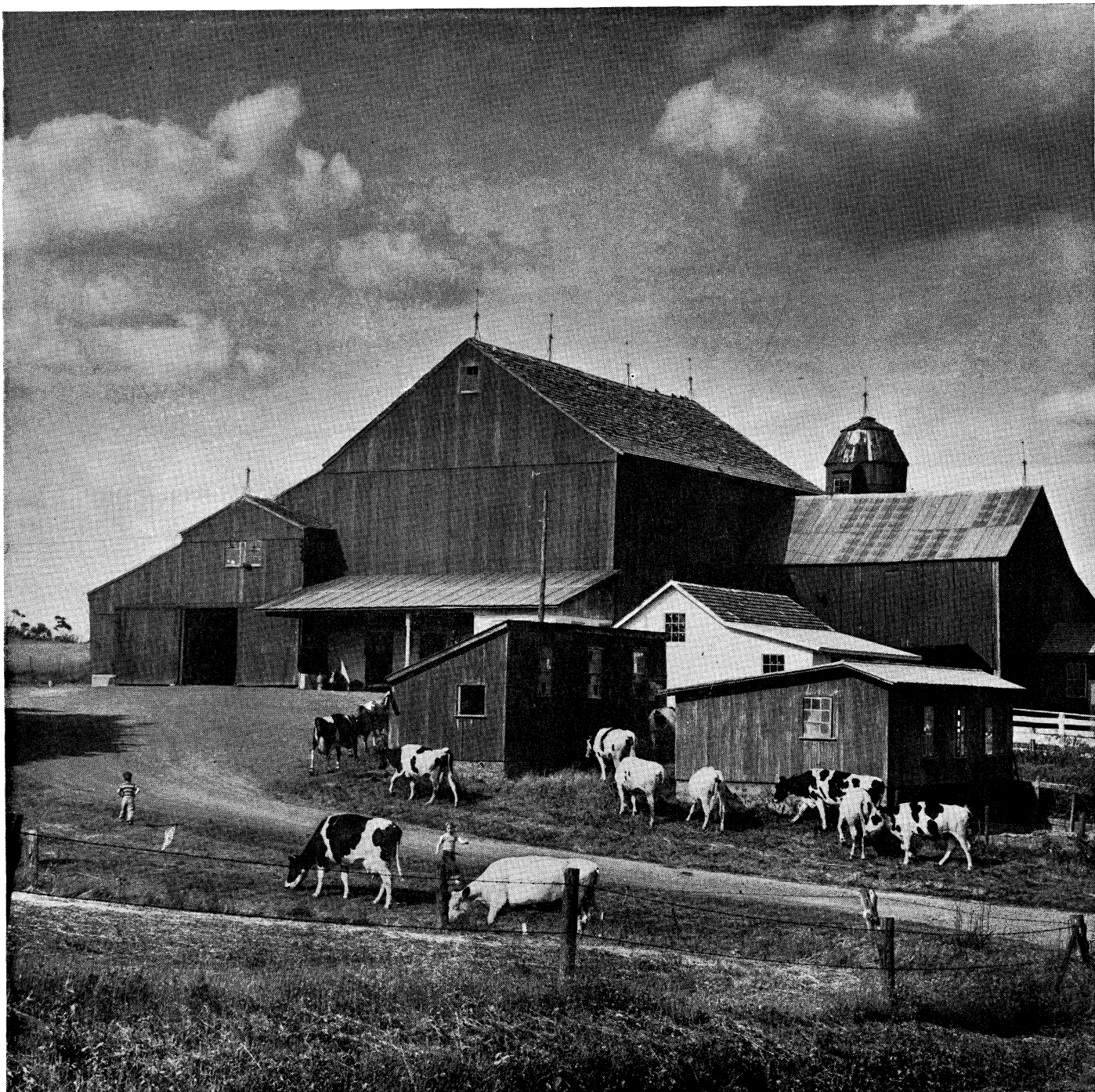


# Bread of Life

Vol. V

September 1956

No. 9



Photograph by Harold M. Lambert.

"The Lord shall command the blessing upon thee in thy barns."

# *The Manifestations of Pentecost*

By THE EDITOR

## *The Fifth in a Series of Articles on Pentecostal Beliefs and Practices*

A CAREFUL STUDY OF THE WORD OF GOD reveals that the manifestation of speaking in other tongues as the Spirit gives utterance has a manifold purpose in the Spirit-filled life. On the Day of Pentecost, when believers first spoke in tongues, they declared "the wonderful works of God" (Acts 2:11). This they did in at least eighteen different dialects or languages (Acts 2: 7-10). In other words, one of the purposes for which the gift of tongues is given is to corroborate in a supernatural manner the proclamation of the gospel. Similar incidents have occurred in the Pentecostal outpouring since 1906.

Turning to 1 Corinthians 14 we find other functions or purposes of the gift of tongues: It is a God-appointed means of communication between the individual and God (14:2). In the fourteenth verse this thought is continued when the Apostle Paul says, "If I pray in an unknown tongue, my spirit prayeth." Therefore, we see from these passages that tongues are given not only to declare "the wonderful works of God" but as an aid to more effectual praying. How many Pentecostal people have experienced this unspeakable blessing in their prayer life! When they knew not what to pray for as they ought, the Spirit Himself came to their aid, helping their infirmities, enabling them to make intercession "according to the will of God" (Rom. 8:26, 27). "And if we ask anything according to His will, He heareth us: and if we know that He hear us . . . we know that we have the petitions that we desired of him (1 John 5:14, 15).

