

Bread of Life

OCTOBER 1961



STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

BE NOT CONFORMED

WHILE ON the surface it may seem a great victory for the church to have become accepted by many of the civil and religious authorities that formerly opposed it, a glance through the pages of history reveals that unfortunately as soon as the world accepted the church, the church accepted the world. This took place despite the clear warning: "And be not *conformed to this world* but be ye *transformed* by the renewing of your mind."

The Bible uses the term *worldly* in contrast to all which is *heavenly*. Moreover it teaches that "all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world." Thus we are taught that regardless of how good they may seem, we as Christians are not to go to the world for our ideas, standards, methods, or values. The church, by and large, has violated the command. View the election of church officials, "Madison-Avenue" fund-raising techniques, salaried ministry, all of which are perhaps "good ideas" and yet quite obviously borrowed from the world and not from the Scriptures.

But if the church as a whole has conformed, much more so have the individuals in it. How easily a Parisian dress designer can drive the whole world (Christians included) into a tailspin. Or how quickly a fad will sweep young and old alike off their feet. Remember the sack dress; the hula-hoop? Why are we so easily carried about by every worldly whim? It is because we have been content to remain *conformed*, never making a clean enough break with the world to allow ourselves to be *transformed*. Consider for a moment the question of adornment. Peter speaks of the God-fearing woman "whose adorning let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel; but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price." Yet we find countless Christian women taking colossal pains to be "stylish." A woman who needs to be outwardly adorned really reveals the fact that she has not taken the inner adornment of a

meek and quiet spirit. To a woman truly adorned with spiritual adornment, the life of Christ will so radiate from her very body as to make outward adornment superfluous and out of place.

Or consider our standards of courtship. Where in the Bible do we find people going quite? Certainly our sex standards have been quite strongly molded by those of the world around us. Perhaps we would be surprised to see how clearly God's standards stand out in contrast—that is if we took the trouble to "search the Scriptures" to find them.

How enslaved we have become with the desires for wealth and status. We see men and women outdoing themselves to secure more money, selling their souls (translation: missing prayer meetings) to further purely earthly ambitions. How many people have moved from a ramshackle apartment to a beautiful home, moving at the same time from an oasis into the desert, spiritually speaking. Are these moves the leading of the Lord or are they the desire for earthly status? Perhaps if we took more literally what the Bible says about riches we would be shocked into parting with them lest they become a snare.

Consider finally our drive for pleasure. How and where do we spend our leisure moments? How very strongly we are attached to pleasures of this world despite John's statement: "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him." Can we really sing with honesty, "All that thrills my soul is Jesus . . ." when we virtually spend our lives at the skating rink or on the baseball field or in front of a television set or behind a cheap magazine or newspaper?

All of our ideas and actions are motivated by one of two causes. They stem from either a desire to gratify the natural man or a desire to please Jesus. If we honestly put all our behavior to this test, perhaps we would be surprised at how worldly we are. It is a high standard that God has set. It is an impossible standard until a person is truly *renewed* in his mind. But God desires very greatly to work the wonderful change which transforms our entire earth-oriented self which clings to the momentarily satisfying things of this world into a life which continually reaches up toward God in whom alone we can find true satisfaction. And in the process He frees us from the frustration of a life divided between what is spiritual and what is of our earthly ambitions. That frustration he replaces with a deep inner peace which comes from knowing that we have been lifted above the power of this world to entice us, and that henceforth our lives have the single purpose of knowing and pleasing Jesus.

Eating and Drinking Worthily

A Meditation on the Lord's Supper

By GOTTFRIED A. WALDVOGEL

IT IS our great privilege to come to the table of the Lord. God has given to us this wonderful ordinance, and God's people are told to come to the table of the Lord again and again until He comes. We are to be strengthened on our pilgrimage by this bread which we receive at the table of the Lord.

