But put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh to fulfil the lusts thereof."

The besetting sin of Augustine, and the great and crying shame of the times, was sensuality. The pas-

sage came to his mind as a direct message from Heaven. It said to him, "Abandon every sin, renounce your pursuits of earthly ambition, and commence a new life of faith in Jesus Christ." He at once was enabled to make the surrender: all his doubts vanished; and that "hope, which we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast," dawned upon his mind.

He immediately hastened to his mother to inform her of the joyful event; and she rejoiced with him with heartfelt sympathy such as none but a Christian mother can understand. In commenting upon this change, Augustine writes, "The whole of my difficulty lay in a will stubbornly set in opposition to God. But from what deep secret was my free will called out in a moment, by which I bowed my shoulders to the light burden, Christ Jesus, my Helper and my Redeemer?"

Augustine relinquished his profession of a teacher of rhetoric, and, guided by Bishop Ambrose, entered upon the study of theology. He was baptized in the church of Milan with his son Adeodatus, whom he acknowledged as his child. Augustine decided to return to Carthage with his mother; but, just as they were about to embark at the mouth of the Tiber, she was taken sick, and died. The afflicted son pays a very beautiful tribute to her memory, as one of the most noble of Christian women. In this eulogy he makes the following statements illustrative of her character and of the times: —

"My mother, when young, had learned by degrees to drink wine, having been sent to draw it for the use of the family. How was she delivered from this snare? God provided for her a malignant reproach from a maid in the house, who in a passion called her a drunkard. Thus was she cured of her evil practice.

"After her marriage with my father, Patricius, she endeavored to win him to Christianity by her amiable manners; and patiently she bore his unfaithfulness. His temper was hasty, but his spirit kind. She knew how to bear with him when angry by a perfect silence and composure; and, when she saw him cool, would meekly expostulate with him. Many matrons would complain of the blows and harsh treatment they

received from their husbands, whom she would exhort to govern their tongues. When they expressed astonishment that it was never heard that Patricius had beaten his wife, or that they ever were at variance a single day, she informed them of her plan. Those who followed it thanked her for its good success: those who did not experienced vexation.

"It was a great gift which, O my God! thou gavest her, that she never repeated the unkind things which she had heard from persons who were at variance with one another; and she was conscientiously exact in saying nothing but what might tend to heal and to reconcile. At length, in the extremity of life, she gained her husband to thee, and he died in the faith of Christ.

"My mother and I stood alone at a window facing the east, near the mouth of the Tiber, where we were preparing for our voyage. Our discourse ascended above the noblest parts of the material creation to the consideration of our own minds; and, passing above them, we attempted to reach heaven itself, — to come to Thee, by whom all things were made. At that moment the world appeared to us no value. She said, 'Son, I have now no clinging to life. It was your conversion alone for which I wished to live. God has given me this. What more is there for me to do here?' Scarcely five days after, she fell into a fever. She departed this life on the ninth day of her illness, in the fifty-sixth year of her age, and the thirty-third of mine."

Augustine returned to Africa, where, after three years of retirement and study, he was ordained a preacher of the gospel. The fame of his eloquence rapidly spread throughout the Western world, drawing crowds of the pagans, as well as of the Christians, to his church; and ere long he was elected Bishop of Hippo. After a life of unwearied devotion to the interests of Christianity, preaching the gospel of Christ with simplicity, purity, and fervor rarely equalled, and with his pen defending the doctrines of grace with logical acumen and philosophic breadth of view perhaps never surpassed, this illustrious man died in the year 430, in the seventy-sixth year of his age, and the fortieth of his ministry.

What Christ Means to Me

By WILFRED T. GRENFELL

**Missionary to the Deep Sea Fishermen Off the
Coasts of Labrador and Newfoundland
Commemorating the one hundredth Anniversary
of his birth, Feb. 28, 1865.**



AS A BOY, brought up in the orthodox teaching of the National Church established by law in my native land, religion was a matter of course and part of every gentleman's education. It produced no more personal reaction that I was conscious of than in any other healthy lad. The only effect that I can remember was that I grudged having to 'waste' one day in seven, which as we did not have to devote it to work might of course have been used for games.