Paul implies, at least, that tongues are also given for song, praise, thanksgiving (1 Cor. 14: 15, 16, 17). This operation is quite common in the personal, devotional life of one fully baptized in the Holy Spirit and in Holy Ghost altar services and meetings. What blessing flows from these operations of the very Spirit of God within His temples—our bodies!

Two other functions of tongues are mentioned by Paul in this chapter: "Tongues are a sign . . . to them that believe not" (v. 22). A sign of what? That that which is being spoken is of supernatural origin, that God is speaking (v. 21).

When anyone hears someone speaking "in other tongues as the Spirit giveth utterance," whether he will or no, he is forced to answer the question, "What meaneth this?" Obviously, tongues can arise from only one of three possible sources—God, man or the devil. If from the devil, it is devilish and as such to be avoided. If from man, it is purely natural and can be dismissed as foolishness, the babblings of drunken men at best, or the product of a deranged mind. If from God, it is supernatural and one rejects it to his peril.

Many people, of course, have summarily dismissed speaking in tongues as of the devil and the speaker as demon possessed. This is a very serious charge to lay to sincere souls who have sought only to be filled with God's Holy Spirit. Especially is this true in the light of Christ's explicit promises:

*"If a son shall ask bread of any of you that is a father, will he give him a stone? Or if he ask a fish, will he for a fish give him a serpent? Or if he shall ask an egg, will he offer him a scorpion? If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children: how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?" (Luke 11:11-13.)*

Others have accepted the dictum which natural unregenerate men passed on the very apostles of our Lord and Mary His beloved mother that those who speak in tongues are "drunken" or "mad." This certainly implies how the foundation stones of the church of Jesus Christ appeared to onlookers then. If so, is it any wonder then that people who today "speak with other tongues as the Spirit [gives] them utterance" should present a similar appearance? It is really only logical that if the experience of present-day Pentecostal people is identical with that of the first Christians, there would be similar manifestations of that experience.

Peter's answer was definite: "This is that which was spoken by the prophet Joel"—the outpouring of the Spirit of God upon all flesh. That, too, is the testimony of those who have been filled with the wine of the Spirit. And there are numerous instances on record in the history of the present-day Pentecostal outpouring of tongues

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## **Bread of Life**

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# Out of Weakness Made Strong

By VINA PECK GRAVES

*In commemoration of the centennial of the birth of F. A. Graves, the author of well-known hymns such as, "Honey in the Rock" and "He Was Nailed to the Cross for Me," BREAD OF LIFE published his testimony (July and August). We are now happy to publish the following testimony of his wife.—EDITOR.*

I WAS NEVER STRONG, being overcome by sickness often, and had a curvature of the spine from childhood. I was a dress-maker, and while sewing away from home, I took the measles, which developed all that was not right in my body. Kidney trouble increased, and my eyes were so bad that I was obliged to stay in a darkened room and wear heavy shades, and finally the doctor feared that the right eye would have to be removed. However, gradually my eyes became somewhat better, but I had to wear strong glasses and be very careful about the light, as I suffered constant pain in my head, and the pain in my back had never ceased since I had the measles. It seemed as if I could not give up to blindness, of which there was great danger, but our prayers were heard, and sight was left, though so impaired that I was unable to distinguish a single feature of my dear mother's face.

My condition grew worse all the summer of 1893, and in November I was stricken with convulsions. My physician pronounced it an acute attack of Bright's disease. How I suffered! Yet God in His mercy preserved my reason so that I never lost consciousness even though unable to speak. I was very low for days, but skill, excellent care, and prayer enabled me to sit up again at the end of six weeks. Very slowly I gained sufficient strength to keep up about the house through the winter. The doctor put me on a strict diet, but in spite of all that was done to relieve me the



Vina Peck Graves  
(1867-1946)

*Taken after miraculous healing  
in 1897.*

pain never eased in my back.

I grew worse again during the summer of 1894. I asked my physician to tell me the plain truth, which he did, and I thanked him for it. He said that I might die at any moment or, with great care, might live for some time.

September 1, 1894, I was again confined to the bed, suffering intense pain, and becoming very nervous. For seven weeks I lay there, having several sinking spells with my heart, the pain in my back becoming worse, and my eyes again failing. The doctor advised me to try to sit up some; so father carried me in his arms and placed me in the easy chair filled with pillows, and there I sat a part of each day for three

weeks, gaining strength enough to stand upon my feet and take a few steps.

November 7th, I was not so well; in fact it seemed as though I could never live through the day. Toward night my heart became very uncertain — first quick, then slow. It continued to run higher and higher, feeling as if something had given out, and it was literally running away, until 138 beats a minute were registered. Father hastened for the doctor, and they worked over me for hours. As I was sitting in the chair when my heart ran up, they dared not move me; after hours of hard work and much prayer it began to slow down within bounds. The reaction they feared came toward morning, and the heart grew slower and fainter, until only 50 beats were registered to the minute. I was unable to speak, and soon the pulse could not be felt in my wrist. Oh the agony! How the dear ones worked over me! The doctor did not leave for hours, and of course we depended on him, for we had never heard of the better way.