It seems that the Apostle Paul did not receive instructions concerning communion from the other apostles, but he received them directly from the Lord:

"For I have received of the Lord that which also I delivered unto you, That the Lord Jesus the same night in which he was betrayed took bread: And when he had given thanks, he brake it, and said, Take, eat: this is my body, which is broken for you: this do in remembrance of me. After the same manner also he took the cup, when he had supped, saying, This cup is the new testament in my blood: this do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me. For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do shew the Lord's death till he come. Wherefore whosoever shall eat this bread, and drink this cup of the Lord, unworthily, shall be guilty of the body and blood of the Lord. But let a man examine himself, and so let him eat of that bread, and drink of that cup. For he that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh damnation to himself, not discerning the Lord's body. For this cause many are weak and sickly among you, and many sleep. For if we would judge ourselves, we should not be judged. But when we are judged, we are chastened of the Lord, that we should not be con-

demned with the world" (I Cor. 11: 23-32).

It is of the very greatest importance that, when we come to the table of the Lord, that we know that we are eating and drinking worthily. The apostle sees here the danger of eating that bread and drinking that cup unworthily, and he says that in doing so they have erred. They eat and drink unto their own condemnation. It does not say in the original to their "damnation" but to their condemnation, and it is explained to us that it doesn't mean that we are condemned as the world is condemned, but it speaks of the chastening of the Lord. He speaks of this because some of these Corinthian saints were eating and drinking unworthily. We ought to know that we are drinking worthily. We are told to examine ourselves before we sit and eat that bread and drink that cup. If we judge ourselves we shall not be judged, and man ought to examine himself and so let him eat of that bread and drink of that cup.

Now what does that mean? It doesn't say that we ought to eat and drink knowing that we are worthy. No. Very frequently it is so translated, but it doesn't say that. We are warned against eating unworthily and drinking unworthily. When you eat and drink worthily, the act of eating and the act of drinking must be done in a worthy manner.

That is what it means. That is what it says. If it were a matter of our worthiness, many of us would probably feel we should not come to the table of the Lord. Of course, it is absolutely true that we can only come to the table of the Lord worthily when we know that our sins are forgiven and cleansed in the precious blood. But I want you to get this thought that the apostle here speaks of, not of our personal worthiness but of our eating and drinking in a worthy manner, and he tells us what it means to eat and drink in a worthy manner.

It seems that the Corinthian Christians had forgotten sometimes the sacredness of communion. This is not common food; it is heavenly food. This is not the table of man; it is the Lord's table. This bread which we break, the apostle says, is the communion of His body, and the cup which we drink is the communion of His blood. "This bread," Jesus says, "is My body which was broken for many unto the remission of sins. This cup is My blood." And beloved, we ought to receive that bread as His body. We ought, in receiving that body, to discern the body of the Lord. We are told we ought, in drinking of the cup, to discern the blood of Jesus.

No, we do not understand, and we do not make any doctrine out of these wonderful words of Jesus, but thank God, we just come in simple faith. We know

that when the Lord Jesus says, "This is My body and this is My blood which is given to you," and we receive it, He certainly tells us that His body is broken for us and that we somehow get into fellowship and touch with that body of Christ. When we receive the life of the body of Jesus, we are made one with Him not only in His death but in His resurrection. "This is My body," and we receive it as a sign of our communion with the body of Christ. "This is My blood," and we receive it and say, "Yes, Lord, Your blood was shed for me, and it purchased salvation and the forgiveness of sins and the new covenant." "This is the new covenant in My blood."

Oh, we must discern the body and the blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, not come carelessly but eat and drink worthily. That means and implies that if I take from the hand of Jesus, as it were, that bread and that cup and I eat and drink His body and His blood, I confess thereby that He suffered and died and shed His blood for me. And certainly if I confess and know and realize that He tells me it was for me, and I say, "Yes, thank You, Lord, it was for me You suffered and died. My sins nailed You to Calvary's cross. There was no other way for God's love to reach me but by that sacrifice of Calvary and in the name of my risen High Priest." If I confess that, I will partake of communion in true humility. Oh, yes, it cannot be otherwise.

If I eat and drink worthily, discerningly, I come in humility, in the faith of the cross and say, "Here I take my stand; here I belong. I was crucified with Christ, thank God, and for that reason I find an open heav-

en; I find the Father's heart open for me. It is all because of Calvary. It is all in His precious Name."

And beloved, if I come, if I eat and drink discerningly, that means that I eat and drink believably. Oh, how important it is that I believe in this wonderful salvation purchased for me by the suffering, by the shedding of the blood of my Saviour; and through His high priestly intercession in glory, I come believably.