Having a constitution hardy above the average, it never for a moment worried me as to what would happen if I died. I had no intention of dying, and so far as I could gather, religion seemed largely concerned with dying. At home we always had morning prayers — a custom which was tolerated rather than enjoyed. In the summer my parents generally went abroad to Switzerland or elsewhere, and then there were no morning prayers, and the day seemed freer and longer, and the sense of restraint was removed. I should add that so also was the similar beneficial discipline of teeth-brushing.

I was not troubled by intellectual doubts. The explanation was that we never doubted any-

thing that our mother told us. Her faith all through her long life was a positive, calm assurance grounded firmly on the inner authority of her own spiritual experiences. What was infinitely more important to our faith was that we boys never once knew her deeds to belie her words; we never knew her to act in anger, or unjustly. There is no denying the fact that a boy or man accepts unquestioningly from a person whom he loves that which, if he doubts the teacher in any way, his mind will challenge instantly. To the mind of every boy, the mother he loves possesses naturally sources of wisdom which are not open to him. He does not query or analyze this fact. With our mother we somehow knew that she had a knowledge of truth which we did not have, and unquestionably she had. It was the inner light that Christ says comes from following in His footsteps.

When I was at the public school, Christ as a Person meant little to my consciousness. Our college proclaimed its faith in established religion as an institution. We had a chapel service each morning and evening, and two on Sundays. Religion in those days never seemed to have any practical, personal bearing.

The years went by busily and on that account very joyously with me. Every day seemed to offer special ventures of some sort, and in my dreams these happy days still vie with those at my school. The clinical work in hospital, or, as we called it, "walking the hospital," had launched me into yet another new world. The human wreckage of the purlieus of Whitechapel would make the proverbial brass image stop to think. "The Palace of Pain," as some one named the great London Hospital, was indeed no misnomer. Focussed there was the suffering of the bodies, minds, and spirits of thousands of our fellow creatures. It certainly made one wonder about the "why" of it all. Only the concentration in my own daily share of the work in it prevented the question obtruding itself too awkwardly.

To be able to do things, to be kind, clean of life, punctiliously ethical, and scientifically up-to-date, seemed the limit of my highest expectations. To keep my body fit, and to excel in clean sport without neglecting my work or my patients, was the larger part of any religion I possessed.

One evening in 1883, going down a dark street in Shadwell

on my way from a maternity case, I passed a great tent, something like a circus. A crowd had gathered and I looked in to see what was going on. An aged man was praying on the platform before an immense audience. The length of the prayer bored me, and I started to leave as he droned on. At that moment a vivacious person near him jumped up and shouted: "Let us sing a hymn while our brother finishes his prayer."

Unconventionality, common sense, or humour in anything "religious" was new to me. Brawling or disturbing the order of ritual is criminal in the Established Church. Some one said the interrupter was the speaker of the evening, so I stayed to hear him.

I did not know anything about the man, nor did I see him again till fourteen years later. But he left a new idea in my mind, the idea that loyalty to a living Leader was religion, and that knightly service in the humblest life was the expression of it. His illustrations were all from our own immediate environment, much as Christ's were, and the whole thing was so simple and human it touched every one's heart. Religion, as the speaker put it, was chivalry, not an insurance ticket. Life was a field of honour calling for courage to face it, not a tragedy to escape from. Christ's call was to follow Him, not to recognize, much less to comprehend, Him. What Christ asked us for was reasonable service, or the service of our reason — but real hard service either way. His religion was a challenge, not a sop or dope. The whole talk was of a living Leader of men.

The preacher was an ordinary-looking layman, and I listened all the more keenly because I

felt he had no professional axe to grind. Someone, after the meeting ended, gave me a booklet entitled *How to Read the Bible*, by D. L. Moody, the man to whom we had been listening, and during the next few days, as I got time, I followed the advice in it.

I was searching for some guide to life in it, exactly as I sought in my medical treatment. I seemed to have suddenly waked up and to be viewing from outside the life which before I just took for granted as it came. The idea of this living Leader, who could and did transform all who accepted Him, and who in every rank of life everywhere literally would walk with ordinary folk and enable them "to play the game" and "endure as seeing Him who is invisible," fascinated me. It tallied also with all my knowledge of history and my personal experiences, but it seemed too big an idea to accept — I seemed halted at a crossroad.

