

Bread of Life

Saint Matthew's STORY OF THE NATIVITY

Translated by
JOHN ELIOT
into the Language of
the *Indians of*
Massachusetts Bay

As it was first printed in his
INDIAN BIBLE
of 1663

Commemorating the 300th Anniversary of
The First Printed Bible in
The Western Hemisphere

IESUS a neekit ut Bethlem ut Judea uk- a Luke
kefukodtumut Herod Sontim, kuseh 2.6.
waantamwaniog wamohettit wutchepwoci-
yeu Jerufalemwaut.

2 Noowaog, uttiyeuwoh noh neekit Jew/e
ketallfoot, newutche uauomun wutanogqul-
fuumoh wutchepwociyeu, kah nuppeyaumun
onk woh noowowuffumoun.

3 Herod Ketallfoot nantog aatammehuk-
qunuib, kah wame Jerufalem weeché.

4 Kah wame mounont negonne Sephaufu-
aéneuh, & wuf-Scribimouh mifinninnuog,
wunnatootumauub nahog, uttohut Christ
woh neekit?

5 Kah wuttinóuh, ut Bethlem ut Judea,
newutche yeu wuttinukwholin nashpe
quofhodumwaen.

(Mich. 5. 2.
John. 7. 41.
6 Kah ken b Bethlem ohkeit Judea, matta
kuppeillifú kemuzke naninuwaenuog Judah,
newutche pish na uche fohhamun nananu-
waen, yeuoh pish: nananau nua: mifinninná-
moh Israeloh.

7 Neit Herod kemu welikomont waantam-
woh, pahku wunnatootomau nahog, toh ut-
toche anogqs nacitaubus.

8 Kah wutanuonuh nahog en Bethlehem
kah noowau, monchek pahke natinnchuk
mukkie, kah namehheog kuttuufunau, onk
woh nuppeam, kah woh den wonk noowowuf-
fum.

9 Kah nootauhettit Sontimoh monche-
og, kah kuseh, noh anogqs, uttoh nauhet-
teupuh wutchepwociu, negonshauch noh en
peyonat uttoh mukkie apit, ne wunnepa-
un.

10 Nauahettit anogfsh, mocheke muf-
kounatamwog mifhe wekontamóonk.

11 Kah pahettit wetuómut namehaog
peiffésh weeché Maryboh okafsh, kah pe-
nuhaog kah uowowuffumóuh, kah woihwun-
numóhettit wunnompakouunóosh, wut-
tinnumóuh maguogash, gold, kah fran-
kincenté, kah myrre.



STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

FIRST OF ALL

THE LAST WORDS of the speech which President John F. Kennedy had prepared to deliver in Dallas, Texas the day he was assassinated were:

"Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain."

In view of the special circumstances attending President J. F. Kennedy's death, this statement, quoted from Psalm 127, is very significant, for in spite of his excellent watchmen and all the security measures which were taken, our president was killed. As never before, we, as a nation, have been made to realize that the safety of no life, no matter how great or valuable, can be guaranteed.

But these words are even more significant and carry great weight when they are considered as being the last sentence of the last speech of a man who had certainly done what he could to keep the peace of this country and of the world. In fact we cannot but wonder if "this spake he not of himself, but . . . prophesied" thereby to this people. In a very real sense, this statement can be regarded as President Kennedy's legacy to his country which he endeavored to serve faithfully and for which he gave his life. In any event we do well to heed the truth which was given by inspiration of God and "was written long ago" and act accordingly.

President Kennedy knew full well the unquestionable results of a nuclear war, a war which no nation can really win. At the same time and in spite of all he could do to prevent such a catastrophe, he clearly saw the increasing possibility of such an unbelievable holocaust. The naked truth is:

Except the Lord keep the United States of America, its armed forces watch in vain.

And now the superhuman task of the President of the United States has come to Lyndon Baines Johnson. Born in Texas, August 27, 1908, he began his national political career as a Representative in Congress in 1937. Eleven years later he was elected to the Senate. Religiously, President

Johnson has been a lifelong member of the Disciples of Christ or Christian Church. His personal affiliation is with a tiny, rural church in Johnson City, Texas. The Disciples of Christ have no set creed other than belief in the deity of Christ as set forth in the New Testament.

(Incidentally, there has been one other Disciples of Christ President, James A. Garfield, who was also a lay minister of his church. It was he who spoke the famous words of courage which calmed a panic-stricken New York City audience when it received word of the assassination of Abraham Lincoln: *"Fellow-citizens! God reigns, and the Government at Washington still lives!"*)

We may not agree with President Johnson politically or in his various policies, but he is our leader, the President of the United States. As such, he has been "ordained of God." Certainly his job is difficult and requires divine wisdom, and in his first public statement as president, he asked for God's help.

