

Bread of Life

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The Basis of Giftedness

By HANS R. WALDVOGEL

THE PREPARATION for the coming of Jesus requires the operation of the gifts of the Holy Ghost in the church. Paul says in the first chapter of First Corinthians: "In everything ye are enriched by him, in all utterance, and in all knowledge . . . so that ye come behind in no gift." In other words, all the gifts of the Holy Ghost were in evidence in that church at Corinth; they functioned as the body of Christ. In the twelfth chapter the Lord tells us how these gifts operate and what their purpose is.

You might ask, "Why is it that we are so far behind?"

What is it that God requires of us?

First of all, in Romans twelve we are told that the first necessity is a conversion, a transformation: "I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice." That is number one. And we had better not talk about gifts until we are willing to talk about being a sacrifice, until we are willing to come down and make a sacrifice. Who is willing to suffer to make the work of God prosper? Who is willing to humble himself? Who is willing to work?

We are thankful for those who work. Our Sunday schools would be impossible without those who are willing to work. Pilgrim Camp would be impossible without those who are willing to work. Every avenue of a work for God would be un-

thinkable without people that are a sacrifice, that are willing to give themselves. But as you stand in the work for awhile, you find there is a great deal of the carnal mind. People will go only so far as it is comfortable and as they get something out of it. I have had people say to me, when I have asked them to do something, "I'm not going to be a 'sucker.'" Even preachers have said to me, "Not me! Don't ask me to do that."

Beloved, that is not the basis for giftedness. It is when you know that you are here to serve and here to be a channel of blessing that you are wholly given to God—"not my own will but Thy will be done"—a sacrifice like Jesus Christ made Himself. That is the transformation that God has to work. "Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus: Who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God; but made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant and was made in the likeness of men: And being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself" (Phil 2: 5-8). Step by step, step by step, step by step, He came down.

Someone complained to me once that his messages in tongues and interpretation were not accepted. This person just "folded his wings," determining not to be used that way anymore, and said, "O.K. It's nothing to me." That is the mind of the flesh. Gifts of the Holy

Ghost cannot operate perfectly, at least, when they operate through a vessel like that. To have these gifts operate perfectly means that every one of us has found his place in the body of Christ, every one has submitted himself to the rulership of Jesus Christ and lives no more to himself, but lives to Christ and for His glory. The Apostle Paul said, "The death of Christ is manifested in my mortal body that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest." The cross of Christ includes all that, and if we are going to see a body of Christ functioning in the Holy Ghost, we will have to learn that first lesson: "Let this mind be in you which also was in Christ Jesus."

But we don't want that; we don't want to learn that lesson. Andrew Murray says that he lost fifteen years out of his Christian life because he didn't know that these things were to be obeyed. "Walk worthy of the vocation wherewith ye are called." How? "In all lowliness of mind, with meekness and longsuffering, forbearing one another in love, endeavoring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace." Where that spirit of Christ has come, there is the liberty, and there the gifts of the Holy Ghost will come by themselves. You won't have to chase them. "These signs shall follow them that believe."

Here is Christ. He has become the Head of His body, and everyone has become a member one of another. One doesn't think that he is better than another but thinks that he is the servant of others. If you have a blessing, if you have a power, if you have a gift, God has given it to you to use for others. He says that the manifestation of the Spirit is given to everyone to profit withal.

*Channels only, blessed Master,
But with all Thy wondrous pow'r
Flowing thro' us, Thou canst use us
Ev'ry day and ev'ry hour.*

Believing to See God's Glory

at Pilgrim Camp

MANY OF THE READERS OF BREAD OF LIFE are deeply interested in the work of the Lord at Pilgrim Camp, Brant Lake, N. Y., and a number who were unable to be there this year have desired to have a full report of the season. That these and all who have so faithfully "helped together by prayer" for this ministry may be able to share something of the blessings and victories given by the Lord, we are giving the following account as told by various guests and staff members.

Those who are not acquainted with Pilgrim Camp will be interested to know that it was opened in 1946 as a Christian vacation home for people of all ages. Ideally located in the heart of the Adirondack Mountains, at the head of a beautiful lake, five miles long, it has all the natural advantages attending such a situation. The main purpose of the camp, however, has been to afford its guests a place where they could be built up in the inner man by the manifestation of the presence of the Lord. Hence, the strong emphasis on the daily worship periods in all three sections of the camp: Cherub Inn for boys and girls 6 to 8; The Palace for boys and girls 9 to 15 in July and August respectively; and Watch Rock for adults.

