

# Bread of Life

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# What Kind of a Bible Student Are You?

*Thou hast commanded us to keep Thy precepts diligently.*

(PSALM 119:4)

By HANS R. WALDVOGEL

THE WHOLE BIBLE is not only a command to keep His precepts diligently, but also, it is your life. It is life for a dead world, for a dead humanity. What kind of Bible students are we? Do we qualify in the sight of God?

Of some people God says, "They would none of My counsel. They did not want to listen to Me." That is why in the book of Revelation, when Jesus talks to the Church, He says, "I have this against you—you have left your first love. Your works are not perfect before my God. Your boasting is all in vain. You say you are rich and increased with goods, but you do not have gold tried in the fire. Your religion is not real." And then seven times He says, "He that hath an ear, let him hear—let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches." Likewise in Matthew thirteen, where the mysteries of the Kingdom of Heaven are disclosed, Jesus Christ tells us how people inherit the Kingdom. It is not by talking about it, and it is not by thinking about it, alone, but it is by allowing the seed of the Kingdom—the Word of God—to grip their hearts and to bring forth fruit. God says, "The Word that proceedeth out of My mouth has to produce the fruit whereunto I send it. The words that I speak unto you are spirit and they are life, that a man may live by Me."

That is the result of true Bible study. The reason that I ask this question is that I am

deeply distressed when I see people who have been in the church for many years—ten, twenty, thirty, forty years—and have a good profession—people who are considered real saints, but when it comes down to "brass tacks," they are just like the world. When they are tempted to have a dump, they have a dump, and they feel pretty comfortable about it. When they are tempted to get "mad," they just get mad. When they are tempted to have feelings against their neighbor, they have feelings against their neighbor, and they have feelings against God. And when they get sick, they run around in circles—they don't know where faith comes from. They are not planted upon the Rock. The Word of God has not been sown in their hearts. They have not given diligence. They have not kept the commandments of the Lord diligently.

When God speaks, that should settle it. When God makes His will known to me—to my heart, that should settle it—even if it costs me my life. "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

Do you think that God was fooling when He made the Word to become flesh and dwell among us, when He said, "I will send My only Begotten Son"? After they had stoned Moses, and driven Elijah into the wilderness, and sawed Isaiah in two, and put Jeremiah down into the muck, and killed Abel, that mar-

velous prophet of God, and Zacharias—in the very temple of God—God said, "I am going to send My Son. I am going to let My word become flesh and dwell among them." Then after He came, He said, "This is My beloved Son, hear Him. And the soul that will not hear Him shall be destroyed from among My people." That is the New Testament.

To hear Him is life! Life has been manifested unto us, and we have seen it, we have touched it with our hands, we have handled it—the Word of Life. Beloved, it is not just a word—it is *the* Word of Life—it *is* Life! And if I neglect this Word, the Bible says that I crucify the Son of God afresh.

What kind of a Bible student are you? Does your study of the Bible make you tremble? Why is it that we are still dumpers? Why is it that we are still conceited? Why is it that we have not put on the cloak of humility? Why is it that rivers of living water do not issue forth from our innermost being? Why is it that God Almighty does not come to us and make us a peculiar people clothed with holiness without which no man can see the Lord? Why do we still have such a fight with the lusts of the flesh and the lusts that are in the world? Why is it? We are not diligent Bible students.

To be a Bible student is a very, very simple matter, but it  
(Continued on page 10.)

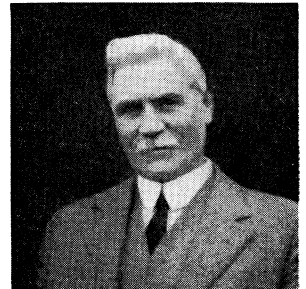
## Bread of Life

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## *“In Deaths Oft”*

The April issue of BREAD OF LIFE contained an appreciation of the ministry of D. Wesley Myland, outstanding Pentecostal Bible teacher and song writer, by Alice Reynolds Flower. In the spring of 1909 Rev. Mr. Myland was asked to speak at a convention at the Stone Church in Chicago “for ten days but which continued, under the blessing of God, for twenty-five days.” It was during this convention that the following testimony was given, later published by the church’s pastor, William Hamner Piper. For many years Pastor Piper had been one of John Alexander Dowie’s closest associate ministers and had witnessed some of the greatest miracles of divine healing on record. (See BREAD OF LIFE, March ’57.) Consequently his words of introduction to Mr. Myland’s testimony carry great weight: “We have . . . been in close touch with the subject and work of Divine Healing for the last fifteen years, and in all this time we have not seen . . . or heard of any aggregation of healings in the life of one individual, equal to that which appears in this book.” — EDITOR.



D. Wesley Myland

THE SONG that came into my heart after my first healing at the hands of the Lord has been a kind of holy chant in my soul ever since and has been the keynote of my ministry these twenty years and more:

*Walking with Jesus alone,  
Held by the arms of his love,  
Shielded from sin and the world,  
Walking with Jesus alone.*

*Learning each day in the strife,  
Dying to self and to sin,  
Rising in newness of life,  
Jesus abiding within.*

*Striving for riches untold,  
Seeking for souls gone astray,  
Leading them back to the fold,  
This is my work day by day.*

You will find the text of my story in II Cor. 11:23, the last three words, “In deaths oft.” How I came out of these deaths you will find in the twentieth verse of the one hundred and seventh Psalm, “He sent His word and healed them, and delivered them from their destructions.”

