

God's Will for You

By HANS R. WALDVOGEL

Do you know that Jesus wants you to be happy all the time? And do you know that Jesus Christ has made provision at the cost of His own precious blood that you and I might be happy *all* the time? Not an external happiness that is derived from conditions or people or things or yourself, but happiness that comes from the Fountain of joy within your heart. And do you know that you cannot be a real Christian unless you are happy all the time? It is a mark of a true Christian. It is the mark of one that has entered into the heavenly kingdom, the kingdom of glory. Our God is a God of light and in Him is no darkness at all.

I didn't always know that, and I wasted a lot of my time; I wasted many years of my life; I wasted them for God because I didn't know that the darkness, the shadows, the depressions, the anxieties, the fears, and the worries entertained by me were of the devil. But thank God, one day I found it out. I found that these were the works of the flesh from which Jesus Christ came to deliver me. Then I found that I could overcome these things. The Bible says, "Be not overcome with evil but overcome evil with good."

When I don't rejoice, it is because I think too much of myself. That is an awful, ugly indictment. It is very fleshly to think so much of myself. You know that you don't do anybody or yourself any good when you feel blue, but you do people a lot of harm and you do yourself a great deal of harm.

God says, "Rejoice evermore. Pray without ceasing." Have you ever read that in the Bible? "Rejoice evermore? Pray without ceasing? In everything give thanks"? That *is* in the Bible, and it is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you. I am so glad for the will of my Father. He has mapped out such a glorious, happy, joyful way for us. It might have been different. He could have said, "Now you will have to have the blues every Monday and a dump periodically. You have to have shadows and depressions, to be cross, crabbed, grouchy, and so on." Some people think that is religiousness. But it certainly is not a mark of salvation. No! God's way is a way of life.

The day came when God made me know that He had created my heart to be filled with glory, and He wanted me to be a vessel overflowing with glory. And when I yielded myself to God, He did just that for me. It wasn't something I did myself, but it was something I accepted from Him such as you accept healing, health, and life.

Christians can always choose between two ways. A Christian can worry over little things, or he can choose to be strong and full of courage and happiness in the Lord. You will find out that the joy of the Lord makes you strong (Neh. 8:10). He is your strength. O child of God, you need to find out that God wants you to wear the garment of praise (Isa. 61:3). You have seen pictures of the beautiful robes of bishops and car-

PASTOR HANS WALDVOGEL began his

EUROPEAN EVANGELISTIC MISSION

in Hamburg, Germany, April 25

**Meetings in Osijek, Jugoslavia
will be held May 6th to 16th, God willing**

**Pentecost Bible Conference at Kirchheim, Germany
May 23rd to June 6th**

Finally, brethren, pray for us, that the word of the Lord may have free course, and be glorified. 2 THESS. 3:1.

dinals? Those robes cost something. But here is a garment that is infinitely more beautiful, woven by the hands of Jesus—the garment of praise. Do you have it on? Are you wearing the garment of rejoicing?

Some one said, “Y-e-s, but if you had my wife—.” No, in all things we are to be more than conquerors through Him that loved us. You know the song:

“Yet I will rejoice, rejoice in the Lord,
Yet, I will rejoice, rejoice in the Lord,
Yet, I will rejoice, rejoice in the Lord,
And joy in the God of my salvation.”

That is a scripture text too that is not known very well. Habakkuk says, “Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls: Yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation” (Hab. 3:17, 18). You have to make that decision, that you will rejoice in spite of it all: Y-e-t I

will rejoice.”

Child of God, have you learned your lesson? How important these lessons are! Sometimes we have had occasion to compare notes with people who have had all kinds of education and scholastic degrees. But degrees and human knowledge do not make them successful in the fight against the power of darkness. To be successful in this fight you must have something from heaven. Do you know why some people with great natural abilities and even great scholastic achievements are not successful? They have never really put on the garment of praise. People fail because they have never obeyed the Lord Jesus Christ; they have never come out of their darkness; they have never been delivered from the bondage of Satan. When the devil comes around and gives them a little dump, they feel righteous over it, and if you tell them they are sinning and have no right to yield to that thing, but should rejoice in the Lord, they become angry.

Why is it that these things come upon us? Because we harbor them in our hearts, because

we let the flesh have dominion. To let Jesus Christ reign is the one sure way, the one safe way to enter into victory, and Jesus reigns when you delight yourself in the Lord, when you put on the garment of praise and rejoice evermore. You must have the Lord. Victory comes by dealing with Jesus, by praising Him, by giving up your self-life and by looking away to Jesus, the Author and Finisher of your faith.

If I had a good machine, I'd like to tell my neighbors about it. I'd like others to enjoy what I enjoy, and O beloved, this is one of the greatest blessings God ever gave me, and I want you to know about it: He put on me the garment of praise and gave me beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for the spirit of heaviness. That is what He promised, but you must take it, you must come out of your dump, you must yield to God. Brother, Sister, isn't it an awful thing when we cannot rejoice as children of God?

A worldly man once said, “You people believe in heaven and you tell us about the glory of heaven, but why do you make unearthly noises when somebody dies and goes to heaven?” I hardly knew what to tell him, but it is the truth. It is much more Christ-like to do like Billy Bray who danced around the casket of his wife, not because she was dead but because she was in heaven. He shouted “Glory!” and clapped his hands. It was real to him.

Beloved, learn the lesson to delight yourself in the Lord. It will lift you; it will keep you in the heavenly places and will keep God in your life. Hallelujah!