Finally, my heart strengthened a little and became steadier, but for forty-eight hours I sat in that chair, only just alive, and suffering such intense pain that I should have been glad to die. When the forty-eight hours were up, they brought a bed into the sitting room and lifted me into it, not changing my position. I grew icy cold as soon as I was moved. From that time no attempt was made to feed me for several days, as they ex-

pected every breath to be the last. Still, prayer was answered, and I lived on. From the time they put me into the bed, for two years and five months, I was not even turned in bed, being bolstered in the same position as when in the chair. Once every three weeks father took me in his arms while my bed was made. They changed me between times without moving me, as every movement brought on such terrible cramps all over my body that great knots like a man's fist would come up, and the toes doubled back on my feet.

It was months after my heart failed before I could lift my right hand to feed myself. I lived a year and a half on beef tea and dry bread. Then the diet had to be changed.

My heart enlarged rapidly after it failed. Oh, the unspeakable agony of those weary days and months! My nerves were in such condition that the slightest start might prove fatal, and all work done in the home was done on tip toe, as I was so sensitive to the least jar. No one spoke aloud in the house outside my room during those two years and five months (and we were a large family). The rapid driving of any vehicle past the house caused the perspiration to roll down my face, for it felt as though they had driven over my heart.

I was given most intelligent treatment, my physician, Dr. McCaw, being recognized as very skillful. A New York specialist and other physicians agreed with him in the diagnosis of my disease and admitted that the case had been extremely well handled, or I should have died long before. He was a Christian gentleman and helped me greatly, often repeating parts of sermons and enquiring how my faith was holding out. We were seeking at that time, not knowing what we were look-

ing for, but something different from the simple faith that we have since learned to know. The doctor frankly told me that I must not expect permanent relief from the medicine, for the disease was on the march, and he said, "Medicine never cures anyone." Still, I did look for help from it.

I could not endure hearing anyone read aloud so my brother made an easel to fit over me in the bed, and mother would place the Bible on that and turn the pages for me. So, with powerful glasses, if feeling strong enough, I could read a little myself. In that way I read and received great blessing. I had been a Christian since I was twelve years old and a member of the Methodist Church, yet I knew I had not always lived as a Christian should. Though outwardly submissive to what I believed to be God's will, I was not ready to die except to escape the awful suffering I constantly endured. Rebellion was in my heart, for I felt that God was unjust as we had always been taught to accept sickness from God's hand and to use medicine, asking His blessing upon it.

In May, 1895, my heart again failed, grew more rapidly, and became so enlarged that the ribs lay over it like fingers; the breast bone turned out sideways and the shoulder blade was forced out considerably at the back. From the time of the heart's first failure it had been as black and blue over and around it as though I had been pounded. Two blisters were kept over the kidneys that often bled when mother dressed them. Powerful heart stimulants were injected three times a day, and other heart medicines were given internally.

The Spirit of God continued to strive with me, the church bells rang incessantly in my ears, and I was grieved because

of many lost opportunities. Two little books, *The Prayer of Faith* and *Heavenly Pearls Set in a Life*, in which the authors spoke of their remarkable healings, impressed me strongly and created a longing for such faith; but I did not dream that an ordinary person, such as I, could possess it. I could believe that some people were fitted to receive such blessing, but not all. Father would often say, "Jesus raised the ruler's daughter even after death." To this I replied, "I know His power is the same, but would it be His will for me?"

The Bible lying on my bed was a source of great comfort, and when suffering too much to read, I could lay my hand upon it and whisper, "My Father," which always brought relief. God spoke to me in the night, and even in the daytime I heard a voice as plainly as mother's saying, "Ye believe in God, believe also in Me," with the accent on the Me. Now, I know that it was the voice of Jesus speaking to my spirit, asking for my trust. My interest in the Bible deepened, and it never failed to open to some miracle of healing, both in the Old and New Testaments. I asked God to send me the light, and He did, for I had much to learn. Thus He drew me on, and I found myself speaking to Him as quietly and trustfully as I would to mother.

Just at this time God sent a messenger to me. A young man, whom I knew slightly, had been in Chicago, studying for the ministry. Having completed his course, he returned home for a visit before going to his charge. While in Chicago, he had attended some divine healing services, believed the teaching, and had been greatly blessed. Knowing of my sickness and its utter hopelessness, the Lord impressed him to tell my people of the wonderful miracles he had

(Continued on page 9.)



# “To Will and To Do”

By HANS R. WALDVOGEL

*“Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling. For it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure.” PHIL. 2:12, 13.*

WHAT A WONDERFUL SALVATION is this—God working in us both to will and to do of His good pleasure! Now when God undertakes to make us pleasing in His sight He, first of all, points His finger at our faults and says, “No, that isn’t correct.” Maybe it is some deep, inward fault which is easy to hide from the gaze of men. How many of us are satisfied to carry this vermin around in the depths of our souls. We never let it come out to the light, never expose it to the light of God’s truth. We don’t care to get rid of it, and yet God has convicted us of it. Maybe He doesn’t anymore. There was a time when He did. Today, perhaps you have been quite calloused. That is the reward of carelessness. God will not work in you to will if you don’t allow him to work to do.

In every assembly there are two classes of people. There are those who work out their salvation with fear and trembling. And how apparent it is! You can see it in their lives. They grow mellow. They grow sweeter. They become holier. They are filled with the glory of God. The knowledge of Jesus Christ becomes their portion. They shine. The power of God is upon their lives. Then there are others, sometimes great talkers, but their talk is dead. Their lives do not tell for Christ. There is nothing wrought by their presence except confusion. They are deceiving themselves and deceiving others.

