

The Prayer of Faith Shall Save the Sick

By GRACE PERKINS OURSLER

THE BOY had fallen, running home after school, and skinned his left knee. It was no more than a scratch—there wasn't even a rent in his trousers—but by night the knee started to ache. Nothing much, he thought, being 13 and the sturdy son of a frontiersman. Ignoring the pain, he knelt in his nightgown and said his prayers, then climbed into bed in the room where he and his five brothers slept.

His leg was painful the next morning, but he still did not tell anyone. The farm kept the whole family relentlessly busy; always he had to be up at six to do his chores before school. And he must be thorough about them or he would be sent back to do them over again, no matter what else he had to miss, including meals. In their household discipline was fair but stern.

Two mornings later the leg ached too badly for him to drag himself to the barn. It was Sunday and he could remain behind while the rest of the family drove to town. He sat in the parlor and half dozed until his brothers returned from Sunday school.

Mom and Dad did not come home with them because Sunday was parents' day off; the boys did the housework and cooked the big meal of the week, while father and mother stayed on for church service.

But by the time dinner was ready the boy had climbed into bed. The shoe had to be cut off his swollen and discolored leg. Why on earth hadn't he told somebody? Go quick and fetch the doctor!

Mother bathed knee and foot and thigh, applied poultices and wiped the boy's sweating forehead with a moist, cool cloth. She was an intense and vital woman. Confronted with this angry infection, her manner remained serene. Mom had nursed her brood through accidents and ailments from toothaches to scarlet fever; one son she had lost, but that only made her calmer and more determined when she had to fight for the others.

Old Dr. Conklin examined the leg and pursed his lips. "It's not likely we can save it!"

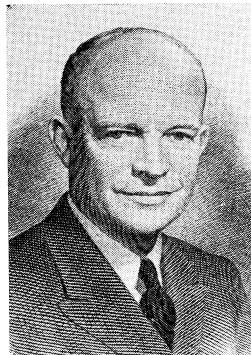
The invalid sat up stiffly. "What's that mean?" he asked huskily.

"It means," explained the doctor gently, "if things get worse we'll have to amputate."

"Not me!" stormed the boy. "I won't have it! I'd rather die!"

"The longer we wait, the more we will have to take off," urged the doctor.

"You won't take any off!" The boy's voice broke with an adolescent crack, as his mother turned away, shaken. But there was no adolescence in the eyes that defied the doctor's reproachful gaze.



Dwight D. Eisenhower

Celebrating America's



**One Hundred and
Seventy-Eighth
Birthday ---**

July Fourth

*If THE FOREIGN
people who come to
this country to become citizens would read the
history of AMERICA'S GRAND PAST, it would be hard
to bring in socialism.*

. . . M. W. R.

Dr. Conklin stalked out, nodding to the mother to follow him. As he stood in the hallway explaining to both parents about what could and probably would happen, they could hear the boy calling for his brother: "Ed! Ed! Come up here, will you?"

The brother stamped in and then they heard the sick lad's voice, high pitched with pain: "If I go out of my head, Ed, don't let them cut off my leg. Promise me, Ed—promise!"

In a moment Ed came out and ran to the kitchen. When he returned his mother said, "Ed, what's your brother asking for?"

"Fork! To bite on; keep from screaming."

Then Edgar stood outside the bedroom door, his arms folded. Quite clearly he was standing on guard.

Ed looked straight at old Dr. Conklin. "Nobody's going to saw off that leg!" he announced.

"But, Ed—you'll be sorry,"

gasped the doctor.

"Maybe so, Doc. But I gave him my word."

And nothing changed that.

If Ed had not stood his ground, father and mother might have yielded. They were not yet convinced that amputation was necessary; they were doubtful. The adamant attitude first of the sick boy and then of his brother was incredible, for defiance of parental authority was unknown in this household. Yet there was Ed, standing before the sickroom door.

"Guess we'll wait and see how he looks by tonight, eh, Doc?" said the father.

For two days and nights Ed stood guard, sleeping at the threshold, not leaving even to eat. The fever mounted, and the suffering boy babbled in torment, but the older brothers showed no weakening of resolve, even though the discoloration of the swollen leg was creeping toward the pelvis, just as the doc-

tor had predicted. Ed remained firm because he had given his promise, and also because he shared the frontiersmen's horror of being less than physically perfect.

The parents knew that their son would never forgive an amputation, and Ed's attitude continued to be decisive, time after time, when the doctor returned. Once, in helpless rage, Dr. Conklin shouted, "It's murder!" and slammed the front door. Nothing but a miracle could save the boy now!

Mother, father, and watchful brother Ed shared the same thought, as their anxious eyes turned from the doorway. Had they forgotten their faith in the turmoil of their fears? Why, this sick boy's grandfather, that vigorous and inspiring old farmer-minister who had been leader of the River Brethren Colony in Pennsylvania, had always believed in healings wrought by faith. Now, in this desperate hour, the three went to their knees at the bedside.

The next morning, when the faithful old doctor stopped by again, his experienced eye saw a sign. The swelling was going down!

