

The Consecration of the Mind

By HANS R. WALDVOGEL

THE imperative need of every Christian is a mind consecrated to God, for as a man "thinketh in his heart, so is he" (Prov. 23:7). This is a strong statement by the wise man, but he speaks even more strongly when he says, "Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life (Prov. 4:23). How essential then it must be for the Christian to consecrate his heart, or we could say the mind—his thinking—to God. And unless we do consecrate our thinking to God, these temples of God, our bodies, will be defiled.

Isn't it a very wonderful call from God for all of us to be transformed by the renewing of our minds (Rom. 12:2)? That is where the man is made new! As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he. If he thinks natural thoughts, then he is a natural man. If he thinks spiritual thoughts, then he is a spiritual man. "They that are after the flesh do mind the things of the flesh . . . [and] to be carnally minded is death; but to be spiritually minded is life and peace."

Yes, how very wonderful is the call of God to be renewed in our minds, but how few Christians think of responding to this call. No, that's asking too much! That would take your life, wouldn't it? That would require everything—to give your

mind, *your thoughts*, to God. People, as a rule, do not have any time for that. Some problem comes their way and presently they get nervous, they let that thing crush them instead of committing it to the Lord and letting Him establish their thoughts. How few people wait for instruction from heaven!

Isn't it through our thoughts that sin finds an entrance into our hearts? That is how the devil has deceived humanity. When the devil suggested doubt to Eve in the Garden, she lent her ear to the tempter, and presently she began to think. That look which was out of God's will made her think thoughts that the devil wanted her to think, and through that open door all Hell entered into humanity. If she had kept her mind on God wouldn't it have been different? If Eve had not lent her ear and her attention to the devil but had kept looking to God, thinking of God and of His word, how different things would have been!

And do you know how different things will be with *you* and *me* when *we* consecrate *our* minds to Jesus. Listen to this word: Let the unrighteous man forsake his thoughts, and return unto the Lord. "For My thoughts are not your thoughts," saith the Lord. "For as the heavens

To pray by fits is not the way
to find help in time of trouble.

—Thomas Shepard.

are higher than the earth, so are My thoughts higher than your thoughts" (Is. 55:7-9).

In other words, as long as I think my own thoughts, even though they may seem to be very spiritual, in the sight of God I am an unrighteous, an ungodly man. To be godly means to worship God, to recognize God. Where do I recognize Him but in my thought life, in my mind, in my heart?

Have you ever discovered Christ taking hold of your thoughts, shaping them according to His will? That is what the Bible is given to us for—to meditate upon the thoughts of God, to find out how He would have us think.

Take, for example, the command, "Judge not that ye be not judged" (Matt. 7:1).

"But," someone objects, "I can't help judging. Look what he's done to me." Where do judging thoughts come from? Where do we get our opinions from? Jesus says, "Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts. . . . These defile a man" (Matt. 15:19, 20). When I judge, I defile the temple of God. Even Jesus did not judge but said, "I judge no man." He left that to God.

But as the ungodly say in Psalm 12, so people very often say, "Our lips are our own: who is Lord over us?" In other words, we can say what we please; if our lips are our own, then our minds are our own too! We can think as we please. Here-

in every sin and every transgression has its inception. How different when Jesus controls our lips and minds! He will, if we let Him, and therein lies our salvation.

Every consecration that does not include the mind or, rather, that does not present the mind to God, *first of all*, is an outward show, is not real. After all, Jesus says, "The kingdom of God is within you"—i.e., in your heart, in your mind. As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he. Maybe you can hide your thoughts quite successfully before men, but not before God. The results will prove what is in your hearts. There are people who try to make themselves humble, exteriorly, but unless I am poor *in spirit*, my humility is a sham and an abomination in the sight of God. "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus" Who was "meek and lowly *in heart*." This will mean a transformation of your whole life.

Beloved, this can take place only when we choose Christ and let His Word discern the thoughts and intents of our hearts. This word does not simply expose the outside, but it also lays bare the inside, exposing the rottenness and corruption. But in order for the Word to do its work we must get still over the Bible or that Word will never sink in. Most people do not have enough stillness over the Bible. They do

not listen to God. Oh, the deception of the heart! oh, the depth of wickedness that we are not even aware of, until we bow our souls, and God by His living Word discerns the thoughts and intents of our hearts. Beloved, we need the searchlight of heaven to shine through us. We need to wait upon God with that loving attention that hears His voice, that detects His will, that makes us swift to follow the slightest suggestion of the Holy Ghost, the voice of our Beloved.