Bread of Life

VOL. III NO. 5
MAY, 1954

Published monthly by RIDGEWOOD PENTECOSTAL CHURCH, 457 Harman Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Editor: Gordon P. Gardiner. Ass't Editor: Caroline Gardiner. Contributing Editors: Hans R. Waldvogel, Roy M. Gray. Office Manager: Miss Eleanor Perz. Photoengraver: William Schuetze. 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.



Marie E. Burgess Brown
*Pastor of Glad Tidings Tabernacle
 New York City*

IN a survey of Christianity in New York City—"The World's Greatest Mission Field"—in *Christian Life* (Nov. '53) pastor-journalist Leslie B. Flynn made the following observation:

"Due to the mammoth population, no one church can make much of a stir against the endless swarm of man flow. In fact, most Christian people of the metropolitan area, if asked to name five outstanding fundamental churches doing a top-notch job, would fail."

Author Flynn then goes on to mention five outstanding Manhattan churches — Calvary Baptist Broadway Presbyterian, Gospel Tabernacle (Christian Missionary Alliance), First Baptist, and Glad Tidings Tabernacle.

Concerning the latter church he says, "Forty-five-year-old Glad Tidings Tabernacle, under lady-pastor Rev. Marie Brown, situated near Pennsylvania Railroad station, does an effective job according to the consensus of evangelical opinion. It is associated with Assemblies of God, broadcasts Sunday morning, gets a large crowd most any time it opens its doors and gave \$200,000 to missions in the last five years."

On the fifth of this May Marie Burgess Brown and Glad Tidings Tabernacle will celebrate their forty-seventh anniversary. God used her both to open this work and continue as its leader throughout the years. True, forty-one years, from 1909 until his death in 1948, she had the able cooperation of her beloved husband, Robert A. Brown, and since his death the help of her nephew, Rev. Stanley Berg, but it is Mrs. Brown who will ever

A Herald of Glad Tidings

The Life Story of Marie E. Brown

PART ONE

be remembered as the minister whom God used to blaze the Pentecostal trail in this great metropolis. Forty-seven years is quite a record for anyone to be the pastor of a single congregation,—and a woman at that! but a most unusual record for a church in New York City, a city which loves change. But it was God Himself Who sent her here, and it has been God Himself Who has kept her here these long years and is still causing her to bring forth fruit.

In his opening paragraphs of *Preacher and Prayer*, the author makes the following significant remarks, "We are constantly on a stretch . . . to devise new methods, new plans, new organizations to advance the church . . . Men are God's method. The church is looking for better methods; God is looking for better men. . . . The glory and efficiency of the gospel is staked on the men who proclaim it."

With these thoughts in mind let us examine the origin and background of Glad Tidings Tabernacle, for it is the outgrowth of an individual's experience in conjunction with the great, worldwide outpouring of the Holy Spirit in 1906 and '07. How did it all take place?

Marie Burgess was living with her family in Zion City, Illinois, when her brother Will, just twenty-one years old, lay dying with what was then called, "galloping consumption." His mother had earnestly prayed and ardently hoped from the time of his birth that this son, her only son, would become a minister of the gospel. But alas, he had drifted away from God, and now although he had made a whole-hearted surrender of his life and experienced the joy of salvation, it became evident that he would never be able to preach unless raised by the healing hand of God.

Then one day, realizing the end of his earthly life must be near, the family gathered round his bedside. In an effort to encourage her brother, Marie spoke to him, "Will, are you happy to know that you will see Jesus soon?"

Slowly and with great effort he replied, "I am ready and willing to go, but I cannot bear the thought of going with no sheaves to lay at Jesus' feet. I have wasted my talent. Now my oppor-

The Successful Minister

Contemplating Mrs. Brown's success as a minister the editor of BREAD OF LIFE was prompted to ask her, "What do you feel is the prime requisite for any one to be successful in the ministry of the Lord Jesus?"

Without a moment's hesitation Mrs. Brown replied, "Consecration. Wholly consecrated. I don't believe any one can ever have God's fulness until he reaches that place of absolute surrender to God."

"I was making a little message for the radio yesterday on being filled with the Holy Spirit. Bringing my thoughts again and again to the surrendered life I questioned in my own heart, 'Am I still there?' You know, that is a very searching question when we realize that God has definitely called us. And if there comes a loss, a coldness, or an indifference—how quickly we must retrace back to Calvary."

"I have always felt that the consecrated life is the life that stays close to Calvary. This is the place of consecration, and there is no other place of power but Calvary."

tunity is gone. I cannot recall it. I do not have even one sheaf from the whitened harvest fields to bring to Him. I am content to go, but must I go empty-handed? How bitter this is!"

Desiring to bring him consolation she volunteered, "Will, I want to help you so that you will not feel that way. I will make you a promise. I will go out and win souls for Jesus. I will win them in *your* place. Then when I bring them before Him, I will tell Him that they are for you: *your sheaves*, and ask Him to please credit them to you. Then you can be happy for you will not be empty-handed." Thus assured Will became exceedingly joyful. Then he who had been unable to speak above a whisper, much less to sing, for weeks sat erect, raised his hands, and sang in his beautiful, rich baritone voice, "Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow." At the close he fell "asleep in Jesus."

That was not the first time, however, that Marie had felt the call of God to work in His vineyard. In fact, she had already attended Moody Bible Institute in Chicago in preparation for Christian service and had served the Lord for a year in the mining towns of Wisconsin and later in rescue missions in Chicago among girls who had fallen by the way. At present, however, she was secularly employed as a food demonstrator dividing her time between one of the local

stores and one of the large department stores of Chicago—The Fair.