Many people, even earnest Christians, take a defeatist, fatalistic attitude towards affairs of state. We have clear-cut examples in the Word of God, especially the case of Hezekiah when hopelessly besieged by the hosts of Assyria, showing what God will do for a nation and its leader which will call upon Him. Furthermore, we Christians are exhorted *"first of all"* to make "supplications, prayers, intercessions" with thanksgiving *"for all men . . . and for all that are in authority that we may lead a quiet and peaceable life in all godliness and honesty"* (I Tim. 2:1,2). Certainly if there ever was one authority who needs the prayers of God's people it is Lyndon Baines Johnson. And if we, the people of God, will obey the direct command of God in this respect, God will hear and will answer in accordance with His word and will. Let us be obedient and faithful and pray daily for the chief executive of this nation.

Favorite Prayer of President John F. Kennedy

RECEIVE, O Lord, all my liberty. Take my memory, my understanding, and my entire will. Whatsoever I have or hold, Thou hast given me; I give it all back to Thee and commit it wholly to be governed by Thy will. Give me Thy love and Thy grace, and I am rich enough and ask for nothing more.

—ST. IGNATIUS.

God's Christmas Gift

By HANS R. WALDVOGEL

WHY DID Jesus come? Why did He leave the throne of eternity before which all the angels of God worship? Why did He descend out of glory to walk the lonely path of sorrow and drink the bitter cup and take my sin upon Himself? What made Him decide to humble Himself so deeply?

The Bible tells us that it was because He had a heritage in humanity, that He had a great treasure in the field and had to buy the whole field. He had to pay the price for the whole world in order to gather a company of people out of this world that would be different from all the people in the world.

But the Word says that He came to His own, men and women who were created by Him, created to be like unto Him, created to be different from all the animals in the world, and His own received Him not. They refused to receive this King. They received His blessings, oh, yes, but refused Him. That's the great tragedy of all the ages. But there's a ray of light shining, "As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become sons of God." But receiving Him means receiving a King who wants to reign supreme, who wants to destroy every enemy so that sin shall not have dominion over you.

Why is it that sin still has dominion over you? Some great

theologians say, "Of course, we still have to sin;" but the Bible says, "Sin shall *not* have dominion over you." If you receive Him, you receive the almighty power of God that saves to the uttermost all them that come unto God by Him. The question is whether you want to be delivered from your sin, whether you want to bow to Him.

This is the condemnation, that light is come into the world. To be saved doesn't mean to be saved from hell but to be saved from sin, from every defilement, from all darkness. That is what Jesus came to do; that is why He had to come. What the Mosaic law could not do, God did, by giving you and me a present—a gift unspeakable, the greatest gift eternity had to offer. But, it's a Package I must receive in its fullness, in its entirety, and when I receive Him, I receive a Saviour Who saves to the uttermost, Who baptizes with the Holy Ghost till rivers of living water flow from me, until my very body becomes a temple of the living God, my very mouth a fountain of living water, my very eyes shining forth the presence and glory of the Son of God, and my very hands tingling with the resurrection power of the Lord Jesus Christ. That is His plan. That is the thing He has wrought us for.

But most people don't want

Him like that. They want heaven, yes, but they want the world, this dirt, also. Oh, beloved, damnation is waiting for Christians who have known the will of God and have not done it.

Jesus Christ is not interested in half-hearted Christians. You can go your way. You can make your choice; if you want darkness and if you want sin, you can have them, and if you want the devil and hell, you can have them. God won't bother you, but the eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the whole earth to find those whose hearts are perfect toward Him.

Today we are celebrating the day when Jesus was born of a virgin. It seems that the four thousand years up to that time God had been looking for one pure virgin that would be worthy to receive in her womb the wonderful body of the Son of God, and then, how the angels sang, "Glory to God in the Highest!" Now in the Book of Revelation there is a marvelous scene where there is another virgin, the Bride of the Lamb, and all eternity shouts, "Hallelujah!" John says it sounds "as the voice of mighty thunders, as the voice of many waters," saying "Alleluia! Let us be glad and rejoice and give honour to God, for the marriage of the Lamb is come, and His wife hath made herself ready."

(Continued on page 11)



“The World Is Waiting”

By JOSEPH WANNEMACHER
Milwaukee, Wisconsin



“GO YE into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature” (Mark 16:15). That is our business—to preach the gospel to every creature in all the world in every way possible, by any possible means.

After I was so miraculously saved and healed, I said to myself, “I’m a debtor to the whole world.” I couldn’t sit still and enjoy this gospel for myself, and not let it go to others. The first thing I did was to ask Brother Uhrich, the pastor of the church where I was converted, “Will you order me 1,000 *Pentecostal Evangel*s; I want to distribute them.” (At that time the name of the paper was different.) I couldn’t think of anything else but to put the gospel everywhere I could.