A man who had been “in deaths oft” you would hardly expect to be living, but he is living because of that scripture I just quoted. Another foundation fact in these experiences of healing is found in Romans 8:11,

*“But if the Spirit of Him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in you, He that raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken (or add life to) your mortal bodies by His Spirit that dwelleth in you.”* In a sense, two natures were raised from the dead: Jesus the human and Christ the divine, and because Jesus was the Christ and now lives on the throne as our human brother, we may have His resurrection life in our mortal bodies, healing and preserving them.

Seven times have I realized what it is to have the quickening, resurrection life of Jesus bring me back from death. It is these seven events and experiences I desire to relate for the honor and glory of God.

### *I. Healed of Paralysis*

Twenty-one years ago I was stricken down and became a poor, dumb paralytic. I had a serious accident two years before that time. My brother and I were engaged in business together; our store burned, and while it was burning I tried to save some books and papers by entering through an upper window. It was in December, and the water the firemen were throwing on the building was freezing. I slipped and fell,

striking my back on the edge of a six-foot board fence that ran out along the side of the store. I fractured my spine and broke the three small ribs loose from the spine. I lay six months, helpless most of the time, but the Lord was merciful to me.

I was then a local minister in the Methodist church and was studying to enter conference, for the Lord had called me to preach His gospel. My mother on her dying bed had put her hands on my head and dedicated me to the ministry. I didn’t want to preach and tried to continue in business, and God had to let this happen that I might become willing to quit making money and seek to save souls for Him. God will have His way with you, brother, sister, and you had better let Him have it quickly. It will cost you more the longer you put it off, and besides, you will get less blessing and God less glory by your not yielding at once.

The effects of that injury, in the opinion of various eminent physicians, resulted in paralysis. The paralysis, however, was superinduced by two years of zealous and strenuous work in the ministry, which, I am sorry to say, was not always according to knowledge. Then, too, at that time I did not know the rest

that comes through faith for I had not been crucified with Christ fully. I had not passed from the death of the self-life, the carnal mind, and my life was not hid with Christ in God. That old physical weakness in my spine began to manifest itself in neuralgia of the heart, and toward the latter part of the second year of my ministry I fell to the floor several times while preaching; my officers would carry me out, put me in my buggy and take me home.

That condition continued until one day, twenty-one years ago, I was traveling on the Big Four train out of Cleveland, destined for Wellington, Ohio, and was reading Dr. Talmadge's Sunday sermon in the Monday morning paper, when I found my body getting very heavy. I managed to get out on the rear platform for air. The train-guard told me I could not ride there, and when I tried to tell him I could not get back I found I was unable to speak. I became paralyzed on that Big Four train, the paralysis covering the entire left side, and the whole of the right side of my head—paralysis of the cerebro-spinal nerves, which manifested itself on the right side. My tongue was drawn into my right cheek. I had a little scratch-pad in my pocket, and wrote what had befallen me, that I was getting worse and wanted to get across to Elyria and to Amherst, where my wife and little boy were.

With the help of the train officers and others I was carried into a depot, changed trains and taken over to Elyria. A dear old friend of mine had come to the depot to meet a party who did not come, and instead he took care of me. He got a special rig at the livery stable, drove me eight miles to the old home at Amherst, and there I lay, attended by three physicians, one the best physician in the town, another a specialist

from Chicago, and the third a celebrated doctor from Cleveland of world-wide fame. They treated me for weeks and at last came to the conclusion that I must die.

For a year I had been following this new development of divine healing, and I had been speaking in pretty strong terms against it as one of the fanaticisms of the last days. Among the last sermons I preached at the appointment I was filling was one in defense of old, orthodox Methodism, wherein I warned my people not to go to a certain convention that was to stand for this teaching, and I mentioned especially the leader who was to preside at that convention, Major Brown.\*

After denouncing that movement I went home to be sick two or three days, and it served me right. But as I lay helpless in my bed one night I said, "Lord, is this the best You have for people on this earth?" (I was thinking of what would become of my dear wife and little two-year-old boy and of the ministry that lay ahead of me, for I was then just thirty.) God answered, "Why, no, it is not the best. I am a wonder-working God."

I did not know what to say then, but seemed to listen in the depths of my soul. Then I said, "Lord, if You have something for me, for Jesus' sake reveal it to me right here. They have said I must die tomorrow and I have only about a day to live." Then the Lord took me over this matter I have just related, and I saw the whole thing. I saw the outline of that sermon I had preached against divine healing, and I said, "God, if I ever get up from this bed I will hunt it up and burn it." I saw Major Brown; his face came up before me, and I said, "Lord, if I ever

see that man I will confess and ask him to forgive me." I began to feel better. Then I thought of those people I considered fanatical, the Christian Alliance people, and I said, "Lord, if I ever get into one of their meetings I will confess and tell them I am sorry," and I felt still better.

