

Bread of Life

MAY 1962



STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

REVOLUTIONIZED

FIFTY DAYS after Easter we celebrate what is perhaps the most important date in the church calendar. It is true that at Christmas we are reminded of the great love of God toward us which made Him come to this earth to become one of us. At Easter we are reminded of the high cost of our redemption and of the decisive victory won over sin and death. Were this the limit of God's work, however, our hard and unregenerate hearts would still be in rebellion against Him. It took the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, who is able to reach and woo our hearts, to perfect the marvelous scheme of God's labors on our behalf. It is fitting, therefore, that we observe the Day of Pentecost.

One cannot but be struck at the magnitude of the events which this day commemorates. Though the disciples had walked with the Master for some three years, heard His teaching, seen His miracles, and unquestionably learned to love Him, yet when He ascended He left a bewildered and fearful circle of uncertain followers. What a wonderful transformation took place ten days later! It was this transformation that spelled the difference between victory and defeat for the fledgling church.

It is unfortunate that we have been so slow to grasp the lessons of that day. We have perhaps all been aware of the moving of the Spirit in our hearts from before the time of our conversion. But the radical transformation in the lives of the disciples speaks of something far greater. It is true that God calls us to *grow* in grace, but it is equally true that in God's plan there are experiences of *revolution*. We have not been filled with the Spirit until our lives have been revolutionized.

The modern Pentecostal movement arose from the desire for a know-so experience of being bap-

tized with the Holy Ghost. The greatest current scandal of the movement is the growing number of people within it who have never personally pressed into such an experience. Personal encounters with God are not luxuries reserved for the elder saints; they are absolutely necessary for success in coping with the daily onslaught of the devil. Moreover we are commanded to be filled with the Spirit. Thus every day which goes by in which we ignore this injunction is a day lived in disobedience to God's will for us.

There is no doubt that our failures to be filled with the Spirit come largely from spiritual laziness and indifference. Modern thinking is opposed to personal diligence. There would be no danger of our falling short if we would "tarry until." The disciples took ten days; we are proud of ourselves if we take ten minutes.

But there is another thought in the Ephesian command. A more accurate rendering is "*Be being filled . . .*" This speaks distinctly of a continuous process. Past experiences are little more than anniversaries if not renewed daily. "Being filled" is a growing experience. A genuine baptism always intensifies one's hunger for more of God. There is something radically wrong with our experience if we sought the Lord more before our initial experience than after.

Let us also remember that we are filled with the *Holy Spirit*. His purpose is to make *us* holy. We deceive ourselves if we profess great experiences and yet live in disobedience to His will. All our failures speak of the necessity for a more complete and penetrating relationship with the Holy Spirit.

It is fitting that at this season we lay particular emphasis on the person and work of the Spirit. But it is even more important that we personally press into the experiences of personal revolution and day-to-day communion which the Lord has in store for us.



The great imperfection of souls commonly consists in their not waiting sufficiently for God. Unsubdued nature is very busy, and never wants for specious pretexts to bestir itself; besides, it thinks that it is doing wonders when it is simply hindering the operations of God in the soul by the agitation and disquiet it creates; for, in order to receive divine impressions, tranquility and silence are needed.—BARON DE RENTY.

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“Take It in God’s Way”

By MARTHA WING ROBINSON

WHEN I FIRST began to seek the baptism of the Holy Spirit, I was a bundle of nervous, impatient restlessness. I wanted my blessing so quickly. I had been seeking God for nine months. I seized the advanced teaching readily. I did not have doubts to battle against. Everyone looked for me to sweep through into victory quickly. So did I.

Therefore the more other people got their blessing around me, the more positively did I pray and seek and agonize and wonder and get anxious and upset. I went from meeting to meeting. And when the meeting went wrong and Satan seemed to be permitted to hinder, I chafed and rebelled in spirit, feeling I was losing time.

One day a quiet little German woman said to me, “Sister, you have too restless a nature. You need to get still. You don’t stay put. Instead of getting quiet before God, you wait for influences about you to get into the right attitude. You come into a meeting, and if the speaker doesn’t please you, you slip out. If you feel like prayer and there is speaking or testimony, you fret in your spirit. You need to give yourself more over to God and when you go to a meeting look for a blessing, but take it in God’s way.” This opened my eyes. I saw I was running myself. I determined to give God a better chance to work out His will with me.

From that time I endeavored to *abandon* myself in a meeting to the will of God. It took time to learn the lesson, but I learned it. This abandonment is neces-

sary in a meeting in order to get blessing. In a meeting where there is liberty of the Spirit, there are many things our *flesh*, until it is brought into subjection, will rise against.

