

The Power of the Cross

A Testimony by Mrs. Edward B. Kennedy

Some years ago the author of this article wrote the story of her husband's near-murder at the hands of Chinese bandits and the miracle of deliverance God wrought in his behalf. In introducing the pamphlet one of the directors of the Great Commission Prayer League of Chicago, Illinois, said of its author, she "has long been one of our special prayer helpers. Again and again she and her husband have 'come to the help of the Lord' by day and night praying exceedingly for the many requests for prayer that come to us from burdened hearts."

This testimony is that of one who has trod the pilgrim pathway many years, ever increasingly conscious of new heights to be gained and advance steps to be taken, calling for an ever more careful, closer walk with God. Says Mrs. Kennedy, "Last year's faith and last year's victory will not suffice for today's needs. One must continually advance in wisdom and stature in Christ Jesus."—Editor.

IN MY YOUTH I faced a life of invalidism. By the time I was twenty-one years of age "writer's paralysis" had so spread through my body that only my right limb remained normal. The specialist's verdict was: "Get her crutches and a wheel chair."

In my extremity I cried to God. Others were praying too. One night after two weeks spent in prayer the Lord met me. Though I saw no form, nor did I hear a voice, yet I was as conscious of His presence as though I saw and heard Him. My life was laid at His feet. All my time, my talents, my service, my thoughts were to be His, if He would restore to health my mother and sister, who were incurably ill, and keep me from

becoming helpless.

Like Jacob, I had said, "If God will . . . then I will." It was the consecration of a young, untried heart, but it was a real consecration. And God, who "in all their affliction was afflicted," that night stretched out His hand and we were all restored to health. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits: Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; Who healeth all thy diseases."

Great as was our thankfulness both for the physical healings granted and the accompanying increased spiritual light and experience, the persecution and tragedy which resulted from our testimony were almost more than we were able to bear. Strange as it may seem, I all

but forgot my consecration and made plans of my own. But "God is faithful" — He did not forget. By strong cords He drew me, and the life that had been promised Him was again yielded to His hands, but not with the sweetness and freshness of the former surrender. However, there was in my heart a fixed purpose to obey God, and as a result within a few years I found myself in China as the wife of Edward B. Kennedy, a missionary, who had spent some years on the foreign field previous to our marriage.

In 1905 Mr. Kennedy, while doing pioneer work where no other Protestant missionary was, was beaten and left for dead by Chinese bandits. God in His great mercy and in answer



Easter Hallelujahs

O mountain height, break forth and sing
In color-music fair and sweet!
O forest depths, awake and bring
Your delicate odors to His feet!
Sing, for the Lord hath done it!
Proclaim redemption, for He hath won it!
Let Easter hallelujahs rise from every living thing!

—F. R. Havergal.

to the prayers of the faithful Chinese Christians at hand raised him up—so they believed—even from the dead. It became necessary, however, for us to return to America as soon as possible.

The tremendous prayer offered in our behalf during that affliction raised me into a state of great spiritual victory, but upon our return home we became discouraged and depressed by the great division and strife we found in the church which had sent us out and which resulted in the breakdown of the group.

Mr. Kennedy had been indeed miraculously restored, but his head that had been lacerated by numerous knife and hatchet wounds healed very slowly—in fact, to the day of his death he bore visible marks of his cruel beating. For ten long years he was unable to return to the ministry, nor could he do much work of any kind. Meanwhile, a year after our return from China our fourth baby was born, and after a year the frail child died. That was the end of my ability to take hold of God. My heart was crushed. My grief was unbearable. In anguish of soul I went about scarcely daring to raise

my head, always questioning, “Why? Why?” I grieved constantly and kept on reviewing the whole year of the baby’s life to see where I had failed God.

Continuous trial and defeat turned my eyes away from God. I could not believe He could permit such trials. I grew very, very cold toward God. I said, “Lord, I had promised to go all the way with Thee, but I cannot go further; Thou art requiring too much; Thy way is too hard.” But my heart had no rest night nor day.

