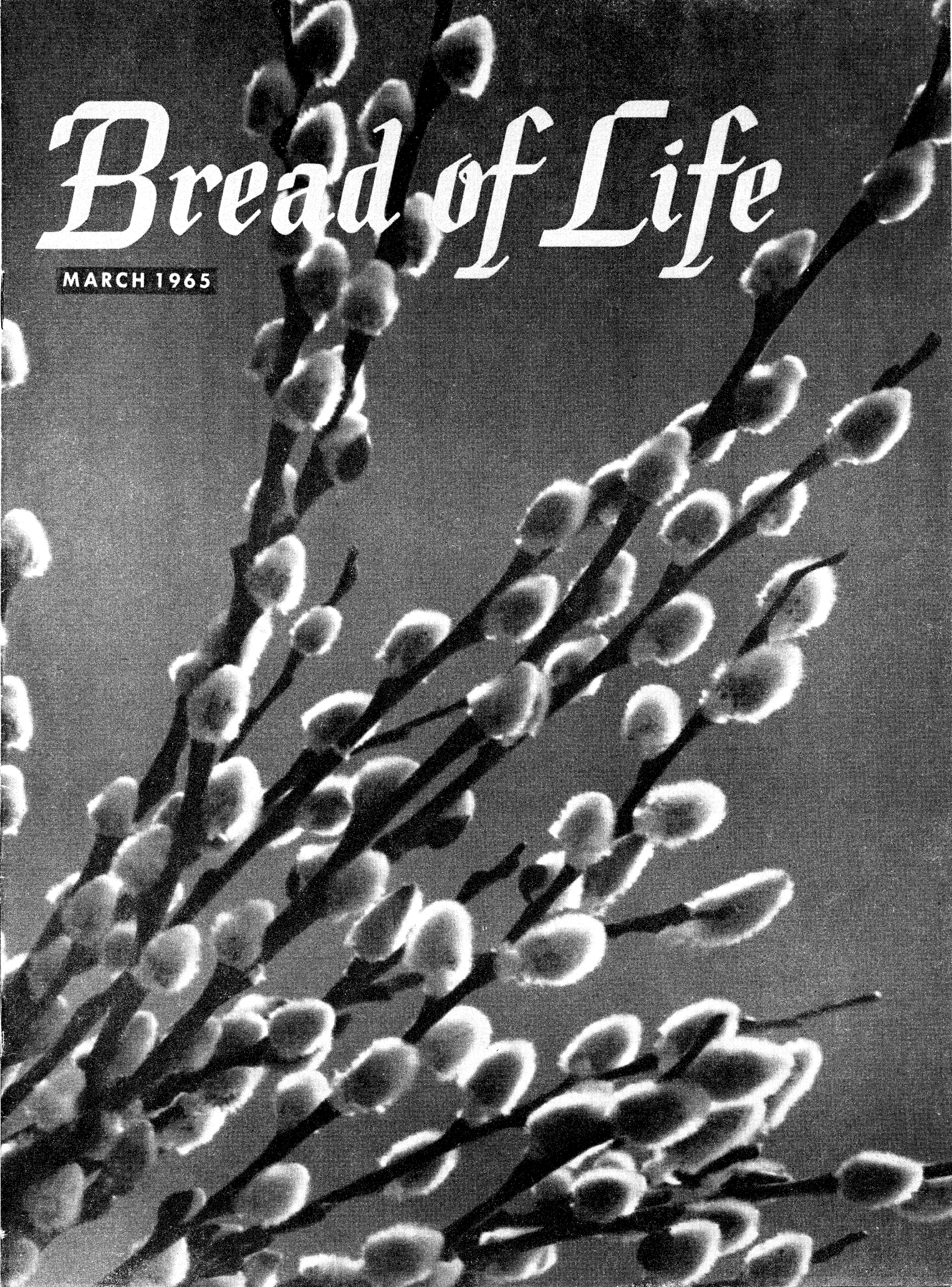


Bread of Life

MARCH 1965



“Cut from the Loaf”

By HANS R. WALDVOGEL

Excerpts from Sermons

Let your whole life's pursuit be seeking Jesus. If you pursue anything else, you are wasting your time, and you waste God's time.

* * *

When you, as a minister, have prayed yourself through into perfect peace always, then you have prayed your whole assembly through.

* * *

Joy is the flag which flies from the castle of the heart when the King is in residence there.

* * *

It is dangerous not to rejoice in the Lord always. The moment I stop rejoicing, I push Jesus out, I don't let Him reign. Some of us think "little shadows" belong to old age or to the housewife or to dish-washing. Those shadows bring with them a battalion of demons; they work in every conceivable way. There are many shadings of dumps.

* * *

All of God's people are divided into two camps: those who go from defeat to defeat and those who go from triumph to triumph. Philippians 4.6 is God's way. God's way is a way of praise, especially the first thing in the morning. We refuse to praise and then complain of defeats and darkness. We ought to be frightened when we don't praise God continually. Make a covenant with God for one week to do I Thessalonians 5: 16 to 18, and you will want to do it forever.

* * *

If there is one thing that is better than praising God when you feel good, it is to praise God when you don't feel good. If you don't praise, you will fail in the end, at the crucial moment you will fail. Be an habitual praiser.

* * *

When you don't live a life of prayer, your body gets packed with all kinds of works of the flesh: envy, nervousness, carelessness, talk-a-tiveness, etc. All this becomes a high mountain between you and God when you pray. That's why it takes so

long to get through to God, but waiting on God melts this mountain all down.

* * *

Do you keep filled with the Holy Spirit? It is no sign you keep filled because you preached under the anointing or testified under the anointing. It is whether God is satisfied with you.

* * *

"I need Thee every hour" — this is poverty of spirit. When the soul has begun to have poverty of spirit, it feels like prostrating itself before Him.

* * *

If you can't escape the fiery furnace, rejoice in it, and the Son of God will walk with you.

Worry is like a rocking chair, it gives you something to do, but it doesn't get you anywhere.

Some time ago we asked Miss Anna M. Schuette to write the record of her life. With great reluctance she finally completed the greater part of the article, Aufwiedersehen, which was found among her papers after her death. The last few paragraphs we gathered from her article in BREAD OF LIFE, May '57, and from a taped testimony.

When Miss Schuette left Zion, Illinois to work for the Lord in the South, March 16, 1931, as related in her story, Mrs. George A. Mitchell gave her the following hymn, translated by Frances Bevan, as a promise of God:

From the brightness of the glory,

"Go ye forth," He said:

"Heal the sick and cleanse the lepers,
Raise the dead.

"Freely give I thee the treasure,

Freely give the same;

Take no store of gold or silver

Take My Name.

"Thou art fitted for the journey,

How so long it be:

Thou shalt come, unworn, unwearied,
Back to Me.

"Thou shalt tell Me in the glory

All that thou hast done,

Setting forth alone, returning

Not alone.

"Thou shalt bring the ransomed with thee,

They with songs shall come,

As the golden sheaves of harvest,
Gathered home."

Bread of Life

Vol. XIV No. 3

MARCH 1965

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, New York 11227. Make all subscriptions payable to Frank G. Posta, Treasurer. Cover Photo: H. Armstrong Roberts

Annual Subscriptions: United States and Canada \$3.00; Foreign \$3.25. Single copy—25c.

Auf wiedersehen! In glory

An Autobiographical Sketch

By ANNA M. SCHUETTE

And He led them forth by the right way, that they might go to a city of habitation. — Psalm 107:7.



"IF I SHOULD SLIP into Glory in the near future, my wish is—" With these words, which seemed almost prophetic, Anna M. Schuette, associate pastor of the Williamsburg Pentecostal Church of Brooklyn, New York, began her letter of instructions to be opened in case of her death. On the morning of January 21st, 1965, Miss Schuette spoke at a service in the Williamsburg Church. Early in the afternoon she returned to the Woodhaven Faith Home and sometime between then and supper she slipped into Glory.

