



Chosen Vessels

By Hans R. Waldvogel

He is a chosen vessel unto me, to bear my name before the Gentiles, and Kings, and the children of Israel. For I will show him how great things he must suffer for my name's sake. ACTS 9:15, 16.

JESUS knows His vessels. Here the Lord picked Saul of Tarsus, a man whom nobody suspected of being capable for His use, but Jesus knew. He chose him and said of him, "He is a chosen vessel unto me, to bear my name before the Gentiles, and Kings, and the children of Israel. For I will show him how great things he must suffer."

Vessels have to suffer. Paul was a chosen vessel who did not back down from suffering but accepted it all. That is what made him a chosen vessel. God cannot use vessels that are unwilling to be baked in the fire, to be prepared, and to be made ready for the Master's use.

When the Lord had brought me into the ministry, He spoke to me through one of His servants, saying, "If you knew the place where vessels are made, you would be surprised at the sufferings and testings you may have to go through." And even long before I entered the ministry, God gave me a word from Lamentations which has become fundamental in my life, "It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth" (Lam. 3:27).

"If you knew where vessels are made, you would be surprised!" Look through the pages of church history and world history as well, and you

will find that men who have made a mark for God, almost all of them, had a hard time in their youth.

Look at David. What a hard time he had until he said, "There is one step between me and death." And, mind you, the anointing oil of God was upon his head. He already had the promise of God to be made a king. And yet he despaired of life. He forgot that promise for the strain he was under. "One of these days I shall perish by the hands of Saul." That's how he was hounded. And God was the One who allowed him to be hounded! God was the One who had put David in the furnace. It was as if God said, "I'm not taking another chance. I took a chance with Saul, and he has failed miserably. I cannot use him. But here I am going to have a king, a man after my own heart."

So He kneaded David and put him in the fire and baked him. He tested him along every line until David said, "Now it's all up. One of these days Saul will find me and will kill me." But, oh, God had a vessel, God had a king who shines today, the only king worthy of the name. He stood every test with the exception of one. And how did David get there? Through the furnace of affliction.

(Continued on page 7.)

Gathered Fragments

WITH this issue BREAD OF LIFE completes its first year and hence its first volume. Many have testified how God has fed their souls through its pages and we covet your prayers that this may continue to be so.

* * *

The October issue of *Sieg des Kreuzes*, a monthly publication edited by *Pastor Oskar Lardon* of Hamburg, Germany, contains several articles translated from BREAD OF LIFE, and Pastor Lardon expects to continue this policy. *Sieg des Kreuzes* has a circulation of over 6,000 copies monthly. Any desiring to have copies of this paper for distribution among German-speaking friends may secure such by writing us for the same.

* * *

Many of our readers have been particularly thankful for the monthly feature, *Finest of the Wheat*, by *Martha Wing Robinson*. This has been omitted this month because we are printing an article from her own pen, *His Riches in Glory*. Written on the leaves of an old notebook it lay for years among the papers of Mrs. Robinson's sister, Mrs. Nettie Graham, where it was discovered after her death three years ago. Once seen, it was recognized as a spiritual gem and that it had been prepared with a view to publication.

* * *

In Perils by the Heathen is the first of two articles on China by *Miss Pearl Young* of Nova Scotia. For many years Miss Young was a missionary in China. Since her return she has served on the staff of Pilgrim Camp, Brant Lake, N. Y., where her life and ministry have brought help and encouragement to the guests. Later, God willing, BREAD OF LIFE will carry some devotional articles from her pen.

* * *

In sending this article Miss Young wrote, "I write this testimony to the glory of God, and that we may be stirred and encouraged to let the Spirit use us in prayer for His suffering people in China and elsewhere . . . And as we pray, may we believe always that God's grace is sufficient for them."

* * *

Recently the *New York Times* carried a dispatch from Nairobi, Kenya, telling how "police smashed an illegal tribal meeting." The authorities fear that the "anti-white Mau Mau . . . might be organizing a revolt in line with the terrorists' vow to drive the white man out of the British East African colony." Let us pray especially for the missionaries, many of them our personal friends, in Kenya, that wisdom and grace be given them for this ever-increasing peril.

