

Finding One's Life

By ELDER EUGENE BROOKS

"Then said Jesus unto his disciples, If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me. For whosoever will save his life shall lose it: and whosoever will lose his life for my sake will find it" (MATT. 16:24, 25).

AFTER the words, "Take up your cross," are some of the greatest words in the Bible, it seems to me. You have heard them many times. I do not know what you have done with them. I hope you know them so well that you are obeying them—carrying out their instructions.

"If any man will save his life, he shall lose it." Does that seem strange to you? Surely not. If any man would save his life—*perhaps* he will lose it? No, but whosoever will save his life **SHALL** lose it. The eternal declaration of an eternal God! There is no escape from it. If you want to save your life, you are going to lose it.

The other is contrary to that. "Whosoever will lose his life for My sake shall find it." He is bound to find it. He cannot miss it. The whole armies of heaven are on the side of the man who will lose his life. All the powers of heaven are arrayed against the powers of hell to fight for the man who will lose his life for Christ's sake. He is bound to be victorious, for he has God on his side.

Here are two statements, two decrees. They are not "hope so" or "trust so" or "wish so." No, they are so. They are plain, unvarnished declarations of the eternal God. "If any man will save his life he shall lose it." If this is not a serious thing, I do not know what is serious. If I am do-

ing anything to save my life, if I am doing many things, or a few things, or just one thing to save my life, then it is a lost life for me. My, that is serious! Is it not? It is solemn.

What is it that you are yielding to that troubles your conscience a little bit, and yet you do not give it up? What is it that is bothering you and you know you ought not to do it? There is a delight in it, and you think it is not serious. "I am enjoying it, and the thing seems so insignificant; I do not see why I should have to give it up." That is the straw that will break your back. It may appear a very small thing.

There may be a multitude of things, but if there is only one—just one little path you do not like to walk in, just one little duty you do not like to perform, just one idol, an insignificant looking thing because it has been covered over with gold and you do not want to part with it. You say, "It is not a big thing like Isaac." You say, "I have given up many things and far greater, but here is this little thing." You have your eyes on some great thing that you have to do, but you do not see that it is the little foxes that are gnawing at the vines, and that little thing is perhaps the thing that will cause you to lose your life.

"Ought a person to give up everything? Does not the Lord want us to have a good time in this

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world? Cannot I have a little enjoyment?"

Well, what is your galvanized idol? What is it that God is dealing with you about? It may be your nasty old pipe, or your rotten cigarettes.

You say, "Why should not I have a little more rest on Sunday mornings? I have worked hard all week." That may be the idol you enjoy so much. A little more slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep! There are many folks who like to steal God's time. The Lord gives you His day for a day of praise and worship, and you waste it in sleep. You will have to settle it somewhere with God. Just go on your way and think you know best, but God will ask you what you have done with your talent. And the unprofitable servant was cast out into outer darkness.

When you are sick and feel like going to bed, maybe God wants you to go and pray for someone else who is sicker than you are. Maybe God wants you to go to the service, to the prayer meeting, to the missionary meeting when you think you are sick enough to stay at home. Don't you know that if you got up and went you would get well?

"If any man will lose his life for my sake, he shall find it."

If you are trying to save your life you will not bear your cross, you lay the cross down somewhere, you neglect it some place. If you are trying to save your life, you will have a time enjoying yourself in the flesh, or you will declare you are weak or sick and unable to do the thing God wants you to do—making some excuse, when God says He is your enablement. You take your feelings instead of God's Word. God has said that He is our strength. You say you are timid, you are backward. That is the devil. Resist the devil and he will have to go. Do what God tells you to do.

When God has laid on your conscience an obligation, He will enable you if you will put yourself in His hands. If you get in line with God, He will meet you with strength and wisdom and enable you to do the thing He wants you to do. But you have to go along supernatural lines. The one who is going to depend on the natural and walk in the flesh, he is going to lose his life. He will miss the good things of God, the great things of the Kingdom. He may be saved by the skin of his teeth,

but he will lose the greater things.

God has the power, and as soon as you take the step, as soon as you move out and take your stand on God's Word—whether you can see anything to step on or not—He will not fail you. Take the initiative and by faith risk yourself on God. Say, "I will go unto the King as Esther did. 'It is against the law of the Medes and Persians, but I am going to risk my life for God and others. If I die, I die; but I will give my life to save my people.'" Use your will power.

You take your stand for God and refuse to do the thing that your flesh desires. If you sit around and wait for God to do everything for you, until you feel some power coming upon you, you will lose the victory. Where would be your faith? God wants you to step out by faith and do what He has told you to do, even if it does seem impossible and if it does look as though you might fail. God will not fail you. How are you ever going to walk into these things God is offering, if you do not do it by faith, if you do not resist and ignore your feelings, your weaknesses, if you do not overcome your physical inability by looking to God and trusting Him to do as He has promised? There are lots of crowns lost, lots of thrones lost and kingdoms lost just because men and women will not rise up in the strength of the Lord and do that thing that is impossible with you but not impossible with God.

