

Bread of Life

Vol. VI

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A. Devaney, N. Y.

When ye have gathered the fruit of the land.
Ye shall keep a feast unto the Lord.

Take Up Thy Cross and Follow Me!

THE YEAR 1907 was a strategic year in the history of the church of Jesus Christ, for it was in that year that the Pentecostal movement, which God had launched so supernaturally in 1906, swept around the world. One of the pioneer ministers of this revival, Martha Wing Robinson, kept a diary during this momentous period from which the following entry is taken under date of June 10. At that time she was living and ministering in Toronto, Canada, where she often attended the well-known East End Mission conducted by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hebden. This selection well describes the cry of Mrs. Robinson's soul during these months and something of the experience into which God led His child, just fifty years ago, when Christ so manifested Himself to her that henceforth it was "not I, but Christ."



A TREMENDOUS SPIRIT OF SUPPLICATION WAS UPON ME. Crying—with groanings that could not be uttered—crying for Jesus. It was during this time the Lord began to show me the power of His resurrection and the fellowship of His sufferings. He began to show me such a separated life as I had never dreamed of. The world fell away from me; I stood naked and alone. I can't describe it, that dreadful sense of aloneness—of aloofness—as if I were in the heart of a great wilderness—with God. . . .

It was near this time I got an interpretation at the East End. Mrs. Hebden was speaking in tongues. One message I know now was especially intended for me. As she spoke I had a vision. It seemed to stand—a picture, right in her flow of words. I saw a picture of a bleak, barren, rugged country under such a strange, lonely, grey sky. Away in the background on a boulder against the grey sky was a cross.

What she said was that as Jesus trod the bleak hills of Judea alone (and that aloneness gave me the thought of spiritual separation from all about) so must all who would share His glory be willing to take up their cross and tread the path He trod. As during this supplication I experienced that loneliness, I saw again and again that picture, that cross against a cold, grey sky, and again and again I have had to say only, "Thy will be done. I will go all alone."

—MARTHA WING ROBINSON.

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As a Fool Dieth

By HANS R. WALDVOGEL

"And David lamented over Abner and said, 'Died Abner as a fool dieth?' " (2 Sam. 3:33).

ABNER might have been a mighty man of God; he knew God and God's will. He knew that God had chosen David to be king. Yet he worked for David's enemies until it was not profitable anymore, until he found that he could get better pay in David's service. Then he switched over; but it was forever too late. And that word is written over his tombstone: *He died like a fool.*

What is going to be written over our tombstones? What is God going to say over our lives, over our end upon this earth?

I heard the Lord issue a warning one time to some people that were living careless lives. It went right to my heart. He said something like this: "Some day you will stand and you will look back and you will say, 'My, I could have known Jesus Christ much better; I could have known Him well, but I just didn't want to bother.' " Such people are indeed foolish—like Abner.

I talked to a woman in Berlin some time ago who was ready to die. She said, "I've lived a very comfortable life. I've traveled a lot. I've had a very interesting life. I don't want to live any longer." Now that was her verdict. So she died. But I wonder what God had to say—that she, like Abner, died as a fool?

And when some time ago, a dear child of God said to me, "I lost my way," I thought, "Oh, isn't that a sad thing!"

Beloved, there is only one way, *just one way*. Every other way is foolish and leads to disgrace. There is just one way. And that way is Jesus. If I were to ask, "What is eternal life?"

you would answer, "Eternal life is to know Him." Now, can I *know* Jesus? Can I really *know* Jesus? Can I really know Him *better* than I know Him today? Is it really possible for me to know Jesus better? To live closer to Him than I did today? To be filled more with the Holy Ghost? To be more fruitful? It is possible, and I am a great sinner, a fool, if I don't give myself a chance.

A dear saint, who lived in our home for a while, said, "I know this way. I know just how you folks live. You have no worries. You make no plans, no decisions; the Lord takes care of everything. I lived like that once upon a time. I had found a life of perfect rest, but I lost it and I can't find my way back." Now that is a sad testimony, but true. In God's eyes he was a fool.

Oh, to get a larger vision of Jesus Christ! To know Him and the power of his resurrection is our privilege. God wants us to be filled with the spirit of wisdom and revelation *in the knowledge of Him*. We think we know Jesus, but we have only begun to touch the fringes of the beginning of the knowledge of the Son of God. And if you do not get to know Him the day will come when you will say, "My, what a fool I was! I might have known Him well. I might have known my Jesus; but I had so many excuses, so many other things to be wrapped up in, to be occupied with. I might have done like David, desired one thing of the Lord, 'to dwell in the house of the Lord, to behold the beauty of the Lord and to enquire in His temple.' "

Or like Paul. Now here was a busy man, but he had just one thing to do: to press toward the mark. And he calls upon all the saints to lay aside every weight, to do just one thing, looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our faith. That is God's call, but many are called and few are chosen.