It was nightfall again and the lamps were lighted when the boy opened his eyes. The swelling was away down now, and the discoloration had almost faded. In three weeks—pale and weak, but with eyes clear and voice strong—the boy could stand up.

And Ike Eisenhower was ready to face life.

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Bread of Life

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Forgive and Ye Shall Be Forgiven

President Andrew Jackson's Conversion

The original account of this story was given to James Parton by Rev. Dr. Edgar himself and published in Parton's three-volume LIFE OF ANDREW JACKSON, generally considered to be the most scholarly and definitive biography of Jackson ever written.

ANDREW JACKSON, the veteran hero of the Battle of New Orleans and twice President of the United States, was now past seventy. No longer the erect, military figure of former days, "Old Hickory" now had to lean heavily with both hands upon his walking-stick, his frame emaciated with the ravages of a consumption from which he had suffered for years. There was, however, still something commanding about his presence which demanded respect.

Night after night he had been attending a "protracted meeting," as revival services were then called on the frontier. These were being held in the church he had built many years before on his own estate, the Hermitage, near Nashville, Tennessee, at the request of his godly and beloved wife, Rachel, for the benefit of the surrounding community. She had also urged him to join the church which meant he would have to become converted first. He had promised to do so—later. More than ten years had slipped by since that promise had been made. In the meantime Rachel too had slipped away. And still he was not saved.

The special services were drawing to a close, and on this particular night the evangelist, Dr. Edgar, was speaking on the subject of how God intervened in the affairs of men, keeping them in the midst of perils, sickness, and death. General Jackson was listening most intently. The evangelist seeing this went on to speak "of a man, who, in addition to the ordinary dangers of human life, had en-



Andrew Jackson

countered those of the wilderness, of war, and of keen political conquest; who had escaped the tomahawk of the savage, the attack of his country's enemies, the privations and fatigue of border warfare, and the aim of the assassin."

Then the speaker ended with this pointed question, "How is it that a man endowed with reason and gifted with intelligence can pass through such scenes as these unharmed and not see the hand of God in his deliverance?"

The arrows of conviction pierced the heart of "Old Hickory" causing him to bow in his soul. After the service when the two met, Jackson urged the minister to go home with him, but he was unable to because of a previous engagement. When Jackson persisted, Dr. Edgar finally said, "General Jackson, my word is pledged; I cannot break it; but I will be at the Hermitage tomorrow morning very early."

Deeply troubled, Jackson returned to his home but not to

sleep. Instead, as he later told Dr. Edgar, he paced the floor of his room all night long, seeking consolation. It was a long dark night of agony and anguish spent in repenting of his sins and praying God for pardoning mercy.

Then, like Jacob the wrestler of old, "as the sun rose upon him," so also did the Sun of Righteousness rise upon Jackson "with healing in His wings," and his tempest-tossed soul was made calm by the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, flooding his soul. When Dr. Edgar arrived at the Hermitage a little later he was met by a man full of joy such as only forgiven sinners experience. And immediately he asked to be received into the fellowship of the church that very day.

Dr. Edgar proceeded to examine him thoroughly as to his "doctrine and experience" and at length seemed quite satisfied. But after a time of meditation he said: "General, there is one more question which it is my duty to ask you. Can you forgive all your enemies?"

Jackson, noted for his quick, dramatic answers so often caustic in days gone by, was so taken by surprise that for a little time he was speechless. Then, thoughtfully and honestly, he gave his answer: "My political enemies I can freely forgive; but as for those who abused me when I was serving my country in the field, and those who attacked me for serving my country—Doctor, that is a different case."

The minister knew there was

no difference according to God's standard. Jesus had said, "*But if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses.*" That allowed no exception of any kind whatsoever. As a faithful minister of Jesus Christ, Edgar would allow no exception even in Jackson.

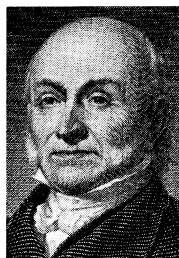
The highly honored veteran of many wars was silent. Doubtless his mind went back to the most unjust treatment he had received when as a boy of twelve he was captured in the Revolutionary War and was struck a cruel sword slash on the arm and head from the hands of a brutal British officer—the scars he still bore and carried to his grave. But finally, and doubtless not without a real struggle, the General who had never known defeat surrendered unconditionally to the Captain of his salvation and said he felt he could forgive *all* his enemies, even those he had encountered in his military struggles. God's victory was complete. And that morning before a full congregation Andrew Jackson made a public profession of his faith.

Seven years remained to the conquered conqueror, years in which all things became new. Much of the time he spent in reading the Bible, Scott's Bible Commentary, which he went through twice, and the beloved hymns from "what he always pronounced in the old-fashioned way, his 'Hime-book.' " Every evening he conducted prayers for his family including the many household servants. To a visitor who called on him just shortly before he died, he gave this testimony, "My lamp of life is nearly out and the last glimmer has come. I am ready to depart when called. The Bible is true. . . . Upon that sacred volume I rest my hope for eternal salvation, through the merits and blood of our blessed Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ."