I objected heartily in the beginning to emotionalism. I could not keep my mind, eyes nor disapproval off of manifestations about me. I have always been acutely susceptible to peculiarities of speech or manner in others. Satan took pains I should remain so. I had my own pronounced, *very* pronounced opinions of the way things should be done. One by one God helped me to lay all these things down, to give my spirit up to Him, to rivet my thoughts on Him, and not to feel ruffled or disturbed by any unfortunate turn in the meeting, any unwise testimony, any extreme and perhaps really fleshly emotionalism, any absurd prayer.

All these things are bound to come into meetings from time to time, and until we can realize that the *Lord* is quite able and sufficient to care for His own work and overrule anything the flesh or the devil may bring in, we will permit Satan to have the triumph of accomplishing one of the very purposes for which he has introduced these things, that is, distraction of our thought, or disgust with the meeting, or a rebellion of spirit that preclude all possibility of blessing. The ability to sit in a high, sweet calm *above* the mistakes and vexations is of inestimable blessing in a meeting where all are unitedly seeking God.

The lesson I had to learn in

the meeting has been steadily impressed on me all the way along, until the tendency to “run” other people, to put my hands on God’s work, to carry responsibilities that are not mine, has been gradually more and more eliminated. I realize we can carry many burdens God never gave us to carry, and that we have no right to carry; in fact, that we presume upon God’s goodness when we attempt to carry them. How much slower we would be with our advice, our assistance, our pushing in to straighten out mistakes, if we could see things as God sees them, and stay just where God puts us. This wretched energy of the flesh. How much I have had.

While seeking during this period I became greatly humiliated. As others of shorter experience and presumably less acquainted with the deeper things of God swept into blessing, I was made to feel my unworthiness in the sight of God. God so permitted this to grow upon me that presently I was right down in the Slough of Despond.

It was during this period of seeking, God used the following verses to me: Exodus 33:21, 22.

These words were spoken by the Lord to Moses at a time in his experience when he was crying out for God. The people had sinned; God had said He would not go with them to the land of Canaan, but in answer to Moses’ prayer the promise was given, “My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest.” And Moses answered, “If thy presence go not with me, carry us not up hence.”

And then Moses began to plead with a great hunger for more, "I beseech thee, show me thy glory." And as a result of that prayer, the Lord made the promise, "Behold there is a place by me, and thou shalt stand upon a rock. And it shall come to pass, while my glory passeth by, that I will put thee in a cleft of the rock, and will cover thee with my hand while I pass by."

When God brought to me this blessed teaching concerning the Baptism of the Holy Ghost that is now sweeping the world, I first settled it by the Word and my soul with God. Then having quite settled it that Jesus does baptize with the Holy Ghost, that He wills to baptize all, even me, I accepted Him in this capacity also, as I had accepted Him as my Saviour, Healer, and Sanctifier.

After a period of deep seeking for God's work in me, which corresponded in my experience to that of Moses crying after God, I came into that place of confidence that the work would be done and that I should be baptized with the Holy Ghost. Then God permitted my patience and faith to be severely tested by a long waiting time, in which there was no apparent change or progress.

"Let patience have her perfect work." How glibly we say it to others when they enter upon their testing times. How difficult it is to let it be worked out in our experience.

I found all I could do was "to stand." Ah, I was on the Rock Christ Jesus and had the invincible "promise of the Father," and all I could do was to wait for the "glory to pass by." Over and over I would say to myself when God seemed to delay, and Satan would tempt me to doubt or anxiety, "I am getting off the Rock, and I must patiently wait until the glory passes by."

I learned some new lessons. There are more ways than one

of hindering the glory passing by. I found that in this patient waiting time one must watch as well.

I imagine Moses thought of nothing else until the glory passed by. We can't imagine him settling down to read, or write, or study out some problem, "in the meanwhile." Neither can we imagine him slumbering—"taking a little nap"—until the blessing came. If he had done any of these things, surely the glory never would have passed by. I think he was watching, expectant, earnest, undoubting, "watching for the glory," the sign God had given that He Himself would pass by.

While all seeking the Baptism of the Holy Ghost are not so situated that they can drop everything literally, and tarry in one place, yet [it] is possible for a man to so earnestly accept the blessing that He will get upon the Rock, and stay there, and continuously, unremittently expect Jesus to pour out the Holy Spirit.

Moses took no one with him to the secret place God showed Him. We have to come into our deep experiences alone in the Spirit. It may be in a meeting, or with companions, in our closet, or in a crowded office, store—but whatever comes to one in the Spirit must come direct from

God, and no one else can partake of our own especial experience. Words, as we testify, fail to convey one-half of the reality. And we stand alone. We must be shut in with God so that waking and sleeping, working or praying, the running current of thought is Jesus.

Many seek for a time, and then because there is delay, let their minds wander to other things, or get into a lethargic, indifferent spirit, which I have called "taking a nap." We are apt to deceive ourselves, under both these conditions, that we are really "waiting." Alas, no, God sees differently and we may "wait" indefinitely in this way. One may "tarry" indefinitely, that is, drop all other duties, and yet not truly tarry in spirit. And again one may be busy, but yet have a tarrying spirit—that is a waiting, expectant, prayerful spirit, and unbroken communion with God.