I have had a little experience, and I want to tell you that I

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The Fighting Elder

A Life Sketch of Elder Eugene Brooks

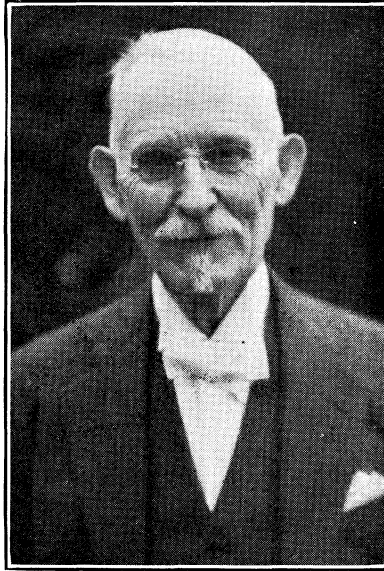
by the Editor

A GOOD SOLDIER of Jesus Christ, Elder Eugene Brooks, of Zion, Illinois, answered the call of his great Captain for higher service on October 4, 1954. For over sixty years Elder Brooks had fought the good fight of faith as a minister of the gospel resulting in many victories for the Kingdom of God. From the Atlantic to the Pacific he ministered extensively in the United States and Canada, and through the many ministers and missionaries whom he trained and inspired his influence became world-wide. The secret of this influence was a life utterly devoted to God which brooked of no compromise with the world, the flesh, or the devil.

He was born in what he humorously referred to as "the capital of the world," Bowling Green, Virginia, June 9, 1956. At the age of seventeen, after eighteen months of deep conviction, he was converted and baptized in the Christian Church. Immediately thereafter the young convert had his first spiritual battle which although very simple is characteristic of the way in which he fought and won throughout his whole life.

"After I was saved," Elder Brooks recalled, "those in charge of the prayer meetings would call on me to pray. I didn't like this; and one night as I was going to the midweek service, I determined to put a stop to it. Immediately the question came to me, 'Are you unwilling to do that much for the Lord?' I continued to pray publicly, but it was exceedingly difficult for me."

From the time he had been five years old he knew he "had to preach." It was not until twelve years after his conver-



Elder Eugene Brooks

1856-1954

sion, however, that he entered his years of service. In the intervening years he had tried to get an education with a view to entering the ministry, but ill health had forced him to give up his plans. Then his local pastor offered to help him and urged him "to come to his house to study . . . so that if and when there would be an opening I would be ready."

Soon the Macedonian call came from a suburb of Cincinnati, Ohio. "When I arrived in Cincinnati in 1885, Isaac Erret, the head of the Standard Publishing House and the leading man in the Christian Church, met me and said, 'Mr. Brooks, I'm sorry that a young man just starting the ministry has come to this church. The church is dead. It is the oldest Christian Church in the state. We've had the biggest men here, but they've been unable to do a thing.' His words didn't trouble

me. If there was any place in the world that would listen to my preaching, I didn't care how dead it was."

But God honored the efforts of His new recruit so that immediately there was a marvelous growth in the congregation and after a time he was "recommended for the pastorate of the Christian Church at Minneapolis, which at that time paid one of the largest salaries of the denomination."

Rapidly failing health, however, caused the doctor to order him to Colorado. There he had two charges, seventy-five miles apart, at one of which, Buena Vista, he saw the erection of a beautiful church building as the result of his labors. His health returned and for about three years he ministered in and around Denver, erecting another church in Berkley Lake.

After two years spent in Kansas City, Missouri, Elder Brooks was called to the pastorate of the Christian Church in Findlay, Ohio, in 1893. Within two years the membership increased by five hundred, so that he had the largest congregation in the city, the banner Sunday school in the county, and his salary was increased from six hundred to eighteen hundred dollars a year.

In the midst of such success, however, Elder Brooks was becoming weaker until he had to ride the two blocks from his home to the church and had to sit in his chair while he preached, "determined never to give up." This condition was caused by a complication of acute indigestion, constipation, and hemorrhoids which bled so profusely that his shoes filled with blood as he preached.

"I had been operated on fif-

teen times in Kansas City and twice in Denver" for the hemorrhoids without success. "I had become weak from loss of blood. I had taken all sorts of medicine to cure my ailments until medicine would not work. My diet finally consisted of toast and boiled milk, the only food I was able to retain; and this, of course, aggravated my constipation.

God in His mercy began to show the dying pastor that He is the Healer of sickness first by letting him see a woman, who had been completely paralyzed and "seemingly in the throes of death" when he prayed with her one day, perfectly well the next day, healed by the power of God. Other examples of the healing of incurable diseases in answer to the prayer of a minister in Chicago, Dr. John Alexander Dowie, were brought to his attention.

"While I was conducting my midweek service one Wednesday night in April, 1896, the conviction seized me, 'Chicago tonight.' I felt if I was going to die, I might as well die in Chicago. Then I thought I would just see if there was anything in divine healing.

"After I arrived in Chicago the next morning I secured my usual breakfast—toast and milk—and then went to Zion Home. This Home was conducted by Dr. and Mrs. Dowie for the purpose of affording a place where those sick children of God, seeking Him alone for healing of the body, might come to receive instruction in God's way of healing and be prayed for in accordance with His Word. The use of all medicines was strictly forbidden to all residents, for when one entered the Home he did so with the full understanding that he had come there to trust God alone. In this Home I secured a room and retired to it until dinner time.