Now, if there is anybody here who has anything to do in that line, do it, beloved, but don't confess to the minister; go to the party you have wronged. It is utter nonsense to have children's meetings, young men's and young women's meetings for the purpose of confessing to some leader. Go and confess where it belongs. If it has touched anybody's life and ruined it, go to that life and confess it. If it is a thing that has not touched any other life, go to God with it. There has been a lot of harm done both in the heathen world and in the Christian world by multiplying these confessions. I have had to stop people and say, "Now we will pray God to give you grace to take that where it belongs." Confess, first to God, and then to the one you have wronged. We are not expected to set up a Pentecostal confessional; that would not be much better than a Roman Catholic confessional.

In every one of these seven healings *I went through to victory on some portion of God's Word*. This time it was II Kings 20:5, where Hezekiah was lying sick and Isaiah came to him to pray, and "the word of the Lord came to him, saying, Turn again and tell Hezekiah, the captain of My people, Thus saith the Lord, the God of David thy father"—I could hear the Lord speaking my name, David—"I have heard thy prayer, I have seen thy tears; behold, I will heal thee: on the third day thou shalt go up into the house of the Lord." Now I didn't know where that is in the Bible. I knew God was

\*Major O. M. Brown, prominent minister of the Christian and Missionary Alliance. After Mr. Myland's healing he was associated with Major Brown in the Lord's work for a number of years.



speaking from the Bible, but I didn't know where. I had read it, undoubtedly, but I hadn't much scripture in my heart. "Well," I thought, "this is Thursday night; Friday, Saturday, Sunday; Sunday will be the third day. Lord, You are going to have me healed, and I will go up into the Methodist Church Sunday morning and tell the whole thing." That is the way it looked, and maybe God would have done it that way, but there were many hindrances. I could use my right hand, and I wrote, "I am going to be healed."

Then they held another consultation of physicians. I could not hear all they said; I was blind in one eye and deaf in one ear, but they were saying that the paralysis had seriously affected my brain and I was deranged about these things. I was never saner in my life. That day they began to make arrangements for the funeral.

The little pastor of the Methodist Church came down to see me. He and my wife's grandmother got down there by my bed and prayed. I remember now the prayer that he made. He said, "God, we know that you are even able to raise the dead," and held God's promises up before Him. He was a godly man; we had labored together in evangelistic work. My wife's grandmother was one of the best saints I ever saw walk this earth, and when she talked to God it meant something. I was just as sure I was going to be healed then as I am this minute that I am healed, but they stopped the praying and sent the Methodist preacher away.

I held on and the next night, Friday night, the Lord began to encourage me. He came and revealed Himself a little more fully to me. "Now," He said, "you are going up where these Alliance people are, and where Major Brown is, and you are going to be anointed according to James 5:14-16, and I am going

SOMETIMES *the Lord permits people to do*  
*outrageously mean things to us,*  
*just to get us down.*  
*And if we don't get down,*  
*then we don't go through.*  
 —M. W. ROBINSON.

to raise you up. You are going to meet all you promised Me last night." And I said, "Lord, is it possible I ever can be raised up?" He took me over to the Seventy-third Psalm that night, to two verses that I would not trade for Chicago, the twenty-fifth and twenty-sixth verses: "*Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee. My flesh and my heart faileth: but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion forever.*"

There was the paralysis, my flesh had failed, my heart had failed, but "God is the strength of my heart, and" shall be "my portion forever." Then the enemy came around at that critical moment, just as he will with you, darkness came over me, and I went through my own death. The Lord let me see my own funeral; the cemetery was within sight of the old homestead where I was lying. I could see the monument where grandfather lay and saw the newly-made grave and the bearers putting me down. I heard the minister close the service and saw the mourners go away, and after everyone was gone the grave opened and I came up. I could see myself sitting on the nice green grass on the top of the grave, and I called after my wife and her grandmother as they were leading my little boy, Day-

ton, with them from the grave, and said, "Come back, you have buried the wrong man. I am alive." The Lord let me see that to "quench the fiery darts of the devil." I did die, thank God, to everything but God and Christ and the Holy Spirit.

The next day they came around again and I began to write some more. I said, "The Lord has shown me some more. I am going up to the Alliance Convention; I am to be anointed and I shall be healed." They said, "He is getting crazy. There is no Alliance Convention. They will not let them hold a convention this year at Linwood." However, they did have a convention, but not until all the other meetings were over, and thus, in the providence of God, the time was later than usual, because God knew about me.

