

The Manifestation of His Presence

By Hans R. Waldvogel

HAVE YOU ATTENDED a real Pentecostal meeting? Whether you liked it or not, no doubt you thought it was different from any meeting you had ever seen before. That is exactly what God wanted to do in Pentecost; He wanted to do something different from what man had done, coming Himself through the power of the Holy Spirit, manifesting heavenly glory and heavenly victories among His own.

The reaction of people to their first Pentecostal meeting is not unlike the reaction of those who witnessed the outpouring of the Spirit on the first Day of Pentecost as waiting disciples "were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues as the Spirit gave them utterance." Some said, "Oh, these men are drunk." Others said, "What does this mean? This is a miracle; these are all Galileans, and yet everyone of them speaks in a tongue that he has not learned." To these it was a sign that the Kingdom of God was at hand.

After attending my first Pentecostal meeting, I went home and searched the Scriptures. As a result, I exclaimed, "Oh, what a fool I have been! Here it's been in the Bible all this time and I, a Bible student, haven't seen it!" As I continued to attend Pentecostal meetings, the things I saw and heard explained so many things to me that I hadn't been able to understand before about the gifts of the Holy Ghost as mentioned in the New Testament. So if the first Pentecostal meeting you attend does not suit you, if you cannot under-

stand it, do not say, "These people are all drunk," but, "What is this?" and search the Scriptures for yourself to see if these things be so.

A real Pentecostal meeting is one where Jesus is allowed to manifest Himself and thereby to change us into His image as we behold Him. But what you receive will depend largely upon your attitude. If you come with an open heart, you will experience the life-giving power of God.

The way to come to any meeting is to bring Jesus with you. Everybody who practices the presence of God at home will find it very easy to do so in the meeting. But if you have not been doing so, the very first thing is to find Jesus in your own heart, to recognize Him, a Fountain of life within you. As you do this, you sink into worship. Nobody knows what worship is except a person filled with the Holy Ghost. It is a sweet fire that burns within your soul which Jesus Christ has kindled. It is the presence of Jesus, permeating your whole being with the fragrance of Himself. When you have found Him within, then you will find Him in the meeting and will see Him. That is an operation of the Holy Ghost which one cannot easily explain; you have to experience it yourself. Sometimes when people come together, it is evident that they have been living carelessly. Perhaps they have been visiting or talking too much. Anyway they do not see the Lord at once. Then the Holy Spirit endeavors to call their attention to Jesus. A sweet call in tongues and interpretation might be given.

Never think that God's delays are God's denials.

Hold on!

Hold fast!

Hold out!

If there be no enemy, no fight;

If no fight, no victory;

If no victory, no crown.

—SAVONAROLA.

Presently there comes a change over the whole meeting. What has happened? Hearts have responded to the call; they have recognized Him and become abandoned to the Holy Ghost which is absolutely essential to a real Pentecostal meeting.

There is the danger of becoming formal—one, two, three songs, then testimonies, prayer, etc. How much more wonderful when Jesus can bring us unto Himself and minister His own life to us. That requires that we all function in the Holy Ghost as members of one body. It isn't sufficient for one minister to do it all; everybody ought to take part according to the leading of the Holy Spirit. There are many ways in which we can function. We can pray and bless the meeting; we can lift our hands in praise or praise the Lord with a loud voice, or testify. The main thing is that we all function in the Holy Ghost, that we are all willing to be used of God, if He so indicates. But if you come to a meeting with the idea, "I'm not going to do anything. Others can do so much better than I," you rob yourself and the meeting of the blessing God desires to impart.

In every meeting that is free in the Holy Spirit, things will happen that according to your

discernment are not just right, perhaps. Now, maybe your discernment is wrong. I have heard so many say they have discernment when they were really discerning like dried herring. They have their eyes wide open, but there is no life there. You do not discern that way. God does not give you discernment until you quit criticizing, until you are poor in spirit. Many times the very thing that seems wrong to you is in the appointment of God. It really is and it is only because of your critical nature that it seems wrong. Maybe it is all right.

But supposing something really is wrong. It does not become right by your having a dump or criticizing. It comes right by your believing that Jesus Christ is in charge, that He is on the throne. The meeting comes right into line again if everybody keeps his mind on Jesus. That gives Jesus Christ the authority over the meeting.

I often see people frown when someone testifies a little too long. That is wrong. That is flesh. If you do that, you ought to say, "My God, I don't have that love that suffereth long and is kind." Isn't that long, dry testimony a blessing? Where would you get patience otherwise? You are just as much out of the will of God with your im-

patient attitude as the other one. You ought to stay just as sweet if the testimony is not in the will of God. That is not your responsibility. Your responsibility is to keep in touch with Jesus. Jesus is there, just the same. And maybe when that testimony or thing that is out of order is over, God will give you an anointing whereby you will be used to lift the meeting, and it will come back into God because you kept in touch with Jesus.