The Burgess family had moved to Zion City two or three years before Will's death from Eau Claire, Wisconsin. It was here as a high school girl that she first met the Lord. Before entering high school, however, Marie had contracted tuberculosis and shortly had to be taken from school, and efforts were undertaken to restore her to health. During the following months she became increasingly worldly, attending dances and parties as much as her ever-decreasing strength would permit. Then she accepted what was to be her last invitation to a dance; but the night before she was to go, the Lord came to her in a dream, or as her mother called it, "a true vision."

In this dream or vision, Marie saw the cot on which she was lying begin to turn slowly. Then she looked over the end of the cot and saw that it was on the edge of a bottomless pit and was slipping into this awful place. With this sight came the realization that that was the place she would go to unless Jesus Christ was her Saviour. The consciousness of the fact that she was dying and soon would be in eternity, that time and time again she had rejected the Lord Jesus, swept over her.

"So I cried out to God to save me from this awful pit," Mrs. Brown recalls. "And as I cried out to Him, all at once there stood at the foot of my bed—Jesus. He asked me if I was willing to give up the world and sin and follow Him. I said, 'Lord, not only willing but gladly will I follow Thee, if You will save me from this awful pit, and I will gladly tell men and women everywhere about it.'

"With that, He reached forth a hand that had the nail print in it. And as I grasped it, I was lifted up from that sick bed to follow Jesus. It has been the wounded hand of the Lord ever since that has kept me in the narrow way. Once you have had a vision or a touch from the hand of the Lord, there's no turning back; there's something that really fastens itself upon your life. And it has meant all the way with Him.

"After this vision, I immediately got on my knees and surrendered all. I could hardly wait until morning to break the news to my mother who had prayed so much for my life to be yielded to God. So, when I heard her in the kitchen making the breakfast, I ran downstairs and told her about my vision!

"'Daughter,' she said with tears streaming down her face, 'that is a warning to you! Do not let this pass lightly! God is calling you.' Then I told her how I had gotten on my knees and had been there until that hour.

"I was to have gone to a dance that night. Now

(Continued on page 8.)

A Mother's Day Gift

CHARLIE and Tony awoke on Mother's Day to face what was to them one of the bitterest facts they had yet faced in their brief lifetime: They had nothing to give their mother and not one cent with which to buy so much as a greeting card for her. These boys, then in their early teens, were unusually thoughtful of their mother; indeed, they were devoted to her. And to be unable to show their love by even some small gift seemed to their young minds one of the greatest calamities that could befall them.

Five years before, the family had come from Germany to this Promised Land of Plenty, but the Depression quickly followed their arrival engulfing them in its hardships and poverty. To add to their sorrows their father became a heavy drinker and was often so quarrelsome and contentious that the neighbors could not help hearing him and pitying his little wife and the two youngsters. Two of these were earnest Christians who faithfully witnessed to what the grace of God can do and invited their needy neighbors to their church where they might hear more of the gospel which is the power of God to transform lives. The husband, only a nominal Catholic, was the first to consent to go and was saved. Thus his wife, a staunch Catholic, seeing the transformation in her husband, was prevailed upon to investigate this "new religion" with the result that she too received

Christ. Happy in Christ their Saviour Who had made such wonderful changes in their lives, they naturally desired their boys to share in their new-found joy and asked them to come to church with them.

The boys were happy enough

resolutely refused to go to "that Protestant meeting hall even once." Meanwhile the parents prayed, knowing that God could and would make a way even where there was no way.

Finally Mother's Day came round, and they found themselves in the circumstances already described, sorrowful, almost heartbroken, that they had nothing for their dear mother. But love always finds some way to express itself, and at length the boys decided to ask their mother what they could do to make her happy.

They were prepared to wash dishes, to shine shoes, even to scrub a reasonable amount of floors, anything but what she requested: "Come to church with me just once."

Both boys were stunned, and Charlie, the older, felt as though the roof above had fallen on him. Shortly he replied, "Aw, Mom, you know I don't like to go to a Protestant church. Suppose someone should see me.

What will the Brother and the nuns at school say?" At length, most reluctantly, the two consented to go, though Charlie made one last futile effort to get out of going by running an errand for a neighborhood merchant. The others waited for him, however.

At that meeting God began to convict Tony of his sin and allowed him to see His love and mercy for him. As for Charlie he was so miserable he could not sit still. He did not know

My Mother

*I have a life and when it's o'er,
I want the things I've laid in store
To be a tribute evermore
To the one I love—my Mother!*

*If in this life I e'en attain
This cherished thing which men call fame,
I want it bestowed upon the name
Of the worthy one—my Mother.*

*I want the world to know the one
Who dared to suffer to bring forth a son;
Who crossed the valley of shadow—and won!—
To become that day—my Mother.*

*Sacrifice and toil and care
Have left their mark in her white hair;
But she'll be rewarded over there
For the task of being my Mother!*

*Each night in asking God to bless
And keep the ones whom I love best,
I place one name before the rest
And say, "God bless my Mother."*

DOUGLAS M. PARSONS.

for the change in their home, but they steadfastly clung to their faith — the only true church, so they had been taught at home and parochial school since childhood. Was it not a mortal sin even to enter another church? Charlie especially, who had been an altar boy for three or four years already, feared the eternal fires of hell should he displease God in this way. No, they would be true even if their parents did become heretics and

Consider Him

By GORDON WALDVOGEL

Pastor of Williamsburg Pentecostal Church, Brooklyn

REPEATEDLY in the Word of God we are admonished to consider, that is, to think on with care, to meditate. We are also given simple and definite instruction as to what we are to consider. Hebrews 12:3 tells us to "Consider him that endured such contradiction of sinners against himself." Consider HIM, consider JESUS in view of what He has accomplished by enduring the cross.