Pastor Hans Waldvogel conducted the funeral service, January 23, assisted by Pastors Edwin Waldvogel, Charles N. Andrews, and Gordon Waldvogel. Then, as the earthly tabernacle of the simple Wisconsin girl, who had been instrumental in leading many to Glory, was laid to rest, we could not but think of the final word of her testament:

Aufwiedersehen In Glory

In the evening service, following her promotion to Glory, the Holy Spirit spoke these words — words which could not be more fitting with which to introduce this narrative:

"Treasure such testimonies which I have erected in your midst, such witnesses that witnessed to My faithfulness, and then follow their example."



"ANNA, does the flour have to be brought from the mill first before you bring it down?" That was the voice of my mother waiting for me to sift some flour for her with which to bake bread. Instead of quickly sifting the flour and bringing it to her, I had fallen into my frequent habit of gazing out of the window into the sky—praying. "I'm coming," I answered while rushing down the stairs.

I was soon to be confirmed, and that meant that I would promise God and the pastor of the church that I would live as a Christian should live, and I knew I could not do that. Had I not tried so often to be good? And I was not going to

be a hypocrite. The way of salvation had never been made clear to me. I did not know anything about having to be born again and a definite change of heart, to take Jesus as my Saviour.

My childhood days were rather uneventful. My parents and their ten children lived on a large farm in Wisconsin during the horse and buggy days, and we hardly ever went very far from home. We attended parochial school and helped around the farm.

I loved the out-of-doors and often would wander into the woods and over the meadows, just to be alone, or sit by the running creek near our home in some secluded



ANNA M. SCHUETTE

April 5, 1886 — January 21, 1965

place where I would not be easily found and — pray. My heart was hungry for reality in the Christian life. Sometimes on Sundays after dinner when I knew my cousins would come over to paly, I would quickly hide somewhere to think of the morning sermon and to cry to God to live right.

The day of my confirmation was a wonderful day for me. I had a real touch from the Lord during the ceremony and earnestly intended to be a real Christian from then on and not to dishonor God by being a hypocrite. After dinner my parents wanted to take us "four little ones" in their new buggy to relatives to celebrate; but I begged to stay home alone, not telling them why. Then I spent the afternoon praying and weeping over mother's big sermon book of which I understood but very little. I did not find peace for my heart then because I did not understand the way of salvation. A year later, when again I was supposed to partake of the Lord's Supper, I didn't. When my mother asked me why I did not, my answer was, "I do not want to be a hypocrite." All those that were confirmed with me went to communion, and I thought, "They have not lived any better than I have." I was puzzled.

Finally I became so discouraged with the church and religion that I often neglected to go there, for it seemed to me that neither the preacher nor the congregation lived according to the Bible. So I began

to drift, but whenever I went to questionable places with young people, it was only to come home to weep myself to sleep.

When in my twenties, I lived with a married sister in a small town. One morning she announced to me that she had been to a meeting where an evangelist had preached and that he was different from any of the preachers in town, and that I must come and hear him. My answer was as usual, "I am not going, I do not want to be a hypocrite, I can't live it anyway." But just then my girl friend was taken to the hospital, and being new in town and not as yet knowing other young girls, I decided to go with my sister "one night only".

The evangelist was fiery and called out again and again. "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his soul?" I said in my heart, "I know he is right, but I cannot live it." But I could not stay away anymore, and night after night I went. I had never heard such preaching. He also taught us how to pray. Now my prayer life took a different turn. I began to look for answers as well as simply asking. He also taught us how to read the Bible, to fix it in our minds, to memorize it, and how to live it. I had not yet received an experience with God but was more determined to live for God now.

Then a fear gripped me that after the evangelist would leave, I would not hold out as a Christian, not having the help of such sermons. Somehow I also knew I had to witness to others in order to keep my determination to live as a Christian. I knew nothing of giving out tracts or any kind of personal work, and so I decided in my mind I would study to become a nurse in order to have opportunities to speak to the sick and dying of Jesus and His love, even though I did not know much of it myself.

This was just before Christmas. I went home for the holidays and told my mother I was going into training to become a nurse, not telling her why, nor anything of what was going on in my heart. My mother promptly disagreed with my plan, saying that nursing was hard work and I was not strong enough for it. I never could go against my mother's wishes and knew at once I had to give up this plan.

Not knowing what to do and being greatly disturbed inwardly, for I knew I could not trust myself to go against the stream of worldliness and was desperately afraid to lose what I had, although I was not saved as yet, I quietly turned away from my mother to a place where I could be alone to tell Jesus all about it. "For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways My ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are My ways higher than your ways, and My thoughts than your thoughts." "But he leadeth the blind by a way they know not."

The next mail brought a letter from a sister in Milwaukee who was engaged as a lady's maid in a wealthy home. This lady liked her so well that she asked her if she did not have a sister that would cook for her. I knew very little about cooking and less about leadings from God. I did not know that God had anything to do with this offer but just took it as a good opportunity to get away from all my relatives and friends, thinking it a better chance to live up to my convictions.

So immediately after the holidays I left for Milwaukee to be engaged as a cook for these aristocratic people, the Goffs. In this home a laundress was employed one day a week to do washing and ironing. After four weeks she left us, and a German Pentecostal laundress, Mrs. Unruh, was engaged. She was very ladylike in all her ways and only engaged in this work to win the working girls, most of whom were girls from out of town, strangers, and often new in the country. With her sunny life and constant witnessing, she won many to Jesus. My heart was ripe for the gospel. Whenever I had a minute of time, I was down in the laundry with her to listen to that life-giving story of Jesus and His love. This was what I had been longing for all my life, and here it was — Jesus. It seemed the sun had come up in the east after a long, dark night and was warming and enlightening my heart.

She never asked me to come to her church, but before long, I inquired if I might attend her church. Her answer was, "*Ja, freilich*." But we do not have a church, just a little humble hall where we pray and have

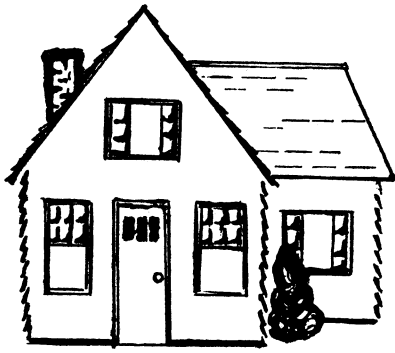
meetings, on Toitonia Avenue." The next meeting night she was at my door to take me there. As we were a little late, the whole congregation was on their knees praying. She marched us, my sister had come marched us, — my sister had come with us — up to the front side seat and knelt down. I knelt beside her, for I thought that was the thing to do. (This was the first time I knelt in prayer, for I had never seen people kneel in church.)

I was so overjoyed to hear the gospel preached in the power of the Holy Spirit that I went to meeting almost every night, either to Brother Uhlrich's German, or to Brother Fockler's English meetings. In the parochial school we were drilled to stay in the doctrine we had learned from babyhood, for it was "the Truth, the whole Truth, and nothing but the Truth". I was filled with fear that I might get into fanaticism and therefore studied the Bible every spare minute I had. I did not stay for the altar services for fear I might get trapped into something wrong, but instead made a bee-line for the door and out as soon as the Amen was said, and sometimes before, to hurry home to find out myself from the Bible, like the Bereans, if these things that were preached were so. Sometimes I spent the whole night praying and searching the Bible.

One night on my way home from church, I came under deep conviction of sin. I knew I was lost. I tried to pray, but all my sins stood in the way. When I came to my room, I tried to read the Bible, but wherever I read, the Word condemned me. I wanted to go and get help from Mrs. Unruh but could not go out at that time of the night. It seemed as if there was just a thin thread of faith on which my eternal destiny was hanging, and if that thin thread would break, I would plunge into hell — and hell was eternal separation from God. To be shut away from God forever and ever — that, I felt in my soul, would be unbearable. I shall never forget the utter despair of a lost soul as I experienced it that night.

The next day, as soon as I was free, I made my way to Sister Unruh. To my great disappointment, her house was full of company. As I sat there not knowing

Continued on page 10



You and Your House

By HELEN WANNENMACHER

"In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths" (Prov. 3:6).