If you are in love with Jesus, your heart becomes so sensitive that you will certainly not think on anything that might displease Him. But look how long you dwell on thoughts that are wrong—you *dwell* on them—on thoughts of judgment, of gossip, and ill-feeling. And what happens? When a great test comes your way, you fall like a tree when a hurricane comes. What is the matter? Some little worm has eaten away the inside of that mighty tree we thought was eternal. It was altogether invisible to the outside, but the storm found the weakness.

As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he.

(Continued on page 11.)

Bread of Life

VOL. II JANUARY, 1953 NO. 2

Editor, Gordon P. Gardiner

Contributing Editors

Hans R. Waldvogel, G. A. Waldvogel,
Roy M. Gray

Address all correspondence to
P.O. Box 11, Brooklyn 27, N. Y.

Single Copy 15c—Annual subscription \$1.50.

Make all subscriptions payable to
Frank G. Posta, Treas.

Bread of Life is published monthly by
RIDGEWOOD PENTECOSTAL CHURCH
457 Harman Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Entered as second-class matter at post
office at Brooklyn, N. Y.

Printed in U. S. A.

MY TESTIMONY

By JOSEPH WANNENMACHER



Joseph Wannemacher

IT has been my privilege for the last thirty-six years to serve the Lord Jesus Christ with all my heart, with all my strength, and with all my mind. I thank Him that He kindly brought me into His fold and healed me miraculously when I was hopelessly diseased with bone consumption. I am very grateful to Him to be able to testify of the grace of healing.

When I was about four and a half years old, as I was playing one day, I bumped my hand, causing it to swell. Then began seventeen and a half years of suffering from bone consumption. My good mother, who went to be with the Lord when I was only three years old, suffered with this disease, and we children inherited it from her. Only a few months before this disease appeared in my body, my fourteen year old sister, whose left arm was swollen with a sac of matter three times its normal size, died. From my youth up, then, I began to fear death. I

knew that my body also would get into the same condition.

Of course I had learned about the things of God in the Catholic Church in which I was raised. My godfather was the priest of the town; my dear father played the organ; and I became an altar boy before I was six years old thinking that by my doing the best I knew how, God would show mercy to me and would heal me. And I would pray often.

At the age of nine, after I had had an operation on my hand that had healed, my foot began to swell. It was in such a serious condition because of the bone disease that the doctors did not know what to do but to prescribe baths and medicines. My stepmother who was very kind to me and loved me very dearly bathed my foot every night. During that time I became conscious that I would have to die and so would ask, "Mother, must I die?" She would run out into the yard, throwing up her hands to God, pleading with Him, "Save this little boy's life!" I got over this serious condition at this time, but as the disease was in my bones I continued to suffer. In playing with the other boys I would often have to jump on one foot. When I was about thirteen years old the disease broke out in my foot again in a very vehement way.

We left Hungary for America in 1909 when I was fourteen years old. Here I worked as a tool and die maker, but soon dis-

covered that my foot was very sore again. As soon as the doctor saw my foot, he demanded an operation. After the operation it took a long time for my foot to heal. Because of my work I became foreman of the shop when I was seventeen. This job necessitated my being on my feet more. Soon my foot troubled me so much that I had to quit work and undergo another operation. During the operation my older brother, who was sick with consumption of the lung, sat outside with a heart of compassion. He was sorry for me and I was sorry for him, neither one of us knowing what would happen to the other. (Not long afterwards he died.) My wound did not heal after the operation so I continued to take care of it.

While working in the shop one of the men interested me in Christian Science, saying I would find healing there. I had been very faithful to my church, going there most mornings to pray on my way to work. And I believe that as a result God in His mercy kept that disease from ravaging my whole system. But no one in the Catholic Church had told me that God would heal me. This man, however, claimed that if I would go to a practitioner he would pray for me and I would get healed.

So I went into Christian Science, was very faithful in Christian Science, and became a member of the Third Church of Christ Scientist in the city of

Milwaukee. I took the class instruction on how to pray. There were thirty in the class, each paying one hundred dollars for twelve lessons. When we were through learning we didn't know anymore than when we started. Instead of getting better I grew worse, the disease going through my whole system, and suffered for four and a half years more. All my attempts at believing according to Christian Science and the labor of applying my mind as prescribed by them seemed only to aggravate my condition. My head seemed to feel like it was being chopped in two from pain as a result of the intense thinking.

The Scriptures which I read in the course of my Christian Science study encouraged me, especially the teachings of Christ that we ought to pray always and not to faint. And I was fainting many times.