"When I heard the dinner bell

I faced my first conflict. What would I do about eating? For eight years I had had very severe attacks of indigestion about three or four times a year and these attacks would last from three to four weeks at a time. I was afraid to ask for my usual meal, for I somehow had the feeling that the people there didn't believe in dieting. I was afraid to go out for my dinner for fear someone would follow me, and I had paid for my board anyway. I was up against it—between Bozez and Seneh. 'What shall I do?' I questioned. I thought, hesitat-

VICTORY

*Fight on, my soul, and take no rest,
Nor backward look upon the past;
The thing thou hast desired most,
Is even now within thy grasp.*

*Then upward look, nor be dismayed,
Nor wed thyself to things below;
But press with dauntless courage on,
And capture kingdoms as you go.*

Eugene Brooks.

ed, and then decided, 'I'll eat if it kills me.' Then and there God met me. I went to the table and ate a hearty meal. It didn't trouble me a bit. I was perfectly delivered from my indigestion.

"I attended the meetings and was prayed for several times but received no help for my other ailments. From Thursday to Sunday I ate all my meals. By that time I felt pretty miserable because of constipation.

"At the Sunday night service in the Home Dr. Dowie preached on 'Fear Not.' As he did, I was having a little private matter out with the Lord. I was battling up in the heavenlies but every once in a while I would come down to earth and hear Dr. Dowie saying, 'Fear not.'

"God had made me to know I would have to trust Him or the doctors. All my life I had

depended on human help—doctors, drugs, medications. Now to throw all these down and to make a covenant never to use them again was some step. To change masters, renouncing the one and acknowledging the Other where I didn't know the Other very well, was no easy matter. In my conflict, which raged while Dr. Dowie was preaching, I seemed to be on a precipice a thousand feet high. God was saying, 'Jump, and I'll catch you.'

"'But I can't see you, Lord.'

"'I am here.'

"'But, God, it's dark and there are rocks below.' At last by the strength of God I made this covenant with Him:

"'Father, You have promised; I believe You. You are the Healer. I will never take another dose of medicine; I will never have a doctor as long as I live. If I die, I'll die in Your hands and You shall be responsible for it. So help me, God, Amen.'

"For twenty years of my life I had suffered from constipation. After I made this covenant with God I was immediately and perfectly healed. Praise His name!

"However, I still had the hemorrhoids. I was prayed for repeatedly, but to my knowledge I received no help. The Lord was compelling me to pray through to many other deliverances before granting the final victory. But God had proved to me that He was the Healer, and consequently after six weeks, after my return to Findlay, I besieged the gates of heaven night and day. As I did so the Lord showed me that I had to make a number of things right in my life. I had to go to about a dozen people to ask their forgiveness.

"Three days after I had finished straightening things up, I went to bed with my remaining ill as bad as it had been in the eighteen years I had had it.

About four o'clock in the morning I awoke. The whole world seemed supernaturally quiet; a great stillness came over me. I knew something had happened. Then I discovered I was healed. Afterwards I realized that not only had the Lord completely healed me, but He had sanctified my nature thereby making me a victor over those things in my life which had defeated me repeatedly."

After his healing Elder Brooks' ministry was greatly enlarged and he labored abundantly in Virginia, Ohio, and then in Victoria, British Columbia. Everywhere the Lord confirmed his preaching "with signs following." Many were converted and a number of outstanding miracles of healing occurred in answer to his prayer. Great persecution also followed his ministry of divine healing, but out of it all the Lord delivered him and enabled him to be faithful. It was because of the many altercations and combats in which Elder Brooks engaged that he was nicknamed "The Fighting Elder."

In 1900 God provided a valiant helpmeet for Elder Brooks, Sarah Leggett, of Ontario, Canada. She also had been miraculously healed under Dr. Dowie's ministry and had been given a ministry from God in her own right.* Loyally Mrs. Brooks stood by his side, complementing his ministry so that it became more effective and blessed of God until she went to be with the Lord in 1949, at the age of eighty-three. Twice during the first two years of their married life and once again later on her husband was imprisoned for the gospel's sake. Bravely she shared the reproach, and courageously she assumed the care for the flock who loved their shepherds with unusual devotion. Two children,

Ruth and Eugene, came to brighten their home.

From 1902 to 1910 Elder and Mrs. Brooks ministered in Toronto, Ontario, and vicinity. During this time the Pentecostal outpouring came to Toronto, and together they sought until they were filled with the Holy Spirit. This experience resulted in a complete change in their life and ministry.

First of all, they were led into a life of trust for their material needs. For three years they had many testings "not only living day by day but meal by meal. God miraculously supplied just when needed and not beforehand. And He never failed us, though we had but plane fare sometimes." This was God's training school for the next step where God would lead Elder and Mrs. Brooks into a Faith Home and expect them to believe Him not only for their own needs but also for those whom the Lord brought into the Home.

In the meantime God brought them into fellowship with Martha Wing Robinson who was led of God to open a Faith Home in 1909, and they joined her in this ministry. Later other ministers were added to this nucleus and together conducted this work of the Lord. In 1910 a Faith Home was opened in Zion,

Illinois, and the Toronto home subsequently closed. While each of the ministers had his part in this work Elder Brooks occupied a prominent place among them. The purpose of such a home is best given in Elder Brooks' own words:

"The Lord desired some place where His children might come to find Jesus in a deeper way. Ministers and missionaries from all over this land and from other countries have come to seek the Lord with us—some spending a few days, some a few weeks, and some staying even months, as the Lord leads. In addition to this we have helped young men and women prepare for the Lord's work."

Through the years thousands of people came to the Homes for shorter or longer periods of time for inspiration and for instruction in the deeper things of God. Renewed and refreshed they have gone out to feed the hungry multitudes elsewhere—everywhere.