Some time later, I forget how long, some famous athletes known to all the world interested in sports were advertised to speak in East London — cricketers, oarsmen, athletes of national and international fame. I was intensely interested in hearing what they had to say. Seven of them a little later, known on both sides of the Atlantic as the "Cambridge Seven," all went to China. That their faith was no more an emotional flash in the pan than John's or Peter's or Paul's is proved by the fact they are all still there in the field thirty-five years later, though all are men of ample means to live at home in comfort. The speaker whom I actually heard was a great cricketer. After all these years I can still remember the whole drift of

his talk. It was the old call of Joshua, "Choose to-day whom you will serve," self, fear of comrades and others, or Christ.

I felt then, and I still believe to-day, that he was absolutely right. The advance in our ability to understand things, such as the constitution of matter or the realization of the definite limits of our understanding, makes religion more and more a matter of choice. The will to believe is essential. Experience alone will make it knowledge, or, as Christ put it: "Follow me and you shall have the light of life." The increasing modesty of science after its marvellous discoveries during the past twenty-five years is permitting us ever more freely to accept this faith. The very conceit of Christ's challenge makes it seem divine. For His "Follow" meant "Do as I would do in every relation of life."

A truth I learned then and one which the years have confirmed is that real religion involves real courage. The inefficiency which I had associated with it had not been its fault, but ours. We had not dreamt of taking Christ in earnest. At the close of that address, the speaker urged all present who had made a decision to stand up. There were a number of my friends in the meeting, and I felt chained through fear to my seat. Sitting in the front semicircle of seats were almost a hundred husky lads, all dressed alike in sailor suits. They were from a training ship in the harbour. Suddenly one smallish boy got up and stood there, the target of many astounded eyes. I knew well what it would mean to him, when the boys got back aboard, and it nerved me to stand up also. This step I have ever since been thankful for. It is invaluable to know where you

stand. The decision fairly to try out in the laboratory of one's own life, that faith which has challenged and stirred the ages, is, I am convinced, the only way ever to obtain a fixed heart on the matter. The prize is to be won, not swallowed, as must be everything else we know of that is of permanent value.

Whatever else was the result of so apparently ephemeral a thing as a decision, it certainly entirely changed the meaning of life to me. I enjoyed everything in it more than ever, and the sneers of my fellows, which I honestly dreaded at first, wore down to a good-humoured chaff when they realized that religion made one do things.

My parents said little or nothing to me, leaving me to work out my own salvation. They could not help noticing my increased interest in evening prayers and my new real interest in the readings of my father, generally from the original Greek of the New Testament and occasionally from the Latin of the Vulgate. For the first time I noticed that he made passages from the King James Version intelligible and interesting.

I confess some of the difficulties were the people who only TALKED about religion. A religious "sissy" was anathema to me. It was the antithesis of my idea of the Christ. On the contrary, a quotation from that paragon of fearlessness, Paul, was a constant help to me, for the need of a power beyond my own, to win out, was always before me. So much so that forty years later, when my memory is supercharged with details, and when forgetfulness, an inevitable appanage of one's seventh decade, besets me, I can quote the chapter and even the verse, and Timothy, chapter 1, verse 12,

without a second's hesitation. It reads: "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day."

Spiritual Gifts

(Continued from page 3)

at good food and talk about it. It must be *eaten* in order to become one's life and strength. And this is what one is doing while having sweet, sacred fellowship with Jesus. This life is pouring in. It is like recharging these new-style flashlights by just plugging them in the outlet, and leaving them there for some hours. "They that *wait upon the Lord* shall renew their strength" (Isaiah 40:31).

That this would be the great work of the Holy Spirit — bringing Jesus, manifesting Jesus, bringing us into intimate communion with Him — is what Jesus so emphasized in John 14 and 16. "*At that day* ye shall know that I am in My Father, and Ye in Me, and I in you" (John 14:20). "*Ye shall see Me . . .*" (ch. 16:16-22). Everything else is secondary, or is but a means to this end.