A close examination of the book to the Hebrews reveals that it is addressed to those who have endured a great fight of affliction. All who have been tested severely know that it is easier to consider the hardness of the way rather than to consider Him that endured. We are tempted to consider and allow our minds to dwell on the possibilities of defeat when in reality these possibilities would not exist if we were considering Him. Looking unto Jesus suggests the way to consider Him. How simple these words are, "looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith," and yet how profound.

Have you considered Him with regard to your need? Is He able to undertake in your present situation? Have you looked to Him until you were made to acknowledge that long before you considered Him He has considered you and your need and has provided for it? If you haven't, then look, my brother, look and live! "They looked unto Him and were lightened; and their faces were not ashamed" (Psalm 34:5).



anything that was said; his only thought was to get out as fast as possible, and when the service ended he was much relieved.

But that was not the end. A zealous sister approached the mother and exclaimed, "What fine boys you have!" Then turning to them she said, "You will come to Sunday school this afternoon, won't you?" The brothers made no reply, but Charlie thought, "Oh, no! I went through purgatory this morning, but not again this afternoon."

That afternoon, however, found them in Sunday school, and thereafter the boys attended Sunday school fairly regularly and some of the night services. (The Sunday morning service conflicted with Mass where Charlie continued to

serve.) As a result of attendance at Sundayschool Charlie became much interested in the Bible and secured a Catholic Bible of which he was very proud. One of the teachers gave the boys small Scripture-text cards which were promptly inserted in the Bible.

It was not very long before Charlie became deeply convicted, conscious that he was without God and without hope, in need of a Saviour. At the close of the service that night he hurried home and all alone got down and prayed as he had never prayed before. He wanted Jesus to come into his heart, and God heard his cry and gave him peace.

The next day he went to parochial school as usual, but he took his Bible along and placed

it on his desk. It was a *new* book now, and he wanted to see it all the time. The Brother, seeing it, passed a pleasing remark. But when he went to say Mass and took the Bible with him, one of the nuns noticed a little card fall from his Book and picked it up. "What is this? There is no picture of a saint, not even a cross on it, only flowers and a scripture text! Where did you get that?"

"A Protestant church," Charlie replied. The sister, not realizing he was attending this church regularly, simply gave him a warning. But it was too late, for Charlie now had Christ. That had settled everything.

Tony responded more slowly. He was under conviction for sin night and day, but he loved his sin and would not give it up. He feared the judgment of God and wanted God's mercy only as a fire escape from hell while at the same time continuing in and enjoying his sin.

Finally as he attended the service on the fourth of July during which his parents were baptized in water he became "of all men most miserable." He knew his parents and the others were on the right way. And God's Spirit kept before him II Corinthians 5:17: *Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away; behold all things are become new.* Tony realized he could not change himself, and he wasn't going to pretend to God. God Himself would have to do it.

When the altar call was given at the close of the service, Tony determined to give himself to God. In the hour which followed as he sought the Lord, he was transformed, the love he had had for his sins left him, and he was also given the power to overcome his sin.

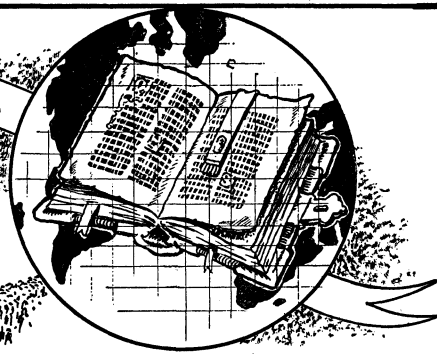
One of the bondages that had held Tony back from saying yes

(Continued on page 11.)

GO YE INTO ALL THE WORLD...

Seed-Time and Harvest

on the Mission Fields



God's Mighty Working

*The story of the recent revival in Ceylon as related by
Carl Graves in a letter to the editor of Bread of Life.*

We erected our little home-made gospel tent which would accommodate four or five hundred by placing the chairs close together. A crowd of about six hundred came the first night and God began to work. Goiters disappeared, skin diseases vanished, cancers were healed, sight was restored to blind eyes, deaf ears opened, and paralyzed arms and limbs received new life. Large numbers of Buddhists, Hindus, Mohammedans and Roman Catholics as well as Christians came, and God graciously granted healing to many of them. Brother Valdez called and prayed each night for those who wanted to be saved, but it is impossible to reckon the number either saved or healed in that great multitude who came. The attendance rose until it was estimated there were from eight to ten thousand, and some thought even as many as fifteen thousand were present at times.

As the news of the meetings spread, people came from all over the island. Those who were healed were not shy to testify, although the newspapers gave some criticism. People wanted us to reply to the papers but we urged our people not to retaliate because God must vindicate His own work, and He surely did. After the criticism in the paper, I think many people came out of curiosity and were touched. It was the most wonderful demonstration we have had of the mighty working of God in this island. After a few days of meetings, only the sick people could get under the cover of the tent, the others had to stand around on the outside. Several

nights the rain came down heavily, and we thought surely those outside at least would go home, but they remained standing in the rain right through to the end of the service. People from all ranks of society came. Some were healed instantaneously and with others healing came gradually even after they went to their homes.