Then one day, as I was resting and my heart was still in grief over the loss of my child wondering where I had failed, I had a vision. (I do not have visions ordinarily.) I saw an express train passing by very rapidly. As I looked up I saw only the rear end of the last car of the train and the trailing smoke from the engine. Then a voice said to me, “Time is going just like that.” I knew it was the Lord speaking to me, and I began to pray. I felt that I would die and go to hell if I did not get victory over my grief and the tragedy that had befallen our home.

With my whole heart I re-

turned to the Lord. I even laid on the floor on my face beseeching God to show me the power of the Cross. I had had the marvelous healing referred to. I had taught many Bible classes, but I felt I had never seen the Cross. I began to praise the Lord to keep myself from utter despair. I praised the Lord every moment that I was awake and told Him He was worthy, whether I was worthy or not.

After three years, one day while walking along the street, the Spirit of the Lord sang in my heart. I stopped and listened to the glorious praises in song. I asked the Lord, “What is this?” The answer came at once, “The testimony of Jesus.” Those songs continued with me a number of years. Out of the darkness came light; out of defeat came victory; out of sorrow came joy, such as I had never known; for in answer to that great heart-cry God had “strengthened me with might by His Spirit in the inner man.” My husband, gradually gaining strength and confidence, finally found himself once more able for the work of the Lord and returned to China for a term of service, while I remained in this country with the children.

Through all this time God had given me great victory and light concerning the power of the Cross, but I found there was a still greater revelation awaiting me, which was to be given through still greater trial and suffering.

After Mr. Kennedy returned from this term of service in China, he had a long and serious illness for two years. I was greatly tried in many ways,

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Bread of Life

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“The Kingdom of God Is Within You”

The Second in a Series of Articles from *Is Jesus Christ in You?*

Compiled by JOSEPH WANNENMACHER



Madame Guyon

Madame Guyon was born in Montargis, France, April 18, 1648.

She loved God from her earliest youth. She also made a vow to ever aim to do that perfect will of God, to which she was faithful unto imprisonment and even unto death. Her persecutions were untold, but she kept true to her vow. She became one of the deepest spiritual writers of all time.

She died at the age of sixty-nine, June 9, 1717.

MADAME GUYON relates that she led a virtuous, active, bustling, professing, Christian life. She prayed and toiled, but could not acquire, by all her trying, the abundant, overflowing life, until she went to see a very godly man. She did not hesitate to speak to him and tell him, in a few words, her difficulties about prayer. He replied, *“It is, Madame, because you seek without, what you have within. Accustom yourself to see God in your heart, and you will there find Him.”*

“Having said these words he left me,” she writes. “They were to me like the stroke of a dart, which penetrated through my heart, and brought to me what I had been seeking so many years, or rather, they revealed to me what was there, and which I had not enjoyed for want of knowing it.

“O my Lord, Thou wast in my heart, and demanded only a simple turning of my mind inward, to make me perceive Thy presence. Oh, Infinite Goodness! How I was running hither and thither to seek Thee! My life was a burden to me, although my happiness was within myself. I was poor in the midst of riches and ready to perish with hunger, near a table plentifully spread, and near a continual feast. It was for want of understanding these words of Thy Gospel: *‘The kingdom of God cometh not with observation; neither shall they say, Lo here! or lo there! for behold, the kingdom of God is within you.’* This I now experienced, for Thou becamest my King, and my heart Thy Kingdom, wherein Thou shalt reign supreme, and perform all Thy sacred will.

“I told this good man that my heart was quite changed, that God was there, for, from that moment, I received an experience of the Lord’s presence in my soul, not by thought or any application of mind, but by a realization of the sweet possession of His presence. I experienced these words in the Canticles: *‘Thy name is as precious ointment poured forth; therefore do the virgins love Thee’* for I felt in my soul an unction which healed in a moment all my wounds. I slept not that whole night, because Thy love, O my God, flowed in me like a delicious oil, and burned, as does fire, all that was left of self. I was suddenly so altered that I was hardly to be known by myself or by others. I no longer found those troublesome faults or reluctances. They all disappeared, being consumed like chaff in a great fire.