The Lord says something to me in communion, to me individually. He says, "Take, eat: this is My body which is broken for you," and I take it, and I say, "Yes, Lord, I believe it was for me, *for me*, FOR ME. And He says, "This cup is the new covenant in My blood which was shed for many unto the remission of sins." I take it and say, "Yes, Jesus, unto the remission of my sins. Thank you, Jesus, and because of Your blood the blessings of the new covenant are mine." Oh, to eat and drink worthily and discerningly means that I eat and drink believably.

And it must mean something else. It means that I eat and drink thankfully. Oh, this Lord's Supper is called Eucharist which means thanks. How we ought to give thanks. I know we do in our hearts, and as we receive from Him these emblems of His dying love, we certainly bring thanks to Him from the bottom of our hearts.

Then there is another thing. It is all one indeed, but if we eat and drink worthily, we eat and drink lovingly. My, these are tokens of His love to us, and He says, "It was all for you. *It is all for you*. I love you. I loved you even unto death that now you certainly cannot doubt my

love." When we come like that, our hearts must go out in real adoring love to our great Saviour, and that love that goes out to Him binds us together in Him.

We are all gathered about His precious cross, are we not? We come to His table; we are partakers of that wonderful cup and that wonderful bread. We are partakers of this wonderful salvation, of this wonderful grace in Christ Jesus. We are partakers of the same hope. We take and eat and we take and drink until He comes, and we look forward to that glorious day when we shall be united with Him.

Do you know that you are under the precious blood? When He says, "This is the communion of My body," we ought to say, "Thank you, Jesus. This my body shall be raised some day and shall be changed. I shall be like Thee, and even now, Lord Jesus, Thou dost impart to my body Thy resurrection life, and I receive that cup and I say, 'Thank you, Lord Jesus. Your blood was shed for me, and I have the remission of sins through your precious blood, and all the treasures of Heaven are mine through the blood, the blessing of the new covenant and the indwelling of the Holy Spirit.'"

Oh, what a wonderful, wonderful Saviour we have! He comes so near to us. To each individual He says, "It was *for you* I suffered and died. It was for you. I now live and I make intercession for you. I come to dwell in you, to reign in you, to supply your every need, and soon I am coming for you."

May the Lord bless us and help us to honor Him and to eat and drink worthily.

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Repentance

By MARTHA WING ROBINSON

SUPPOSE in the course of a busy morning's work you have soiled your face. You do not know of the stain upon it until someone entering presumes to mention it. In all probability you are too busy to pay any attention. You say, possibly with impatience, that you don't care, you haven't time to bother about that now.

After a while someone else comes in and tells you you have a black spot on your forehead. You haven't time to stop to cleanse your face, you say, until the work is done. But presently someone more outspoken than the others exclaims, "My, but your face is dirty!" Very likely you are irritated. You say you don't care if your face is as black as soot, you have no time to attend to it. But when one and then another tells of a stain on the forehead, the cheek, the ear, you begin to think perhaps your face is most unrepresentable.

If a guest should step in at that moment, probably the first thing you would do after he was gone would be to hurry to a looking-glass. Immediately you are dismayed and humiliated by your own appearance. You find yourself exclaiming, "Why didn't someone tell me? Why didn't you make it stronger? I didn't suppose my face was so dreadfully soiled as this! What must our guest have thought!" etc., etc. It goes without saying that your first and immediate

desire is to get water and wash away the stain. The work can go. You are too disgusted with your own uncleanness to think of anything else until the stains are removed.

What would be your consternation if you should discover that the stains were so deep you could not remove them?

So I think it is with a repentant person. You may know your spirit is stained with sin, you may even be told so, but you need to get a good view of yourself in God's Looking-glass before you feel any keen desire to be cleansed.

You may go on for many years through your busy life, knowing yourself unclean, adding stain to stain, "too busy" to attend to "that now." You will in all probability have some intention of allowing yourself to be cleansed in a vague, comfortable "sometime." When the rush of your life work is over, when you have "time for religion," then you will be cleansed from your sin's defilements. At times you may be troubled over your own uncleanness, you may make spasmodic attempts to improve. You don't think so much about washing away the present stain as you do of avoiding adding anymore. But knowing the stain of a sin is still upon you it is so easy to commit the same again. Its blackness beside the already dark stains does not show so very plainly.

