

Bread of Life



Christmas, 1953

Emmanuel

"GOD WITH US" is the meaning of Emmanuel. The story of Christmas—with its good will, singing skies, tinsel trees, and its anthem, "Peace on Earth"—grips us because we are homesick for God. Christmas calls us back to the only security we can know. The guiding star and skyward look call us back to the certainty that God is with us and will never leave us or forsake us.

E. L. R. ELSON.

The Christmas Glory

By MABEL NELSON THURSTON

The glory of the Lord shone round about them.—
LUKE 2:9.

*We beheld His glory.—*JOHN 1:14.

*The riches of the glory of this mystery . . . which is Christ in you . . .—*COL. 1:27.

IT was not the first time that earth had caught a glimpse of heaven's glory. Long centuries before when their nation began, its great leader had come from the presence of God with a light upon his face too great for his people to look upon. Through the centuries, prophet after prophet had seen it and fallen on his face before it. It was not strange that the little group of shepherds upon the Judean hillside were "sore afraid." But when they saw the greatest glory of all, how different it was! Just a baby in as poor a place as any home of their own. No blinding brightness there to sear their eyes! Only the old familiar beauty of the great human miracle.

But in the years that followed there were some who saw a new glory. "We beheld His glory," one of them wrote, looking back after a long lifetime to those unforgettable years. "This beginning of miracles did Jesus and manifested forth His glory." That glory was upon every-

thing that He did—in every word that He spoke. It was Love, walking everyday paths, doing everyday tasks, sharing the old, old sorrows of the human heart, but doing these things in so new a way, with such instant power to meet every need, such infinite understanding, such radiant joy, such unfailing faith, that John could think of no other word but glory to describe it.

How wistfully we have often thought of that Life—have wished that just once we might have seen that glory that for a few short years dwelt among men—and then vanished! Ah, but that is just the wonder of it—*He never has vanished!* He vanished only to reappear in thousands of lives—"the richness of the glory which is Christ in you!" For whenever He dwells in human lives He is known by that same radiance—the glory of peace—of love—of joyous giving. And wherever that glory flames out, old evils begin to die. It touches the old thought of war and it begins to dim; it touches race barriers and they begin to crumble; it touches industry and greed begins to slink away; it touches broken hearts and new life wakes in them; it touches empty, discouraged, defeated lives and new powers begin to stir. He is *here*. "Remember, I am with you, day by day to the end of the age."

But He needs more lives through which to pour this glory. He needs millions more lives than He has. Christmas candles are beautiful, but they cannot light the darkness of despair. Only the living Christ, using human lips, human hands, human hearts, can bring the Christmas joy to earth and lighten the darkness with the Christmas glory.

"The Christmas Glory" is reprinted from *The Christmas Road* by permission of the publishers, Fleming H. Revell Co.

Fear Not

*What was the first angelic word
That the startled shepherds heard?
"FEAR NOT!" Beloved, it comes to you
As a Christmas message most sweet and true;
As true for you as it was for them
In the lonely fields of Bethlehem;
And as sweet today as it was that night,
When the glory dazzled their mortal sight.*

F. R. HAVERGAL.

Bread of Life

VOL. II NO 12
DECEMBER, 1953

Published monthly by RIDGEWOOD PENTECOSTAL CHURCH, 457 Harman Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Editor: Gordon P. Gardiner. Contributing Editors: Hans R. Waldvogel, Roy M. Gray.
Office Manager: Miss Eleanor Perz. Photoengraver: William Schuetze, Aetna Photo Engraving Company.
Entered as second-class matter at post office at Brooklyn, N. Y. Printed in U.S.A. Address all correspondence to P.O. Box 11, Brooklyn 27, N. Y. Make all subscriptions payable to Frank G. Posta, Treas.
Single Copy 15c.—Annual Subscription \$1.50.

By the Word of His Power

The Thrilling Story of the East Side Pentecostal Church, New York City

"GO ahead. That neighborhood certainly needs it. God bless you." With this benediction from the police of the local precinct Frank Posta received permission to hold street meetings in the summer of 1932 at the corner of Avenue C and 12th Street, located in the heart of New York City's famous East Side. Previously the Lord had saved a number from this community in the Ridgewood Pentecostal Church of Brooklyn, and once they were saved, they desired to have their neighbors and friends share in their new-found joy. Thus it was an eager and enthusiastic group which assisted Mr. Posta in holding these street meetings, resulting in the establishment the following year of the East Side Pentecostal Church which this month is celebrating its twentieth anniversary.

"We knew it would not be an easy field," says Pastor Posta. "Mostly populated by foreign-speaking people, it was a hot-bed for communism. Then, too, the Catholic Church held sway, ruling with an iron hand. However, we felt God leading us in that direction, and so we stepped out in faith knowing that our Lord would guide us step by step."