I was a mechanic at the time of my conversion, but I wanted to get into houses to tell people what Jesus could do. So I would

go to the door and knock, “Lady, have you a sewing machine that doesn’t work?” “Do you need a key for your lock? I’ll make you one. Then when I got an entrance into houses, I’d talk about Jesus.

Then I took my fiddle to the factory after the Lord told me I should play the violin for Him, and talked to the men at the factory. I went right downtown on Broadway or Milwaukee and stood outside the shops and played the violin and got the people to come and listen to me. The next thing I was talking Jesus to them. The congregation there grew until some times 500 people were listening to me. Now that’s a better audience than some great preachers get on Sunday. I wasn’t satisfied just to preach to the people; I had to take New Testaments along. (I paid twenty-seven

cents for them, but because of the change I sold them for twenty-five cents.) I sold New Testaments in Polish, Hungarian and English so that people would learn to know Jesus Christ.

There was a terrific atheist trend in our Milwaukee Hungarians. I said to myself many times, “I have to do something for these people.” About that time, forty-two years ago, we were married and we started a mission and sent 1,083 Gospels of John to the Hungarians of this city and this state. Outside the little mission, we had a sign, “JESUS SAVES—JESUS HEALS—JESUS IS COMING SOON.” People asked, “What does that mean—Jesus saves? What does that mean—Jesus heals? What does that mean—Jesus is coming?” Well, I knew, so I invited people to

Bread of Life

VOL. XII No. 12
DECEMBER, 1963

Published monthly by RIDGEWOOD PENTECOSTAL CHURCH, 457 Harman Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Editor: Gordon P. Gardiner. Ass’t Editor: Caroline Gardiner. Contributing Editor: Hans R. Waldvogel. Art Editor: Eleanor Perz. Circulation Manager: Nancy Strano. Photoengraver: Bingham Photoengraving Co. Printed in the U.S.A.

Second-class postage paid at Brooklyn, N.Y. Address all correspondence to P.O. Box 11, Brooklyn 27, N.Y. Make all subscriptions payable to Frank G. Posta, Treas.

Annual Subscriptions: United States and Canada \$1.75; Foreign, \$2.00. Single copy—15c.

come in. Among those saved were eight people who came from a place in Yugoslavia where I visited this summer. There is a beautiful church now in that place in Yugoslavia where those eight came from who were so wonderfully saved in the mission here.

Dear Brother Rinenbach, who is eighty years old now, made up his mind years ago to pray for the place in Hungary where he was a soldier some sixty years ago. When I came to Hungary this last summer, the minister from that place came to Budapest where I was, because he heard I came from Milwaukee and knew Brother Rinenbach and begged me, "Come down to our church."

So I went down to the southern part of Hungary where the uranium mines are which are of great importance to Hungary. Of everything I saw at that preacher's home they said, "Brother Rinenbach sent it." I said to myself, "How a man eighty years old can make people so happy!" This minister had lived in a place that was so bad that finally when it rained hard, the whole roof went right down into the house. Everything was demolished. What would he do now? He wrote to Brother Rinenbach, and he talked to me. We sent help to him, and now he has a nice little home. It's just a room, a kitchen and a garden. And this man's congregation was able to buy a church which is a miracle in Hungary.

You see, this old man—eighty years old—not only sends clothing and money, but kneels for hours and hours and prays that God will bless that assembly. He also went begging among his Christian friends until he got quite a sum to send them for a

place of worship. There was a rich man who had a beautiful house in the woods, and when the new authorities came into power, the rich man had to move. These Christians found out that this rich man was going to sell, and so they bought part of this mansion. It is too small, but the miracle of it is that now they have been able to buy the rest of the building so that they now have a place that can seat several hundred people. Just think of it! With two hundred dollars they can go at it and make that church so much bigger. All through the efforts of one old man who can do **nothing** any more but pray and beg for this minister and the congregation in Hungary!

Budapest was one of the most beautiful cities of Europe before the First World War, but you can imagine what two wars and a revolution meant to it—cannon shots right though what they call Ringstrasse. The people are very happy that the government now in Hungary is not what it was. It is now giving the people a chance to breathe, and, of course, they are doing everything in the world to build it up. When I came to Budapest, a man at the hotel desk was very genteel and said, "Now I want you to know that there is nobody going to look and watch you. Don't have any suspicions. Nobody will watch or censure you. You can do what you please." That took a burden off my back because I didn't know but that they might watch me day and night. So I had perfect rest about that.