The Bible says that the power of God worketh in us mightily to present us perfect in Christ Jesus. That is the goal God has set before us. That is the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus. God will not be

satisfied until He sees the image of His Son mirrored in my soul perfectly, and I ought not to be satisfied until I awake in His likeness.

Now the question is, what am I doing about this call of God over my life? It is a very personal matter. “Two shall be grinding at the mill, the one shall be taken, and the other shall be left.” And while we sit together in the same church bench one is running after Christ and one is settled on his heels and doing nothing about it. And so we could ask ourselves the question, “Am I doing all I know, am I bending every effort of mine to know my Jesus better?” That requires some real labor.

I enjoyed immensely hearing A. B. Simpson give a talk one day to a very small meeting about his personal experience. He was talking about his prayer life, his life of communion with Jesus. He felt that he was not yet perfected and said, “Brethren, we will still have to put our noses into the carpet. You’ll have to give up that little bit of pleasure or recreation to get alone with God.” Now there was a man who forgot the things that were behind and who pressed towards the mark. That is what gave that man his brilliance in God. That is what made him shine as a light in this crooked and perverse generation. And that is the thing that will make you shine.

God works in you to will. That is a pledge that He will work out that very life that He has given you and make it effective. Where did men like A. B. Simpson come from? Where did they get their great victorious living? They first got the light. A. B. Simpson got the light of

the indwelling life of Christ, but he wasn’t satisfied simply with the light. He prayed that light through. One day he got the light on divine healing, but he found out that he first had to trust God for healing and then it would be manifested. So he made a covenant with God that whether he lived or died he would henceforth trust Jesus Christ for the needs of his body. Presently there came along a great test. He received healing. But after that his little baby girl took sick with diphtheria and he refused to have medical help. His wife was beside herself. The child was really dying and one night she seemed to be choking. There was the supreme test but Doctor Simpson had made his covenant to work out his own salvation with fear and trembling. He knew that God had worked in him to will, and now it was up to God to do the rest. That night he stood with his dying child before God and just committed her into His hands, and the victory was won.

That is where victory comes from. When your outer man perishes, the inner man is renewed. When you die with Christ, you rise with Him in newness of life. That resurrection life is waiting to be poured into you in great abundance. Hallelujah! We’ve got to know Jesus and the power of His resurrection, and we’ve got to know the exceeding greatness of His power to usward who believe. But we never find it out until we are willing to let this old man be crucified with Christ, until we settle it that we live no more but Christ liveth in us.

Then God has a free hand. Then He will guide you from triumph to triumph day by day.

He will point you to Jesus Christ. He will show you what you are in Christ and thereby works in you to will. Instead of saying, "Oh, wretched man that I am," you will say, "Oh, wonder of wonders, I'm going to be like Him." You are going to step out by faith upon the promises of God, upon this glorious provision, and presently it will be yours.

That is why, when the Jews asked Jesus what they should do that they might please God, He replied, "This is the work of God that ye believe on Him whom He hath sent." That is how God works in me to will and to do.

For example: He gives me 1 Corinthians 13 and shows me that love suffereth long and is kind and He shows me that I'm not like that. I've got nothing like that in me. I'm irritable. I get angry. I can't stand anything. That is what I am like. But now Father shows me Jesus and I cry, "Oh, I want to be like you, Jesus." Then He shows me the fountain. And if I don't sit down and become careless about it, He gives me the victory.

Where are the people that work out their own salvation with fear and trembling? If you do, you are not going to be a lazy Christian. You are going to have homework to do every day, and you are going to do it well. If you do, you will see wonders wrought in your life this very day.

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## The Manifestations of Pentecost

(Continued from page 2.)

being a sign to unbelievers that such speaking was supernatural. Sometimes as on the Day of Pentecost the tongues have been uninterpreted because they did not need to be. They were understood by the hearers. In other instances, the tongues have

been interpreted and the hearers have been amazed at the correctness of the interpretation. Thereby they have been convinced that God has spoken.

The final function of tongues as enumerated in Paul's exposition is that they are for self-edification or, in other words, the building up of the inner man.

Just as the tissues of our natural bodies break down and have to be rebuilt continually by means of proper foods so our spiritual bodies, our inner man, must be renewed day by day if we are to be strong and healthy spiritually speaking. How often do Christians feel depleted, discouraged, "down," sometimes worse than that—hopeless, despairing. One means which God has provided whereby broken-down "spiritual tissues" may be rebuilt, whereby Christians may be lifted, encouraged, restored in soul, is by their speaking in tongues.

In making this statement we certainly do not mean or even remotely suggest or imply that anyone should try of himself, in his own power, to speak in tongues. The very thought of this is repulsive, sacrilegious. Tongues are *the result* of continuing in "prayer and supplication" (Acts 1:11), of waiting on God, spiritual communion. As one does this he is bound to be restored and filled with the joy of the Lord, one of the normal expressions of which is speaking in tongues.

Not only is the inner man thus renewed, but this blessing quickens our outer man as well. Again, as in the inner man, the outer man is quickened, not by the actual speaking in other tongues but because of what that speaking is an evidence—the filling of this mortal body with the same Spirit which raised up Jesus from the dead.