DIRECTED PATHS! By God Himself! What a challenge!

David understood the value and the scope of such a walk with God, for he tells us in the 23rd Psalm that he was led by the Shepherd Himself, into the paths of righteousness, to green pastures, and beside the still waters. There was no want there, but joy and peace, even in the presence of his enemies, and the path led to the house of the Lord, where he was to dwell forevermore. What an experience! Who would not desire to walk in such paths? But in this day of pressure and speed, it may seem more difficult for this generation to understand and to walk in such paths, for there is so much more expected of them than in other days. Even the children feel the pressure, and, sadly enough, it has found its way into the home-life itself.

I recall the days when my own children were small, when

we had young people living with us in our home, training for the service of the Lord, when we had two congregations, English and Hungarian, with a growing Sunday school, when there were sick calls to make and the care of my own dear children. I seemed often to be in the middle of it all, since many, many times my husband was called away to minister in other places; I was eager to fulfill, but sometimes I just did not know what to do next.

One day I had the privilege of calling on a very wonderful minister of God in whose very presence there was great blessing and uplift. She talked to me by the word of wisdom (for God had endowed her with this wonderful gift) of my need of seeking and knowing God in a greater way and of being led by Him. Then the Lord speaking through her said to me, "Why don't you ask Me what you should do *next*?"

These simple words spoken into my heart from God made a deep impression upon me and changed my life, for I realized God was more concerned over my soul's need than all the other tasks I was trying to accomplish for Him, and that if I would but seek His face and acknowledge Him in all my ways, He would direct my paths, and give me grace to perform all His will.

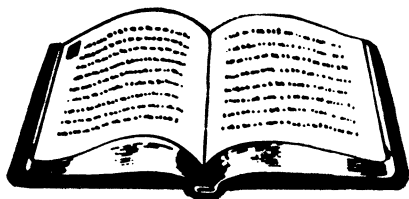
What a difference it would make in lives, in homes, and in ministries if God were allowed to guide their affairs. Many ministers would discover new power and blessing in their own lives and in their ministries if they would but learn to wait upon the Lord, and to ask Him to direct their paths. (Perhaps there would be fewer breakdowns.)

But directed paths are not for ministers only, but for every-

body — the simplest, humblest, most ordinary layman or laywoman — even housewives and mothers. Our dear Grandmother Wannenmacher, though not a minister of the gospel, yet from the day she gave her heart to God, at the age of fifty-seven, until she went home to her reward, never left her home without inquiring of God where He would have her go. One day, however, *she* had decided to make a call upon her niece when God spoke to her as she was going out the door, — "Have you asked Me where you should go?" She realized she had neglected to do so, and when she repented, God said to her, "Go to Kellers." When she arrived at the home, she found the Kellers' son and his family who had just arrived from Hungary. He, a young man, was sick in bed with consumption.

When she entered his room and saw how very sick he was, she went to him at once and by the power of the Holy Spirit commanded the sickness to depart from him. Immediately the healing power of God went through his body, and he was perfectly delivered. That was many years ago, but he and his family of ten children have served the Lord faithfully ever since and several of his children are Spirit-filled members of our church.

What a difference it made in this family because Grandmother Wannenmacher was simple and obedient that day to let God direct *her* path! But what untold blessing each of *our* lives could be, if in all *our* ways we would acknowledge Him and allow God to direct *our* paths. Shall we not pray with David (Psalm 25:4, "Shew me Thy paths" — today, *this* day, *every* day, *all* the day long?



"I AM the Lord that Healeth Thee"

By CHARLES N. ANDREWS

READ ACTS 14:8-10.

1. Describe the condition of the man.
2. What did Paul see in this man?
Where did it come from? (Compare Verse 9 with Romans 10:17.)
3. What did Paul do for his healing?
4. What did the man do?

READ ACTS 14:19-21.

1. Describe what happened to Paul in verse 19.
2. What did the disciples do?
3. What did Paul do?
4. What would most people have done under similar circumstances?

READ ACTS 28:1-9.

1. What do verses 3-6 indicate should normally have happened to Paul?
2. Compare Mark 16:15-18 with verses 3-6, and give a reason for Paul's being kept.
3. What two things did Paul do for the healing of Publius?

Answers to Last Month's Questions.

ACTS 3 AND 4.

1. (a) Lame from his birth.
(b) Over forty years.
(c) This shows that impossibilities connected with long continued sicknesses and infirmities are no hindrance to Jesus. Here bones that were deformed and had never developed and muscle and tissues were created instantly.
2. The beggar was asking only for alms at the gate of the temple. Sometimes in *our* praying and attending church we are seeking or looking for much less than God would like to give us.
3. Matt. 10:8 and Acts 3:6 show us that healing is a *gift* from God.
4. Mark 16:15-18 and Acts 3:6, 16, and 4:10 show us Jesus has given us the right or

authority to use His name in claiming healing or commanding sickness to leave.

5. It was the faith of Peter and John which brought healing to the man. The faith came by and from Jesus. Rom. 10:17 says. "Faith cometh — by the Word of God." Or literally faith comes by believing the Word of God.
6. The lame man only responded at the command to "rise up."
7. He could have failed to be healed by saying, "I can't get up."
8. As a result of this healing and the preaching connected with it:
 - (a) Five thousand souls were saved.
 - (b) Peter and John were arrested and imprisoned.
 - (c) All of the people of the church prayed and spoke the Word of God with boldness.

ACTS 9:32-35. Aeneas had been bedridden eight years from palsy.

1. Peter spoke to him saying that "Jesus Christ maketh thee whole: Arise, and make thy bed."
2. Aeneas arose immediately.
3. He could have failed to receive healing by not arising.

ACTS 9:36-42.

1. (a) Dorcas was a disciple.
(b) She was "full of good works and alms-deeds."
2. Good people do get sick and die.
3. It would seem that verse 38 indicates they felt Peter could raise her from the dead.
4. Peter:
 - (a) Put everyone out.
 - (b) Kneeled down.
 - (c) Prayed.
 - (d) Commanded her to arise.
 - (e) "Gave her his hand and lifted her up."
5. This healing and the one above show that a person does not need a long period of recovery. Getting up is important because it is an act of faith and obedience in taking the healing provided by Jesus Christ.

ACTS 13:4-12.

1. Elymas withstood Paul and Barnabas and sought to turn the officer away from their teaching.
2. He was stricken with blindness.

The Fighting Elder

Conflicts in the Narrow Way

As Experienced in the Lives of Elder and Mrs. Eugene Brooks

PART XXII

SYNOPSIS OF ELDER BROOKS' LIFE.

Born: June 9, 1856, Bowling Green, Virginia

Entered the Ministry: December, 1885, Carthage, Ohio

Healed when Dying: April, 1896

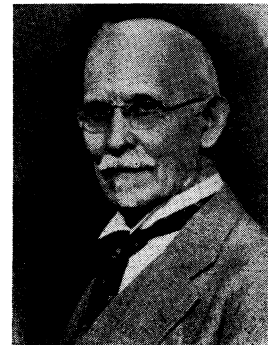
Married: Sara Leggett Brooks, Feb. 22, 1900

Ministers in Victoria, B.C., and Toronto, Ont., 1900-1906

Baptized in the Holy Spirit, 1908

Ministers in Toronto, 1908-1909

Toronto Faith Home opened, Dec. 15, 1909.



IN MAY (1909) the Lord had me write a letter to my brother, James Leggett, and his wife, and to my sister Lydia and her husband, George A. Mitchell," recalled Mrs. Brooks. "At this time they were living on adjoining farms three miles west of Zion City. In my letter I told them that Mr. Brooks and I with the children would be in Zion on the fourth of July and that we would like them to meet us at the depot.

"When the Lord made this arrangement for us, we had no money, but we were miraculously provided for and had plenty to take us through when the time came to go. We ourselves had no idea what the plan of the Lord was in sending us to Zion City, but we had learned by this time to obey the Word of the Lord fully and let Him take care of the results.