The aftereffects of the eighteen days' campaign have been very good. A definite work has been done in many hearts and lives. On the first Tuesday after the meetings closed five received the baptism in the Holy Spirit at our Gospel Tabernacle, and a number more have received since then. Our workers out in the District have been given the names and addresses of those in their district who came for healing so they are now busy doing a follow-up work.

Our work certainly has its problems, but God has been blessing in a special way these last few years and we do praise Him for all that He is doing and for what we expect will yet be done!

Mahoba Stirred

*Report by Florence Dreyfuss
Mahoba, India*

For some months now the Lord has been working among our young people. There are a number of young Christian men in Mahoba, who rarely entered the church, and it seemed nothing we did stirred them. But recently we took on another young preacher who was one of our boys. He had had Bible training some years ago; but a few months before finish-

ing, he got discouraged and left and joined the police force. Now for the past year or more the Lord has been dealing with him to serve Him, and so he quit the police force and finished his Bible training. Now we've taken him on, and he truly is a blessing. He is so on fire for the Lord. He is very burdened for these young men with whom he grew up and has been rounding them up. Now, praise the Lord, it is blessed to see the church full of these young people Sunday after Sunday. Not only are they coming to church, but they're witnessing to others and going to the different homes to have prayer meetings. How we pray that this will continue and perhaps help to bring on the revival we're looking for and praying for. Please remember these young folks in your prayers.

I had a most interesting week in one of our outstations, Charkhari, holding some special children's meetings. They were well attended, with between sixty and seventy present every day. When our Indian preacher was in for Christmas, I asked him how the meetings were going; and he reports that even more children were attending and that there seems to be a real interest. The Lord willing, I hope to go out there again before the heat starts and encourage them some more. How we do need missionaries there!

"To the Work"

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lyon left for Europe on S.S. Gripsholm April 15th. They will be helping Pastor H. Waldvogel throughout the summer months.

Miss Wally Roth flew to Hamburg, Germany, with her uncle Pastor H. Waldvogel April 22nd. She will be playing the organ for the evangelistic meetings.

A Herald of Glad Tidings

(Continued from page 4.)

I could not go. I went to the telephone and informed the young man who was to have been my escort that I could not go because a vision had changed my whole life. 'Would you let a vision like that keep you from going to a dance and keeping your promise?' he insisted.

"I cannot enter another dance hall," was my reply. How glad I am that I stood firm, for later on I led him to the Lord, and several others of my companions as well. Previously this young man's Christian parents had felt that I was influencing him in the wrong direction. If it was so, it is not always one has the privilege of undoing things she regrets, so for this privilege of helping him find Christ I have been so grateful.

"I was not healed as yet, however, but went on for some time until I was stricken in bed. At that time there came to the church where we attended (and where I had been a little devil, I guess, making so many disturbances!), a denominational minister, but one who also knew the Lord as Healer. They realized the great change that had come over me after this great salvation and sent this minister to pray for me. I knew nothing of divine healing at that time, for we had never been taught it.

"He began by asking me, 'Do you believe that Jesus Christ *can* heal you?'

"I guess He can do anything," I replied. 'He's all powerful.'

"Do you believe He *will* heal you if I pray?'

"If I'm worthy.'

"No, it isn't if *you* are worthy, but just to believe God *will* heal as I pray according to His Word.'

"Yes, I'll believe all I can.'

"I shall never forget his prayer, and as he prayed, God touched me. I was very thin, nothing but skin and bone as it were, but the cough and the night sweats all were gone immediately after his prayer. The day after this minister prayed for me, my mother said to me, 'Marie, I haven't heard you cough. I believe that man must have prayed the prayer of faith for you.' I said, 'I believe he did, too.' So it went on and on until I realized new life, the divine touch of God manifested in my body."

It was the following summer that Marie entered a Bible school at Watertown, Wisconsin, and later went to Chicago to Moody's. "It was in Chicago that I got in touch with Dr. John Alexander Dowie and his church, Zion. One of the students who had been in the Watertown Bible School, together with her sister, good friends of mine, were in Zion and used to try to get me to go there. When I had an opportunity, I would

go over to some of the meetings at the Zion Home because I liked to see the power of God in healing. We used to watch—how marvelous!—people with all kinds of diseases *really* healed. But the Moody school was very much against Dr. Dowie and his doctrines so I never joined.

"But when my youngest sister came down with tuberculosis and grew worse all the time—even though I took her to Denver—I thought, 'Now the only place to take her is Zion.' I did, and God marvelously healed her. That, of course, brought us into living touch with Zion. We sold our little place in Wisconsin and bought a cottage in Zion City, just shortly after Dr. Dowie had started this city.

"Somebody said to me recently, 'Why do you always bring in Zion?' This person thought that because Dr. Dowie made so many mistakes and that there had been failure in Zion, it would be well not to mention it. I replied, 'That's where I got my foundation. And if it hadn't been for the truths of the Word of God as I learned them there I would not be here today. I would never have been able to go through all these years. Why should I put Zion down and under because a person made a mistake? I wonder if *you* ever made one. I'm sure you have, and if the records of us all were put on paper for the world to read, Oh, Lord, help every one of us!'"

It was in the fall of 1906 that an evangelist came to Zion City with the message that God was pouring out His Spirit upon men and women today just as He did on the Day of Pentecost with similar results—speaking in tongues according to Acts 2:4. A number of people in the city, therefore, began to tarry for the Spirit, and the first tarrying meetings were held in the home of a Mrs. Ames in the outskirts of the city. People carried various reports of these tarrying meetings, many declaring that people there were filled with the devil.