Great curiosity, interest, especially by the children, and opposition were shown towards these street meetings from the first. At the first meeting rotten eggs were thrown at the group, one young man being hit with them. Overripe fruit also found its way into the workers' circle from those on the street, while from the top of the nearby tenement building bags of water were dropped on the



The East Side Pentecostal Sunday School Rally Day, September 20, 1953

On the platform with Pastor and Mrs. Posta is Mrs. Robert Beisel of Allentown, Pennsylvania, special speaker for the occasion.

group. Then one night the speakers were peppered making it difficult to speak, but they carried on nevertheless.

"After witnessing on this corner for some time," relates Brother Posta, "we were summoned to appear at the police station. There the captain showed us a letter written by a resident of an apartment house complaining that these meetings were disturbing his rest. He awakened again and again to hear his children singing in their sleep the songs we had taught them. Then he was repeating in his sleep part of the testimonies he had heard! The police suggested that to satisfy him we move across the street. This we did and found this corner to be more fruitful. So God made the wrath of man to praise Him."

East Side streets are always filled with children, for that is their "yard" and playground.

Sometimes about fifty boys and girls crowded around the workers, attracted by the large Bible pictures which they saw. Then they were told the stories these pictures portrayed, learned Bible verses and Gospel choruses. Before long it was not an uncommon sight to see a group of children in a doorway singing "He Took My Sins Away" or "The B-I-B-L-E, Yes, That's the Book for Me."

After a second summer's outdoor services the workers felt it was time to secure a place where these children could be taught during the winter months and where regular meetings could be held for the needy and hungry souls of the neighborhood. An empty store, once a billiard hall of some note in its day, located at 513 E. 13th Street, was secured and soon transformed into an attractive Gospel hall by the whole-hearted efforts of the workers. And

soon this place where sin had reigned to the destruction of the bodies and souls of men—bullet holes in the walls were still mute but powerful evidence of the battles of former days, reminders of how more than one man had met his end here—the grace of God was now reigning to the salvation of souls, and the walls were resounding with the praises of the redeemed instead of the curses of the lost and the groans of the dying.

As a young woman passed this hall one day, she said to herself, "What kind of people can they be to rent a place like this for religious meetings?" (The last time she had passed the place, a year and a half previously, a man was shot to death, and she became so frightened she had avoided the block.) Little did she realize that in a short time she herself would be worshipping in that place, her heart purified by the blood of the Lamb. Already she had come in contact with this group on the street corner when she was waiting to be picked up to go to a night club on Saturday night during the second summer's street meetings. The leader was inviting anyone interested to accompany the group to the mission to pray. "Yeh, they're going to pray!" she thought. "How can they think they can fool the public that way? I wonder what drinks they're going to have and to what dance hall they're going?"

God had spoken to another heart, however, and this girl went home and said to her younger sister, "Let's read a chapter in the Bible every night." (Their mother, although a devout Catholic, had secured a Bible before her death some years previous.) Faithfully for a year the sisters read a chapter every night, though they did not understand what they read and were all the while pursuing their godless, worldly life.

Then one night this young

woman was with her girl friend at a roof party, dancing and drinking. Suddenly her friend decided to leave and returned only after a long time. When asked why she had been gone so long she said, "There was a group talking about Jesus."



Mr. and Mrs. Frank Posta

Associate pastors of the East Side Pentecostal Church. Mr. Posta, a native of Wisconsin, first attended Sunday school at the Immanuel Baptist Church of Kenosha, Wisconsin, where Pastor Hans Waldvogel was then the superintendent. Later he attended the Peniel Mission in that city where he was saved and filled with the Holy Spirit. He came to New York in 1932 where he has been laboring for the Lord ever since. Mrs. Posta is from Brooklyn. Saved and filled with the Spirit when only a girl she began her Christian service as pianist of the Ridgewood Pentecostal Church when still in her teens. The Lord led her on, step by step, until she was giving her full time to the work of the Lord. Since their marriage in 1941 they have been ministering together on the East Side.

"So what? What's the matter with you, leaving a good time like this?"

"The way they talk, that's just what you need."

Her friend had visited the street meeting and promised to attend the service the following night. She did—and then reported, "It was wonderful, you must come." She did not at once, but little by little she yielded to the wooing of God's Spirit, a year later was saved, and about six weeks later was gloriously filled with the Holy Spirit. To-

day, after eighteen years, her testimony still rings true:

"I'm thankful to God because I can truly say today that I am a sinner saved by grace. Before Jesus came into my life I was called the 'life of the party,' always making people laugh, but my heart was always crying for something real, for something that would really satisfy. I tried to get peace and joy in the world, tried almost everything that the world could offer, but all I found was disappointment and heartaches. No, the world cannot satisfy. It may thrill you for a season and deceive you by making you believe that it satisfies, but it only binds you closer to the devil and brings you into a greater life of despair. But, praise the Lord, Jesus truly satisfies! I want to praise the Lord for all living saints that prayed for me. They never gave me up, though I was impossible. Yet God does hear and answer prayer.