Service, too, must take second place. The service is just to be the outflow from the rivers within. If these rivers are flowing deep and full, there *will* be this outflow, and without effort. Just like the branch abiding in the Vine. It just *abides*. How very clearly Jesus has put it all in that wonderful chapter — John 15! Illustrative of this is the testimony of a Chinese brother who is serving the Lord here in Taipei. Recently the Lord showed him the difference between these two ways. He said that before, in his zeal to serve God faithfully, he would make himself pray until he was weak and

worn out. But now what a change has come! He just rests in Jesus. In a meeting, or when by himself, he just enjoys Jesus. He has truly "ceased from his own works" and entered into rest (Hebrews 4:10). And the result? A joy and liberty in prayer and in other service that he never knew before. His face literally shines, and oh, how he enters into just worshipping Jesus and enjoying His glorious presence! And I have noticed how the Lord has been choosing to use him in prayer and in other ways, but I think his mind is not on that at all anymore.

Still another who has come into this way is Mrs. Ying, also a very earnest, dedicated church-worker. Many were in tears as she recently testified to the great change which has come to her — the change from strain to rest. I listened to her praying afterwards: "Lord, I thought I had to serve and serve You, and I didn't know that I just had to take You and Your love" — And so she too has come to see that *abiding* is the secret.

And these mentioned above are souls that had sought God earnestly, and had been filled with the Spirit. They all speak in tongues and attend Pentecostal meetings, but they had not known the true purpose of Pentecost. Some, who do not have a "Mary" heart, would no doubt prefer the other kind of meeting; but oh, one with a "Mary" heart enters right in to this second kind. Some "Marthas" will never change to "Marys" perhaps; but I *have* seen "Marthas" change to "Marys" — when they came to realize that this is "the one thing needful", and when they once tasted of the manna. According to the words of Jesus, it is something you can *choose* (Luke 10:42).

GATHERED FRAGMENTS



IN COMMEMORATION of the one hundredth birthday of the famous "Labrador Doctor" missionary, *Wilfred T. Grenfell*, born in England, Feb. 28, 1865, we are presenting to our readers an abridged account of his conversion from his book, *What Christ Means to Me*. When I was in junior high school, I learned one day that this famous missionary was being entertained by a prominent family in the town and that a number of his original drawings of life in Labrador were on exhibition for sale in the interests of his work. As the exhibition was open to the public, I saw no reason why I should not venture, at least, into the exclusive mansion.

I took a squint at the drawings, but I wanted to see the man. I was about to leave, disappointed, when a very charming, young society woman, completely unknown to me, met me and asked, "Would you like to see Dr. Grenfell?" Then she led the way up the long, grand stairway. With a heart beating fast in anticipation and joy, I followed. After my gracious "host" had knocked at the door of his room, Lady Grenfell, a large, rather pompous woman, appeared. "Could this boy see Dr. Grenfell?" After carefully scrutinizing me and considering the request, she answered, "Well, Dr. Grenfell is resting, but I think he can come in."

Dr. Grenfell was now almost seventy-five and could certainly

be allowed a rest, but I found that his "rest" was simply withdrawal from the many guests to the quiet of his room where he was busily making more drawings for exhibition and sale. After I was introduced to him, he continued to draw as he spoke to me — so considerately. After a few minutes I left, but an indelible impression remained with me: a really great man has time to speak to an unknown boy.

Our readers will be interested to know the steps which led to his service of almost fifty years in Labrador. After his conversion he asked his pastor for some work to do and was given a Sunday school class — "a bigger venture for him than he was aware of, as I had never been inside one, and much harder one for me than I ever dreamt of." Other activities followed, among them some open-air services in one of the outstanding immoral neighborhoods of London. Then in 1891 a friend suggested that he visit the fisheries on the Newfoundland Banks which he did. Later this friend asked him bluntly, "What are you going to do in life? Practise in London or work among fishermen?" There seemed to him only one possible answer. Before making his final decision, however, he asked his mother's advice and received the answer which became his life motto: "I would use daily the words of the 143rd Psalm, '*Teach me to do the thing that pleaseth Thee*.'" And he

endeavored to do just that until he was called into higher service in 1940.

The photo of Sir Wilfred T. Grenfell which accompanies the article by him was taken by Rosamond G. Shaw and was furnished by the courtesy of the *New England Grenfell Association*, Boston.

