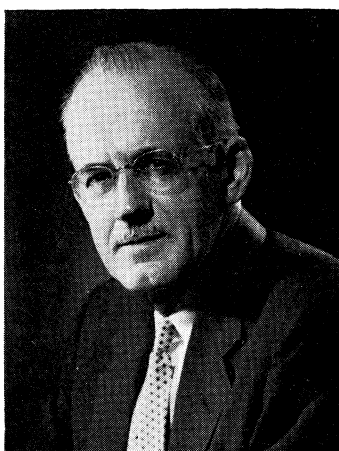


Bread of Life

JUNE 1963



● In place of our regular column, "Straight from the Shoulder," we are publishing this month the last editorial written by the late A. W. Tozer, who went to be with the Lord on May 13. This particular editorial appeared in the May 15th issue of "The Alliance Witness," which was published the week of his death. Dr. Tozer was editor of "The Alliance Witness," formerly "The Alliance Weekly," since 1950. He was indeed one of the great religious writers and editors of our generation.



A. W. Tozer
1897-1963

THE MINISTRY OF THE NIGHT

By A. W. TOZER

IF GOD has singled you out to be a special object of His grace you may expect Him to honor you with stricter discipline and greater suffering than less favored ones are called upon to endure.

And right here let me anticipate the objection someone is sure to raise, viz., that God has no "specials" among His children. The Holy Scriptures and Christian history agree to show that He has. Star differs from star in glory among the saints on earth as well as among the glorified in heaven. Without question the differences exist; but whether they are by the decree of God or by His foreknowledge of the degree of receptivity He will find among His children I am not prepared to say with certainty, though I would lean strongly to the latter view.

If God sets out to make you an unusual Christian, He is not likely to be as gentle as He is usually pictured by the popular teachers. A sculptor does not use a manicure set to reduce the rude, unshapely marble to a thing of beauty. The saw, the hammer and the chisel are cruel tools, but without them the rough stone must remain forever formless and unbeautiful.

To do His supreme work of grace within you He will take from your heart everything you love most; everything you trust in will go from you. Piles of ashes will lie where your most precious treasures used to be.

This is not to teach the sanctifying power of poverty. If to be poor made men holy every tramp on a park bench would be a saint. But God knows

the secret of removing things from our hearts while they still remain to us. What He does is to restrain us from enjoying them. He lets us have them but makes us psychologically unable to let our hearts go out to them. Thus they are useful without being harmful.

All this God will accomplish at the expense of the common pleasures that have up to that time supported your life and made it zestful. Now under the careful treatment of the Holy Spirit your life may become dry, tasteless and to some degree a burden to you.

While in this state you will exist by a kind of blind will to live; you will feel none of the inward sweetness you had enjoyed before. The smile of God will be for the time withdrawn, or at least hidden from your eyes. Then you will learn what faith is; you will find out the hard way, but the only way open to you, that true faith lies in the will, that the joy unspeakable of which the apostle speaks is not itself faith but a slow-ripening fruit of faith; and you will learn that present spiritual joys may come and go as they will without altering your spiritual status or in any way affecting our position as a true child of the Heavenly Father. And you will also learn, probably to your astonishment, that it is possible to live in all good conscience before God and men and still feel nothing of the "peace and joy" you hear talked about so much by immature Christians.

How long you continue in this night of the soul will depend upon a number of factors, some of which you may be able later to identify, while others will remain with God, completely hidden from you. The words, "The day is thine, the night also is thine," will now be interpreted for you by the best of all teachers, the Holy Spirit; and you will know by personal experience what a blessed thing is the ministry of the night.

But there is a limit to man's ability to live without joy. Even Christ could endure the cross only because of the joy set before Him. The strongest steel breaks if kept too long under unrelieved tension. God knows exactly how much pressure each one of us can take; He knows how long we can endure the night, so He gives the soul relief, first by welcome glimpses of the morning star and then by the fuller light that harbingers the morning.

Slowly you will discover God's love in your suffering. Your heart will begin to approve the

(Continued on page 10.)

Bread of Life

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Faith and Works

By HANS R. WALDVOGEL

WHEN JAMES SAYS that "faith without works is dead," he means to say that faith produces works. We ought to take this statement to heart, because we are often satisfied just to say, "Lord, we believe." But to believe God means to have the works of God. Faith draws from the treasury of Jehovah and brings the unsearchable riches of Christ into my possession.

After all, what good is prayer if it doesn't receive an answer? That is what prayer is for. And that is the way Jesus Christ teaches us to pray—persistently, and without persistent prayer the devil, our adversary, runs off with the victory.

The widow who went to the judge and never gave up until she was avenged of her adversary is set forth as an example to us that *we* should never give up until we get the victory (see Luke 18). Jesus says that the answer is absolutely sure, as sure as God Almighty is sure. That ought to create faith in my heart.

But we don't do like that widow woman. We give up too soon. We faint. Now Jesus knew that the temptation to faint would be too great, and Almighty God does not chide us because we are tempted to faint, but He does chide us that we do not persistently wait upon the Lord until He avenges us. "He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might He increaseth strength." "Verily I say unto you, He will avenge them speedily."