To all who have prayed for this work we extend our heartfelt thanks, knowing full well that many of the things which were wrought and which are here recorded were made possible only because YOU and others prayed.

—DIRECTORS OF PILGRIM CAMP.



"Said I not unto thee, that if thou wouldest believe, thou shouldest see the glory of God?" (John 11:40.)

THIS WAS THE PROMISE which the Holy Spirit impressed upon the hearts of the prospective staff members as they gathered for their monthly prayer meetings in New York City, preparatory to their going to Pilgrim Camp at Brant Lake, N. Y., to work for the summer of 1958.

Throughout the winter months Mr. Karl Sailer, the camp's caretaker, had incessantly toiled to get the camp in readiness. The old double cabin had been moved to a better position and a bathroom added to provide adequate facilities for the camp nurse and any child who might be sick—a requirement of the State Board of Health. Thank God, that once again He kept His hand of protection over Pilgrim Camp this season so that there was not one case of illness and only minor scratches that had to be cared for.

A two-room cabin for families had also been erected. This was made possible by the generous bequest of a camper of former years who had completed her pilgrim days on earth—Mrs. Emily S. Blattmachr. Ever a lover of children, this is

a fitting memorial to this gracious, Christian woman. And how it was appreciated by the various families who made it their home this summer.

But the caretaker had been occupied with more than these projects. The camp's main building, Watch Rock Lodge, which houses the office and meeting-place, had had to have extensive repairs and remodelling. Work on these three buildings had been carried on simultaneously, according to the weather. Much remained to be done as spring came, but everything was progressing nicely and should be finished for the camp's opening day, June 28.

And then—one day a resounding crash thundered over the grounds!

What had happened?

A ten-foot section of the thirty-by-fifty foot front porch of the Lodge had collapsed! Upon examination it was found that the entire porch needed to be replaced! So this calamity was really a blessing in disguise. Yes, *all* things work together for good.

But how could a new porch be built *in addition to all the other work* that had to be done before camp started? *Everything*—certainly the front porch of the main building—had to be up by then. This was too great an undertaking for the industrious workers who were already racing against time to finish the scheduled jobs.

Then the suggestion was made that perhaps some of the young carpenters of the Ridgewood Pentecostal Church of Brooklyn might be willing to come up to camp for a Saturday and lay the



Blattmachr Memorial Cabin



Carpenters Wrought on the House of the Lord

porch floor. When approached, their response was highly enthusiastic. Consequently four carpenters drove up from New York after their day's work, arriving after midnight, the morning of June 21st.

Before six o'clock that morning they were up and working—before breakfast!

Someone had pessimistically suggested to these men before they came up, "But what if it rains?" And now this morning the weather was indeed not only threatening but a few minutes after the workmen started light drops began to come from the grey skies. The workers went ahead, however, but in a few minutes there was a real shower.

All week long the weather forecast for each day—and for the weekend—had been rain. But all week long the skies had remained clear, so that Mr. Sailer and his helpers could make the preparations necessary for Saturday's work.

Some of the workers gathered in the prayer room to ask "mercies of the God of heaven." By now it was time for breakfast anyway. The rain had almost stopped and hope rose that the weather would clear. Instead it began again, and the skies seemed settled for an all-day of rain.

Of course, there was inside work that could be done, and this the men willingly tackled. But, after all, they had come to do the porch, and there was a feeling of disappointment. What about it?

"Elias was a man subject to like passions as we are, and he prayed earnestly that it might not rain: and it rained not . . ."

Again prayer was offered, and there was a lessening of the rain. Apparently it would clear. But once more it rained.

At this point someone suggested, "We had better get this victory *established*." Evidently the

prayer had not been *earnest* enough. And it was not sufficient that Elijah had the promise of God; he had to pray *until* he saw the promise fulfilled. Accordingly some felt that they should give themselves to prayer until the weather cleared, for all week there had been every indication that it was God's will for the porch floor to be laid that day. This must be a trial of faith. Four-year-old Tommy, the son of one of the carpenters, was in another part of the room where they were praying. After a time he quietly ventured, "It will stop raining by noon."

Noon came. Then as the hungry workmen were eating dinner, the sun broke through the clouds. And little Tommy piped up, "Didn't I tell you that it would stop raining by noon?"

With a will and a vengeance all hands went to work under sunny skies.