"All I can say is, it's real and it works. It made a new person out of me, and now I can tell the world that there's joy in following Jesus."

Many of the children who had listened intently at the street corner were reluctant to enter the mission doors, and those who were willing to come were not willing to sit still. Full of vim, it seemed they had come to have a good time, jumping over the benches, playing tag. Prayer, patience, and wisdom won the day, and it was not too long before God's Spirit had subdued these boys and girls, and a number were saved and baptized in the Holy Spirit.

"Literally hundreds of youngsters have come to us in the years," says Pastor Posta. "Some come for only a very short time, often because they are forbidden by parents or priest. Also, there are many who move away.

"For the past year or so we

(Continued on page 8.)

The Generation of Jesus Christ

WHAT gives to the Scriptures their all-surpassing value to men is that they contain "the knowledge of the Son of God." From the Scriptures, and from them alone, comes the knowledge of Him Whose goings forth are from of old, from everlasting; Whose coming for the redemption of a lost world has been awaited from the beginning. All of God's dealings with the world in Old Testament times were in preparation for the coming of that promised "Seed." The purpose of God to send His own Son into the world, as a Man among men, and for the work of redemption, is kept steadily in view in the Old Testament Scriptures.

Thus, one particular line of descent from father to son is carefully traced from Adam down. That line might have taken any one of a million and more directions: but the course it took aimed, from the beginning, at one definite point in far-off time. For about four thousand years its unbroken course was traced, where every other line of descent (though of mighty kings and conquerors) was lost, until "in the fullness of time" its end was reached in a cattle-shed in Bethlehem of Judah, where a virgin gave birth to a Son. Thus the Seed of the woman came into the world which He had created; and He came to do a work that is far greater and costlier than that of creation.

In the humble birth of the virgin's Son that long line of descent reached its end, after having pursued for thousands of years a course known only to Him Who sees the end from the beginning—a course that took unexpected and unlikely turns—often passing by the eldest son, and notably, in the case of Jesse's family, a whole series of seven elder sons (1 Sam. 16:6-12); a course that is carefully traced through the centuries be-

fore the flood, which did not blot out this genealogy; that traversed other centuries of wanderings in Canaan, of slavery and degradation in Egypt, of struggles for the possession of the promised land, of departures from God and of gross apostasy under the kings, of captivity in Babylon, and of ages of Gentile domination;—never being lost, never turning aside, but ever reaching on toward the promised goal.

And at length, with the birth of the Babe of Bethlehem, the line abruptly stops, for its purpose has been fully accomplished. It has led to "the book of the generation of Jesus Christ, the son of David, the son of Abraham" (Matt. 1:1). These words have not received the consideration they deserve; for they are very significant and contain instruction of much value.

For a clear understanding of their import it is necessary to compare them with the corresponding phrase near the beginning of the Old

Testament:—"This is the book of the generations of Adam" (Gen. 5:1). Because the words, "the generation of Jesus Christ," are followed immediately by His genealogy from Abraham through David, some have thought that the *genealogy* is the *generation*. Such, however, is not the case.

It is of prime importance that, when the Scripture speaks of a person and his generation (or generations) it does not mean his ancestry, but the very opposite, his posterity; not those from whom he proceeded and was generated, but on the contrary, those who proceeded from him and were generated by him. It is perfectly obvious that such is the meaning of "the generations of Adam," for he, being the first man had no ancestry, but he had a posterity. In fact several lines of descent, several races of families, pro-

THE CENSUS BOOKS

*To Bethlehem they went to be enrolled;
And there, in Caesar's census book of old,
His name was written 'mong the sons of men
As Caesar's subject: "Jesus"—followed then
By "Son of Mary, born in David's Town,
Of David's line"—the record thus set down.
In a world's book of life, a place they gave
To "Jesus" Who was born a world to save.
They numbered Him with sinful men and poor,
Though He was Son of God, divine and pure.*

*A heavenly census book His name alone
Bears, on the title-page; for 'tis His own,
That book of life; and there, writ clear and plain
Are names of those born in that King's domain;
All who alive forevermore shall be
Are there enrolled for all eternity.
Since He was numbered once with sinful men,
We may be numbered as God's own again.
Though Caesar's book has long since passed away,
The Lamb's blest Book of Life shall stand for aye.*

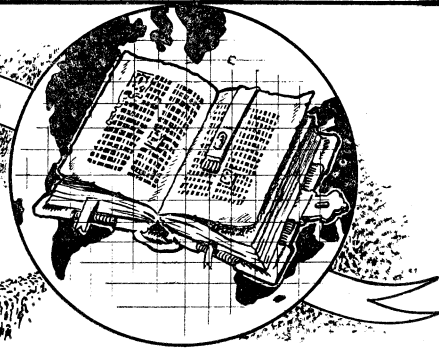
—KAY MCCULLOUGH.

(Continued on page 10.)

