

Bread of Life

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Who, Then, Is That Faithful Servant?

By GOTTFRIED A. WALDVOGEL

IN THE PARABLE OF THE TALENTS, we read about the faithful servants and the unfaithful servant. What makes the difference?

The one thing that the Lord Jesus is looking for above all else in our lives is hearts that love Him and lovingly worship Him. And when we speak about the coming of Jesus, when we speak about the hope which should fill our hearts, we ought to remember this, that that hope is not concerned in the first place with things that are going to happen when Jesus comes, but the object of our hope is He, Himself. It is the Lord Jesus who is our hope. He will appear unto them that look for Him.

God has a people here on earth who are looking for Jesus; they are looking for Him because they love Him. He is the object of their love. They are looking unto Jesus now with the eyes of faith and with great desire to know Him, to love Him, to glorify Him and they look for Him to appear *unto them*. That is the great salvation that will be brought to us when He comes. It says, "He will appear unto us for (or unto) salvation." We whose citizenship is in heaven are waiting for the Saviour to come from heaven, and the salvation which He shall bring to us will simply mean a revelation of the Lord Jesus to us, for which our hearts are longing. To be like Him is the essence of our hope—to see Jesus as He is, to be changed and made like Him, to be lifted into that same realm of glory in which He is living now.

It is Jesus Himself who is the object of our hope and, beloved, this hope cannot be divorced from His love. We look for Him because we love Him. We look for Him with earnest longing and joyful anticipation because we love Him. Only that kind of hope is real and that kind of hope is not put to shame. Oh, how is it with us?

It is not just because we are going to get a reward that we want to be faithful to Jesus. We want to be faithful because we love Him. He looks for love in your heart and in my heart; and if I really love Him, I will serve Him naturally. If I really love Him I will be willing to suffer a little. If you really love Him, you will be ready to be faithful even if He takes your life.

Let us give ourselves to loving Jesus. There is nothing more important in the Christian life than this. Nothing else will please Him. "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou Me?" Oh, do you love Jesus? Do you really love Him? If I do, it is He who has kindled that fire in my heart. He somehow hath revealed to me His wonderful love for me and has caused me to experience His mercy. And if I abide in His love, if I am in that attitude in which His Spirit can make real to me the love of Jesus, if I give myself to loving Jesus, if I seek Him, if I seek to please Him, if I study His Word in order that I might know Him, if I let my heart's desire go out to Jesus, He will increase in me that flame of love. We have sensed His presence.

Does Jesus really mean to have within your hearts a burn-

ing love for Him? Why, certainly, that is the only love that is true and acceptable. God says, "Because thou art lukewarm I will spue thee out of My mouth." Beloved, we are called to love Him with all our heart and soul and mind and strength. We are called to love with a fervent love, and the Holy Spirit kindles that fire in our hearts. I know that the Lord Jesus desires to increase that love in every one of us. He wants us to be filled with a holy fire of love, with a holy enthusiasm for Jesus, with a holy zeal for Him. He tells us that He gave Himself for us that we might be a people zealous of good works. *Zealous*. The Church at Ephesus had lots of good works but Jesus said, "You have lost the fire. Repent and do the first works, works that are brought forth by the zeal of the love of Jesus." O how is it with us? We know Jesus is coming, and we love Him. Let us *give* ourselves to loving Jesus. Do not say, "There is nothing of love in my heart." That very conviction in your soul is proof there is some work of the Spirit in you and the Holy Spirit is jealous to possess you wholly for Christ.

There is a great danger today, and especially here in this land where we have everything plentiful, of people getting into an easy way of living. Even in the Christian life and experience there is a danger of going to sleep spiritually, there is the danger of that laziness, that carnal laziness which tries to usurp the throne in our lives. Beloved, we need the fire of God. Jesus will pour in His oil if we open our hearts to Him.

"Lovest thou Me? Then feed my sheep. Feed my lambs. Lovest thou Me?" If I really love Jesus, I will be a faithful servant. I will give myself and my all to Him. I will seek to be my best for Christ.

What It Means to Go Through with God

BERNICE C. LEE

CAN THINE HEART ENDURE, or can thine hands be strong, in the days that I shall deal with thee?" (Ezek. 22:14.)

While meditating upon the subject before us, the above scripture was flashed upon heart and mind, for to go through with God means to be tried by God.

Do you recall in the early days of your consecration, with the fulness of His anointing upon you, singing with all your heart, "Jesus, I'll go through with Thee"? "Where He leads me I will follow"? "Jesus, I my cross have taken, ALL to leave and follow Thee"? Though perhaps young in experience at the time, knowing little of what the cost would be, not realizing the depths into which you might be taken, almost unknowingly, you committed yourself, and HE ACCEPTED THE COMMITTAL!

Patiently, tenderly, "even as a nurse cherisheth her children," so the Lord led on. Joys and sorrows were intermingled, but joy had the supremacy, for HE knew how little strength you had, but knowing that you had a LITTLE, He continued to take you at your word.

Then began the days of His dealing with you and as though to give you yet another opportunity of choosing whether or not you would go on, He very personally put the question, "Can thine heart endure, or can thine hands be strong . . .?"

