

Bread of Life

Vol. VI

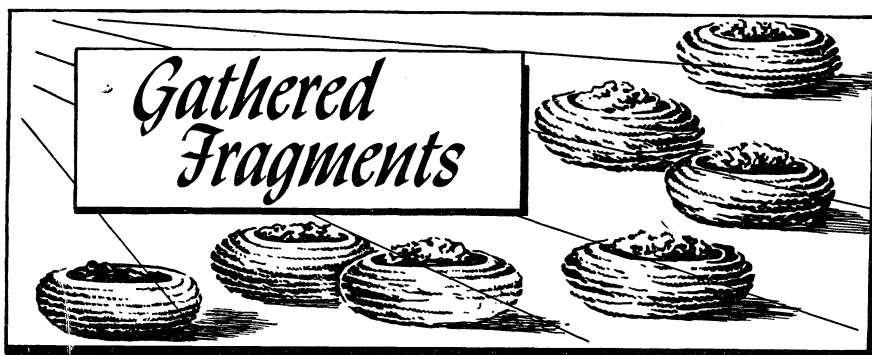
September 1957

No. 9



Photograph by Harold M. Lambert

"The harvest truly is great, but the labourers are few."



THE FULTON STREET PRAYER MEETING, "the most famous gathering for prayer known in American history, if not the history of English speaking people," according to Wilbur M. Smith, is celebrating its one hundredth anniversary this month. The best account of its origin, which we have found, is that by Dr. Samuel Irenaeus Prime, for many years editor of the *New York Observer*. Dr. Prime has been described by Philip Schaff, the famous church historian, as "one of the most interesting and useful writers of his age and country." He conducted his investigation and wrote his history a few months after its inception at the suggestion of none other than Charles Scribner of the publishing firm of Charles Scribner's Sons. "For the entire 100 years prayers have been going to the Throne of Grace each business day and the answers received pass understanding," writes the present superintendent of the meeting who adds that he personally "has been blessed with the privilege of praying for, and witnessing the answers, by way of cures of many whom the medical doctors had given up (so to speak) because they said and believed the cases were hopeless."

This prayer meeting is generally conceded as one of the primary causes of the nationwide *revival of 1858* which extended to the British Isles. According to some estimates about one million souls in the United States alone were converted during this revival. Significant is the fact that it was essentially a laymen's movement, with no one outstanding evangelist, and that it was primarily a revival of prayer and whatever was wrought was done so by prayer.

September the 8th marks the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the landing of *Robert Morrison* in Canton, China to begin his labors as the first Protestant missionary there. For twenty-five years, against innumerable and seemingly insurmountable odds, he labored. Seven years were to pass before he had won his first convert. His truly monumental labor, which made the work of all subsequent missionaries easier and more effective, was his translation of the entire Bible into Chinese, and the preparing a grammar and a dictionary.

Evangelist Hans R. Waldvogel returned to Germany, August 12, to hold a two-week cam-

paign in Stuttgart. Following the meetings there he will hold services in the Borsensaal, Zurich, Switzerland, in commemoration of the golden jubilee of his migrating from that country to the United States.

* * *

As we go to press, word has been received from Evangelist Hans Waldvogel about the meetings in Stuttgart:

"The first Sunday of the tent meetings in Stuttgart is now history. In every one of the three meetings the Lord graciously manifested His power and His presence. In spite of the fact that we had rain almost all day, on and off, the tent was filled. In the afternoon, benches had to be brought in. There were some who had to stand. During the altar call it was very touching to see how many came forward seeking to find the way to salvation. We were happy again to hear testimonies of what God did for people last year and in the meantime. Really wonderful things have taken place for which we praise God."

* * *

We are very happy to include the story of the missionary labors of *Theodora G. Hall*, youngest daughter of A. J. Gordon. Previously BREAD OF LIFE has carried Mrs. Hall's testimony of receiving the baptism of the Holy Spirit.

* * *

Recently the biography of the indefatigable author of the hymn, *Onward Christian Soldiers*, was published. Included in it is the story of this famous song: One day in 1865, "the Sunday-school children of an English mill-town mission named Horbury Brig . . . were

(Continued on page 10.)

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The Fulton Street Prayer Meeting

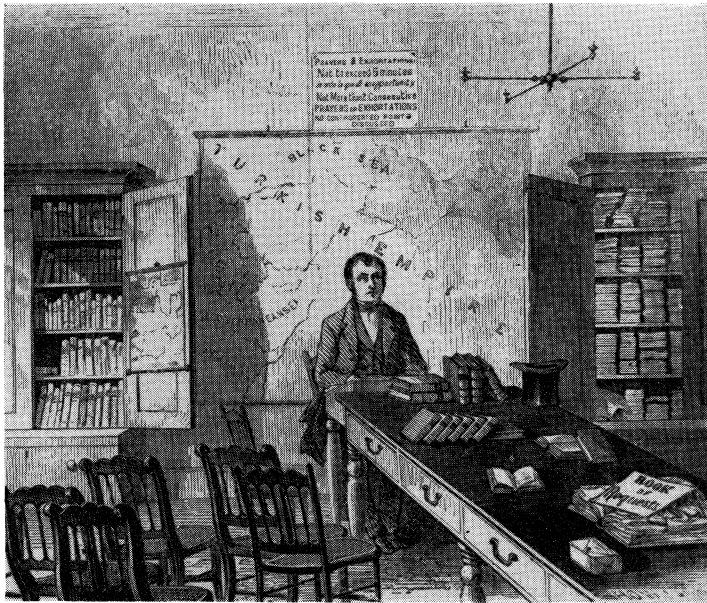
Abridged from the Account Written in 1858