After I quit work in the machine shop, I turned to music as a full-time profession. My dear dad was a music teacher in the old country, and I was practically born with a violin in my hand. Musical instruments surrounded me in my home, so that it was a natural thing for me to learn to play almost any instrument. For years I had been playing in dance halls on Saturday and Sunday nights—many times all night long. Now I wanted to perfect myself as a violinist.

One day I found a pamphlet by the great violinist teacher of the Paris Academy of Music, Arthur Hartman, a Jew. He quoted the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians and showed that if one would practice according to the principles found there he would become a very beautiful player. I was not. I drew a very hard tone as a re-

sult of years of playing to fill very large dance halls. Hartman started by telling what love is and applied the characteristics enumerated in that chapter to violin playing. "Practice patiently," he said. "Don't get mad. Don't get irritated at your mistakes, because that goes into your tone. Be kind to yourself."

After this I happened to browse through the book shelves at Gimbel's Department Store one day and found *The Greatest Thing in the World* by Henry Drummond. I didn't know what it was, but when I opened it, I saw the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians and discovered that Mr. Drummond made the same application to our spiritual life which Hartman had made to violin playing. I bought the book and read it. My eyes were opened. I saw I was just the opposite of that whole chapter and realized what an impatient, high strung, quick-tempered, very terribly tempered being I was. Then, of course, I began to pray. And I sought God for love—and that was be-



Thoughts from Day to Day

*Just to be tender, just to be true,
Just to be glad the whole day through;
Just to be merciful, just to be mild,
Just to be trustful as a child;
Just to be gentle, kind, and sweet,
Just to be helpful and willing feet;
Just to be cheery when things go
wrong,
Just to drive sadness away with song;
Whether the hour is dark or bright,
Just to be loyal to God and right;
Just to believe that God knows best,
Just in His promises ever to rest;
Just to let love be our daily key—
This is God's will for you and me.*

—Selected.

fore I was converted. As I played in the theater, I prayed that God would keep me from being irritated and letting my temper fly. I prayed, and prayed, and prayed, and kept on praying. It was very remarkable how God helped me in a most wonderful way. It took about five years—until after I was converted — before that thing was completely broken. I died to myself and Jesus Christ became my life.

But to return to the time before I was converted. In reading the Bible I found that people cried unto the Lord on their beds. So one night when I came home from playing at a theater, very exhausted, I threw myself on my bed and cried desperately that God would heal me. I told God, "You helped everybody in the Bible, why can't You help me? You're the same God." At that moment Christ stood by my bedside, put His hand over me and said, "Fear not." When I heard, "Fear not," the fear of death was wiped out, and I wasn't afraid of death from that time on. I felt no better, however, but became weaker week by week. I prayed and I prayed, and I read the one hundred and seventh Psalm where it says, "They cry unto the Lord in their trouble and He saveth them out of their distresses. He sent His word and healed them." I read these passages and was wonderfully strengthened spiritually, and yet I became worse physically.

Another evening I came home from the theater and on my way, I seemed to faint away. My heart cried quicker than I could collapse, "God have mercy on me. Have mercy on me!" I received help and reached home.

(Continued on page 8.)

Them That Honour Me



Miss Florence Dreyfuss of Mahoba, U.P., India, conducts a school for boys and girls of the village. God is blessing in this work and recently gave quite an increase in the school as a result of Miss Dreyfuss taking her stand. Here she tells the story of this "wonderful lesson in faithfulness and trust."

SHORTLY after we had closed for the summer, and I had gone to the hills for my vacation, I received a very urgent letter from a big business man here in Mahoba, asking if he could rent the school for a few days for a wedding party. These Hindu weddings are big affairs, and they have ever so many friends and relatives come, whom they must put up for the time, and so they usually look for some empty building. I had let it out last year, but felt convicted, so this year I refused. Not only do they dirty the place, but there's the spiritual defilement. If you knew these wedding parties, you would understand. I refused him, but he again wrote, begging me to help him out, so he wouldn't lose face with his friends. I prayed about it, and felt very definitely I was not to give it. I wrote as kindly as I could, explaining that it was because of religious principles, and pointing out how they won't let Christians, or out-castes inside their temples because of defilement, and that these buildings had all been dedicated to the Lord's work.

After the matter was settled, I began to worry. He is a big man here, and if he wanted to be

mean, he could stop the children from coming. On the opening day I went almost in fear and trembling, expecting to find the place empty. But praise the Lord, He is faithful. Instead of its being empty, He had honored His word, and we had about twice as many children as we had when we closed! Many of them had never been to school, and are very interested and anxious to learn.