I learned these lessons largely through my experience, but praise His name, I stayed upon the Rock and waited until—the glory passed by, and *He* put me in the cleft of the Rock and "covered me there with His Hand."

Jesus baptized me with the Holy Ghost, and truly, I find myself in the cleft of the Rock.

ABOUT THE COVER

THE COVER of this issue of BREAD OF LIFE is a scene in the quiet and quaint Cape Cod town of Sandwich, Massachusetts, showing the Congregational Church and the Old Grist Mill. One of the founders of this village in 1637 was Daniel Wing, ancestor of Martha Wing Robinson. Some years later, "a great fire was kindled" in Sandwich as the result of the ministry of Quaker evangelists. Among the many whose hearts "did burn within them" was Daniel Wing who forthwith became an original member of the first Quaker or Friends' Meeting in America and a pioneer in securing religious liberty for all. This story is but one of the thrilling events related by the editor of BREAD OF LIFE in RADIANT GLORY, the life of Martha Wing Robinson, scheduled for publication this month (\$4.95 plus 25c mailing charge).

Not Far from Us

The Function of Praise

By HANS R. WALDVOGEL

"In Him we live, and move, and have our being."—ACTS 17:28.

GOD INTENDED that man should feel after Him, because He is not far from every one of us. He is so near that man ought to "breathe" God. And the quickest way to "feel after Him" is to praise Him.

The quickest way to let the sun shine into your house is to raise the shades. When I was a boy, after my sister had cleaned the house, she would pull down the shades. Once I asked her, "What do you pull the shades down for?" She replied, "Oh, then everything looks so clean!" That is the reason lots of people do not open up in praise to God. They have something to hide. Maybe they have swept everything under "the rug" or under "the sofa." But when you are clean, you open up and praise the Lord, and immediately there is a flow of the life of God. You feel God. Have you ever discovered that?

What a marvelous mystery and what a wonderful blessing is praise—just plain praise, just plain "Hallelujah!", just a plain opening of your mouth and shouting the praises of the Lord!

Some people would not praise the Lord if you gave them a thousand dollars. They can't. They are so bound by their own importance and by the flesh. But when God puts a new song in your mouth, then you can praise the Lord. You make contact with God. And how very

important it is that we *keep* that contact.

Do you know that something happens to you every time you praise the Lord, every time you lift your hands in praise or worship? Something comes down from God because God is there and because He made me for Himself. When I turn on my transistor radio, I get a program, perhaps some beautiful music by Bach or Beethoven, because it's there, because it's in the air. All that is necessary is for me to have a receiving instrument and to turn on the switch. So when I open up to God, when I "turn on the switch," when I praise the Lord, He comes to me because He's there, for "He is not far from every one of us." Why don't we maintain this contact?

Why do we seek contact with the devil? You don't have to be a witch to serve the devil. All you have to do is to talk naughty or to talk a lot.

And you don't have to be a perfected saint to have God come to you. Just praise the Lord! Anybody in the whole world that will praise God from the heart will have contact with God because God so decrees that all people upon the earth should seek Him, should feel after Him, if perhaps they might find Him. And everyone that seeketh findeth.

Why don't we seek more intelligently and more practical-

ly? We ought to praise God more intelligently. I know there is such a thing as praising the Lord because others do, and yet, you get a blessing even then, don't you? You couldn't do it if God did not help you. But we can turn these praises into a real sacrifice that is acceptable and well-pleasing unto God. I ought to have enough respect for God in whom I live, and move, and have my being, to be attentive when I praise Him, and, when I open my heart, to let the sunlight of His presence shine through me. There ought to be real worship—real, Holy Ghost worship, and you will never learn this unless you awaken to the wonder of His presence. We do that when we praise God, and there is a wonderful, sanctifying effect in praising the Lord like that.

How very wonderfully simple is this contact with Jesus! We are liable to underestimate this blessing, not to appreciate what God does for us through it. It is a great and wonderful thing that throughout the world there are multitudes of Pentecostal people who are always conscious of God. There was a time when we didn't know anything like that. We sang about it. We heard sermons about it, but they bored us, they didn't bring life to us. But today we live in Him. We are alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord.

What a miracle is praise! Let's not get used to it. See to it that it remains a wonder to you every day. Jesus ought to become more wonderful, more precious, to me *every day*. Praise ought never to become common to us. God has created you and me for Himself, but we cannot taste Him, we cannot feel Him, until our soul has contact with God, and you make and keep this contact by praising Him.

"By Him therefore let us offer the sacrifice of praise to God continually, that is, the fruit of our lips."



“I Am the Lord That Healeth Thee”

By MARIE BURGESS BROWN

As a girl in her teens, Mrs. Brown herself was healed by the Lord when dying of tuberculosis. Later, God called her into His service, and after her baptism in the Holy Spirit, in 1907 she came to New York City where she has faithfully held forth the word of life for 55 years.