By SAMUEL I. PRIME

Editor of the New York Observer

IN THE UPPER LECTURE-ROOM of the Old North Dutch Church, in Fulton Street, New York, a solitary man was kneeling upon the floor, engaged in earnest, importunate prayer. He was a man who lived very much in the lives of others; lived almost wholly for others. He had no wife or children — but there were thousands, with their husbands and fathers, without God and hope in the world; and these thousands were going to the gates of eternal death. He had surveyed all the lower wards of the city as a lay-missionary of the Old Church, and he longed to do something for their salvation. He knew he could do many things—he could take tracts in his hand, any and every day, and distribute them. He could preach the gospel from door to door. All this he had done. To reach these perishing thousands he needed a thousand lives. Could not something more effectual be done? So, day after day, and many times a day, this man was on his knees, and his constant prayer was “Lord, *what wilt Thou have me to do?*” The oftener he prays, the more earnest he becomes. He pleads with God to show him what to do and how to do it.

A vast responsibility had been thrown upon him, of caring for the spiritual welfare of the neglected thousands in these lower wards. He had been appointed to this work without being trammelled by any specific instructions by the authorities of the church, being left to act at his own discretion in much of his labor. The prayer was continually in his mind and in his heart, “Lord, *what—what wilt Thou have me to do?*” He prayed for some way to be opened to bring



The Founder and Birthplace of the Fulton Street Prayer Meeting
J. C. Lanphier in the Third Story Lecture Room of the Old North Dutch Church, Fulton Street, New York City.

the claims of religion to bear upon the hearts and minds of these perishing multitudes. The more he prayed the more encouraged he was in the joyful expectation that God would show him the way through which hundreds and thousands might be influenced on the subject of religion. But though he prayed and believed, he had not the remotest idea of the methods of God's grace which were about to be employed. The more he prayed, however, the more confident he became that God

would show him what He would have him do.

Shall we describe this man? His age is not far from forty years. He is tall, well made, with a remarkably pleasant, benevolent face; affectionate in his disposition and manner, possessed of indomitable energy and perseverance, having good musical attainments; gifted in prayer and exhortation to a remarkable degree; modest in his demeanor, ardent in his piety, sound in his judgment; having good common sense, a thorough knowledge of human nature, and those traits of character that make him a welcome guest in any house.

Mr. Jeremiah Calvin Lanphier was born in Coxsackie, N. Y. He became a resident of this city about twenty years ago, engaged in mercantile pursuits, united with the Tabernacle church on profession of his faith in 1842, joined the North Dutch church in 1857, and on July 1st of the same year, entered upon his work as the missionary of that church, under the direction of its consistory. He began his labors without any plan of instructions, and was left to do all the good he could, very much in his own way, the consistory always

aiding him as much as was in their power.

The very first page [of this man's journal] is characteristic of the man. We copy the opening lines:

New York, *July 1st*, 1857.

"Be not weary in well doing."—2 Thess. iii. 13.

"I can do all things through Christ, which strengtheneth me."—Phil. iv. 13.

"Read the fourth chapter 2nd Timothy. Think I feel something of the responsibility of the work in which I have engaged. Felt a nearness to God in prayer, and my entire dependence on Him from whom cometh all my strength."

So began this man his labors in the most neglected portion of the city of New York, the lower wards. And now for the first idea of a noonday prayer-meeting. He says:

"Going my rounds in the performance of my duty one day, as I was walking along the streets, the idea was suggested to my mind that an hour of prayer, from twelve to one o'clock, would be beneficial to businessmen, who usually in great numbers take that hour for rest and refreshment. The idea was to have singing, prayer, exhortation, relation of religious experience, as the case might be; that none should be required to stay the whole hour; that all should come and go as their engagements should allow or require, or their inclinations dictate. Arrangements were made, and at twelve o'clock noon, on the 23rd day of September, 1857, the door of the third story lecture-room was thrown open. At half-past twelve the step of a solitary individual was heard upon the stairs. Shortly after another, and last of all, another, until six made up the whole company! We had a good meeting. The Lord was with us to bless us."

The second meeting was held a week afterwards, on Wednesday, September 30th, when twenty persons were present. It was a precious meeting. There was much prayer, and the hearts of those present were melted within them. The

next meeting was held October 7th. Speaking of this meeting the private journal says:

"Prepared for the prayer-meeting today, at noon. Called to invite a number of persons to be present. Spoke to men as I met them in the street, as my custom is, if I can get their attention. I prayed that the Lord would incline many to come to the place of prayer. Went to the meeting at noon. Present between thirty and forty. 'Bless

the Lord, Oh my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name!'"

This meeting was of so animated and encouraging a character that a meeting was appointed for the NEXT DAY, at which a large number attended; and from this day dates the businessmen's union daily prayer-meeting. The meetings were moved down to the middle lecture-room, as being more commodious. Of the meeting of the 8th of October, it is said, in this same journal:

"Attended the prayer-meeting at noon. A larger number present, and there was a spirit of reconsecration to the service of Christ and a manifest desire to live near His cross."