This ought to be the rock foundation for our faith. I ought to say, "I'm not going to give up.

God Almighty knows my temptation, and He will not suffer me to be tempted above that I am able to bear." But by our wavering attitude we prolong the agony; we give place to the devil.

In Abraham's case, his faith grew strong—with the temptation. The longer the test lasted, the more his faith grew. He staggered not at the promise of God through unbelief; he held on to the promise. The stronger the enemy worked against him, the more he was persuaded that what God had promised He was able also to perform. The reason God promised is that He was insisting on manifesting the power of His glory upon this earth. And he knew that in Abraham He had a man that wouldn't give up.

And Jesus Christ needs people today that won't give up. He gives us exceeding great and precious promises, promises made sure by the fact that God raised Jesus from the dead and set him at His own right hand in the heavenly places, for the same reason—to manifest the power of His glory upon this earth.

When Elder Brooks* was about sixty-five, he felt that he was "worn out," "most done for," and about ready to "cash in." Then the Lord spoke to him and said, in effect: "No, you aren't. You have no great illness, but your attitudes of fear make it easy for the devil to

give you some kind of a demon of unbelief. Don't give up to be old. Walk in the name and power of Jesus at the very time when you don't feel well, and Christ will manifest His life."

He believed the Word of the Lord and obeyed it so that he lived for over thirty years after that. He rendered some of the most useful service of his long and fruitful ministry after that, in his latter years.

But most people give in to their feelings and fears, and their unbelief brings the enemy to play. He likes that. Unbelief is the open rear door by which the devil always comes in to a soul and steals the jewels of God from it. The unsearchable riches of Christ are waiting to be received by humanity, and what a privilege to take the shield of faith and to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked.

Faith is being fully persuaded that what God has promised He is able also to perform. That is faith. Where does it come from? Not from looking at symptoms or conditions. That's where unbelief comes from. Faith comes from looking at the Word of God. God will not suffer me to be tempted above that I am able to bear, but I must settle it within my soul that God is true, that God is faithful. Victory is for the man that believes that God is faithful and will fear no evil. And sometimes the victory consists in just standing still and thinking, "God is true. Every man is a liar. God is true. And His word is forever settled in heaven." That ought to make me steadfast in my faith.

*Elder Eugene Brooks of Zion, Illinois, was one of Mr. Waldvogel's teachers and close friends. The first installment of his life appears in this issue of BREAD OF LIFE on p. 5.

I often think of the time when I was called to South Brooklyn to pray for a fifteen-year-old girl who had been discharged from the hospital as incurable. (The mother told me that five members of their family had died of the same painful disease.) The doctors were baffled. When I came in, the doctor had just put on his coat to go, after telling the mother there was no hope. The girl was screaming at the top of her voice, and the mother became hysterical. When I came to this mother, who was in her rocking chair, just crying out her heart, the Holy Ghost began to laugh within me. That was strange! But I laughed and said, "You know, man's extremity is God's opportunity. Let's do now what God says. The doctor has done his best." So we prayed for the girl and left.

The next morning when I went to see her, the girl met me, perfectly healed. They told me that shortly after I had left both of them went to sleep, and the mother said that she had slept from seven in the night until seven in the morning for the first time in months. Both of them came to church the following Sunday and testified to it.

Man's extremity doesn't make any difference at all. The thing that does make the difference is that faith which is substance. Jesus tells us what faith is—the Living Seed come down from heaven. That Word was made flesh and dwelt among us, and after He had by Himself purged our sins—and we might add, and borne our sicknesses, He sat down at the right hand of the Majesty on high, henceforth expecting till His enemies be made His footstool.

The fact that Christ sat down shows that He has won the victory. The work is complete. And now He is waiting for every enemy to be put under His feet, but He needs you and me. We are in His following. But how can I prove that I have faith in

Him, that I am following Him, without works? Isn't it a wonderful thing that God has called *us* into this fight? It's a fight of *faith*. It isn't pleasant to the flesh. Certainly not. We will get acquainted with the enemy. But that is the very thing that God has intended—for man to meet the devil in combat, and the one that wins out is the one that will carry the victory.

Now victory is absolutely sure if I fight the good fight of faith, but it will be a *fight*. But faith will always be victorious because it's not faith in something or some organization, but faith in Him who sat down at the right hand of the throne of God, waiting till every enemy be made His footstool. This enemy that is tempting me today is His enemy, and the victory that God has for me is *His* victory. And every one of us is called to be led from triumph to triumph. That's what David meant when he declared, "This land shall know that there is a God in Israel." Others, no doubt, had prayed against Goliath. Maybe they had shouted all kinds of curses at him, too, but that didn't do any good. David, however, had something in his heart that was different; he had faith. Faith is substance. That's why I ought to dwell upon the Word of God and not upon my symptoms or upon my trials or my tests—and those tests can be very severe—but exercise faith in God. As I dwell upon the Word of God, as I take it into my heart, it is bound to sprout and bring forth fruit.