Beloved, it is a tragedy, a tremendous tragedy, just to read what the Bible says about those that failed. It is such a tragedy to see that Jesus Christ, walking in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks, finding only a few overcomers in every age, says, "I know your works. I know you have a name. I know all about it. I see your magazines; I see your picture on every page. I see the great names you give yourself; I see the great claims you make for yourself. But, you are dying, *you are dying!* You are unclean. Your works are not perfect before God."

Take the matter of a perfect tongue. How few people attain to that! But, fewer even bother about trying to attain to a perfect tongue. How few people pay attention to the call of God when He says, "If any of you seemeth to be religious and bridleth not his tongue. . . ." What would happen to me if I bridled my tongue? God would get hold of me. My tongue would become a fountain of living water. Isn't that what my tongue is given to me for—that I might speak the words of God? that I might be His witness? that the Holy Ghost will pour through me the life-giving message to those that are dead? All these things are in the Bible.

Eternal life is not what *we*

think it is; it is what *God* thinks it is. It is life manifested unto us through Jesus Christ. Jesus alone is life. And if I am at all wise, I am going to do like Paul, forget the things that are behind and press toward the mark. I will follow after. The German Bible says, "*Ich jage Ihm aber nach ob ich's auch ergreifen möchte,*" which is "I run, I chase after it with all my might."

"I have not yet apprehended," says Paul. "I am not going to fool myself, and think because I got a blessing, because I am an apostle, because God has given me great gifts, and because God has illuminated the path of my ministry with His presence, that I have apprehended. I am still going to count everything but refuse. And I am going to follow after, if perchance I might apprehend that for which also I was apprehended. I know I've been called. I know He saved me and called me with a holy calling. But I am not there yet."

"Let us therefore, as many as be perfect be thus minded." Now there must have been people in Phillippi who thought they were perfect. But Paul says, "Look at me. Follow me. Do as I do. I count not myself to have apprehended." As soon as you do, you are lost, you are positively lost. That shows that the devil has blinded your eyes.

What a blessing it is when the Holy Ghost stirs your heart with a hunger for Jesus Christ, with a spirit of prayer, with a holy spirit of seeking after God, and you are not going to let anything get in the way, not even your ministry. Even that is going to be a secondary issue. Your very first concern is to know Him and the power of His resurrection and the fellowship of His suffering that you might be made conformable unto His death if by any means you might attain unto the resurrection of the dead.

Paul is talking about the resurrection that we all are called

to. He that hath appointed us or wrought us for the selfsame thing is God. We are all here because God has called us with a holy calling, out of this life, out of this bondage, to be like unto His Son. What does that mean? Tell me, who is going to be fit to be seated upon the throne of His glory? Who is going to be like Jesus Christ? You know that none of the angels approach unto the beauty of the Son of God. They can not. There never was one like Him. He is made the Master of all powers in heaven and in earth.

TODAY

*So here hath been dawning
Another blue day:
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?*

*Out of Eternity
This new day was born;
Into Eternity, at night,
Will return.*

*Behold it aforetime
No eye ever did;
So soon it forever
From all eyes is hid.*

*Here hath been dawning
Another blue day:
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?*

—THOMAS CARLYLE.

And there are people that are called to be like Him. They are going to be sons of God. And He is the firstborn among many brethren. Does that mean anything to us? Until it grips us we are not likely to run the race successfully. Then I will hate and despise my own life also. Oh, for a people upon this earth that are so wrapped up in Jesus Christ that they will walk that way. And they will find that only Jesus is the way.

But you know, we think we know it all, don't we, now? (Don't *you* think that *you* know a great deal more than somebody else? Of course you do.) That is proof that we do not know anything. And we do not until we begin to know Jesus Christ.

The Lord said another thing one time to a number of young ministers, "Go home and spend ten minutes praying this prayer: *Jesus, I know I can know You much better than I know You today if I only give myself a chance.*" I did that. It made a great change in my life. Am I giving myself a chance to know my Jesus? What a fool I am if I don't.

Do you know why repetition is the secret of successful advertising? It impresses itself upon your mind. Now if you pray a prayer like that repeatedly you will go to the Bible and try to find out how to know Him. And He tells you how.

There is but one way to know Jesus Christ. It is by keeping His commands. He says, "He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me: and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him." And then He said, "And this is my commandment that ye love one another as I have loved you." If I do not, there will be darkness somewhere. There will be shadows someplace. There will be bondage; there will be defilement. Peter says, "Seeing ye have purified your souls unto unfeigned love of the brethren, see that ye love one another with a pure heart fervently."

Or take the command, "Rejoice evermore." Have you graduated from that school? Now that is the question. Listen, have you graduated in the school of rejoicing? Do you rejoice evermore? Or do you allow once in

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N'yangori Mother

By KATHRYN ROTH

Kitale, Kenya, East Africa

In the first installment of her testimony Miss Roth told how the Lord called her as a shy girl of eight or nine to go to Africa. Some years later, after she was gloriously filled with the Holy Spirit, God led her to the Faith Homes in Zion, Illinois, for training for Christian work. Repeatedly the Holy Spirit had reminded Miss Roth of her call, but while desirous and willing to do the will of God, she felt it was an absolute impossibility because of her great timidity and the various dangers she would encounter in Africa.—EDITOR.