“Nothing now was easier to me than prayer. Hours passed away like moments; I could hardly do anything else but pray. The fervency of my love allowed me no intermission. It was a prayer of rejoicing and possessing, devoid of all busy imaginations and forced reflections. It was a prayer of the will and not of the head, wherein the taste of God was so great, so pure, unblended and uninterrupted, that it drew and absorbed the power of my soul into a profound recollection without act or discourse. For I had no sight but of Jesus Christ alone.”

Since you have read her own account, is it not wonderful to know how she came into such an experience at once by accepting the word of God from one of His instruments who knew this truth? Now any truth of the word of God will not be yours until you fully believe it, and have faith that God will impart it to you.

Dear reader, this truth and experience is for you too. Do carefully consider the following scriptures; they will help you and encourage you in your faith towards a blessed life. Will you prayerfully study these scriptures and make Jesus Christ your ever abiding Lord?

“At that day ye shall know that I am in My Father, and ye in Me, and I in you” (John 14:20).

In this verse we read that our blessed Lord at the Last Supper with the disciples assured them that the day would come that they should know that He is in the Father and they in Him *and He in them*.

*Let us, then, labor for an inward stillness,—
An inward stillness and an inward healing;
That perfect silence where the lips and heart
Are still, and we no longer entertain
Our own imperfect thoughts and vain opinions,
But God alone speaks in us, and we wait
In singleness of heart, that we may know
His will, and in the silence of our spirits,
That we may do His will, and do that only!*

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

In St. John the 17th chapter we read:

"Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on Me through their word . . . that they may be one, even as We are one:

"I in them, and Thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one, and that the world may know that Thou hast sent Me, and hast loved them, as Thou hast loved Me." (See vv. 15-23.)

We find in these verses that our great High priest in His vicarious intercession prays thus for all believers, *"I in them, as Thou Father art in Me,"* and He takes us right into all the fullness of God and continues to pray that they may be made perfect in one. Was this prayer answered for us by His Father? We know it was, for when we opened our hearts to Him, He came in and supped with us and we with Him. Will He not then continue to perfect that which concerns us and bring us into this perfect oneness with Himself? Oh, that He may see the travail of his soul, and be satisfied.

Madame Guyon writes: "This state is very little known; therefore, it is not spoken of. Blessed are those who comprehend it. It is the end and object of the creation of the soul—the end and compass of all the efforts of God, regarding His creatures. There is the consummation of souls in oneness, as Jesus Christ has expressed it. *One in us.* O state of life! how narrow is the way which leadeth unto thee! O love, the most pure of all, because Thou art God Himself! O love immense and independent, which nothing can limit or straiten.

"Yet people in that state appear quite common, as I have said, because they have nothing outwardly to distinguish them, unless it be an infinite freedom, which is often scandalized by those who are limited and confined within themselves, to whom, as they see nothing better than they have themselves, all that is different than that which they possess appears evil. But the holiness of these simple and innocent ones whom they despise is a holiness incomparably more eminent than all which they consider holy, because their

own works, though performed with such strictness have no more strength than the principle in which they originate, which is always the effort, though raised and ennobled, of a weak creature. But those who are consummated in the divine union act in God by a principle of infinite strength; and thus their smallest actions are more agreeable to God than the multitude of heroic deeds achieved by others which appear so great in the sight of men. Therefore, those in this degree do not seek for great things to do, resting contented with being what God makes them at each moment.

"God sometimes, however, permits these people to be known, though not fully. Many people apply to them for instructions, to whom they communicate a vivifying principle, by means of which many are won to Christ; but this done, without care or anxiety, but pure providence. If people only knew the glory which is rendered to God by such as these, who are scorned by the world, they would be astonished; for it is they who render to God a glory worthy of Himself; because God, acting as God within them, brings into them a glory worthy of Himself.