Then I went to visit the family of beloved Brother Tony, the General Superintendent of the Hungarian Churches, who passed away about seven or eight years ago. When I came there,

the first person I met was his girl, who exclaimed, "O, Brother Wannennmacher, I was converted when you were here in 1930. I'm so glad to see you." Then I met Sister Tony, the widow. My heart was touched knowing how her husband had died. From there we went to the church. What a joy that was! They had a very lovely service. They sang so beautifully, and they had an orchestra which played gospel songs in real Hungarian fashion—all a fire.

If you have a place in Hungary that is acknowledged by the government for the worship of the Christian church, you can work there, preach there, teach there, and pray there. Nobody will stop you. I think that's nice. I got into one church in Budapest which was in a basement, like a dungeon. It was awful, but when I got in there, the people were on their faces praying. That was before 6 o'clock. They come directly from work and go there and throw themselves down on the floor and pray. The place was jam-packed *on a Monday night*. In fact, every congregation I visited, the place was too small for the people, but I do thank God for the privilege that these people have yet of gathering together like this.

Now in Yugoslavia, conditions are quite different. I had the privilege of preaching in Zagreb. They have a beautiful church in Zagreb. How did this come into existence? Twelve years ago when we sold the Yugoslavian church at 33rd and Mt. Vernon, in Milwaukee, the money went to Yugoslavia. At that time some Pentecostal leaders said that money should not be sent to assemblies in any communist country because they would take it all away. But

many churches got started in Yugoslavia with a down payment sent from us here. Then after the down payment was made, the people kept up the payments until the property was their own. And in town after town after town in Yugoslavia you find these places that were bought with American money as a down payment.

In Zagreb the minister told me how he prayed he could get this beautiful place, right on the main street, not too far out from downtown. He could get it, but he needed \$2,000. So he prayed and he called on God till the wee hours of the morning. At once peace came to him, and he knew he had the money. I think it was the next day \$2,000 came from America. You should see the young people—all of them saved, baptized in the Holy Ghost. And have they a church and big orchestra! They sing "Jesus Saves" and everything—just like we do—only that's Yugoslavian music. It's real nice.

Many years ago a couple went from Milwaukee over to Hungary and worked hard for the Lord. Then the wife wished to visit her birthplace in Yugoslavia. They went there, witnessed, but when nothing happened, the husband said, "Nobody listens to me, I'm going back to Budapest." But the wife said, "I'm going to stay here and pray until the people we are living with get saved and baptized in the Holy Spirit." And she did. I'm so glad we taught people to pray until something happens. Well, she prayed and the people got saved. And for years the man has gone on his bicycle all over Yugoslavia—up one hill after another, preaching the gospel. And he's still at it at sixty-seven.

In another town in Yugoslavia there was a lady who had a corner lot in the town. The authorities gave her the privilege to use a room in her house to have services for the Christians right there in her own house. The crowd got too big, so the minister went to the authorities and asked to build a church on this woman's corner lot. They were refused. So then this woman said, "I'm going to build a beautiful house for myself on that lot and when it's done, I'll give it to the church." That's just what she did, and the church is still worshipping God in her home.

In Yugoslavia the bishops of some of the denominations have come to the Pentecostal people begging them to take over their church buildings so they won't be closed up. Why? Because the Pentecostal people have the drive and the experience needed to fill the churches while their own people just run around and their buildings are almost empty and idle. So one brother not only has new places of his own, but he gets these other places to preach in. And he goes there and gets the audience. Wonderful! Don't you think so?

We also visited the assembly in Vienna which has a beautiful place. How did they get it? One day I got a letter telling of their need. And when I got the letter, I lifted it up and said, "Lord, I haven't got money. Lord, you see that letter." And so I went begging, too. The first fellow I went to, I said to myself, "Well, maybe I get five dollars, maybe twenty-five dollars." Instead he sits down and writes a check for \$500! You can imagine how I felt. So I had courage to go to others. In no time I had the money to-

gether that they needed to buy this place. That meant everything for Vienna.

God doesn't care about great preaching. God wants somebody that works for Him, *works for Him*, WORKS FOR HIM. How is it in your heart? Have you a desire? How wonderful it is when you see that little thought that you received in prayer bloom out and become a great reality, and you see the souls that have been blessed because of the little thoughts that rose in your heart towards God's work. Young people, don't lose time. Don't lose time. I was twenty-two years old when I started—that's pretty young—and from the very moment I was saved, there was not a minute lost. Let's go at this thing. Let's do what we can. Let's do the will of God in helping the gospel to go throughout the whole world in every respect.

We have experienced this thing. We know it's a reality. We know it's a divine fact that Jesus Christ saves, Jesus heals, Jesus Christ baptizes with the Holy Ghost and with fire, Jesus Christ is coming soon. Who will go and tell that, except us? God help every one of us to be more alert, more willing to sacrifice. Let's all be in our places where God wants us. Let's not let down for anything. When you wake up in the morning, say to yourself like the daughter of General Booth—the Marchale—said to her eight children when she woke them up, "Children, the world is waiting for you. The world is waiting for you. Up, children, the world is waiting for you to bring the gospel to them." Beloved, the world is waiting for us. Let's dedicate ourselves to the unfinished task of taking the gospel to every creature.