Passing on now to Oct. 13th, we find a rapid advancement in the intensity of religious feeling, as the following extract will show:

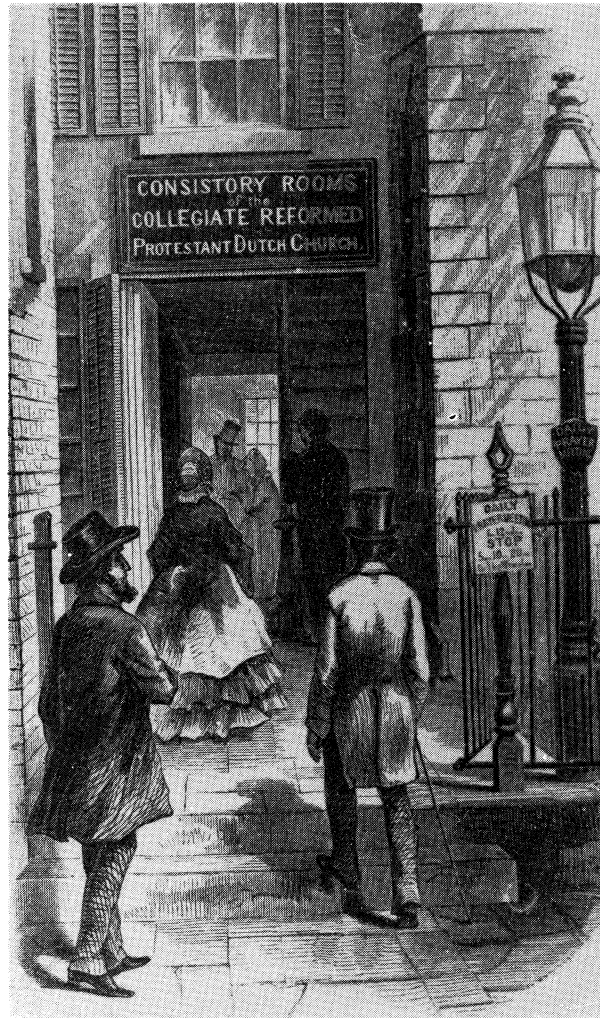
"Attended the noon-day prayer-meeting, a large number present, and God's Spirit was manifestly in our midst."

And of the next day, Oct. 14th, it is said:

"Attended the noon-day prayer-meeting. Over one hundred present, many of them not professors of religion, but under conviction of sin, and seeking an interest in Christ; inquiring what they shall do to be saved. God grant that they find Christ precious to their souls."

It is added: "This is a cloudy, rainy day."

And now, Oct. 23rd, one month from the date of the first noon-day prayer-meeting, we have this remarkable passage:



Entrance to Fulton Street Prayer Meeting

The sign at the gate read:

Daily Prayer Meeting
From 12 to 1 o'clock

—Stop—

5, 10, or 20 Minutes
or the whole hour

As Your Time Admits

"Called on some of the editors of the religious papers to have them notice the interest that is daily manifested in our meetings."

Thus the great revival had actually commenced and had been in progress for some time before any public mention had been made of it, so noiseless had been its footsteps. The religious interest at the Fulton Street prayer-meeting, as it was now commonly called, had gone on increasing more and more, till its influence began to be powerfully felt abroad in different and distant portions of the city. During the first month of these meetings, many city pastors and many laymen, belonging to the churches of New York and Brooklyn, had been into one or more of these meetings and had been warmed by the holy fire already kindled. And as the sparks from the burning building are borne to kindle other fires, so these carried the fire to their own churches.

We come now to another portion of great interest in this work of prayer. Not only in the Fulton Street meeting was prayer made, but morning prayer-meetings began to be established in different churches. In the second month of the Fulton Street meetings several morning daily prayer-meetings were in existence.

The fear of imitation held back some from moving in the matter. But more commonly there was no thought of this. The place of prayer was a most delightful resort, and the places of prayer multiplied, because men were moved to prayer. They wished to pray. They felt impelled, by some unseen power, to pray. They felt the pressure of the call to prayer. So a place of prayer was no sooner opened than Christians flocked to it to pour out their supplications together. Christians of both sexes, of all ages, of different denominations, without the slightest regard to denominational distinctions, came together, one common platform of brotherhood in Christ, and in the bonds of Christian union sent up their united petitions to the throne of the heavenly Giver.

The question was never asked, "To what church does he belong?" But the question was, "Does he belong to Christ?"

Hence there was no room for sectarian jealousies. It was felt that all Christians had a right to pray; all were commanded to pray; all ought to pray. And if all wished to pray, and pray together, who should hinder?

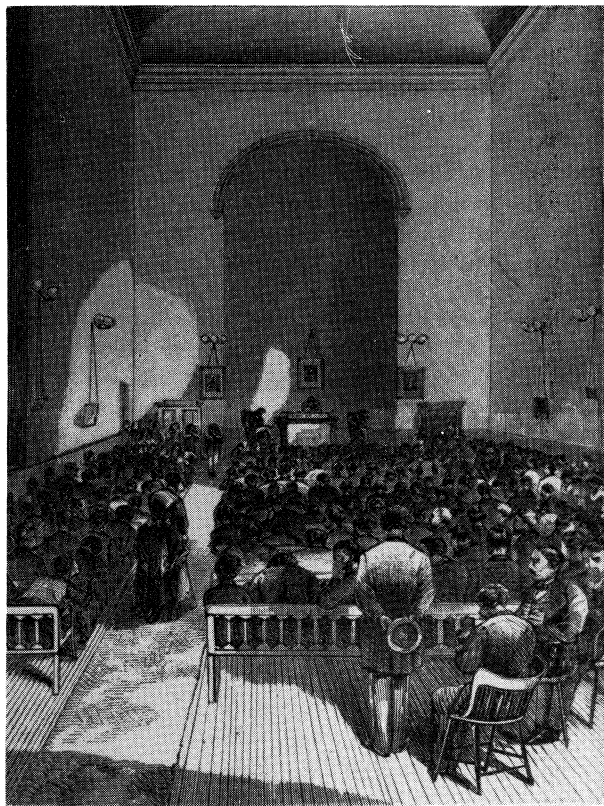
This union of Christians in prayer struck the unbelieving world with amazement. It was felt that this was prayer. This love of Christians for one another, and this love of Christ, this love of prayer and love of souls, this union of all in prayer, whose names were lost sight of, disarmed all opposition, so that not a man opened his mouth in opposition.