THERE are a great many people who would like to trust God for their bodies, but they do not seem to know how to take hold of the Lord. However, if they understood, even in just a little measure, God's wonderful Word and His great and mighty promises, there would not be any doubts or fears as to trusting Him. When it comes to *divine healing* for our bodies, we must first know from the Word of God that Jesus through His sacrifice on Calvary is the great Healer. When we do, we have a foundation to stand on that will not fail.

In Genesis 1:26, we read: “*And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness . . . and God saw that which He had made, and behold, it was very good.*” Before sin entered the world, man was in the likeness of God, pure and holy. Everything in the Garden of Eden was bright and beautiful, no sickness or disease, no thought of disobedience; there was no cause to walk apart from the way God led them. God said to them that of every tree in the Garden they might eat if they wanted to, except one tree—“*But of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it; for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die.*” It was because of their disobedience that sin and all the result of sin entered the world.

In Deuteronomy 28 you will find listed, as resulting from sin, all the diseases to which mankind is subjected. However, we need not stop there; we may go on to Galatians and there read that, “*Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us; for it is written, Cursed is everyone who hangeth on a tree.*” Gal. 3:13.

We find, in Ex. 15:25, 26, God's wonderful covenant of healing, where the children of Israel, in their wanderings through the wilderness, came to the bitter waters of Marah. There God told Moses to take a certain tree and cast it into the waters, and because of it, the waters were made sweet. We know that this is a type of Jesus, the only one who can sweeten the bitter waters of this life—“*There He made for them a statute and an ordinance, and there He proved them, and said, If thou wilt diligently hearken to the voice of the Lord thy God, and wilt do that which is right in His sight, and will give ear to His commandments, and keep all his statutes, I will put none of these diseases upon thee, which I have brought upon the Egyptians; for I am the Lord that healeth thee.*”

There is always a condition to meet with every blessing that God has given to us, and that condition is *obedience to God's will*. He is not a hard taskmaster, but he does love and de-

mand obedience in His children. We find in the doing of His will how *bitter waters* are made *sweet*.

The first condition is, “*If thou wilt hearken diligently*”—not carelessly, indifferently, but *earnestly* desiring the Lord's will above everything else. Hearken *diligently* to the voice of God. Yielding to your own will is an *act of disobedience*. We have His Word that cannot be broken, that if we *hearken diligently*, He will put none of the diseases of Egypt upon us, *not one!* It is *God Almighty* saying this, and *He cannot lie!*

God was to be their Healer. That was His pledge to them. Israel, on the other hand, had to do her part. In Numbers 12, we find where Miriam became leprous—because of what? *Murmuring against God's leader. “And Miriam and Aaron spoke against Moses because of the Ethiopian woman whom he had married . . . and the anger of the Lord was kindled against them; and he departed. And Aaron looked upon Miriam, and, behold Miriam became leprous, white as snow.”* You might wonder how it should have brought such an affliction upon Miriam; but brother, sister, any condition, any evil power that the enemy can implant in the human heart, that worketh ill to his neighbor and brings rebellion against God and His people is *sin!* We look at great, out-

standing sins and count them as terrible, but in God's sight *sin is sin*, whether it comes in like a flood or creeps in like jealousy, envy, or strife, and it is bound to bring forth bitter fruit in our lives. Consider Moses! When he saw the condition of Miriam, even though she had sinned against him, his great heart besought God in her behalf, and the plague was stayed. Beware of this most subtle tool of the enemy—*jealousy!*

The higher we climb the ladder of power and blessing, the closer on our tracks comes Satan with all his imps. You have never put your foot forward, to go one step higher in God by way of prayer or intercession, but you will find the enemy contesting every foot of ground. If you are satisfied to keep the same old place, walking round and round the same old block all the time, you will never be bothered with him.

Do not allow discouragement, or anything else from the enemy, to lodge for one little moment in your heart and *mind*, for it will not be long before it will creep down into your *heart*; and it will take some praying, some breaking before God, to get it out of your heart. No such condition will ever enter your *heart* unless you first allow the seed to take root in your *mind*. Never has the temptation of envy, jealousy, or anything else, crept into your heart but it was first entertained and permitted to flourish in your mind, and soon it worked its way down into your heart and became *sin*. Satan would easily wedge his way in if I allowed him for one moment to find lodgment in my mind, and it would not be long before he would work his way down into the recesses of my heart, and *sin* would separate me from communion and fellowship with my Lord, making an opening for the enemy's subtle attacks. It has taken me all night many times *on my knees*,

to pray through, that God might deliver me and protect me from the enemy's encroachment. We cannot *afford* to allow the smallest root of bitterness to spring up that will separate us from God.