"This word was fulfilled to the letter, and we arrived as stated. The fourth of July was the

Lord's Day, and consequently my brother and brother-in-law were free to visit with us. After dinner at my brother's home, we all went to my sister's home, a short distance away. There the Lord met us in a very precious way.

"At that time my folks were in a rather discouraged place because both of the men had held positions of responsibility in Zion and had suffered much through the failure and loss which had come to Zion because of the defeat in Dr. Dowie's life. George, my brother-in-law, had been a Salvation Army officer and had done much spiritual work before and after coming into Zion. Now his soul was barren and sad. He had left his home in Zion and together with my brother James had gone to farming.

"That first Sunday afternoon the Lord talked to George and told him things about himself and his inner life that he knew

no one else knew but God. The Lord called him to his place in Himself. This dispelled the gloom and brought hope to his soul. He was changed that very day. The others all received similar blessing.

"From that day on, they delighted to gather together at every opportunity to have the Lord talk of His wondrous works and to instruct them in the way of peace. Those were precious days indeed.

"The Lord not only blessed them spiritually but also financially. Their crops were enormous, considering what had been grown on the land before. The neighbors said they had never seen such crops on those farms.

"They had a very large crop of oats. At the time it was ready for cutting and part of it was cut and still in the fields, a prolonged and very heavy rain came until it seemed the crop would be ruined. George and James

came to enquire of the Lord and to ask for prayer about this matter. The Lord talked to them about their being stewards and He being the Master and told them they were to commit that crop to Him, to let Him take care of it, and that there would not be a sheaf lost.

"As they had already seen and heard miraculous things, they contentedly and happily committed it to the Lord. God did as He had said He would: preserved the crops so that there was not a sheaf lost. Furthermore, the grain was so good that they sold it at the highest price to the other farmers for seed grain. At the sale which they had in the fall, things went for the highest price. They sold all their straw and everything on the farm which they did not want to keep — even the flax straw — so that they were able to clear off all their indebtedness for the rent of the farms, etc., and had a goodly sum left over. Thus God proved to them by a concrete example that it was He who was speaking to them and that the call was from Him. God in every way proved to them that He had His hand on them and all that was theirs.

"In Zion City there were two Pentecostal groups, both of them quite large, and at that time neither had a pastor. They depended on visiting brethren for their ministry. We were asked by both groups to come and minister to them. It happened that one group held its meeting in the morning and evening and the other in the afternoon. We enjoyed this ministry and God blessed.

"After remaining in Zion about four months, the time came for us to return to Toronto. Again we were without sufficient funds to take the trip. Two



**George A. and
Lydia Leggett Mitchell**

*Mrs. Mitchell
was the sister
of Mrs. Brooks.*



days before we were to leave, the Lord showed me to take the children to Waukegan, a city a few miles south of Zion, and purchase some much-needed clothes for them. They had to have a coat apiece. My husband was a little disturbed at first that I should spend the money for coats when we were so near the time of our departure and there was no money in sight. But we obeyed the Lord.

"A woman who had been a schoolmate of mine in Canada and who had moved to Zion had asked me to come to see her before going home. After buying the necessary clothing for the children, I visited my friend, and to my astonishment she handed me twenty dollars. The rest of the sum necessary for the trip was made up by some other means which I do not recall so that we were ready to go on the day which the Lord had appointed.

"We returned to the work in Toronto in November, 1909. We were glad to get home to enjoy the precious fellowship and the glory of the presence of the Lord. We continued to live with Mrs. Mallaby, and the Robinsons were still living at the Marlatt home where the meetings were held.

"On Sunday morning, the twelfth of December, while I was tarrying in the presence of the Lord, He revealed to me that He desired us to have a faith home and that it was to be opened on Wednesday of that week. The

Lord also told me that I was to announce this in the meeting that night and gave me other instructions which I was to carry out at that time."

Unknown to Mrs. Brooks, the Lord had previously told Mrs. Robinson the same thing, but she had said nothing to Mrs. Brooks, and Mrs. Brooks did not confer with her or anyone else about the direction He had given her. Naturally speaking, Sunday night, the twelfth of December, 1909, was not a propitious time to announce such a venture. The day had been cold and miserable. The thermometer had not risen above 29 degrees, and at the time of the evening service, it was snowing. Three inches of snow fell that day. But God's ways are not man's ways, and the Lord had said that the announcement of the proposed home was to be made in the service *that night*. Only a very few were present, due to the inclement weather, but Mrs. Brooks did exactly as the Lord had directed her to do, telling the handful there the plan of the Lord. She was also made to say that seventy-five dollars was needed for the venture.

"Do you want it now?" asked an old man in the audience, Alexander Campbell by name, the owner of a nice little grocery store. Shortly after he had left his home that evening he had felt impressed to return and get seventy-five dollars from his safe to take with him. He could

not understand this leading at that time, but when the announcement was made, he was ready and acted accordingly. Thus, in a most signal fashion, the Lord confirmed the word given by Mrs. Brooks.

"On Monday morning Miss MacPhail and I were directed by the Lord to go and find the house which He wanted for the Faith Home. Those who remained at home were to get ready for moving. The Lord led Miss MacPhail and me downtown, and after walking a few blocks we came to a house which we were made to know was the house the Lord desired. Before noon we had secured the house, so marvelously had the Lord led us.

"On Wednesday, Mrs. Mallaby and her children and our family moved into this house. Soon afterwards, Miss MacPhail and her sister Margaret joined the household. Within a month the Lord had supplied four hundred dollars for extra furnishings. Mr. Campbell voluntarily sent us a large quantity of groceries. When the house was fully arranged (in about a month), Mr. and Mrs. Robinson came. The meetings were then transferred to the Faith Home; the attendance increased and those who came were greatly blessed, blessed because Christ alone was exalted."

Before the Brookses had left Zion City in November, the Lord had given the Mitchells and Leggetts a word by Mrs. Brooks to the effect that they were to get off their farm in the spring. That was all that was said at the time, and "to that message she never had any addition." The relatives in Zion had proved to their complete satisfaction, by various ways, that Mrs. Brooks' messages and ministry were absolutely correct, produced by the

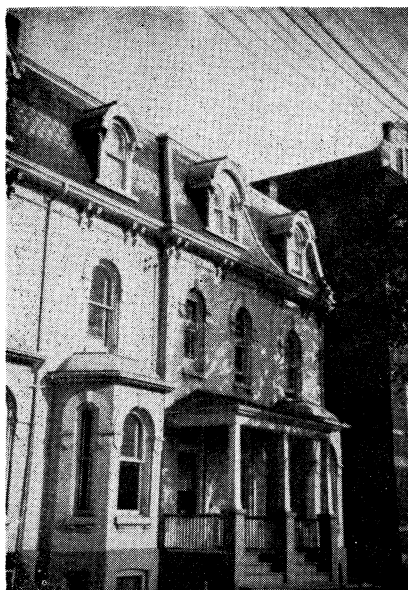


Eva MacPhail Leggett

*Miss MacPhail married,
Mrs. Brooks' brother,
William Leggett in 1911.*

Holy Spirit Himself. Furthermore, "they were dreadfully willing to do anything the Lord told them to do," but the trouble was that the Lord didn't tell them anything else, and as the spring grew nearer, the folks in Zion City grew nervous and impatient. Repeatedly they wrote Mrs. Brooks asking if she had any further word from the Lord for them. "She begged the Lord to know what to do," but she could not get one word. She even became a bit anxious over the situation. All of this simply hindered her from getting anything from the Lord.

The fact is that the Lord was wanting to teach Mrs. Brooks



The First Toronto Faith Home

and all concerned some fundamental and exceedingly important lessons concerning the operation of the gifts of the Spirit. And before the Lord would answer their questions, He insisted that they learn their lessons. It was at this juncture that the Lord used Mrs. Robinson to teach the Zion City folks by means of the gift of the word of wisdom.

First of all, the Spirit of God reproved them for getting their eyes off the Lord and onto Mrs. Brooks, looking to her for guidance when He might want to lead them directly or to use some other person. "You dropped your dealing in faith."