Before the close of the second month of the daily prayer-meeting, the two lower lecture-rooms had been thrown open, and both were filled immediately. Yet so gradually and unostentatiously had all this widespread religious interest arisen that one meeting for prayer scarcely had any knowledge of what was doing in any other. The religious interest was now rapidly on the increase and was extending itself to all parts of the country. Many men of business from abroad, coming to New York on business, would enter into the noonday prayer-meetings and become deeply impressed and go to their respective homes

to tell what the Lord was doing in New York.

When we come to the history of the third month of prayer, what a change we find rapidly taking place, not only in the city, but all over the land! It was everywhere a revival of *prayer*. It was not prayer-meetings in imitation of the Fulton Street meetings. Those that say so, or think so, greatly err. God was preparing His glorious way over the nation. It was the desire to *pray*. The same Power that moved to prayer in Fulton Street, moved to *prayer* elsewhere. The same characteristics that marked the Fulton Street meeting marked all similar meetings. The Spirit of the Lord was poured out upon these assem-

(Continued on page 10.)



Interior View of the Prayer Meeting

Missionary Pro Tem

By THEODORA GORDON HALL



Theodora Gordon Hall

Youngest Daughter of
Pastor A. J. Gordon.

IT ALL STARTED with the suggestion that we take a trip to Florida. Our home nest was empty and no pressing obligations needed to detain us. Also it seemed a good idea to have a change, and—we had never been to Florida.

But the good man of the house was not overly enthusiastic. "Sounds to me as if it was nothing but a glorified marsh, and besides it is too flat and tourist-infested," were his comments. As for me, I felt as if I would much rather go where there was work to be done, especially missionary work, thus combining the King's business with pleasure, so to speak.

And so we began to look a little further afield, and our thoughts began to concentrate on the West Indies, scattered around near our doorstep, but far from being wholly evangelized, as we knew. True, the larger islands had been given some consideration, as Cuba, Haiti, Jamaica and Puerto Rico had caught the attention of many denominations. We were sure, however, that there must be some neglected areas and so decided to ask the help of one of the world-wide evangelists who we knew was very familiar with these islands. We specified that it must be an island where English was spoken, as we were too old to acquire a new language. Also it could not be too far from home, as permanent residence was not contemplated, and we must be able to go back and forth without too great expense. And it must be minus missionaries, and needing them.

After much prayer and consultation, by a process of elimination there remained one small island which seemed to meet our requirements. Its name was Tortola, meaning dove. Later on we found that it fitted the picture so perfectly that we knew of a surety that it was God's planning and not ours which brought us there.

But at this point the man of the house began

to demur, maintaining that no place in all the world could be as pleasant as home, be it "ever so humble." And thus it was decided that the wife, being of a pioneering frame of mind, should go ahead and spy out the land, and be joined later by her better half.

The travel agent whom we consulted had never even heard of this island. Indeed it was not even on his map, probably because it was not served by airlines. However he could arrange passage through San Juan to Puerto Rico and St. Thomas, but after that I would have to be strictly on my own.

Rather hurriedly, for the time of winter sojourn in the islands was fast running out, I embarked, first by car, then by train to New York, and after that by Pan American Airways to Puerto Rico, and then by smaller Caribbair airlines to St. Thomas at Charlotte Amalie, the capital. A rather small boat, packed full of colored folks, helped me complete my journey and arrive at my desired haven, Road Town, Tortola, British Virgin Islands.

How precious to me, during all this long journey was the hymn which I was given as my passport, "My Father Watches Over Me."

I trust in God wherever I may be, upon the land or on the rolling sea;

For come what may, from day to day, my Heavenly Father watches over me.

I trust in God, I know He cares for me,

On mountain bleak or on the stormy sea; Tho' billows roll

He keeps my soul. My heavenly Father watches over me.

I trust in God, for, in the lion's den, on battle fields or in the prison pen,

Through praise or blame, through flood or flame, My heavenly Father watches over me.