Where
The Fire
Fell
in
Zion, Illinois
1906



Mrs. Ames' house (recently remodeled) where Mrs. Brown received her Pentecostal baptism.

Miss Burgess' curiosity was aroused. "I had never seen the devil work in people," she thought, "and I'd like to see that." "When I told my mother of my intentions, she warned me, 'You'd better be careful.' So the first night I simply stood on the porch of Mrs. Ames' house and looked in the window. From my observation, I saw that the devil was not at work, but that this thing was of God and returned to hear more.

"At Bible school I had learned about the Holy Spirit, but I had never had the experience of His abiding within. Now my heart was made hungry for the baptism of the Spirit and to tarry myself. And I began to tell the people in the store about these tarrying meetings and to invite them. When the officials of the store and church learned that I was attending the tarrying meetings,* I lost my position. This left me free to seek the Lord continually and more earnestly."

Miss Burgess' birthday, October 18, 1906, was drawing near. "There is only one birthday gift I want," she told her mother, "the baptism of the Holy Ghost. I am asking God to give it to me as my birthday gift."

So intense was her desire that for three days and nights she prayed continually without even taking her clothes off. Occasionally she dropped off to sleep for a few moments, only to resume her prayer upon waking. The third day, her birthday, she fasted as well. That night as folks began to go home from the tarrying meeting around ten-thirty, she said to the Lord, "Lord, I'm so disappointed. You promised it to me."

"You worked so hard at it that you did not give Me a chance," the Holy Spirit whispered to His waiting child.

"Well, Lord, what am I to do?"

"What is it you are seeking?"

"The baptism."

"What is the baptism?"

"It's the gift of God," she answered.

"What do you do when anybody gives you a gift?"

"Take it and thank him for it."

"Well, is that all I've got to do?" I asked," recalls Mrs. Brown. "So I started all over. I just lifted up my hands and said, 'Lord, I receive this wonderful gift, the baptism of the Holy Spirit, as if I hadn't tarried at all.' Then I began to thank Him.

"It was so real, this thanking Him now. It seemed to come from my heart instead of my lips. All at once the fire fell, and the Spirit shook me,

*The store where Miss Burgess was conducting her food demonstration was owned and controlled by the Zion Church. Membership in Zion was prerequisite to employment in the store. Even attendance at any other services was cause for losing one's position.—*Editor*.

"The Most Vital Part"

"What place does prayer hold in the minister's life?" the editor of *BREAD OF LIFE* asked in his interview with Mrs. Brown.

"Well, I have always found that prayer is the most vital part of the Christian life. When I was in the Moody School, I worked my way through. I had to rise at five o'clock in order to help with the breakfast. That meant that I had to get up an hour before that for prayer. I have always said that it was there in that prayer life that I was established in God.

"Not only was my prayer life such a joy and such a power in my own life but many of the students when in trouble would come to my room because they saw that through my prayer life I was able to help them, so that if I wanted to get alone I had to go up into the belfry often times. And I believe that we are only in a place to help others as we have had real fellowship with God."

without my being prostrated, for one hour. Then He began to speak through me in other tongues. And a remarkable vision followed, lasting several hours.

"First, I seemed to be taken to China, and there I saw in vision multitudes of Chinese. A large portion of them were children. I thought I was standing before them with a blackboard, writing in the Chinese language and speaking to them in that way. As I looked upon their faces, they seemed so sad that I began to weep. (That vision is so real I can fairly look at it now. Mrs. Robinson* and others around me said I seemed to speak in perfect Chinese.) The spirit of intercession took hold upon me in a way that I did not understand at that time. There seemed to be high stone walls and from beyond we could hear other Chinese calling for help. As this intercession continued, stone by stone began to fall until one wall was completely laid flat. And there beyond, a great multitude of Chinese seemed to be waiting for the message I had been giving to the others on the blackboard. I thought surely I was having a call to China.

"But in just a few moments the Spirit swept over me again, and this time I was in India. The scene was so different. Not so many children now, I saw mostly the grown people of India. All

*Mrs. Robinson is the author of the material in *Bread of Life* under "Finest of the Wheat." Mrs. Robinson was at this time investigating Pentecost, and Mrs. Brown says that it was what she saw this night that finally convinced her of the truth of Pentecost.—*Editor*.



Some collected sermon notes on the subject of thinking and speaking spiritually.—Editor.

If you want Him to *abide*, let Him think for you. Watch and pray. Be resting in Him. Speak of Jesus during the day. Praise Him aloud. . . .

When your mind [wanders], turn it back to spiritual thoughts. Worship God. Sing a song perhaps. Think of some virtue when you think of people. We are called to think as Jesus would think. There is no sweeter walk than to get our Bibles and see if our thoughts are like Jesus'. . . .

Look out for careless tongues and quick speeches. . . . If you will bind up your own lips and speak only the things that please Him, glorify Him, He will show you Himself. . . . If you always put Jesus first, look at Him, all the time, self will wither. . . .

Jesus says, ". . . Let Me live out My life within you. . . . I manifest Myself if you obey. Aim to obey." . . . If we only had a vision of what God's offers mean spiritually, if we knew there was a reward, we would do what He says. He requires the obedience first. . . .