And, secondly, they had to learn something about messages from the Lord and the messengers whom God uses to give them: "Whatever messages God might have given could only be given through channels that were passive themselves. A message is given by God. It is not by man. You can't get it just when you please. You have to let God give it when, how, and as He pleases. You can't speak it out when you want to. Now to get a vessel to the place where he becomes a channel, it takes a high abandonment to the will of God. You must give up your own choice, your own will, your own heart, your own plans and your own opinions. When you begin to demand a message, you get into your own will. When you declare a message has got to be given, not a human being who is a real channel can get one." This, of course, should be inasmuch as it manifests self-will, even if it is in a good matter.

As for the situation itself, the crisis came to a head early in February. Really, there was no need for fret or hurry, as it was

nowhere near the time when the Zion City folks had to get off their farms. The thing God was after was to give them perfect victory over their anxiety and bring them into perfect abandonment, trust, and the rest of God. Then He who is never a moment behind time would show them His will, giving just the direction necessary to whomever and however He desired.

The Mitchells and the Leggetts took the teaching they were given. They truly turned the situation over to the Lord and came into passive faith and perfectly restful obedience.

At the same time the Lord permitted another test to come to them such as He often does to those who are looking to Him for guidance. A door opened before them in such an unexpected manner that they could not but wonder if it was not of God, and if this were not the answer to their prayer. They received a letter from a man in the west proposing that they come and take charge of his large ranch for him. It was a very attractive, plausible offer, and perfectly timed! Perhaps this was why they had no light before! *They said nothing to anyone* and were just about ready to accept the proposition, in fact, their acceptance was ready for mailing, when they received the following letter from Mrs. Brooks, dated February 11, 1910: —

The Lord is making me to understand that He wants you to stay at home and let His powers be exercised in bringing you into Himself in a more definite way, for the purpose of God is that many of His children shall be powerfully endued with the Holy Spirit in Zion City before long. You must be among them, and will miss your opportunity if you go elsewhere. The little work that there is in God's people must be mightily increased, . . .

Now do not go away to some other

state, but remain where God has put you in the work, and let Him take care of the consequences. . . .

I will not say what the work of my two brothers will be, but Jesus will make it so plain to them that they cannot help but know He has done it.

One can imagine how surprised, even astonished, Lydia and George Mitchell were when they read this letter! They knew Mrs. Brooks knew nothing of their plans to go away to some other state. So this was what God wanted! The Brookses were returning to Zion City, and the Lord wanted the Mitchells and the Leggetts to help in the work that was to be opened. Immediately they were convinced in their souls that this was the call of God and without further question turned down the ranch offer at once.

About a week later Martha and James Leggett received a letter from Mrs. Brooks with further light as to God's plan and directions for its execution. In the first part of the letter the Lord had her say;

"There is nothing to hinder My power in fully consecrated and fully delivered people . . . Victory is given to those who trust and obey. Prepare to be misjudged and scoffed at, but do not prepare to give your consecration up. Simple faith in God will take you through. Fellowship with Jesus will fill you with unutterable joy in the midst of severe trial and conflict. Victory is sure to those who make no provision for the flesh."

Then in the latter part of the letter Mrs. Brooks continued:

"Try to be successful in finding a house with ten rooms, for I am going to have Mr. Willie Brooks and wife, Miss Stoddart and Mother, these four, and James and Martha. Also I want a Home that will be open to anyone who can come to stay for any length of time. . . . get a very satisfactory place for holding meetings. . . .

"My vessels would like to get down near the front street anywhere be-

tween 27th and 21st Street and between Elizabeth and Enoch (Avenues).

"When you have seen My Glory, you will say, 'I am glad I was called.' . . ."

The Leggetts and Mitchells did as the Lord directed them. When they located a house at 2410 Elisha Avenue, they realized that it was in almost the geographical center of the area suggested in Mrs. Brooks' letter and fulfilled the other specifications given. The Mitchells secured a house for their family nearby, as was suggested. Then, according to plan, Elder and Mrs. Brooks and their children, together with Mrs. Mallaby and her two daughters, arrived early in March. Thus was opened the work in Zion, Illinois, which came to be known as The Faith Homes and from under whose thresholds rivers of living water have flowed to thirsty souls even to the ends of the earth.

AUFWIEDERSEHEN

(Continued from page 4)

what to do, for I could not sell Sister Unruh before all these people of my heart's agony, I cried mightily to God inwardly. Just then a band began to play on the street, and everybody but Mrs. Unruh ran out. Quickly I told her I was lost, and with that the fountain of tears broke open. She said, "*Du muss Frieden haben*" (You must have peace). Now they all came back into the house, and she took me by the hand to lead me into another room taking along a young girl also. All three of us knelt before the Lord. They prayed and taught me about salvation and gave me scripture, but I could see nothing but a righteous God and a lost sinner, not just some sins, or some gross sins, but that a sinner such as I could not stand before a holy God. After some time of praying, sinking deeper into despair, Sister Unruh led me to Calvary, showing me Jesus, the bleeding Lamb of God, hanging on the

cross, making it clear that Jesus suffered all this for me, for ME, that He took MY sins, and nailed them to the cross and died in MY stead to save ME from hell and damnation.

Then the glorious light broke in on my soul: Jesus had died in my stead. My sins were gone, my tears were gone; Jesus spoke peace to my sin-sick soul. I was saved by grace through faith and not of works of righteousness which I had done. He died that I might live.

The change was tremendous, the darkness was gone, and the light of heaven shone in on my soul. I was a sinner saved by grace and was filled with joy unspeakable and full of glory. All those in the house now gathered around the piano to sing praises and thanksgiving to so wonderful a Saviour who had never given up until He had brought me to Himself. Hallelujah! As I rode home on the streetcar, my heart was so full of the joy of the Lord, I couldn't keep from smiling, and I had to hide it so people wouldn't wonder what had happened to me. But when I came home, no one could stop me from dancing all over the place even though I had never seen anyone dance before the Lord.

Now Sister Unruh began to teach me about immersion, but I was sure that infant sprinkling was the Bible way. So she offered me ten dollars if by the next Monday, washday, I would give her proof from the Bible. Needless to say, I lost the ten dollars but instead was convinced that I had to be baptized the Bible way.

I had also been taught about the baptism in the Spirit, and I understood that only after this baptism in water could I expect to be filled with the Holy Spirit. Therefore, I wanted to be baptized at once but was told there would not be any baptismal service for some time. I was so hungry I could not wait and began to pray earnestly for the baptism in the Holy Spirit and so much the more as the time for this service drew nearer.

The day before and the day I was to be immersed I fasted and prayed continually while at work to receive the Holy Spirit when I would be baptized. My prayer to be filled with the Spirit was to be answered, so as I walked into the water the power of God rested so

heavily upon me, I could hardly answer the preacher when he asked my name.

After being baptized, I had to be lifted out of the water and was laid onto the platform while the glory of God flooded my whole being and the praises arose from my innermost being and seemed to go up until they reached heaven. I was lost to all around me and knew nothing of the rest of the service while the Holy Spirit filled me with the light and love of Jesus.

It was surprising how my whole life was changed and worldly things disappeared out of it. For instance, while we lived at home with our parents, we never dared to go to any kind of a show, but when we were away from home, the attraction was too strong. As often as possible, I went to the "nickel shows" or "movies". So now, while my sister and I had breakfast together, she said, "Someone told me that anyone who attends your church must quit the nickel shows." I answered her, "They cannot tell me that, because I see nothing wrong in them, and I am not giving them up." I forgot that I had not been to any for a long time for lack of time, being so fascinated by these glorious meetings. But it took the Lord to show me that I had lost my desire for the world. Glory!

Here is one way He showed me: My employer's daughter, Louise, was sixteen years of age, and one of us had to act as chaperon whenever she attended public places at night. Soon Louise's next Downer College engagement came, and since I had been so eager to attend meetings on Toitonia Avenue, my sister had filled in several times for me as chaperon and enlightened me that surely now it was my turn to be Louise's chaperon. So, with an aching heart, I performed my duty as chaperon.