The Holy Ghost uses imperfect vessels. If He did not, He would not use us at all. And is it not wonderful how the Lord Jesus bears with our imperfections! Even so we ought to bear with the imperfections of others. By our mistakes we learn our lessons. As we learn our lessons, God gets His vessel to use when and how He will.

Do you come to meeting to hear from God? Sometimes people say about a minister, "He can't preach," but sometimes you get the greatest blessing through the humblest vessel.

If churches are temples of the living God, then surely God ought to have charge of His own meetings. The success of a real Pentecostal meeting does not depend on the singing, the preaching, or any other thing but on the manifestation of the presence of Jesus, when He ministers to hearts in any way or by any one He chooses. Then hungry souls are fed with the bread from heaven which only He can give.

The great fight through the years has been over this issue—shall Jesus have His way and be allowed to manifest Himself or will we have our program and way? Our job is to let Him

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Bread of Life

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A Personal Testimony

By G. F. BENDER

I WAS saved fifty-four years ago on January 31st, 1899, at 9:30 P.M. Three nights previously I had attended a revival meeting in our church. I did not seem to be under conviction at all. While the Pastor was preaching, I was shooting spit balls at the other boys, but when the minister gave the altar call, I do not know what possessed me; I was on my feet going to the altar. When I got there, the devil called me a fool, so I decided never to return during the revival meeting.

Some old saints, however, were there who were so happy to see this rascal at the altar that they gathered around me and made me a special subject of prayer. The preacher also was glad to see me at the altar as I lived next door to him and caused him much trouble, being the ring leader of all the bad boys. They all wanted to see me converted, and as they prayed, there came over me a deep determination to know God, and I began to seek earnestly.

Every moment for the following three days I sought the Lord. During that time of seeking, the Lord brought to my mind a young man who was an enemy of mine. The Lord spoke to me through His Word: "If thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath ought against thee; leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift." This I did but still was unable to gain the assurance of salvation.

On the third night the preacher gave an illustration which is

as follows: An emperor of Germany once had a clown in his court who entertained his children and his subjects. One morning this clown appeared without a smile, so the kaiser sent one of his officers to enquire quietly if he was ill and why there was no frolic in him. The clown answered, "Last night my house caught fire and we were not able to save it, so we lost everything. Why would I not be sad having a wife and five small children without a home for them?" The emperor, on hearing the reason for his sadness, took a check, wrote a "5" on it, leaving the rest of the space blank, then signed it and sent it to the clown telling him to fill in as many oughts after the 5 as he needed to build a new home for his family. The clown knew his lord's name was good for any amount he needed and that his promise was true, so joy filled his heart and soon his countenance also took on a look of joy.

With that illustration in my mind I returned home, entered my room and began walking back and forth repeating these words: "Lord, I believe I am saved. If I never feel any different, yet I will believe I am saved. I have obeyed Thy word and have been reconciled with my enemy, and now I believe I am saved and even if you cast me into Hell, I will go there believing I am saved."

I continued walking back and forth repeating those words about ten minutes when, suddenly the fire fell and I had the witness I was saved. And everyone in the house knew that I had the witness, for I cried out with a loud voice, "I'm saved, I'm



Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Bender
Pioneer Missionaries to Venezuela, now in charge of Bethany Home in Bridgman, Michigan.

saved!" Down the stairs I went to tell everyone in the house what had happened to me. Then I slipped on my overshoes and ran to my aunt's house to break the good news to her. She lived next door to the minister's home. When the preacher heard the commotion next door, he and his wife came over to see what had happened, and they both joined in praising the Lord. For some days I walked as on air. The Bible was a new book to me. I feared to fail God. When I would come from my work, the first thing I did was to slip into my room into the secret closet for a season of prayer before eating my meal. Old things had passed away and everything had become new.

The church of which I was a member, however, gave me very little spiritual help, and gradually I lost my first love. Although I kept up an outward appearance, yet I became more and more empty. During this lukewarm state the Lord let me pass through some severe trials. In one of these trials my oldest brother came to me and said, "How long, my dear brother, will you disobey the wooing of God?" He counselled me to attend the Christian Missionary Alliance meetings, but I did not do so.

Then one day I saw a leaflet

on the street driven by the wind. I picked it up and found it was an announcement of a convention held by the Christian Missionary Alliance. I went with it to a dear friend of mine who was class leader in the same church of which I was a member and suggested to him that we attend one of their meetings. We did not go, however, till Sunday, the last day of the convention. We attended the afternoon meeting, which was a missionary meeting, and were very much stirred. We would like to have given something in the missionary offering, but we were too timid to declare ourselves even when they came down to pledge the small sum of five dollars. On our way home we decided they did not have anything better than we had in our church. The reason it seemed better, we concluded, was because it was a special convention with special speakers.

Nevertheless in order to prove it, we decided to go to one of their regular meetings. The night we went to their meeting hall it was dark but we found the door was unlocked. We entered and found quite a large group of people; all were standing round a small gas fire. There had been a break in the gas main so they had no other light nor fire. We joined them and stood around in our overcoats. All of a sudden someone began to sing, then followed a prayer, after that, a stirring message by Isaac Patterson. How glad we were it was dark in the hall! Had someone told him that two backslidden United Brethren elders were present he could not have hit the nail on the head any better than he did that night. We got under such deep conviction that it was impossible to hide.