*The valley may be dark, the shadows deep, but O the
Shepherd guards his lonely sheep;
And through the gloom, He'll lead me home.
My heavenly Father watches over me.*

This small island, only about ten miles long, has a population of about 5,000 Africans, mostly concentrated in its main town on its southern side. Its early history was both grandiose and bloody, having been settled by the Dutch, after the Spaniards decimated its earlier Carib and Arawak Indian population. Later on English settlers came and dispossessed their Dutch hosts, acquiring in time large sugar cane plantations, to maintain which they imported great numbers of African slaves. When slavery was abolished in other parts of the world, the masters in Tortola did not immediately follow suit. And so one day the slaves took things into their own hands. When the conch shell sounded which usually brought them out for their daily grind, it became the signal for them to set upon their masters. When the tropical night came down that day only four of the thousand white men and thirteen white women remained alive, these four escaping by boat out to sea. The great marble houses were razed to the ground, and the scattered slabs remain even today as mute evidence of man's inhumanity to man. No one bothered the slaves who remained, but there ensued a period of great poverty and want and many years later when Britain again visited the island in the person of a colonial officer and a few hardy colonists and put in her claim for back taxes, the natives were indifferent. Since then Tortola has been once more a part of the Empire.

The population of Tortola is almost one hundred percent colored, descendants of these former African slaves, and they have apparently kept the names of their former owners and much of their land.

The little boat bumped into the wharf at Road Town under the lee of the rounded hills which cover almost all the center of the island, and I debarked, not knowing anyone, but under the watch-

ful care, I am sure, of the One who has said, "I will guide thee with mine eye."

A big black man with a big smile escorted me to a dilapidated taxi and made suggestions as to the best place to stay. I decided on a rather plush small hotel with a gorgeous view of the Caribbean and a delightful breeze, run by English folks, in order to get a few days' rest. However I did not stay long here, and soon moved down into the town where I could become better acquainted with the people.

Before leaving home I had a vision of a dog which lapped my face and otherwise demonstrated great affection for me. It was a strange vision which I did not understand at the time, but was to know the meaning of it later. I had not been long in my new domicile in the center of town when my landlady gave a dinner party, and in order to get away from the noise and confusion which one cannot avoid in these small houses with partitions which go only three-quarters of the way to the ceiling, I went out and sat down on a small curbing which ran around the house. Surprisingly even to me, I was soon engulfed in the blackest kind of homesickness. Here was I in the midst of these alien people and utterly alone. I looked at the poor cats who were furtively dodging around in the dark and tried unsuccessfully to make friends with them. Suddenly a dog which was, of course, totally strange to me, came and began to lick my face and manifest every sign of affection. As I have always had an especial fondness for animals, and for dogs in particular, it was natural for me to put my arms around his neck and return his greetings. Immediately the black cloud on my spirits lifted. I had found someone who cared. I was never homesick again. From that day on that dog (who I found afterwards lived not too far away) made me his special responsibility. When I went to church he met me and accompanied me thither, waiting for me outside and accompanying me home again. One lady asked me why he seemed to be so fond of me, when she had seen

2

W HENEVER there is a great storm against God's work,
there is always a great other side;
and God wants us to look at the other side.

2

—MARTHA WING ROBINSON.

him knock down a woman who came to his owner's house to sell vegetables. I told her that God had commissioned him to take care of me, and he was obeying God even if he didn't realize it. It was a living illustration of the Lord's dominion over his animal creation, a dominion which few today realize has been bequeathed to us.

The lady to whom the Lord sent me turned out to be a staunch and earnest Christian, and I had another assurance that the Lord had sent me there and was guiding my every step. Over and over again she would exclaim, "O, the Lord surely sent you here, for I have been praying for a very long time that He would send us someone who could help us. You are sorely needed in Tortola."

At first it didn't seem so. I had no idea just what religion these people practised, whether paganism, Roman Catholicism or Protestantism.

I noticed, however, that they seemed generally to be of a superior type of African, and afterwards learned that Methodism had long been established in these islands, apparently originally by Richard Baxter, author of *Saints' Rest*. There had also been a colony of Quakers on the eastern end of the island for about two hundred years, which, however, had long ago disintegrated. The only other large church group seemed to be that of the Anglican High Church, which was well attended. The Seventh Day Adventists are also quite active as are the Church of God of Prophecy, so called, and the Apostolic churches. There are few Roman Catholics, but a church of that persuasion is in process of construction. Also the ubiquitous Jehovah's Witnesses are quite in evidence. As the bulk of the people are Methodists it seemed as if they must be well evangelized and that the gospel was not needed as much here as in some other places. However, after going about a bit more it was soon apparent that legalism was making a good deal of headway here, and the effect was a certain coldness and hardness which usually accompany it.

Although these dear people in general have a native warmth, friendliness and courtesy, which is very refreshing, yet one could see that many were more or less affected by this religious trend.

One could sense the pressure of the powers of darkness, especially in certain parts of the town, and one realized that it affected both human and animal, as one witnessed the gaunt, starving dogs and cats; the cattle, sheep and donkeys, not starved, not cruelly treated, nor abused, but simply unloved, and looking so dispirited because of it.

Thank God neither the Anglican nor the Methodist churches deny the fundamentals of the faith, as their counterparts in this country do, but among the people there is a great lack of as-

surance of salvation, and grace is mingled with works in diverse ways, some declaring one must fall down or have some great emotional experience, and others that one must belong to their particular group. Of course Saturday-keeping as necessary to salvation is stressed by the Seventh Day Adventists here as elsewhere.

When holding cottage meetings I wondered that no one seemed willing to testify to their salvation, although all prayed and gave every evidence of it. Finally one lady explained, "Sinners cannot testify." "But," I said, "sinners cannot pray either the way you do." However she was unconvinced that they were saved. One dear lady with whom I prayed cried because she was so anxious to be a Christian but couldn't believe that she was one.