* * *

A missionary friend, *Miss Kathrine Buck*, from South Africa, writes: "Your last two numbers of BREAD OF LIFE came as a delightful surprise. . . . I have been able to do very little mission work for years due to ill health which began nearly nineteen years

ago. But God has been very wonderful to me. I, of course, find work I can do at home and have written a small Zulu and a Sesotho Concordance. The latter just came out from the printer's now. One thousand of the Zulu one were sold over a number of years, and I have had 2,000 more printed. It is wonderful how God enabled me to have this done. Do pray that they may be used of God. One native led a prayer meeting and had the different people each take a verse from it on prayer. Needless to say, the meeting lasted for hours!" Should any of our readers care to send contributions for this missionary and her work, we will be glad to forward the same to her.

"Jesus, engrave it on my heart
That Thou the one thing needful art;
I could from all things parted be,
But never, never, Lord from Thee.

* * *

The first thing to do when you come to a meeting is to recognize the presence of Jesus. A better thing is to *come with Him*.

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Martha Wing Robinson

His Riches In Glory

A Meditation on Ephesians 3:14-21

By 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 the riches of His 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 the *riches of His 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, 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 Ho-

ly 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” (I Cor. 2:9) This is where the natural man, the natural mind, the veil of flesh begins 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 enduement 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 dis-

The words spoken to me on my first visit with Mrs. Robinson became a fundamental principle of my spiritual life:

“Son,” she said, “get alone with God, and He will reveal Himself and His will to you in a much better way than He could do it through a human teacher.”

Thus she proved to me the soundness of her ministry by not drawing disciples to herself but by commending them to God and to the word of His grace. This discourse is a classic in its field and follows the same principle in pointing men to the Foundation of living Waters, to Jesus Who is alone the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

—HANS R. WALDVOGEL.

MARTHA WING ROBINSON was born November 14, 1874. A semi-invalid for many years, during which time she drifted from a profession of Christianity into agnosticism and came "dangerously near infidelity" because she would not consecrate her life fully to God, she finally sought the Lord and found Him and was also completely healed from her many physical ills.

Immediately she began to serve the Lord in the area of her residence, Davenport, Iowa, and the sister cities of Moline and Rock Island, Illinois, where her efforts met with great success. Step by step she was led into ever greater usefulness in His harvest field, later ministering in Chicago and the cities of the North Shore, and after her marriage, in Detroit, Michigan. Then in the wake of the great Pentecostal outpouring of 1906-1907 she came into a fellowship with Christ beyond what she had dreamed possible before. In the article, *His Riches in Glory*, she suggests something of her own experience and the possibilities in Christ for every child of God.

Toronto and Montreal in Canada and later Zion, Illinois, were the principal scenes of her subsequent service. As a result of her ministry Faith Homes were opened where throughout the years hundreds of people from the world over, hungry for God, found their way to know Jesus better. Satisfied themselves, many of these went out to break the Bread of Life to others in this and foreign lands. The blessing found in these Homes flowed from the abiding life in Christ which Mrs. Robinson maintained continually, pointing souls to Jesus Himself as the Source of the supply of all needs. Thus she labored abundantly, assisted by a valiant group of associate ministers, until she was called Home in 1936.

cernment 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 eternity as but a moment, a twinkling of an eye, in God's ages, just so may we fully believe, must we meas-

ure *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.

"That He would grant you, according to *the riches of His 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 pray-

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In Perils by the Heathen

IT was in November 1947 that the Communists first came to our station in North China. There had been rumors for several days that they were fast approaching, and the Christians of the place, fearing that it might fare worse for the two foreigners, Mrs. Esther Hess and myself, than for themselves, urged us to leave while there was still time. We looked to God, wanting only His will, and He gave the assurance that we should stay on, together with the word, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee: because he trusteth in Thee." There was no question left in our minds, and the following over two months were a continual proving of God's wondrous grace and help.