From that time on we became regular attendants in their Sunday afternoon services and soon began to attend their cottage prayer meetings. We received

such a new touch from the Lord we both began to seek the baptism of the Holy Spirit. I went to different conventions seeking the baptism. The Lord baptised souls all around me, but He passed me by, leaving me high and dry. One day at a convention in Findlay, Ohio, the Lord began to speak to me. He showed me twelve different cases in my life that I had to straighten up. I knew there was no use remaining any longer so I left the convention, went home, and at once went to work straightening up my life.

I will mention a few examples. One day when my bicycle was parked at the curb, a man drove up with a delivery wagon and crushed one of the wheels. I spoke to the driver and we agreed to his paying one-half and I one-half. He promised to pay me the following Saturday. He never came near me. But as I was buying merchandise from the firm for which he was working, when I paid my bill at the end of the month, I deducted the full amount of the repair job on the bicycle which made the firm very angry with me. I was lukewarm enough in my spiritual life to give no heed to it, BUT GOD GAVE HEED TO it, and I had to make it right.

Case No. 2. One day my wife took some goods home on approval from a local dry goods store. On the first of the month they failed to send the bill on the goods which my wife had decided to keep. She asked me if I would please stop in the store and settle for the material. I said I would attend to it, but the tempter came to me and said, "You, and your father, and your uncle have spent much money in that store. They are rich enough." I agreed with the tempter and never paid the bill. BUT GOD REMEMBERED IT, and before I could get the baptism of the Spirit I had to confess to the store and pay that bill.

One more example: In my lukewarm condition I even went into a saloon across the street from our business house. One day a friend came along and said: "Let us shake dice to see who will pay for the cigars this morning." We went into the saloon and shook dice. I lost so it was up to me to pay for the cigars. But as I had several in my pocket, I handed him one. This made the saloon keeper very angry to think we came in and used his saloon and his dice and then did not buy the cigars over his counter or bar. God showed me I had to straighten this up. That was my hardest case.

I walked around that saloon for about two months and even went so far as to take hold of the door knob; yet I could not muster up enough courage to go in and humble myself. At the end of this time I felt the Lord drawing back from me, so I cried to the Lord to help me. I said: "My Lord, live or die, I will go in and confess and ask pardon!" I went in and God helped me. When that fat saloon keeper saw me, he left his customers and walked to receive me. He freely pardoned me.

I started toward the side door of the saloon to go out, but as I was walking toward the door the Spirit said, "The wife also." I argued that the two were one and went out. When I got out, it seemed that my legs were made of lead! I was very unhappy.

Then began another battle. The Spirit strove with me, and I began walking around the saloon again until I mustered up courage enough to go it, but the second time the way was not so well prepared for me. The keeper's wife was on top of the old-fashioned icebox scrubbing it, and I had to call to her. All in the saloon heard us as she was of a very noisy makeup, and spoke from up there. But when

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Words of Life

By ROY M. GRAY

MASTER!

IN THE FOLLOWING verses, Jesus is called "Master." In the original Greek text, however, there are five different words used, all of which are translated by the *one* English word. Each of these five words has its own sense and lesson for us.

And a certain scribe came and said unto Him, "Master (*didaskalos*), I will follow Thee whithersoever Thou goest" (Matt. 8:19).

Neither be ye called masters: for one is your Master (*kathegetes*), even Christ (Matt. 23:10).

And Simon answering said unto Him, Master (*epistates*), we have toiled all night and have taken nothing; nevertheless, at Thy word I will let down the net (Luke 5:5).

And His disciples asked Him, saying, Master (*rabi*), who did sin, this man, or his parents, that he was born blind? (John 9:2).

And ye masters do the same things unto them, forbearing threatening: knowing that your Master (*kurios*) also is in heaven (Eph. 6:9, also Col. 4:1).

First we have the Greek word *didaskalos* translated "Master." This comes from the word "to teach, instruct, or inform one." In the passage referred to the man who calls Him this seems to be a "bumptious brother full of self-confidence and self-complacency." Do we realize what it means to call Jesus "Teacher"? The word is used of the dramatic Greek poets who "taught the actors their parts and superintended the bringing out of their pieces." Jesus wants to teach us our parts; He has a great "piece" to bring out and wants us to be willing actors so that the world can marvel at His great production. But to call Him Teacher we must be teachable, supple, yielding perfect obedience to His teaching. He knows all things but is able to teach only the "meek and lowly in heart." Come to Jesus, not full of "I know it all," but empty, and longing to learn. Jesus told us to go into all the world "teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you." Teaching is not filling a mind with facts but leading to a doing of the will of God. How can we teach others, not having

learned ourselves? "Why call ye Me Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?" A lowly, daily sitting at the feet of Jesus is necessary if we are to call Him Master (Teacher).