In keeping with this is a statement once made by Dr. Lillian B. Yeomans, the medical

doctor who had such a wide ministry of divine healing, "If you people would talk in tongues more at home, I wouldn't have to pray for so many of you here." The implication, of course, was that if people lived in closer communion with God their bodies would be charged with the very life of the Son of God which dispels sickness and disease.

There are two suggestions about tongues in the famous Love Chapter (1 Cor. 13). The first is that it is possible to "speak with the tongues of men and of angels" and have not love. The second is the very strong implication that tongues reflect the tone of one's spiritual life, for if one has not love, he will be "as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal."

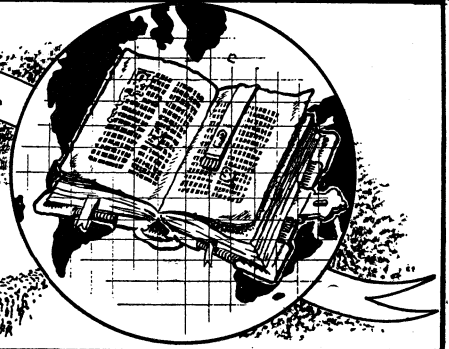
When Christians live carelessly so that they have leaked out, their tongues, although certainly of God themselves, may have a harsh sound. But when one spends time in communion, waits on God, worships and praises, and endeavors to live in His presence, his tongues are different. They will have the sweet anointing of God upon them and so will be richer. Of course, one should not be concerned about his tongues as such. He should be occupied with Jesus. We mention this, not as something to be sought, but as the experience of people who have endeavored to be filled with the Spirit continually—the natural result of diligence in communion.

How marvelous indeed is it that God has made it possible for men and women to be filled with Himself! What blessings flow just from this one manifestation of His Spirit, tongues—enablement for preaching, prayer, praise, together with edification for the inner and outer man. How we ought to cherish such provision for a powerful, effective Christian life and experience!

GO YE INTO ALL THE WORLD...

## Seed-Time and Harvest

on the Mission Fields



### “Among the Black Lambs”

By LAURA WAITE

Bethesda Mission

North Transvaal, South Africa

I MUST TELL YOU about the new lambs that have come to Bethesda. On the 14th of December a father brought his baby to us asking if we would take him, saying the mother had just died and there was no one to look after him. That is very unusual for natives as someone is always ready to grab babies because they mean money when they grow up. I couldn't believe my ears at first.

Me, take another baby? At 63, I should start all over again! I asked the Lord to show what His will was. After some time, we went out to tell the father he could leave him.

He was the dirtiest, stinkiest little thing you ever saw or smelled. I lifted him off the old woman's back who, I suppose, was his grandmother and got to work. As soon as I picked him up I saw there was something wrong. I said, "Why, this baby is sick."

The father said, "Eh, va vab-ja" (Yes, he is sick).

I said, "What is the matter with him?"

He answered, "I don't know." But he did.

The mother had died and because of some superstition they took him to the witch doctor who must have given him some terrible medicine because his

whole insides were raw and he couldn't eat. For three days and nights he lay like dead, never moved, never opened his eyes, and he was as thin as a rail. His skin hung like bags which showed he must have been fat before he got sick. My heart just ached for the little thing.

No, he couldn't cry, was too weak, just had a tiny little whine, and if I tried to put the bottle in his mouth with the little strength he had he would close his mouth and not open it. After I did get some food down, he would whine with pain. I never prayed that he would get well, just, "God, get Your will done." He did, and the pain stopped. Now he weighs about 30 pounds and looks like a butcher.

He started to crawl about a month or six weeks ago and one of the girls said, "Momie, now your troubles will begin." And they sure did. The first thing he did was to go into the kitchen and pull out the big mixing bowl and bang it on the floor, and then look up at me as if to say, "That was a good job well done." And it was. Since then he has eaten a hunk of shoe polish (he didn't know which end it was for) and anything he can get into his mouth. Yesterday he went after a big spider as big

as a half dollar, but I got it before he did. Shall I say he is interesting? When we had him only a few days I called the children in and said, "What should we call him?" One of our girls said immediately, "Oral Roberts." So Oral Roberts he is and we hope and trust that he will be a carbon copy of the real one.

Then on February 5 one of the Christians brought a little boy about six and told us his story. His mother and father are dead, and his uncle beat him so unmercifully that he ran away from home and was living in the veld with nothing to eat for days. At that time we were having heavy rains and he was lying out in them all night with only a dirty old holey vest on. He was so thin and weak he couldn't stand to talk to us. Now I ask you, who could turn such a one away? I could hardly keep from crying, his little abdomen was as large as a small watermelon, showing malnutrition. He said some one told him if he would come to the mission station I would take care of him. I took him in, scrubbed him good (he was crusty), and put him to bed to rest and gave him thin porridge as he hadn't eaten for days. He could stand only a few minutes at a time, could only watch the children play and

lay down most of the time. He never knew what love was, but he does now. I named him Billy Branham—of course you know why. Now he is as sweet as he can be, strong in body and getting fat, and he and Phinny, one of the other boys, take care of the calves after school.

Last, but not least, is our darling Marjorie Ann. She came to us on April 1st, eleven days old. Her mother died before she was born, so they say, but I'd like to hear that from an obstetrician! Now I'm sixty-four tomorrow, and here I am faced with a brand new one. Sarah and Abraham didn't have anything on me!