Then about midafternoon a wind arose and blew from all directions. The sky clouded over. And what was that down the lake? Yes, it was a sheet of rain coming right up the lake. One drop, maybe two, fell at the camp. The workers went right ahead, but hearts were silently lifted to God. The wind ceased; the storm passed; the sun shone.

Like beavers the men worked on and on, with only a little time out for supper, until the last board was laid—in the light of a beautiful, clear sunset.

"Said I not unto thee, that if thou wouldest believe, thou shouldest see the glory of God?"



**The Last Board Was Laid
In the Light of a Beautiful Sunset**

Bread of Life

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Faith Is God's Call All the Time"

A Report of the Boys' Camp

A COMPLETELY NEW FEATURE of the boys' camp this year was a four-page newspaper, *The Pilgrim Camper*. The whole idea, plus the actual articles and printing on a hektograph, came from the boys themselves. Quite varied in its contents, it reported the camp news, had a good editorial, a fine serial testimony by one of the counselors, Brother Sabby, "God Kept Me in the Navy," as well as the "Testimony of the Week" written by a boy who was saved at an evening worship in Cherub Inn several years ago when Miss Elisabeth Lindau, now a missionary in Formosa, was in charge:

"Faith Is God's Call at All Times"

It is my honest opinion that the above statement is a message which has been given by God to all the boys in the Palace and Nonantum. I say this because when I put my faith in God's Word, He makes changes in my life and soul that have meant the difference between eternal life and eternal death.

During August this camper took his place as a faithful worker on the staff and received a glorious baptism in the Holy Ghost at one of the Monday night prayer meetings at Nonantum, the Camp's tent village for older boys.

On the first page of the first issue of *The Pilgrim Camper* was another interesting report:

Worships Spark Program

At camp this year the Lord really came and blessed all the Palace boys. In their Monday night prayer meetings He blessed them in a very special way. Some boys were saved and others positively strengthened in the Lord. Healing was another mighty work of God. In the morning worships, they are reading all about the Judges of Israel. This is a very interesting study. The Lodge meetings are also very refreshing in the Spirit. The Lord is really working mightily at camp.

The author of this article, ordinarily quite a



Fellow Laborers in the Boys' Camp

Left to right: R. Klaus, L. Smith Sr., G. P. Gardner, S. Canceni, D. Somma. Other counselors who served were J. Brencheck, G. McKinnon, R. Rodriguez, and P. Whitten.

lively fellow, was practically the last one at the altar service following one of the "refreshing" Lodge meetings he refers to. Having really met God, he was quite subdued as he wended his way back to the Palace. There he found a number of his group still awake. In fact, they were unable to go to sleep because of the noise from an unusually lively party with its rock 'n roll music which came so clearly across the water in the otherwise still night. Finally, the boys decided to use their time to profit and have *another prayer meeting*, for their hearts had been made really hungry for God.

Soon Joe, a boy from the next room, reminded the boys it was time to be quiet. "I want to go to sleep," he hypocritically protested.

Dommie, one of the pray-ers promptly and firmly told him to return to his own group. "You're disturbing our blessing."

He left, but soon returned, again telling the "guys" to be quiet. But then the truth came out: "We want to hear the rock n' roll from across the lake."

That was too much for Dommie who told him to go and added a parting shot which silenced Joe completely, "You can be rock 'n rollers, but we are holy rollers!"

Now let one of the counselors give his own testimony of how God worked among the boys:

I have always been amazed at the way God works at Pilgrim Camp. I suppose many people have some sort of an inkling about God's methods in some sort of a general way, and many have experienced touches here and there. But I think I shall never forget the definite way I saw how God continually intervenes and, as we let Him, continually rules:

For one thing, He is specific. It is some-

times almost amusing the way God gets at specific individuals about specific things. There was a time when several young fellows had a little difficulty—a little thing, admittedly, but something that wasn't pleasing to the Lord. They were certainly taken aback when one morning in one of the meetings, the very thing was hit upon so directly by someone who had no knowledge of the circumstances involved. And then, as if that wasn't enough, others added to the same theme. Thank God, conviction led to a straightening out which paved the way for great blessing.

I've also seen the wonderful way God rewards true faith. Many people fall short of what God has for them because they don't *persistently* believe. This summer there were many situations over which we had been sort of powerless. Nothing seemed to work, but then, as they were committed to God, He stepped in, making our efforts look mighty frail, and He took care of everything. There was a definite need for "holding faith" when circumstances were discouraging. And God *always* rewards that kind of faith. There were quite a number of people on the grounds, especially among the campers, who had special problems and needs. We were so thankful to see how faith over them bore fruit, and how one by one they were straightened out.