When Goliath finally came to meet David and cursed him by his gods, David knew that now there was no backing out anymore. He had reached the point of no return. What did he do?

He didn't shake in his knees. He didn't get green behind the gills. He took his stone and his sling and ran to meet the giant. He *ran* to meet the enemy, for he knew certainly that that enemy would be defeated.

Referring again to that wonderful parable in Luke 18—it ought to speak to our hearts at this time in particular because we have come to that place in the program of God where it must be fulfilled—"when the Son of Man cometh." He is coming and His reward is with Him to give to every man *according as his works* shall be. I am not able to accomplish anything for God that will make me shine in the eyes of men, but if I'm one of those poor that is rich in faith, I can be rich in works—because Jesus Christ has given us exceeding great and precious promises. He offers me "unsearchable riches." Not just a little bit! Not a little victory now and then! Not a little relief from our sufferings, but perfect soundness in the presence of all the enemy. Perfect health. Perfect victory over sin, every bondage of the enemy.

But we don't believe God, else we would never give up. But we don't have to give up, and our persistence will make our faith very victorious and very glorious.

Victory is inevitable. Victory has already been won on Calvary. That's already finished. The question is: Will I fight the good fight of faith? Will I be a true soldier of Jesus Christ? Let us rise up and put on the whole armour of God, and let God strengthen us with might in the place where we have grown weak and fainting.

"If a man can get religion and not know it, he can lose it and not miss it."

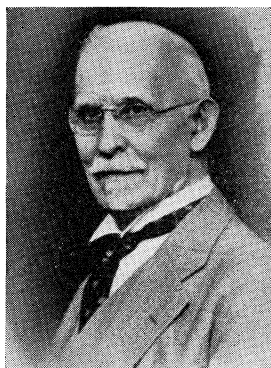
—SELECTED

The Fighting Elder

Conflicts in the Narrow Way

As Experienced in the Life of Elder Eugene Brooks

By GORDON P. GARDINER



Elder Eugene Brooks
1856-1954

THIS BIOGRAPHY had its genesis when the author, as a boy, lived in the home of Elder and Mrs. Eugene Brooks in Zion, Illinois. The exciting anecdotes which from time to time Elder Brooks related vividly and eloquently could not but captivate and inspire his hearers. Some years later Elder Brooks came to New York and the author desired to get a more detailed and connected account of his varied spiritual experiences for publication in *The Ridgewood Pentecostal News*. With a twinkle in his eye, having noticed the pencil and paper in the editor's hand, Elder Brooks asked, "Look a here, what are you up to now? You know fools' names and fools' faces always appear in public places." He was very cooperative in answering the questions asked, but, being very humble and fearful of any self-exaltation, he did not consent to publication of his story until he had diligently prayed and had been assured that it was pleasing to the Lord and for His glory. Thus it was that Elder Brooks's story followed by his wife's equally edifying and interesting testimony came to be written and published (1938-1939).

Some years later the author, at Elder Brooks's request, prepared a revised edition of this biography which was published in book form (1944). This has long been out of print, but there has been a steady demand for it. Instead of reprinting that book, which was really quite an incomplete record of a long, useful, and highly interesting life, it was deemed advisable to prepare as complete an account as possible, incorporating, however,

the original autobiography. To this end extensive research has been carried on. Elder Brooks's daughter, Ruth, has been exceedingly helpful in furnishing additional source material and pictures, and many of his friends have contributed to this fuller record of one in whom the grace of God was greatly magnified. In the preparation of this first installment the author is particularly indebted to Walter F. Fette, pastor of the Bowling Green Pentecostal Church, Bowling Green, Virginia, not only for information concerning the town and Elder Brooks's first pastor but also for taking the pictures included of the Providence Baptist Church (cover photo) where *The Fighting Elder* received his call to preach.

A DISTINGUISHED LOOKING GENTLEMAN took a seat on the last row of the little chapel in Dubuque, Iowa, where Ruth and Eugene Brooks, children of Elder and Mrs. Eugene Brooks, were conducting Sunday school. After the service they greeted the visitor and found he was the pastor of a nearby Baptist Church who had stopped in to see how the new work was faring. As the conversation continued, he told them how he had been attracted to the ministry.

As a young man of twenty-five he had attended tent meetings in Collingwood, Ontario, Canada, a city on Georgian Bay which has one of Canada's largest shipbuilding plants and one of its largest drydocks. The services were conducted by a man who "looked every inch a preacher." He wore a swallow-tailed coat, a high silk hat, and carried a cane! As this dignified gentleman preached—

he was handing out some strong doses in his sermons, an egg sailed through the air and smashed against his upraised hand. Never stopping in his battering of Satan Incorporated, the evangelist pulled out his handkerchief, nonchalantly wiped off the egg just as though the time had come for this point of the ritual. "From that day on, I wanted to be a preacher like this man. He was an orator, too," commented the Dubuque pastor. Then, continuing to think of those by-gone years, about a quarter of century before, he added reflectively, "I've forgotten his name, but—"

"Was it Eugene Brooks?" young Eugene interrupted.