In Num. 21:4 we read: "*And they journeyed from Mount Hor by the way of the Red Sea, to compass the Land of Edom, and the soul of the people was much discouraged because of the way.*" There are very few people who can take the path that is not all roses and see God in it. If any little trial or test comes their way, they say that it is not God's will — "Why should He allow this to happen to *me*? I would not mind if I were *sure* it is God's will," etc. *Murmuring and discouragement!* Let us turn to the life of that mighty man of God, which was so marked by trials and tests that you and I know nothing about, and listen to him saying, "*None of these things move me!* Don't weep over me because I am going to Jerusalem to suffer. Don't weep over me, for *none of these things move me.* I have caught a great vision, I have a great God at the helm, and I am seeing *Him* above the tests and trials."

They began to murmur against Moses — "Wherefore did he bring us out of Egypt to die in this wilderness; there is no bread here, no place to bury us if we die—what do you mean, Moses, by bringing us along this way?" Moses did not have to fight the battle alone, but he just looked to God; and when God heard that murmuring, saw their disobedience, and how grievous was their sin, He sent the fiery serpents in their midst, and this plague spread throughout the whole camp of Israel.

God was in this terrible trial, for in His mercy He brought them to the place where they had to look to Him for help. I often think that our way of safety lies in the fact that God

allows the enemy to afflict us, to bring us to a sense of our depravity, that we might look unto Him and live. I have learned that there is a sweetness in trusting and praising God in the hard places and letting Him lead me through to victory. *We are redeemed from the curse!* Why should we sit in the dust? The blood of Jesus Christ has prevailed against the foe!

God may take severe ways to speak to us sometimes, because we are wayward and stubborn and do not hearken to Him "diligently"; therefore it may take great trial to awaken our heart to a realization of our condition and how far short we are in our consecration. We think sometimes when we complain and find fault and have an unkind feeling toward one of God's children, that there is not much harm, but *it opens an avenue for sin to enter*, and affliction may follow. You cannot murmur and complain against God's leadings without complaining against God, but God knows our condition, that we are but flesh, and He has raised Christ on High, just as He raised the brazen serpent in the wilderness, that everyone that looketh may live—may look up and behold their redemption.

It is hard, when in pain and suffering, to look away from the curse. It was hard for those Israelites to turn away from the awful agony of the serpent's bite and look at the brazen serpent, but nevertheless, *everyone who looked was healed.* We look so much at ourselves instead and feel so sorry for "poor me," and we grumble and find fault with the way. But *whosoever looketh away to the Lamb of God* shall be delivered from sin, from leprosy, from sickness and death. The Lamb of God has been "lifted up" that He might draw us all unto Him. Let us look to Him and be made perfectly whole.

—*The Pentecostal Evangel*

A Visit to Tortola

By ANNA M. SCHUETTE

Associate Minister of the Williamsburg Pentecostal Church

IT WAS a delightful trip from cold New York to the warm tropics, especially the last part of it, the boat ride on the beautiful Caribbean Sea from St. Thomas to Tortola.

"What was the first thing you did when you entered the island?" someone asked me. I replied, "The first thing I did was to open my eyes, my ears, my mouth, and—wonder." I wondered: How can these people live? What do they live on? And how can they keep alive at all in such poverty? The island seems to be so barren as to make a living impossible. Another thing I noticed at once was the neatness of the women—dressed very plain and clean in our style of dress but without slacks or shorts—tourists excepted! I noticed, too, that the shops and stores were without glass windows—just doors open to let in the light and the customers. Then there were brand new modern trucks and cars alongside of heavily laden donkeys. The whole island of Tortola is a place of great contrasts.

This marked contrast we saw again on Sunday morning when we came to Sea Cow Bay where Brother and Sister Gordon McKinnon have their Sunday school high up on a mountain-side. (No steps lead there, not even a path. We had to climb over tree roots and whatever is in the way.) Again I wondered at the very clean, white house where the Sunday school is held, surrounded by a number of old, dilapidated houses clustered together as in the midst of a barnyard where goats, pigs, donkeys, and filth reigned amid weeds and

vermin. (In a one-room house sixteen people live—the children's fathers being scattered all over the neighborhood!)

Just as we arrived, one of the Sunday school children, Justin, took his Sunday bath by grabbing a bucket of water from the open well and pouring it all over his bronze birthday suit. Shortly, as the singing began, in comes Justin with a bright smile, spick and span, with a white shirt and black trousers. He loves Jesus and is one of the many earnest seekers for Jesus there.

On Sunday, as the session closed, all went to their knees. After several had led out in prayer, a little girl of seven cried out loud for some time under conviction. The next Sunday she gave a joyful testimony that Jesus had come into her heart. (Her mother said there was a great change in her; for one thing, she was no longer afraid in the dark, as formerly.)

As we were leaving Sea Cow Bay, we saw freshly killed meat strung up on a tree waiting for customers, while the sun began to bake it and the flies had a good dinner.