The Fighting Elder

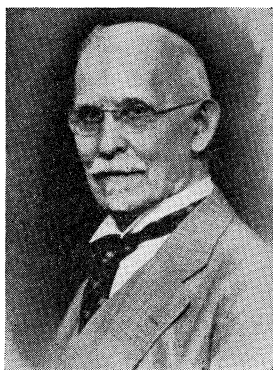
Conflicts in the Narrow Way

As Experienced in the Life of Elder Eugene Brooks

By GORDON P. GARDINER

PART VII

BORN in Virginia, Eugene Brooks was converted at the age of seventeen and entered the ministry of his denomination, the Christian Church, when he was twenty-nine. For the next twelve years he was a markedly successful pastor in Ohio, Colorado, and Missouri. Since his youth Mr. Brooks had suffered increasingly from a complication of ailments until in April, 1896, he became so weak that, although he lived only about two blocks from his church, he had to ride between the two places and had to preach sitting down. Shortly before this the Lord had brought to him the light of divine healing and then led him to Chicago, Illinois, where he received great physical and spiritual help under the ministry of John Alexander Dowie.



Elder Eugene Brooks
1856-1954

“**O**F COURSE, after my return from Chicago, there was such a change in me that my people wanted to know what had happened to me. Therefore, I publicly announced to my congregation, ‘I won’t preach divine healing to you in the church because I am paid to preach something else. Anybody who wants to know what has happened to me can come to the church parlors on Thursday night. At that time I will tell you what I know about divine healing.’

“Old man Dillinger was a prominent member of the church. He was a big merchant in Findlay and had been an elder in the church when I went there. However, because of reports about his dishonesty and other things, I asked him to resign. This made him mad. After my announcement he wrote his daughter, who was attending college, and asked her to get from the professors a list of questions on divine healing which he could use in an attempt to confuse me.

“Thursday night he came to the meeting loaded.

I don’t know how many questions he had, but he got through with only three of them. The Lord gave me such wisdom in answering him that he was floored. That was the end of his questions. Being thus defeated, he became more angry and would fight about the subject with anybody who would listen to him. Nobody else in the church seemed to doubt divine healing and seemed ready to accept the truth.

“I have always believed it was a great mistake in my life that I left Findlay. I believe I could have carried at least ninety-five per cent of the members of the church into the light of healing, for about 500 of them were my own children in the faith. But I feared friction and division would result if I preached healing, and therefore I resigned. I had to resign three times; twice the church refused to accept my resignation. The third time I told the people, ‘I’m going whether you take my resignation or not.’

“A few days after, I left my church, gathered my things together, and took my journey into a far country. My first stop was Charlottesville, Virginia, at a little old country church I had visited some years previous. I had a meeting and the pleasant breezes were coming my way, when suddenly a bomb burst under me. I asked the deacon what was wrong. He informed me that what I had said about John Brown had made everyone mad. Unwittingly, I had spoken favorably of John Brown, forgetting that I was in the South. The deacon said to me, ‘I do not think there is any chance of your doing anything now; I would advise you to leave.’ (If you ever go to the South, keep still about John Brown.)

“I got on my wheel and started off with a heavy heart. It was my first great sorrow. As I rode down the road, the tears flowed freely. I felt the Spirit was grieved and did not understand it, for just so recently I had come into a wonderful experience after receiving my healing. The glory

of God was resting upon me, and the joy of the Lord filled my being. I went on to Gordonsville, Virginia. There I had one of the best meetings of my life—over 80 united with the church. While here I witnessed the severest storm I had ever seen. Twenty houses were unroofed in the town that night, and millions of dollars of shipping on the Atlantic Coast was lost. It was the only hurricane I had ever seen. The road downtown was so filled with trees that it was impassable. But my victory in Christ was so great that I was perfectly calm and still, while all the family in the house were in paroxysms.