It was almost as though all heaven was hushed into silence as God awaited your answer; then like the servant of old, impelled by love, unhesitatingly, you gave your word, "I love . . . I will not go out free!" With that word you became a love-slave to serve Him forever! You

had counted the cost; now you began paying the price.

What is it meaning to *you, today*, to go through with God? Are you paying the *full* price, and is that price anything less than your *all*?

Our heart has been much stirred as we have come into contact, both personally and by letter, with those who have heard this unmistakable call of God, and our cry has been, "O God, give to Thy people anew the vision they once had!" Must we acknowledge that there are *few, very few*, who are going all lengths with God? Must we admit the tendency to a return to a life of ease?

In every walk of life, be the conditions what they may, the soul that has covenanted to follow God wholly will find its consecration, faith and love tested to the very limit, at times, but perhaps there is no place where this is more manifest than on the foreign field.

A young man with the consecration of his God upon his head went forth to the regions beyond. His ministry was a joy and delight to himself and a blessing to others. One day a subtle temptation presented itself. As he yielded to his desire to join himself to one who could not be a help to him in his onward march for God, it became manifest to those among whom he labored that he was losing the vision, thus breaking his vow of separation. Much prayer was offered on his behalf and the saints sought to counsel as best they could, but the young man went on his way, married the young woman of *his* choice, but *not* God's, and in a very little while had left the service to which he had been

called, to engage in secular employment. As we write these lines we find a tenderness creeping into our heart and we ask, "Was the failure all in the young man, or did some one fail to go through with God on his behalf?" The fact remains that he did not go through with God and his life has come far short of what it might have been to himself and to countless others!

Again, a young woman, looking forward to a life of happiness in the home which was to be hers, heard the voice of Another beckoning her on to a closer walk with Him. If she followed Jesus, it meant separation from him whom she hoped to make her life companion, for her call was to the foreign field; his was not. With holy determination, she bade farewell to all that had looked so alluring and laid her life at the feet of the Nazarene to follow Him anywhere, everywhere. The struggle was by no means ended in a moment. Instead, there were weeks and months of suffering and soul agony. At times the glory broke through and she could rejoice and exult exceedingly; then again all the old sorrow would sweep over her soul, almost overwhelming her. But faithfully she held on her way, going through the fire and through the water until *He* brought her out into the "wealthy place," and with what result? For years she has stood as a helper of men, her life a willing offering laid down that she may bring others to Christ.

But it is not only in these "heroic decisions" that we are called upon to go through with God. Perhaps one of the points upon which we find it the most difficult to yield is the matter of

our wills in little things. Sad indeed it is to see how easily the children of God become offended — “hurt” — over things that are said and done! It takes the real love of the Lord Jesus Christ to enable those of different dispositions to dwell together in unity, and unless each one is consecrated to the point of being willing to “give up” to the other, there is sure to be trouble and oftentimes a very tiny spark is fanned into a tremendous flame, and wounds are made which never are healed. Oh, for the *flaming* love of God so to fill our hearts that the rights of others will always seem larger and more important than our own! Surely, going through with God means being so wholly surrendered to Him that we take sweetly and in the spirit of the meek and lowly Jesus whatever He permits to be sent to us. God is not only asking, but *demanding* a very close and holy walk today of those who, in the early days of their consecration, said “yes” to Him.

We have a most poignant example in the 44th chapter of Ezekiel along this line. It was only the Levites who were separated wholly unto the Lord, who might enter the sanctuary. These were set apart to minister unto Him in the inner court, but even of this priestly order there were some who went astray, going as God said, far from Him, and while there was forgiveness of their guilt for them, yet from thenceforth they were only to “minister to the house,” for distinctly had God declared, “And they shall not come near unto Me . . .” (verse 13).

Can we possibly contemplate anything so indescribably sad in all the world as to be separated from this place of sweet, sacred,

holy, intimacy with God? Yet this is the result of those who fail to go through along all lines with Him. To those who have once caught the vision, heard the call and followed on, it will take something more than mere “ministering to the house” to satisfy the soul’s deepest craving.

“For mine is a soul of noble birth,
That needeth more than Heaven and earth;
And the breath of God must draw me in
To the heart that was riven for my sin.”

It is as though God were sending everywhere notes of warning, admonishing us with no uncertain sound, yet with infinite tenderness, to keep the vows we have made unto Him, to beware lest we fall away from our steadfastness, to keep the charge that hath been committed to us.

We have been most deeply impressed with the thought of what *our* failure may mean, not only to Him and to us, but to countless others as well.

In the bloom of early young womanhood, God laid His finger upon one of His handmaidens and set her aside for work in a foreign land. But the mother, a Christian woman, fearing to lose her daughter, made light of the call, seeking at every opportunity to thwart the plans being made. For a time the young woman went bravely forward, longing eagerly for the day when she would be laboring among her beloved Chinese. The pressure, however, became too strong and she finally yielded to the mother’s desire for her to remain at home. Years have sped by since then and today the one whom He would have sent to sow the precious seed is look-

ing back with regretful heart upon the years eaten by the cankerworm. She *hoped* God would excuse *her* if she provided substitutes, but when God calls an individual no substitute will suffice!