It turned out to be a two-act drama. I sat among the girls and looked on, but my heart was in the Pentecostal meeting on Toitonia Avenue. Would Jesus come tonight while we were sitting here watching this worldly play? I knew He would not leave me behind if He came, for He loved me too much, and He knew I was here for duty's sake and not because I chose to. I watched the performance until the end of the first act, then I felt as

if I were getting defiled and wanted to get out. But I could not, for I had to stay with Louise. So until the end of the play, my eyes went shut while I talked with my lovely Jesus and He with me. That night before retiring, I cried to God with tears to take all that worldliness that I had seen and heard out of my heart and wash my garments clean again in His precious blood.

The next morning my sister asked, "Well, Anna, how did you like the show?" I said, "Duty or no duty, I'll never go again." I never did. Jesus had so filled my heart with love for Himself that all my tastes and desires were completely changed.

There was not a cloud in my sky anywhere. It was heaven begun on earth. I loved everybody, and everybody loved me. So I said to my sister one morning at breakfast, "I wonder if I really am on the right way, for the Bible says that 'all that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution,' and I do not have any persecution." It was right after this that my parents came to Milwaukee to spend some time with my married sister. Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh, and I just overflowed with my new found joy. To my great surprise I ran against a stone wall. I was unwise in exploding as I did, for they could not see nor understand when I tried to tell them that we, like the early Christians, could be *saved* and *filled with the Holy Spirit*. The Bible was a closed book to them on these things, as it had been to me until Jesus came into my heart and especially since I had been baptized in the Holy Spirit.

I had thought that everybody would be happy to know this wonderful truth of salvation. Instead, I found that a war was on and that persecution had begun which lasted for years to come. That which was so unspeakably precious to me brought unspeakable heartache to them. Where a short time before I could not go against the least of my mother's wishes, now I was unmovable. With all their pleadings, tears, and threatenings they could not keep me away from the Pentecostal churches, the German and the English, but I soon learned not to try to convince them of the truth but to pray and keep silent.

With all their efforts to separate me from the Pentecostal way, I was confirmed more and more that "this is the way, walk ye in it". I felt like Martin Luther at Worms: "It is neither safe nor expedient to act against conscience. Here I take my stand. I can do no otherwise, so help me, God."

I had already heard the call to "follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth" and longed to give more time to Jesus to work in His vineyard, but did not know how to go about it. I used all my spare time to go out and invite people to come to church. When going out with tracts, I would first pray earnestly and believingly at home that the Lord would lead me to the right people, and consequently some would melt and kneel with me in prayer and pour out their hearts to God.

I had never seen open-air meetings, except those of the Salvation Army, before I was saved, and then I would make a wide circle so as not to come near them, for I was ashamed to be seen with them. Now I promised to attend one conducted by the Pentecostal young people. I was a little late because of my work. When I arrived, the young people stood in a circle on downtown Grand Avenue, the busiest section in Milwaukee on a Saturday night. The leader motioned for me to step into the ring. It was all so new and strange. Apparently all had spoken, for the leader motioned to me at once to speak. Quickly I lifted my heart to God and claimed an answer to the earnest prayer at home for the Lord to take over, for I knew I could not speak. I stepped forward. What a surprise when the Lord seemed to just put every word into my mouth. This was the beginning of my "ministry."

A woman had a Home for Working Girls in order to help them, although she was not a Christian. I entered this home and worked in the day time in order to pay my way and then to mingle with the girls. At night we sang around the piano, prayed together when they were in trouble, and I took as many as I could to the Pentecostal services. To me it was like heaven to be in these meetings, and I thought that everybody would feel the same way.

One Sunday morning I thought I would stay home to pray and then go to church in the afternoon and

evening, when my room-mate, Louise, a young Salvation Army girl, humpbacked and lame in one foot, hurried about to go somewhere. We had been praying together, and she had told me she was a "back-slidden soldier." As she joyfully skipped about the room, she told me she was going back to the Army to be a soldier again. I pricked up my ears, and as soon as the door closed behind her, I said to myself, "What? She a little humpbacked, crippled girl is going to be a soldier for Jesus? And I? What am I going to do? If she, a little Army lassie can work for the Lord, then I, who am well and strong, can too."

It was only minutes until I was on my way to a newly-opened mission on the East Side, clear across the city. (Why I chose this place that memorable morning, I do not know, but God. . . .) All the way there I was planning how I could step out and live the "faith life", for I could not do like Louise, be a soldier. I knew I had to trust the Lord for my support. I thought it best to rent a room and do part-time work. I was still planning and praying — mostly planning — when I opened the door to the little mission. To my great surprise, I saw Mr. and Mrs. Judd from Zion, Illinois, on the platform. (I had been to the Zion Faith Homes where they ministered and where I heard "the song of saints on higher ground.") Soon Mrs. Judd majestically arose to speak. Her whole message that morning was on "How to Live The Faith Life." I was thrilled even though I did not know that her talk was really for the evangelist who had become discouraged because his supplies were running out. He lived, much some people by the name of Turner.

At noon Mrs. Turner invited me to dinner, but I was careful not to reveal to her the things which were going on in my heart. Then in the afternoon service Mrs. Judd gave another message on "How to Live The Faith Life", while the Lord continued His dealings with me which He had begun early that morning. I then yielded my "Yes" to Jesus Who seemed so interested in my desire to live just for Him that He turned both meetings and other circumstances to bring me into His way and will. It was a

sweet secret between Jesus and me, not to be shared with anyone.

The Lord had one more surprise for me before I returned home to ponder and pray over the things which had taken place that day. After the service Mrs. Turner, whom I loved dearly but who knew nothing of my desire to work for outer boards and beaded boards in the Lord, took me aside to ask me: "Would you come and live with us?" They were about to canvass the whole community with tracts. (By the way, this was the area where formerly I had visited homes and distributed tracts.) Her question surprised me greatly but was not to my liking. Like a flash I knew that this invitation was of God, but I would not admit it to Mrs. Turner, but instead pulled in my reins and made excuses. As I left, she admonished me to pray about it and then let her know by telephone.

I did not need to pray about it. I knew God's will, but did not like it and therefore turned away from it. Had I not made my plans in the morning how I would proceed to live my faith life? I could not follow Jesus blindly.

I did not go back to the mission, neither did I call her by phone. After a full week, she called me and pointedly asked me: "Do you know by now what the Lord wants you to do?" I could not lie and so admitted that the Lord wanted me to accept her invitation. The only question left now was: "How soon can you come?" The answer: "I am ready now." Glory!

Then after parting with the girls and paying the balance of my board, I was on my way to the little East Side mission, which was the aristocratic section of the city, and on counting my money I found exactly thirty-five cents in my purse wherewith to begin the faith life, for I had long ago given all my spare money to the Lord's work. (In those days we almost always called it "living by faith" when we trusted the Lord for our financial support.)

I was very happy in my new work and could write a book on the faithfulness of Jesus and His care over me. There were many lessons to learn, but "they who trust Him wholly find Him wholly true."

It was just a few months after this that the evangelist who had opened the mission asked B. W.

Brannen, who had been an elder under Dr. Dowie, to take over. He did and invited me to come and live with him and his family to help in the work.

In August of 1921, I went to work with Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Wannemacher who had opened a mission on Winnebago Street earlier that year. I continued going from house to house, hunting up people, and inviting them to the services.

After a time, the Lord made me know that He wanted me to go to the Faith Homes in Zion for further training. The ministers there knew it, too. But I didn't want to and didn't go for quite a while. I liked my work in Milwaukee — I thought there was no city like Milwaukee. I was afraid that if I ever went to the Homes, I would never get out. I wanted to win souls for Jesus, not go to meetings and help with the work there. Finally the Lord cornered me in such a way I was glad to go to the Faith Homes in the fall of 1923.