"Why, yes. Why, yes—come to think of it."

"That is our father!" chorused both Ruth and Eugene. Then they assured their visitor that Elder Eugene Brooks, though past seventy, was still



Margaret Knox Brooks
Mother of
Eugene Brooks

alive and active in the ministry. Intensely interested, this Baptist minister drove with Ruth and Eugene to Zion, Illinois, where Elder Brooks and his wife ministered in the Faith Homes, a place of spiritual retreat which had been opened in 1910 for the blessing of God's people, regardless of their religious affiliation. For the benefit of the guests two or three meetings were held almost daily at which Elder Brooks was one of the principal speakers. Throughout the week that the Dubuque Baptist minister spent in the Homes he listened with rapt attention to every word of his "favorite preacher," and his comment was, "He's better than ever."

Unfortunately this pastor has left us no further impression or description of his "favorite preacher," but from the pen of a young college student, who became acquainted with Elder Brooks three or four years later and is now serving God in New York City, W. Ernest Oldfield, comes this portrait:

"In appearance Elder Brooks was an imposing individual. Tall and erect, with flashing eyes which denoted prophetic insight, and a voice that rang with spiritual fervor and eloquence, he might have stepped right out of the pages of the Old Testament. He was the embodiment of my mental vision of Elijah, with a wing collar and a Southern accent added. When he preached, his delivery was reminiscent of Mount Carmel, and one could almost see the fire descending from heaven in response to his thunderous tones.

"Yet he was no wild-eyed prophet! His manner was always dignified. He was every inch a gentleman, and always, even to his old age, meticulously groomed. And he could change in an instant from the fearful representative of a holy God uttering furious denunciations of the world, the flesh, and the devil to the sympathetic friend of suffering and perplexed humanity.

"For Elder Brooks was a man. His eloquence might carry him up to the galaxies and stars of outer space and transport his listeners to heavenly places in Christ, but his feet were on the ground, and he was always warmly human.

"I found this out when I had my first interview with him. Because of his impressive appearance I looked on him with considerable awe. When the message was brought to me that he wanted to see me in his room, I approached with fear and trembling. There was no doubt in my mind that his eyes would pierce to the innermost recesses of my soul, and, holding up my inner thoughts to the brilliant light of God's truth, he would castigate me with verbal thunderbolts that had come straight from the awful, majestic presence of the Almighty!

"What was my complete surprise and astonishment when I timidly rapped on his door and was admitted into the presence of kindness and sympathetic interest personified! A few kindly words, and I was completely at ease. I discovered that instead of the severe reproof I had been expecting there was simply an honest and genuine interest in my spiritual condition and welfare. When some time later I emerged from the interview it was with a warm, inner glow and the consciousness that I had been talking to a great, yet humble servant of the Lord Jesus Christ."

Standing ever by his side was Elder Brooks's dignified and charming wife, "a woman of great spiritual strength," a minister in her own right. No better description of her could be given than that used to describe another gifted woman minister,* of whom it was said, that she had "a voice of mingled softness and power, and a grace that a queen might have envied."

"Sara Brooks had the same 'Grade A' dedication as her husband," writes their daughter, "but she was more deliberate in counting the cost and weighing situations. This trait, along with others in her, provided a splendid balance for her zealot husband. There were times when after his bone-scraping preaching, his hearers felt they had not even started on the way of holiness. Then his wife would rise and pour words of oil on the wounds inflicted by her husband's 'Gatling guns' so that he often said, 'I kill and she makes alive.'"

Elder Brooks had received his call to preach as a boy of five, the year the Civil War broke out, 1861. "It was on a Sunday morning in the old Providence Baptist Church near Bowling Green, Virginia," recalled Elder Brooks. "A number of us barefooted boys were sitting on the front seat, when Robert Cole, the preacher, pointing to us, said, 'Maybe one of these boys will be a preacher.' His words struck me. I never forgot them. From

*Sybil Jones. See "Finding the Trail of Life," by Rufus M. Jones, pages 86-87.

then on I knew I had to preach, though I was not converted for several years."

No matter where his ministry took him—to nearby Ohio or to far-off British Colombia—Elder Brooks always retained a special affection for his home town, Bowling Green, Virginia. With a twinkle in his eye and a chuckle in his voice, he delighted to refer to it as "the capital of the world," knowing full well that most of his hearers had never even heard of the place. Although it was the county seat of Caroline County, at the time of the Civil War, it had a meager population of only "215 white, 22 free colored, and no slaves." In spite of its size, however, it had had a rather long and interesting history.

One of the outstanding incidents of its past was vitally connected with the long, hard fight for religious liberty in Virginia. In 1771 six Baptist laymen and preachers were arrested and imprisoned in the county jail in Bowling Green "on the charge of teaching and preaching the Gospel without having Episcopal ordination or a license from the General Court." No other than Patrick Henry, famous for his later "Give-me-liberty-or-give-me-death" speech, "needed only to be informed of their oppression; without hesitation he stepped forward to their relief" pleading that they be allowed the privileges "of worshipping God according to the dictates of their own conscience." The three laymen were soon released, "being nothing more than exhorters," but the preachers themselves "were kept in confinement for some months."