The good lady with whom I lodged was sick and gladly welcomed prayer. To her great delight the Lord undertook for her and healed her, and from then on word spread that someone had come to the island who prayed the prayer of faith for the sick and that God was answering. No further introduction was needed. The Lord began to send me out into the houses of the city and over the hills in the country. At other times people came to see me at the house, often before I was dressed in the morning. Thus the Lord wonderfully opened doors, "making a way through the wilderness," where "all I had to do was follow."

I found many suffering from "pressure"—on the head, on the shoulders, and sometimes on the whole body. This was truly demonic, and one thinks in this connection of the passage which says the Lord came to deliver all who are "oppressed" of the devil. Here this pressure was physical as well as mental and spiritual. Surely there is need here for someone who knows how to command Satan to "Let My people go," but thank God, "where sin abounds, grace doth much more abound," for hosts of these dear people love the Lord and have a fervor that puts us to shame, yet know not of their authority under Christ against the powers of darkness. Thus Satan torments them without let or hindrance.

Let us ask ourselves again right here,

*"How many are the lost that I have lifted,
How many are the chained I've helped to free?
I wonder, have I done my best for Jesus
When He has done so much for me!"*

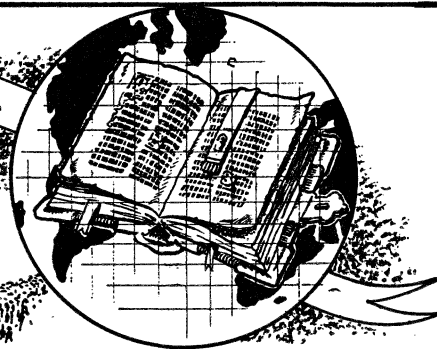
One day I went back into the hill country to pray for a young woman who experienced this terrible pressure on her shoulders. She could keep nothing on her stomach, had lost her voice, and was bedridden. All the doctors had been unable to help her trouble or even diagnose it. After

(Continued on page 11.)

GO YE INTO ALL THE WORLD...

Seed-Time and Harvest

on the Mission Fields



LYON'S LOG

(Continued from last issue.)

By EVANGELIST ROBERT D. LYON

THE TENT CATHEDRAL of Wuppertal has been marked by a beauty not of priceless stained glass windows, world renown art treasure, of incalculable value, or of beatific Gothic architecture as the Cathedral of Cologne, but by the beauty that David spoke of in his desire to dwell in the house of the Lord—"the beauty of the Lord," the wonderful manifestation of the presence of Jesus, and the glory of the Lord shining in the midst of His people. The usual report for this type of meeting is to tell of the large number of people that are coming to the services, but the outstanding thing to me has been the way the people have come to meet Jesus and to pray. We have had the prayer room filled night after night with people earnestly seeking and waiting upon the Lord.

Sunday night, July the 14th, the last night Evangelist Hans Waldvogel was here, there was a man that came for prayer who said he had been possessed for twelve years. The following Tuesday night he came to the meeting again and testified that Jesus had delivered him from his torment when he had been prayed for. He seemed so radiantly happy and has been lead-

ing out in prayer during the altar services just thanking God for what the Lord has done for him. That same night, a number of people were saved. One was a musician who had been coming for some time but always sitting in the back who said he couldn't stay away from the meetings but had to come.

Wednesday evening, the 17th, again a number also came for salvation. One young man had been standing out in front listening to the musicians play before the service. The trombone player went over and invited him to come in for the service and he was saved that night. He has been coming every night seeking to be filled with the Holy Spirit. The next night, too, a number of young people were saved. As Mr. Waldvogel left, he said, "Bob, I believe the Lord will give you many sons in the next two weeks," and it has been that way every night—souls coming to Jesus.

Saturday, the 20th, we had a service and then showed the German film. There was a Catholic priest in our midst who seemed very interested.

Sunday, the 21st, was an anniversary service for the church here in Wuppertal. Just seven

years ago, 1950, the tent came for the first time to Wuppertal. They started the service by singing the hymn that Mr. Waldvogel had taught them and had been their theme song, "Trust and Obey." Following this there were a number of testimonies of thanksgiving for the tent meetings and especially for Mr. Waldvogel's ministry. I only wish the folks at home could have heard how these people appreciated his ministry and what it has meant to them. In the evening service there was another group of young people saved.

Tuesday evening, the 23rd, Pastor Lardon of Hamburg came to lend a helping hand. He spoke, and then there was a wonderful outpouring of the Spirit. On Wednesday a sister came from Dusseldorf, who said she came to celebrate her spiritual birthday. She had been saved in our tent meeting there in 1954.

Sunday, July 28, our last meeting in the tent. Pastor Lardon spoke in the morning and I spoke in the afternoon. The tent was filled although we have been having heavy rains the last few days. There was a most wonderful response to Jesus, and a

The Fulton Street Prayer Meeting

(Continued from page 5.)

blages, and it was this that made the places of prayer all over the land places of great solemnity and earnest inquiry. Men did not doubt—could not doubt—that God was moving in answer to prayer. It was this solemn conviction that silenced all opposition—that awakened the careless and stupid—that encouraged and gladdened the hearts of Christians—causing a general turning to the Lord.

Such a display of love and mercy, on the part of the ever blessed Spirit, was never made before. The religious press, all over the country, heralded the glad news of what the Lord was doing in some places, thus preparing the way for what he was about to do in others. Thousands on thousands of closets bore witness to strong crying and tears before God in prayer all over the land. Thousands of waiting hearts, hearing that Jesus was passing by, begged that He would tarry long enough to look on them.