GO YE INTO ALL THE WORLD...

Seed-Time and Harvest

on the Mission Fields



Florence Dreyfuss of Mahoba, India, has made interesting contacts recently. We quote from her last letter: "The other night, just after dark, a woman called on me. She is a big Brahman, wife of the doctor here, and like Nicodemus of old, had to come after dark. She seemed quite interested in the gospel, and asked many questions. She begged me to call on her sometime. Do pray that I shall be a blessing to her. We do find many hungry hearts these days. Hinduism is not satisfying them.

Not long ago I had an opportunity of dealing with a government employee, who was a radical communist. He raved and raved about religion, that he doesn't believe anything, that the Hindu religion is all wrong, the present government is all wrong, etc. Then he shouted, 'We want communism!' He went on like that at some length, and I couldn't get in a word, but I kept looking to the Lord. Finally, he quieted down, and I began to tell him about Jesus. At first he scoffed, but as I gave my testimony, of how real Jesus is, and what He means to me, etc., he began to listen. He asked how many years ago I had accepted the Lord, and if I had never regretted the step I had taken, etc. Oh, how blessed it is to have a real experience to tell them, instead of just book knowledge! It was amazing how his whole attitude changed. Before we parted he admitted that that was what he needed. I don't suppose I'll ever see him again, but oh, I do pray he'll remember the words I gave him.

"At present I'm at Charkhari, one of our outstations, about twelve miles from Mahoba. We don't have any missionary stationed here, just an Indian preacher and his wife, who faithfully carry on. But they need help and encouragement from time to

time. I'm holding special children's meetings every day and doing what personal work I find. Our children's meetings have been quite successful. We've been having about sixty out every day. They're all raw heathen and as 'jungly' as can be, so that they really wear one out. But they do learn quickly, for which I'm thankful. May the Word sown take root in their hearts."

* * *

From Luwingu, Northern Rhodesia, South Africa, we hear from *Virginia Young Ross*: "For over a year we have been praying and seeking His guidance about the large area of Northern Rhodesia that has been under the control of Roman Catholicism for the past fifty years, and where the Gospel has never been preached.

"And now, we are temporarily settled at Luwingu, which is a small Government Post about one hundred and twenty miles north of Johnston Falls. Our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Keith Ball, began a work here about a year ago and the Lord has greatly blessed their efforts with the result that several meetings have been started in this area. They expect to leave with their three young children for furlough shortly, and we will occupy their home for the time being, while looking to the Lord to open the way further north. Meanwhile, we will seek to strengthen the believers here, as well as contact the nearby villages with the Gospel."

* * *

While *Margaret Michelsen* was in Landour, U.P., India during September, she attended the Indian convention. She thanks God for Indian men who are being used of Him and testifies, "These meetings were the best I've ever been in in India. They were a time of heart-searching and waiting

in His Presence. I trust they are only a beginning of what God will do for us here in India amongst the missionaries and also our Indian Christians.

"Now that I'm back in Orai I hope to get my winter schedule made out. One bit of activity will be taking the wife of one of our preachers with me and going to a few of the nearby villages to have Sunday schools. Also, I expect to start a children's class in the bazaar. This will be held in a home and most of the children will no doubt be 'Sikh' children—refugees from Pakistan. Not much work has been done amongst them, but I trust the Lord will enable me to give them the Gospel and that their hearts may be open."

* * *

From Belo, British Cameroons, West Africa, *Howard Roth* sends the following word: "The first Sunday of September was Harvest-Thanksgiving Sunday in our churches. After the harvest, in order to show their thanks to God, a special offering is taken each year about this time. The people bring money, corn, chicken, eggs, baskets which they have made, or anything of value as their offering. All this is brought to the front of the church. Later the goods are sold to whosoever wishes to buy and the money is given to the work of the Lord in this land. The churches are reporting offerings which pass last year's offerings by two and three times and in some cases even four.

"Another time of rejoicing is baptismal time. Here at Belo baptism took place Sunday, October 4, when eighty men, women, and children were baptized in the stream nearby. This is just one of the churches. Other churches will be having their baptismal services during the remaining months of the year and on through the dry season.

"Besides trekking to the villages we have several other pleasant things to look forward to in the months to come. In November the church workers will gather at Belo for another Church Workers' Conference. The last one was held in March. At that time church work in general was stressed. This time, however, the greater part of the four days will be devoted to Bible study.

"In the first week of December our annual Bible Conference will be held. At this time all the churches of our Belo field will gather for two days of business, Bible study, and fellowship. During the second and third weeks of December we will have our annual Missionary Conference at Mbingo."

* * *

A. G. Ericson of Partabgarh, U. P., India, has been ministering in the villages at the time of his last report. "It is a real joy and pleasure to speak to hungry souls. It seems they listen better than ever before, and many confess that they believe in Christ but as yet have not broken away from their old ways. This is our greatest burden, how to cause them to come out for the Lord and confess Him before all. It is difficult, we know, but the Lord can give them boldness. Do please pray with us for them."