More and more is the thought borne in upon us that the loss to others, if we fail God, is incalculable. “For none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself.” Our influence is far-reaching whether we know it or not. A little compromise, a little letting down in fervency of spirit, a little waning of the prayer life and of communion with God—all these may not be noticed at once by those among whom we live and move. Spirituality does not depart in a moment, but little by little, almost unconsciously, there is a leaking out of spiritual life and power until the soul awakes to the fact that it is no longer able to touch God either for itself or others. Oh, the pain of such an awakening!

We think of Esau “who, for one morsel of meat, sold his birthright.” The supreme moment comes to every soul who has bowed low at the altar of consecration; there is the death struggle between flesh and spirit—the hour when, alone with God, the soul wrestles “till the breaking of the day.” The “I will” of either the flesh or the spirit gains the supremacy; if of the flesh, the soul crippled, baffled, defeated, goes on its way, thenceforth to be but a lesser light robbed of its lustre and by no means the helper of men that God created it to be. If, however, the spirit is triumphant, behold the new light that gleams from the eye of the conquering one, the blessed, pre-

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Receiving the Holy Spirit

By WM. F. P. BURTON

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I WAS BORN IN A GODLY FAMILY, and cannot remember the time when I did not know the way of salvation through faith in the crucified and risen Christ. I was sprinkled as a baby, but this "christening" cannot have had the least effect upon me. As a boy I made some profession of faith in the Lord Jesus, in response to much pleading by an evangelist, to get right with God. However, I soon realized that that profession was of no real value.

I continued to be *convicted by the Holy Spirit* (John 16: 8-12), and would often wander out into the marshes near college, and cry aloud to God to make me willing to receive Him and confess Him. Fear of fellow-students and the inconsistent lives of some of the masters who were "clergymen" kept me from definite decision at that time. I was living in sin and was a slave to sin. I feared that Christ would return and find me unprepared. One night some soldiers were camped near the town. Hearing a bugle, I awoke in a perspiration of fright, dreading lest Christ might have come and called away my mother, leaving me unsaved. It was a great relief in the early morning, to hear her moving about the house and to know that there was yet hope for me. I reached out for righteousness without the power to live in it. I hated sin but could not avoid it. I was like a fly in a spider's web, enmeshed, struggling, helpless.

I was confirmed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, but confirmed in sin, for I had never been born again. Neither had the "clergymen" who prepared

me for confirmation. It was just a meaningless, powerless rite, in which I promised things which I had no ability to perform.

At last, as a young engineer, in the town of Batley, Yorkshire, I determined to settle once and for all the matter of my eternal destiny. A sermon of Dr. R. A. Torrey had made a deep impression on me. He offered four tests for false or real religion:

(1) Does it satisfy your conscience?

(2) Does it make a better man of you?

(3) Will it give you assurance on your death-bed?

(4) Will it stand you in good stead before the judgment bar of God.

To all these I answered an honest "No!" Thus a few weeks later I knelt by the bed, alone in my room, and cried, "O God, I am nothing but a guilty sinner. I take the Lord Jesus to be my Saviour. Please take me to be Thy servant, for Jesus Christ's sake, Amen."

At that moment, from three Scriptures, I knew that I was accepted with God:

(a) I had called upon His name and He had promised to save those who call on that name (Rom. 10:13).

(b) I had received the Lord Jesus, and had thus become a son of God. I was *born again of the Spirit* (John 1:12).

(c) I had come to Him, asking Him to take me, and His promise was that He would in no wise cast me out (John 6:37).

I found myself completely changed (2 Cor. 5:17). I developed an insatiable thirst for

God's Word, and would be up by 4 a.m. for Scripture study and prayer (John 8:47). A new hatred for sin and desire to do God's will possessed me (1 John 3:6, 7 and 9), while I fled from the things of the world, its fellowship, conversation, honour and pleasures (1 John 2:15). I loved God and His children (1 John 3:14; 4:11 and 20; 5:2), delighting to be in their company (1 John 2:19). It was my great pleasure to speak for my Lord (1 John 4:5 and 6). All these were evidence that I was born of the Spirit, and had become a child of God.

I began winning others for Christ, and He led me most remarkably, often directing me to complete strangers, and to houses that I had not known before, where I found people hungry to know how to be saved. As many as are *led by the Spirit of God*, they are the sons of God (Rom. 8:14). I was most definitely and continually led by Him. When I grieved Him, and did those things which were unworthy, I was most unhappy till they were confessed and forgiven (1 John 1: 7 to 2: 2).

In my reading of the Scriptures, I found that those who trusted in Christ were "buried with Him by baptism," but could find no trace of baby sprinkling (Rom. 6: 4; Acts 8: 36-37). Thus I was directed to some believers who immersed me in the name of God the Father, Son and Holy Spirit (Matt. 28: 19). I have never regretted that step, though it has alienated me from some who were very dear to me. I obeyed God's Word.

My conversion took place in August, 1905, but by the end of

TOWARD the rising of the Sun
 Now thy standard raise!
 Let thy New Year's halt be one
 In the camp of Praise.
 Then the wilderness shall be
 Fruitful, fair, and glad for thee,
 Echoing songs of victory.

—FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

the year I found my whole heart reaching out for something more, yearning and thirsting intensely for I hardly knew what. I cried continually, "God, I want more of Thee. I want reality. I want holiness, I want power, I want whatever it was that those early disciples had. I cannot explain or define it, but Thou who hast put the longing there dost know what it is. Oh, give it to me."

On Christmas Day it was the custom for all of us to gather at my grandmother's house (uncles, aunts, cousins) for a time of merry-making and feasting. Now, however, I found myself strangely outside it all. I no longer had any appetite for such things, and must have seemed awkward and ill at ease to the rest of the gathering (1 Peter 4: 3-4). A godly aunt, seeing my uneasiness, beckoned me aside; we slipped away from the company, and went for a long walk in the snow. I shall never be able to thank God enough for that tramp and talk. I told her of my yearning, and she pointed out that, *after* conversion, the early disciples were urged to receive the Holy Spirit, to be endowed with heavenly power, to be baptized in the Holy Ghost (Acts 1: 8; 2: 38, 8: 14-17; 19: 1-6; Eph. 1: 13).

How eagerly I grasped at that fact! Yes! It was power from on

high that I wanted. She did not know how to direct me, but a few months later she gave me the money to attend the Keswick Convention for the deepening of spiritual life.

That week of meetings was a great inspiration. Every reaching out after God must bring its reward (Deut. 4: 29; Jer. 29: 13). We were urged to claim the endowment of power by faith (John 7: 37-39). This I did, even testifying that I had been baptized in the Holy Spirit. However, nothing happened. Simon the sorcerer offered the apostles money to give him the power to lay hands on people that they might receive the Holy Spirit. He SAW something (Acts 8: 18 and 19). He would not have offered a cent for what happened at Keswick. We went away as we came in. That experience did not reach my expectations, and soon I was as dry as before.

Then I heard of a dear old godly couple, who laid hands on people that they might receive the Holy Spirit. That seemed to me most Scriptural (Acts 8: 17; 19: 6). Eagerly I sought them out, and spent sacred times with them in waiting on God, with the laying on of hands. It was a great uplift to me, but before long I was thirsting as never before, and was convinced that I had not yet received that for which I cried.

Such experiences were accompanied by much heart-searching and confession of all known sin, often, too, by restitution. I was visiting the ships on Preston dockside, endeavouring to win the sailors for Christ. Also I had a Sunday school class, but though one here and another there were saved, there were not the results for which I cried.

I remember a day of intense introspection. Never did my own condition seem so vile. Never did the precious blood of the Lord Jesus seem so sweet a refuge. As I stood in the all-seeing light of God's sight, I realized afresh how absolutely sinful I was, how hopeless apart from my Advocate, and yet I dared to thank God that, in the righteousness of the Lord Jesus, I was as pure as He. That day ended by my writing letters, making amends for things pilfered years before I was saved, and then, even as I put the letters into the post-box, I looked up into my Father's face and said, "Now, God, I can claim Thy promise that if our heart condemn us not we receive whatsoever we ask" (1 John 3: 21, 22). I returned to my Sunday school class and the dock-side with a deep confidence, and before long every one of the thirty-five young men in my class and whole crews of the sailors on the dock-side were saved.

An assurance was now gradually growing in my heart that what I sought was not far ahead. A chat with a certain preacher was a great help to me. He did not tell me, as others had done, that I was a crank, or growing "lop-sided." He did not warn me of religious mania. As I confided my deep longing to him, he said, "Willie, honestly, I do not know what it is that you want, but God has only put that longing there that He may satisfy it. The Lord Jesus is God's channel for every blessing (Eph. 1: 3). Whatever you want, you will find it at His feet.

Once you came to Him with the burden of your sins, and He forgave you (Matt. 11: 28). Now come with the burden of your longings and He will satisfy you."

In 1909-1910 news came to us of wonderful outpourings of the Holy Spirit in a suburb of Los Angeles, Calif. Then in parts of Scandinavia, and after that in Great Britain, accompanied by praising God in unknown tongues. I had heard speaking in tongues during the Welsh Revival meetings early in 1906, but I did not understand it, and it did not make a deep impression upon me.

Now, however, a group of us, under the leadership of Mr. Thos. Myerscough, of Preston, began a most careful investigation, from the Word of God, of the operations of the Spirit. From Genesis to Revelation, about the space of a whole year, we searched the Scriptures, every night, with strong crying to God for His power. I personally was unable to attend all the meetings, as, during this year I studied for and gained Honours in the City and Guilds of London, in electrical engineering. However, I was there as often as possible. We saw very clearly that the gift of the Spirit was quite distinct from conversion, for in Acts 8: 15; and 19: 2 and 6, the apostles clearly prayed for baptized believers that they might receive the Holy Spirit. It was "after" they believed that they were sealed with the Holy Spirit (Eph. 1: 13). The unsaved can receive the Lord Jesus, and are thus born again (John 1: 12), but only the child of God can receive the Holy Spirit (John 14: 17).

One verse caused a good deal of dispute. It is used as the one stronghold of the Open Brethren to prove that every child of God is not only born of the Spirit but baptized in the Spirit. It is 1 Cor. 12: 13: "In one Spirit

were we all baptized into one body."