At Sea Cow Bay the pastor of a prominent church has strictly forbidden the members to attend Pentecostal meetings. Some of the young people, however, are so hungry that when Brother McKinnon comes through there on Tuesday nights on the one mountain road, they jump in and ride along over the mountains to Carrot Bay to attend the meetings there. One time he asked Archie, twenty-three years old, to stay behind to

make room for others who wanted to go, but Archie looked so dejected that Brother McKinnon did not have the heart to refuse him.

It is a pleasure to go to Carrot Bay in spite of the hardness of the trip in the old jeep. I am so thankful that I did not have to miss the meeting there, for Jesus came so wonderfully near. The meetings are held out-of-doors on a large cement square with benches, the pulpit, the PA system, and the sea across the road! There are several there who have a very real experience with God. Some are hindered from coming out by relatives, church members, and preachers, but the Lord always finds a way so that they just appear again in the meetings.

Driving over the mountains, very steep and rough with their hairpin turns often at the steepest points, is really an event to be remembered. The McKinnons' jeep is worn and cannot be depended on to make a successful crossing. One night in the midst of the mountains, it stopped. The young people in the back and we in the front did not say a word. "Would we have to sit here all night?" No garages, no gas stations, no telephones. Cars can never cross here, and jeeps seldom do at that time of the night. But God—glory! In a little while we saw a bright light behind us. It was the jeep of the Baptist preacher who had had a meeting a little further down the road. Soon we were on our way again.

Trips in that old jeep are really hard to take. One time I thought, "Is it really worth their while to cross those mountains and sometimes night after night?" But when one saw the glowing faces of the newly born-again Christians, I said, "Yes, a thousand times, yes. It is worth everything." Missionaries do not go to places like that to seek comfort and pleasure or riches.

(Continued on page 11.)

Rejoicing in His Presence

By PEARL YOUNG

Missionary to Formosa

WHEN I RECEIVED the baptism of the Holy Spirit, I found that the great and wonderful thing it did was to give me a new and unspeakably precious experience of Jesus Christ Himself, something so wonderful that I had not dreamed it was possible this side of heaven. I could now *feel* His Presence. He had come and manifested Himself in great glory and in great sweetness to my soul. It was knowing Him, having Him, on an entirely different plane. It was the fulfilment of I Corinthians 2:9, 10: "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him. But God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit." And, praise His Name, this experience has increased in power and in sweetness, as the years have passed.

Jesus is willing to manifest Himself thus to all who *desire* Him. If we can get on with less, then He will probably let us get on with less. God does not give His most precious blessings to those who are willing to go without them. He fills the *hungry* with good things (Luke 1: 53). And so Jesus said, "*Blessed* are they which do hunger and thirst . . ." (Matt. 5:6). Oh, I see that it is a great, a very great blessing to have a hungry heart. If we do not have it, we should ask God to have mercy on us and give it to us. We should pray that He will *draw* us (S. of S. 1:4). How earnestly we should pray this prayer!

In my own case, hunger for a deeper knowledge of Jesus was aroused, or at least greatly

quickened, by hearing a sermon preached on the text, "We would see Jesus" (John 12:21). The minister, a stranger to me, spoke of a finding, a knowing of Jesus, beyond that which is the experience of most Christians. I remember still how my heart responded to that word. I was in my early twenties, had known and loved the Lord since childhood, and was preparing to go to China, but now I felt a great longing to know Jesus better.

And in the years that followed, as I earnestly sought to obey and serve Him, He *did* become increasingly precious to me. For instance, during those years, I could write this to a friend, "Is it not a priceless blessing to *know* Him, Jesus, Lord of lords and King of kings, and yet Friend of friends? 'Whom having not seen, ye love: in whom, though now ye see Him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.' Yes, joy and peace in believing. May He grant us to seek with great desire an ever-deepening knowledge of Himself, counting all things but loss for this, separating from everything that proves a hindrance to it. . . . Oh, the Love that can bear with us so patiently, ever seeking to draw us to Himself! How lovely He is!"

But I did not know the way to a still fuller finding of my Saviour. We were urged to be careful not to get into error. And I did not really know anyone who seemed to have more than I had.

Then God, who saw the need and the desire, in His great mercy led me to a Fellowship where I at once realized that Jesus

was known as I did not know Him. In the meetings there was such joyous abandon in worship. I could see that those gathered together were rejoicing in the conscious Presence of Jesus. He was so near and so real to them.

It was something I had never seen before nor known was possible, and, oh, how hungry I became! I desired only to seek His face, that I, too, might find Him in this wonderful way. How could it be otherwise? How can anyone, seeing such a feast spread, be able to go without? And as I sought Him with all my heart, and in faith, He came to me in His fulness, as I mentioned at the beginning. Oh, the sweetness, the wonder of His Presence! One cannot but speak of it, to His praise and glory; and also, with the hope that some who have not yet tasted may be stirred to seek until they, too, find.