The next thing was for me to be taken those eight miles to the convention. My uncle said he would come and take me in his carriage, but they exhorted him and threatened him, declaring they would have him arrested if he did, and he backed out. There was nobody to fall back on at the last minute but the little Methodist preacher, and he said Saturday night, "If you will wait until Monday I will go with you," but they threatened him. My wife's own mother declared she would arrest him if

anything happened, but the little fellow didn't flinch. Monday morning came; my wife and grandmother stood by me. They took me to the depot and I suppose there were from three hundred to four hundred people there to see me put on the train, and there were great threatenings and murmurings, but they put me on and there was no stop until we arrived at our destination. They took me into the depot and then to the hack, which was filled, but they made room for me and laid me on the cushioned side seat. All the way over they talked about what awful cases were brought to the Convention, expecting God to heal them, and I had to listen to all kinds of unbelieving and discouraging remarks. For Jesus' sake, where there is anybody trusting God to be delivered, no matter how bad the case, don't talk any unbelief. If you have any doubts or fears have them to yourself. I almost died going over there. It was only the mercy of God and the prayers of one or two dear sisters and the little Methodist preacher that sustained me. But for these prayers I would have died in the presence of that unbelief.

I arrived there just at the breakfast hour. The next meeting was a Bible-reading by Miss Sisson,\* from that very Psalm, the one hundred and seventh; Divine Healing was her subject that morning. They put me on a bench overlooking the lake. I sat there on my blanket and pillow while they looked for someone to pray for me. They saw a man walking along the beach, Bible in hand, who seemed to be communing with God. The Methodist minister hailed him and said, "I am looking for

somebody that can anoint people for healing."

"Well," he said, "I am one." God told me in that second vision that I would meet a man of my own country who would tell me wonderful things. I thought that was just a mere dream, but it proved to be the voice of God. This man was John Salmon, a good old Scotchman from Toronto, Canada, where I was born.

They brought him to me and he asked me three questions. He said, "Are you converted?"

"Oh," said my preacher friend, "he is a Methodist minister."

"Well," he said, "it won't hurt to ask if he is converted. I met a bishop that doesn't know whether he is converted or not. Let him answer."

I wrote on my tablet, "Yes, I am saved by the grace of God. I am regenerated and have the witness of the Spirit."

He said in his Scotch way, "Very good, but now, mark you," and he put up his index finger, "do you believe that God can and will heal you if we obey Him in this ordinance?"

I wrote, "Yes, I do," but there was a little struggle before I could get the three words written. Something kept thumping my heart just like a man fighting me, but after I had written it I felt a great uplift in my spirit. You know it is just as Jesus said to the blind man, "Believest thou I am able to do this?" and he said, "Yea, Lord;" then, "According to your faith be it unto you."

"One more question," said Mr. Salmon. "What do you want to be healed for?"

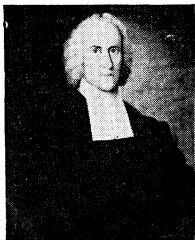
I had to take a little time on that. I thought of my wife and boy, my friends, about the enjoyment of life and of preaching; finally I summed it all up: God gave me a little revelation and I wrote, "I want to be healed that I may glorify God in my body and spirit, which are His."

"That is all right. He is ready to be anointed. I will get somebody to help take him over." They took me into a cottage, which I learned afterwards belonged to the president, Major Brown. There were five people around me besides the minister and myself, seven in all, the perfect, complete number. Everybody prayed, and they prayed the prayer of faith. Mr. Salmon took a few drops of oil and put it on my forehead and said, "In the name of the Father, Son and Holy Spirit I anoint this man to be perfectly healed from this paralysis and from other troubles. May he glorify God in his body and spirit, which are Thine." Then he said, "Brother, in the Name of the Lord Jesus Christ rise up and walk."

Then came a hard test. Darkness came over me, the blackness of hell. It seemed I was sinking away. Somebody called out to praise God for my healing, and I got into worse darkness. I said in myself, "They have been telling me these people lie; that they say they are healed when they are not." Oh, how black it was! I was out in the middle of the room down on the carpet. That was the fight of my life, and I didn't know anything else to do but *trust*, and bless God, I did trust. I just said, "Jesus!" four or five times and was thrilled right through from head to foot, and that warm, thrilling, life-giving, animating, quickening, reviving, stimulating breath of Almighty God went all through me, and I began to get up on my right hand; the swelling began to go out of the arm and limb that were three times their normal size. Life and warmth went through the arm and leg, circulation came back, and I rose up in the name of Jesus; instead of extending my right hand, I put out my left hand and shook hands with the whole six people. My tongue fell back

(Continued on page 8.)

\*Elizabeth Sisson, missionary to India for many years, author, Bible teacher, she was in great demand at Bible conferences and for special services and is remembered for the touch of God upon her ministry.



# Personal Narrative

By JONATHAN EDWARDS

1703-1758

(Continued from last issue.)

Jonathan Edwards

After I came home to Windsor, I remained much in a like frame of mind, as when at New York; only sometimes I felt my heart ready to sink with the thoughts of my friends at New York. My support was in contemplations on the heavenly state; as I find in my Diary of May 1, 1723. It was a comfort to think of that state, where there is fullness of joy; where reigns heavenly, calm, and delightful love, without alloy; where there are continually the dearest expressions of this love; where is the enjoyment of the persons loved, without ever parting; where those persons who appear so lovely in this world, will really be inexpressibly more lovely and full of love to us. And how sweetly will the mutual lovers join together to sing the praises of God and the Lamb! How will it fill us with joy to think, that this enjoyment, these sweet exercises will never cease, but will last to all eternity! I continued much in the same frame, in the general, as when at New York, till I went to New Haven as tutor to the college; particularly once at Bolton, on a journey from Boston, while walking out alone in the fields. After I went to New Haven I sunk in religion; my mind being diverted from my eager pursuits after holiness, by some affairs that greatly perplexed and distracted my thoughts.