We often have very interesting experiences in the school. One that might interest you happened during the rains. I have given strict orders that no child is to come to school without clothes on. Often they'll come with just a little loin cloth on. And if they have to bring a baby brother or sister, it usually has nothing on. But I've insisted that babies and all must wear clothes. Well, one day, when it was pouring rain, I walked into the school, and saw six or eight boys sitting practically naked, except for the tiniest loin cloth. I was shocked, and asked the reason. Then they pointed to the walls. Here, strung all around the sides of the room were their shirts—*drying!* Poor things, they only have one change of clothing, and

when that's wet, what can they do? Of course, I had to excuse them.

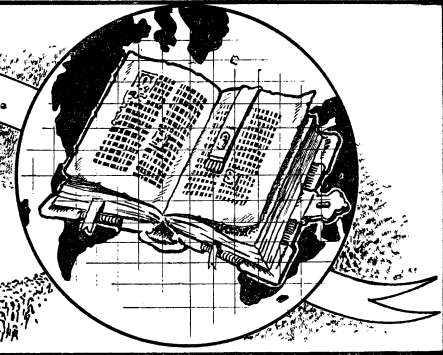
At this time of the year there is so much sickness—malaria, typhoid, etc. Many of our children are absent. I have been calling on them, and have been blessed in doing so. When they see me coming, the shout goes all over the village, "The Miss Sahiba is coming," and parents and children all run to greet me. It is such a wonderful opportunity to witness to the parents and to tell them about Jesus. I wish I could do more visitation. One of our little boys had such high fever, he did not even smile at me, or talk to me. He just lay there and looked at me.

Another dear little fellow is very sick with typhoid. When I entered the home, he began to cry, as though scared that I was going to scold him for not being in school. Instead, I reminded him of the stories he had learned in school, of how Jesus healed those that had fever. He remembered, and was able to tell his father. That, of course, gave me an opening to talk to his father. He had never heard about Jesus! Oh, what a privilege to tell him! In visiting the sick ones, I was able to also contact those that do not come to school, and got several new ones. Do pray that more and more will come, and that many will find Jesus as their Saviour.

GO YE INTO ALL THE WORLD...

Seed-Time and Harvest

on the Mission Fields



SIX YEARS IN AFRICA



After almost six years of service in South Africa, Miss Helen Hoss of Brooklyn, New York, has returned for her first furlough. Leaving in 1947 Miss Hoss spent her first three years working in the North Transvaal, primarily on the Zebediela and Lebaka mission stations which are under the supervision of Miss Ruth Williamson. Four months after Miss Hoss arrived, Miss Williamson left for a much-needed furlough during whose absence Miss Hoss had to assume responsibility for the work.

In 1949 Mr. Nicholas Benghu, a Zulu who has been greatly used of God, asked Miss Hoss to hold three weeks evangelistic meetings in Port Elizabeth, Cape Province. At the end of these meetings Miss Hoss was invited to join the ministry there, especially that among the many coloured people (mulattoes) of this region. Mr. Benghu, together with a number of workers, has felt led to evangelize the thousands of native and coloured people who live in and near the cities of Port Elizabeth and East London, the main seaports of Eastern Cape Province. To these cities the young people and husbands from the bush country have come in multitudes seeking employment so that here are needy and fruitful fields of labor. From these centers Mr. Benghu sends out evangelists to the neighboring communities, loca-

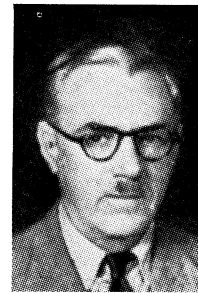
tions, and outlying regions.

Mr. Benghu's policy is to have each assembly that is formed self-propagating and self-supporting, so that the natives and coloured will feel entirely responsible for both ministry and maintenance. God has blessed Mr. Benghu's ministry with outstanding healings and conversions which have attracted the attention of government officials, for many thus converted have gone to the police to restore stolen goods and to make restitution.

Miss Hoss has been pastor of the coloured work in Port Elizabeth known as Schauder Township Pentecostal Church. From time to time she has been asked to conduct evangelistic services elsewhere, and during her absence members of the assembly conduct the work. Mr. Charles Norton, an Afrikaans (a native white South African) and an elder in the Assembly of God Church for Europeans is ministering to the assembly. It was in hospital visitation work that Miss Hoss got her start in Christian work. There in Port Elizabeth she found a wide-open door in the Livingstone City Hospital for non-Europeans. On Tuesday nights she conducted services for the patients for one hour, followed by another service in the auditorium for the hospital's two hundred nurses. This hospital is expanding and will soon have a staff twice the size to be ministered to.