But some day (happy for you

if such should be the case), some providential incident, some God-sent message or circumstance leads you to look into God's great Looking-glass and you see yourself as your Saviour sees you—all filth, all blackness.

Oh, the horror, the dismay, the humiliation of that first clear view! You cry, "I never dreamed I was so vile. I never dreamed my life was so base. I thought I was living almost as I ought to live. I did not see my own sins."

Now your first desire, after seeing yourself thus, is to be cleansed. I cannot conceive of a man turning away from that mirrored self, saying, "I will stay in my sin. I will live in this filth. I will not be clean." Your one great desire is to get away from that filthy soul, to have it cleansed and made new.

Just so long as you remain where you can see yourself (see yourself as you are, not as you have thought yourself, not as the world sees you, but as you are), you are going to hate yourself. The principal reason why men do not turn away from their sins is because they fail to realize them. A man might turn his back on that terrible sight of himself, might close his heart, and head, and conscience, might persist in his wickedness, but I cannot conceive such a case.

But you, after that view, cry out for cleanliness: "What shall

(Continued on page 10.)

Grace for Grace

**The Autobiography
of Alice Reynolds Flower**

Part X



Alice Reynolds Flower

Camp Meeting Days

FROM the very beginning of our sojourn in the eastern states, the summer program included camp meeting days. At first the camps were held in different localities, but after Mr. Flower became district superintendent, he concentrated on locating a site for a permanent camp ground. One rainy afternoon, while driving through the Perkiomen Valley, he was providentially led to a grove, located near Green Lane, Pa. The Lord witnessed to his heart this was the place, a conviction confirmed by the brethren following his report to them. And so the purchase of the property was consummated, and Maranatha Park came into being. It was my privilege to give the name from the inscription in my wedding ring.

The grove was unimproved, requiring untold labor by Mr. Flower, Edwin Sikes, secretary of the district, and others. Under trying conditions there was a camp meeting that first summer, but steadily thereafter wonderful development came in buildings and cottages and other necessary facilities. The blessing resulting from Maranatha Park camp meetings is well known through all the eastern states.

Maranatha Summer Bible School

The part that concerned us particularly as a family was the development of the Maranatha Summer Bible School. There were many worthy young people throughout the district who could not afford to attend our established Bible schools farther away; and we felt the call of God to utilize our camp facilities in providing whatever training we could for them. Many of these resided in country districts where the church ministry was limited. Both Mr. Flower and I sensed

deeply this need; but his hands were already too full, and taking the responsibility of such a venture devolved upon me with what help he and some other ministers could give.

It was a step of faith for practically everyone. Few of the students we took in that first year had any available financial resources. The nationwide depression was still on, but God was still on His throne. The recital of His meeting our need would almost sound like a fairy tale. With the help of our family secretary, Bertha Evans, we laid the ground work in the spring, and by Decoration Day, school having closed, we moved the entire family to the camp ground to remain there until Labor Day.

Decoration Day was marked by an all-day youth rally, and the following morning classes began. Several of our consecrated ministers came on specified days for various subjects, their only remuneration being their traveling expenses. Among these were Allan A. Swift, Warren C. Anthony, Hazel Fairchild, Rebecca Beisel, William Pocock, and Mrs. David H. McDowell, then Elizabeth Benckert of Philadelphia. For a mere pittance, one of our good Scranton sisters, Mrs. Harry Jenkin, gave up her summer to do the cooking, assisted by some of the students. The word SACRIFICE could well be spelled in capitals during that venture of faith.

The boys who had no money worked under Brother Sikes in erecting the first tabernacle and other necessary camp buildings. We had the dining room for our classes as well as for our general living, and none who ever attended those vesper services in the dining room will forget the riches of blessing that came upon us while the glow of the sunset tinted the western sky. Young

people were saved and filled with the Spirit as God came down to put His seal upon our opened hearts.