On the very first day of the present year [1858], the secular press in this city began to notice and publish the facts of this great movement to prayer. With scarcely an exception, this was done in the most respectful and approving terms. Most of the secular daily journals of this city spread abroad the intelligence of what was do-

ing. The people demanded it, and the publication of it was a sort of necessity. The revival columns were read with the most eager interest over the whole country, and many thousands were influenced by them, who never looked into a religious paper. God's hand was in all this.

From Mr. Lanphier's private journal, Jan. 5, 1858:

"Called to converse with some of the editors of the *daily papers* in regard to having some of the incidents, which occur from day to day in the prayer meetings, inserted in them."

This was probably the beginning of the notices of the secular press of the transactions of these meetings.

At the end of the fourth month, the Fulton Street prayer-meeting occupied the three lecture-rooms in the consistory building, and all were filled to their utmost capacity. So were all other places filled in the cities of New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City, Newark, and their vicinity.

But the spread of the meetings requires a more special mention, in order that we may trace the hand of God in this revival. The three lecture-rooms at the Old Dutch Church had become filled to overflowing, one after the other, until no sitting room or standing room was left. And scores, and perhaps hundreds, had to go away, unable even to get into the halls. How noticeable is one

large number came for salvation. At the end of the meeting many came and told me how they had been healed in the meetings. One man who had not been able to wear shoes and had suffered from arthritis was healed during the meetings and came and showed me he had shoes on, saying he had no pain. He was filled with the joy of the Lord. A long line of folks said they had been healed while sitting in the meeting. It made me see again that eternity alone will reveal all that God hath wrought.

Began meetings in Moers, birthplace of Tersteegen, on July 28 in the school auditorium. The theme song for the meetings here is "How Marvelous! How Wonderful! and My Song Shall Ever Be." The churches from Rheinhausen, Dusseldorf and Krefeld have been coming to help. The pastor, Rolf Zel-

wick, has been my interpreter.

The Lord has been meeting with us, and I believe that Jesus will win here. Sunday night a woman came who was in great need. She had married an American G.I. and then when he went back to the States, he left her and the two children. She was really despondent, but Sunday night she found the Lord. To see the transformation in her life is unbelievable. Meetings continue here till the 11th and then God willing, I will go to Stuttgart for the tent meeting there with Brother Waldvogel.

Gathered Fragments

(Continued from page 2.)

scheduled to march to church to join the children of the nearby parish in worship." The one in charge of this group approached the minister, and "asked what they were to sing on the long

walk," recalled Sabine Baring-Gould. "We discussed one thing and then another and I said I would write a processional. 'You must be sharp about it,' said Mr. Knowles, 'for this is Saturday and there will shortly be no printing done.' So I set to work and knocked off the hymn in about ten minutes." The result was the hymn which has "become one of the great hymns of all time," according to *Time* (June 24).

* * *

Florence Steidel, a Pentecostal missionary in Liberia for twenty-two years, was recently made a Knight Official of the Order of African Redemption by President William V. S. Tubman in recognition of her outstanding services in behalf of the country's lepers. Reports of her work in New Hope Town have been published in *BREAD OF LIFE* from time to time.

fact, and it must be noticed in order that we may see that "the excellency of the power is of God." There had been no eloquent preaching, no energetic and enthusiastic appeals; no attempts to rouse up religious interest. All had been still, solemn, and awful. The simple fact, the great fact was, the people were moved to prayer. The people demanded a place to pray.

Who would have foreseen the connection of the meeting of six men for prayer in that upper room, in which was one Presbyterian, one Baptist, one Congregationalist, and one Reformed Dutch, with the events which were to follow? When was there ever such a meeting before? made up of such elements? met for such a purpose? at such an hour? and gathered up without the shadow of any human contrivance, as to any of the results which followed that haste with which God makes haste—"slowly"—and by which a whole Christian nation was to be shaken from center to circumference?

Missionary Pro Tem

(Continued from page 8.)

"binding the strong man" and calling upon the Stronger for deliverance, she was able to walk across the room and later was completely healed. Before I left she told me of her experience. She said she had seen me in a dream before I ever came there to her. And One was with me with blood on His hands and feet. She said I took a whip of cords and beat her about the back. She fought back for awhile but finally gave up. "And," she said, "you are the exact image of the woman I saw in my dream, and I think the One who was with you was Jesus." My eyes overflowed with tears at this indirect assurance that the One who said, "Lo, I am with you always," was indeed, in the case of this His most unworthy handmaiden, keeping His promise.

Another young man who came to see me complained not only of pressure, but of heat, as if an oven were opened up in his face, as he expressed it. He was also greatly troubled by seeing demons continually. A strong stand and rebuking of the adversary in the name of Jesus and on the authority of His Word sent him away rejoicing in deliverance. It was a daily thrill to see the Holy Spirit at work, delivering the insane, deaf, blind, lame and otherwise afflicted, as well as saving souls, often without any urging on my part, or even an invitation. Truly a ministry to the body cannot be exercised without the soul and spirit being awakened also. I never realized before how inseparable preaching the Word and healing the sick are, and using one without the other is like ploughing with one ox in a double yoke.

And when one considers that there are so few who care to go out in this double, yea three-fold, ministry of preaching, teaching, and healing, to these and countless other people who are so heart-hungry, so appreciative and so believing, it makes the heart sad. Especially since the risen Lord has especially vested in us the authority over every evil spirit. Are we not dwelling in our ceiled houses while the house of the Lord lieth waste?