AFTER A PERIOD of training in the Faith Homes in Zion, Illinois, the Lord led me to Waukegan, Illinois, where I lived with and helped the pastors of the Full Gospel Tabernacle in the work there. After six months, however, I had a complete nervous breakdown and physical collapse in April, 1922. My left side became paralyzed, and my heart was in a very serious condition. The pain which I endured from that time on was inexpressible.

I was pinned in one position for a long time, unable to move, and my heart was galloping desperately night and day. The suffering at times was so intense all through my left arm and shoulder and clear to the tips of my fingers that I am sure if it had not been for the presence of Jesus I would not have been able to bear it. Also, the entire left side, from my hip to my shoulder and clear through to my back, at times seemed like one mass of sore flesh. It seemed to be so inflamed that I could not touch it. I could only describe my feelings by saying that a great big bolt was forced through that sore heart and fastened into the floor. I was unable to move for a week.

I was really at death's door, but there was much prayer for me. My life was spared, but I was not healed. I was still unable to help myself, however, and could not raise my left arm.

I went to my home in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, in July, and after two weeks I broke down again. There seemed to be no hope for my recovery, but once more the Lord spared my life in answer to prayer. After some time I rallied again, though still weak and very helpless, and returned to Zion. I continued in this condition for another year, always dependent upon others and unable to do anything for myself.

I know for a certainty that the reason I was not healed, in spite of the much prayer that was offered in my behalf, was because I was not fully consecrated. All the while I was ill, the Lord dealt with me about complete consecration. That meant the mission field as far as I was concerned. I really wanted to serve the Lord with all my heart, but when it came to AFRICA, I did not think it was possible for me to go. I always held back when it came to that.

I remember definitely one time in Zion, when again I was quite ill with my heart, as I lay quietly in my room upstairs while friends were praying for me in the room beneath me, the Lord showed me very clearly that the day I made a complete consecration and would be willing to go to Africa, He would heal me completely. Yet I could not.

All this while I continued in a helpless, stiff condition, just skin and bones. Any little ex-

citement or the least bit of disturbance would cause me to have great trouble again with my heart. Feeling a little stronger, I went home to Milwaukee for a visit in the late summer of 1923.

On the 30th of August, I went to the drugstore to mail a card to my friend, Miss Constance Andresen, now Mrs. Leonard Johnson of Waukegan, Illinois. As the store was only two and one-half blocks from our home, I thought it would be all right if I walked slowly, but on the way my heart began to thump faster and faster until my head seemed to be floating and I could hardly see straight ahead of me. I felt like I would drop every minute, but the Lord held me up. It did not seem to me that I would get home alive that day, but I just sat down on the corner and talked to the Lord about it. I thought of going into the drugstore and phoning for my brother to come after me, but the very thought made me shrink from it. I knew that I could not have done the phoning myself in that condition, and I was afraid to ask the druggist to do it, for I thought he might call a doctor or perhaps give me some medicine. So I sat and waited.

A sense of loneliness crept over me as I sat there with my head bowed. (The sight of moving streetcars and autos made me dizzy.) I felt quite alone in the midst of the passing crowd.

No one knew of my condition. Indeed I was glad that they did not. But as I prayed, I thought I saw Jesus standing close beside me, and immediately I was strengthened. I talked a little while longer to Him, and then I told Him that I would go home taking each step in His name. This I did, walking very, very slowly and resting a number of times.

When I finally entered the house, I sank into a large chair. It seemed as if my moments were numbered. I managed to get to my bed. There for three hours I had a desperate struggle.

My mother was away nursing a nephew who was ill with scarlet fever at the time. So I was alone with my old grandmother who was hard of hearing. She was quite distracted and did not know what to do. Finally I managed somehow to get her to get my brother who lived in the apartment upstairs to telephone Zion. After they prayed there, I was very much relieved, though I continued to be in quite a serious condition all night. My grandmother was not of much help to me and whenever I had a serious spell with my heart, I could not speak—it was a great effort even to whisper.

My friend Constance came the next morning. It was just like Jesus to send her when I was so very helpless and had no one to stand in faith with me. As the days went on I had an up-and-down experience. Sometimes I seemed to be getting better, then suddenly would go right down again, until one day (the 5th of September) I was filled with indignation. I felt that I had been in bondage long enough, so I gathered all my strength together and got out of bed. I felt that I had just enough of this thing, and I was not going to have it another minute. Constance helped me get into a rocker, but I felt very wretched and my heart was thumping desper-

ately. I was determined, however, to stay up, so I forced myself to sit up in that chair for a long time. I prayed all the time and asked her to pray, although I did not tell her how I felt. I grew worse every minute, until finally I asked her to help me back to bed. When I got into bed it seemed as if the end was near, but I said nothing about it. Although I was forced to go back to bed, the Lord by His grace helped me never to give up for a second. With the same determination I said, "If we want this healing, we will have to fight. We must go at it like the importunate widow and not give up until we get it."