While Elder and Mrs. Brooks' ministry was centered in Zion from 1910, they were continually being called upon to hold special services in churches throughout the country. Responding to these invitations as the Lord led, the people where

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Testimonial Dinner for Elder Brooks

On his ninetieth birthday in 1946 numerous friends from all over the country gathered to celebrate the occasion. From left to right are Pastor Hans Waldvogel of Brooklyn, N. Y., Miss Hilda Nilsson, Mrs. Wm. Brooks (Aunt Lena), Elder Brooks and his wife, and his daughter, Ruth.

*The account of Mrs. Brooks' healing will appear in the December issue of BREAD OF LIFE.—Editor.

Knowing His Will

By HANS R. WALDVOGEL

For this cause we also, since the day we heard it, do not cease to pray for you, and to desire that ye might be filled with the knowledge of his will in all wisdom and spiritual understanding; that ye might walk worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing, being fruitful in every good work and increasing in the knowledge of God; strengthened with all might, according to his glorious power, unto all patience and longsuffering with joyfulness; giving thanks unto the Father, which hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light (COL. 1:9-12).

HOW very real, how very simple the truth of God becomes to a person who reads the Bible in the Holy Ghost! I would just like to emphasize, therefore, this one thing: the necessity of meditating upon the Bible until you hear Christ and His word becomes life, receiving it not only intellectually, but in the heart.

We ought to become acquainted with the history of the Bible just like school children study American history. We ought to know that Moses belongs in the Old Testament and not in the New, and that Jonah didn't swallow the whale but the whale swallowed Jonah.

But also we ought to get down before God and eat the Bible with our soul. If you do, you come to a place where it tastes like honey. There is power in it. The breath of heaven is in it. While the world cannot hear the voice of the Son of God, you hear it. Jesus talks. Jesus talks *to you* from this Bible. You don't know how it works, but it just works. While your mind is at rest, you feel the power of that Word working. I meditated over one scripture text of ten words for three or four years drawing life out of the Word. You must have times when you get alone with God over the truth of the Bible.

The Apostle Paul prayed for the Colossians "that ye might be filled with the knowledge of His will" (Col. 1:9). Oh, to know the will of God and to be filled

with the knowledge of His will! But we don't realize how much we have our own wills until we begin to make this Word our daily food. People who wait for voices, for visions, and for "prophecies" to make them know the will of God are on the wrong track. This Word is His will. All prophecy has to flow out of this Bible, and the person who prophesies cannot prophesy safely if he doesn't live the Bible, if he hasn't the Bible in his heart, his bones, and his life. This Word is Christ Himself.

To be filled with the knowledge of His will requires that kind of Bible study that says, "Jesus, what would You have me to do?" Then the will of God is set into you. There are people who in very important questions of their lives do not know the will of God. They have not been filled with the knowledge of His will in all wisdom and spiritual understanding. When you take Christ like that you do not discuss things with the flesh any more. You have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts. You may be tempted but that thing is settled. You are filled with the knowledge of His will in all wisdom and spiritual understanding.

"They that love Me and seek Me early shall find me." Isn't this wonderful, that we can be filled with the knowledge of the will of our heavenly Father in all wisdom and spiritual understanding? To be filled with His

will is heaven. His will is more wonderful than the Garden of Eden; His will is a place of fellowship and glory.

"Filled with the knowledge of His will." It only comes when we begin to obey God moment by moment. Do you suffer to do the will of God? Do you suffer to obey Him? "That ye might walk worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing?"

If you ask God for conviction, He will certainly give it to you. When I came into Pentecost, God gave me a trembling heart and a hearing ear. I heard Christ Himself. And today I must have God. But as soon as you come with a critical mind you do not hear it. There is a place, where you can shut your own will against the Word of God, but when the heart is open you will hear God everywhere, you will see Christ everywhere. The very squeaking of the street car will bring you a message from heaven. Somehow the Lord Jesus will convey His message to you through everything.

Don't you know that the glory of Jesus Christ dominates heaven and earth and sky? There is no power anywhere but in Christ for the child of God that has been redeemed and is living for God. Don't you be afraid. Fear not. If God can keep you in His grace and under the blood, you need not even bother to fear. The only thing you and I have to bother about is to be filled with the knowledge of His will.

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Times of Refreshing

From the Presence of the Lord in Kirchheim, Hamburg, Berlin, and Rendsburg, Germany

AFTER the close of the Stuttgart campaign, two weeks of meetings were held in Kirchheim (September 5-19). Kirchheim records a continuous revival. Pastor and Mrs. Walter Waldvogel have been holding fort there, and God gave them a hall some time ago. However, this hall is already too small to hold the crowds



The Church in Hamburg

Many who came from the East Zone for the conference had to be cared for by the church. Accommodations were made for 70 to sleep in the church basement and on the last Sunday 200 were fed.

that come, especially on Sunday morning. We are praying the Lord to supply this need for Kirchheim. The word Kirchheim itself means church home, but it certainly needs a church where the full gospel is being preached and practiced, and we trust that God who has begun a good work in that city will also finish it gloriously.

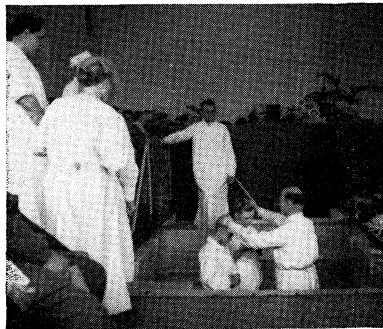
Then followed a conference in Hamburg where God gave a gracious revival. The Hamburg conferences are always large gatherings attended by visitors from all parts of Germany. Year after year our friends have come even from the East Zone. This year again quite a number came, but there were others who desired to do so but were not able to obtain permission to cross the border.