I recall one young woman who was healed of a serious heart condition and a young man, completely delivered of epilepsy. Conditions may have been primitive, but the God of the fiery pillar tabernacled over that effort to give these young people the needed instruction as well as spiritual uplift to do His will. There were nine weeks of school the first summer, with a break for the camp meeting. The following year we put on a second-year course, as well as a first-year. This continued to be the program until we were called back to Springfield and the district brethren decided to make it a full-time Bible School.

From that Summer Bible School we have ministers in full standing today, as well as missionaries, and at least two district superintendents. The carrying on of this ministry vitally affected our family life. The children were with us and threw themselves, according to their age and ability, into the work. Somehow, we felt as a family we were putting across the Summer Bible School, and despite primitive living conditions at times, the days were full, happy and healthy for them. We never could have, however, accomplished what we did without our several faithful assistants who had caught the vision and were willing to sacrifice themselves to see God's purpose realized.

When privileged to attend an Eastern Bible Institute homecoming many years later, my heart was deeply moved that those in charge at E.B.I. should call me the original mother of the school. God had taken us out of the situation, but the fullness of our vision had encompassed the establishment of a permanent Bible School.

So much of our life has been given to pioneering, blazing the trail for others to carry on, and we are happy to have it so; glad that God can give us a vision of something to be achieved, and give us as well the grace to relinquish the task to others when His call to us was ONWARD.

A Night of Blessing

During a brief Thanksgiving Convention with Pastor Warren Anthony in Columbia, Penna., one memorable night, six received a gracious outpouring of the Holy Spirit in as many different ways. What a God of variety we have! There were two women, own sisters, from the Episcopal Church, one kneeling quietly at the altar, gently weeping under the blessing of God's manifest grace; and just as gently she began to pour out her heart in grateful praise in another language. Her sister was far more demonstrative.

A visiting woman from Lancaster was prostrated under the power of God, her billows of joy evidenced in pealing strains of holy laughter. A brother, sitting in his seat nearby, opened his

heart to God, and the Spirit fell upon him right there as he spoke in another language. As we neared the midnight hour, a woman who had sat near the front to watch the whole proceedings cried out with a new sense of hunger and fell on her knees with an earnest desire to also drink of the Spirit's fullness. And God met her right there in short order.

There is no more a formula today than in the days of the early church, and God's moving that particular night always comes to mind when I find individuals inclined to narrow God to some particular plan of operation. The condition for blessing is the same—"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness"—but shall we not let God do the filling in His own way?

Sharing Our Home Life

Perhaps from our families on both sides, Mr. Flower and I developed a particular appreciation of Paul's words, "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers; for thereby some have entertained angels unawares." From childhood we had both seen the principle of hospitality in action. It was not strange then that from the beginning our home sheltered a variety of guests. We would not quibble with those who prefer to maintain a rather strict privacy in their home life. The fact that we had a happy home made us conscious of many unhappy homes as well as lonely individuals that crossed our pathway. We felt our home was a trust to be shared in spite of its growing numbers and at times limited resources. And what experiences developed from our endeavor to "use hospitality without grudging."

Let me speak for the long-suffering of our children here, accepting some rather unusual conditions with gallant fortitude and occasional humor. Recently I ran across these paragraphs, written by our youngest daughter, sometime ago:

"At home we saw unfolded the principles of righteousness that marked our mother's ministry. In the careful concern with which she fed the transient, then told him of Jesus' love as he ate, we learned to understand a measure of the compassion of Jesus as He fed the multitude on the mountain. 'Never preach the gospel to a man with an empty stomach,' she would say. 'Feed him first.' (Confidentially, I think they had our house marked, judging by the frequency with which some of them returned!)

"Mother never made any distinction or showed any partiality to those who passed through our home any more than she would have to one of her six children above the others. Each newcomer was made to feel as one of the family. As a result we children had more 'grandmas' and 'grandpas,' 'aunts,' 'uncles,' and 'cousins' than any other boys or girls on the block. Sometimes we would ask, 'Is this one for real?'"

There was the newspaper woman, broken in spirit and in body, who came to us in desperate

need. At the close of her sojourn in the home, she made possible to us through an almost expired advertising contract, the down payment on our first really new piano.