In spite of all the difficulties attending the work due to the increased tension over racial issues in South Africa, the work is going forward with marked blessing. When Miss

Hoss returns to the field she hopes to be able to erect a tabernacle for the Schauder Township Church, as at present the congregation has to worship in a private home since there is nothing available to buy or to rent suitable for meetings.



A. G. Ericson

Three
Baptismal
Services
Recently

Recent word from Mr. A. G. Ericson of Partabgarh, U.P., India, tells of attending a convention at Meerut, four hundred miles from his own station, where seventeen Swedish Pentecostal missionaries met for fellowship for three days with a pastor who had come from Sweden to survey the field and its needs.

After returning from this gathering, Mr. Ericson writes, "We started a series of meetings for the Christians here. An outside speaker came to help and the Lord gave us a real blessed time. In the mornings we went to the villages and had meetings for non-Christians, and in the evenings for the Christians. One dear sister who has been praying for a long time received the baptism in the Holy Spirit. This week another brother who has a very good work in Delhi is coming to give us meetings.

"Praise the Lord, He is working in a wonderful way. We have had three water baptisms this fall and others are waiting. I have a very good evangelist who is a great help and blessing to me. He is a young man whom the Lord has chosen for His service. Please pray much for him."

Mrs. Ericson and Sonja are in Sweden at present, expecting to come to the United States shortly.

Them That Honour Me

(Continued from page 5.)

Not long ago I called on a sweeper woman who had just had a baby. Some years ago this woman's husband wanted to become a Christian, but she opposed him, and threatened to leave him if he did. Later she repented, and wanted to become a Christian herself, but by that time he had gone so far back, he had no more desire. And now she had given birth to this their fourth girl, with only one boy. For days after the birth she lay in delirium with a raging fever, but he refused to come near her, being she had given him another girl. When I visited her, she was some better, but there she lay, on a pile of dirty rags. The oldest child, a girl of about nine, was doing the cooking, and looking after the younger ones, while caring for this sick mother. How different it would have been, had both stepped out for the Lord!

One day the grandfather of two of our little girls called on me. He is a lawyer, and a wealthy landowner. He wanted to enquire about the Lord, and asked me for a Bible. Since then he has called from time to time to ask about different things he has read in the Bible. Being a lawyer, he certainly knows how to ask the questions, and I've got to constantly look to the

Lord for wisdom in answering him! But he seems interested and comes to church quite often. Pray for him too.

I want to give thanks to the Lord for His wonderful protection. One night, shortly after I had gone to bed, Miriam, the woman who takes care of our two little adopted babies, called me very excitedly, and said there was a snake. I rushed down, and there, coiled up in her wood pile, was a big cobra. I called the men, and together they killed it. Never have I heard a snake hiss the way that one did! When it was finally dead, and they stretched it out on the ground, it was at least five feet long, and about two and a half inches in diameter.

Then about a week later, I got up one night with my flashlight, to let the dog out. As I did so,

I saw my cat staring at the door of my wardrobe. I glanced at it and saw what I thought was a lizard. But just then the cat put out her paw, and touched it. It dropped to the floor—an eighteen-inch krait, one of the deadliest snakes! How it got there, I have no idea. Again I called the men, and they made short work of it. How glad I was that the cat had called my attention to it! How thankful I am to the Lord that each time he protected us and kept us from being bitten!

What we do with Jesus on this earth determines what He will do with us in that day.

* * *

A CLEAN HEART

How often is the outside clean
When foul pollution dwells within!
Empty thy heart and keep it pure,
The King of Heaven is at the door.

—Tersteegen.

Life at Goibei, Kenya

At right: Miss Eleanor Malthus in her outdoor clinic.



At left: "The car the Lord has provided. It is a beautiful blue. The rear of our house is in the background."

SERVICE



ECHOES

Nay, world, I turn away,
Though thou seem fair and good.
That friendly outstretched hand of thine
Is stained with Jesus' blood.
If in thy least device I stoop to take a part,
All unawares thine influence steals
God's presence from my heart.

—Selected.

STUDENT OF BREAD OF LIFE BIBLE COURSE REPORTS

(Bread of Life still offers free to any serviceman, writing to request the same, its Bible Correspondence Course which covers the entire New Testament. Quite a number of "the boys" have enrolled and testified to great blessing from it. Here is part of a report from one student, Wayne Haun, Degerndorf, Germany.)