I brought home a little chorus from Tortola, to which I added verses of my own. May it speak to hearts on this side of the Atlantic and cause them to consider this little Caribbean island.

I ought to do something for Jesus, for He has done so much for me.

He came down from heaven to save me, and died for my sins on the tree.

CHORUS:

I ought to do something for Jesus; I ought to do something each day.

The harvest is great and the laborers few; Lord, help me do something, I pray.

Lord, may I not be empty-handed when Thou dost return for Thine own;

O give me some dear, blood-bought trophies that I may present at Thy throne.

O Lord may I not be so busy, with cares of this world occupied;

If willing to leave home and loved ones, I'll find Thou art there by my side.

Dear Lord, help me fully and freely to lay down my life for Thy sake,

Forsaking all comforts and pleasures, going forth new disciples to make.

Who loseth his life shall yet find it; who saveth it loseth it too,

The cross must be ever uplifted, and carried, if we would be true.

I hope, God willing, to return to Tortola in the fall, and am taking with me at least one recruit and much needed equipment. The Lord gave me a verse in Nehemiah 2:8 as an assurance that He would supply me with a house to live in. But again I repeat that I am only a missionary pro tem, for I am not climbing the mountain but going down the other side toward the sunset. Would that I could turn the clock back and relive the years spent in vanity and pride, for Jesus. What joy and satisfaction to be in the service of the King, especially among those who desire and appreciate and need Him most. But others can go who have the strength of youth. Will it be you, dear reader, I wonder? God grant it.

Wait Patiently for Him

GOD KNEW WHAT WE NEEDED when He wrote the Bible. Everything in His Word is just what we need. It will fit our case at some time or another, if not now, then, later. All through our lives we will find in His Book the answer to our problems and to our difficulties.

The thing that has been coming to me recently is a wonderful verse that says: "I waited for the Lord, He inclined unto me and heard my cry. Wait, I say, on the Lord." The longer we live, the more we realize how important that is—to wait for Jesus, wait to see what He would have us to do, where He would have us to go, and how He would have us to be, to act, to speak. Oh, it's a wonderful life—this life of waiting for God. Also, waiting for Him to do for us, and with us, as He plans. God has wonderful plans. His will is mighty and sure. And He knows definitely when to do things and how to have them done—we don't know.

Our ideas are often very, very far from the mark. Our decisions and our ways are so often perverted. It is our inclination "to rush in where angels fear to tread." We think and act impulsively so many times. Oh, yes, we run ahead of God. We don't wait for Him. Sometimes we are willing to wait a little, but we don't wait patiently. Oh, we need to wait for the Lord. We should be willing just to give up to see how *Jesus* would do it—see how He would bring it about. We think, "This is a great catastrophe, this is a great problem! What difficulty, what grief and pain we will have to bear, if this doesn't turn out a certain way!" And, it certainly must be just so, right away, or everything will be wrong.

Now, it may not be that way at all. If we will learn by *practicing*, day by day, moment by moment, to wait for God, we will come into the victorious life. Just wait for Him, because we know He is true and we can trust Him. We can rely fully upon His judgment and His wisdom. Oh, praise God! Such wisdom as God has, and yet, we are thoughtless and determined many times to speak, do and act rashly. God is calling upon us to wait on the Lord! Wait for Him to move, wait for Him to direct our paths, because He promises He will.

The more we live in God's word, the more we will see He has an answer to every question and every

problem. He will solve every difficulty in our lives. So, we must not fear. We must not dread, question or doubt. We must wait for God, see what He will do, see how wonderfully He works, just at the right moment, in just the right way. Then our friends or loved ones are not offended. Or others that we know do not feel that we have been mistaken, or we don't find ourselves as often in the wrong. What is the reason for this? Because we have given up to wait for God.

There is nothing in the Word of God that indicates we will profit in any way by making our own decisions, or acting impulsively, or on the spur of the moment—when something happens unexpectedly. We say: "Oh, I'll do this," or, "I'll change the other." No, it's *God's* business; it's *His* plan. We wait for *Him* to change the situation and bring everything out just right. It will pay us greatly to wait for God. Wait, oh my soul, for the Lord! Wait patiently for Him.

We so often feel, "I have given God time, now, and still He hasn't acted, *still* He hasn't brought this thing around, and He hasn't seemed to work it out the way it really ought to be." The truth is, we don't know how it ought to be, or how it should be brought about. But, He knows—He is *waiting* to be gracious. Let us wait for *Him* to do it, and all will be well.

We won't mind if it is necessary for us to wait; and we won't try to hurry God. We will really *trust* Him. We will be glad to wait for Him to move. We will know that He is never too late and that His moves and workings are always perfect. We are confident He knows when to act, how to do it. We won't feel at all perturbed or fearful, if we are really waiting for the Lord.

It would be well for us if we would remember that and make *our* ways *His* ways. Also, the Word says: "The servant of the Lord shall not make haste." And God wants us to let Him show us His great salvation. He *wants* us to see it, and we *will* see it, by waiting for Him and watching His plan unfold. Just look upon Him, letting Him perform all of His good pleasure. And, let's remember always, to wait for God, to wait for *His* way. His wisdom is almighty, and His ways are above our way, as the heavens are above the sea.

—MARY ELIZABETH JUDD.