She is the daughter of a chief, and the father was afraid they would kill her by not knowing how to take care of her. They were giving her powdered milk with all the lumps in. Why she lived 11 days is more than I know, except in the plan of God. She, too, was nothing but skin and bones, but now her little cheeks are filled out and she is beginning to pick up in her body. She is still too thin though, but the darlinest thing you ever held in your arms. They brought her with sore eyes and she never opened them for about six weeks. Now she is beginning to look bright and notice things, but hasn't laughed yet. Really these lambs are just too sweet for words.

I must tell you about a wonderful healing the Lord gave us in April. Our little Lois (10) had what I think was acute appendicitis. I'm not a diagnostician and don't claim to be, knowing better as a nurse, but she had all the symptoms. For four days and nights she thrashed the bed with pain. Fortunately Mother Scoble was with me and she stood with me in prayer and helped me take care of her. On the fifth day the Lord gave a COMPLETE victory, healed almost instantaneously. There



**Miss Louise Schultz and Bible Women  
Hong Kong, China**

*Together these women engage in house to house visitation throughout the villages. This picture was taken on Miss Schultz' 79th birthday in May.*

was a shout in the camp then. Oh, it is lovely to trust the Lord, just to see His mighty hand at work.

## **Ulm Visited by God's Glory**

*"I will open rivers in high places  
and fountains in the valleys."  
(ISA. 41:18.)*

ULM, long famous for its cathedral with its towers, the highest in the world, and renowned also as the birthplace of Professor Einstein, has again been the scene of a gracious visitation of revival power from on high. Our latest tent campaign in the heart of this city has resulted in the salvation of precious souls and while the world "will little note nor long remember" there certainly has been great joy in the hearts of God's people and in the presence of angels over sinners who repent-

ed and found peace with God through the gospel.

The text used by the evangelist for the last meeting may be indicative of the way the Lord honored His word from the very beginning: *"Knowing, brethren beloved, your election of God. For our gospel came not unto you in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance;" . . . and they testify "how ye turned to God . . . to serve the living and true God"* (I Thes. 1:5, 9.) This word is a fair sketch of how the Lord established this new assembly.

A native of Ulm strayed quite unwillingly into one of our meetings in Kirchheim, full of criticism, full of sin, also sick in body having suffered from dropsy, arthritis, etc. The word preached took effect and brought him into a living experience with God. Thoroughly saved, he was also instantly healed of all his diseases and immediately began to testify to his neighbors and friends. The result was that his entire family came to the Lord and regular gatherings were begun in his home.

Through this group we were invited to open tent meetings in the city of Ulm. Souls were added almost daily to those who were saved while remarkable healings testified to the power of the Word of God. Today a precious group of saints filled with joy and the Holy Ghost are the latest addition to our growing family of Pentecostal churches in Germany.

A precious young lady who had been very worldly minded, a passionate dancer, found repentance and full salvation in the first meeting and has become a fervent disciple of Jesus. Since then she has brought her parents also to the meetings. The conversion of quite a group of young people has been the happy result of these meetings. Of these it can be testified that



they have turned to God from idols to serve the living and true God and wait for His Son from heaven. Night after night our prayer room in the tent was filled to overflowing and great baptismal glory was manifested so that the shout of the saved filled the tent.

Brother Walter Waldvogel ministers regularly to this assembly. Now the need for a meeting hall has become quite acute and we trust that all our readers will kindly add the needs of this work to their prayer list.

## Out of Weakness Made Strong

(Continued from page 4.)

witnessed. He also brought literature on the subject for me to read.

After he left the house, mother told me what he had said, and it burst upon me like sunlight that here was my message and my light. I read and re-read and seemed to have awakened in the time of Christ. Before leaving, this friend offered to write a letter to Dr. Dowie in regard to me. Divine healing was new

to us and we were glad to learn all we could about it. As we read, talked, and prayed, we saw that it was the Word of God, and I was wonderfully uplifted. We were obliged to wait nearly three weeks for an answer to that letter, and Satan sorely tempted me to believe that it might be true for some people, but I would probably hear nothing further about it. At last, a letter came from Dr. Dowie, saying that he would be glad to hear from us personally. Oh, how the load lightened! I decided to write the letter my-

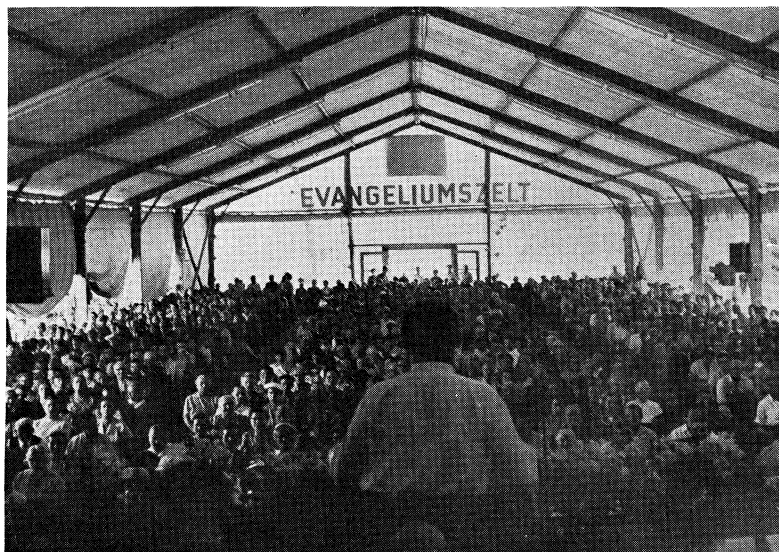


**GOSPEL TENT  
IN STUTTGART  
July 8, 1956**

*Evangelist Hans R. Waldvogel held three weeks' meetings here June 17-July 8 on the same spot where he first held tent services in 1948.*

### INTERIOR OF THE GOSPEL TENT

*Showing part of the congregation present at the final service of the campaign. Note that the sides of the tent are lifted so that the overflow crowd standing outside might be able to see and hear.*



self, and the determination brought the strength.