The Communists arrived during the night, and the following morning two of their men were sent to escort us to their headquarters. I can still see the faces of the Christians filled with apprehension as we were led away. They gave themselves to prayer, as we learned later, and after an hour or so of pretty stiff questioning we were allowed to return to the house. During the weeks that followed, groups of Communists came and went, and the personnel was constantly changing, with the result that this questioning was repeated almost times without number and often from morning till night as officers and men would swarm into our rooms.

One of the wonderful things about those days was the way in which the Lord guided us in answering their questions. This especially seemed to impress the Christians who were with us. A wrong answer might have proved fatal, for at times those leaders would fairly gnash on us with their teeth. In the course of such talks there were constant opportunities for witnessing and preaching the Gospel. For instance, when they asked us what we thought of them, we answered that we loved and were concerned for their souls, knowing that they needed a Saviour. They would be so taken by surprise that they never, so far as I can remember, went back to their original question! Many of the common soldiers especially would listen ever so quietly and attentively.

There is no doubt, I think, that right along those men were restrained by God. At one place we had just finished a three-day series of meetings where thousands of them poured into the village, and every available space was taken, our quarters included. For the next three days we were seldom alone. Finally, a Chinese friend overheard a conversation some of them were having, and learned that they were considering taking us and holding us for ransom. We were urged to escape that night under cover of darkness, but as we looked to God there was no guidance to leave,

so we stayed. It is always safe to wait unless or until He shows the way, and this time proved to be no exception, for that very night the Communists themselves fled, having suddenly heard some rumor of approaching Nationalist troops.

And so they came and went and we were able to work on, the Lord blessing souls. It was early in the winter that Mrs. Hess was stricken with what seemed to her—a nurse who in her pre-Pentecostal days had had a wide nursing experience in China—to be typhoid fever. We did not use medicine for ourselves nor for the Chinese, so now again just resorted to prayer, and God, in a comparatively short time, raised her up. Praise His Name!

It was toward the end of January that we were finally ordered to leave the district by a man more evil than the rest, who had only quite recently come to the city. But as we were preparing to leave, it was learned by a Christian who lived next door to their headquarters, that there was a plot on foot to bury us alive,—one of their favorite methods of disposing of undesirables.

The Christians could not bring themselves to tell us of this. They simply prayed. God answered by sending Nationalist troops, thousands of them, on the very afternoon of the day we were to be taken. It seemed that fifteen minutes later would have been too late. I heard a

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SERVICE



ECHOES

Great Is Thy Faithfulness

WILLIAM J. LIEBMANN



W. J. Liebmann

Recently awarded the Bronze Star for meritorious service in Korea.

After a thirty-day leave, I was on my way again, this time to the west coast for overseas shipment. I was flown to Japan and from there traveled by train, boat, and truck to reach my assigned unit in Korea. On the way to my outfit and also later on during my time in Korea, I saw some of the most pitiful scenes of suffering and poverty that I have ever seen. It's almost unbelievable how

EARLY in February, 1951, I reported to Fort Knox, Kentucky, under orders to report there for active duty as a recalled reservist. After a month Betty and Barbara were able to join me, and for the next five months we made our home in the nearby town of Vine Grove. My duties at the time were those of an instructor and company officer in the training of draftees. During our stay there we were privileged to have a visit from Pastor and Mrs. Gottfried Waldvogel and their son, Edwin. Since there were no Pentecostal assemblies in the area, we attended the local Baptist Church. At the end of July, a little Kentuckian was added to the family—Karen. At the same time, I received orders, sending me to the Far East Command.

these people are forced to exist. The poorest people in the United States, by comparison, are well off. It makes a person appreciate the blessings we often take for granted here at home.

Before my leaving home, we had prayed for the Lord to have His will done in our lives, and we committed ourselves and everything that concerned us into His hands. The Lord was good to us and we have much for which to give Him thanks. When I first arrived in Korea, a series of short delays enroute to my unit caused me to miss one of the bloodiest engagements in which my outfit had ever participated. That to me, at the very beginning, was very encouraging as I believed it was the Lord, not merely coincidence, that delayed my arrival sufficiently to miss that battle.