A young business woman followed us from Scranton to Lititz. She had had a complete nervous breakdown and was much embittered in spirit, but begged us to take her into our home. More than for her physical need was our concern for her bitterness of spirit, and we sought in every way to help her. God answered, but not before some verses came to my heart, especially for her, verses which have been blessed to many since then, in various parts of the world:

A Fragrant Garden

*God leaves no bitter place within thy life;
If there—'tis all because of thine own strife
And inward chafing 'gainst His holy will.
If thou hadst held thee yielded, still,
There would have been no galling sore,
Ere long no yoke to weigh thee more;
But thine afflictions would a ballast proved
As heavenward thy barque serenely moved.*

*God leaves no bitter place within thy life—
Reproach Him not nor murmur at the knife
Which prunes the fruitless branches clean and bare.
All ready for a fruitfulness most rare;
He gives the cross—a glory new to show
Within thee as thou fearlessly dost go;
Nothing He gives but from a loving heart;
Trust Him and yield—here ends all bitter smart.*

*No bitter place within thy life God leaves—
'Tis self and unforgiving pride that grieves;
The wound God makes doth ever fully heal
Until no scar remains for man to feel.
If we submit to all the cleansing of His love
We know the perfect healing from above;
And where there else would be a bitter waste
God makes a fragrant garden by His grace.*

After the conversion of Les Barnett, in which we were privileged to have a part following our return to Springfield, he lived in our home for over a year. Many knew him as a talented organist; but there was a long struggle after his conversion to overcome the inward pressures left from his former worldly life. We were dad and mother to him, and he was tenderly responsive to the touch of God as we counselled and prayed with him in the home. And at least four other persons who spent months in our home during a crisis period are serving on various foreign fields today.

We were not running a "faith home" or a special haven for distressed friends, but they came; and as we shared our family life and prayer with them, a number of them in turn contributed some rich deposits of grace to our household. "How did you manage the older people?" we have been asked. What shall I say? God seemed to give

the needed wisdom for the individual cases, and the abundance of the anointing in the home did "destroy the yoke" as promised in the Word of God. Some were angels entertained unawares; while others developed us in grace and a valuable knowledge of human nature. Some of the principles actually found successful in dealing with our children proved equally successful in dealing with the older folk.

Westward Ho!

With other officers of the Eastern District, Mr. Flower and I travelled by car to the west coast in 1931, to attend the General Council at Glad Tidings Tabernacle in San Francisco. This was our first trip to the West Coast and allowed the party to visit Yellowstone Park, the Grand Canyon, the Painted Desert and other points of interest. Mr. Flower was elected Assistant General Superintendent without portfolio, with Ernest S. William continuing to serve as General Superintendent. Four years later we attended the General Council in Dallas, Texas, where Mr. Flower was elected General Secretary, a position he was to hold for the next twenty-four years. Again we saw the cloudy pillar lifting and were assured of God's grace for another uprooting from the Pennsylvania Dutch country. We were to return to Springfield.

Our son Joseph had already graduated from Central Bible Institute and the two daughters, Suzanne and Adele, were already enrolled there. Mr. Flower took office January 1, 1936, and I followed with the remainder of the family after the close of school in May.

Just before leaving the East Mr. Flower returned for a special Prayer Conference at Highway Tabernacle in Philadelphia. It was also to be a farewell occasion with the ministers of the Eastern District with whom we had had close and blessed fellowship. The growth that had come to the district had brought joy to our hearts, but the farewell service brought a surprise to us, for the brethren made it a time of gracious celebration of our silver wedding anniversary. We were presented with flat silver service for fourteen—a timely and much appreciated gift. There were other tokens of love and an anniversary book signed by many of our friends. The whole affair gave special significance and benediction to our departure, moving as we felt certain in the will of God.

So many precious tokens of God's moving during those years in the East are registered in His book. With a few exceptions we have avoided recounting the special services, meetings and conventions in which we were privileged to minister, where God poured out His Spirit. We have never kept any account of numbers. We were content

(Continued on page 10.)

seed-time



and harvest



The Gospel in the Schools of India

By MARGARET MICHELSEN

Orai, U.P., India

UPON OPENING school, we were mobbed by those seeking admission for their children. We had not intended to take in so many, but by the time we got around to counting the number enrolled we found we had an all-time record of 350 children. Since then we have turned away at least 100. Our bus makes five trips to bring the youngsters to school, and each trip the bus is packed solid. The classes are full and the teachers beg us not to take in any more.