One of the most devout and at the same time one of the most highly educated men ever to occupy the President's chair was John Quincy Adams, our sixth president and son of the second president. It was his custom upon rising to spend the first hour of each day reading the Bible. While he was United States Minister to Russia, he wrote a series of eleven letters to his oldest son on the importance of reading *and obeying* the Scriptures. These were later published in book form and are a classic in their field.*

When Adams was nearing eighty he shared a hotel room in New York City with a Dr. Ellis who has left an interesting and amusing account of the old president's habits. Although it was November he "would have no fire . . . but insisted on having the window wide open." In the morning about five he "would arise, and, a wood fire being laid, would get from his trunk an old-fashioned tinderbox—he despised the recently in-

*Selection from these letters have been printed in *Bread of Life* (July and October, 1952).



J. Q. Adams

vented lucifer matches—and would strike a light, kindle the fire, and light his candle. Then he would strip, place a basin of water on the floor and sponge himself vigorously from head to foot. Then partially dressed, [he would] sit down by the fire, place the Bible on his knees, and holding the candle in one hand, expound a Psalm in the most vigorous manner to Dr. Ellis."

At night "after they were both in bed Mr. Adams would begin stories and narrate all sorts of experiences full of fire and vigor and . . . most amusing" so that Dr. Ellis "had to stuff the sheet in his mouth to prevent h'mself from roaring with laughter. After talking sometime Mr. Adams would say: 'Now it is time to go to sleep and I am going to say my prayers. I shall say also the verse *my mother taught me* when a child. I have never failed to repeat it every night of my life. I have said it in Holland, Prussia, Russia, England, Washington, and Quincy. I say it out loud, always, and I don't mumble it either.'" Then "in a loud, clear voice" the aged and erudite statesman closed the day with the simple prayer:

Now I lay me down to sleep.
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
And if I die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.

" . . . The precept of Jesus is to pray as well as watch, and He used the cock as a monitor to recall to duty the faithful disciple who denied Him at the crisis of His fate. To fix the fleeting solemnity of these thoughts, I threw them this morning, before breakfast, into a sonnet to Chanticleer . . . of which, when I come to be ashamed of the poetry, I may still adhere to the morality. . . ."—John Quincy Adams in his diary, March 20, 1827.

*Minstrel of morn, whose eager ken describes
The ray first beaming from night's regions drear;
Herald of light, whose clarion sharp and clear
Proclaims the dawning day-star to the skies.*

*Bird of the brave, whose valiant heart supplies
The beak of eagles and the falcon's spear;
Bird of the lofty port, disdaining fear,
Unvanquish'd spirit, which o'ercomes or dies.*

*Bird of the faithful, thy resounding horn
To thee was given the child of man to warn
Of sinking virtue and of rising day.
Oh, while from morn to morn I hear thy strain,
Let the shrill summons call me not in vain
With fervor from on high to Watch and Pray.*

Seeking the Lost

By LOUIS ALBERT BANKS

Benjamin Harrison was the son of a United States Congressman, the grandson of a President of the United States, and the great-grandson of one of those immortal men who signed the Declaration of Independence on July 4, 1776, "with a firm reliance on divine Providence" and pledged for the support of the same "our Lives, our Fortunes, and our sacred Honor."

Young Benjamin Harrison began his own illustrious career, however, not by attempting to take advantage of the family name and record but on his own, in the humble position of a court crier in Indianapolis, Indiana. At twenty-three he was elected to the office of city attorney and thus began his political life. During the Civil War he was raised to the rank of Brigadier-General by brevet and subsequently was usually referred to as General Harrison until he became the twenty-third President of the United States.

As a youth, "he gave himself to his Savior with all the earnestness and steadfastness of his strong nature. . . . It was an enlistment for a life-long service, a consecration of all his powers to the honor and service of his Savior and God." This he proved not only by attending the regular services of the First Presbyterian Church but by participating actively in its weekly prayer meeting, teaching in its Sunday school for many years, "and in whatever way

was opened, whether public or private, he gave testimony for his faith and lordship of his Master." He was not only interested in his local church but the cause of foreign missions was one which he vigorously championed and supported by every possible means up to the very end of his life. As the accompanying story strikingly illustrates, he put first the things of the kingdom of God. Every detail of his life was governed by his religious convictions. He refused to travel on Sunday, and when it was necessary for him to make a speech on a Saturday, he insisted on being home by midnight and at his appointed place the following morning in Sunday school teaching the men's Bible class. His election to the highest office in the land did not change his routine, for until he had to leave for Washington he and his wife taught their respective classes each Sunday—she a class of little primaries in the department in which she had been teaching for over forty years.

Throughout his four years in the White House, he daily gathered his family together for family worship for a half-hour. There He sought "the wisdom that is from above." No wonder that his fellow church members testified of him after his death: "His walk and conversation became his profession. . . . He was a living epistle."