* * *

IN the Bettiah Orphanage, Bettiah, India, there are now over two hundred children. "Each year we say we cannot go above a certain limit," writes *Miss Hilda Wagenknecht*, "and then when the children come we cannot turn them away but in some way try to make room for all. The addition to the dormitory about which I wrote in my last letter has been finished and that houses about twenty-five more children. After this was finished we found we also needed an addition to the dining room and that has also been done. The dining room is a plain structure of a brick floor and brick pillars to support a thatch and tile roof, and then the girls sit crosslegged on the floor to have their meals. But the place is nice and clean and the floor washed up each day. The rice is cooked in huge iron kettles, one hundred and sixty pounds of rice each day, besides the other food, so it means much work and also careful planning to take care of such a large family."

God's Open Door

Pastor Hans Waldvogel returned from Europe November 6 where for over two months he had been holding evangelistic services and Bible conferences in various places—Kirchheim and Stuttgart in southern Germany, Wuppertal, Hamburg and Rendsburg in northern Germany, and finally in Berlin. This brief account of Pastor Waldvogel's ministry is taken from his informal report given at the evening service in the Ridgewood Pentecostal Church, Brooklyn, on the day of his return.—Editor.

I HAVE just returned from Berlin where we held meetings Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday of this week (Nov. 2-4). These meetings have left such an impression in my soul because God was so mightily present and the hunger for God which the people exhibited was something phenomenal—something we don't know in this country, at least I haven't seen it.

No matter what the weather is, the church is packed out, and many of the people have to walk many miles. I asked some how long it would take them to get home after the evening service. "About an hour and half by streetcar and then a twenty-minutes' walk." In addition, these people have to be at work at six in the morning. These things, however, do not mean anything to them, if only they can hear the Word of God.

After the Wednesday night meeting, as the people crowded around, some said, "Brother, we found Jesus." Another said, "I was healed tonight," and someone else testified, "I could feel my sickness leave my body tonight as prayer was made, and now I feel perfectly whole."

It was a special joy to meet some who were saved out of great sin in the tent meetings we held there three years ago and to see their growth in spirit and grace in spite of all the pressure placed upon them. Every day people are snatched by the po-

lice; they just disappear. One brother was taken from his wife and children, and they do not know where he is but suppose he has been either shot or put in a uranium mine. These things go on all the time. One pastor from the Eastern Sector told me, "It is strange when we go out in the morning—day after day—to make our calls, not to know whether we will get home again or not." Under such uncertainty these people live! How would you like to live under such conditions?

The thing that pleased me was the testimonies of these people. One old man told how the Russians tried to force him to confess that he was a spy, beating, torturing, and cursing him so that he became very bitter. He had lost his job and his friends, for nobody wanted to talk to him for fear of being apprehended too. But after he was saved in the tent three years ago—he came to only one meeting—he found out he could not hate his enemies anymore but began praying for them. Then God undertook in a most marvelous way; he was brought back to court and exonerated and has had a job since then. He and his wife and children have been going on with God.

Another couple came all the way from Leipzig to attend just one meeting. Before the service the husband said, "We'll have to leave the meeting early because we have to go all the way to

Leipzig and get up early to go to work." But he stayed until the close of the meeting and even after the meeting he did not want to leave. He said, "Brother, I can't go. I want to stay. I've found out tonight that I haven't got what I need. I don't want to go home like this." So I took him to my room and we had a very blessed time of prayer there, and I know God has done something for him. Then he, too, had to go back to the awful conditions behind the Iron Curtain.

God has given us a job, an exceptional opportunity. I think Germany needs missionaries more than any other country at this time, especially Berlin, surrounded as it is by Russia. I have never seen any people or any place where people are so hungry for God as right in that city. And so, I wish you would pray that at this time, while there is a lull and while there is not war and while there is still opportunity to preach the gospel, God will come to this city of sin. It is one of the biggest cities in the world, you know, and it needs God. It needs the manifestation of the power of the Holy Ghost.

But the most remarkable services to me were those in Wuppertal in the heart of the Ruhr, the bone of contention between France and Germany. Last year we had tent meetings there for only three weeks with the people flocking to hear the gospel. This year we had a ten days' convention, and again the place was too small. Again I was surprised to hear the many testimonies of people saved last summer—testimonies which we hadn't known about at all from people who had been thoroughly converted. Today there is a solid assembly there waiting for someone to pastor it. We must pray the Lord of the harvest to send forth laborers into this harvest field.

The last meeting in Wupper-

tal (Nov. 1) was marvelous. Particularly interesting was the fact that some men from the state church were present, wanting to know about the workings of God in our midst. Just across the street from where the meetings were held is one of the largest Lutheran churches in the city. One of the deacons from there came repeatedly and testified, "When I listen to this message, I realize that this is what I need." Everywhere there is a hunger for reality, for a deeper experience.