It wasn't always in the same way either. Sometimes it was in great outpourings typical

of some of our prayer meetings, where the Lord would come in great power and glory as soon as we went to our knees. Sometimes it was in stillness. One morning we sat absolutely still. Thirty boys—all of them live wires—sat absolutely still under the "shadow of the Almighty" for over an hour, and some remained longer! That morning God had a chance to do things in some of those lives that He never could have done anywhere else. Sometimes God worked outside of the regular meetings and periods of devotions and manifested Himself through the day through that "still, small voice" that speaks to hearts all the time.

As far as I was concerned personally, I know for a certainty that God met me. It seems that often God does special things for counselors because of the routine they are faced with. God did something special for me, the full impetus of which I suppose I'll never fully realize, but the effects of which I feel so definitely. There are a number of certain, specific victories that God started to establish in my own life. And those were just the overflow of the equipment the Lord supplied to meet the needs arising among those I worked with.

Some people wonder why I look forward to spending a summer at camp. But when rewards are measured in terms of things that will endure for all eternity, I don't suppose there are too many places that offer greater attractions.

The Mainspring of the Camp's Program

THROUGHOUT THE YEARS *staff members have found that one of the most blessed services at Pilgrim Camp is the weekly staff meeting. This in spite of the fact that it must be held on Saturday night. God seems to honor the extra effort by so often pouring out a double portion of His Spirit on those assembled. And how many victories for staff and campers alike have been won in those sacred hours, only eternity will reveal! But the ones our eyes have seen have been most rewarding. The camp's shopkeeper who comes from St. John, New Brunswick, Canada, in her own unique way gives her testimony of the blessing of one of these hours of prayer, which is really the mainspring of the camp's program.*

"It was the end of a busy week, the close of a very, very busy day. I didn't even have time to call myself to order—the bell had already tolled out its message . . . 'Staff, do come—'Tis time to seek the Lord.'

"As I approached the Lodge I could hear the sound of prayer, coming from the prayer room. The following thoughts flooded my weary head: Firstly . . . why doesn't the director sense his weariness, staff's too, and suggest a very early dismissal? Secondly . . . how can they, those who had made it on time, pray so earnestly tonight? Thirdly . . . I think I'll wend my weary way to my room. True, I realized other folk were as weary.

"At this point my sense of shame had me entering the prayer room. I settled, in thought, for a prayer-position sleep. Believe me, I was in a state of chronic slumps. As the minutes wore on, the Lord in His faithfulness brought a number of things to mind: I was made to know that if I made the effort to lay hold in prayer that I would have the help of the Holy Spirit (Rom. 8:26). I gave myself to prayer regardless of feelings. So tremendous was the help of the Holy Spirit that I was literally lifted from the lowest place to the unusual sphere in prayer. Such an experience created the desire to arrive at the place of 'praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit.'"

There Was

“A Shout in the Camp! Hallelujah!”

Meanwhile at Watch Rock, staff and adult guests had gathered from far-off Switzerland, from Canada, and from places in the United States as widely separated as Wisconsin, Virginia, Massachusetts, New Jersey, and New York, and were feasting at the table which the Lord daily spread for their nourishment and delight. One of these Pilgrim guests gives the following impressions of these days of God's gracious visitation.

AS THE TIME APPROACHED for our visit to camp this year, we sensed an unusual anticipation of soul. We have always looked forward to this spiritual retreat, but we felt the Lord had something special for us this year. As we started on our journey, our “feet were like hinds’ feet,” and we were not so aware of the weariness that prompts one to take a vacation. A few days previous to our leaving, the Lord, by His Spirit, had given His song of promise to us:

*“Rivers of living waters flowing,
Flowing in streams for you and me,
Sent from the throne, a Living Fountain,
It flows so full and free;
Giving new life to all the thirsty,
That His channels we might be,
Bringing hope and joy and blessing,
As it flows through you and me!”*

From the very first meeting it was evident that we were in the School of the Holy Ghost. A number of ministers from various places were present, and God used each one in a divine harmony which always brings wholesome balance to Holy Ghost meetings. Fundamental teaching, with much light and conviction, was given on such subjects as the fear of the Lord, humility, and obedience. There was deep heart-searching and repentance, and with one accord we prayed and sang, “O God, how great Thou art!”