On one occasion General Harrison, standing in the vestibule of the church after a service, incidentally overheard a conversation between a very bright, keen-brained, young man who had attracted his eye and another man who had spoken to him about becoming a Christian and coming into the church. His ear caught the young man's reply, spoken in a serious and he thought rather a regretful tone, to the effect that he was not

able to accept Christianity, as there seemed to him insurmountable difficulties in the way of believing the Bible to be the Word of God, and as Christianity was founded on that, it did not seem possible for him to become a Christian.

This young man was poor, almost entirely unknown in the city, living in a modest room in a boarding-house. We can imagine his astonishment, two or three evenings later, when there



Benjamin Harrison

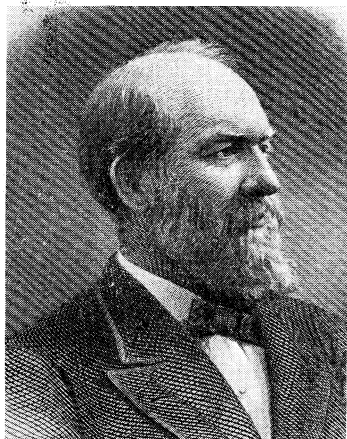
came a knock at his door, and Benjamin Harrison—the most distinguished lawyer in Indiana, at that moment a candidate for the United States Senate, an office to which he was elected a few days later, and a man frequently spoken of as a future president of the United States—was shown into his room. General Harrison at once made him feel at home, however, by frankly telling him that he had accidentally overheard his conversation at the church on the Sunday previous and that it had greatly interested him for the reason that he himself had formerly had the same difficulties, and naturally he felt a brotherly interest in any young man who was troubled in the same way he had been.

General Harrison followed up this statement with the further statement that, having thought the matter through to a satisfactory conclusion for himself, until he had rested his faith upon the Bible as the Word of God and had proved Jesus Christ as a personal Saviour, he had thought that perhaps this experience had peculiarly fitted him to be of some help to another man who found himself in a like situation.

Of course the young man was entirely disarmed and could not help being softened and melted into an openness of mind

BURIED WITH CHRIST

President Garfield's Diary Record of His Entry Into "Newness of Life"



James A. Garfield

As a school teacher of eighteen, James A. Garfield, who was to be the twentieth President of the United States, attended revival services—"protracted meetings" they were called—in the local Disciples of Christ Church. In his journal he records:

MARCH 3. *"At meeting by W. Lillie . . . feel considerably roused on the subject. Determined to investigate. Sun. eve. meeting determined to obey the gospel. Signified my intention of so doing."*

MARCH 4. *"Today I was buried with Christ in baptism and arose to walk in newness of life."*

MARCH 5-9. *Garfield attended services daily and repeatedly made entries expressing his joy in the Lord for his salvation.*

MARCH 10. *"Our little schoolhouse was filled to overflowing. The cause of God is prospering. In this place*

seventeen have made the good confession and are rejoicing in the hope of eternal life. Thanks be to God for His goodness. By the help of God I'll praise my Maker while I've breath."

In the fall of this same year (1850) in reviewing his past he makes the following entry:

OCTOBER 1. *"Two years ago I was taken with the ague in Cleveland. When I consider the sequel of my history thus far, I can see the providence of God in a striking manner. . . . Two years ago I had become ripe for run. On the canal . . . ready to drink every species of vice, and with the ultimate design of going on the ocean. . . . I was taken sick; unable to labor, went to school two terms, thus cultivating my moral and intellectual faculties, took a school in the winter, and greatest of all, obeyed the gospel. Thus by the providence of God I am what I am and not a sailor. I thank Him."*

When Garfield went off to Williams College in 1854 he maintained his Christian testimony among his classmates. One of them has described his behavior on a camping trip at the close of day atop Mount Greylock: "There was a goodly gathering of students about their campfire when Garfield, the recognized leader, taking a copy of the New Testament from his pocket, said, 'Boys, I am accustomed to read a chapter with my absent mother every night; shall I read it aloud?' All assenting he read to us the chapter his mother in Ohio was then reading and called on a classmate to pray."

Shortly after his conversion Garfield became a very successful preacher. One of his biographers records: "For full five years he preached somewhere nearly every Sunday. A number of churches can be named to which he preached 'one-half his time' for several years. He appeared occasionally in the pulpits of churches where he had no regular engagements. At the great 'yearly meetings' where thousands gathered under the old 'Bedford tent' or under the shade, he was a favorite peacher."

and heart to receive teaching under such circumstances.

With the keen, sharp skill of an able lawyer, softened by the kindness of Christian brotherhood, Benjamin Harrison drew out all the young man's mind and heart on the great subject

in hand. He soon saw every point of difficulty; and as they came to the front, one by one, with logical clearness he disposed of them, never leaving a point until his young friend was entirely satisfied that his objection was gone. And so they

talked, on and on, utterly oblivious of time, until at last the young man admitted that all his objections had been answered; that every difficulty had been cleared away; and with deep emotion announced his faith in Jesus Christ and his determination to accept him and serve him as his Lord.