Some years ago we were considering a radio broadcast in German, but the time was not ripe. Recently the thought again came to mind, and I felt led to get in touch with Brother Parli of Bellinzona who already conducts three programs, one in Italian, one in Spanish, and one in French, which reach down to Greece and Turkey. Some of his listeners from behind the Iron Curtain have been writing asking for a German broadcast, saying that they are so hungry to hear the Word of God that they listen to his broadcasts just to hear the name of Jesus spoken even though they do not understand anything else. He has expressed a desire for us to undertake this, and we are dealing with God about it and wish that you likewise would pray about this matter.

We may not be able to do anything else, but we—all of us—can pray that the Lord of the harvest will meet the need of Europe. That is so important. God places upon all of us this responsibility. He has set before us a wide open door which we should be eager to enter and claim for the Kingdom of God.

By the Word of His Power

(Continued from page 4.)

had the joy of having two lovely Jewish children come to us. They learned to love the Lord, memorized Scripture verses, and

loved to sing. Last spring in the school auditorium filled with Jewish children, a teacher asked if anyone had a song to sing. Sarah responded and in a clear, loud voice sang:

'My heart was black with sin
Until the Saviour came in.
His precious blood I know
Has washed it white as snow.
And in His Book I'm told
I'll walk the streets of gold.
O wonderful, wonderful day
He washed my sins away.'

"A strange hush fell over the usually noisy children and then the teacher asked, 'Where did you learn that song?' The girl quickly responded, 'In Sunday school.' Now she and her brother go to a Jewish school and are forbidden to come. Such instances are common, but we are confident that the Word of God is powerful and will not return unto Him void, that the bread cast upon the waters will return even if only after many days."

An excellent example of this is seen in the following testimony: "I remember as a little girl my aunt taking me to Sunday school. I loved it dearly, but when my parents discovered that I was becoming interested in it, they forbade me to go. But I thank the Lord that I was allowed to go to the home of my saved aunt and uncle. I also want to praise the Lord for family worship in their home. Then many nights I would steal away to the East Side Mission, in spite of my parents' objections. God came to me one night and I gave Him my heart.

"But the persecution was great and I feared hurting my mother who is a strict Catholic, and whom I love very dearly. How well I remember her telling me, 'Lucy, you love me more than your brothers and sisters do, but you would break my heart if you dare to become a Pentecostal.' Not wanting to hurt my mother, I drifted away

from the Lord. Many times, however, the Spirit of God would compel me to get alone and pray. How I would weep before the Lord and tell Him to please save my mother so that it would be easier to follow Him. Then as I got older, I started to yield to the temptations of the world, but I had no peace. At dance halls, although it appeared to others that I was having a good time, there would be such conviction in my soul. And while sitting in moving picture shows, it seemed I would just see the East Side Mission on the screen instead of the film. How merciful of God not to let me go, to continually draw me unto Himself! The world did not satisfy. I knew I would never be happy until I gave Jesus my life!

"Finally when seventeen and a half I went again to the Mission one night. As I left, the Lord spoke to me, saying, 'Tonight, you must decide whether it will be Me or your mother.' I'm so glad for the grace He gave me to say, 'Jesus, I choose You, and I will be true to You no matter what the cost.'

"I did suffer much persecution. I was beaten when I came home from the meetings. My brothers and sisters who once loved me now would have nothing to do with me. Many a time they would spit on me, saying they were ashamed to call me their sister. The hardest blow of all came when my mother and father told me to leave home and not to return until I decided to become a Catholic again. But I thank the Lord that He gave me the grace to leave all and follow him.

"There is a verse in the Bible that says, 'There is no man that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for My sake and the gospel's, but he shall receive an hundredfold now in this time . . . and in the world to come eternal life'



The Red Chariot

This truck has become quite familiar on the streets of the East Side, for each Sunday its owner, "Jerry" Savarese, makes the rounds and picks up over forty children for the East Side Sunday School. This is the first load.

(Mark 10:29, 30). The Lord has proven this verse true in my life. His love surpasses any love that I had to forsake and He has become very precious to me."

At the close of one of the early street services, Brother Posta offered a New Testament to anyone who would promise to read it. "Several responded," recounts the East Side pastor, "and among them was a little eight-year-old girl. We hesitated to give her one, but she insisted that she could read and she would take it to her mother. So we gave her a Testament, and for the first time the Word of God entered this home.

"The mother did not know what to call it, so she named it 'God's Book.' They had read the catechism and prayer book, but the Bible, never! Why, that was a forbidden book! Were not they good Catholics? However, in curiosity the mother started to read, and oh, what strange words! They were so different from the books she had read. She actually found comfort. This home was in great need, but almost instantly things began to change. Disturbances ceased, and the peace of God started to come into this darkened home.