After this wonderful experience, the Presence of Jesus was with me continually, like a cloud of glory, and there was unbroken communion. Then one day something happened and I lost that sweet consciousness of His Presence. I had gone out for a walk, when I suddenly realized that He was gone. My heart was empty. I felt almost sick with fear at the realization. Did this mean that the experience, which had been mine now for some days, of having Jesus so near and so dear, would not last? A short time ago a friend asked me what it was that made me so desire to have the *conscious* Presence of Jesus all the time, and my answer was—I had tasted, and the taste was so wonderful that I could never again be satisfied to go without. It really was so. I felt that life was not worth living if I could not have Him in the wonderful way He had given Himself to me those first days.

But there were lessons I had to learn, if it was to be so. This particular day I had simply gone

out for a walk by myself—nothing more. What was wrong with that? The Lord quickly showed me. I had done it *on my own*. It was *my* decision. And if I hoped to keep His wondrous Presence, I could no longer do things, even little things, this way. *He* must be the one to control now in all things, large and small. I saw it quite clearly; and oh, shall I ever forget the sense of utter relief when *He* then restored His Presence to me again! I felt that nothing would ever matter, just so long as I did not have to go without Him.

Then several days later, *He* showed me something else. It was in meeting, and the Holy Spirit was outpoured. Everyone, it seemed, was enjoying and rejoicing in the Presence of Jesus. Everyone, that is, except myself. I did not know why, either, and again that awful fear gripped me. I *must* have Him, and what, what would I do?

Just then a minister spoke. *He* did not know of my need, of course, but the Lord did, and that is one of the wonderful things about Holy Ghost meetings in which the Spirit of God is allowed to be in charge. *He* can direct people to speak as *He* wills. In this case, the minister said something like this, "Just now the heavenly rain is falling—Jesus is manifesting Himself. If you are not getting your portion, don't be anxious. Just rest—be in faith—*He* will give it to you all right." That word was meant for me. Immediately I relaxed and just rested, and very soon the glory of Jesus once more flooded my soul. This time it was the lesson of faith which I needed to learn.

This lesson of faith has been such a help to me. Madame Guyon, Brother Lawrence, and others bring it out so clearly, too. If, for instance, there would be a little carelessness in paying attention to Jesus, my thoughts being allowed to dwell

too much or too long on other things and forgetting Him for the time being, or if there would be something in word, thought or deed which grieved Him, causing that sweet communion to be broken, then I have known what to do. The sin or carelessness, whichever it might be, had to be confessed, and then, believing in instantaneous forgiveness because of His great grace, I have just waited patiently and in faith, though with great longing, for the return of my Beloved.

But to lose His Presence, even for a very short time, was so painful an experience that it helped me to be more careful next time. And each time I lost and found again I valued the priceless Treasure more than before.

I know also that I have received much help through the ministry of others, and how precious it is that this is His way. Once, for instance, a minister was led to lay hands on me, saying as he did so that the Lord was giving me definite help to abide continually in His Presence. Knowing the importance of such a word spoken by the Lord, I claimed it and expected its fulfilment.

It has been so wonderful to find that one can have Jesus in this way at all times and in all places, not only in meetings but also out of meetings, not only when having fellowship with others but also when quite alone. I look for Him first thing on awaking in the morning. Without Him, without the sweet, clear consciousness of His Presence, I am lost, lonely and miserable. I know that it is *His Will* to so manifest Himself—John 14:21—and that, wonder of wonders, *He* desires this intimate, close communion even more, yet, far more than I do (Rev. 3:20, Song of Sol. 2:14, etc.), for *He* has made me for Himself. And so if there is

a temporary hiding of His dear face, I must know the reason why.

*"Oh Jesus, Lord, with me abide;
I rest in Thee, whate'er betide;
Thy gracious smile is my reward:
I love, I love Thee, Lord."*

How often I have said to Him, "Dear Master, it is enough. I am completely, absolutely satisfied. I have nothing, nothing more to ask. Just be with me always like this, and it is enough." How often, too, I have told Him that I know perfectly well that it is not because I am deserving or worthy that *He* so gives Himself to me, but just because I want Him so badly.

Want Him and need Him. For, to quote again from the same lovely song, Jesus is not only my "heart's desire," *He* is also my "body's strength" and my "soul's eternal health." And, too, in such close communion with Him, it is so much easier to hear His Voice, to know His Will. Service, then, is just the outflow of His own life, praying without ceasing a very blessed reality. One finds it all in John 15, of course. Just abiding! How very simple! How wonderful to know that I shall never have to do anything else but just keep abiding in Jesus! Truly, this way, "the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein" (Isa. 35:8).

And so I have often prayed that I may never get used to, never take for granted, never treat as "ordinary" this greatest of all blessings, the manifestation of Jesus to my soul. I have prayed that it—that *He*—may instead become still more precious, still more wonderful to me. I have also prayed to be kept from ever being deceived into thinking that something more or something else than just Jesus is necessary. *He* is *all* we need and all we will ever need. *Just Jesus*, not Jesus plus.