I was not in the Homes long before Mrs. George Mitchell, one of the ministers, asked me to superintend the Sunday school. I became frightened. How could I who was practically without education teach high school graduates, even a few college graduates? Right after I was saved, the Lord made me to know that I was to work with young people, but to superintend a Sunday school was beyond me. I knew I couldn't and promptly told Mrs. Mitchell so. She suggested that I pray about it. Finally, I accepted the offer with fear and trembling.

The Sunday school had run down to almost nothing. I called the teachers together for a weekly prayer meeting. How could we have a Sunday school without prayer and much prayer? Also, I never let up reminding them to be sure to pray every day by themselves and to believe for more pupils.

My own class consisted of one boy, perhaps nine years old, named Lemuel. One Sunday I said to him, "Lemuel, Jesus said, 'If two of you agree as touching anything, it shall be granted to them of my Father which is in heaven.' Let us pray for more boys to come in. Wouldn't you like more boys in your class?" Of course he would. Within a week or two a family sent their children, one of whose boys, Samuel, fit into

our class. That was a great encouragement to Lemuel.

Now I said, "Lemuel and Samuel, you see how God answers prayer. Now let us ask Him for more boys. Will you pray every day?" Before long Brother Gottfried Waldvogel with his eight boys moved to town. This helped our Sunday school attendance considerably.

The oldest Waldvogel boy, Walter, about sixteen years of age, was a real prayer warrior. Every Sunday morning he came very early to pray for the Sunday school. Then some of the teachers began to come early, too. Needless to say, the Sunday school grew by leaps and bounds. It filled up so that we could not find places enough for classes.

Then one Sunday morning before going to Sunday school, the Lord showed me that we were not giving the children a chance to seek Him. We taught them so that they knew the Bible, but they did not have an experience with God for themselves. At the close of the Sunday school I said, "Now we have often taught you the way of salvation and about the baptism of the Holy Spirit, but we have never given you a chance to seek these experiences. Now, tomorrow afternoon you all come here after school so that we can pray together."

When I stepped into the room the next day at the appointed hour, to my surprise it was plum full with no sitting or standing room. I simply gave a few words of explanation that we had called them together because during the Sunday school session they never had a chance to pray to get saved or to get filled with the Spirit. "Let us all kneel down and each one pray for what you want God to do for you. Don't pay attention to the others around you. Just seek Jesus for yourself."

Everyone went to his knees and began to call on God. Louder and louder went the cry. They did not need any help or coaxing. Some were weeping over their sins and called on Jesus to forgive them. Others fell prostrate under the power of God. They prayed themselves through into salvation and the baptism of the Spirit. At least five were baptized in the Spirit that afternoon, among them Edwin Waldvogel, now associate pastor of the Ridgewood Pentecostal Church.

I thought it was wonderful the way Jesus worked and so called for another meeting the following Monday. The children came, but nothing seemed to happen. It was not God-appointed. But only eternity will reveal what was wrought in the first meeting.

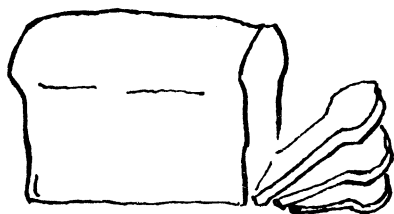
After seven years in the Homes, I knew in my soul it was time to go out and to open a church somewhere. One day as I waited upon the Lord, He made me to know I was to go South to open the church, and that I was to ask Miss Constance Andresen — now Mrs. Leonard Johnson of Waukegan — to go with me. She prayed, and the Lord showed her to come with me. Then we learned that Mr. and Mrs. Henry Graf, who had just been married, also had a call to go South. (They expected to start a work in North Carolina.) We left Zion together in March, 1931, and traveled as far as Bowling Green, Virginia, where Brother and Sister William Foster of Brooklyn were ministering. They gave us a hearty welcome.

While we were there for a short time, we four prayed together daily for an hour each morning. One morning I said, "I believe the Lord wants us to work together." The other three did not see this as their thought was that we would open two separate churches, so I had to drop it. The Grafts did go on to North Carolina for a time, but we two continued to pray for God to show us His plan. Then one morning Mr. Foster suggested, "Let's go to Fredericksburg."

"That big city!" I thought. I had expected to go out into the sticks somewhere, to deal with poor people who couldn't read or write. I loved them and wanted to tell such about the love of Jesus. Mr. Foster drove us to a woman whom he knew and asked her if she knew if there was any hall we could rent. "Indeed, I don't" she replied. But her father-in-law, who was standing by, pointed across the street and said, "There is a church the Baptists put up for Sunday school purposes."

I looked across the street and saw an old, dilapidated building resembling a barn more than a church. Instinctively I thought, "Is that a church?" The building itself was unfinished and certainly not comfortable. There was no basement

(Continued on page 14)



Food for Growth

By ROBERT D. KALIS

WHEN Dr. A. B. Simpson received the light of trusting the Lord for bodily healing, he drew up a covenant promising to trust God alone for his health as long as he should live. He solemnly signed the oath before God. Although he had very serious heart trouble at the time and had already suffered two nervous breakdowns, he cast himself entirely on the Lord, let come what may. This covenant also included trusting the Lord for financial needs. As soon as Dr. Simpson had taken this stand, God began to honor His word and gave a remarkable healing and unusual vitality to this man of God. Also he was supplied with all he needed financially so that he was able to send many missionaries out into the four corners of the earth.

We, too, might profit from making a covenant with God according to the light which we have received. What blessed experiences young people could have if they would covenant with Him "who healeth all our diseases" to trust Him alone from their earliest years. The experiences of the faithfulness of God in these early years would form a solid foundation for the

greater trials that might come in later years.

No doubt the Lord could use many others to send out missionaries and workers with their financial means if we would learn the fundamental lesson of paying our tithes and giving offerings. If we do this, God promises to pour out a blessing we shall not be able to contain. Let our covenant then be, come what may, the Lord will receive His portion first.

Just think of the untold misery that young people would be saved if they would covenant to obey God's command not to be unequally yoked together with unbelievers. We have seen business partnerships fail; we have seen homes wrecked; we have seen friendships end in disaster; yes, and souls lost, all for the lack of obedience to this commandment. Certainly we ought to be able to trust God who created a helpmeet for Adam from his rib to provide friends and, if it be His will, a helpmeet for us. When Abraham wanted a bride for his son Isaac, he would not consider for a moment allowing the choice of a cursed Canaanite. He sent his servant to the best people he knew of on the earth. Even then He did not want Isaac to choose himself, but entrusted the choice to Eliezer who was a type of the Holy Ghost. It had been God's complaint before the flood that the sons of God had chosen for themselves the daughters of men. A covenant to trust God to choose friends and partners is certainly in God's order for our lives.

The sooner these questions are settled, the sooner will God be able to pour out His blessing upon us and set us into a place of service unto Him. Let us consider the matter. Just how far

am I willing to put my trust in Him? It might serve us well, even as it did Dr. Simpson, to write out our covenant so that we might be able to refer to it time and again. As we live up to the light which He has given to us, more light will be shed on our pathway.

AUFWIEDERSEHEN

(Continued from page 13)

and only single thickness boards for the floor. The walls consisted of the side. But there was a large front room downstairs for a hall, and space over it upstairs where we could have living quarters. The tenants were occupying only the two back rooms downstairs and agreed to sublet the front part of the building to us for eight dollars a month.

Mr. Foster erected a platform and made a crude pulpit — a top board nailed onto an upright one which was nailed to the platform. We bought fifty folding chairs, and a kind Methodist woman loaned us a few kerosene lamps. We were all set for our opening service on the fifteenth of May, 1931, in what was later called "The Glory Barn." Thus the Fredericksburg Pentecostal Church was born.

Some weeks later the Grafs wrote asking us if they could come and work with us. We were delighted to have them, and for several years we labored together, winning souls for Jesus. During the ten years the Lord permitted me to serve in Fredericksburg, various other young people worked with us at different times.