In September, 1725, I was taken ill at New Haven, and while endeavoring to go home to Windsor, was so ill at the North Village, that I could go no further; where I lay sick for about a quarter of a year. In this sickness God was pleased to visit me again with the sweet influences of his Spirit. My mind was greatly engaged there in divine, pleasant contemplations, and longings of soul. I observed that those who watched with me, would often be looking out wishfully for the morning; which brought to my mind those words of the Psalmist, and which my soul with delight made its own language, *My soul waiteth for the Lord, more than they that watch for the morning, I say, more than they that watch for the morning*; and when the light of day came in at the windows, it refreshed my soul from one morning to another. It seemed to be some image of the light of God's glory.

I remember, about that time, I used greatly

to long for the conversion of some that I was concerned with; I could gladly honor them, and with delight be a servant to them, and lie at their feet, if they were but truly holy. But, some time after this, I was again greatly diverted in my mind with some temporal concerns that exceedingly took up my thoughts, greatly to the wounding of my soul; and went on through various exercises, that it would be tedious to relate, which gave me much more experience of my own heart, than ever I had before.

Since I came to this town [Northampton, Mass.] I have often had sweet complacency in God, in views of his glorious perfections and the excellency of Jesus Christ. God has appeared to me a glorious and lovely being, chiefly on the account of his holiness. The holiness of God has always appeared to me the most lovely of all his attributes. The doctrines of God's absolute sovereignty, and free grace, in shewing mercy to whom he would shew mercy; and man's absolute dependence on the operations of God's Holy Spirit, have very often appeared to me as sweet and glorious doctrines. These doctrines have been much my delight. God's sovereignty has ever appeared to me, great part of his glory. It has often been my delight to approach God, and adore him as a sovereign God, and ask sovereign mercy of him.

I have loved the doctrines of the gospel; they have been to my soul like green pastures. The gospel has seemed to me the richest treasure; the treasure that I have most desired, and longed that it might dwell richly in me. The way of salvation by Christ has appeared, in a general way, glorious and excellent, most pleasant and most beautiful. It has often seemed to me, that it would in a great measure spoil heaven, to receive it in any other way. That text has often been affecting and delightful to me. Isa. xxxii:2. *A man shall be an hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest, &c.*

It has often appeared to me delightful, to be united to Christ; to have him for my head, and to be a member of his body; also to have Christ for my teacher and prophet. I very often think with sweetness, and longings, and pantings of

soul, of being a little child, taking hold of Christ, to be led by him through the wilderness of this world. That text, Matth. xviii: 3, has often been sweet to me, *except ye be converted and become as little children, &c.* I love to think of coming to Christ, to receive salvation of him, poor in spirit, and quite empty of self, humbly exalting him alone; cut off entirely from my own root, in order to grow into, and out of Christ; to have God in Christ to be all in all; and to live by faith on the Son of God, a life of humble, unfeigned confidence in him. That scripture has often been sweet to me, Psal. cxv: 1. *Not unto us, O Lord,*

*not unto us, but to thy name give glory, for thy mercy and for thy truth's sake.* And those words of Christ, Luke x: 21. *In that hour Jesus rejoiced in spirit, and said, I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes; even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight.* That sovereignty of God which Christ rejoiced in, seemed to me worthy of such joy; and that rejoicing seemed to show the excellency of Christ, and of what spirit he was.

(To be continued.)

## "In Deaths Oft"

(Continued from page 6.)

in my mouth, and I found it small and limber. I began to say like a baby beginning to talk, "Praise the Lord." I walked along like a drunken man trying to walk and talk, but nobody touched me. All the way the devil was saying, "You will fall, you will break your neck and die here."

The Methodist preacher said, "I will have to steady him."

"No, sir," Brother Salmon said, "don't touch him; leave him with Jesus."

I went into the tabernacle. Miss Sisson was on the rostrum just beginning the Bible-reading. The leader said, "We will have to interrupt the service; here is a man marvelously healed who will soon have to take his train home. He came here a dumb paralytic a little over an hour ago, and now he can walk and talk." Miss Sisson stopped, and then Satan said to me, "You cannot get up." I was sitting on a seat and the ground was thickly covered with rye-straw. Satan said, "If you get up you will get tangled in the rye-straw and fall," and then I had another struggle. I am made to tell all this that it may help somebody who may be tested after God has met him. The Methodist preacher said, "I will help you up," but God said to me, "No, no," and I drew away from him. Just as soon as

they were ready for me I put out my hand and rose up. Then Satan met me and said, "You take a step and down you will go." I lifted my left foot high and stepped a long step. God made me do that for a sign. Then the enemy said, "You will never raise the other one." I raised that high, and the next thing I was up on the platform. My voice was weak but clear. I spoke slowly, for it seemed I had to learn to talk, but I gave God public praise. I recited the passage of scripture in II Kings 20:5, and in Psalm 73:25, 26; also the Twenty-seventh Psalm. I related the little story of God's revelation to me, and that I had come to that meeting to confess; that I wanted to know where Major Brown was and could not go away before I confessed to him and before that great audience of nearly three thousand people that I, too, had joined the fanatics.