"There you are," they say, "we are made members of the body of Christ in one Spirit." We noted, however, that the same preposition (Greek "*eis*") is used of three different baptisms. John's baptism was in water "*eis*" repentance, but he did not baptize them in water to make them repent. Rather he baptized them because they had repented.

Similarly in Rom. 6: 3 and 4 we read, "All we who were baptized into Christ Jesus were baptized into His death—We were buried therefore with Him through baptism into death." Nobody buries a man to make him dead, but because he is already dead. Thus by just parallel we are not baptized in the Spirit to make us members of the body, but because we are members of the body of Christ.

This is a very common use of the preposition "*eis*," e.g., in Matt. 10: 10: "Take no scrip for (*eis*) your journey." They generally took a scrip for (because of the needs of) the journey. Similarly we are baptized in the Spirit because of the needs of the Body of Christ, that is, in order to fulfil our part in the edification of His church (1 Cor. 14: 12).

I have spoken of a year of intense searching of the Scriptures and of our own hearts. Long before that year was out, several of our company claimed to have been endued with power from on high. We had heard them speak with new tongues, and the fruits of the Spirit in their lives confirmed their claims. Hungry souls from many different denominations joined us, and very many souls were being saved. Hardly a church in the whole region failed to feel the blessing. However, about the same time there appeared in the religious press many warnings against "tongues," so that, for a time, I was deflected by

uncertainty, in my quest for God's power. Yet I could not help seeing in the Scriptures that the gift of the Spirit was accompanied by speaking with tongues (Acts 2: 4 and 19: 6). Indeed "tongues" were regarded as proof of the Holy Spirit having been imparted (Acts 10: 45-46). "For they heard them speak." (Also Acts 11: 15-17.)

At last I determined to "try the spirits" as the Scriptures enjoined (1 John 4: 1; 1 Thess. 5: 21; 1 Cor. 14: 29). Hearing of a little group of believers in Lytham (12 miles from Preston) who had been visited with the blessing and were praising God in tongues and prophesying, I determined to investigate. After my working hours I took train to Lytham and attended one of their meetings. I will record my impressions as follows:

They sang and prayed as if they meant it: as if it were real and vital to their lives, and not in the formal way to which I had been accustomed. There was a "spirit of reality" among them (John 14: 17; and 16: 13). I must confess that other meetings seemed flat and dead in contrast.

I had never heard such praise, such love and adoration to the Lord Jesus. Indeed "tongues" were largely an expression, an overflow, of that worship. It seemed that when several were praying quietly together, the tongues frequently became a natural outlet to that praise and gratitude which was beyond their normal language ability to express (1 Cor. 14: 2; Rom. 8: 26). In preaching, or when one led the rest in prayer, tongues were not used (1 Cor. 14: 19).

There was an intense recognition of the Lordship of Christ, and of His absolute rights over their lives (1 Cor. 12: 3), a deep gratitude for His precious blood, shed for their sins on Calvary's Cross, a yearning for His return.

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South African Newspaper Gives Report of Ministry of Helen Hoss

The following article is from the **Daily Representative**, Queenstown, Cape Province, South Africa, and was sent to us by Rev. Alfred Camgca.—Editor.



EVANGELIST VISITS THE LOCATION

U.S. Missionary Impresses

Miss Helen Hoss, a missionary from America, conducted inspiring spiritual services at the Mallett Hall last week to a very large crowd of Africans, under the auspices of the Assemblies of God Church. She was introduced to the crowd by the Rev. Alfred Camgca, a local minister of the Assemblies of God.

Miss Hoss opened the services with spiritual hymns in Xhosa and English, and she led the singing with the aid of a piano accordion. She then delivered her message, stressing Jesus as the Saviour of the world and making a forceful appeal to her listeners to accept Jesus as the Only Answer to the world's problems. She illustrated her message by showing film pictures of the life of Christ and the story of John Bunyan as told in the "Pilgrim's Progress." With the aid of a microphone and an interpreter, Miss Hoss explained the pictures as shown in the film with great clarity. She was accompanied by a European minister who operated the projector.

Miss Hoss came to South Africa from America in 1947. She now lives in Bloemfontein.

She has travelled extensively throughout South Africa on her evangelistic mission. In 1953 and 1954, she went on furlough overseas visiting Europe and America, where she made a strong appeal to American friends and managed to obtain from generous and sympathetic people the film equipment plus a motor-car for use in her great missionary work in Africa. She states that there had always been a strong urge in her to come to Africa and preach the Word of God.

After the service Miss Hoss made an appeal to those who had decided to accept Jesus as their Saviour and many people showed up by raising their hands. She explained that her mission was not to recruit for a particular church, but merely to preach the good message.

At the close of the service, Rev. Dr. Sishuba gave a testimony of how he himself was saved in America by the Word of God, and had his call to come back and work among his own people. He then thanked the Rev. Camgca on behalf of the African people for the arrangements he made to get Miss Hoss to visit Queenstown Location. He assured Miss Hoss that her message would help to lessen crime and violence even among the children in the Location. He wished her success in her evangelistic tours and pleaded with her not to forget Queenstown, but to pay them another visit one day.