There is a tendency to pity these people but their bright, glowing testimonies caused us to see how true God is and how He can "provide a table even in the wilderness." A minister from Hamburg, who had just returned from the East Zone, told us that he was blessed by the large percentage of young people in the meetings there. Being a Christian

there means a real consecration because it can mean the loss of everything.

On the last Sunday evening, before taking leave of one another, the people from the East Zone were called upon to testify. One young man gave a victorious testimony of what Jesus meant to him. Then he said, "The Lord is real to us where we are. I am glad to see that you have Him in your midst here in the west, too.

Then a woman got up and with great joy told us that after many hindrances they had finally arrived on Saturday morning. That night in the meeting she received a wonderful baptism in the Holy Ghost. She had hardly finished when a brother in the Lord jumped to his feet and told us that he too had received the baptism on Saturday evening. He told us he had come to Hamburg with two empty things. One was his heart,



Baptismal Service in Hamburg

Pastor O. Lardon is seen praying for two before baptizing them.

the other a notebook. Now at the close of the meetings he said that his heart was filled to overflowing but the notebook was still empty.

Christians here should take these people into their hearts and pray for them. They not only need much grace to stay true but grace also to be witnesses in the place where they are. God can through them cause a fire to begin burning that no man can quench. The whole church in Hamburg meets every morning for a period of prayer and God is continually pouring out His power there, saving souls and baptizing with the Holy Ghost as well as performing signs and wonders in healing the sick.

After the Hamburg meetings we had a few days free and took the opportunity to go to Berlin and have a meeting with our friends there. Though just one meeting may not mean much to most people, yet to the people of that city it brings untold joy and encouragement. It was a joy to us too to feel the deep reality of their spiritual experience. Having lost everything, never knowing what may befall them from one day to the next, the Christians there have really learned to make God their Refuge and Strength.

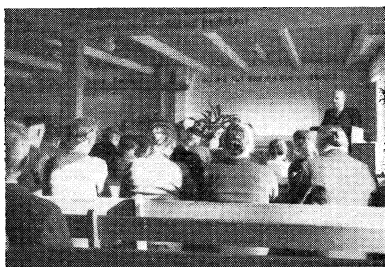
In northern Germany, near the border of Denmark, lies an old fortress town, Rendsburg. It was here we had our last appointment, October 7-10. The town is filled far beyond its capacity with people that have fled there to find shelter from the oppression of their rulers. Around the town lie various camps filled to overflowing with refugees. Because of this large population many are without work and there is much poverty and physical need there. God has planted a very wonderful Pentecostal assembly in Rendsburg composed almost entirely of people who are as "pilgrims and strangers" on this earth. Most of them have tales of sorrow and suffering behind them. That is perhaps the reason that they have found God in such a real way.

Brother Franz Wegner has been holding fort there for some years. After he got acquainted with us during a convention in Hamburg, he invited us very warmly to come to his place. He was a little bit fearful of the consequences because we had been looked upon by many as being sort of different. However, after a few days of meetings, when God's blessing began to fall, he was beside himself with joy and said that the



Interior of Hamburg Church

Taken on the last Sunday morning of the conference when there was a combination baptismal and communion service.



Interior of Rendsburg Hall

Taken during a morning Bible study hour. Pastor Wegner is at the pulpit.

whole work had been transformed into a blossoming garden of God. So we were not surprised when this year he urged us to come there again.

In Rendsburg, as well as in Hamburg, we met a number of people from behind the Iron Curtain who had come with hungry hearts, and God poured out His power and glory very copiously. There were such praises and harmonies when the heavenly choir sang, and the glories of God that swept through the place have to be experienced in order to be fully appreciated and understood. Though only a small assembly, they have one of the finest choirs that we ever heard, and another interesting thing is that a number of their young men have felt and answered the call of God to work for Him and have willingly consecrated all unto Him.

Prayer and much prayer has been the secret of whatever success God has been able to give in the Ridgewood Pentecostal Church and for this cause we have been striving in working with others across the ocean, to teach especially the ministry there that in order to do a work for God they must draw from the fountain of living waters. And we are very happy to record that everywhere men are laying hold of this great truth. The ministers whom we have been privileged to work with have caught the vision and realize that unless they abide at the fountain their work will dry up. Brother Lardon in Hamburg, Brother and Sister Waldvogel in Kirchheim, the folks in Wuppertal, and Brother Wegner in Rendsburg, too, are spending much time waiting upon the Lord. In fact, all our meetings in all these places have been marked by a marvelous spirit of prayer that seemed to get hold of all the people and this, of course, is the secret of success anywhere.

FINDING ONE'S LIFE

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would rather go through it again, even multiplied by ten, than to face a disappointed Saviour when I meet Him. My jail experiences did not hurt me a bit, and the few maulings I got did not kill me, for I am here yet, and all these things worked out for me a "far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." And they will do it for you. You will not be called to go to jail, I suppose, and you may not have to have mobbings, as I had. But what God is after is that you surrender, give all to Him, consecrate yourself soul and body.

If you have started on the right path you are bound to suffer loss. You must lose everything you have got; you cannot carry even a pin of your own into the Kingdom. You cannot take along any of your old relics—those wonderful things you cherish so much, which were handed down from your great, great grandmother. They will all have to go into that great conflagration that is coming to this world, if they have not gone before. Some folks think more of a little old clock that is two hundred years old than they are thinking about their Lord. You have got to put these things aside and deny yourself. "Therefore whosoever he be that forsaketh not all that he hath, cannot be my disciple."