Breathing became more and more difficult, and Constance began to weep bitterly. She was all alone with me. We felt we did not dare to let the rest of the family know of my condition as they would only become worried and could not stand in faith with us. While I felt that there was only one step between me and death, yet the sight of her weeping just stirred me all up. The very idea of giving up like that right on the firing line! I told her to come right up out of that and rejoice in the Lord and praise Him for His faithfulness. I wonder now that I could be so hard. I am sure that it must have been very hard for her, but I just knew that there was not any time to lose. We encouraged ourselves with the Word of God, and after that she called up Zion, and they prayed again. Again I was greatly relieved and seemed to be improving nicely.

The next day Elder Brooks of Zion came. After he prayed, anointing me with oil, I felt so much better, although still unable to move. On Saturday he came again; and after he left, I was able to move and speak again.

On Sunday noon my brother came down from upstairs to see me for a few minutes. While

there he noticed that the window shade was broken and was tied down with a string. He at once went to work and tried to fix it, but the little commotion of his working on that shade must have been too much for me. I began to sink while he was in the room. I tried to resist it when I felt it coming over me, but I became weaker and weaker in spite of myself. Something whispered to me, "You will not rise again," but my heart answered, "God cannot fail."

Before this I could take raw eggs in orange juice, or olive oil and lemon in orange juice, but now I was unable to digest that. I could take just a little clear orange juice once in a while.

That night my oldest brother came, but I was too weak to see him. When he found me in that condition, he at once phoned for mother to come home. We did not think that she could come, being quarantined, but she came that very night. I continued to get worse, and Monday morning I whispered into Constance's ear that she had better call up Zion again for prayer.

All during this time I was dealing with God. I shall never forget that silent conversation which we had, my Lord and I. Mother went to the neighbors and asked them to keep their children quiet, as I could not bear the slightest noise. They were very kind and did their best. All day Monday I felt myself sinking, and although I did not say anything to Mother or Constance, they both knew it and did not leave my bedside. One or the other was constantly with me. All was silence. Every now and then I beckoned for one or the other to put their ear close to my mouth, and I would ask them if they were still happy in Jesus and if they were praising the Lord in their hearts. That night the crisis came. At three o'clock in the

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On the Hallelujah Side

By WALLY ROTH

*"O glory be to Jesus, let the hallelujahs roll,
Help me spread my Saviour's praises far and wide;
For I've opened up toward heaven all the windows of my soul,
And I'm living on the hallelujah side."*

WE ARRIVED in Hamburg from our meetings in Zurich and got there just in time to enter into a bout with the flu that was raging through that city. Instead of letting the fever get him down, my uncle, Evangelist Hans Waldvogel, translated the song, "The Hallelujah Side," into German and during the convention in Hamburg we sang it over and over again until it had gripped all of our hearts.

The gathering in Hamburg was sort of international. Friends came from England, France, Denmark, Sweden, the Saar, etc., and though many of them could not understand a word of the language, they had come again for the third or fourth year just because they desired to sit in the presence of Jesus and worship the Lord with others of like faith.

Several years ago a young man came to the conference from the East Zone. Being of another denomination, he at first found Pentecostal meetings rather strange. However, after a few meetings his soul was filled with a great hunger for the Lord and before the meetings ended he had been gloriously filled with the Holy Spirit. From that day until this he has radiated the joy and glory of the Lord.

Due to the influence of this young man, the number of those coming from that part of Germany has increased from year to year, and this summer a large number came again. Some of

them had been there in previous years, but quite a number of them were present for the first time. There were a few who at first found it impossible to adjust themselves to Holy Ghost meetings and they looked so dark and unhappy. Then one evening the Lord in His great mercy gave us a wonderful outpouring of the Holy Ghost. When the altar call was given, the whole group of East Zone people came running to the altar. In that meeting the Lord got hold of their hearts. From then on they worshipped God and called on Him and found Him in a very real way.

We had two meetings a day for the first week and a half and then for the last four days there were three meetings daily when

we came together to hear the Word of God and to worship our wonderful Lord.

What a wonderful privilege is ours to still be able to come together in Holy Ghost meetings and to worship God according to the dictates of our hearts! How people are to be pitied who have the opportunity of doing so and neglect it! In many parts of the world today people are denied this privilege and would pay any price to have it. We met many such folks, and it stirred our hearts when we realized what we have and how possible it is that we might lose it too just as they did.

We are also thankful for the ministry of the Word of God. We have seen people saved, enlightened, healed, and filled with



The Hamburg Conference Was International

Some of the ministers who came from England, France, Sweden, and Denmark. Oskar Lardon, host pastor of the conference, is seen at the extreme right.

the Holy Spirit as the Word found entrance into their hearts.