What It Means to Go Through With God

(Continued from page 4.)

vailing power with God, the lowly, humble, helpful walk that marks *that* soul as one who, because it has died to all else, has become indeed a "prince" with God, and able because of that to "catch men."

How near God draws at the moment of decision! A soul in the struggle of a great crisis, fearing lest the human might gain the victory, cried out in great agony, "O God, hold me when the flesh quivers!" God held, God kept, God led on and out into paths of usefulness and blessing and joy. "Now thanks be unto God who always causeth us to triumph!"

With tender, broken hearts, we must acknowledge that among God's favored people in these days of His gracious outpouring, there are the Samsons who, instead of keeping in lowly, humble touch with the God of might, have been shorn of their power because they found satisfaction and enjoyment in a mere passing, fleshly allurements.

Let us look for a moment at the children of Israel. God's day of deliverance for them had come and they were led out of Egypt, but again and again they murmured at God's dealings with them as they journeyed on through the wilderness. There are many striking lessons in connection with them, but recently we were struck with one particular incident just before the overthrow of their enemies in the Red Sea. Hemmed in on all sides, "pressed beyond measure," lacking that loving consecration which God so longs for, they cried out, "Wherefore hast thou dealt thus with us, to carry us forth . . .?"

"To carry us forth . . .!" Ah, yes, that is just what God is doing because we asked Him to! We said, "At any cost, Lord!"

"Lead me out!" "Lead me on!" God took us at our word—He carried us forth into a larger place, He "dealt" with us, but oh, must we admit only sad failure today because our love is not strong enough to carry us through the dealing, the trying?

"God knows the man that is in love with Him" (I Cor. 8:3, Rotherham's trans.). We believe we speak the truth today when we say that the soul who truly loves God will never have any fear during the process of His dealing with it.

In these momentous days shall we not covenant anew with God that we will let Him lead us "whithersoever the Lamb goeth"? The early days of our consecration were sweet, hallowed, never-to-be-forgotten days, but if we find *now* that the "glory hath departed," shall we not return with all our hearts and seek once more His loving favor? Shall we not, like Mary of old, sit at His feet until we are assured of His forgiveness, until lost communion is restored? Perhaps like David, we will have to pray, "Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation," but restoration will be a positive fact if we renew the vows of our consecration and determine by the

grace of God, never, never again to lean upon our own powers. Oh, let us hide away under the cleansing Blood! Let us stay hidden! Let us take our eyes off of every alluring thing and place them wholly, unreservedly, eternally upon Jesus, Lover of our souls!

Receiving the Holy Spirit

(Continued from page 7.)

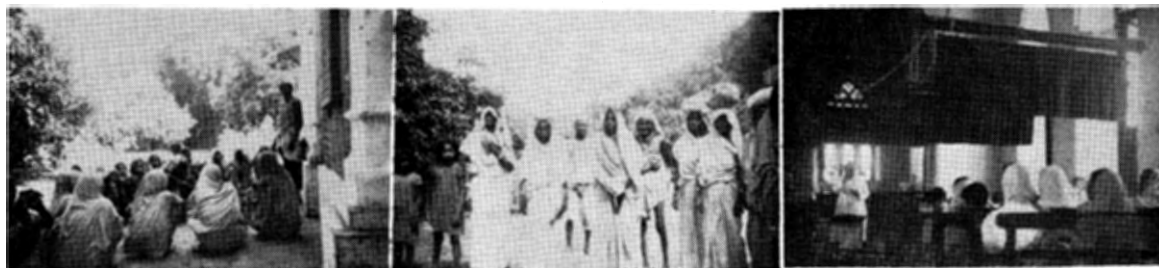
Theirs was not a matter of formal prayer, five or ten minutes in length. Waves of spontaneous worship swept over the meeting, during which I heard people near me pouring out torrents of gratitude to God for saving and blessing them, or actually weeping as they pleaded for the salvation of their relatives and fellow townsmen. Some were apparently illiterate folk, but in their expressions of love and gratitude to God, they used language which an orator might envy, yet so artlessly and simply as to preclude all thought that it was done for effect.

One thing which impressed me forcibly was their absolute loyalty to the Scriptures. They must have a "Thus saith the Lord," with chapter and verse, for every point of doctrine and conduct (Isa. 8:20; Acts 17:11).

They obviously lost all thought of time in their transports of joy and praise, so that the meeting closed very late, and I found that the last train back to my place of employment had left. One of the Christians asked me to his home for the night (1 Peter 4: 9). I was grateful for this as it gave me a chance to see their domestic life as well as their meetings.

I was given the best place by the fire while supper was being prepared, and my host pressed me to use his slippers. I was struck by the fact that the wife and daughters showed a happy deference to the head of the home (Eph. 5: 22-23). Obviously, too, religion was not to them a matter to be closed with the "Amen" at the end of a meeting, but entered into every department of their lives (Titus 3: 8). A delightfully natural spirit of love pervaded the home. There was nothing stilted or sanctimonious. Indeed, one might say that it was a typical North Country family, with the usual cordiality and freedom, but with the presence of the Lord Jesus Christ everywhere.