Next we have the Greek word *kathegetes*, translated Master and found in just this one passage, Matthew 23:10. It is derived from the word "to go before, to guide." Properly then it means "a guide". Ah, Jesus instructs us by going before us, in the very path we must tread. "And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him. . ." He is called the "Captain of our salvation" where "captain" is literally "file-leader" and the same word is used to describe Him as the "Author . . . of faith." Thank God, learning from this Teacher should be easy when He Himself is always just one step ahead! "These are they which follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth." Happy day is it when we learn to call Him Master (Guide)!

The third word causes our hearts to fill with still more joy and gladness. The Greek word *epistates* is also translated "Master" in the story where they fished all night and caught nothing. It means literally "one who stands near, or by." Thus it is "one set over, a chief, commander" which last term Wycliffe used in his translation. So Jesus is our Overseer, very reverently, our "Boss." Jesus is *my* "Boss": great thought! When the disciples obeyed their Chief, the fish were there in profusion. Hallelujah! This word has the note of authority in it. Let Him oversee your life, issue the commands; be it yours to obey. His commands are in the Bible. Read it daily to find your daily orders.

The fourth word comes from the Hebrew into the Greek. It is the familiar "Rabbi," a "title of respectful address to Jewish teachers." It comes from a Hebrew word, "much, many, great," and so means "my great one." Jesus is indeed this to us, our Great One with all power in heaven and in earth. Like Mary let us say, "My soul doth *magnify* (make great) the Lord."

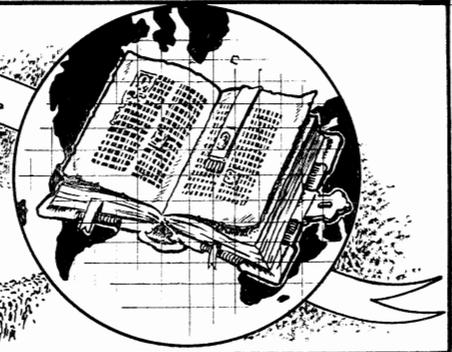
Finally we have the Greek word *kurios*, Lord, which is translated "Master" in only two places. It comes from *kuros* meaning "supreme power, authority, influence" and indicates one "having supreme power and authority; he to whom a person or thing belongs, about which he has the power of deciding." Our greatest joy is to have Jesus as just this. When I call Him "Master!" I have the thrill of knowing that He is over all and decides all in my life. "The government shall be upon His shoulders."

With such a great Master—Teacher, Guide, Overseer, Great One, and Supreme Authority—we all, the least of us, are more than conquerors. Jesus, today, I take You as all these names describe You, and with a full heart say, "Master!"

GO YE INTO ALL THE WORLD...

Seed-Time and Harvest

on the Mission Fields



These Forty-Two Years . . .

By LILLIAN TRASHER

Assiout Orphanage, Egypt



"Nile Mother"

FOR forty-two years I have been working with Egypt's homeless, helpless children, to give them a good home and a chance for a new start in life. Little did I dream when I began that in 1953 I would still be happy in the work the Lord had called me to, and that I would have raised thousands of children! Many of them are now grandparents. It has been very wonderful indeed to be able to give all of my life to the Lord's work, and in a field where work is so badly needed.

As I look back, strange to say, it is the hard times which I passed through which I remember with most pleasure now. Those very hard times when every door was closed but God's door! When I was only able to walk blindly with no help in sight but that wonderful assurance that "Thou God seest me!" And the words I always fell back on: "Faithful is He Who called you Who also will do it." Those YEARS when I never had one day's

meals ahead, not even one day! The day when we had to bathe half the children and wash the clothes and wait for them to dry before we could bathe the others! Yes, they were wonderful days! We could look only to God and He never failed us!

Never did the children miss a meal. Once I had no money and no bread, for if there was no money, there was no bread. I felt to go sit in the Sporting Club. I went. There was no one there, but I sat and sat as I felt that I must. At last I felt that now I could go. Just as I was going out of the gate a car drove in, stopped, and a friend called me. He handed me just enough for the flour needed.

No, the easy days will never be as wonderful as sitting alone in the Sporting Club waiting for the answer, when there was indeed no answer in sight! or getting letters on a day when we did not have one cent, looking at the date and seeing that it was written a month before, saying, "God spoke to me and

told me to send you the enclosed check of \$25.00." God had seen my need a month before and had given His faithful child no rest until the check was mailed *just in time* to reach me when I had NOTHING at all. "Before ye have called, I have answered."

Yes, I know it is wonderful to have enough and not to have to worry,—but—these days leave no memory. We live them and forget, and they fade into the past, lost to our memory forever, but those other days live on, never, never to be forgotten. Like the day when no money came in the mail. No money, no leading to go out, no flour. (We bake at night for the next day.) At ten o'clock that night a lady who was staying with me came in and said, "O Lillian, here is an envelope a lady gave me this afternoon. I neglected to give it to you." There was the night's bread! Quickly I called the boy with the donkey cart and sent him to the mill. We should not delay God's busi-

ness, even if it is so simple a thing as delivering a note. None of us will ever forget those wonderful days.