The last day, a Sunday, was really the most wonderful day of all. The Lord poured out His Spirit in a very unusual and wonderful way. People all over the church were praising and exalting the Lord. Some had their hands raised, some were weeping, others laughing, and one young Swedish woman was so filled that she danced before the Lord. It was a day that none of us will ever forget.

The evening service on that day began at 6:30 so that those who had to leave early to get their trains, etc., could still have a season of worship with us. The meeting ended around 8:30 and all who were still there got on their knees and called on the Lord. Finally, that meeting too was over and friends reluctantly began to say good-bye and part one from the other.

A large number of us were standing around the door preparatory to leaving when suddenly one of the young women from the East Zone came running through the groups of people and calling: "I've got it! I've got it!" In her great joy she threw her arms around some of the sisters and crying and

laughing kept repeating: "I've got it!" She had received a wonderful baptism of the Holy Spirit and so had some of her friends, though not all were as demonstrative about it as she was. This was a great encouragement and joy to all of our hearts, for it not only strengthened those who had received but it gave us the confidence that they would in turn become witnesses of the grace and love of Jesus to their friends at home.

So the glorious light and knowledge of Jesus is spreading through the earth like a fire, and this is a glorious fire that will never be quenched but will burn more and more brightly until the day of Jesus Christ.

From Hamburg, my uncle and I went to Kirchheim once more to have a few more meetings with my cousin, Pastor Walter Waldvogel, and our friends in southern Germany. It was also a precious season in the presence of the Lord. There was a baptismal service when a number were baptized who had been saved during the summer months. It was a beautiful sight. The sun from the outside shone upon the candidates as they entered the baptismal tank. It made our hearts rejoice to

witness souls being "buried with Christ" in baptismal waters who had formerly served the prince of this world.

Looking back on this summer we can truly say, "Great is Thy faithfulness!"

Our plane left Stuttgart airport in the evening and we were surprised at the large number of friends who found it in their hearts to come and see us off. Arriving in Switzerland we found some more friends at that airport to speed us on our way.

We thank all of our friends who stood behind us in faith and prayer during the past months. We wish that all of you could have seen and experienced the victories that we were permitted to see and experience. Thank God for the Day that is coming when we shall see and understand perfectly that which God did. Then we will rejoice and worship Him together.

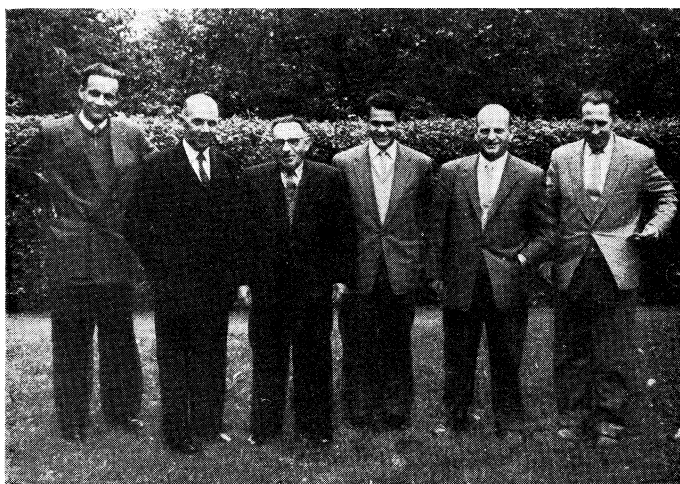
As a Fool Dieth

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awhile little shadows? Little discrepancies, little discouragements, little sensitive feelings, little ill feelings, or anything like that? But the Bible says, "This is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you." That is pretty strong, isn't it? You might think it is immaterial. If you do, you will lose your crown, you throw it away.

"Pray without ceasing. In everything give thanks." Have you graduated from these commands?

"Blessed are the poor in spirit." "Be ye clothed with humility." "Let every one of you esteem others better than himself." Where are we today? These things seem so simple and they seem so foolish. They do. And that proves that we are lost, that we are on the way of perdition, else they would seem jewels to be grasped after. "Thy words were found and I did eat



A Group of German Ministers at the Hamburg Conference

Left to right: Rolf Celwick of Moers; Franz Wegner of Rendsburg; Karl Müller of Düsseldorf; Tetzlaff Eckert of Wuppertal; Oskar Lardon of Hamburg; and Kurt Schott of Hamburg.

them and thy word was to me the joy and the rejoicing of my heart, for I am called by thy name, O Lord of hosts." "In keeping of them there is great reward."

These are God's commands. His absolute demands. *Absolute!* He says, "Ye call Me Lord and you do not the things I command you." These things we slide over. And that is why we lose the way. And the great and terrible and sad thing is that like Abner, people die like fools. God says, "Thou fool, you are not rich toward God. You might have been rich towards God. You might have had a much clearer, happier entrance into Glory. You might have been of those who sat with Me in My throne, but you are not an over-comer."

Nothing is going to count in that day but what we have done for Christ and what God has done for us. Be not unwise but understanding what the will of the Lord is, redeeming the time.