Practical teaching was also given exhorting the laymen to be “helps” in their home churches, standing in faith with their pastors over the light and call God has given them. The ministry of the laying of hands and being led by the Lord in meetings were among the lessons the Holy Ghost taught.

As souls sought the Lord over these teachings, there came great abandonment and yieldedness. Many who had been timid and bound were set free to do God's will. This caused the “rivers of living waters” to flow in great measure as outlet was found in clean, open channels. The Lord indicated at this point that a cloud of glory and “latter rain” was hovering over the camp and if

our faith would rise a little higher, it would soon burst upon us. With renewed zeal hungry hearts went to prayer.

Several days later the Bible meditation in morning worship was on 1 Chronicles 15 and 16 which tells of David's bringing up the Ark. There was a great manifestation of the presence of the Lord, and the word was given: “Let there be great rejoicing, singing, and dancing, for the Lord is in the midst of His people.” Slowly, majestically, the promised cloud began to descend and burst powerfully upon us. One quiet, timid lady began to bow and raise her hands up and down as though welcoming a king, saying: “There is rain coming, so much rain, oh, so much rain! Get filled, get drenched, get soaked in this heavenly rain!”

“MY! didn't it RAIN!” The outpouring continued all afternoon until suppertime. There were times of profound silence followed by great liberation and rejoicing. As one person expressed it: “The presence of the Lord was in our midst like liquid fire!” Many testified to having received deliverance in soul and body. Prayers were made in the Holy Ghost, and later we heard how greatly they were answered. Someone felt especially led to pray for the camp cook. She testified later how she had had a certain burden all summer and that it had entirely lifted that afternoon. Another prayer was for some of the ministers who were facing a difficult situation. In the prayer the Lord indicated what He would do and how He would do it, and it was fulfilled to the letter. These are but a few of the marvelous things wrought during this visitation.

At the close, the Lord seemed to put His own seal upon this day of blessing. A silence which was not human but divine came upon us.

God comes to us like this not just because He loves to bless us but because He sees how much we need it in these days. We are being awakened to the urgency of getting into the Hidden Place—the secret of His presence—before the Lord arises to shake terribly the earth.

Among the Cherubs



Cherub Inn

Here Frances Kirk, Elsie Klaus and Nina Lyon ministered to the boys and girls, 6 to 8 years of age.

For I, saith the Lord, will be unto her a wall of fire round about, and will be the glory in the midst of her.
(Zechariah 2:5)

WE AT CHERUB INN thank Jesus for the wall of fire round about us. Right from the beginning of the season God hedged us in, as it were, with a wall of fire and signally revealed His glory by manifesting His sweet presence. It is our firm belief that each child in our group is there by the will and plan of Jesus Himself. We further believe that since He has sent them, He would like to bless them just as He did when He was upon earth.

DURING ONE OF THE CAMP PERIODS we had quite a motley crowd. We were wondering just what Jesus was going to do with these children. A few of them came from homes with very dark backgrounds; two of them were greatly handicapped physically, one with a language barrier, one with a tongue and mannerism like Mr. Worldly-Wise, and other bondages. Each one represented a real need and a challenge.



"Would you like to join us in singing?" we asked George.

"Nope."

"Would you like to pray?"

"Nope."

"Would you like to hear a Bible story?"

"Nope."

"Would you like to learn a Bible verse?"

"Nope."

"Is there anything you would like to do?"

"Nope."

At the end of a perfect day, after having prayed with him:

"How about a good night kiss?"

"Nope."

At this time a verse of Scripture was brought to our attention from Ephesians 6:18: *Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints.* We therefore gave ourselves to prayer with all perseverance, and Jesus seemed to indicate that as we kept looking to Him in faith, He was going to shine upon this child in the same manner as the sun shines upon the buds, and reminded us how

beautifully they soon unfold. We now realized that faith in our wonderful Jesus was going to cause this child to respond.

It was a Tuesday evening, and, as usual, we were all gathered together for our evening worship. There seemed to be something different about this worship; right from the start Jesus took charge. What praying! What crying to God! What singing and shouts of rejoicing! Jesus had come and had laid His hands upon one and another. And He did not forget George. There he sat on his chair, weeping profusely. As the meeting progressed, everyone seemed to touch the hem of His garment, and later on one by one gave expression to what Jesus had done for them.

When George's turn came, he still sat there weeping. "Why are you weeping so? Are you homesick?"