One of these persecuted brethren, a native of the county, continued to minister in the county for twenty-five years with marked success and "was instrumental in bringing into the ministry many of the most useful preachers in Virginia." Thus it was that the Baptists had a large following in this area.

Among those who were converted as a result of these evangelistic efforts was the Elder Brooks's grandfather, William Brooks, a cabinet maker, who became an earnest Christian. He and his wife, Patsy, had eight children, of whom the fifth was named after his father and like him was to become a cabinet maker. Unfortunately, however, he did not follow the Lord as his father, but he did marry a pious young woman, Margaret Knox, who was always held in high esteem in the community. To this union Eugene was born on June 9, 1856. There were already two sons in the family, Page Hunter and John, and a few years later they had another son, William, always called Willie, who was to be closely associated in the work of the Lord for many years with Eugene.

As the years went on and Grandfather Brooks realized that none of his sons was a Christian, he became deeply grieved and often resorted to the

woods near his home where, kneeling between two trees, he lifted his hands in prayer to God for his family, and especially that at least one of his grandsons would become a preacher. (When he became so aged that he found it difficult to raise his hands in prayer any longer, how great was his joy one day upon going to his place of prayer to find the two trees between which he had knelt sawn off at the exact height where he could rest an arm on each stump and so continue his intercessions in the attitude he considered scriptural and appropriate for praying!) Certainly Grandfather Brooks's prayers were answered in his grandson, Eugene, so that when he was past eighty-five he testified, "Whatever spirituality my brothers and I have had I always felt we owed to my grandfather's prayers and to my mother's piety."

"There was a saying with us," Eugene Brooks further recalled, "that it was better to be born lucky than rich. I was born neither. If to be born poor was lucky, then I was well born. I came upon this scene of action at the time the war about slavery was being fought with words. I was five when my father left for the battle front. How my mother lived during the four years of his absence I do not know, but I well remember the price of flour was beyond our means, and in order to get a little wheat bread, I picked wheat a head at a time, gleaning like Ruth behind the reapers.

"During those four years several things stand out in my memory. In the South we have our 'Fourth of July' at Christmas. That is the time we have firecrackers, whiskey drinking, etc. Three or four women of a shady sort came to our home



Providence Baptist Church

Near Bowling Green, Virginia

The country church where The Fighting Elder heard the call of God to be a preacher when he was a boy of five.



**The Fighting Elder
and His Wife
Sara Leggett Brooks**

under this Christmas influence and were shooting at a target out in the yard, with only paper for bullets. My oldest brother wanted the gun and pulled down the hand that held the weapon just as she pulled the trigger, and the load went off in his eye and destroyed it. There was no more Christmas after that.

"Near the close of the war, we had many soldiers passing through and camping near our home. Still later Union soldiers came through our place. They stripped us. They swept our garden like locusts, took the only horse out of the plow, and jammed our home so there was not standing room. When they left, so did every kind of food. We saved some meat by burying it in the woods and also our cows by driving them down in our 'Dismal Swamp.'

"Whenever the news spread 'The Yankees are coming,' there was some terrible scurrying round among the poor defenseless people. On one such occasion a captain and a small company came along and asked my mother, 'Have you got any meat in the house?'

" 'I have only one ham.' "

" 'Give it to me,' he said. 'Now give me a knife.' Then he cut up the ham in small pieces and said to my mother, 'Hide it around in different places, and when the soldiers come and find one piece, they will think they have all and will not leave you to starve.' So you see, there was Christ in the Union army, too, though we did not know it at that time.

"The Battle of the Wilderness brought the scenes still nearer—just 20 miles away around Fredericksburg. And yet still nearer came the carnage of war—two miles and a half away from us we heard the awful rattle of the musketry. Though so young, the sensation is still with me. Toward the close of this terrible drama, there was severe fighting around Richmond. We could easily hear the booming of the cannon, and we all huddled together like frightened sheep, for my father and four uncles were stationed there. Then came the news of my uncle's death.

"When the clouds of war passed over and the dust and smoke cleared away, my father and one uncle returned, leaving three uncles on the battlefield, a sacrifice for the sin of slavery.

"My father returned to a devastated home, yet so great was his industry, skill, and economy that in three years' time he had accumulated sufficient to build a house, stock a farm, and was making arrangements to buy the farm. Though he was not a Christian, he was a master disciplinarian and instilled in me obedience, veracity, and industry."

Another thing his father taught Eugene was to swim. He rowed him out to the middle of a pond, threw him overboard, told him to swim to shore, and then made as though he was leaving him. In desperation, to save his very life, so he thought, Eugene in one quick lesson learned to swim. When he was almost eighty, he still enjoyed a swim! How quickly, even at that age, would he change his clothes, don a suit, dash across the sandy beach, and without a moment's hesitation plunge into the chilly waters of Lake Michigan, and launch for the deep! An act typical of his whole character—one who was quick, fearless, and enjoyed a challenge, even if disagreeable.