"All who are in this degree have God. They are all full, but all do not possess an equal plentitude. A little vase when full is as truly filled as a larger one, yet it does not contain an equal quantity. So all these souls are filled with the fullness of God, but it is according to their respective capacity, which capacity God continually enlarges. Therefore, the longer Christians live in this divine condition, the more they expand, and their capacity becomes continually more immense, without anything being left for them to do or desire; for they possess God in His fullness, and He never leaves an empty corner in their hearts. As they grow and enlarge, He fills them with Himself, as we see with the air. A small room is full of air, but a large one contains more. If you continually increase the size of a room, in the same proportion the air will enter, infallibly though imperceptibly; and thus, without changing its state or disposition, and without any new sensation, the soul increases in capacity and in plentitude. But this growing capacity can only be received in a state of nothingness, because in any other condition there is an opposition to growth.

"It may be well here to explain what may appear a contradiction, when I say that the soul must be brought to nothing in order to pass into God, and that it must lose all that is its own; and yet I speak of capacity which it retains.

"There are two capacities. One is natural to the creature, and this is narrow and limited. When it is purified, it is fitted to receive the gifts of God, but not God Himself; because what we

(Continued on page 11.)

In his first article Mr. Bender told how he was converted and later filled with the Holy Spirit (September, 1907). He continues in this article to tell how the Lord called him into His service and subsequently led him to Venezuela, South America.—*Editor*.

Pioneering in Venezuela

By G. F. BENDER

SHORTLY after my baptism in the Holy Ghost I felt God's call on me to preach His Gospel, and He began to confirm my call. One night at the altar in the mission, Isaac Patterson, the pastor, knelt down beside me and said, "Brother Bender, the Lord has been speaking to me about you." I, at once, knew what he was going to say. My oldest brother also said to me, "How long are you going to resist the Holy Ghost?"

One of my hardest struggles was to notify my employers that I was about to leave them. They did everything in their power to try to persuade me not to do so. They even suggested that I could preach the Gospel in the slums of Toledo, Ohio, my home town, and in this way retain my job and income. Nevertheless, the call of God came first, and on January 1st, 1908, I stepped out of their service into God's service and will.

I first went to the Alliance Bible School at Nyack, N. Y., where I spent three and a half happy years, giving my testimony of how God baptised me with His Holy Spirit. After spending six months in the school God opened doors of service for me, and praise His name, they are still open.

At Nyack there was a neighbor family where I often went for a season of prayer. One day while we were in prayer I received a vision of the map of South America. The whole continent was a blank and the only part that was filled in was Venezuela; I clearly saw the name

VENEZUELA. On seeing it, I at once knew the Lord was calling me to Venezuela. I could not, however, reconcile myself to such a call. I had always feared to work among Roman Catholics and especially in a Roman Catholic country. Besides that, I at once thought of my boy, a small lad who needed a father. His mother, my first wife, was dead. So I told the Lord I could not accept the call, that I had the responsibility of my boy. It was a long struggle, but finally the Lord said to me, "I can remove that boy." When He said that, I cried out, "No, Lord, don't take my boy. I will go." My boy was then ten years old; he was well saved and willing that I should obey the Lord. And the Lord provided a home for him with his aunt.

On February 25, 1914, I sailed for Venezuela. When I arrived on the field, I lived in a large house in Caracas all by myself, and I thought I would die of homesickness. One day when I could endure no longer I fell on my knees and cried to God to take this awful homesickness from me. I prayed for three hours or more. I told the Lord I would not leave Him until He removed the homesickness and, just like one would turn off an electric light, that suddenly my homesickness was removed never to return again.

I had a friend by the name of Free Bullen, who, in company with two native brethren, was making a colporteur trip for the American Bible Society. The plan was for them to go as far as the Colombian border; but when they left Caracas, Brother Bullen asked me to pray for him, as he had light to go only as far as Barquisimeto. When they reached a town called San Felipe, he went down with fever. When he improved, they continued their journey, but when they arrived in Barquisimeto, he went down with fever again.

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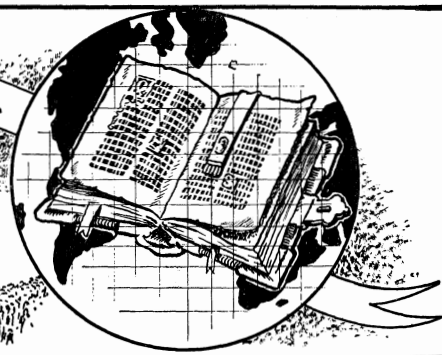


Bethel, Barquisimeto

The first evangelical chapel in the State of Lara. Erected under the ministry of Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Bender.