"Nope."

"Do you miss your mommie?"

"Nope."

"Are the children unkind to you?"

"Nope."

"Are you hungry or tired?"

"Nope."

"Do you just feel like weeping?"

"Yes."

But now we sensed that the Holy Spirit was taking hold of this little life. How we rejoiced together and praised God for victory won! How changed this little boy was from then on! The things which he formerly had no use for he now enjoyed with all his heart. Now he could kneel in the presence of Jesus and worship Him, and one could always see the tears flowing when he got blessed.

It was time for another evening worship again. Already we had had the witness in our hearts that Jesus was going to do something outstanding for us. How the cloud of His presence descended upon us as soon as we were seated! Calvary was made so real to all of us and the love of Calvary flowed into each heart. Suddenly the entire group registered their prayers in heaven for the salvation of a bright-eyed, seven-year oldster. "Save her for Jesus' sake, save her!" rang out repeatedly.

How black and unholy the home this precious child comes from! The sin and darkness is overwhelming. How very often she is mistreated and abused by both father and mother! Already at such an early age, this little one had been warped in soul, mind, and body.

Upon going to her bedside shortly after the others had prayed for her, we found this little girl crying bitterly and trembling with the power of God upon her, "My sins, oh, my sins! Dear Jesus, cleanse me in Your precious blood, and make me a good girl." After this we often found her with her hands folded and her eyes closed, praying to Jesus, her new-found Savior.

How dismal life could be to such an one without Jesus! Thank God for people who have a love for children and take it upon themselves to send these jewels of Jesus to camp. The saddest, most touching, and heart-rending prayer was prayed by this sweet girl during her last week at camp: "Dear Jesus, please let me stay at Pilgrim Camp always. Don't ever let me go home to my mommie and daddy again."

When we hear prayers like this, it makes us wish we had a thousand lives to give in serving these little ones and leading them to Him. Ours is a great responsibility. Let no one think he can stand by idly, saying: "There is nothing I can do."

Do you, my dear reader-friend, feel burdened for these unfortunate and under-privileged children that come to us from time to time—these who do not have the opportunities that our own children enjoy so freely in our Christian homes? Would you like to have a part in bringing them into the fold where they'll be sheltered from the cold? Yes, you may share in being a laborer together with God in this part of His vineyard.

As you wait upon Him, He will anoint your eyes with eyesalve that you may see, and His Word will be in your heart as a burning fire, giving you a consuming love and passion for the work of His kingdom. Having this prayer in your heart, He will show you whether you are to *go*, whether you are to *pray*, or whether you are to *give*. In all probability it will be one or the other, or possibly all three combined, that in all things He might have the pre-eminence.

Faith for the Fulness of Blessing

Highlights from the Girls' Camp

CAREFUL PREPARATIONS had been made months in advance for the girls' camp in August. An experienced, spiritual head counselor had been selected. Everything seemed to be shaping up nicely.

And then—one of those many things which can happen in a work for God happened. The head counselor could not come. That was final. Ear-nest attempts were made to get a substitution. All to no avail! One day after another in July swiftly sped by.

On Monday, July 28th, a note was entered in the camp diary, "So far no head counselor." And the girls were to arrive *only three days* later, the 31st!

Certainly this was a call for faith and wisdom. Certainly God would not fail. He never had. "*Said I not unto thee, that if thou wouldst believe thou shouldst see the glory of God!*"

True, we had no head counselor, but *God* had one—a person right on the grounds! The next day in His own quiet way the Holy Spirit suggested one of the prospective, regular counselors to take the position.

But would she accept the responsibility? Especially on such short notice?

Yes, she would. The Lord had been preparing her for some days in her own soul.



"The morning service lasted most of the day," is the record of the first Sunday morning meeting the girls were here. "There was solid teaching given regarding, 'God Is,' 'The Great I Am,' and 'Knowing Him as our great Jehovah who delivers and sets free and finally rules over us.'" Three of the visiting ministers—Mrs. W. E. Oldfield of New York, Mr. and Mrs. Charles N. Andrews of Fredericksburg, Virginia, spoke. Then at the close Mr. Andrews suggested that any who desired special help should come into the center of the room for prayer. Many responded to this call, a number going without dinner and staying

for several hours to seek the Lord. "Tonight's meeting was a tremendous continuation. It was difficult to close because of the continuous outpouring of the Spirit."