"This lesson has been one in which I have received some enlightening on a certain thing which had rather puzzled me before—what purpose the Law had in the Old Testament and how it affected our salvation today. In the book of Galatians it points out the purpose of the Law and why it was needed at that time. It seems like the Bible is a huge puzzle, and when the pieces start falling into place what a beautiful picture it presents to us." Haun comes from the State of Washington.

Stan Hagan, also of Degerndorf, reports: "The Lord is really blessing our Sunday school. We have had new children come out. It seems that when some of the children who have been with us for a long time

and are ready to go back with their parents to the States, the Lord always provides new members." Recently forty-nine were present. Stan expects to be in the next port call—to sail for home and discharge.

From Here 'n There

Robert Koppey has been stationed at Fort Knox, Kentucky . . . Joseph Schilly is stationed at Brooklyn Army Base, and comes home each night. He says—"It's more like a job. But I'll still be glad when my sixty days are through." . . . Rolf Bocker was discharged in time to be home for Christmas Eve . . . Henry Maasbach, now in Korea, is the proud father of a baby girl, Carol . . . Otto Schad from the Military Reservation at Indiantown Gap, Pennsylvania, and Rudolph Josenhans stationed in Detroit, Michigan, were home for Christmas . . . Carl Sommer, a Marine at Camp Pendleton, California, was recently advanced to the rank of Corporal . . . Sal Gaglio is to leave France for home in January . . . Stephen Shreck was able to join his wife for New Year's from Camp Breckenridge, Kentucky.

My Testimony

(Continued from page 4.)

My good stepmother always waited with some food to give me after I came home. That night I walked through the house and said, "Thank you. I'm not going to eat." As I went to my bed I cried bitterly that God would help me, telling God continually that He helped so many others and why not me? During this time I also found a passage in Jeremiah fifteen where the prophet said, "I sat alone. . . . Thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of mine heart. . . . Wilt Thou be altogether unto me as a liar?" I talked to God like that. I was crying bitterly on my bed when I fell into a trance and saw the Lord Jesus Christ going up to Calvary. Right above Him a big electric sign came out, "He that believeth on Me shall not perish." And I was like a perishing apple. I am very thankful that these words were not in Hungarian, nor in German, for the word perish in those languages does not have the same meaning. From that day on I knew I was not to perish so I believed and went on after God the best I knew how.

Then one Thursday morning in April, 1917, just after the United States entered the War, my mother met a lady who went to a German Pentecostal Church in Milwaukee who said, "Mrs. Wannemacher, remember a year ago I was so sick, and I went to a little church, and I got healed, and I found Jesus, and I'm so happy." Mother told me this and where the church was. That was about ten o'clock in the morning. In the afternoon at ten minutes to two I was

seated in that church, waiting to see what would happen. The people there had fasted and prayed all morning, calling on God to save souls and heal the sick among them. When I saw these people on their knees so humbly, I said to myself, "That's the way you should have prayed. God would have heard you long ago." Well, I listened to their singing and I sang along. After that the minister began to preach on divine healing, showing how Christ took our infirmities and diseases. He quoted Galatians 3:13. "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us: for it is written, Cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree." He repeatedly stated, "Jesus Christ was made a curse for you. He died for you." This was the first time that the truth of it gripped me that for me He died, for me He was made a curse, for me He shed His blood, for me personally. The preacher said, if I believed I would get healed, I would get saved right now. I took that promise, and instantly the Holy Spirit acted upon my body.

When the altar call was given, I raised my hand for salvation and I raised my hand for healing. Then I was called to the altar, and on my way I made a definite promise to God I would serve Him the rest of my life if He would heal me. Now you must know that I was dressed as a professional musician. I had long hair and a roll of music under my arm. The minister mistook me for a spy. When I went to introduce myself to him he said, "Go and kneel down there," pointing to the altar. When my knees struck the floor the Holy Spirit so strongly fell upon me, so definitely

filled me, so marvelously shook me, that every bit of my body which for four years had been cold all the time became hot, and I began to sweat under the mighty workings of the Holy Ghost. My whole body continued to shake for half an hour and received the healing virtue of the Christ. My bones, my marrow, my flesh were transformed, when the Lord was through with His operation.

The first Sunday I was in a service, ten days later, I heard that there is a baptism in the Holy Ghost. I couldn't understand that a man could be more blessed than I had been. But when I went to the altar, the Spirit of the Lord came upon me, and my whole body was just

filled with the glory and presence of God. I didn't get the baptism that night. But the next day after having a little bite at noon, I went to my room where I had my music and my study, and knelt down, and said, "Now, Lord, give me what you gave Peter on the Day of Pentecost." As I prayed to be filled with the Holy Ghost, the Holy Ghost fell into my inmost being. The best way I could describe it is that from my innermost being there sprung up a well and I spoke in other tongues for an hour and a half and glorified God. From that time on I have been glorifying God wherever I have a chance to go and tell how Jesus Christ saved me and healed me.