How many people are fooling themselves. I am thinking of the foolish virgins. They were seeking to be filled with the Spirit, but it was too late. Just like those to whom Noah had preached. They knocked for entrance into the ark, but it was too late! They had the warning to get ready for one hundred and twenty years, but they paid no attention. After the flood came, it was too late.

But you do not have to remain on the outside. If Jesus has His way, He will get us ready. You will do business with God to make your calling and election sure.

My heart is heavy because I know there are many who do not have a prayer life, who do not know how to wait on the Lord. And the day will come when you will say, "My God, did I die like a fool?"

Praise is the outflow of the love of the heart.

N'yangori Mother

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morning I found myself struggling with death. It seemed almost useless to fight any more. The death rattle was in my throat. I was unable even to turn my head on the pillow. I felt like I was more on the other side than that I was on this side.

I could never describe in words the awful condition that I was in at that time. Again I gathered myself together and told the Lord that I would never, never give up as long as there was any breath left in me.

When I finally saw that my life was slipping away, in that last hour when the anguish of death was upon me, I lifted my heart to God—I could not pray with my lips—and prayed a prayer of surrender that went right through to the throne of God: "God, if You will raise me up even now, I will go to Africa in the day that You send me."

Then I heard a voice of such wondrous sweetness saying to me, "*It is My Will that thou shalt live; the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.*" At that moment faith leaped up within my heart for an instantaneous healing. My mother and Constance realized that something had happened. They saw a change come over my face, but they did not know what it was. I whispered into my mother's ear to praise the Lord and be happy, for victory was near.

Then the Lord began to deal with me and showed me that the "Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence, and that the violent take it by force." From three o'clock that night until seven in the morning the Holy Spirit instructed me in the Word of God from Genesis to Revelation. Every scripture that dealt with the healing of the body stood out, as it were, in letters of fire. Like never before I saw the marvelous provision God had made

for the healing of the body. As I lay there helpless, still unable to move at all, I saw the Word of God becoming alive. I saw that it was eternal and that I could step out on that word. Then I remembered that "*Every place whereon the soles of your feet shall tread shall be yours.*" But here was this Jordan—

As I meditated upon these things, suddenly I heard, and oh! I thought it was like the sound of a trumpet, "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My words shall not pass away." I saw at a glance the Word of God as a bridge and that I could walk right out on the Word and go straight over Jordan and enter the "Land of Promise." Immediately I asked Constance to bring me some clothes. At that very moment the power of God struck me and sent a current of life all through my being. I began to praise the Lord with an audible voice and got out of bed without any assistance. As I stood there, tears of joy pouring down my face, I laughed and wept. Together Constance and I praised the Lord. With great joy I said, "Oh, I am not afraid now to go to Africa."

Mother was attracted by the sound of our loud praises and laughter and came hurrying into the room and found me on my feet and dressing. She was so bewildered at first that she did not know what to do and she said, "Oh, we can move you into the other room now," but I said, "No, mother, the Lord has healed me, and I am well." (Mother had been wishing so much to move me into another room on account of the noise upstairs with the baby, but they could not move me even an inch, nor could I raise my head from the pillow.) So when she saw me up, she was so excited that the first thing she thought of was to move me, but after a minute or two she forgot all about that, and with wonder and amazement declared, "Well, the

Lord has performed a miracle right in our home."

Overcome with joy she went and told my grandmother who was still unsaved then. She could not believe it. "I will never believe that. I will never believe that. That is just sheer will power. She will drop over dead." She tried to persuade my mother to put me back in bed.

But I did not *feel* healed. I had just enough strength to get out of bed and get dressed. Outside of that I felt every symptom. My heart was racing as fast as ever. As I sat down in a rocker, Constance remembered that well people eat. She said to me, "I suppose you will have to eat some breakfast now." I had not been able to eat anything for several days at all. When I heard the word breakfast, suddenly a great battle started. It seemed that if I dared to eat a morsel of food I would die. I could not think of food, but I realized that I was healed and said, "Yes, I will have breakfast." I said I would, and so she hurried into the kitchen to prepare a poached egg for me. In the meantime I took my Bible and read and re-read certain passages to strengthen my faith. I was determined to eat that egg if it killed me, and when she brought it, I went at it just as if I had a wonderful appetite. It did not seem possible for me to eat, but I ate in Jesus' name.

Mother was so happy that she hurried to the neighbors to tell them they need not keep their children quiet any longer, that a miracle had happened in our home. She did not know that I had a single symptom still, for the Lord made me able to act like a well person from the moment I got out of bed. I did not intend to tell even Constance about the symptoms, but fully intended to fight the thing to the finish without telling a soul. However, when the afternoon

came, Mother suggested that we all lie down for a nap, as none of us had had any sleep for so long. I shrank from the thought of lying down, but as Mother insisted I finally obeyed and went to lie down (as a well person) for a little nap. I did not do any napping, but continued to praise the Lord with all my might just as I had done ever since I got out of bed. My heart was beating desperately hard, and I could never describe in words the awful feeling in my body. I felt like I was resisting death. Again I told the Lord that I didn't care how long He would let me be tested—I never would give up.