In the train next morning, on my way back to work, I reviewed my impressions. I was absolutely convinced that this



SCENES IN PARTABGARH, U.P., INDIA

Left to right: Indians waiting outside the house of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Ericson, missionaries in Partabgarh, who have had charge of distributing food sent from the United States for famine relief. The second picture shows the recipients carrying their portions of wheat and dry milk. In the third picture a Mrs. Tobit is speaking to a group of women inside the Partabgarh church. The suspended cloths are fans which are pulled by hand to give the congregation some relief from the intense heat.

experience was of God, that it was for me, and that I must have it or my life would prove a failure from God's viewpoint. I must throw in my lot wholeheartedly with these people.

Before I gave myself to waiting on God for the blessing with unrestricted faith, however, one or two matters had to be made clearer to me. These were chiefly concerned with peculiarities which I had seen in the meetings, such as falling to the ground, laughing, groaning, trembling, seeing visions. At times the weight of glory, the transports of praise seemed to make the participants appear drunk.

A little study of the Scriptures removed my misgivings about such manifestations. I found that on the day of Pentecost, tongues were not used for preaching. They started before the crowd gathered, and it was the noise of the tongues which gathered the Jewish listeners, who recognized the language used. When the preaching started it was by Peter, and not in tongues, but in the one language which every Jew present understood (Acts 2: 4-6). I saw, moreover, that even on that occasion, the manifestations were mistaken for drunkenness (Acts 2: 13-16; Eph. 5: 18). Such passages as Dan. 8: 18-26; Neh. 12: 43 and 8: 6 and 12; Job 8: 21; Psalm 126: 2, reassured me, showing that these things were perfectly natural during times of special religious enthusiasm. One of the elder brethren put the matter nicely when he said: "We do not encourage such manifestations, but we are not at all surprised when they do occasionally occur. We have learned the lesson which Michal learned so dearly, that it does not do to belittle those who are carried away with the joy of the Lord (2 Sam. 6: 16-23)."

It was now clear to me from the Scriptures that the condi-

tions for one's receiving the Holy Spirit were:—

He is given only to believers (John 14: 17; Acts 2: 38-39).

To those whose hearts are purified by faith (Acts 15: 8-9).

(One whose heart is not right with God has no part nor lot in this matter [Acts 8: 21].)

He comes to those who ask for Him (Luke 11: 13).

He comes to those who thirst for Him (John 7: 37).

He comes to those who obey God (Acts 5: 32).

Early in 1911 we held a convention in Preston for the deepening of spiritual life, and it was during this convention as I, with others, waited on God in a room set apart for prayer, that I found myself so filled with praise that, quite naturally and without effort, I began to express that love and worship in other tongues, which I had never learned, and with a freedom which I had never experienced when limited by the trammels of my own language. It was as though Another within me were using my vocal organs. I spoke "as the Spirit gave me to utter" (Acts 2: 4).

Oh, hallelujah! The long quest was over. The Lord the Spirit, whom I had so long sought, had suddenly come to His temple (Mal. 3: 1). I could put my right hand on my bosom, and point with my left to the second chapter of Acts, declaring "*This is that . . .*" (Acts 2: 16)—a Scriptural experience. From that day I have never had the slightest doubt that the Comforter had come, or that He had come to abide for ever (John 14: 16). He had been with me. Now He was in me (John 14: 17).

As I was brushing my hair next morning on rising, I found myself again speaking in the unknown tongue, but after that I did not have the experience repeated till some months later, when God gave me the gift of tongues so that from then on-

ward I can pray or sing in tongues or in my own language as I will (1 Cor. 14: 15).

Let it be noted that the gift of tongues is not for preaching to men but for speaking to God (1 Cor. 14: 2) though at times the tongues are recognized by those who hear (Acts 2: 8 and 11).

A party of celebrated Keswick speakers later set themselves to shake my confidence in my experience. "How do you know," they asked, "that in your eagerness for blessing, you have not opened your heart to a tongues demon?"

I replied, "Gentlemen, if one ask an earthly father for bread, will he receive a stone? Or a snake for a fish? Or a scorpion for an egg? Look at Luke 11: 9-13. I asked God, in Christ's name, for the Holy Spirit. Do you think He gave me a tongues demon?"

There were tears in the eyes of one as they replied, "No, Brother! God certainly gave you the Holy Spirit as you asked Him." Thus their opposition ceased.

I have now been in the blessing of this experience for over 35 years and would like to testify as to what it has produced. In myself I am not conscious of any particular attainments or superiorities, while my failures and sins, my weaknesses and follies are far too many to allow me any personal satisfaction. Whatever I have had of blessing, then, whatever of success, comes from God, and must be attributed to His blessed gift of His Holy Spirit.

I think the following is a not unjust appraisal of the benefits to me and through me of the foregoing endowment with power from on High: the gift of the Holy Spirit. He has comforted us in the most severe trials (John 14: 16). He has impressed upon us the tremendous reality of Divine things (John 14: 17). He has opened our un-

derstanding, to appreciate the Scriptures, leading us into the truth (John 16: 15 and 14: 26). He had flooded our souls times without number with spiritual worship (John 4: 23-24), helping us in prayer (1 Cor. 14: 15; Rom. 8: 26-24). He has brought conviction on the unsaved (John 16: 8), enabling us to point them to Christ (1 Peter 1: 12), so that thousands have been born again, and are still wholeheartedly following the Lord Jesus Christ, after many years.