When at last the conversation was brought to this happy conclusion they arose to their feet, and when the General looked at his watch he found to his amazement that it was some hours past midnight and was nearing the morning. So completely given up to the great purpose of winning this young man to accept Christ had been this famous statesman and distinguished lawyer, that he had been utterly oblivious to the passing of time. All that evening, for hours, his political friends had been searching for him, that they might counsel with him regarding his candidacy for the United States Senate; but he had been utterly forgetful of his own political interests and lost in the intense earnestness with which he had entered into the spiritual interests of another.

Acknowledgments

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The portions of Garfield's diary may be found in *James Abram Garfield, Life and Letters* by T. S. Smith. The story of Cleveland's "coat of arms" is told in *Grover Cleveland, The Man and the Statesman* by R. McElroy.

The quotation from John Adams is from one of his letters to Thomas Jefferson.

Reproduction in facsimile of President Grant's letter on the last page was made possible through the courtesy of Philip E. Howard, Jr., the present editor of the *Sunday School Times*.

"Christian Missions" by Wm. Howard Taft is based on his personal observations while Governor General of the Philippine Islands and is taken from an address delivered before the Laymens Missionary Movement in New York City, April 20, 1908.

Witnessing in Hong Kong

By LOUISE SCHULTZ

I arrived safely in Hong Kong May 24th. Praise the Lord!

Everybody was surprised to see me so well. When I left in 1948, there was not much hope for my recovery. How wonderfully Jesus healed me from my heart trouble and sent me again to the land of my calling. Thank You, thank You, Jesus!

How graciously, the Lord has led me—supplied my needs and opened the way to China for me! And the Lord had a place prepared for me, not the way I had planned but as He had planned for me. I am staying with Brother and Sister Clifford Morrison in Shatin, New Territories. Brother Morrison is the principal of the Ecclesia Bible School. There are a great many opportunities in the many surrounding villages to witness for the Lord.

Please pray that I may get a Bible woman filled with the Holy Spirit who will go with me from house to house in these villages, in the hospitals, etc., witnessing to the wonderful plan of salvation. Also pray that I might be able to rent a place for her near where I live. It is very

difficult to rent places because of the many refugees from Communist China.

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS

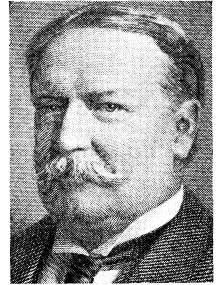
By WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT

I have known a good many people who were opposed to foreign missions. I have known a good many regular attendants at church—consistent members—that religiously, if you choose to use that term, refused to contribute to foreign missions. I confess that there was a time when I was enjoying a smug provincialism, that I hope has left me now, when I rather sympathized with that view. Until I went to the Orient, until there was thrust upon me the responsibilities with reference to the extent of civilization in those far distant lands, I did not realize the importance of foreign missions. . . .

Therefore such a movement as this must enlist the sympathy and aid of all who understand the great good that these self-denying men who go so far to accomplish their good are doing. . . .

It is not a life of ease; it is not a life of comfort and luxury. I don't know how many have felt that thing I think physicians call 'nostalgia.' I don't know whether you have experienced that sense of distance from home, that being surrounded by an alien people, that impression that if you could only have two hours of association with your old friends at home, if you could only get into a street car and sit down or hang by a strap, in order to be near your friends. I tell you when you come back after an absence of five or ten years, even the strap seems a dear old memory.

Those men are doing a grand good work. I don't mean to say that there are not exceptions among them, that sometimes they don't make mistakes and sometimes they don't meddle in something it would be better for them from a political standpoint to keep out of; but I mean, as a whole, those thousands [of missionaries] in other countries worthily represent the best Christian spirit of this country and worthily are doing the work that you have sent them out to do.



William H. Taft

Editor's note: Mr. Clifford Morrison is an uncle of Eleanor Malhus Morrison's husband, Le Roy Morrison of Kenya, British East Africa.

PIONEERING AMONG THE ORIGINAL NYANG'ORIS



Miss Kathryn Roth

New address: Box 452, Kitale, Kenya, British East Africa

On April 2nd Miss Kathryn Roth moved from Nyang'ori Mission station to a place about one hundred miles away from Kitale. For some years she has felt the call of the Lord to work among the people in that vicinity. They are members of the same tribe she has been working with all along, although actually they are the original ones of this tribe. The people up here, known as the Nyang'oris or Nandis, broke away from these others some years back and moved up into this section. In the area where she is, there is no work amongst the Africans. The natives in this section are widely scattered as there are numerous white farmers who have hundreds of acres of land to themselves with the Africans as their laborers.

DAY BY DAY

Account of the Kirchheim Conference

KIRCHHEIM, GERMANY

Conducted by Hans R. Waldvogel

May 23. Sunday. The two week's conference begins. It is interesting to see the different groups coming, some on bicycles, some walking, others on chartered buses and by train. One group is from Zurich, Switzerland, and numbers have come from the different assemblies in southern Germany.

The conference is held in the *Goldener Adler Saal* (Golden Eagle Hall). Across the entire front of the platform are red and white hydrangeas backed by a solid line of small palm trees. Above the platform is the Scripture verse, "Because I live, ye shall live also." The theme song printed on the announcement of the meetings is "*Jesus Christus heisst die Botschaft*, the German version of A. B. Simpson's beloved hymn, "Jesus Only Is Our Message."