That we can *go on* knowing

(Continued on page 11.)

Recent Revivals in South Africa

By JOHN S. RICHARDS

Potgietersrus, N. Transvaal
Republic of South Africa

On February 7 of this year, Mr. Richards marked the 38th anniversary of being in full-time service for the Lord in South Africa. Since his return to the field in June of last year he has resumed the care of the work in general in his area plus the launching of several tent campaigns. In the following report he tells of the revival fires which are burning.—EDITOR.

HERE IS some of the latest news of our recent revivals, all still to go on for some time and for which we covet your prayers:

Valtyn Campaign

The tent came down at the end of the 15th week, but the meetings are still going on in four strategic villages close by until the new church can be built. Many people came to the Lord but have remained in their churches. We are glad to gain some 45 new members, with others preparing to be baptized. Many were saved from lives of deep sin. The authorities were very happy at the change in many. The attendances went to over 1,000 with sometimes from 200 to 350 seeking the Lord at the altar, including many new ones each night.

Maranatha Church

This revival in the Potgietersrus native township is still going on in full force in its 12th week, with the church packed out nightly and on Sundays. God is working in the lives of the old members and in the new converts who are seeking for the baptism in the Spirit and for a deeper work to be done in their lives. Some of these are being scheduled to help conduct the Valtyn village meetings with good results among the new converts and the unsaved.

Commando Drift Church

This place is about 22 miles down the road northwest of town. Harold Mononyane from Benoni on the East Rand was the evangelist for the first two weeks ending April 15. (He also helped us at the Valtyn tent campaign, being assisted by John Lebelo, pastor at Warmbaths, and Jonathan Masoha from Zebediela). Jacob Moetle of Potgietersrus is continuing with this revival as evangelist.

Warmbaths Campaign

On Friday, March 16th, we pitched tent in Warmbaths native township, 75 miles south of us. By Tuesday attendances had risen to over 750. In each service many came to the Lord, and miracles of healing were wrought in the precious name of our Lord Jesus. John Gogosha, a fine African evangelist from Pretoria, is preaching, assisted by Jonathan Masoha. The tent meetings closed April 15, but the revival will continue in the church.

We had a workers' meeting at Warmbaths with the missionaries and native workers of Pretoria and Western Transvaal. There was a sweet spirit of love and fellowship between us as missionaries and the African ministers. This is not the case in some parts of Africa. Together we are planning a joint

campaign for May in Hammanskraal, 35 miles north of Pretoria. Please pray with us for this joint campaign and also for the proposed campaign in Pokwane in Sekukuniland where we have had successful campaigns in past years with Brother Burke.

A Visit to Tortola

(Continued from page 8.)

Nothing but the love of God can make them do the work they are doing.

Road Town is the largest town on the island. Here the McKinnons have open-air meetings every Saturday night. The one mountain road is lined up mostly with young men, very courteous, who rarely refuse the literature offered them. The few times they did it was because their minister had forbidden them to take it and had preached three sermons against "the McKinnon doctrine"(!)—"Ye Must Be Born Again." These hungry hearts need a meeting place in Road Town where they can come and seek the Lord. Shall we pray with them to this end?

*Eternal, Living Word of God,
Let us tell forth Thy wonderful story;
And hearts dead in sin
Shall light up within
'Til the whole earth is filled with Thy
glory!*

Rejoicing in His Presence

(Continued from page 10.)

Him more and more, I am quite sure, for He is the glorious, wondrous Son of God, and His love passes knowledge, and His riches are unsearchable. And surely the measure in which we shall have Him in Eternity depends on how we love and seek Him here and now. Oh, to desire Him more and more until the thin veil between is rent and—it is the marriage Supper of the Lamb!

Pass on the Torch

A DAUGHTER'S TRIBUTE

She could be praised, that mother dear of mine,
For many natural charms—her gentle ways,
Her modesty, her careful thought of others,
Lips that spurned gossip, strict integrity—
And yet withal a rippling sense of humor
That brightened all the days of those about her.

But for her faith in God we sound this tribute.
Well she knew Him—God who touched her dying frame
So many years ago. And from that bed she rose
With fire-enkindled heart to glorify His Name
By faithful witness, holy deed, and life.
She lived the Gospel of His grace
Until our home became a hallowed place,
And others caught the fire of His enriching love.
Thus did she pass the torch of living faith—
To light the way for souls who knew her not.

And so may every mother touched by God.
There is no reckoning the reach of holy life,
However small and commonplace its round may be.
Pass on your torch of holy flame;
Depend on God's sufficiency.
Unborn the generations yet to rise
Who blest shall call thy name,
If faithfully thou dost pass on the torch
Undimmed, O Christian mother.

—Alice Reynolds Flower