* * *

The oldest subscriber to BREAD OF LIFE, at least to our knowledge, is Mrs. Ellen Inch of Pioneer Lodge, Assiniboia, Saskatchewan, Canada. Mrs. Inch will be 94 on February 24. For a number of years Mrs. Inch assisted Miss Minnie McConnell, a Christian worker, of Toronto. It was through Miss McConnell's ministry that Mr. and Mrs. Gordon McKinnon, now missionaries in Tortola, came in contact with the Ridgewood Pentecostal Church. Mrs. Inch maintains a keen interest in missions and the work of the Lord throughout the earth. In a recent letter she writes: "I don't know if you know I have had several wonderful healings — a leaking valve in my heart, arthritis, a concussion of the brain from a fall. I do give our precious Lord all the glory. We had a very nice Christmas, but with it we had a blizzard that lasted three days and the snow is drifted up about seven feet outside my window, but my room is quite cheery and truly His presence is in my room. Bless His holy name."

* * *

Three readers are desirous to complete their sets of BREAD OF LIFE. Lacking are the following issues:

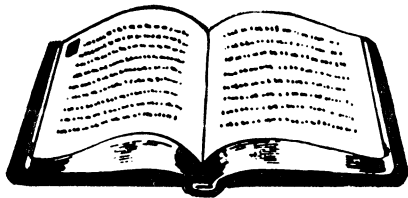
1951, December. 1952, Jan., March, April, May, June, Aug., Oct., Nov.

1953, January — 2 copies; February.

1958, May; 1959, February.

1961, — January — 2 copies.

If any one can furnish these issues, it will be greatly appreciated.



"I AM the Lord that Healeth Thee"

By CHARLES N. ANDREWS

READ ACTS 3 AND 4.

1. How long had the beggar been lame?
 - a. From his _____.
 - b. Over _____ years.
 - c. In the light of the story, what truths about healing can you draw from the above facts.
2. What was the beggar asking for? Where? Give a thought or thoughts from this that could be helpful to us in our praying and in our attendance at church.
3. See Matthew 10:8, and compare with Acts 3:6.
What do these two verses show us about healing?
4. See Mark 16:15-18 and compare with Acts 3:6, 16; and 4:10. What do these verses show us about the right or authority of believers?
5. Whose faith brought healing to this man? From whom did the faith come? (Compare Acts 3:16 with Romans 10:17.)
6. What did the lame man do to get healed?
7. Could the man have failed to get healed? If yes, how?
8. As a result of this healing and the preaching connected with it, what happened?

READ ACTS 9:32-35.

1. Aeneas had been bedridden _____ years from the disease _____.
 - a. What means did Peter use to heal him?
 - b. What did Aeneas do?
 - c. How could Aeneas have failed to receive his healing.

READ ACTS 9:36-42.

1. Describe Dorcas.
 - a. She was a _____.
 - b. She was _____.
2. Do good people get sick and die?
3. Why do you suppose Peter was sent for?
4. List five things Peter did in raising her from the dead.



BORROWED BITS

Selections by MARTHA W. ROBINSON

Arranged for Daily Meditations.

1. *Oh! dare and suffer all things!
Yet but a stretch of road,
Then, wondrous words of welcome,
And then — the Face of God.
The world, how small, and empty!
Our eyes have looked on Him;
The mighty Sun hath risen —
The taper burneth dim.* — TERSTEEGEN
2. To take for granted as truth all that is alleged against the fame of others is a species of credulity that men would blush at on any other subject. — JANE PORTER
3. *Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill.* — HORATIUS BONAR
4. My son, always commit thy cause to me. I will dispose well of it in due time. Wait for my ordering of it, and thou shalt find it will be for thy good. — THOMAS a KEMPIS
5. *A life of overcoming,
A life of ceaseless praise,
Be this thy blessed portion
Throughout the coming days.
The victory was purchas'd
On Calv'ry's cross for thee.
Sin shall not have dominion,
The Son hath made thee free.* — FRED A HANBURY ALLEN
6. Let go all; cling to nothing but God: the *present* manifested Will of God; the God-given Now is the only standpoint for the advancing Christian, his everlasting standpoint. — PHOEBE LORD UPHAM
7. The saving from the power and dominion of sin is to be *fully* accomplished, *now* in this life. — HANNAH WHITALL SMITH

(Continued on following page)

5. Compare this healing with the one above.
 - a. Does one need a long period of gradual recovery?
 - b. Why is the getting up important?

READ ACTS 13:4-12.