I walked back to the depot, a mile and a quarter. The train was a little late and I lay down under a shade tree while the Methodist preacher went to a restaurant to get a little refreshment. I had been taking nothing but a little liquid food all this time through rice-straws. Lying there I fell asleep and slept as Jacob did at Bethel; my pillow was just as soft. The angels of God came to me. I dreamed I was in heaven and had a wonderful time.

When the preacher came back

he thought I was dead. He got the depot agent to come out and said to him, "I brought this man up here to be healed; the Lord did touch him, but I am afraid he died while I was gone." He put his hand on my heart. "No, sir," he said, "he is alive; he is all right." I opened my eyes and I thought they were angels. I was just in the place of glory, so restful, so happy. As I ate that little lunch I felt just as Elijah did when the angels brought him his supper under the juniper tree. How good that glass of milk and biscuit and a little bit of sponge cake did taste! I ate all he brought me.

"Now," I said, "when we get off the train, you go to your home; I am going home alone." I believe it was nine or ten ordinary blocks I had to walk. Do you wonder I sang that song, "Walking with Jesus?" I tell you I began right there, walking with Jesus and talking with Jesus.

When I got home I walked around to the back door, and just then my wife's mother stepped out at the rear. They were expecting to hear word any time that I was dead, and just as she stepped out she met me. She threw up her hands and said, "My God, he walks and talks," for I had just said, "Hello, mother, how are you?" We went in and had a praise meeting.

The healing I have just related took place in August, 1888.

*To be continued.*





Edna Wagenknecht

*A Tribute to Edna Wagenknecht  
Missionary to India for Thirty Years*

## *Spent for Christ*

By HILDA WAGENKNECHT

EDNA WAGENKNECHT found the Lord as her personal Saviour at the age of twelve. For several years before that she had been suffering with bad colds and coughs which the doctors diagnosed as tuberculosis and gave very little hope for her to live beyond a few years. But after her conversion, without saying anything to anyone, she began to trust the Lord for her healing. One day, after coming home from school, she said, "Mother, my cough is all gone. I have not coughed for several days, and God has healed me." God had indeed done a wonderful work in giving her a complete healing.

A year later, when she was baptized in Lake Michigan, God gave her a wonderful vision, and she had to be carried out of the water and was under the power of God for several hours. The newspapers had quite a write-up about her at the time as people could not understand the working of God, so it gave an opportunity for a real witness to His power.

Some years later she felt the call of God upon her life. In the meantime she had obtained a very good position in the cred-

it department of one of the large stores of Milwaukee, Wisconsin. After finishing Bible school the manager begged her to come back to take over the department with great promises of a good salary and promotion. But she knew God had called her into His service, and all the offers of this world meant nothing to her.

In 1927 she arrived in India for the first time to work in the Girls' School in Bettiah. Her first two years were spent at language study in which she grew so proficient that before her first term of service was up, she was already conducting Bible classes in Hindi for workers at our conventions. Some years later she was elected language school secretary for all the missions in North India as she was so fluent in the language. This post she held for several years along with her other missionary work.

After coming back to the field for her second term, she helped organize the Bible school for women in Hardoi with Miss M. Flint. This school later became the Joint Bible School for the training of both young men and women as it is to the present day. There she worked for twenty-two years, putting her life and strength into the work of training the young people of India for service for Him. There are many today from India's young people out in the harvest field because of her faithful labor.

Up early to have her quiet time of prayer, conscientious and self-sacrificing, she never thought about her own comfort or rest. Of wonderful executive

ability, serving on all of our committees out here for the furtherance of His work in India, her good counsel will be missed by many. After thirty years of faithful service in India she was stricken with sickness, and in spite of great suffering she still worked far into the hours of the night before she went home.

When I saw her off at the airport in Calcutta for America, she was very sick, but how we hoped and prayed that she would get well and come back again to her beloved India. But after five months God called her up higher. I am sure she has heard the "Well done" of her Lord whom she loved and served so faithfully. She was laid to rest in California beside our older sister who passed away just about six weeks before.

A few weeks after her Home-going, I went to Hardoi where she had labored so many years to attend a memorial service for her. Some lovely tributes were paid by different ones for her loving service and sacrifice, followed by the sermon by our General Superintendent who used 2 Timothy 4:6-8 for his text. In this connection he recalled how that when we were driving my sister to the airport, she turned to me and said, "The time of my departure is at hand," and that I said to her, "You have fought a good fight." Faithful to the end in spite of all her suffering, she so willingly spent her life for Christ in India. Many will rise up and call her blessed, and the seed sown by her and the word preached will continue to bear fruit for Him throughout eternity.