In my duties as a rifle platoon leader, frequently leading patrols forward of the front line, the Lord made Psalm 91 very real to me on several occasions when it seemed almost impossible that we would all get through without suffering casualties. None of my patrols ever suffered a casualty. Some of the others weren't as fortunate. I believe that to be an answer to prayer, both my own and the prayers of the assembly. It is good to know that the people at home are praying, and I never failed to claim the answers to those prayers. Later on, in January, I was given a new duty assignment as Company Executive officer and weapons platoon leader, which was a welcome change because it relieved me of the duty of leading patrols.

In September of this year I was returned to the United States and once again stationed at Fort Knox where I have been joined with my family. I want to thank all who prayed for us and ask you to continue to remember us in prayer.

The experiences of the past year have given us many things for which to thank the Lord, both for what He did for me personally in Korea and for the family at home while we were separated. It has been a year in which we have learned to trust the Lord more and He has not failed us. He has proved to us that "great is His faithfulness" and it is our prayer that He shall find us faithful too.

In Korea

Daniel Pellegrino, who is with the Headquarters Co., Signal Bn., First Maintenance Division, writes:

"Just a few lines letting you know that I am now in Korea. Just before I came to this area I heard the enemy made an unsuccessful attack here. We are stationed a little ways behind the lines but we have to be careful of enemy attack. I ask that you remember me in prayer that my life may shine for Christ that these fellows here with me may come to the realization that they are lost in this dark world without Christ."

With Hagan On Furlough

Stanton Hagan of Kenosha, Wisconsin, now stationed in Degerndorf, Germany, recently had an opportunity to visit the Scandinavian countries. Stan is enrolled in the Bread of Life Bible Correspondence Course and sends, with a number of others, his weekly reports which are very interesting. He writes:

Greetings,

The Lord most wonderfully blessed me on my furlough, during which I made a tour of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark—some beautiful scenery.

One evening while in Oslo, I watched a street meeting conducted by the Salvation Army. I could not understand what was said but talked with one of the ladies in charge after the meeting was over who told me about their work. It gives me such a blessing to meet Christian people.

In Copenhagen I had a two-hour layover. There the Lord brought me in contact with another American soldier and opened the way for a testimony. My heart was really rejoicing in the Lord after I had left this boy. Praise His Name! The soldier told me that he had been feeling empty inside, and there was something missing in his life, and he said it was Christ that he needed.

The Lord has truly showed me that the only possible way to abide in Christ is not by my efforts and works but by emptying myself and letting Christ have His way. It has been a hard lesson to learn, but through trials He has pointed it out.

From Here 'N There

Joseph Schilly was called home from Germany because of the serious illness of his father. He expects to be discharged in about two months.

Stephen Shreck of Brant Lake, N. Y., has been called into Service and is now with the air force at Camp Breckinridge, Kentucky.

Rolf Bocker has been seeing more service near the front in Korea, but expects to ship for home soon and to be discharged about New Year's.

Otto Schad leaves for the service as this goes to press.

A Correction

Sal Gaglio writes from France, "In your edition of Bread of Life there is an error. I didn't start the Sunday School at Degerndorf. It was already in operation. Please make a correction in your next issue if possible. I didn't do much among the boys. They were just as they are now."

Chosen Vessels

(Continued from page 1.)

We have another illustration in Joseph. When God wanted to save the whole world from destruction, he chose Joseph. Look at the suffering Joseph had to

go through. When you read the history of Joseph, you see it was all by the appointment of God. It was as if God turned him over to the devil and said, "Now, Devil, you can do the worst you know." Joseph who already had had visions of reigning over his parents and over his brothers was sold into slavery, tempted by the temptress in Potiphar's house, and then thrown into prison until he gave up hope. The very friends who had promised to help release him forgot all about him. But God didn't.