In my letter I asked if such a case as mine had ever been healed, and explained my condition fully. The answer came back, "Your case is no exception with the Lord." Immediately God opened my eyes to His wonderful word, "Whosoever will may come." This was my answer from the great King Himself, and once more I heard the sad, sweet voice, "Ye believe in God, believe also in Me." I knew the voice and almost saw His face looking upon me in such tenderness and love, and I said, "My Jesus, I will believe in Thee; Thou art still the same."

The physicians had said that I could live only two or three days if the powerful heart stimulants were discontinued. Convulsions and death would quickly follow. On the other side was the Word of God Himself—THE FULL GOSPEL. I was in a very close place. Finally I wrote, asking why I could not be healed and still use the medicine. I felt condemned as soon as I had written the letter, realizing that my faith was in the medicine more than in God. He answered that they could not pray with the degree of assurance that they could if I were willing to give it up, since my faith in that would hinder perfect faith in God. How plain it was! I was staggered at my own smallness with the Lord. Tiny indeed was my faith, and yet I had honestly supposed it to be strong.

After praying for guidance, I opened my Bible to Jeremiah 17:5 to 8. Staring me in the face were the words,

*"Thus saith the Lord, Cursed be the man that trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm, and whose heart departeth from the Lord. For he shall be like the heath in the desert, and shall not see when good cometh; but shall inhabit the parched places in the wilderness, in a salt land and not inhabited. Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is. For he shall be as a tree planted by the waters, and that*

*spreadeth out her roots by the river, and shall not see when heat cometh, but her leaf shall be green; and shall not be careful in the year of drought, neither shall cease from yielding fruit."*

This was my direct answer, and I told mother that whether I lived or died, I would trust God. One prop after another had been dropped from under me by God, Himself, through His Word and by revelation, until I felt that it would cost me eternity if I did not follow His leading.

On January 8, 1897, I wrote asking for prayer on the morning of January 12th at nine o'clock, saying that I would leave off all medicine on the 10th, being dependent on our own prayers during the two intervening days. This letter was written with less effort and pain than I had before experienced. Peace and surety filled my heart during these two days, for I read that He cared for the sparrows and I was of more value than they. What joy filled my heart as I realized His care! Once Satan tried to frighten me. A great weakness came over me, but prayer and a steadfast look to God drove him away, and I was easier and stronger with a steadier heart than I had known for more than two years.

Mother wakened me early on the morning of the 12th that I might be ready for prayer. At nine o'clock I was left alone, the rest of the family going apart into another room to pray. I lay there waiting, praying, expecting. Soon I felt the prayer

being offered for me, and warm thrills like electricity surged through my body until my fingers and toes tingled, while across my back, the seat of the disease, it felt like literal fire as the divine life poured into and through me. Oh, what a blessed experience! I could only lie still and say, "My Father! My Jesus!"

My dear ones, who had also felt a measure of the same life-giving power which cheered their sad hearts with the assurance that I was to be strong and well once more, then came into my room and inquired how I felt. I said, "Better," and asked for my shoes.

Mother said in astonishment, "You are not going to get up?"

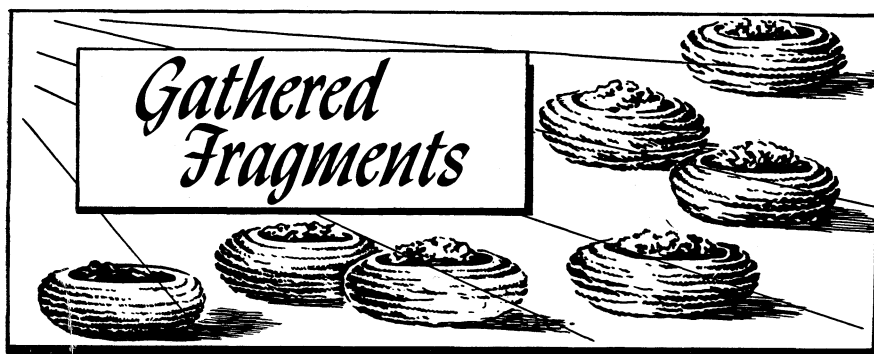
I replied, "I feel as though I would like to." So my shoes were brought, and I raised up and drew them on myself.

Mother feared that my limbs which were drawn up and stiffened at the knees and ankles and which two of them pulling together could not straighten would not bear my weight. (A new curvature had also appeared in my spine, caused by the position in the bed.) I did not know whether I could stand, but something impressed me to go on. Slipping from the bed and raising myself slowly and surely—I stood perfectly erect and squarely on both feet. Knees and ankles had obeyed the power of God, and there I stood for the first time in nearly three years.

(To be continued.)