Don't feel too sad about the hard days. You are making Memory which will go with you to the grave and in the telling will help others as well as yourself.

You, with your offerings, your prayers, your thoughts have kept us going, have put food in the mouths and clothes on the little frames of these boys and girls. The least we can say to you who have helped us through all our years of ministry in Egypt is "Thank *you* and God bless *you*." And in saying this we merely echo what is in the hearts and in the eyes of the nearly eight hundred whom you are thus helping along in life.

Village Work Near Orai, India

By ADELINE GRIEGER

January is the time when we can reach the more distant villages, requiring our workers to camp out in tents. It is quite cold, even necessitating coal fires in the tents, but there is always a price to pay when we want to reach precious souls with the Word of God.

During this village work one evening, we had a time of prayer and went to bed early. Around midnight a thief got into our tent where we three women were sleeping. I saw him and called out to the others, so he ran leaving my pillow at the tent door. He had only taken a few things, and we were grateful indeed that he did not take my typewriter, glasses, etc., which would be hard to replace.

Today we went to a village where they had not heard the gospel for many years. What hungry souls we met, and they

sat on and on drinking every word we spoke! We spoke and sang, then spoke again until we hardly had any voices left; but, somehow, seeing their earnestness, we had to give the best we had to them. In the first group, we spoke to about forty people. Some of the women kept sitting, so we took time to speak to them alone, about twelve of them. Do pray for these hungry souls that the light may break through the great superstition and fear which is part of all who worship idols of wood and stone.

In the second group, we had about sixty people. We had old men and young men, and a number of women, too. They just seemed to be surprised to hear the message and could not leave. One man said later, "What a message you have given us! I have known for some time that I need to follow the true God, and I have made up my mind

today that I will leave all my sin and serve Him."

We spoke to a third group in which there was a number of men with red marks on their foreheads showing that they had just been to the temple and that the priest had put the mark of the god they worshipped on their foreheads. How it stirred us to point them to One who alone is able to save them. We expected opposition from such ardent worshippers, but they stood in silence the whole time we spoke. Please pray for them and for us also so that we will have power to stir them up to seek the One who alone is able to give them the peace they are seeking. They do not look happy as they worship because of fear; and they always admit when we talk to them that they have not yet found the peace and joy they are seeking but they keep hoping they will find peace.



MAHOBIA MISSION SCHOOL

conducted by Miss F. Dreyfuss (top row).

Recently we had a convention in which two of our school children were saved. As these were the first of the school children to get saved, you can imagine how happy it made me. Several of our young people also took a definite stand for the Lord. One young man in particular, who is finishing high school this year, had had his heart set on continuing his education and becoming an economics teacher. But the Lord definitely called him to His service, so he is preparing to go to Bible school next year and is so happy about it. He's a fine young man and, I'm sure, will make a fine worker. And the work is continuing. Our Friday prayer meetings have been blessed tarrying meetings. Several are earnestly seeking the Baptism. Do pray that this work will go on.

—Florence Dreyfuss
Mahoba, U.P., India

SERVICE



ECHOES

In New Mexico Now



Herbert Peterson

From *Herbert Petersen* we hear:

"As you know, I was stationed at Eglin Field, Florida. The Air Force transferred me to New Mexico where my work is

top-secret and dangerous. At any rate, I am content down here. The duty is wonderful, the chow is good, and the living quarters are wonderful. The climate is very dry, and we have dust storms very often. Time off is to be had after normal duty hours. There is no Pentecostal church down here, so I now go to the Baptist church. I belonged to the choir in Florida, and now I am in the choir at the First Baptist Church of Alamo-gordo."

From Korea

From *Henry Maasbach* near the front comes this word:

"Despite many rumors of moving to Japan or the States, we moved back on line and replaced a British Division. You'd think these boys would feel rather perturbed about moving forward after only one month in reserves, but they are not.

They are only too glad to get where the points are higher and get home sooner. Only four or five more weeks and winter will be over. A very consoling thought!

"I am thankful for a book recently received, *Power from on High*, by Finney. Reading it has been a definite blessing to my soul. I pray that the Lord will fill me with His Holy Spirit and give me the power to exemplify in my life some of the emphasized points. Pray for me along these lines. I am thankful to God for the privacy He has given me for reading His Word, studying Bible lessons, and seeking Him. Praise His wonderful name. Received *Bread of Life* this morning. Really enjoyed reading it."

Here 'n There

Joseph Schilly was discharged February 26. . . . *Daniel Pellegrino* is kept busy in a replacement center behind the front lines in Korea. God has kept him and he is thankful for the prayers offered in behalf of the boys in service. . . . *John Nunn of Williamsburg, Brooklyn*, is now attending Radio Technician's School at Fort Benning, Georgia. . . . *Emanuel Ruggiero* is with the medics at Fort Dix, New Jersey, but expects to be transferred to Camp Pickett, Virginia, shortly. He misses the meetings, especially the prayer

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His Presence

(Continued from page 2.)

have His way. This the devil has fought. He fights everything that God does in the world, and he has fought nothing more than the Pentecostal movement because it was an effort of God to cause the presence of Jesus to be more manifest in the earth—a step in the establishing of His Kingdom more greatly upon this earth. The devil found out that by inserting either fanaticism or ritualism he was the most successful fighter.