God hasn't forgotten *you*. Oh, no! But everything depends upon how you stand your test. Oh, if God could put us into His school, if He could show us how many things we must suffer! So many, however, walk out of the school of the Holy Ghost. So many take themselves out of God's hand, and so the vessel is marred. We cannot reign with Him unless we suffer with Him. There is positively no other way. Does it not say that if we receive chastening, God dealeth with us as with sons? Do we want to be sons of God or bastards? Which will it be? Each one has to make the choice!

When God tells us, "Do all things without murmurings and disputings that ye may be blameless and harmless, sons of God without rebuke in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation", He means to say that God is the Lord in your life. If we are to be "sons of God without rebuke in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation," we must turn at His reproof, and then He will pour out His Spirit upon us. God has pledged Himself to see to it that "all things work together for good to them that love God." Then why do we kick? Why do we complain?

Because we don't like his discipline. "Murmurings" . . . "disputings" . . . mean finding fault with God.

Beloved, God's Word is true! "It is good for a man to bear the yoke in his youth." And if we don't, we shall miss something that we shall never be able to make up throughout the ages of eternity. And what is His yoke? The eternal will of God. And everything must work together with a heavenly harmony to perform the will of God in my life if I bow my neck to the yoke of Christ. Oh, for a heart that is wholly given, wholly consecrated to the will of God! Take one step of obedience today and God sets His will into you and crucifies your flesh, and presently there comes a call to come still closer, still closer.

There seems to be no limit to the call of Jesus, "Come out from among them and be ye separate, and touch not the unclean thing." What does it mean to be sanctified, to be wholly separate, wholly given? At first, God asks you to give up your self-will and the exterior things, maybe your possessions, your love of money, or your love of ease. After awhile He demands your lips, your thoughts, your feelings, and then your affinities and your affections until you cry, "Take Thy great power and reign Thou alone over my will and affections victorious." Jesus can take you step by step and the further you go, the more you feel your need to come down.

God doesn't always fold us closer to Himself by a mighty baptism, by a wonderful Holy Ghost unction, or by pouring His joy into your heart. He does it quite the opposite way.

He fixes up some severe test, some trial. Did you know that God fixed that up for you? Isn't it strange? It seems the *worst* thing that *ever* happened or ever *could* happen for you, and you find no exit to it, no way of escape. Well, that shows its divine origin. God fixed it up. He could never get you crucified unless He fixed it up like that.

"I will show him how many things he must suffer." Most people balk at suffering, and that's why God has so few vessels. We don't like suffering. And oh, how subtle this flesh is! How deceitful this heart is! How many ways we find to get out of suffering. And when we balk, we get stranded, and God is unable to take us further. And some get stranded forever.

There has never been a time in the world when God needs vessels like today. Do you know where we are? Do you know that the saints take the Kingdom? This fatalistic teaching of people who say, "Well, Communism is going to swallow up the earth!" No, it isn't! *Christ* is going to swallow up the earth. Jesus Christ is going to win the battle. We have nothing to do with defeat.

That is why it is so important for us to give diligence to make our calling and election sure, to know God and to know that all things work together for good to them that love God. I must face everything in God and find God and not see man. If I see man, I will stumble, but when I see Jesus I will realize that *all* things serve to *one* end and work together for good—*all* things! Then I will have the victory instead of defeat.

Look round about you and see how thousands are falling, but

listen, "it shall not come nigh thee" if you dwell "in the secret place of the Most High." This experience requires obedience, hearkening to His commands; for example, "In nothing be anxious, but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God." How much better it is to talk to God about your tests and trials than to talk to man! When you talk to man, you will soon be in confusion and your trouble will be aggravated. But get to God. Jesus Christ will plead your cause, will take your trial upon Himself, and will take your trouble right out of your hands. He will see you through, and this applies to everything that can come your way.

His Riches in Glory

(Continued from page 4.)

ers 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 knowledge 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."

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 grounded 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 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 steps?

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 the light 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.

In Perils by the Heathen

(Continued from page 5.)

man who was not given to loud praising shout "Hallelujah" that day! Even the heathen were saying, "Surely their God takes care of them!"