"My next stop was Danville, Virginia. I preached four months in the Christian Church there, but they would not clean up that old Augean stable, so I left them and opened a mission. With about 10 cents in my pocket, I signed a contract to pay \$12.00 a month rent for the place. God did not fail me. He had the rent every month, and I never lacked anything. I went all over town preaching the gospel, was doing my own singing as well as speaking and never felt tired. I had a wonderful time. I was filled with the ecstatic joy of the Lord, and even when some of those rascals threw dirty water on me, it never bothered me. There were a hundred tobacco factories in Danville, and fifty million pounds of tobacco were sold every year. While these factory workers were eating their lunch, I would get out and preach to them. One day I preached from the steps of a saloon owned by a Baptist woman, and I said some strong things about Christians renting their property for saloons. The next day I was called to task. A boy came to my room and said someone outside wished to see me. I went out and crossed the street to where four men were waiting for me. They got around me and began to curse me and threaten me. But God took care of me. After a while they went away, and the police came and wanted me to swear out a warrant for these fellows. That I refused to do, believing it was not right for me as a minister to do so. They said, 'We cannot do anything unless you do.' I replied that I did not want to do anything. But they arrested the men and brought them to court. I was summoned as witness. The judge asked me to swear and kiss the Bible. I told him that I would not kiss the Bible, but I would tell the truth. I said, 'Judge, these men have done me no harm; I have nothing against them; in fact, one of them furnished me hot water to wash out my mission.' The case was dismissed. I asked if I might speak a word further,

and said, 'Judge, if you and I had lived as we ought to have lived, these men would not be here as they are, but they would be Christians themselves.' The business was closed, and the four men went off like whipped curs. No court verdict could have had the results this had. Love had gained the victory. I never saw them again.

"Right after I had returned from Chicago to Findlay, I began laying hands on people right and left for healing. When nobody got healed, I woke up to the fact that I was laying unholy hands on the ark of God. Therefore I promised God, 'I'll never lay hands on anybody until You show me.'

"After going to Danville, God spoke to me by a dream in which I saw myself at my old home. We were all in Mother's bedchamber. There was a restlessness all around—a strange, peculiar feeling as if something were just going to happen. I looked out toward the west, and the sun had just gone down.

"Then I went upstairs, threw open the shutters to the east, and the day was breaking. 'How is it,' I wondered, 'that the sun has just gone down, and now the day is breaking?' I looked up in the sky, saw the moon, and then said, 'These rays are from the moon.' Then I looked beyond the moon and saw the sun with the face of Jesus in it. He smiled at me approvingly. Below was a fruitful garden.

"Later the meaning of this dream became clear to me. The garden represented fruitage, something to feed people. The moon has no light of its own to furnish, but it derives its light from the sun. In a similar way, I had no power to do anything myself, but the Lord through me could perform work and bring forth fruit. The Lord used this dream to cause me to forget my previous promise concerning the laying on of hands, for now, unknown to me, He had equipped me for a ministry of healing.

"The next morning after my dream, I went to see a Mrs. Green whom I had heard was quite sick. I found her in bed with a raging fever and asked her, 'What are you having done for it?'

" 'I'm not having anything done,' she replied.

" 'What are you taking?'

" 'Nothing.'

" 'What are you going to do?'

" 'I thought I'd trust God.'

" 'Well,' I said, 'if you are going to trust God, you've got to get out of this bed.' Then I prayed, laid my hands on her, and commanded her to get out of bed. She obeyed immediately as I beat a

very hasty retreat. The next day when I again visited her, this is what she told me: 'Brother Brooks, as soon as you laid your hands on me, the fever left, a chronic pain I had had for twelve years in my right side also went, and a milk leg I had had for eighteen years is absolutely healed. I am now perfectly well.' This was the beginning of a number of healings in answer to prayer.

"Early one morning there walked into my room, without knocking, a strange figure, the dirtiest man I had ever seen, Peter Goin. He told me the night before he had sat out in the woods and built him a little fire to try to keep warm. He was cold and hungry, and he sat there all night and shivered. He was a hobo and a drunk, and now had come to the end of everything. I believe he had committed every sin in the catalogue, even including murder, and for twenty years he had been a vagabond. As Peter Goin sat there that night, he looked up through the leafless trees, up into the stars and prayed, 'O God, if there is any place I can get help, direct me to it.' Next morning he started for Danville and without asking anyone any directions, he kept on walking until he walked right into the mission. (We had no sign outside, but God directed him.)

"He was so filthy that the bench on which he sat stank for three weeks after. Well, that poor fellow gave his heart to God, and I had the dirtiest job I ever had in my life when I heated a tub of water and washed Peter Goin. We got clothes for him and fixed him up, and like 'Mary's Little Lamb,' Peter Goin followed me everywhere. Where I went, he went, and when he gave his testimony, many were in tears. 'He that is forgiven much loves much.' This man had a wonderful testimony. He was filled with the love of God, and he was a great help in the mission. I believe every step Peter Goin took was toward heaven. The last I heard of him, he went south to see if

he could find his wife and children whom he had deserted about twenty years before.

"During this time I was receiving weekly my copy of the *Leaves of Healing*, Dr. Dowie's paper. Through this a matter of information came to me which made me promise God that if He would open the way, I would return to Chicago. A week or two after I had made this promise, somebody rented the place where I was holding my meetings.