For four years after the Civil War, Eugene received the loving care and guidance of his father. Then one day his body was brought home. Killed by a train was the dreadful verdict, though in reality, to quote his son, "the demon of drink slew him. My father was not a drunkard, but when he got with old companions, he would drink too much. Such was the case when an old war veteran came to see him. Going with him to the station as he was returning home, they got to drinking and went too far. The friend went home, and father started down the track to his home. Whether he fell and stunned himself or lay down, we never knew, but the northbound train killed him. There was tragedy in our home when my father was brought in with his mangled head tied up in a napkin."

Unquestionably another great influence in the moulding of the character of Eugene Brooks was Robert Cole, the pastor of the Providence Baptist Church. For the first twelve years of his life (till his pastor's death in 1868) Eugene sat under his ministry, and it was from his lips, as already noted, that Eugene heard the call of God to preach the Gospel.

Robert Walker Cole is "described as 'a man of commanding figure, black hair, blue eyes, jovial, good conversationalist, splendid singer, beloved as a pastor and highly esteemed as a preacher!'

"He had treasured up in his memory and could call to recollection at a moment's notice many of

(Continued on page 10.)

WE HAVE had more than twenty-five conventions and each one has been better than the former." This observation was made by a charter member of the Kirchheim Pentecostal Church, Kirchheim-Tech, Germany, during the conference held April 21-May 13 in commemoration of the tenth anniversary of the ministry there of Walter and Bertha Waldvogel.

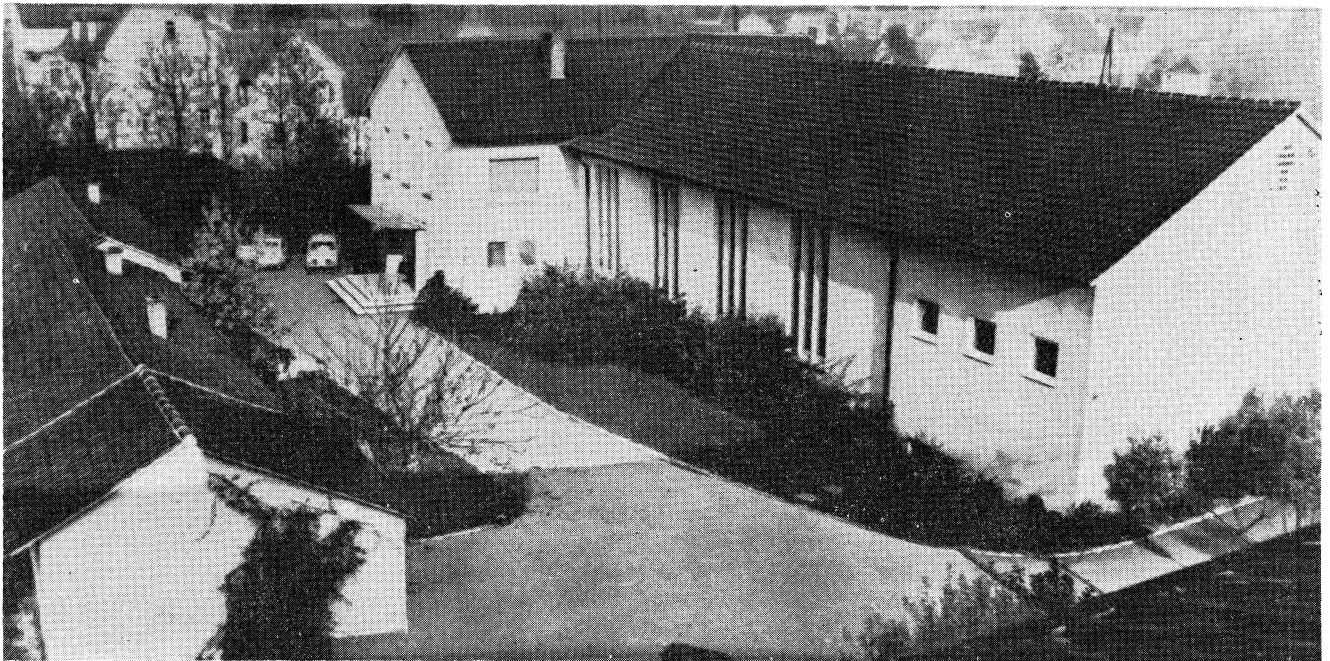
On the first Sunday the church was really packed. "People came from all over—north, south, west, and east," reported a visitor from America. And they continued to come throughout the three weeks—two bus loads from Hamburg and their pastor, Oskar Lardon; Egard Tetzlaff and Kurt Schütt from Wuppertal; Rolf Cilwik and family together with two young ministers from Hanover; the Betschels, father and son, Walter, from Salzburg, Austria; Mr. and Mrs. F. Kramerie from Vienna; a number from Switzerland in-

cluding Olga Weber of Schaffhausen; Karl Fix of the Volksmission, and Gottlob Maile from nearby Unterleningen.