The Nationalist troops, too, seemed awed by the whole thing. They had orders to leave a few days later and we left with them. Somehow God gave strength for those long days of marching in bitter weather through snowdrifts or on icy paths over hilly country. At night we slept either on boards, or on the floor of some village home, but it was always the

best that could be provided by the two officers who took upon themselves to be responsible for us. We believed that those men, total strangers, were God-given. They shared everything with us—even to a comb and wash-cloth!

How to Pray for Chinese Christians

For boldness. The disciples in Jerusalem, after some of their number had been imprisoned, prayed, "Grant unto Thy servants to speak Thy word with all boldness." Holy boldness is indeed needed in a land whose leaders regard all religions as superstition, and Christianity as having been a tool of "Western imperialism."

For love. Meetings in which it is required that brethren must accuse each other are constantly held throughout China, in churches as well as in other groups of people. The betrayal of confidence in an atmosphere of fear and suspicion quickly breeds hatred, and only a constant renewal of the Spirit of Jesus Christ in the heart will make possible the fulfillment of the divine command to love one another.

For discernment. Chinese Christians are often in great confusion of mind as to how far they should go in acceding to the requirements of the government. "Let every soul be in subjection to the higher powers" is a scriptural injunction to which many turn as their reason for doing and saying things which are fundamentally contrary to the Christian profession. The Holy Spirit is the only teacher who can guide them into *all* truth in the perilous and perplexing circumstances in which they find themselves. —THE MILLIONS.

On the morning of the second day we were so utterly weary and lame that it seemed impossible to move at all, let alone begin a day's march. And the orders were for a longer march than that of the day before! We were just quietly told

that we must go on, that they dare not leave us behind in Communist territory, for when the Nationalist troops moved out of a place, the Reds moved in.

Well, we started in the Name of the Lord, and He gave us the help we needed. The men seemed to expect it would be so. I remember that on the second night there was a rat running around the floor where we and some of the officers and men were lying, packed in like sardines. The next night I made some remark about hoping we wouldn't be troubled by rats again,—vain hope in China!—to which one of those heathen men replied, very seriously, "Don't be afraid. God is here." A well-deserved rebuke!

God can indeed give grace in time of need. Living in the North of China, I had heard much through the years of what the Communists were capable of doing, of what had happened in Manchuria, for instance. I suppose that there was none of us who knew of such things, but recoiled from the thought of ever having to meet with those men ourselves. But when the time came and we were actually in their power, there was no fear, only a wonderful peace.

When they sometimes asked us if we weren't afraid since they could put us to death if they wished to, we could truthfully answer that we did not mind what they did. If they killed us, we would go straight to Heaven; but we knew, we told them, that they were powerless to harm us unless our God permitted them to.

The Lord fulfilled His promise to keep us in perfect peace. His grace was sufficient and can be for His children suffering far

Canarsie Full Gospel Chapel Dedicated



Canarsie Full Gospel Chapel.

ON November 1st the Canarsie Full Gospel Chapel, Brooklyn, New York, of which *Rev. and Mrs. W. Ernest Oldfield* are the ministers, was dedicated by Pastor Hans Waldvogel. This service was a fitting climax to the week's meetings celebrating the tenth anniversary of the work in Canarsie. This event was well publicized in the community and received front-page recognition in the *Canarsie Courier*. From this write-up we quote:

After ten years of ministry in this community the Canarsie Full Gospel Chapel announces it is ready to dedicate a church of its own.

Starting out with a tent on the corner of Remsen Avenue and Avenue L in August, 1942, the work has enlarged and widened its scope of

service throughout Canarsie. For four years the Chapel was located at 9526 Avenue L. When this property was sold in 1946 the growing church found a temporary home at 606 E. 89th Street, where services were conducted in the Italian Church of God.

In October, 1951, the Canarsie Baptist Church, 1186 Remsen Avenue was purchased. The herculean task of renovating and redecorating this building was undertaken largely by the members themselves, who have

wielded hammer and saw, trowel and paint brush with the same zeal and fervor with which the gospel has been preached.