Do not fear. The Lord is on the job. We have a wonderful Saviour who walks in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks. If you walk with Him and if you fight with Him, your reward will be great. God is fighting a victorious fight to the one end that Jesus shall reign as King in our hearts, in our meetings, upon this earth. That is the purpose for the manifestation of His presence in our lives and meetings—to subdue all things unto Himself.

A Personal Testimony

(Continued from page 4.)

I left that saloon the second time, it seemed to me my feet did not touch the ground, I was so relieved and filled with joy.

That night I went to a cottage prayer meeting and had hardly gone to my knees when the power fell on me, and in a short time I had a wonderful baptism. The meeting went on till midnight. I am unable to put into words the glory that filled my soul. My friend and I missed the last car and had to walk home about five miles, but it gave us a chance in the dark to praise the Lord on the street with a loud voice. That was in September, 1907.

The story of Mr. Bender's call to Venezuela and the opening of the first Gospel chapel in Barquisimeto, Lara, will be told in the next issue.—*Editor*.

He Sent His Word and Healed

LYDIA LEGGETT MITCHELL

EARLY in the year 1898, my eyes which had been afflicting me for five years were miraculously healed. After my first acute attack, I was forced to give up my position as a school teacher. I suffered with chronic retinitis so that it was necessary to exclude light from my eyes in whatever way possible. At times I had to wear dark glasses with a dark cloth over them.

Previous to the time of my healing I had been away having my eyes treated. During that time our minister called on my sister, Sara (Mrs. Eugene Brooks), who had then been ill for some months with a malignant tumor and asked her, "Did you never think the Lord could heal you?" At the same time, while many miles from home, I attended a meeting in which the healing from leprosy of Miss Mary Reed, missionary to India, was told. I had been deeply impressed.

When I returned home, my sister told me of the words of our minister, and we felt it was the Lord bringing the thought to our hearts from these different sources that He is the Healer. I knew the Lord was able, but I did not know He was willing. We talked about it, and prayed about it, agreeing together according to Matthew 18:19, "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask it shall be done of them of my Father which is in heaven," that the Lord would make known to us His perfect will regarding this matter.

Not very long after this my eyes grew very bad. I had come to the end of myself and went

alone with God, determined that no one would see my face until I was in the will of God, whether it was to be blind or to be healed. As I kneeled I asked Him to teach me how to pray.

The Lord revealed to me my great need and also His great provision which He had wrought on Calvary. I was enabled to appropriate by faith Christ, as my Savior, in a fuller way than ever before, and as my Sanctifier and Keeper. Christ was now so very real and His words, "Lo, I am with you always," came to me with new meaning. I felt I could ask Him anything and He would do it.

Then the Holy Spirit brought to my remembrance the ministry of Christ as He walked about Galilee, Samaria, and Judea. I saw something of His great compassion as He touched the suffering and made them whole. God had made man good and perfect, but the enemy had marred the beautiful handiwork of God. Then I knew He loved me, that I was His creation, and that my infirmity hurt Him more than it hurt me. Then *for His sake more than for my own* I wanted these eyes of mine to please and glorify His name.

However, the question came to my mind, "Are the times changed now and am I to 'use the means,' as the ministers say? Do you want me, Lord, to use medicine as I have been taught and 'You bless the means?'" As I waited for the Lord to show me, the words came to me, "Woe to them that go down to Egypt for help."

I knew Egypt was a type of the world. For the last two years I had been clinging to it. I knew that the woman who was giving this medicine was not a



Mrs. G. A. Mitchell

This testimony is printed as a memorial to Lydia Leggett Mitchell (Mrs. G.A.), a good soldier of Jesus Christ who on February 21, at the age of 81, laid down her armour in Zion, Illinois, and went to receive the

crown of righteousness laid up for all who love His appearing.

Christian, and thus I was going to Egypt for help by going to one of the Lord's enemies.

When I saw all this, I said, "Lord, I am Your child. You are not so bankrupt that you have to send me to Your enemies to do Your work. Forgive me for not having walked close enough to You to know Your will better than that before." Then I promised the Lord that I would never use another drop of that medicine even if I should go blind.

As I continued to wait before the Lord, He gave me the faith to believe that He is the same yesterday, today, and forever. I did not pray for the Lord to heal; I just believed His Word. Then, in the name of Jesus, I opened my eyes, believing on Him as my present Healer, and repeating the words, "Jesus, *my Redeemer, my Sanctifier, my Healer.*" I took the shades from my eyes and looked right at the bright light without pain. My eyes were healed completely; I have never had any of that trouble since.