When the Lord led me to New York in 1941, it was just as definite as all the other leadings He had given me throughout the years. Although I wanted to stay in Fredericksburg, naturally speaking, the Lord saw fit to bring me to New York, but I had no other desire than to be in the will of God and to do the will of God wherever He puts me, for "where Jesus is, 'tis heaven there." Looking back over the years, it is blessed to see how the Good Shepherd led me forth by the right way and in a plain way for His Name's sake, Glory!



BORROWED BITS

Selections by MARTHA W. ROBINSON

Arranged for Daily Meditations.

1. We follow in *His* footsteps —
What if our feet be torn!
When *He* has marked the pathway,
All hail the briar and thorn!
— TERSTEEGEN
2. O how much pleasanter is humility than pride!
O that God would fill me with exceeding great
humility, and that he would evermore keep me
from all pride! The pleasures of humility are
really the most refined, inward and exquisite de-
lights in the world. How hateful is a proud man!
How hateful is a worm that lifts up itself with
pride! What a foolish, silly, miserable, blind, de-
ceived, poor worm am I, when pride works!
— JONATHAN EDWARDS
3. I dare not choose my lot;
I would not if I might.
Choose Thou for me, my Lord,
So shall I walk aright.
— HORATIUS BONAR
4. If thou dost more rely upon *thine own* reason or
industry than upon that *power* which bringeth
thee under *obedience* of *Jesus Christ*, it will be
long before thou be a man illuminated (for God
willeth us to be perfectly subject to *Him* and by
the fire of *His love* to transcend all *human* reason).
— THOMAS a KEMPIS
5. Be *still* within His mighty arms,
And let Him lead thee by *His* way,
Through *death* to resurrection life,
From twilight into glorious day.
— E. MAY GRIMES
6. Till Christ be fully formed within,
By the indwelling Spirit's power;
Accept "God's reckoning" alone,
Self "*dead indeed*" this very hour.
— E. MAY GRIMES
7. And suddenly He will come in
Illumining His chosen shrine,
(Thy wonderful Emmanuel!)
Till thy poor life be all Divine.
— E. MAY GRIMES

8. The existence of desires, that is to say, of *our own* desires, in the heart, is necessarily, just to the extend of their existence, the exclusion of God from the heart, who ought to be our All in All. On the other hand, the soul in which the fulness of God dwells, or what is the same thing, the soul which is perfectly united to God, finds every-thing in God; and of course finds and desires nothing out of God.

— CATHERINE ADORNA

9. Judge thyself with a judgment of sincerity, and thou wilt judge others with a judgment of charity.
— MASON
10. He that hath *true* and *perfect charity* seeketh *himself in nothing*: but only desireth in *all* things the *glory of God*.
— THOMAS a KEMPIS
11. Where lives the man who has not tried
How mirth can into folly glide
And folly into sin?
— SCOTT
12. Then to side with truth is noble when we share her wretched crust;
Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and 'tis prosperous to be just;
Then it is the *brave* man chooses, while the coward stands aside,
Doubting in his abject spirit, 'til his Lord is crucified.
And the multitude make virtue of the truth they had denied.
— JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL
13. It is not so much faith or knowledge that people need today as a spirit of obedience.
— JOHN ALEXANDER DOWIE
14. But whosoever will fully and with relish *understand* the *words* of Christ must endeavor to conform *his life wholly* to the life of *Christ*.
— THOMAS a KEMPIS
15. *Psalm 45:1*. Saith the Psalmist, "*My heart is inditing a good matter; I speak of the things which I have made touching the King.*" He was meditating on spiritual things, on the things of the person and kingdom of Christ. Hence his heart *bubbled up* (as it is in the original) a good matter. It is an allusion taken from a quick spring of living waters; from its own life and fulness it *bubbles* up the water that runs and flows from it. So is it with these thoughts, in them that are spiritually minded. There is a living fulness of spiritual things in their mind and affections, that springeth up into holy thoughts about them.
— JOHN OWEN
16. From hence doth our Saviour give us the great description of spiritual life. It is a *well of living water, springing up into* everlasting life. John 4:12. The Spirit, with his graces, residing in the heart of a believer, is a *well of living water*. Nor is it such a well as, content with its own fulness, doth not of its own accord, without any instrument or pains in drawing, send out its refreshing waters, as it is with most *wells*, though of living and opposition unto that objection of the woman,

- upon this mention of giving living water, v. 10. "Sir," saith she, "*Thou hast nothing to draw with, and the well is deep; whence wilt Thou have this water?*" (v. 11.) "True," saith he, "such is the nature of this *well* and water — dead, earthly things. They are of no use, unless we have instruments, lines, and buckets, to draw withal. But the water which I shall give is of another nature." It is not water to be kept in a pit or cistern without us, whence it must be drawn; but it is within us; and that not dead and useless, but continually springing up unto the use and refreshment of them that have it.
- JOHN OWEN
17. For so is it with the principle of the new creature, of the new nature, the Spirit and His graces in the hearts of them that do believe. It doth of itself, and from itself, without any external influence on it, incline and dispose the whole soul unto spiritual actings that tend unto eternal life. Such are the thoughts of them that are spiritually minded; they arise from the *inward* principle, inclination, and disposition of the soul, are the bubblings of this well of living water; they are the mindings of the Spirit."
- JOHN OWEN
18. When you have begun to have some faint glimpses of this power (of God), learn to look away utterly from your own weakness, and putting your case into His hands, trust Him to deliver you.
- HANNAH W. SMITH
19. Along the River of Time we glide,
The swiftly, flowing, resistless tide,
And soon, ah, soon the end we'll see;
Yes, soon 'twill come, and we shall be
Floating out on the sea of Eternity!
- GEORGE F. ROOT
20. They conquer who believe they can.
- VIRGIL
21. Light after darkness; gain after loss.
Strength after weakness; crown after cross.
Sweet after bitter; hope after fears.
Home after wandering; praise after tears.
- F. R. HAVERGAL
22. In Thy strong hand I lay me down,
So shall Thy work be done;
For who can work so wondrously
As Thou, Almighty One?
- ANON
23. Tho' all the path before thee
The host of darkness fill,
Look to thy Father's promise,
And claim the vict'ry still.
Faith sees the heav'nly legions,
Where doubt sees nought but foes,
And thro' the very conflict
Her the stronger grows.
- FRED A. HANBURY ALLEN
24. Men who have had a great deal of experience learn not to lose their temper.
- CHERBULIEZ
25. He may bring us into the closest relations with each other, and show us the delights of friendship, but if this love becomes engrossing, He will chasten and temper it. It must be *regulated* with a regard to *God's glory* and our best good, otherwise it will *degenerate* into *self-indulgence*, and become a *snare*.
- PHOEBE LORD UPHAM
26. O hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek,
To those who fall, how kind Thou art,
How good to those who seek!
- BERNARD of CLAIRVAUX
27. Occasions of adversity best discover how great virtue each one hath. (For occasions do not make a man frail, but they shew of what sort he is.)
- THOMAS A KEMPIS
28. Those who endeavor to acquire virtues by much abstinence, maceration of the body, mortification of the senses, rigorous penances, wearing sackcloth, chastising the flesh by discipline, going in quest of sensible affections and fervent sentiments, thinking to find God in them (such Molinos considered were in what he termed the external way, the way of beginners), which though to such it might be useful, never would conduct them to perfection, "nor so much as one step towards it in many, who, after fifty years of this external exercise, are void of God, and full of themselves (of spiritual pride), having nothing of a spiritual man but the name."
- JOHN BIGELOW
29. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death,
And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me
breath;
And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me
If ever I lov'd Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.
- ANON
30. Consecration, in its application to an individual, is necessarily of great extent, and implies all this. It cannot imply less. Leave but a single department of the mind in the power of the creature, leave but a single entrance of the soul unguarded and open; and Satan will find his way into it as really, and in all probability as *effectually*, as if an hundred were left open.
- T. C. UPHAM
31. If thou canst be silent and suffer, without doubt thou shalt see that the *Lord* will help thee. He knoweth the time and the manner to deliver thee, and therefore thou oughtest to resign thyself unto HIM.
- THOMAS A KEMPIS