"The little New Testament

was being read again and again, and now the mother was starting to herald what she read. Her sister, who was in trouble at that time, was given this Testament to read. The same thing happened to her. She found great hope and comfort through reading the Scriptures. Now these sisters had only one Testament between them; so they vied with each other to keep it for a day. By reading the Testament and coming to the meetings these women were thoroughly saved and later baptized in the Holy Ghost.

"But the end was not yet. This little girl had an uncle who was a very sick man. He had visited a number of hospitals in New York, and it seemed the doctors could do nothing for him. Instead of getting better, he got worse and was at wit's end corner. Then he noticed the change in his sisters' lives and started to question them. But he was a Catholic and he would not change his religion. That was a mortal sin. However, his sickness brought him to attend the meetings, and he also got interested in the Word. Before long he had found the Lord as his Saviour, and then the Lord wonderfully healed him of all his ailments."

Still another uncle was saved, and other members of the relationship came to the Lord until today there are over twenty from that one family who have found the Lord Jesus. And it all resulted from a New Testament brought home by a little child from a street meeting.

Thus God has built the house! Two years ago the church moved to its present quarters at 416 E. 11th Street. Since then the Sunday school has increased over thirty per cent, with a staff of twenty-two. The meetings, too, have increased in number, but the East Side Pentecostal Church is looking forward to greater victories.



The Good Shepherd's Care

WHILE seeking the baptism of the Spirit 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. I felt that I had had such blessing and so slipped back from and misused them that I had grieved the Holy Spirit away. Satan began to tell me my opportunity was passed by, that I would never get the blessing.

One day in the midst of the darkness of this experience I shut myself into a dark closet and waited alone on God. While I was praying I seemed to have a vision of the omnipotence of God. I did not see *Him*, but His *majesty*, His *glory*, His *power*. Far, far up in the heavens, millions upon millions of miles away it seemed, He dwelt enthroned in awful, majestic power, eternally calm, eternally distant. Glory and light was around His throne. Peace and purity enveloped Him. No words or pen can ever express even that glimpse of God's matchless, supreme, majestic authority.

And then I saw something else. Far, far down, away from the glory of His presence in the cold and dark of a terrible impassable distance, was an atom—a tiny, useless atom, tossed hither and thither. And that atom was myself and the truth that impressed me in the sight was that the atom was not needed, was useless, cast away, and that its immediate annihilation would be no loss to God's great universe.

Just as I was sinking under the terrible reality of this picture, and the humiliation and hopelessness of the revelation, a change took place. A shadowy light like a path began to show itself between the atom and the great God. Down toward the atom it was dim and indefinite but grew brighter until it was lost in the glory of that great God. And as I gazed I was conscious that the Good Shepherd was leaving the glory and coming, all alone away from the Father, down to

the darkness that surrounded that atom, my lost self.

O such an illumination as God gave me of Jesus leaving His throne in Heaven, and coming all the way to Calvary for me. A new meaning came to me that has never left—the *personal* application of the blood of Jesus for *my* sins,—what it had meant in *my* life that Jesus died for me, and yea, where I would be today if Jesus had not died for me. It shows me still where every sinner out of Christ is, and that only as the Good Shepherd leads him up to God can he find the way. For this is what seemed done to me. Jesus came closer, closer, and finally gently led me up the path for a little way.

And then the vision passed, and I saw that that was where I was—just a little way, not yet out of the twilight, up the path of the just that “shineth brighter and brighter unto the perfect day”; but I was in the Good Shepherd's care, and the love as well as the power of God was impressed upon my soul.

The Generation of Jesus Christ

(Continued from page 5.)

ceeded from him; and hence, the appropriateness of the plural, “generations.” On the other hand, in the case of “the second Man,” there is but one family, one race, one line of descent.

While we find the expression, “these are the generations,” about ten times in the Scriptures, the striking phrase, “the book of the generations,” occurs only twice; once in connection with Adam, the first Adam, the head of the old humanity, the “old man”; the second time in connection with Jesus Christ, the Head of the new humanity, the “new man.” Each of these has a “book.”

In the “book of the generations of Adam,” the first man (Gen. 5), the brief history of each individual closes thus: “and he died.” But the history of the “Second Man, the Lord from heaven,” does not read in that way. Here we have, in the new book which God now opens, the history—not of one who lived and *died*, but of One Who died and *lived*, and Whose power and influence in the world (far exceeding all other influences put together) are exerted *after* death. This is the history, not of one who brought sin and death into a perfect creation, but of One Who brought righteousness and life into a ruined world (Rom. 5:12-21).

It would be difficult to find a more impressive contrast than that presented by the two occurrences of the phrase, “book of the generation” (Genesis 5:1 and Matthew 1:1). These two short phrases, taken, the one from the first book of the Old Testament, the other from the first book of

the New Testament, present to our view two great streams of humanity, each flowing from its own source—the one from Adam, into whose nostrils God had breathed the breath of *lives* (the original of Gen. 2:7 has the plural), the lives of all his generations, the other from the Man, Jesus Christ, “The last Adam” (1 Cor. 15:45). The one stream flows from life into death; the other out of death into life eternal. “For *as* in Adam all die; *even* so in Christ shall all be made alive” (1 Cor. 15:22).