I came out of my room, where I had been for about four hours, praising the Lord in a new way. I said to my sister, "The Lord

(Continued on page 10.)

Gathered Fragments

THE American Legion is sponsoring a "Back to God" campaign which rests on "three simple points: regular church attendance, daily family prayer and the religious training of children." Lewis K. Gough, National Commander of the Legion, has asked all Americans to join in supporting this crusade.

* * *

On March 9, 1907, there passed to His eternal reward, a man who had been raised up of God to restore to the church of Jesus Christ the long-neglected, almost forgotten truth: *I am the Lord that healeth thee* (Exodus 15:26). That servant of God was John Alexander Dowie who perhaps more than any other one instrument was used to awaken Christians the world over to the fact "Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today, and forever." By his patient and persistent teaching, by his bold and fearless preaching, both in person before vast multitudes the world over and by means of the printed page—especially his weekly, *Leaves of Healing*—he proclaimed salvation, healing, and holy living and thereby thousands were grounded in the truths of the Word of God. At the close of every sermon he called on the audience to stand and to repeat after him, phrase by phrase, a prayer of consecration, after this manner: "My God and Father, I come to Thee in Jesus' name. Take me as I am and make me what I ought to be spirit, soul, and body, *no matter what it costs.*"

Many who thus consecrated themselves became valiant soldiers of the Cross and a large number of these subsequently came into Pentecost and were among its strongest ministers. One of the ablest and most successful of these, Marie E. Brown, who for forty-six years has been pastor of thriving Glad Tiding Tabernacle, New York City, expressed what many have felt when she said recently, "It was from Dr. Dowie that we got our foundation, especially in divine healing. If I had not been established in the truths of God's Word, as I then learned them, I would never have been able to go through all these years, but would have failed in my ministry like so many others."

It is from Dowie's pen that the splendid article found on page 12 of this issue comes.

* * *

Most housewives in this country and many housewives in foreign lands are familiar with Kraft Foods—various processed cheeses and cheese spreads, Philadelphia Cream Cheese, Miracle Whip Salad Dressing, Kraft Caramels, etc. Perhaps only a few know that the founder and first president of this multi-million-dollar business, James Lewis Kraft, who died February 16, was a Christian who "insisted that God" built the business. Beginning in 1903 he was unsuccessful in his first efforts, but one day he was convicted that he had been "careless and forgetful" of God and determined to correct this. He did and from then on prospered. His work as Sunday school superintendent (see picture) was his main religious activity into which he "poured time, affection, and a good deal more than his tithe," says Arthur W. Baum in the Saturday Evening Post (Feb. 17, '45). And, Baum continues, "he will make a speech or write a mes-



—Courtesy Saturday Evening Post.

Sunday School Superintendent J. L. Kraft Greeting Children

For over forty-two years J. L. Kraft was superintendent of the North Shore Baptist Church, Chicago, Illinois. At his death, the school had an enrollment of 1,000 members.

sage, in prose or verse, for any religious gathering of two or more sincere people."

He Sent His Word

(Continued from page 9.)

is healing my eyes." She responded with joy, "I know He is." Then we both knew He would heal her also.

After that I learned some precious lessons. Before this great change had come, both spiritual and physical, I had been in bondage to fear. Now Christ had delivered me from that bondage. The Truth had set me free.

When any temptations came in the form of symptoms and the enemy whispered in my heart, "There, now, you are not healed," I would look to Jesus to show me if I had done anything out of His will. If He showed me anything, I would repent of it, accepting the cleansing of the blood, and go right on, acting as though my eyes were well which they were. If He showed me nothing, I would consider it a temptation and say, "Well, Lord, if I were not healed before, then I accept the healing now, for *by your Word I am healed!*"

Then I would read my Bible for an hour—a thing I had not been able to do for five years previous to my healing. When I was through, the temptation was conquered and my eyes would be all right. This continued for a time, as is often the case, but it was wonderful how the Christ Who was so very real within taught me to pay no attention to the symptoms and to *rely continually on the Word*. By so doing my healing became fully established; Christ within kept the healing He had given.

Editor's Note: This healing of Mrs. Mitchell was a great stimulus to the faith of her sister, who was instantly healed six months later in answer to the prayer of faith offered by John Alexander Dowie—see pages 10 and 12.



MARTHA W. ROBINSON

On the Baptism of the Holy Spirit

In the early days of Pentecost (1906-07) many people knew they were not endued with power from on high. They thought they did not love enough, did not have enough grace, and patience, and sweetness. They knew WHOM they needed; they needed Himself. They asked for the Holy Ghost, and He came to them. And, of course, He, Himself, is holiness. The Holy Ghost, Himself, is the secret of making you like Jesus.

Are you more blessed today than you were when you were first baptized? Are you more humble? Do you sink at His feet sweeter? And when you work, do you consult Him about everything? Do you feel and do you speak more like Jesus would have His saints feel and speak in the Spirit? Is the early righteousness of your baptism as great now as at the first? Do you know Him? Is He always the mighty power in your life to get you out of the flesh which is very present? Do you *love* to be conquered by the Spirit? If you are baptized in the Spirit are you going on? If you are in faith to go on, you keep your blessings. If you are content to slide back from some of your blessings, *you will* slide back from certain blessings.