If you are looking for a bed of roses, then you are mistaken, for you are going to find thorns and thistles. You may refuse the cross, you may shun the cross, you may try to get around it, or jump over it, but that cross is going to face you somewhere along the way, and the right thing to do is to take it up now.

The wise thing to do is to bare your soul to God, to offer your life to Him, to cast yourself up-

on the altar and pray that God will cleanse you and purify you, and make you what He wants you to be at any cost. For unless you are surrendered to God; unless you give your life into His hands and let Him have His way, you are going to fail in the great thing He wants to give you, and not only so, but you are going to fail in the enjoyment and peace in this life.

If you want to have the happiest life, the most enjoyable time, the most victorious life, and the greatest pleasure, then take the way of the cross. It is a little hard for a time, but it brings victory and the greatest blessing to your own soul as well as to your fellowmen. It brings joy and peace and the greatest delight of any course you can pursue.

The Fighting Elder

(Continued from page 5.)

they labored were able to profit by their ministry reinforced as it was by their wide experience and intimate knowledge of Christ. Thus assemblies were built up and set into God. Especially was this true of the Ridgewood Pentecostal Church where they visited repeatedly, especially during the early years. Elder's dynamic preaching wrought deep conviction in his hearers and resulted in changed lives.

Although Elder Brooks' public labors were many and extensive, preaching sometimes twice daily, yet his main duty, he felt, was prayer. This he felt to be his great need and the great need of all the people of God. Not only did he preach this but set the example by spending literally hours a day in his prayer closet. Of him it could be truly said he gave himself "to the ministry of the Word and to prayer." His time during the last seven years has been spent in almost continuous interces-

sion for the people of God individually or collectively.

It was a large congregation which gathered on October 7 to give their last salute to this leader in God's army who had fought so valiantly and now had laid down his armor. Many ministers were present, a large number of whom he had helped ordain. Many fitting tributes were given but none more so than that of one of his oldest associates, George Finner. He reminded those present of the day when heaven will be opened and He whose name is "called Faithful and True . . . the Word of God" would come forth followed by the armies in heaven—those who had been "called and chosen and faithful"—upon white horses going forth to win the final conquest. "And the next time you see Elder Brooks it will be upon a white horse following His Great Captain!"

You will not want to miss the inspiring story of Sarah L. Brooks' healing in the December issue of BREAD OF LIFE. Order your copy today.

Knowing His Will

(Continued from page 6.)

How we need to pray a prayer like this!

I feel that today, thousands of years after the world has had the Bible, we are only beginning to taste a little bit of what God has given to humanity. Today I say, "My God, am I ever going to reach the bottom of this well?" There is always deeper wisdom. How slow we are to lay hold on these treasures God has for us!

This is the Bible under whose authority Jesus Christ laid down His life. This is the root from which the tree springs. This is the main foundation from which all the springs flow forth in your heart and my heart. We need to get to our Bible and get acquainted with it the way God wants us to for our own souls and our own lives.



Eternal Life

Edited notes taken of a talk given by Mrs. Robinson on her birthday, November 14, 1929.

WE DON'T know what it means—eternity. We think about going to heaven. What does heaven mean to you? Does it mean life in Jesus, or does it mean gold streets? "So you believe in golden streets, Mrs. Robinson?" Yes, I believe the streets are gold . . . [But] we don't have to think about the things, nor do we have to think about the ways in heaven, nor the harps that have to be played.

What do you believe you are going to do in eternity? Do you believe you are going to live in the earth, and the human, and the everyday experiences of yourself, and then you are going right off to heaven? Wouldn't you be a little out of place? Wouldn't you be a little strange if you aren't used to staying every moment with Him here?

Children of the Lord, don't think it is an idle call. Know that God chose to say it today because we have yet the one message, Jesus. Do you know that this is eternal life? What is eternal life? When does it

begin? Some people say when you die, but it tells in one of the familiar chapters what eternal life is. What is it? "Oh, yes, I have seen that in the Bible lots of times." And you didn't know that this is eternal life, to know Him?

Having heard Him witness of Himself, having met Him, O children, the Lord Jesus Christ wants you to get to the place where every moment is His. And then all the rest will just work out by Him—where we are going to be, what we are going to be, and how we are going to be occupied, who we are going to be. . . .

We don't want others to go up in the rapture, and we stay behind. . . . It isn't for the people who are looking for the hope of heaven . . . and it isn't for the people who are looking to be caught up. It is to those that look for HIM. Unto those that look for HIM shall He appear.

You see, Jesus Christ was careful to keep Himself before our vision, and the center and the circumference of all life . . . is to know Him.

DID YOU NOTICE

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS OFFER

ON PAGE 2?

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Ambassadors to Formosa

On October 5 Miss Pearl Young of Nova Scotia and Miss Elizabeth Lindau of Brooklyn sailed from San Francisco to undertake missionary work in Formosa. Writing from the Philippines Miss Young says, "We have very much to be thankful for on this trip. The weather has not all been good. In fact, we had a rough time going through the tail-end (or more) of a typhoon last week, but there have been many good days. . . . Elizabeth is a very good sailor, which I still am not. We have had blessed times of prayer right along, with the continued assurance of the Lord's leading." Mr. and Mrs. R. Frame, friends of Miss Young, were also aboard not only making the trip more enjoyable but as Mr. Frame is one of the best missionary speakers of the Chinese language he was able to give much help to Miss Lindau in her language study. They expected to land in Formosa November 1st.