A new heating system has been installed; both auditoriums and a five-room parsonage in the rear have been completely redecorated; the outside has been beautified with a fresh coat of paint, a new roof put on and the steeple has been repaired. The church has been a landmark in Canarsie for many years.

"The building itself is not the only interesting aspect of the work," says the Rev. W. Ernest Oldfield, Minister. "Volumes could be written of the way in which individual lives have been transformed and helped. As an example, one woman came into the tent suffering from a large, exterior goiter and a number of other maladies. In answer to the prayer of faith she was healed, and became so eager to serve God that, through her efforts alone, fifty children were brought into the Sunday school."

worse things, unthinkable things, and increasingly, in China and in other lands today. Hallelujah!

That is the first thing I want to leave with you. The second is this: much of the help given during those weeks and months was because there were those who prayed. I am persuaded of that. We probably know only a small part of it, but here at least is one glimpse.

Several weeks after we had reached a place of safety we had a letter from a missionary friend far to the northeast of us, who had just read the story of our escape (in a Chinese paper). She wrote that at the very time when our lives were

in danger, she and several others were in the home of a friend "for coffee and prayer." They knew nothing of our need, but while they were still at the coffee part, she had a terrible burden for us, so intense that they went to prayer immediately. "We got down to prayer," she wrote, "and the very heavens were opened. I kept saying, 'Keep them covered with the blood!' . . . We knew that whatever happened God was undertaking for you."

Our God wants to give wonderful victories right along—perhaps not always in the way of physical deliverance such as ours was, and such as many others, both Chinese and mission-

aries have had—but victories, nevertheless, glorious victories over the devil, victories for Christ's kingdom. God so much, it would seem, depends on the prayers of His people. Oh, that we may be at His bidding for his ministry, taking time and giving the Holy Ghost a chance to pray through us as He will!

The greatest thing Jesus did was to be subject. Jesus was in the school of obedience for thirty years and was subject. *That is why the demons became subject to Him later.—H.W.*

* * *

THE HAPPY HEART

O Happy Heart, wherein the Son Reigns, as upon His peaceful Throne! But first each foe must conquered be, For conflict precedes victory!

—Tersteegen.

The Cause for The First Thanksgiving.

BEING thus passed the vast ocean, and a sea of troubles before in their preparation, they had now no friends to welcome them, nor inns to entertain or refresh their weatherbeaten bodies, no houses, or much less towns, to seek for succour.

It is recorded in Scripture, as a mercy to the Apostle and his shipwrecked company, that the barbarians showed them no small kindness in refreshing them, but these savage barbarians, when they met with them, were readier to fill their sides full of arrows than otherwise.

And for the season, it was winter, and they that know the winters of that country, know them to be sharp and violent.

Besides, what could they see but a hideous and desolate wilderness, full of wild beasts and wild men? And what multitudes there might be of them they knew not.

Neither could they, as it were, go up to the top of Pisgah, to view from this wilderness a more goodly country to feed their hopes; for whichever way they turned their eyes (save upward to the heavens) they could have little solace or content in respect of any outward objects. For summer being done, all things stand upon them with a weatherbeaten face; and the whole country, full of woods and thickets, represented a wild and savage hue.

If they looked behind them, there was the mighty ocean which they had passed, and was now as a main bar and gulf to separate them from all the civil parts of the world.

What could now sustain them but the Spirit of God and his grace?
May not and ought not the children of these fathers rightly say:

“Our fathers were Englishmen which came over this great ocean, and were ready to perish in this willdernes, but they cried unto the Lord, and He heard their voyce, and looked on their adversitie, etc. Let them therfore praise the Lord, because He is good, and His mercies endure for ever. Yea, let them which have been redeemed of the Lord shew how He hath delivered them from the hand of the oppressour. When they wandered in the deserte willdernes out of the way, and found no citie to dwell in, both hungrie, and thirstie, their sowele was overwhelmed in them. Let them confess before the Lord His loving kindnes, and His wonderfull works before the sons of men.”

WILLIAM BRADFORD.