Some have let the baptism be a climax whereas later experiences should be climaxes resulting from the baptism. Many have proceeded to get quite easy

about walking in Him. Many have come down to the level plain of the earth. They are less at the feet of Jesus than when they were baptized.

Some, however, could witness, "I have had many a new baptism in the Spirit." Well, you didn't lose the baptism, but He ever visits you with larger offers of grace.

From time to time the truly baptized person should have an inward, holy anointing, as great an anointing to follow your Master, to live like Him, as when you got your baptism first. All who have received Him have a right to be more and more abundantly baptized until they live the abundant life. But some of you act as if "once baptized, always baptized; once filled, always filled." But the baptism was not intended to be like that at all; it teaches the resources of a Christian to go forward. If you cannot witness that you have a greater blessing, or have had greater blessings on the road, you have done something wrong in your walk; for the baptism is an open door to greater blessings.

Let me tell you, if you have not had all the fullness you expected, *you are not without resource*. If you have to say, "I don't seem to be right in the fullness today. I confess to dryness, wishing, wistfulness, wondering; I kind of yearn. . . . I *wish* and I *wish*, oh, I wish I

were thus and so," you may know you are leaking out. There isn't anything said in the Bible about *wishing* you had Him. There is quite a good deal said about faith—ever notice?

Faith relates to the fullness of the baptism of the Holy Ghost. There is something in the Bible that suggests prayer for the Holy Spirit. The very largest teaching about knocking until the door opens is for the person who wants the Holy Ghost. The largest parable in the Bible on the subject of importunate prayer relates to seeking the Holy Spirit.

There are the same resources for the person leaked out. There is nothing to prevent him from praying, *joyfully*, with faith, "Would you please baptize me over again? I confess I have crowded You out a little. I will be careful this time." If you mean business about being baptized, you are likely to be baptized much quicker than in the first baptism. There is a very great deal in the Bible about direct faith—direct asking and receiving, direct seeking and finding, direct knocking and the door will be opened. But do not give up, get sad and worried and wander off the doorstep and think, "Maybe He won't do it." You must go with faith to stay there until *the bread is handed out*.

Edited excerpts from notes taken from a sermon preached December 11, 1921.—*Editor*.

Service Echoes

(Continued from page 8.)

meetings, and urges those at home to avail themselves of their opportunities. . . . *Carl Sommer* made the team to go to Camp Matthews, California, where he is having a very good time. He gets the afternoons off, except on Friday, so that now he feels "the Marine Corps is more like a vacation instead of a job."

“Jesus Is Thinking of Me!”

A CHRISTIAN man lay dying in a Home for Consumptives near Boston. His last day on earth was passed in unconsciousness but for a few brief intervals. During one of these, he seemed bright and his face beamed with joy, for the lamp of faith, fed by the oil of love to God, was burning brightly within him. A dear friend said, “Are you thinking of Jesus today?”

His beautiful reply was, “When I am conscious, I am thinking of Jesus; when I am unconscious, Jesus is thinking of me.” And shortly afterward, in most perfect peace, his happy spirit passed away to be “forever with the Lord,” in whose loving thoughts he so delighted.

But, dear reader, let me tell thee that Jesus is thinking of thee.
He waits to bless thee whosoever thou mayest be,
For His love and pity are as universal as His power.
Art thou a stranger to Him? Yet He has a friend's thoughts of thee.
Dost thou despise His love? Yet He waiteth at the heart's door
with gifts of love and mercy.
Oh! let His goodness lead thee to repentance.
Long hast thou been unmindful of His thoughts.
Turn thee again to His word and read
How tender in sympathy and how mighty to save is Jesus!
Behold how deeply He loves thee!
Remember how long He has waited for thee.

Bethink thyself of thine ingratitude, and thy many transgressions.
But know thou that He has never failed to think of thee,
And He has shown how kind are His thoughts by countless acts of love:

In danger He has guarded thee;
In sickness He has healed thee;
In temptation He succors thee;
In thy waywardness and foolish wandering
He has ever followed thee.

For on Calvary He died for thee,
And now in heaven, at thy Father's throne of grace,
He waits to plead for thee.
Living or dying, He wants thee to be His friend.

Listen to His voice today,
For though the words were uttered long ago,
Remember He changes not—
“I know the thoughts that I think towards you,” saith the
Lord, “thoughts of peace and not of evil.”
He never forgets thee,
And thou shalt never know rest to thy soul,
Until thou findest that rest in Him alone.

Forsake all evil ways and thoughts, and turn thee to Him Who will receive thee without upbraiding, and will abundantly pardon. Then it will be a precious and comforting thing for thee in every hour of life to say, “Jesus is thinking of me”;
And the thought will be as heavenly music day and night within thy soul, making thy life joyful and peaceful, pure and good, as God designed it to be.

—J. A. DOWIE.