The task before us is to instruct them in the way of righteousness and to give them a knowledge of One who loves them and wants them to inherit eternal life. It is a great task, for some of them have never heard of Jesus, the Saviour of the world. We covet your prayers that the Lord will come forth and speak to them. Without Him we can do nothing.

Along with the opening of school, the building of our chapel was once again started. The foundation and three feet of the wall had been put up in March, but because of various reasons the work had to be stopped. I am glad to report that all the walls are up now and work has been started on the roof.

The Lord has wonderfully worked for us. When everyone

was telling us it was impossible to get bricks, that there weren't any to be had, we were able to obtain permits for bricks. All in all, we have obtained 18,000 bricks! The same with cement. God worked so that we have been able to get sixty bags of cement! The other day I heard that people have had to stop building because of not being able to get these materials. All I can say is that God has been very gracious unto us and has met our every need.

There is much to be done yet. The doors and windows have to be put in. The floor will have to be laid (a brick floor). Then it would be nice to be able to plaster at least the inside of the building. But we leave all that is left with the Lord. He will make it possible if this is His desire.

Two days ago I came back from holding meetings in a Methodist Primary School. I believe this series of meetings was the most blessed I have experienced in my travels here in India. It was the first time such had been held in the school. Perhaps the newness of them helped the children to be very attentive. Still, I do believe the Spirit of the Lord was at work. A desire for God was manifest on the faces of the children.

At the close of the meetings the Lord impressed me to have a decision day. When the children were asked to raise their hands if they wanted to accept Jesus and receive salvation, about ten of the older children, besides a goodly number of little ones, raised their hands. After praying for them, an invitation was given to come forward if any wanted to ask questions or have further help. All the children went back to their classes, and from there about forty or fifty of the junior age group and early teens came back into the hall. They came so quietly and soberly. What a wonderful opportunity to show them the way to the cross! Some of them prayed, asking Jesus to come in and to cleanse them from sin. I believe a work for eternity was wrought in a number that day. But they will need our prayers. We want them to go on.

While there, I also had the privilege of speaking to the high school group, including the junior college girls and teachers. The Holy Spirit was also working among them. A number of them raised their hands for prayer, desiring to be freed from sin.

One high school teacher came to the bungalow and asked for

an interview. She was troubled in her heart about some things, and didn't understand why "good people" had to be saved, etc. She also mentioned how she couldn't pray and had no desire to read the Bible. It was truly a wonderful opportunity to explain the way of God's salvation to her. Before she left she promised to read a chapter from the Bible every day and to pray whether she felt like it or not. Later the manager and principal of the school said they were so surprised that this teacher had come for help. And to think that she told of her weakness! They told me she has been so hard and indifferent. So we trust that a work was begun in her heart that will go on.

I may be going to the Dehra Dun Convention in October, and I will be having some meetings in the Children's Home near Dehra. So I ask your prayers for the forthcoming meetings.

Christ's Healing Power In the Villages

*By A. G. ERICSON
Partabgarh, U.P., India*

The dear Lord is so gracious with me as I go about in the villages. There are many hungry souls, who want to hear the Word of Life, and many sick ones for whom I pray, and the

Lord in mercy heals them. It is a sad sight to see a lot of small children suffering with all kinds of sicknesses. I cannot leave them without praying for them. Many older folks also come for prayer. The next time I come they are happy to tell me that they have been healed. The Lord is able for all things. Praise His dear name.

With the Young People Of Kou Tzu K'ou

*By ELISABETH LINDAU
Taipei, Formosa*

WE HAVE had a full summer here with concentrated efforts upon the work with the young people. Miss Young took care of both the senior high school and college groups while I took care of the junior high group. The last week in July we had a real good DVBS. Then in August Mrs. Tugn and Mrs. Mai and I took seventeen of the teenage girls to Tamsui for a four-day conference.

Tamsui is on the east coast of the island. It is the place where George McKay started gospel work here. We were able to secure the Presbyterian Girls' High School there for our meetings.