Ready to Leave
Elizabeth Lindau and
Pearl Young.

Pearl Young's Testimony

FROM my earliest years I loved the Lord, but when I was about six or seven years of age, my mother advised me to write the transaction down on paper and thus make it definite. This I did; and at about the same time I covenanted with the Lord that I would one day be a missionary. Several members of both my father's and mother's families were missionaries and so the great need of heathen lands was ever kept vividly before us. This fact no doubt helped me to recognize God's "call" so early in my life. To obey Christ's command, "Go ye into all the world . . ." seemed to be the natural and normal thing to do. There was no struggle for I really loved the Lord and was concerned over the multitudes who were perishing.

However, there came a time in my life, during my last years in high school and first year in college, when I felt the pull of the world and yielded to it in many ways. I still did not question my salvation nor did I dream of breaking my promise to the Lord that one day I would go to the foreign field, but I know now that it was a dangerous period, and that but for God's great mercy, in answer, no doubt, to the prayers of loved ones, I might not have come back to Him.

He used several things to awaken me to my condition. One of these was a question put to me by my mother's sister who at the time was at home on furlough from India and staying in our home. She had, I expect, been watching my life and praying, and one day she said to me, right "out of the blue," "Pearl, will you be ready when Jesus comes?"

How that question startled me! It meant that *she* evidently questioned my readiness! I had had no question

about it myself, but now my smug assurance and pride were dealt a severe blow, and I was sobered. This faithful question together with other dealings of the Lord about that same time, brought me to the place of giving myself wholly to Him, and from then on the question of indulging in worldly pleasures and practices was settled.

In 1927-28, I attended the Missionary Training Institute at Nyack, New York, and received much help. Following that I had my first taste of living the "faith life" when I spent a good part of a year in Sunday school work in the Virginia mountains. I did not tell my family that this was a "faith" work until afterwards, in case they would insist on providing for me. God was faithful, as He always is to those who trust Him.

In the autumn of 1929 I went to China and labored there until the spring of 1949, with the exception of two furloughs at home. The years until 1945 were spent with the China Inland Mission, a large, international and interdenominational faith mission, and those were busy, happy years, working in fellowship with godly men and women of different lands. They were years, too, of proving God's great faithfulness in many ways. Yet for much of that time there was in my heart a hunger for something, I knew not what. I felt there must be an experience in God beyond what we knew. He answered this heart cry by bringing me into contact with some Pentecostal missionaries while in a Japanese Internment Camp, and then finally leading me to the Ridgewood Pentecostal Church and the Faith Home in Woodhaven, New York, where I received the baptism of the Holy Spirit in 1946.

How very precious the years since then have been! I never feel really

able to express what it means to me to have found Jesus in this new way, manifested in my heart by the blessed Holy Spirit! I can only praise Him for His wondrous grace.

In the summer of 1946, I returned to China independently with Esther Hess who had also served in the China Inland Mission but had since come into Pentecost. This last, short term of service witnessed God's gracious working among Chinese Christians, and on our behalf also, in temporal and spiritual things, and in delivering us out of great danger.

When the time came that it was necessary to leave China because of the Communist advance, I wished earnestly that I might be permitted to labor elsewhere in the Far East, but God did not so lead, and therefore I came home, to find that He had other plans and purposes here. One of the avenues of service He opened up was at Pilgrim Camp, Brant Lake, New York, where I considered it a privilege indeed to serve on the staff each season from 1949 to 1953.

Then last year the Lord began to bring to my heart again the call to the foreign mission field—this time to Formosa. In that island with its something like twelve million inhabitants, mostly Chinese, the Gospel is being quite widely preached, praise God, but the Pentecostal message only to a very small extent.

It may be that the time of opportunity in Formosa is short. Yet we need to keep in mind the words of the Great Commission, "All power is given unto *Me* in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore . . ." Matt. 28:18-20. And these stirring words take on new meaning in times such as we are living in. All power is given to Jesus Christ—not to the forces of Communism. We are to see Him. Hallelujah!

Elizabeth Lindau's

Testimony

BORN and reared in the heart of New York City, the Lord made me conscious of my great need of Him while still attending the Catholic church. One Saturday as I was going to confession, the light suddenly dawned upon me that I could not truthfully enumerate my sins to the priest. Though only twelve years old, I felt that I should be quite frank and told the priest exactly how I felt. He advised me to say five "Hail Marys" and five of the "Lord's Prayer" and said the Lord would help me to remember. Having prayed these prayers, I left the altar dissatisfied and conscious of my load of sin.

However, it was not till eight years later, when I was awakened by a dream, that I was saved. I saw the New York skies filled with airplanes, bombs dropping everywhere, and the skyscrapers toppling over as though they were made of matchsticks. I was in tatters and rags seeking shelter but everywhere I ran for cover, the place would explode. I became frantic and cried out, "Oh, God, I've no refuge in life, I've no refuge in life!"