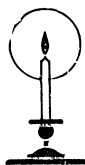
"Therefore, I closed the mission and went to my home near Bowling Green, Virginia, and remained at home until Christmas. About that time I received an invitation from a church in Lima, Ohio, (a city near Findlay), to come there to hold a series of meetings. I accepted the invitation, and after paying my fare there, I had just two dollars and a half left.

"After I arrived in Lima, I inquired for the man who had sent the invitation and found him in his office. When I met him he said, 'Well, we've decided not to have a meeting at this time,' and all that other lie. He never gave me a meal, never offered me a cent, or invited me to his home. He just left me stranded. (The real reason for this decision was that some of the people from Findlay had reported that I believed in divine healing and would split the church if I held meetings there.)

"After this I went to Findlay. There was a godly man there, a machinist by trade, who wanted me to rent the Congregational Church and open an independent work in the city. For this purpose he gave me some money. However, God gave me three dreams which thoroughly convinced me that I should go to Chicago. I took the money back to my friend, but he would not take it.

"God's purpose in bringing me to Ohio was merely to get me on the way to Chicago.

(To be continued)



IT'S A GREAT LIGHT to let Scriptures just settle profoundly any matter, even willing to be thwarted in your own views if the Bible isn't clearly upholding them—to just let ALL your ideas go and just accept the bare Word, if you have preconceived ideas. If you could do so, you would be greatly interested to see what the Bible teaches on a subject.

—MARTHA W. ROBINSON.

Sowing and Reaping

“WE ARE all well in Durban,” writes *Stephen Govender* with whom *Helen Hoss* has been ministering in Natal, South Africa, “and enjoying the blessings of the Lord in the entire fellowship. After much prayer and waiting upon the Lord, the Lord has supplied our need with a church site in Merebank. On Sunday, the 8th of December, 1963, we are having our church ground-breaking service, and on the same afternoon about 25 believers will be baptized at the Fynland Beach. Most of these believers are from Chatsworth.

“Many souls have been won in Chatsworth through personal visitation and meetings in homes. About the middle of October three Hindus attended our Bible study in Chatsworth. At the end of the meeting an appeal was made, and these three Hindus accepted Christ as their Saviour. Now six in their family are saved.

“Charles Manikum, who was sick for the last four years and crippled for the last two years and not able to walk without his crutches, was completely healed in answer to prayer in the name of Jesus Christ. He and his entire family of ten are converted and baptized as a result of this outstanding miracle. We thank you for your prayers on our behalf.”

*

“On October 13th we had another baptismal service with 13

following Jesus,” report *Elisabeth Lindau* and *Pearl Young* from Taipei, Formosa. “Among them was a venerable old gentleman, Mr. Yen, over eighty, who came from Peking. He steadily comes out to the Sunday and Thursday night meetings and has a love to read the Bible. Three days before Mr. Yen was to be baptized, he felt quite sick and could not retain any food, but on Sunday morning Brother Tu visited him and encouraged him. He took a real step of faith, got up in the name of the Lord, ate and retained his food, and was baptized that evening. Another old gentleman who was baptized is a reclaimed backslider who is now determined to go all the way with Jesus. A young boy, Fu Chi Chung, was another candidate. He had given us much difficulty. He was connected with a school gang and sometimes would be out entire nights. However, the Lord has wrought a real work of grace in this life so that a real change has been enacted. How we praise God for these trophies of His grace! Truly, ‘the power of God is just the same today!’

“An adult class has been added to our Sunday school, thus enabling parents who cannot come in the evening to be able to bring their children to Sunday school and also get in some Bible study at the same time.

“There has been a wonderful manifestation of the presence of the Lord in our midst, and we feel souls are getting a clearer sight of Jesus, the Altogether Lovely One. God has been dealing with one of the brethren about making things right concerning his past life, even though he has been saved six years. He said he always felt he was pretty upright until God gave him a sight of his great need. He has been making confession of sin publicly as well as writing letters to those he had sinned against and making restitution as far as he is able. His testimony is being used of God to stir the people to search their hearts before the Lord, so we praise Him.”

*

“Since returning to South Africa just over two and a half years ago,” state *Mr. and Mrs. John Richards*, “in cooperation with other missionaries in other parts of the field as well as in our own section, the Lord has helped us pioneer fourteen new assemblies. The big tent has been in constant use, and the new one we made ourselves is also doing good service. The smaller one is 45’x45’ and seats about 650—African style. This is being used more in smaller places in the district. At times, in area-wide campaigns, we had three tents in use stationed up to ten miles apart. In this way a great impact is made on the community. This last time in Bechuanaland the tents were some fifty miles apart. News travels and people began to see something was on the move for God. Now there are two flourishing works in a land that has kept out Pentecost to a great extent. We praise God for opening the doors there.”