Will you . . . make . . . an effort to *talk* and *think* as Jesus would have you? . . . [Say to God,] "I will be . . . more earnest to be spiritual . . . , always recognizing him—talking to Him."

seemed to be in little companies by themselves. The various groups were dressed quite differently, and they too seemed to be waiting for someone to speak to them. I tried to draw near to one company and begged the others to draw closer. But somehow there was no coming together of the different groups. Then my heart began to weep again with deep intercession. I afterwards learned of the caste system of India. No doubt the Spirit showed the people to me in different groups because of the different castes. I talked in the Indian language—two dialects, it seemed, each distinct from the other.

"Then the Holy Spirit took me to Africa. Here I had a similar experience, only the black faces seemed more eager than the others. They would gather in great crowds. It seemed as if I was lifted from one group to another, and spoke to them all in their own tongue. The Africans seemed to be more receptive. Immediately, without the hindrance so evident in other fields and

without so much intercession, they fell on their knees. When they lifted up their faces, they were like sunbeams. This was such a great joy to my heart.

"Then the Spirit brought me to Japan. There I entered into an orphanage. I could see the peculiar houses of the Japanese, with their Oriental roofs. The home I entered was large. As I stood in the door, one by one, little children came to me, and I let them in.

"Hours were passing while this vision was being given to me. Brother Fred Bosworth was there; and as he watched and heard me, he became so hungry that the power fell upon him, and he was filled with the Spirit that same night. For one and a half hours I had seemed to be in China, and that vision remains so real that I believe I would recognize the place if taken there. In India I seemed to remain about an hour. When finally the Spirit lifted, it was four in the morning. By the time I arrived home, it was about five."

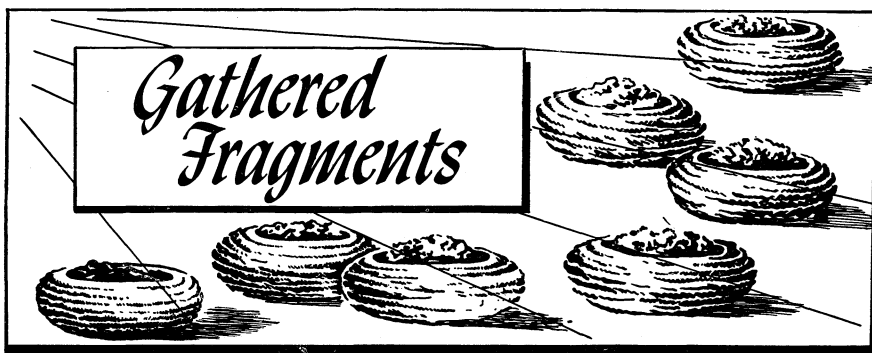
Miss Burgess, of course, thought she was receiving a call to serve the Lord in one of these foreign fields. The Lord, however, had a plan of His own, much larger than anything Miss Burgess could even imagine at this time, which He was to reveal in His "appointed time": She was to minister by proxy *in all these fields* by establishing a missionary church which was to send its sons and daughters to these countries and to give of its "wealth to speed them on their way." And so although the vision tarried, it did not lie but surely came to pass.

Miss Burgess was asked to hold meetings in Chicago shortly. While there, she received an invitation to go to New York City. The evangelist who had been in Zion had been asked to send someone to help straighten out some people who had gotten into fanaticism there and felt Miss Burgess would be the logical one for this job. He offered to pay the fare for her and another sister to go there on this mission.

"I did not want to go to New York City," says Mrs. Brown, "but I agreed to make it a matter of prayer. I put out three fleeces before the Lord, all three of which were difficult enough, I felt, to keep me from going, under ordinary circumstances. As the last of the three, I asked the Lord to send the fare to *me* direct, so that I would not receive it through this brother. All three of the fleeces were wet. That night there was placed in my hands, by a brother who knew nothing of the matter, fifty dollars. 'I believe God wants you out in the work,' he said. This was much more than the fare to New York City. With all three of the fleeces wet, what could I reasonably do but go?"

And on January 7, 1907, the two young ladies arrived in New York City.

(To be continued.)



President Eisenhower's mother, as a girl in the Sunday school of the Lutheran Church, Mount Sidney, Va., "memorized 1,365 Bible verses in six months" according to the records preserved there (*Christian Century*, March 24). This is the equivalent of memorizing the entire books of Matthew, Ephesians, Philippians and 2 Timothy chapter 3.

* * *

From the same article we learn that President Eisenhower likes to sing hymns, one of his favorites being, "What a Friend We Have in Jesus."

* * *

The story of the miracle of healing in answer to the prayer of faith as related in the *Readers' Digest* (August, 1953), and entitled "Master, Heal Him" has stirred the secular and religious world—even the modernistic churches. One result of this has been an article in the leading modernistic publication of the country, *Christian Century* (March 10), "Prayer for the Sick." The author, Edward S. Zelle Jr., makes it clear that the "'Major Denominations' are failing . . . to help people in their deep moments of need" by not bringing to them "the healing faith of the Master . . . in any systematic way." Zelle's closing paragraph is at once an indictment and a challenge to the average minister of 1954:

"Jesus told his disciples to go and 'preach the word.' In the same breath he said, 'Heal the sick.' Certainly he did not intend for all of us to study medicine and become physicians or psychiatrists. But he did intend for us to have enough faith to bring the healing presence and power of Christ sanely and worshipfully to those in need. Christ has entrusted His healing touch to our care. Can we shut

up the powers of God by failing to see what has been given us?"