At the last service of the girls' first session, it was stimulating to hear them recite so many verses of Scripture and especially thrilling to hear them sing so clearly and resolutely:

*In times like these
You need a Savior,
In times like these
You need an anchor;
Be very sure, be very sure
Your anchor holds
And grips the solid Rock.*

*In times like these
You need a Bible,
In times like these,
Oh, be not idle;
Be very sure, be very sure
Your anchor holds
And grips the solid Rock.*

CHORUS:
*This Rock is Jesus—
Yes, He's the One,
This Rock is Jesus,
The Only One;
Be very sure, be very sure
Your anchor holds
And grips the solid Rock.*

Tuesday night of the last week of camp witnessed the last service for the children. Previously we had always had something of a program at such a time, but the Holy Spirit had definitely led that there should be a regular service in which we should expect God to come forth and make it the peak of the period for the Palace girls, the Nonantum boys, and the Cherubs, sending them home in the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ. Well, God met us beyond our expectation. Immediately He poured out His Spirit. There were rich testimonies and worship. Most of the children entered in and received great blessing. The hush of God settled upon the camp. Many campers were loath to leave. A number stayed at length, quietly sitting in His presence.

Finally, the last boy left and enroute to Nonantum said to his counselor: "Brother Ron, all our farewell services ought to be like that!" Interesting and marvelous how nothing is as satisfying, even to a fourteen-year-old boy, as the presence of Jesus Himself.

"It was really difficult saying goodbye to the last group of children as they pulled out today." What victories these girls and boys represented! How thankful we were for those who had been saved, filled with the Spirit, established in God. At the same time there was the painful consciousness



Workers Together in the Girls' Camp

Left to right: P. Harmon, P. Roman, S. Gerbino, C. Preas. Other counselors who served were B. Halad-nuk, J. Merced, and L. Petracca.

that some had not found their Savior and were very ready to yield to the manifold temptations that would meet them the moment they set foot in their homes and were "on the block."

But the seed of God's Word had been sown in faith and the promise is sure: "*My word shall not return unto Me void.*"

"The Victory That Overcometh"

The Holy Spirit Himself raised the standard for the last week of camp when at the beginning of it the suggestion was made that the Lord wanted this to be a week of praising Him, not particularly for blessings given during this season, though that could be included, but praising Him just for Himself because He is worthy. It was further suggested that if everybody would rejoice in the Lord *always* this week, this would be the means whereby the Lord would accomplish His will during the remainder of the season. Many made an honest effort to follow this suggestion. And of course, God kept His promise.

Throughout the week there were daily prayer meetings for the last weekend of the 1958 season. In the course of these prayer meetings the Holy Spirit had inspired the prayer that He would use whomsoever He would as a channel of blessing in the various services—that those in the congregation would be free to minister as well as those on the platform.

This is exactly what happened in a truly phenomenal way. One and another layman was used of God to introduce and develop the theme God wanted to call to the attention of those present.

In the Saturday morning worship a young man

rose to his feet and spoke of how necessary it was to feed upon the Bread from Heaven and so let it become our very life. He spoke of how the Holy Spirit had led him to read the Gospels, noting each command. He had found how far short he was of God's will for his life; in fact, in the natural, he had no desire, for example, to be meek. These things, however, must be prayed into our lives.

Saturday evening the Holy Spirit blew upon the meeting as the wind of God. One could not tell whence it came or whither it went, but the whole meeting was an altar service with helpful talks sandwiched in for the edification of all—again by laymen. Outstanding was the question asked, "What are you going to do with this blessing of God? Are you going to dissipate it or are you going to keep it, praying until it will be set into your life?"

In a large crowd, such as comes to camp for the last holiday of the summer, there is always "a mixt multitude." Some are genuinely hungry and labor for "that meat which endureth unto everlasting life." Other some, a small minority, to be sure, are primarily interested in and satisfied with "the leeks, and the onions, and the garlick" of Egypt—the pleasures of the world and the flesh. Such a group, no matter how small, is bound to hinder the operation of God's Spirit, for the flesh warreth against the Spirit.

"Said I not unto thee, that, if thou wouldst believe, thou shouldst see the glory of God?"

But how would God reveal His glory *this time*?

God has His own weapon with which to defeat the world, the flesh, and the devil—the sharp, two-edged sword of the Spirit which is the word of God. Nothing is so powerful, and this sword He enables the Christian soldier to wield effectively when there is much prayer.