Poverty of Spirit

The Sermon on the Mount must produce despair in the natural man;
And that is the very thing Jesus means it to do,
Because immediately we get to despair
We are willing to come to Jesus as paupers
And to receive from Him.

"Blessed are the poor in spirit"—
That is the first principle of the Kingdom.
So long as we have a conceited, self-righteous notion
That we can do the thing if God will help us,
God has to allow us to go on
Until we break the neck of our ignorance over some obstacle,
Then we are willing to come and receive from Him.

The bedrock in Jesus Christ's Kingdom is poverty, not possession;
Not decision for Jesus Christ,
But a sense of absolute futility—

"I cannot begin to do it."
Then, says Jesus, "Blessed are you."
That is the entrance,
And it does take us a long while to believe we are poor.
The knowledge of our own poverty brings us
To the moral frontier where Jesus Christ works.

—OSWALD CHAMBERS.

Gathered Fragments

MANY of our readers will be interested to know that the New Year's text for the Ridgewood Pentecostal Church for 1953 is:

See then that ye walk circumspectly,
not as fools, but as wise,
Redeeming the time, because the days
are evil.

Wherefore be ye not unwise, but understanding

What the will of the Lord is.

EPH. 5:15-17.

* * *

As we go to press, we in Brooklyn are in the midst of the annual weeks of prayer held at the beginning of each year. The subject for the morning Bible meditation has been The Beatitudes, taking one beatitude each day for consideration. These studies have been most fruitful.

* * *

The twenty-seventh anniversary of the Ridgewood Pentecostal Church was also observed by a season of prayer during the first week of December. During one of the Bible studies, some suggestive comments on the book of Proverbs were made which some may find helpful:

Proverbs is a Kingdom book [for us, the children of the Kingdom]. In it the Father speaks to us, His sons. It is a personal letter from your Father to yourself. You will never understand this book until you understand this fact.

* * *

In an early issue of *Bread of Life*, we expect to present a biographical sketch of the Pentecostal hymn writer, F. A. Graves, together with some of the stories connected with his well-known hymns, "Honey in the Rock," "He Was Nailed to the Cross for Me," etc. This article is being written expressly for *Bread of Life* by Mr. Graves' daughter, Mrs. Myer Pearlman.

* * *

Throughout the coming year several articles compiled and edited by Rev. Joseph Wannemacher of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, will appear in

these pages. The first of these will be printed next month and deals with Brother Lawrence, well-known for *The Practice of the Presence of God*.

* * *

January 8 marks the anniversary of the birth of Mrs. Jonathan Edwards, born 1710, whose spiritual life has been somewhat eclipsed by that of her famous husband. She evidently lived in unbroken fellowship with God, for her own husband wrote of her, "She hardly cares for anything except to meditate on Him . . . and seems to have Someone invisible always conversing with her."

* * *

Speaking of anniversaries, last fall two *Bread of Life* subscribers, Mr. and Mrs. James Modder, of Kenosha, Wisconsin, celebrated their fifty-fifth wedding anniversary. Four of their nine children are ministers, among these Mrs. Paul Mitchell. Mr. Modder at 78 is well and daily covers one of the largest milk routes in his city and year after year has won awards for top salesmanship. He attributes his vigor to the power of God, and is a most fervent witness to his associates and customers that "the gospel of Christ is the power of God to everyone that believeth." Meditating continually on God's Word, he memorized Psalm 119 recently.

* * *

According to a survey "made by an independent commercial opinion research concern," "thirty-five million Americans never go to church; thirty-eight million Americans sometimes go to church and only thirty-five million Americans go to church every week," reports *The New York Times*. "Although 99 per cent of the population believes in God, according to the first survey report, only about one-third supplements this belief by regular attendance at services. Among those professing to be Protestants, those who never attend church total 32 per cent. Those who attend irregularly add up to 43 per

cent, while only 25 per cent are weekly churchgoers.

* * *

On December 14 the Associated Press reported from Abernathy, Texas:

In accordance with the Scriptures, a group of farmers brought their tithes into the house of the Lord today. What they brought filled two washtubs with \$14,132.65 in cash and checks—money from the harvest on the land they had dedicated to God last spring. The church, the First Baptist, has five hundred members.

Last spring their pastor, the Rev. C. A. Kennedy, thirty-five years old, asked them to dedicate one-tenth of their land to God and to see what the returns would be. They did, dedicating anywhere from one to sixty-eight acres. In each case it was one-tenth.