"It is good that our ties with each other are strengthened in this way," commented one of the brethren. One of the servicemen from the Ridgewood assembly, now stationed in Mannheim—Stephen Weliczko—was very happy to attend the meetings conducted by his pastor, Hans R. Waldvogel.

For Evangelist Hans Waldvogel this conference was a time

for remembering the goodness of God to him personally, for it was just thirty years since the Lord had brought him to Europe for his first period of ministry. Since then, little by little, God has opened the doors for service in Europe ever wider and has performed a miracle in providing a base in Kirchheim for his ministry in Europe. Following a few days in Switzerland, Evangelist Waldvogel is holding meetings for two weeks (May 19-June 2) for Pastor Kramerie in Vienna.



The Kirchheim Pentecostal Church, Kirchheim, Germany

"The church is very pretty—spotlessly clean and modern," writes a visitor from America. "The ministers, Walter and Bertha Waldvogel, have a very nice apartment toward the back of the church, but up one flight. As for the interior of the church, the platform railing and pulpit are of natural wood, and there are golden brown drapes on both sides of the archway behind the pulpit. Behind this archway is the choir loft; the wall behind that is painted a turquoise blue with gold letters: "Zur Ehre Gottes" (For God's Glory). On one side of the platform is a Hammond organ (two speakers) and on the other side a grand piano. There are four very large windows on one side of the church. These are colored glass and at night the drapes are drawn—golden ones, reaching from the ceiling almost to the floor. In the basement there is a Gebetssaal (Prayer Hall)."

Helen Hoss has finally been able to secure a post office box. "I'm so glad, as it isn't safe to send mail to my home address," she writes. "Please take note and thank you." This new address to which all mail should be sent is:

Miss Helen Hoss
P.O. Box 2961
Durban, Natal
South Africa
* * *

CORRECTION: We regret that in the May issue of BREAD OF LIFE in the story, "*My Mother*," Mrs. A. J. Gordon, by her daughter, Helen Harrell, there was a serious misprint: "As an illustration of her *selfishness*," her dressmaker once told me," should have read, "As an illustration of her *selflessness*," etc. Quite a difference!

Christ's Second Coming

LAY DOWN your own opinions and see what THE BIBLE says about the second coming of the Lord. Pray, "Make me PERSONAL with the study of the second coming."

You are not using your Bibles enough about the preparation, not on your knees enough about the preparation. Read your Bibles and, first, you will see the obvious truths; as you do and believe what you can understand, as you read it again, things will unfold. If you stop and are not LIVING your Bible today, you will not be ready for the next step.

Do you KNOW if you are getting ready? Why am I told to watch and wait? If I don't do it, what will become of me? Get ready, first, yourself.

"Pray to be found worthy to escape." The only way to escape is to be in Him. Being only in Him is the secret of translation. It is not a good thing to think, "Because I am I, I will escape."

—MARTHA W. ROBINSON

The Fighting Elder

(Continued from page 8.)

the sweetest songs of Zion, and he displayed admirable judgment in fitting appropriate tunes to these songs. Brother Cole was also more than ordinarily gifted in prayer. His prayers . . . were well calculated to inspire a spirit of devotion. There was no ranting or bawling, as if God were deaf, no detailed statements, arguments, or explanations, as if God needed to be enlightened or convinced, no appeals to his hearers either converted or unconverted. His prayers consisted of ascriptions of praise, confessions of sin and petitions for favors expressed in a distinct and earnest voice and in solemn and reverential tone.

"As a preacher Elder Cole's address was pleasing, his delivery easy, his utterance distinct and his gestures, though unmarked by either grace or impressiveness, never awkward, constrained or inappropriate. His sermons . . . were . . . plain, earnest, evangelical, scriptural, appealing to the hearts and consciences of his audience. . . . In fine Elder Cole was a plain, faithful, zealous preacher of the Glorious Gospel of the blessed God whose sermons were abundantly blessed to the conversion of sinners and to the comfort and edification of Christians."

No boy in his formative years can regularly sit under the preaching of such a man without it leaving a lasting impression upon his character. And probably more than Eugene ever realized

Robert Cole's very example inspired him for his life work.

To be continued.

The Ministry of the Night

(Continued from page 2.)

whole thing. You will learn from yourself what all the schools in the world could not teach you—the healing action of faith without supporting pleasure. You will feel and understand the ministry of the night; its power to purify, to detach, to humble, to destroy the fear of death and, what is more important to you at the moment, the fear of life. And you will learn that sometimes pain can do what even joy cannot, such as exposing the vanity of earth's trifles and filling your heart with longing for the peace of heaven.

What I write here is in no way original. This has been discovered anew by each generation of Christian seekers and is almost a cliché of the deeper life. Yet it needs to be said to this generation of believers often and with emphasis, for the type of Christianity now in vogue does not include anything as serious and as difficult as this. The quest of the modern Christian is likely to be for peace of mind, spiritual joy and a good degree of material prosperity thrown in as an external proof of the divine favor.