1. What did Elymas do?
2. What happened to him?

8. *O, to be but emptier, lowlier,
Mean, unnoticed and unknown,
But to God a vessel holier
Filled with Christ and Christ alone.
Naught of earth to cloud the glory,
Naught of self the light to dim,
Telling forth the wondrous story,
Emptied, to be filled with Him.* — FRANCES BEVAN
9. What God thinks and what way He wants me to go is the only thing worth considering in this world. — J. A. DOWIE
10. *Be still, and thy Belov'd will speak
When He hath found a silent heart;
Let ev'ry other voice be hush'd
And ev'ry reasoning depart.* — E. MAY GRIMES
11. How small soever anything be, if it be inordinately loved and regarded, it keepeth thee back from the highest good, and defileth the soul. — THOMAS a KEMPIS
12. *What conscience dictates to be done
Or tells me not to do,
This, teach me more than hell to shun,
That, more than heaven pursue.* — ANON
13. (Fenelon) would not admit the idea, that, in the progress of inward regeneration, it was right, or safe, or scriptural, to stop at any point, short of replacing God in the centre, and of making Him the source of every movement, the controlling principle of every action. — T. C. UPHAM
14. *It may not be on the mountain height,
Or over the stormy sea;
It may not be at the battle's front
My Lord will have need of me,
But, if by a still small voice He calls
By paths that I do not know,
I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine,
I'll go where you want me to go."* — MARY BROWN
15. Thou art my intelligence. I am willing and desirous to know that, and that only, which thou seest best for me to know. I will extinguish every inordinate desire here as in everything else, and wait calmly and peaceably before thee, that the weakness of my own mind may be guided by the strength of him who giveth wisdom. — CATHERINE ADORNA
16. *Live out Thy life within me,
O Jesus, King of Kings!
Be Thou Thyself the answer
To all my questionings.
Live out Thy life within me,
In all things have Thy way!
I, the transparent medium,
Thy glory to display.* — ANON
17. Renewedly promised, that I will accept of God, for my whole portion; and that I will be contented, whatever else I am denied. — JONATHAN EDWARDS
18. *I love Thee, because Thou hast first loved me,
And purchas'd my pardon on Calvary's tree;
I love Thee for wearing the thorns on Thy brow;
If ever I lov'd Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.* — ANON
19. He is within thee that fighteth for thee; and He is Strength itself. — MOLINOS
20. *Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!* — BERNARD of CLAIRVAUX
21. Suffer me not to judge according to the sight of the eyes, nor to give sentence according to the hearing of the ears of ignorant men: but with a true judgment to discern between things visible and spiritual, and (above all to be ever searching after the good pleasure of Thy will). — THOMAS a KEMPIS
22. I felt a burning desire to be in everything a complete Christian; and conformed to the blessed image of Christ. — JONATHAN EDWARDS
23. *Not mine, not mine the choice
In things or great or small
Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,
My wisdom and my all.* — H. BONAR
24. It is no small matter to lose or to gain the kingdom of God. — THOMAS a KEMPIS
25. It is a great truth, and being a truth is an eternal one, and God has revealed it in his holy Word, and revealed it in the hearts of his sanctified people, (that he, who stands in the desire of the creature, stands out of the will of God; and he, who stands out of the will of God, and in the desire of the creature, does not bear, and cannot bear the divine likeness.) — T. C. UPHAM
26. Oh, my Beloved! Who shall hinder me from loving Thee? Can my situation in life shut up the avenues of my heart, and prevent my loving? Oh, no. I could not cease to love, and to love thee with all my heart, even if I were situated amid the tumult and strife of armies. How, then, can the relation of a wife, and the cares of a family, or any of the ordinary duties of life, be an obstacle to a life of holy love? Pure love is a grace which has strength to live and flourish in every situation. I need no other proof, no other evidence of it, than what I have felt in my own soul, the gift of him whom my soul loves. — CATHERINE ADORNA
27. Bless and sanctify my soul with Thy heavenly blessings, that it may become Thy holy habitation, and the seat of Thine eternal glory; and let nothing be found in this temple of Thy dignity, which shall offend the eyes of Thy majesty. — THOMAS a KEMPIS
28. Sometimes, only mentioning a single word caused my heart to burn within me; or only seeing the name of Christ, or the name of some attribute of God. — JONATHAN EDWARDS