The Rev. Mr. Kennedy said that the farmers who had dedicated their land had had "phenomenal results."

"There is Albert Hart, with five acres dedicated," he said. "He called me to his farm late in the summer to show that all his acreage was bountiful, but on the dedicated land the cotton stood twelve to thirteen inches higher than the rest and yielded a bale and three-quarters per acre, compared with an average yield of one bale per acre on his other land."

"He asked me why," the pastor continued. "Why? In Malachi iii, 10, it says, 'Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in Mine house and prove Me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven and pour out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it.'

"That is why."

The greatest battles in the universe are fought by simple people in the world when they choose Jesus instead of "I."

Have you renewed
your subscription to
Bread of Life?



EACH DAY

EACH day, as a little child, yield yourself into His hands. Each day *remind Him you are His*, that you desire to spend that day as pleaseth Him. Go into the day with the definite fact before you that you belong to Him. Trust Him to keep you without sin. But if your faith fails, don't go all down in the Slough of Despond because you failed, and did something wrong, but turn to Jesus and His cleansing blood, tell Him you are sorry, ask Him to cover it all with His blood, and remind Him of your need for all His cleansing work and perfecting work in your life.

If you follow along this line, your *failures, even*, will serve to keep your need before you and *before the Lord*, and keep you waiting and expectant of a perfect work because He *must* complete His work. And your *victories* will increase your faith and assurance in Him. And if lots of things come to upset you—don't worry. Lean harder on Him. Probably He is teaching you your need of *Him*—or showing you your failure on some line—so you will draw more on *Him*. He's pruning and carving you, and He'll *prune* and *carve* whether you like the *feel* or not so long as you stay in His hands.

If this course is persisted in,

you will gradually, more and more, let go of yourself, yield to His workings, rest in Him, have victory, acquire confidence. As you learn how to yield all responsibility in this way, the strain of "trying to be good" goes off of you. And as you yield, He takes. As you become more and more *child-like*, the more positively He *undertakes*.

When you go to bed at night, remind the Lord you are His child. Avail yourself of the blood of Jesus for every failure of that day, and don't carry it over to the next. God doesn't, why should you? Thus, by living one day at a time, you don't carry around such a burden of failure.

I pray Thee . . .

to make me as Thou dost want me to be,

a vessel in Thine own hand.

Don't let me think my own thoughts.

Don't let me feel my own feelings.

Let me have

the indwelling lights of God,

the will of God,

the purposes of God,

the words of God, and

the desires and the plans of God.

Consecration of the Mind

(Continued from page 2.)

"Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things" (Phil. 4:8). Is it true? Is it just? Is it lovely? Is it of good report? Then think on it, and the God of peace shall be with you.

How our careless thoughts drive away the God of peace! We know what our careless words do, but our careless thoughts are the mothers of our careless words. But, oh, how precious, Jesus, to think that You will come to reign in my mind and in my heart, to give me Your own mind. How far have we gotten along in this great call of God? How greatly does He reign within my mind? O Jesus, let me think only thoughts that glorify Thee. Let me live in Your presence.

God Himself will keep your heart and your mind if you consecrate it to Him. You will not have to worry. You will not have to strain to think of God. The Holy Ghost will do it all, and it will be as natural as it was formerly not to do that. You will receive the mind of Christ. You will be united to Him, and all your thoughts will flow from that Central Fountain.

THE BEST LOT

Jesus is the happiest lot,
Which into my lap can fall,
If I all things else forget
He would be my All-in-all.

—Tersteegen.

Be Thou My Vision

*Be Thou my Vision, O Lord of my heart;
Naught be all else to me, save that Thou art, —
Thou my best thought, by day or by night,
Waking or sleeping, Thy presence my light.*

*Be Thou my Wisdom, Thou my true Word;
I ever with Thee, Thou with me, Lord;
Thou my great Father, I Thy true son;
Thou in me dwelling, and I with Thee one.*

*Be Thou my battle-shield, sword for the fight;
Be Thou my dignity, Thou my delight,
Thou my soul's shelter, Thou my high tower:
Raise Thou me heaven-ward, O Power of my power.*

*Riches I heed not, nor man's empty praise,
Thou mine inheritance, now and always:
Thou and Thou only, first in my heart,
High King of heaven, my treasure Thou art.*

*High King of heaven, after victory won,
May I reach heaven's joys, O bright heav'n's Sun!
Heart of my own heart, whatever befall,
Still be my Vision, O Ruler of all.*

—Ancient Irish Hymn.