It was about this time that the thought came to me, "What if I made a mistake? Could it be that all this was done by sheer will power?" I realized that to listen to any suggestions of this nature would certainly bring defeat. So I began to quote scripture passages. As I did so, I saw that it was perfectly safe to exercise one's will power if it is on the Lord's side.

However, the fight was tremendous, and I began to ask the Lord if I could not tell Constance just a little so that she could help me praise through. He made me to know that it would be all right, and together we pressed forward, with the shout of praise, holding firmly the shield of faith, and wielding the sword of the Spirit.

For three full days the fight continued. My Bible was in my hands nearly all the time. I sat for hours with my finger on certain promises, such as I John 5:14, 15, and others. I remember telling God something like this, "I know, Lord, that Thy Word is true, and that Thou canst not lie. If You let me die, even then Thou art faithful, and Thy Word is true. It does not matter what becomes of me, even if I should find myself in hell, I would praise Thee there for Thy faithfulness, and I would know that I must certain-

ly come back to life, because Thy Word is Truth."

The biggest struggle was at meal times. The thought of food or drink would nauseate me so that I did not dare to let my mind dwell on it for a moment. I went to the table three times a day and ate like other folks, but no one knew of the conflict that went on inside. The only way that I could overcome those wretched feelings at all was by denying their existence and taking my mind entirely off of my feelings. I remembered those beautiful words in our good old hymn:

*"At the sign of triumph,
Satan's host doth flee;
On, ye Christian soldiers,
On to victory!"*

*Hell's foundations quiver,
At the shout of praise;
Forward, Christian brothers,
Loud your anthems raise."*

So we held up the sign of triumph, and praised God unceasingly.

I walked the floors quite a bit during those three days; and as I felt death in my body all the time, the thought came to me, "You will just drop dead any minute. Why, this is nothing less than suicide." But again the Lord made me able to say, "If I die, I will die trusting God." I felt like I was actually throwing my life away, but I said to the Lord, "I believe your Word, Lord; now You are responsible for my life." I remembered the little statement of F. B. Meyer: "*You do not test the resources of God till you try the impossible.*"

In the meantime, Mother did quite a bit of advertising, which was much against my wishes, but she was so happy that she could not keep from telling it, and of course did not know about my struggle. As a result of this, people became curious

and wanted to come to see me. I felt that I could not afford to sit and visit even for a few minutes with such a tremendous fight going on in my body. Therefore Constance and I got down on our knees every morning and asked the Lord to keep away everybody that He did not want, and not let anybody come, only such as He would send. The Lord answered prayer. Not one person came, except Pastor Joseph Wannenmacher. When he came in, he could not speak, but joined right in with us in our praise service.

As time wore on and the fight continued, I began to wish that I could go to Zion, thinking that I would have more help there. I wanted to go at once. As I expressed my wish to Constance, the Lord spoke these words into my soul, "*Ye shall not go out with haste.*"

On the morning of the third day, as I awakened, these words were ringing in my soul: "*The Egyptians whom ye have seen today, ye shall see them again no more forever.*" I seemed to have gone backwards, according to the story of the Bible, and found myself before the Red Sea, but it did not matter. I knew that God had spoken, and in some way, I cannot tell how, I knew that it was the last day of our fight. And now the Lord showed us both very clearly that He wanted us to go to Zion the next day. So all that day, the praises continued to rise like incense from our hearts and lips.

At the close of the day, about six o'clock, it so happened that we were alone, Constance and I. The room seemed to be just hallowed ground and we were conscious of such a marvelous presence of the Lord. As we sat in complete silence before the Lord, all the symptoms lifted.

The next day, as we were making preparations to go to Zion, I had another final test when during the afternoon the symptoms returned again full force. Ah! and the thought came to me, "Surely you are not going to Zion today! You will drop dead on the way." I remember saying to Constance, "If I just had one little word from the Lord to corroborate our leading, I would not have a speck of fear about going." Somehow that trip to Zion looked like an enormous Red Sea just ahead of me. I looked to the Lord again and asked Him to keep me in the center of His will and not let me make any mistake. Then I opened my Bible, and my eyes fell on the words, "*He parted the sea, and caused them to pass through.*"

In the afternoon, while I was getting dressed, my heart began to beat violently, and oh! how it did beat. It became worse every minute, until at last it seemed that only death awaited me, if I dared to attempt that journey. I told no one about it, but went into my room and sat down. It seemed I could not pray much, but just sat and looked, as it were, into the face

of Jesus, as if to say, "I'm not afraid to go, Lord, only let me feel Your presence." Just then He spoke again down in the depths of my soul and said, "*Go in faith, nothing doubting.*" The sound of that voice was so sweet that I felt like hiding out of sight, and all my doubts disappeared.

My grandmother watched me with wonder and amazement and finally said, "Well, I did not want to believe it, but now I see that you are really going." Then she said to my mother, "I am seeing this thing through. I am going to the station with her." Never before in her life had she gone to the station with me.