I boast nothing in myself, for if ever there were a helpless and failing man in the world, it is myself apart from His Holy Spirit. I can point to a little insignificant beginning by a small handful of us nobodies, in the Belgian Congo, within 7½ degrees of the Equator, in 1915, that has now grown to a mission with over 50 missionaries, eleven mission stations, and over 700 native churches, as well as to thousands of happy believers, scattered to far distant parts of this vast continent where they are enjoying fellowship with other missions. I can point to thousands miraculously healed in answer to prayer, to signs and wonders wrought by the power of the Holy Ghost, to demons cast out, to divine protection in the most dangerous circumstances (Mark 16: 17 and 18; Heb. 2: 4), to homes made happy and hearts made holy.

I have never been attracted to denominationalism, and can rejoice in sincere Christian friends of many different church connections. Moreover, comparisons are odious. At least, however, I can declare that among rich and poor, black and white, of three continents and more than a score of nationalities, God has brought me, through this blessing, into fellowship with the cream of His saints, a fellowship which outlasts the years.

Some foolish teachers have declared that the Holy Spirit was given to the church finally

and for all time at Pentecost, and that the experience of that day is not to be repeated. They cannot expect us to believe this, while we hold in our hands an open Bible, for it was repeated at Samaria (Acts 8: 15-7), at Cæsarea (Acts 10: 44-46), at Ephesus (Acts 19: 5-6), and since I, and the Baluba and Basongi people to whom we minister, were not at any of these gatherings nearly two millenniums ago, I may say that only this last week, here in the heart of the Dark Continent, I have seen the Holy Spirit poured out, as at the beginning, upon many of these black saints, for I heard them, old and young, speak with tongues and magnify God (Acts 10: 45-46). As far as practical results are concerned, souls are being saved every week, while the black saints are living holy, happy lives, in the midst of heathenism which is as foul as anywhere in the wide world.

Whenever one speaks with the opposers of this experience of the Baptism in the Holy Spirit, in Europe, Africa, America, one is met with the story of a lady, upon whom a strange power came during a meeting, and of how a Chinaman who was present was shocked, because he said that the lady was speaking Chinese, and saying things so horrible and blasphemous that he dared not repeat them.

Upon this story I would re-

mark that it is dished up with so many variations, and is said to have happened in so many different places or circumstances, as to destroy completely its credibility. I have often tried to trace the story to its source, but it is always someone who heard it from someone else, who got it "on reliable authority" from some other body now dead, and so on.

Of course it may have been true. In any case such an occurrence could make no difference to God's Word, upon which we stand. It is quite possible for demons to reproduce tongues. I have heard native witch-doctors speak in tongues, but they cannot reproduce the sweet, Christian lives, and unselfish, devoted service of those who speak with tongues when they are filled with the Spirit. Moreover, it is more than unjust. It is downright wicked, to condemn the hundreds of thousands who have spoken in tongues because of one unknown and probably fictitious Chinaman.

On the other hand I have heard ignorant natives, again and again, speak in tongues which they did not know, but with which I myself was familiar, "the wonderful works of God" (Acts 2: 11), and the glories of the Lord Jesus. I am not an unknown Chinaman, so that my testimony has at least as much right to credence as his.

THE MORE THE SOUL SEETH OF GOD

THE MORE IT DESIRETH HIM BY HIS GRACE.

Julian of Norwich,
A.D. 1373.

The Lord Is My Refuge

When dark clouds of care gather o'er me
And the path seems too rough for my feet,
There comes, like rare music, to cheer me
A promise most wonderfully sweet.
I know, whatsoever betide me,
"The Lord is a Refuge for me."
I'll cast all my burdens upon Him,
My *strength* He has promised to be.

Sometimes, when I feel like repining,
My pathway hidden in gloom,
My skies over-clouded with sorrows,
Flowers of faith forgotten to bloom,
When all of Nature's great organ
Seems jarring in dreary discord,
Like a note of *pure* music from Heaven
Comes, "Your Refuge and Strength is the Lord."

There are times when the path is so netted
With thickets of thorns that oppose
That I almost despair of an opening
'Til I remember that *God always* knows
Every branch, every bramble and brier,
And for faith will give me His power
To discern the weak points of the thicket.
Yea! the Lord is my Strength and my Tower.

Be the pathway thorny and stony,
Be it low in the valley of woe,
Be it up the mountain's steep sideway
Where heart almost fails as I go,
I know that 'tis *His* strength that will aid me,
That His Hand will ne'er let me fall;
He'll ne'er lead where I cannot follow;
He knows the temptations of all.

O, why should I ever forget it?
Why should I ever know fear?
Why should earth's sounds clash so loudly
That I should e'er fail to hear
The voice of my Lord and my Saviour
Speaking so gently to me,
Saying, "I am thy Rock and thy Tower,"
Saying, "I'll be a Refuge for thee"?

—MARTHA WING ROBINSON.