Sunday, all day, many guests and staff members sought the face of the Lord. Much was said in the morning service about prayer—again by a layman from the congregation—that anyone who would follow on to know the Lord must pray,

YOU CAN BREAK THROUGH ANY CLOUD,
YOU CAN DIG THROUGH ANY STONE,
YOU CAN BREAK THROUGH ANY DARK-
NESS THE DEVIL CAN PUT OVER YOU,
IF YOU WILL PRAISE THE LORD.

—Martha W. Robinson.

must have his daily times of devotion, could not stand in the day of trial unless he regularly sought the Lord and found "the secret place of the Most High." Then a spirit of prayer descended upon the meeting, and the suggestion was made that those who were in earnest for the blessing of God should come apart from the crowd to wait on God during the afternoon hours. Quite a few responded, and the prayer room and grounds became filled with the presence of the Lord in a marked way. Then, before communion service Sunday night, a solemn word—again by a layman, one of the youngest present—was uttered against carnality. The meeting closed with a quiet time of waiting before the Lord.

But the victory God wanted had not as yet been won. Great as the blessing had been already, there was a conviction that the camp had not gone "over the top for Jesus."

The Monday morning worship would be the last meeting for the Labor Day weekend crowd. It would be God's last chance for the 1958 season to win the victory He had desired to win. It would also be the adversary's last chance to defeat God's plan. The enemy knew this and now he desperately tried to strike a subtle, strategic blow which, if effective, would be a knockout.

"Said I not unto thee, that, if thou wouldst believe?"

"This is the victory that overcometh."

Shortly after the morning worship started, the Holy Spirit came upon one of His handmaidens and caused her to give a blasting call to "flee youthful lusts." Coupled with this was a call for volunteers for the army of the Lord. In no uncertain tones the Lord dealt with hearts to surrender to Him completely, to separate themselves from the world and the flesh, and to put on the whole armor of God in order to "fight the good fight of faith and lay hold on eternal life."

"The voice of the Lord shaketh the wilderness. The voice of the Lord breaketh the cedars." Many tears were shed; repentance was evident; and in some cases, at least, *that very morning* there was fruit brought forth meet for repentance.

The meeting closed with an inspiring consecration service in which almost everyone—alas, not all—took part. Then after the sacrifice had been made and the fire had fallen, the band burst out in the thunderous measures of "Hold the Fort." Later the audience joined in singing with a zest which is born only out of consecrated hearts:

*"Hold the Fort, for I am coming,
Jesus signals still.
Wave the answer back to heaven—
By Thy grace, we will."*

The Great Commander had won the battle. And the glory of the Lord had indeed been seen.

The Prayer Habit

SOMEONE HAS SAID THAT PRAYER IS INTENDED TO INCREASE THE DEVOTION OF THE INDIVIDUAL. And it is a fact that the most sincere and devoted Christians live in prayer all through the day and night. Praying becomes, with them, a habit that soon forms a vital part of existence as much as breathing. The primary purpose of genuine prayer is praise. But it is one of the human failings of too many Christians to forget this important factor.

It was St. Augustine who said: "Habit, if not resisted, soon becomes necessity." This is as it should be and it should be one way of revealing the spiritual importance of the good habit. There is a strength in the power of a habit which is hard to break. And this applies to the spiritual strength we gain each time we talk with God. It is a habit that must grow and grow and never be broken or slackened.

The best way of forming the regular habit of prayer is to pray at regular times when these periods are available on a regular daily or nightly schedule. And then, the in-between times will become added factors in building spiritual strength through prayer.

Fenelon said: "The Christian life is a long and continual tendency of our hearts toward that goodness which we desire on earth. All our happiness consists in thirsting for it. Now, this thirst is prayer. Ever desire to approach your Creator, and you will never cease to pray. Do not think it is necessary to pronounce many words.

The habit of ever desiring to approach God is one that must be acquired as quickly as possible. Simply talking to God when we want certain things does not have the power behind it which comes with prayers of praise. Our Heavenly Father knows the things we have need of even before we ask for them! He delights in our fixed habit of praising Him.

Habit, being the deepest law of human nature, is a factor that can highlight the way to a deeper spiritual life when it guides our praying. The prayer habit is one which all must acquire if a deep spiritual life is desired. It can come in no other way. If you "say" your prayers are irregular periods or simply as a matter of lifeless form, they are not likely to reach higher than your head. They must be uttered in all sincerity and as the result of a habit that grew unnoticed in form but vivid in daily exercise.

—MONT HURST.