The Sunday morning meeting begins at nine o'clock. There is no Sunday evening service as many come from a distance and can make train connections only by leaving in the early evening from Kirchheim. Instead there is a lengthy afternoon meeting. Otherwise there are three meetings daily—morning worship, afternoon prayer meeting, and the evening service.

There was a packed hall for the afternoon service. A number of good, short testimonies brought real glory upon the meeting. Mr. Waldvogel preached an hour. (German audiences expect and appreciate long sermons.) After two hours of meeting there was no restlessness, no hurry to go, but people were still willing to stay to pray.

May 24. The meeting was charged with conviction and there was a very good response to the call of the Lord. A number of young people were especially dealt with. The way these people respond to the call of Jesus one cannot help but see their hunger and earnest cry for God.



Goldener Adler Saal
Kirchheim

May 25. Morning worships for the congregation were started today. The Bible study is to be from Revelation. There is a great zeal for God here that is rare. Businessmen, bankers, etc., are taking off from their jobs to have time with the Lord. Others come from distances and are having to pay for their lodging. Although these folks are not too well off, yet no sacrifice seems too great for them so that they may meet together at the feet of Jesus and learn of Him.

May 26. Tonight's meeting was made in heaven. The subject was "Victory through Praise." When the altar call was given, the majority of the congregation came forward. There was not enough room for them to kneel so they all just *stood* before the Lord as He filled them with His Spirit.

May 27. The morning worship service is packed out like a Sunday service because it is Ascension Day. (Religious festivals are holidays in Germany with all shops closed.) There was a prayer meeting in the afternoon. The folks here are very free in leading out in prayer. In the evening service the ascended, glorified Christ came, quickening all with His resurrection life.

May 28. In the evening meeting the Lord unsheathed the Sword of the Spirit. At the close the cleansed army of the redeemed all stood and renewed their allegiance to Jesus, the Captain of our salvation.

May 30. All the meetings have been bathed in the glory of the Lord. There has been a continuous rise in the manifestation of the power and presence of the Lord. A number of American G.I.'s from Stuttgart came, hungry for the Lord and the outpouring of His Spirit.

May 31. Another day in which there is great conviction and yet great glory. It is most unusual to see such conviction in meeting after meeting.

June 1. We find through public testimonies and personal contacts that a number have been healed and filled with the Spirit during the conference.

June 3. After hearing the German people sing their hymns one understands why they love to sing. Their hymns have such beautiful melodies, and all of their singing seems to be an expression of worship and consecration. Throughout the conference there has been a choir under the leadership of a brother who was formerly an organist in the state church but who has stepped out to follow the Lord. The evening service tonight was brought into the rest of God.

June 6. Pentecost Sunday. Our first communion service in Germany this morning. It has been raining very hard this afternoon, but that hasn't dampened the spirit of the people. The hall was packed, and people were standing throughout the service.

June 7. Pentecost Monday. Also a legal holiday. The last meetings of the conference. After the morning service was dismissed, a real spirit of prayer came upon the people and the majority stayed to wait upon the Lord. In the afternoon meeting many testified to how they had been healed in the services. The call of the Lord was to go forward, to triumph over our foes, for He is our Life and our Victory.

A Herald of Glad Tidings

The Life Story of Marie E. Brown

*Founder and Pastor of Glad Tidings Tabernacle,
New York City*

PART THREE

“AFTER we had been at the new mission (454 West 42nd Street) a year or so, it also began to be too small. We solved the problem temporarily by enlarging the hall to the back twenty-five feet, took up the first floor, and left a balcony seating fifty. The other two floors above we kept for missionaries.

“Those were times when the Spirit of the Lord was so manifesting Himself that there seemed to be a rain poured down everywhere. It truly was the time of the latter rain, and hungry hearts were being filled everywhere.

“One night, as we were tarrying, all at once the windows began shaking. Then the whole place shook and shook until we thought there was an earthquake. While this was taking place, six people rose to their feet simultaneously and sang marvelously in the Spirit, all speaking in different tongues but with the same interpretation. We then realized that it was indeed the power of God that had shaken the place.

“People possessed of evil spirits came in, and God, in marvelous ways, made His power felt. One man started to make fun at first, but the power of God took hold of him, and he fell to the floor like one dead. Brother Brown and I stood over him pleading the blood of Jesus, and Brother Brown cast this demon spirit out of him. He thrashed around for a time, and then was marvelously healed. A wonderful thrill came upon him, and he lifted up his hands and began to praise God. Afterwards he told how he had heard about us and was going to ‘show us something’! But God’s power was so mightily there it just shamed him. Later that young man was marvelously used of God.

“One night a Swedish brother came when the place was full, so I told him to come on the platform. After he had been seeking the Lord for quite some time, he began to pound the chair. I said, ‘Brother, don’t try to baptize the chair.’

“‘O Sister, you’re grieving the Spirit,’ he said.