* * *

For many years the medical profession boldly proclaimed that tonsils were unnecessary organs, which therefore could be removed without any harmful aftereffects. The main reason for the belief that any organ of the body is unnecessary is a result of the theory of evolution, which, of course, is a denial of creation as taught in the Bible. For some little time now doctors have been questioning their previous assertions and growing more cautious. The latest on the subject, as reported in *Time*, April 12, says:

"Last week the *A.M.A. Journal* called the attention of U.S. family doctors to growing evidence that polio victims who have lost tonsils, adenoids, or both at any time in their lives, are more susceptible to bulbar and bulbo-spinal attacks. The *Journal* conceded that the case is not yet proved. . . . But . . . the evidence is enough to make surgeons pause once again before they cut out tonsils and ask, 'Is this operation really necessary?'"

All these and similar recent medical findings contain much food for thought for those who believe that God created our bodies—of course—without any unnecessary organs!—and that God has provided healing for our bodies.

* * *

According to a survey conducted by the *Christian Herald* (*Time*, April 5) "some 4,000,000 Roman Catholics have become Protestants" during the last ten years "as against 1,071,897 people converted to Catholicism" during the same period.

* * *

God has been blessing Billy Gra-

ham's London campaign so greatly that in the Haringay Arena "night after night, after 11,000 were seated and another 1,000 allowed to stand, thousands more were turned away. So many people came on the first Saturday that Graham decided to make three-meeting Saturdays a permanent feature of his three-month crusade" (*Time*, April 5).

* * *

So much propaganda has gone out about the highly developed (agriculturally speaking) state of Israel that it is well to balance the picture a bit with a statement made by the man who served as Israel's first premier from 1948 to 1953—David Ben-Gurion—(*New York Times Magazine*, March 28): "Most all of the country is still ruined and desolate."

* * *

Some suggestions for summer reading:—*If and Toward Jerusalem*, both by Amy Carmichael. The former is comprised of sentences which truly discern the thoughts and intents of the heart, bringing every thought, motive, word, and deed under the searching gaze of Calvary love. The latter contains some rare, original poetry—spiritual and beautiful, not just rhyming, religious phrases. . . . *Storms and Starlight* by V. Raymond Edman is a series of meditations on the first eight chapters of the Gospel of Mark which both cut and heal. . . . Many Christians will welcome *The Treasury of Andrew Murray*, edited by Ralph G. Turnbull.

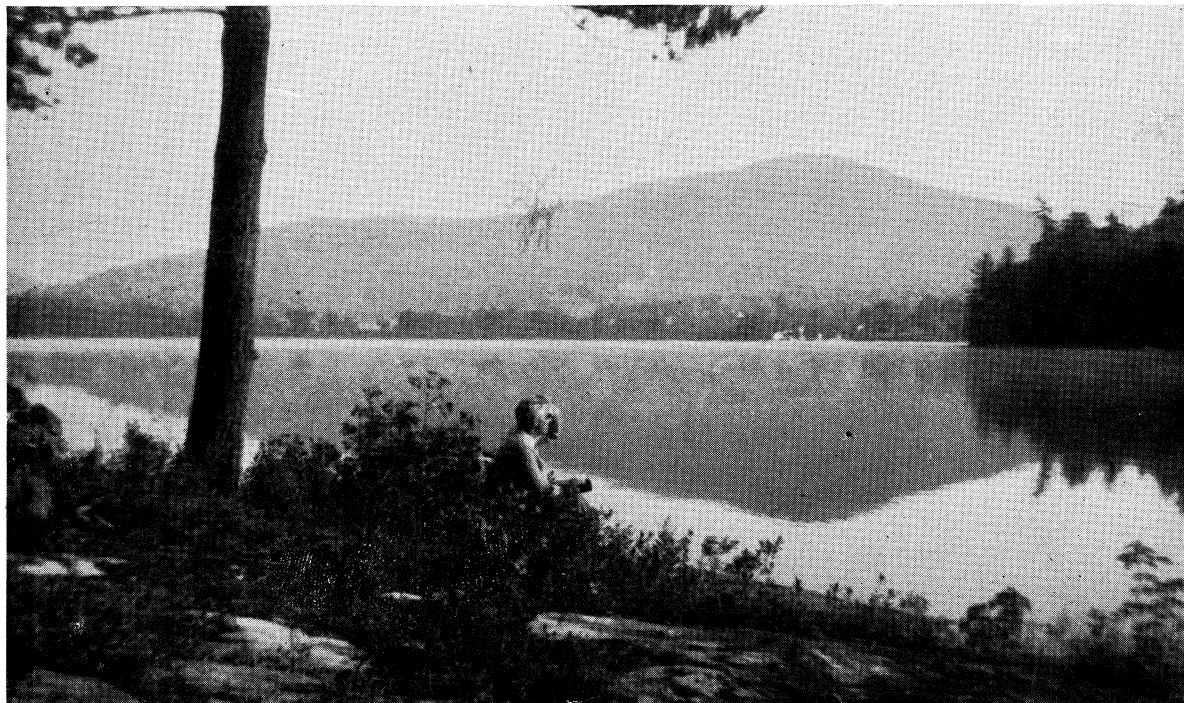
Mother's Day Gift

(Continued from page 6.)

to God was his love of the movies. He would attend this pleasure, at times, twice a day if he could get the money. It had such a grip on him that he thought he could never say no to it. But when he said a wholehearted yes to God, he was given power to say no to the movies.

Yes, He is able to keep that which is committed to Him. For twenty years this Mother's Day gift has kept on giving happiness to the mother and the joy of the Lord in the hearts of the givers because of the security they found in salvation by the blood of the Lamb.

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