**Be steadfast toward the Lord  
that you want Him.**

*M. W. Robinson.*



COPIES of the new Russian Bible, the first to be published with government permission in Russia since 1917, are now on sale in New York City at \$10.00 a copy. "The American shipment is part of a first printing of 25,000 Bibles," according to the *New York Times* (Aug. 17). "A second printing, numbering 75,000 is expected soon. In view of the scarcity of Bibles and the heavy demand in Russia for new books it appeared likely that it would be easier to buy the volume in New York than in Moscow . . . The new Bible is presented in ordinary vernacular Russian . . . upon . . . printing presses [which] formerly had belonged to the Communist-sponsored League of the Godless . . . used for the publication of atheistic literature."

\* \* \*

*The Archbishop and The Lady* by Michael de la Bedoyere (Pantheon Books, Inc., New York, 256 pp., \$3.50) is a fresh treatment of the lives of Madame Guyon and Archbishop Fenelon and the controversy which raged around them. This controversy was so great that it involved the Grand Monarch of France, Louis XIV, the cardinals and even the Pope so that it has been termed "the most famous ecclesiastical duel of all time." All this tempest was created by "a woman . . . in herself of little importance as the great world goes" but who possessed as few have done the power "to probe the souls of the great"—and that "without really meaning to do

so." This book furnishes much background information concerning these two, their associates, and their struggles which illuminates and adds greatly to one's appreciation of the lives of Fenelon and Madame Guyon.

Many people read with great blessing and much profit Madame Guyon's *Autobiography* without realizing the importance of the persons referred to or the tremendous influence she wielded. Without this realization one wonders why she was the object of such intense persecution. For instance, this reviewer read the unabridged *Autobiography*, almost 700 pages, always looking for Bossuet, the "eagle" bishop who so violently persecuted Madame Guyon and her doctrine, as embodied in *A Short and Easy Method of Prayer*, without finding him. This was because Madame Guyon always refers to him as the Bishop of Mieux. Without a knowledge of French history who would ever dream that the Madame de Maintenon referred to many times, first as her champion and friend, then as her adversary and enemy, is none other than the very wife of Louis XIV himself? Again, it is generally known that Fenelon was one of her greatest disciples and friends. But where is he mentioned in the *Autobiography*? He is, of course, but without some word of explanation the ordinary reader would never know it, for she simply refers to him as "the Abbé de F——."

These and many other things *The Archbishop and The Lady*

clarifies so that Madame Guyon stands out in her full stature, an intensely fascinating woman as well as a woman of the deepest piety and widest influence. Not the least interesting of the insights which this biographer affords of Madame Guyon is his statement that in the midst of all her persecution and trials she was "always ready to make a joke."

The author of this book, a Catholic, makes point of the fact that Madame Guyon lived and died a Catholic, but he also tells how that in her latter years she entertained many guests, "often English or Scottish Protestants," and that she designated a Dutch Protestant minister, Poiret, as "the man who would publish all my works." Certainly it is the Protestants who have been responsible for the publication and circulation of her writings.

The book is certainly enhanced by the portraits, not only of Madame Guyon and Fenelon but of Bossuet and Madame de Maintenon. The great fault of this book is its lack of an index.

Of course, many might find the story of the controversy about pure love tedious and boring, but it is really quite simply and clearly presented and is of great value to students of the inner life in furthering their appreciation of one of the most precious truths of Christian doctrine, the truth for which she fought so valiantly and suffered for, even years of imprisonment, the truth which she expressed so beautifully in these words:

*"I loved Him and I burnt with love, because I loved Him. I loved Him in such a way that I could only love Him; but in loving Him I had no motive but Himself."*

Don't confess anything else than that Christ is LORD in your own life and over every circumstance and situation which confronts you.

# What Shall I Do With My Life?

THE REASON why there are so many life failures is that men do not go to the right source to find out what they ought to do. It is vastly important that we get the proper kind of advice. The Lord is the Supreme Counsellor. Ask Him directly, sincerely, earnestly how life may best be employed, to what ends and purposes its energies may be invested.

It is a question for everybody, old and young. Even though only a few months of opportunity remain, much good may be accomplished through a renewed and devoted spirit. But, emphatically, here is youth's question—What shall I do with my life?

There is only one wise and adequate answer: I give my life to my Lord, to be used as He shall direct.

I give my body to my Lord. I shall take care of it, striving to keep it clean and strong and efficient, so that my physical resources and equipment shall contribute to noble service, to the advancement of the kingdom of God. I shall try to keep in the best possible shape for duty, to be one of God's athletes.

I give my mind to my Lord. I shall, therefore, as best I can, guard my intellectual interests. I shall make Jesus Christ the center of my thinking, relating everything to Him, and judging everything by His standards. I shall endeavor to maintain mental cleanliness and wholesomeness, and to give my mind every possible opportunity for development. I shall spend a good deal of time thinking how best I may serve my Lord, planning how I can do most effectively the work He has entrusted to me.

And my spirit, the very essence of my immortal self, I give to my Lord. I want to be attuned to His spirit, my life united to His life, sharing more and more richly in His inexhaustible treasures.

Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman once said to General William Booth of the Salvation Army, "Tell me what has been the secret of your success all the way through?" The general replied, "I will tell you the secret; God has had all there is of me. There have been men with greater brains than I, men with greater opportunities; but from the day I got the poor of London on my heart and a vision of what Jesus Christ could do with the poor of London, I made up my mind that God could have all of William Booth there was, and if there is anything of power in the Salvation Army today, it is because God has all the adoration of my heart, all the power of my will, and all the influence of my life."