“‘I’m glad to grieve this spirit,’ I replied. ‘Let’s stop it now.’

“He protested, ‘I was just ready to get my baptism.’

“I said, ‘God will never work while you are working. You’re trying to baptize yourself, so God can’t baptize you.’

“‘Well,’ he said, ‘I was trying to seek Him. Wasn’t my pounding the power?’

“‘No, it was yourself. The Holy Ghost doesn’t pound chairs and do things like that.’

“‘Then I’ll never get the baptism.’

“‘All you have to do is come to Jesus,’ I told him. ‘Just lift up your arms and hands. You don’t have to do that if you don’t want to, but there is something in lifting the hands that touches God. Just believe God is going to meet you.’

“So he got down at his chair again, lifted up his hands and began to praise God. It wasn’t ten minutes before the power of God came down upon him and he was slain. A tall man, he lay the whole length of that platform and talked in tongues, gave the interpretation, and other messages such as in those early days one heard and received—how that the Lord’s coming was so very, very near, and how we needs must watch and pray to be able to meet the Lord. It was very, very wonderful.

“I remember one night a young person receiving the baptism of the Holy Spirit. A Jewish brother and his wife who had been missionaries in China were in the meeting, and while this sister was receiving the Spirit, she spoke in a Chinese dialect they had learned. He interpreted the message something like this: ‘The clouds have parted. The Lord Jesus shall soon appear.’ (One could almost look through the ceiling; we were conscious that even now was the time!) She said it over and over. Again she repeated in that language, ‘Are you ready for that coming?’ Oh, how it searched us, and how it searched them who understood the words! Then the praise. Oh, the marvelous praises she uttered, all in the Chinese language, until the whole place fairly was lighted with the presence and power of God! It is a night that I still remember as if it were last night, because those times when God’s presence and power are so mightily cannot be forgotten.

STARTING THE DAY

“Just how do you start your day, Mrs. Brown?” asked the editor of Bread of Life.

“I always begin the day by praising God for a good night’s rest. And even if I haven’t had a good night’s rest, I praise Him anyway.

“Then I usually ask the Lord, ‘Say some little thing now to me.’ And usually He speaks to me by giving me some Scripture verse. Sometimes it’s a reference which I look up.

“And sometimes I wake up with a song, and that song goes with me all the day long.”

There is something stamped upon you and in you that just presses you on."

Once in a Chicago mission Mrs. Brown herself spoke in Chinese which brought a Chinese laundry man who was present face to face with the things of God. In the Stone Church, in the same city, she spoke in German. At another time in Toledo, Ohio, the Holy Spirit spoke through her in Latin and gave the interpretation so accurately that a college professor present was positive she knew Latin. "It was necessary for Bernice Lee, who was with me, to confirm the fact that I didn't. The professor then appeared provoked. He did not want to give in and acknowledge it was of the Lord."

Throughout her ministry Mrs. Brown has had repeated manifestations of this nature. One time in the Forty-Second Street Mission she burst forth in tongues in the closing prayer. Afterwards a Swedish brother came to her overjoyed, telling her how she had spoken in Swedish, saying, among other things, "There's honey in the rock." And just recently (May, 1954) she went to pray for a needy French woman at the altar, and as she did, she spoke in tongues. The woman exclaimed, "Now I know I'm going to be healed. You said in French, 'Rise up and take your victory.'"

But to return to the days of the Forty-Second Street Mission, Mrs. Brown continues, "After the

enlargement of our second hall, we saw the need of a building still larger and began meeting for prayer every morning from 10 to 12 o'clock, praying for the Lord to provide a larger building. One morning a sister of means came to our prayer meeting and said she felt moved to help us! Of course, we thought this to be straight from heaven—the answer to our prayer. However, within two weeks she had changed her mind.

"When this news reached us, you can imagine the disappointment. But a definite burden of prayer now rolled upon me, during which God showed me that this was a work of faith and He would not have us lean on the arm of flesh (a rich woman). 'But, Lord,' I argued, 'You have to use someone. Why not use the one who has the money?' He then let me see a platform or a throne, as it were, suspended halfway between heaven and earth. It seemed I was on the platform, and He said: 'Now you can touch heaven, or you can touch earth. To touch heaven means to trust in the Lord for all. To touch earth means to look to man to supply your need.' As I continued in prayer, I realized what my precious Lord was doing for us. What a wonderful privilege it is to live where we can touch heaven, where our eyes are kept on Him! From then on, I knew our church would not be built by the rich but by the humble, the poor, and the trusting ones.

(To be continued.)



Harris & Ewing.

President and Mrs. Coolidge

"Silent Cal"

"*ADEQUATE BREVITY*" is a fitting characterization of President Calvin Coolidge's speech, but perhaps this has been no more clearly illustrated than by the following anecdote.

One Sunday after President Coolidge had returned from attending church alone, his wife asked him what the minister had preached about.

"Sin," the President replied.

"What did he say about it?" Mrs. Coolidge queried.

"He was against it."