And here is the very heart of the lesson. ALL who are “in Adam” die, because they are in Adam; and precisely “so” ALL who are “in Christ” shall be made alive because they *are* in Christ. And here is the truly “vital” question for every man: “Am I in Adam or in Christ?”

How marvellously simple the question upon which depends the eternal destiny of the individual man! It is not a question whether he has done his best or done his worst; whether he has lived religiously and respectably; whether he has been a church-goer or a church-hater; but whether he has only the life that has its source “in Adam” or has received by the gift of God, through repentance and faith, that “eternal life” which is in Jesus Christ our Lord (Rom. 6:23).

For the life that God imparted to Adam and his generations (Gen. 2:7) became vitiated through sin at its very source; and there is no cure for the resulting “corruption.”

It is easy to understand, therefore, that, if the individual man is to live, he must obtain a new and incorruptible life from a new life-source. And this is precisely what the Almighty God, Who is the God of *the living*, has provided “in Christ Jesus.” “For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but *have eternal life*” (John 3:16). For “he that hath the Son *hath life*; but he that hath not the Son of God *hath not life*” (John 5:12). By these transparently clear and marvellously simple explanations—mostly in words of one syllable—the most vitally important of all truths is made plain to the ignorant and the unlearned.

Hence God’s call to all men now is a call to “repentance toward God and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ” (Acts 20:21). For He “*now* commandeth all men everywhere to *repent*” (Acts 17:30). May every reader be sure that he has given heed in his heart to this world-wide call of God, Who wills not that any “should perish, but that all should come to repentance” (2 Pet. 3:9).

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS GIFT

The cartoon appearing on the back page of this issue of *Bread of Life* is reproduced by the permission of the artist, Vaughn Shoemaker, who for many years was with *The Chicago Daily News*. During this time he was twice awarded the much-coveted Pulitzer Prize for his work. Best of all, Mr. Shoemaker is a Christian and for many years was a member of one of the oldest Pentecostal churches in Chicago, The Stone Church. The story behind this cartoon and how it got into *The Daily News* is best told in his own words:

“Christmas was coming, one well-remembered year, and I was floundering around for a real Christmas idea. I had drawn what I felt to be one good Christmas cartoon for a religious publication. It was a ‘Bethlehem’ picture, titled ‘The First Christmas Gift,’ with the star gleaming down on the man-

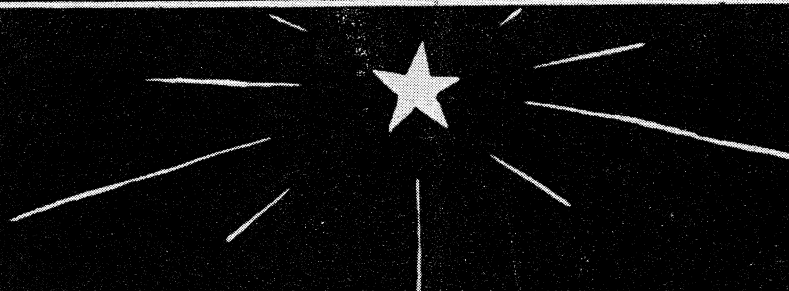
ger, and across the body of the cartoon I had written the words of John 3:16: ‘For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.’ Search my head and heart as I would for a new idea, God led me back to the Bethlehem drawing, saying, ‘This is it.’ I went to work on it, making a new sketch to submit to the editors. The morning came when we had to decide, in editorial conference, on the Christmas cartoons. I started for the conference with ‘The First Christmas Gift’ under my arm.

“The drawing was all right, the editors said, but that line, John 3:16—it wasn’t Christ-masy. It might offend the non-Christian readers of the *News*. Couldn’t I find some other line? I fought for John 3:16; it was that or nothing. I guess I was

pretty stubborn—but it meant a lot, that text. I was the only man in the room who wanted it, and my heart sank lower and lower as hope faded. Finally one of the editors said, ‘We’d better take it to the publisher. Let him decide.’

“The publisher, the late Col. Franklin Knox, later Secretary of the Navy, listened patiently to all the obvious reasons why the cartoon should not be used. He sat and thought it over a minute and then said, ‘Let’s be sensible. Shoemaker’s right. If it weren’t for John 3:16 there wouldn’t be any Christmas. Run it. We need more like it in the *News*.’ I finished that cartoon and it made the greatest hit of anything I have ever done. It has been reproduced fourteen years in succession at Christmas in the *Chicago Daily News*, many times on the front page.”

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS GIFT



For God so loved the world,
that he gave his only begotten son,
that whosoever believeth in him
should not perish, but have
everlasting life.

John 3:16