Shortly after this my mother told me of some marvelous meetings she was attending at the Ridgewood Pentecostal Church in Brooklyn. At her invitation I attended a Sunday school session. The first one I met was the pastor, Hans Waldvogel, and immediately after his greeting me, I announced the purpose for which I had come—to be saved. I was directed to the young people's class and was impressed with the joy and wholeheartedness with which the young people sang. This caused me to realize that they had found reality. I was not able to attend another service until the following Friday night. I knew that God was present in that meeting and became aware of His holiness and of my own uncleanness. I began to weep. When the altar call was given I not only raised my hand but ran to the altar and cried for His mercy. How different from my earlier experience. When I confessed my sins to Jesus, He did not ask me how many times I had sinned but washed me in His own precious blood and made me a new creation. I knew I was clean.

The light also came to me that not

only did my soul belong to the Lord but also this body which He created. I had been ill and was taking medicine. But now I quit the medicine and asked for prayer. I was instantly healed. I could hardly believe it was me and felt myself all over, exclaiming, "It's too wonderful, it's too wonderful!" A few days later the Lord baptized me with His Holy Spirit. I could not go to work for two days but spent the time singing in tongues. Within eleven days, the Lord saved me, healed me, and filled me with His blessed Holy Spirit, and I went on my way rejoicing in my newly found Savior. New desires filled my life—the desire to pray and to serve this wonderful Savior who had done so much for me. Every opportunity that presented itself to serve Him I took advantage of—street meetings, giving out tracts on the train, and witnessing to my own personal friends. What satisfying joy there is in serving Jesus. It can never, never compare with anything the world may have to offer.

I knew the Lord had a call over my life but there were lessons to learn. For six years I worked for the Guaranty Trust Company and while there saw my need of resigning myself to every circumstance that came my way, not permitting any situation to dislodge me from abiding in His Presence. In 1943 I felt that my time was up at the bank and looked to the Lord concerning His will. One night as I definitely prayed toward this end, the Lord drew near in a special way. The following morning a Catholic girl with whom I worked came to me and said, "Oh, Elizabeth, I had the most wonderful dream about you. I dreamed that you resigned your work at the bank and said you were going into full-time Christian service." It was a corroboration of light in my own soul. Yet the door did not open to me at that time, and I went to business again.

In the spring of 1946, however, the Lord again dealt with me about going into full-time Christian service. At a morning worship at the Faith Home in Woodhaven, N. Y., a suggestion was given that we memorize Hebrews 11. Let me say there is a wealth of blessing awaiting us in obedience to a simple suggestion like this. Too often we hear man and not God. For me this was a turning point in my life. As I studied this

portion of God's word, this verse became very real to me: "By faith, Abraham, when he was called to go out into a land which he should afterward receive for an inheritance, obeyed; and he went out, not knowing whither he went." I said, "Lord, I'm willing to step out but You must open a door for me." That summer most unexpectedly the way was opened up for me to work at Pilgrim Camp at Brant Lake, N. Y. This resulted in my going back to Brant Lake for seven additional seasons and was my genesis in full-time Christian service.

Upon my return to the city, I felt I was not to go back to the business world, and soon avenues of service opened up to me. Among them was to assist in the children's work in Canarsie where I labored for four years.

In the fall of 1951, the Lord led me to a work among the Chinese boys and girls in Chinatown in New York City. Prior to this I had had a dream that the Lord suddenly transported me to China and as I walked with the multitudes on the way to the marketplace, the Chinese language was given to me by the Spirit and I began to preach to the multitudes. At the time I was deeply impressed but never connected it with a call to China, until recently when my soul was stirred afresh.

At the close of last year, while "praying that the Lord would thrust forth laborers into the harvest field," the Lord said to me, "What about you going—to the regions beyond?" I rather shrank from the thought. Throughout the month of January, I sensed the hand of the Lord upon my life anew as though He were apprehending me for a step forward. In the course of His dealing with me I received a letter from Miss Pearl Young in which she said she felt impressed to ask me to pray with regard to going to Formosa with her. As I looked to the Lord, it was made clear that this was the reason for His apprehending me at this time. Also this song rang within my heart, "To the regions beyond, I must go, I must go."

My heart is filled with praise for all His goodness to me. It is wonderful to know that we can commit our lives into His nail-pierced hands and be confident that it is He Who appoints the pathways of our lives.

THE REAL SIGNIFICANCE OF

THE PILGRIM FATHERS

THEY WERE FEW in number and poor in the goods of this world. They evolved few institutions of any value in American development. They were not great shipbuilders, successful fishermen or fur trappers, or notable farmers. They were not of gentle or noble blood.

Yet those simple folk were exalted to the stature of statesmen and prophets in their limited sphere, because they firmly believed, and so greatly dared, and firmly endured. Their annals illustrate a great and universal law that faith in God brings God's assistance. The Pilgrims' faith brought them triumphant through the perils of the sea and the wilderness, and created a great spiritual tradition that will bear fruit so long as men read the Pilgrim story and believe in the God in whom they believed.

Bradford [governor and historian of the Plymouth Colony], after telling of all the "crosses, troubles, fear, wants and sorrows" that they had been through for thirty years, and the relative security that they finally attained, writes, "What was it then that upheld them? It was God's visitation that preserved their spirits." And he concludes with a message of profound significance for us, in this era of uncertainty and tribulation:

God, it seems, would have all men to behold and observe such mercies and works of His providence as these towards His people, that they in like cases might be encouraged to depend on God in their trials, and also bless His name when they see His goodness towards others. Man lives not by bread only. . . . It is not by good and dainty fare, by peace and rest and heart's ease in enjoying the contentments and good things of the world only, that preserves health and prolongs life. God in such examples would have the world see and behold that He can do it without them.

—SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON.

Professor of History, Harvard University.