God's Christmas Gift

(Continued from page 3)

Beloved, we are on the way to a wedding. Are you getting ready? We are not going to the wedding of the Lamb, unless we belong to the bride. And the Bible says how that bride becomes eligible: she has made herself ready.

That's what we read about in the Christmas story as given in the first chapter of the Gospel of John. "As many as received Him—the Bridegroom!" If you look into the Bible, you will find in His doctrine a purity that you need, you will find a deliverance from pride and impurity and from all these works of the flesh that curse humanity today. Oh, blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness. God has a gift for them—the very King of righteousness, the very Bridegroom.

How is the marriage of the Lamb going to come? Well, how did Jesus Christ find a way into humanity! How did God almighty manifest Himself in the flesh? By a virgin. She is pictured as a beautiful woman; we don't know. Maybe she wasn't, but in the sight of God, she was beautiful. God looks upon a beauty that is not made in Hollywood. He looks at the heart. When God sent His word to Mary, she said, "Behold, the handmaiden of the Lord." She received that word. She received that authority of Almighty God. She presented her body unto God even though it meant ostracization, even though her own husband suspected her of infidelity.

And how is a person to become a member of the Bride of Christ? Every man that hath this hope in Him purifieth Himself even as He is pure. And

how do we do that How do we make ourselves ready to go into the marriage? We read in this chapter, "Out of His fullness have all we received, and grace for grace."

You have to take the grace of God. You have to show God that you prefer purity to impurity, that you prefer His righteousness to all unrighteousness, that you prefer the bondage of His love, the slavery of the Holy Ghost, to the slavery of sin, that you prefer Him above everything else. The fullness of

His grace is for you, but you have to take it.

That is the Christmas message: "Of His fullness have all we received." And this way we ought to reconsider our contact with Heaven. Are we receiving Him? What happens to those who do? He leads them into His treasury. He opens to them His heart. He gives them the abundance of grace and of the gift of righteousness. Let us receive Jesus, this wonderful King, God's unspeakable Christmas Gift.

Starting in January . . .

BEGINNING with the January issue, BREAD OF LIFE will be bigger—16 pages. In addition to the regular features, there will be several new additions. Among them:

- *A column for young people written by Robert Kalis, associate pastor of the Emmanuel Pentecostal Church, Elizabeth, New Jersey.*
- *A monthly column by Helen Wannenmacher of Milwaukee, Wisconsin.*
- *A series of articles on divine healing by Charles N. Andrews, pastor of the Fredericksburg Pentecostal Church, Fredericksburg, Virginia.*
- *Excerpts from the HISTORY OF CHRISTIANITY by John S. C. Abbott, edited by Gordon P. Gardiner and incorporating the critical notes of Martha Wing Robinson.*
- *A question and answer column.*

Due to increased costs in producing a larger magazine, BREAD OF LIFE will cost 25c a copy, or \$3.00 a year. These new rates are effective with the January issue.

Gift subscriptions for BREAD OF LIFE may now be entered for 1964. Send all gift subscriptions to:

BREAD OF LIFE
P.O. Box 11
Brooklyn, N. Y. 11227

The Christmas Spirit

*What means it to you, O Christian,
This day of joy and delight,
When we honor the precious Christ-child,
Beholding His glory bright?
What meaneth the sight of His beauty,
His purity, holiness rare—
Is it more than a passing fancy
That you come your gifts to share?*

*What means it to you, O Christian,
In a world reeking with sin,
Rejecting this very Christ-child
Who came their hearts to win,
That you have found Him faithful,
The only salvation and cure
For the wounds of your soul and body—
A Saviour precious and sure?*

*What means it to you, O Christian,
That the Christ of the Christmas-time
Is more real than the loveliest image
Or fancy of beauty sublime?
That your soul has been filled with His glory,
And your life transformed through His name
What does it mean, O Christian,
To be lifted from sadness and shame?*

*Are you taking His blessings for granted,
And selfishly resting in them?
Are you closing your eyes to the hungry,
Disregarding your Lord's command?
Listen now, He speaks to you, Christian,
"Inasmuch as ye do for the least
Of these My struggling brethren,
Ye serve Me, your Lord and Guest."*

*For what is the fast He hath chosen,
And what the service He loves?
Remember it, then, and follow
His voice as His Spirit moves.
And your frankincense, myrrh and ointment
Pour freely upon your Lord
By giving unto His needy ones—
On them be your love outpoured.*

*What then shall it mean, dear Christian?
A Christmas-time glorious, new—
For in giving your life for others
Christ shall give His life to you.
And the peace and goodwill of the message
That first glad Christmas morn
Your heart and life shall make radiant,
And His beauty your way adorn.*

—ALICE REYNOLDS FLOWER.