The first meeting we had, ten of the girls stood to their feet, confessing their sins and their

need of the Lord. Although we have not seen all that we wish to, we have reason to praise God for what work of the Lord we have seen in them.

Repentance

(Continued from page 5.)

I do? How can I wash away my stain? How shall I become clean?" And the answer *will* come to such a cry, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." Then just as soon as you yield to that cleansing, just as soon as you permit that cleansing power to cover your spirit, you are clean. You understand now how the blood of Christ "cleanseth whiter than snow." The verse has had no particular meaning before.

But this is not all. Repentance is a "turning away" from sin. Your cleansing will be nothing if you begin again to soil yourself with sin. The truly repentant will not—almost cannot. What one has suffered for, and sought for, will not be easily given up. Your prayer is changed but there is still a prayer. No longer "Make me clean," but "Keep me clean" is your petition. If through old habits old temptations come upon you, soil your white purity, again comes the cry, "Wash away the stain, Father."

Grace for Grace

(Continued from page 8.)

to live in His presence day by day, recognizing His hand upon us for good in temporal as well as spiritual things. The teaching of our early years—"God wants us to be spiritually natural and naturally spiritual"—expressed for us the measure of a life of continuing fruitfulness.

We were well aware that comparison with others' ministry, however outwardly successful at the time, brings unrest, disqualifying one for the demand of the hour. God has rarely permitted us to see the actual accomplishment of the immediate hour's labor. Many years have passed in some cases before we have known how far-reaching some seemingly humble and unlikely

service has been. This is one of the happy developments for older children of God—the rich joy of beholding what God has wrought from hidden ministries, long past.

Many years after leaving the East behind, God was pleased to let us see some precious fruit from tearful sowing then. The same God who empowered Elisha in miraculous public achievement also provided for needed personal rest and food in the hour of weariness. The cognizance of God's gracious working became the pattern of our lives. To see His hand in every aspect of our life gave constant impetus to encourage others to trust Him absolutely and unconditionally. This has been our earnest desire in the present recounting of God's faithfulness through the years.

To be continued.



**Helen Hoss with Pastor Govender (left) and
Pastor Jacobs**



**The Christian Workers in the New Clare
Assembly**

Helen Hoss Ministers in Natal

A Report By STEPHEN GOVENDER

Pastor, Peniel International Assembly, Durban, Natal

DURING the month of July, 1961, I met Sister Hoss in Natal, South Coast, where she was spending her holidays, and before her return to Johannesburg, she conducted special services for us in Durban, Merebank, Sea View, Verulum, and Pietermaritzburg, the capital city of Natal.

Every meeting was packed to capacity and blessed by the presence of God. The power of God was demonstrated in the salvation of precious souls. The meeting in Merebank, which was an open-air meeting, was an outstanding one; nearly 250 peo-

ple were present. In the midst of the meeting we were disturbed by a heavy downpour of rain. Although the people were wet to their skins, they did not move till the meeting came to an end. This in itself is an evidence sufficient to show the hunger after God in the hearts of men and women.

Our sister's great love for God, her simple ministry, the anointing of God upon her life, and her keen interest in the non-whites has won the hearts of our people, and our doors will always be open to our sister. We also believe that with a mission-

ary like Sister Hoss much could be accomplished for God in Natal, where there is a big scope for evangelistic work amongst the Indian and coloured people.

Sister Hoss is working with Pastor Jacobs in Johannesburg. Pastor Jacobs has been with us for about five years, and he is one of the finest coloured Christian workers in the country.

Sister Hoss will be in Durban for three weeks from the 19th of November to the 10th of December 1961, conducting special meetings in Durban, Pietermaritzburg, and other districts. We earnestly covet your prayers.



The Sunday School in New Clare



Getting Ready for an Open-Air Meeting in New Clare

Love Through Me

*Love through me, Love of God,
There is no love in me;
O Fire of love, light Thou the love
That burns perpetually.*

*Flow through me, Peace of God,
Calm river flow until
No wind can blow, no current stir
A ripple of self-will.*

*Shine through me, Joy of God,
Make me like Thy clear air
That Thou dost pour Thy colours through,
As thou it were not there.*

*O blessed Love of God,
That all may taste and see
How good Thou art, once more I pray,
Love through me, even me.*

—AMY CARMICHAEL