## What Kind of a Bible Student Are You?

(Continued from page 2.)

is a hard job. The Bible tells us in Psalm one the difference between the ungodly and the godly; he that enters through the narrow gate and walks upon that narrow pathway that leadeth unto life ("Few there be that find it!") is the righteous man. He does not stand in the way of sinners. He does not sit in the seat of the scornful. He delights himself in the law of the Lord, and in His law doth he meditate day and night. God says, "I will walk in them. I will be their God and they shall be My sons and daughters." Today you do not have to go to the corner saloon to walk in the way of the ungodly. You can get your television set in your home, and you will get all the imps of hell right in your parlor, the place where there ought to be an altar unto the Lord Jesus Christ, where prayer ought to be made, where the glory of God ought to rain down every day. But when God spreads forth His hand and no man regardeth, when He speaks and people will not listen, will have none of His reproof, He says, "All right. The day will come when you will call and I will not answer. You will reach forth your hand, and I will not regard you." That is what the Bible says. But the righteous, the godly, will stand in the judgment.

A fourteen-year-old girl got saved in Germany some time ago; she had a very real experience. Her father, a Roman Catholic, would beat her so much that she would come to meeting with black eyes, time and again. She did not mind at all. God came to that girl! One time she told me how Jesus saved her. She said, "You know, I was a great reader. My trouble was I read novels day and night. But

Jesus took that desire all away." Listen, when you love Jesus Christ, you will love the Bible as much as that girl loved her novels. You will. God will give you a hunger—an appetite—for the Word of God. How does it come? "If any man love Me, he will keep My words." And the Holy Ghost has come, Beloved, to fill us with the love of God—to set our hearts afire with the love of Jesus Christ. You may not know it, but if you are one of those godly men or women that live in the Bible, meditate therein day and night, something will happen to your heart that will loose you from this earth.

I am not surprised that men go astray. I am not surprised that churchmen go astray, that they cling to Darwinism and to all those doctrines of hell. They cannot help it. No man has the power to know anything. Jesus Christ alone is the truth, and when He has transformed your mind and renewed it, you begin to know the truth. Then He will take you to the garden of God and feed you with that fruit from the tree of life and with that hidden manna.

The godly *meditates* in the Bible day and night. Are you that kind of a Bible student? If not, you can be. Begin to do this: Say, "Jesus, what are You to me?" And you will find out if you read the Gospel of John that Jesus says, "I am the Way." He says, "You tarry in Jerusalem, and I will pour out My Spirit upon you. Tarry until." He says, "If you love Me, keep My commandments and I will ask the Father and He will give you another Comforter, and My Father and I will come and make our abode with you." Beloved, it comes in the wake of obedience. "Thou hast commanded us to keep thy precepts diligently."

The weakness in the world today is in young men that are not

clean. Outwardly they are strong and intelligent and rising up in the world, but in the heart they are unclean, hollow, rotten, full of sin, instead of strengthened with might by the Spirit of God in the inner man. "Where-withal shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to Thy Word."

In the first Psalm God tells us that the righteous meditates in the law of God day and night because he loves it, "and he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water that bringeth forth his fruit in his season." What kind of fruit is that? It is love. He says, "This is my commandment, that ye love one another as I have loved you." What a command! It is so different from the Old Testament command that comes engraven upon the tables of stone. God says, "I want that to be in your heart. I will pour My love into your heart." O beloved, to keep His precepts diligently will make you act upon it. You will do something about this. If you have an enemy, if somebody has something against you, you will make it right. Of course! You will get it straightened out. Or if you have done wrong some place, you will repent.

The fruit of the Spirit is love, and it is joy unspeakable and full of glory. You cannot be a dumper and be a follower of Jesus Christ. You will stay in that dump. That was the matter with Judas Iscariot. That is why he betrayed His Lord. A dumper will do anything under the sun. He will murder his own mother. You have to acknowledge that your dumps are of the devil. God will not give you any rest until they are out, absolutely, like a rotten tooth. Gone! And in place of it, beauty for ashes and gold tried in the fire. O beloved, to keep His precepts diligently means to do exactly what God says and to do it in the Holy Ghost. You

cannot do it any other way. You cannot rejoice evermore except in the Holy Ghost. You cannot pray without ceasing except by being filled with the Spirit and presenting your body a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto God. But these things do not lay hold of us because we do not meditate in the law of God day and night.

Bible study is so different when you meet your Father over the Bible. You won't read a whole lot and then forget all about it, but you will take one sentence and keep it diligently. You will stick to that. Somebody gave me very good advice when I was a young Christian. He said, "Take Galatians 5:22, 23 where the Bible tells you what is the fruit of the Spirit, and meditate upon it fifteen minutes a day." I did that. You can memorize that in five minutes. The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance,—“Lord, do you expect us to bear that fruit?” Positively. To meditate on a scripture like that is the way to study the Bible. Make your Bible study personal.