Some will understand this, however, even if the number is relatively small, and they will constitute the hard core of practicing saints so badly needed at this serious hour if New Testament Christianity is to survive to the next generation.

GATHERED FRAGMENTS



PILGRIM CAMP, Brant Lake, N. Y., begins its eighteenth season on Saturday, June 29, 1963, when the camp for adults opens. Located in the Adirondack Mountains, two hundred fifty miles north of New York City directly on the northern shore of beautiful Brant Lake, Pilgrim Camp affords an ideal place for those desiring to couple spiritual refreshing with physical rest. Meetings are held twice daily for the benefit of the campers. The camp for boys and girls, 6-8, and for boys, 9-15, commences July 4. (Camp for girls, 9-15, begins on August 1.) Those desiring full information concerning the camp may write for a folder directly to *Pilgrim Camp, R.R. 84, Brant Lake, N. Y.*

* * *

Building and remodelling continues at a rapid pace at Pilgrim Camp in preparation for the opening day. As we go to press, we are happy to report that the kitchen equipment, including the automatic dishwasher, has been installed. The plumbing is now being connected. The linoleum tiles will be laid shortly. The shell of the lodge where the juniors will worship in the new lean-to village is virtually completed. Through the gracious provision of God these needed improvements have been provided for so that no indebtedness for them has been incurred by the camp.

* * *

During the weekend of May 17-19 a number of college students, teachers, and a few of

their friends gathered at Pilgrim Camp for a *spiritual retreat* under the leadership of Warren Klare and Ronald Klaus of Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, N. Y. For many of those gathered final exams were only a few days away, but they considered seeking the Lord of greater importance and therefore welcomed this opportunity to do so. From the first meeting on Friday night on through the four meetings on Saturday, the Sunday morning service, and the period of worship following the Sunday dinner when everyone was silent before Him, the cloud of God's presence filled the grounds. And God indeed satisfied the hungry with good things, filling with His Spirit, and led many into a very definite closer relationship with Himself. Cherishing the blessings they had received, the group left reluctantly to return to their studies and work—and then soon to be scattered to various parts of this country. Let us remember these young people that God will use them wherever they go to draw others to Christ.

* * *

With the coming of *Pentecost Sunday*, June 2, we are reminded this year not only of the outpouring of the Spirit on the first Day of Pentecost two thousand years ago but also of the fact that in the last few years the same Holy Spirit has been poured out on all flesh. Especially outstanding has been the fact that so many denomination-

al Christians have spoken in tongues in recent years. "Once chiefly confined to members of Pentecostal denominations, glossolalia has lately gained hundred of adherents among Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Baptists, and even Yale students," states *Time*, May 17. In an earlier issue (March 29) *Time* reported that "in the secular, skeptical confines of Yale University" 20 students have spoken in tongues. "One is a Roman Catholic, and most of the others are Protestants who belong to the sobersided InterVarsity Christian Fellowship—Episcopalians, Lutherans, Presbyterians and Methodists. Five have Phi Beta Kappa keys, and six plan to enter the ministry after graduation."

Just as on the first Day of Pentecost there was a sharply divergent reaction to and explanation of this experience, so today we find the same to be true. For example, some of the leaders of the Episcopal Church have been tolerant and friendly, while James A. Pike, Episcopal Bishop of California, according to *Time* (May 17), "denounced the excesses of glossolalia, . . . directed the clergy not to propagate glossolalia and cautioned laymen to avoid its practice." Evidently the movement has gained such proportions in his own diocese that it can no longer be ignored, for the bishop declared, "This particular phenomenon has reached a point where it is dangerous to the peace and unity of the church and a threat to sound doctrine and policy." Of course, when one realizes that Bishop Pike openly denies the stated doctrines of the very church of which he is a minister, one is not surprised at his stand, but it is significant that he has been forced to answer the same question asked on the first Day of Pentecost: "What meaneth this?" How different was the answer of Peter from that of Pike!

God's Best

God has His best things for the few
That dare to stand the test;
God has His second choice for those
Who will not have His best.

It is not always open ill
That risks the promised rest;
The *better*, often, is the foe
That keeps us from the *best*.

There's scarcely one but vaguely wants
In some way to be blest;
'Tis not Thy blessing, Lord, I seek,
I want Thy very best.

And others make the highest choice,
But, when by trials pressed
They shrink, they yield, they shun the Cross,
And so they lose the best.

I want, in this short life of mine,
As much as can be pressed
Of service true for God and man:
Help me to be Thy best.

I want to stand, when Christ appears,
In spotless raiment dressed,
Numbered among His hidden ones,
His holiest and His best.

I want, among the victor throng,
To have my name confessed,
And hear my Master say at last,
"Well done; you did your best."

Give me, O Lord, Thy highest choice,
Let others take the rest;
Their good things have no charm for me.
For I have got Thy *best*!

—A. B. SIMPSON