Knowing that many such stories are likely to be apocryphal, the editor of *Bread of Life* wrote Mrs. Coolidge to ask if this story was authentic and received a reply also brief but adequate, "It is true."

Although his spoken statements about religion were few and brief, they were, however, expressive and indicative of deep convictions, especially about the importance of personal Christian experience. "I think that the church must preach a new birth, a change of heart, and a change of living," said Mr. Coolidge in an interview a few months before his death. "I feel that too often this is not done." Then when asked about Prohibition, a burning issue of the time, he abruptly replied, "I've just decided that for you. Give a man a change of heart and the liquor problem will be solved for him."

The same interviewer later brought up the subject of prayer. "I read," he said, "that when you received the message of President Harding's death, you knelt in prayer. Is that true?"

"Yes, sir," was his simple reply.

"Do you pray in every crisis?"

"He made no verbal reply but gave an emphatic nod."

The Fundamental Principle

Of all philosophy and all Christianity
is

*"Rejoice always in all things!
Be thankful at all times for all good,
And all that we call evil."*

—JOHN ADAMS.

Second President of the United States.

in faith, motivated by love, secures to us all the riches of God's salvation. Disobedience is rebellion, eventually death. Careless or tardy obedience or obedience grudgingly given is an indication of lukewarmness, a state to be feared and most diligently shunned.

We read in Proverbs 10:19: "In the multitude of words there wanteth not sin." So the mere absence or shortage of words may be good. God wants more than that, however. He wants our tongues to be under control, under His control. Though our tongues may be beyond our power to tame, His grace is sufficient. Employed with His guidance and uttering the words His Spirit teaches, our tongues and lips can be fountains of life. He desires to have continuous control; "so (can) no fountain both yield salt water and fresh" (James 3:12). The Lord says that if a man offend not in word he is able to bridle the whole body. He wants to direct and inspire our deeds as well as our words. Can we say with Jesus, "I do always those things that please Him" (John 8:29)? Let us say with the apostle, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me" (Phil. 4:13).

SWIFT TO HEAR! SLOW TO SPEAK!

By ARTHUR WALDVOGEL

"Wherefore, my beloved brethren, let every man be swift to hear, slow to speak" (JAS. 1:19).

THIS injunction to be swift to hear obviously means more than to hear something as soon as it is spoken. God desires us to be attentive to what He says and diligent in obeying Him.

In a sense, God is always speaking, primarily through His Word, the Bible, but also by the life and witness of His faithful disciples and the "works of creation" (Rom. 1:20). Thus whether we hear Him speak or not depends largely upon our attention to Him. It is true that at times God calls with a loud, clear voice through the preaching of one of His servants or the medium of divine providence. But as the ticking of a clock, though continuing without intermission, is heard only when other sounds are subdued, God speaks continually and may be heard whenever we will hearken. Do we care enough about His voice to apply our hearts to

hear, to seek the quietness that makes His voice audible? Are we willing to sit at His feet or are we troubled about many things?

Obedience is the mark of a disciple. It is more than that. It is the path of life. Prompt, wholehearted obedience, yielded

As thy days, so shall thy strength be.

DEUT. 33:25.

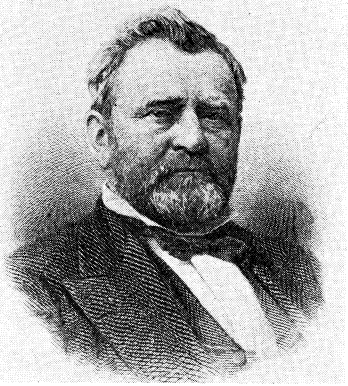
As a poor, beginning lawyer GROVER CLEVELAND, who later became the twenty-second president of the United States, secured a scroll with this Scripture verse inscribed on it and "illustrated with the figures of Life, Duty, and Death" which he hung on his bedroom wall. As he increased in material prosperity and advanced in political offices, he took his "coat of arms," as he called this motto, with him and kept it before him. Throughout his long political career of varying fortunes Cleveland's strong sense of duty impelled him to make numerous decisions which cost him much political favor. For the strength to make such decisions and to face the consequences He counted upon God to fulfill His promise so that he died with the satisfaction that comes from having "tried . . . to do right," with much favor among the people, and with the vindication of history.



Grover Cleveland

The Anchor of Liberties

A letter from President U. S. Grant to Dr. H. C. Trumbull, Editor of the Sunday School Times, in reply to a request for a message from him to the Sunday schools of the United States on the occasion of the nation's Centennial, July 4, 1876.



Washington June 6. 1876.

To the Editor of the Sunday School Times.
Philadelphia.

Your favor of yesterday asking a message from me to the Children and Youth of the United States to accompany your Centennial number, is this moment received.

My advice ^{to Sunday schools no matter what their denomination} ~~to them~~ is: Mold fast to the Bible as the sheet anchor of your liberties write its precepts in your hearts and practice them in your lives.

To the influence of this Book all we indebted for all the progress made in true civilization and to this we must look as our guide in the future.

"Righteousness exalteth a nation,
but sin is a reproach to any people."

Yours respectfully
U. S. Grant