What kind of a Bible student are you? Do you meet God over the Bible every day? Does the Father meet you? Do you know that the Father is giving you His bread? He has hidden these things from the wise and prudent. You don't find it in universities nor in schools, but you will find it at the feet of Jesus and in the closet with your Father. Oh, how He delights to see a boy or a girl seeking to know God's will because he loves God and because he wants to please Him. He says He will reward him openly. He says that that word shall not return unto Him void; it shall accomplish that whereunto He sends it. That holiness without which no man shall see the Lord can only come from God, but He uses the

## Missionary News

FLORENCE DREYFUSS of Mahoba, India, who had been very ill for some time, was flown home, April 3. Still in a critical condition, she is able to receive visitors and appreciates mail. Her address is Ward G 1, Bellevue Hospital, New York, N. Y.

MARGARET MICHELSEN left New York, April 28, for Orai, India.

HELEN HOSS of South Africa expects to be home by the end of this year. En route she is stopping in Europe.

Bible to write it in my heart until I am a living epistle of Christ, written not with ink but with the Spirit of the living God!

What does He mean when He says, “written not with ink but with the Spirit of the living God?” That is how this Word needs to be engraved in my heart. It has to become the very warp and woof of my nature. These things are written that you might partake of the divine nature, having escaped the corruption that is in the world through lust. A lover of Jesus Christ may be tempted as hard as anybody else, but he has crucified his flesh with the affections and lusts. He has got it from this Word, out of the Bible. “Thou hast commanded us to keep Thy precepts.” But we cannot keep them if we do not meditate upon them, if we do not get acquainted with them and if we do not make them very, very personal. And, you know, these words are so simple. Take the Sermon on the Mount. Live it. Jesus Christ says, “Whosoever heareth these sayings of mine and doeth them not, his house is going to fall.” That is what He says about the unrighteous who sitteth in the seat of the scornful, who standeth in the way of sinners, who mingles carelessly with temptation, who opens the garden of his heart to wild beasts who tread it down, instead of letting Jesus Christ be a wall of fire round about it. It takes work. It really takes work.

If you have not had a chance

to go to Bible school and come out with a diploma, you have a far richer, a far better chance. Go into the closet. Get alone with God, He will not ask you to learn something that you cannot digest, but He will give you the Bread of Heaven.

What kind of a Bible student are you? God is calling you to love His Word and to love Him. The day of judgment is at hand, and many are going to be swept away like the dust by the wind. God says He is going to let the wind of heaven blow. Today the angels are holding the winds back because the Lord is giving us a chance, but one day those four winds of heaven will roar. Then the righteous shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water. Then the righteous shall shine forth like the sun in the kingdom of their Father. Who are they? They that love the Lord. Do you love your Bible? Does it speak to you? Does God speak to your heart?

The Bible classes in our Sunday school are excellent. We need them. And we need the Word of God preached again and again. But beloved, that is only the beginning. That is only the introduction. They are to show you how to get alone with God over the Bible, to make you hungry and thirsty for this wonderful fountain, this treasury of heaven. After all, it is a testament, and your name is at the top! “I will and I bequeathe to *you* all My wealth”—the unsearchable riches of Christ!

# From Generation to Generation

SHE WAS FIRST PICTURED to me as a blue-eyed, golden-haired maiden of eight years, sitting under a tree in the orchard of her father's farm in Columbiana County, Ohio, almost a hundred and fifty years ago. In her hand was a Bible which she loved to read even at that early age. Her father was a Quaker minister, and in later life she had some thrilling stories to tell of those pioneer days and the long, sometimes dangerous, trips by horse and carriage or sleigh to reach Quarterly Meetings or other special convocations of those ardent members of the Society of Friends. As a girl, she had remarkable intuition and at times warned the family of impending events otherwise completely unknown. Her young heart was closely united to God in a real and intimate fellowship that made her outstanding even in that godly Quaker family. Significantly, her name was Hannah, and well given.

The years brought rich development to this devout maiden and finally marriage to a staunch young Quaker, named Samuel Reynolds. Eleven children blessed this marriage eight of whom grew to adulthood, of which number my father, Charles, was the youngest. The bond between



**Hannah Griselle Reynolds**

*Tell ye your children of it, and let your children tell their children, and their children another generation.*  
(JOEL 1:3.)

these two was very close, and from him came to me the thrilling stories of her early life and later experiences. It was not my privilege to know her, for she went into the presence of the Lord she loved devotedly before my birth. But to me, she has always been an inspiring reality. Much of our married life, a rare crayon of her face has hung upon our walls; and the serene strength of her countenance has left its impress on all of our six children.

She knew purpose and firmness in times of decision, and there were times of serious crisis to be faced alone as well as with her husband. Her godliness was manifest in practical living and the direction of her household. She was considered a rare example of order and neat-

ness, well exemplifying the character of the virtuous woman in Proverb 31. Often in difficult hours she would calmly say, "I will not allow this to keep me out of heaven"—and she did not.

So carries through the grace of God from generation to generation. No doubt her prayers in part, along with those of other godly ancestors, have brought to pass the satisfying joy we know of having all of our children in active service for the same Lord that our dear grandmother—Hannah Griselle Reynolds—knew and served.

—ALICE REYNOLDS FLOWER.