When I came out of the house, some of the neighbors just stood and stared at me. They knew how sick I had been only four days ago, and to see me going on a journey so suddenly was such a mystery. The car had not gone half a block when every single symptom took wing and flew away. Praise God forever and ever! Oh! how I did enjoy that trip. As the car sped on, I repeated to myself the words of Whittier:

*"Nothing before, nothing behind,
The steps of faith fall on the
seeming void,
and find the Rock beneath."*

I was as well as anyone could be, no more pain, no more struggle. I was free! That was thirty-four years ago, and I am still well. To God be all the glory!

To be continued.

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In Gratitude We Lift Our Hearts

**"Remember them . . . who have spoken unto you the word of God:
whose faith follow . . ." (Hebrew 13:7)**

REMEMBERING can be both a very unhappy and a very happy experience in the life. It is certain that all have unpleasant memories which one would like to totally erase from mind and heart. Praise God there is a cure for all such harrowing thoughts in the precious blood of Jesus! How plainly and simply has Christ made the way known, for EVER His invitation is "COME." With truly repentant hearts, every soul may accept the gracious invitation of Matthew 11:28, "*Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.*" For saint and sinner alike, this precious word stands out like a shining jewel. His all-inclusive love has made provision for every man; it is for man to accept.

Turning now to the Christian who has known the power of the cleansing blood and gone on into a life of obedience and loving service, in His will, what blessed memories fill the heart with gladness and heartfelt gratitude to God, for all the way which He hath led! And so, it is good sometimes to stop long enough to recount some of the blessings which have been interwoven with the years. Chief of all is the inexpressible joy of sins forgiven, the consciousness of His indwelling presence, the HERE and NOW of Salvation and the joy of spiritual growth, ever mounting, both by paths of trial and suffering and by holy times in the "Secret Place" with the Beloved, on the wonderful journey back to the heart of God.

Paul, in his words to the Hebrews, admonishes them to REMEMBER those who had spoken the words of life to them and to follow their faith. With what heartfelt gratitude does memory go back to some of these who have had such a vital part in our own life's experience and we would like to mention a few of them. How gratefully do we think of a dear man of God, dropping a word here and there, concerning love to Jesus, and even yet, after the passage of many years, we recall how it started a deep desire to know Him of whom the grey-haired man spoke. Yes, we praise God today for His lovers who have urged us, both by word and life, to enter the path of Life. The burning tears, coursing down the cheeks of a woman anointed of God to preach the everlasting gospel, still seem to flow, as one dwells in memory on this one to whom He gave many precious souls. We learned recently that she still lives and, though in her nineties, was still telling forth the story of redeeming love. When a newspaper clipping was sent me with the picture of this aged saint, how my heart leaped with joy to know she was still on fire for God. Another, a simple, humble farmer, stood one day amidst busy farm duties and talked to me, a little girl, of the love of God and again my heart was warmed with

holy love and there arose within, a great desire to follow Jesus. Step by step, all along life's journey, God has used many precious ones to talk straight to my heart, until I yielded my life to Him. But all along, even after being saved, He had others ready to push me on, as it were, further into the depths.

How many times in reading of Moses, who was called of God to come up to the mount, my heart has been thrilled as I have read the words (Exodus 24:15), "*And Moses went up into the mount*" and again in the 18th verse, "*And Moses went into the midst of the cloud, and gat him up into the mount. . .*" It has always seemed to me that there was the ascent higher and higher. And is it not true that the soul who has heard the Voice calling can never be satisfied to remain on the lower levels, but must ever climb higher, spiritually?

How I bless and praise God today for the many who have urged me on, both by life and word! Thank God for the minister, years ago, who brought such a soul-stirring message that changed my whole life! He has long since gone to be with his Lord whom he loved so truly. In memory I still see the face of a humble shoemaker, in a small town, who talked quietly of the deep things of God and though he, too, has been many years with his Beloved, the spirit he breathed is still felt in my innermost being. An elderly couple whose home to me was always as the ante-room of heaven, brought such richness as for years we corresponded, when far separated, and in times of never-to-be-forgotten fellowship in the deep things of the Kingdom.

But they are not all gone, for our dear Father knew how much we would need help along the way. So today we lift our hearts in gratitude for present-day men and women who walk with God and whose ministry through books written and by personal touch, by quiet talks, by letters, by messages from anointed lips, and by lives speak loudly and solemnly to the heart! Sometimes it is by an unexpected touch of only a few minutes but how the consciousness has been burned into the being that GOD WAS IN THE MEETING and one has gone on the way with lightened, understanding vision and renewed desire and determination to say with David, "My soul followed hard after Thee."

In these days of preparation of the Bride for her glorious Bridegroom, may we, His children, ever seek to be in such living, vital touch with HIM that all around may be drawn, not to the individual, but to the life of the Son of God within the vessel. "*For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. AMEN.*"

—BERNICE C. LEE.