GO YE INTO ALL THE WORLD...

Seed-Time and Harvest on the Mission Fields



Beside All Waters

Miss Edna Wagenknecht of Hardoi, India, reports that in the girls' school there during 1952, "eight received the precious infilling of the Holy Spirit. The Lord saved four students who came to us as nominal Christians. He has kept sickness from our midst, and He has, according to His promise, supplied our every need." Miss Wagenknecht expects to leave India on furlough in April.

* * *

Virginia Young Ross of Northern Rhodesia, South Africa, writes that she and her husband are contemplating moving to work with another couple in a place about two hundred miles from their present location "which hitherto has known no Gospel testimony." In their territory there is also increasing anti-white sentiment.

* * *

A special Christmas offering of \$1,000 was raised by Indian Christians in Ceylon and India, reports Maynard L. Ketcham, to help meet a deficit in the General Funds of the Missions Department of the Assemblies of God. Poor lepers, orphans, and others gave substantial sums.

* * *

The engagement of Miss Eleanor Malhus of Goibei Mission, Kenya, to LeRoy Morrison, a Pentecostal missionary from Canada, has been announced. They expect to be married, God willing, June 10.

* * *

Mr. A. G. Ericson of Partabgarh, U.P., India, tells that in February, "two young Mohammedan converts were baptized. Since then they have

had no end of trouble in their village, but up to this day they stand true to the Lord and are very happy. In spite of all the trouble the village people have given these two, others from the same village are preparing for baptism. Some Hindus are also coming for instruction. Many are secretly believing but dare not come out openly and confess Christ."

* * *

Miss Laura Waite and her co-worker are suffering with a form of malaria called low fever and request prayer.

* * *

Miss Marie Dilger is also in need of physical help, but she sends most encouraging news: "I have forty-five girls in the school this year. During the first week of March three of the new girls accepted Jesus as their Saviour. . . . The Lord has surely done great things in our Divine Healing Meetings, each Thursday. We pray for the sick, for sinners, and for the hungry, and Jesus heals, saves, and fills with His Spirit. We've gotten so that we look forward with real anticipation to that meeting!"

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar D. Pettenger who for many years have labored on the mining compounds in and around Brakpan, Transvaal, South Africa, report: "During 1952, with financial help from our friends, two church buildings were erected. One, in Natal made of sod walls, thatch roof, and mud floor. The other at Moroka, a breeze block and brick building with iron roof and cement floor. Already there is a school of over a

hundred children, as well as growing congregation. As we greatly helped financing these buildings, we felt our immediate area here in Brakpan was neglected, but the Lord did not let us down. The other day a mission society offered us six-months' use of their church with the option of purchasing it for a little over \$1,000 (to build the same would cost more than three times the amount). It is just outside along the fence of Brakpan Location. He Who gave us this unusual surprise will He not meet this financial need?"

Pioneering in Venezuela

(Continued from page 5.)

After about three days he quietly slipped away to be with His Lord.

The head of the mission was out of town when the telegram telling of his death reached Caracas, so when I went to meet the train on which he was due, I took the telegram with me. As we walked out of the station together, I handed him the telegram. He opened it, and when he read it, he keeled over. I caught him and asked him what was the news. He told me—"Bullen died."

At that moment God spoke to my heart and told me that Barquisimeto was to be my future field of labor. I strove against this call because I feared to go as I knew something of the reputation Barquisimeto had for fanatical Catholicism. Five years passed before my wife and I moved to that city.

When I made my first visit to

Barquisimeto to know the place, every one I met told me there were no unoccupied houses in Barquisimeto. God had spoken to my wife, however, before I went to spy out the place, that He had a house there for us.

The way in which God provided this place was unique. In those days it took three days to go from Caracas to Barquisimeto, and on the last lap of the trip, which was the third day of my journey, I met a man who lived in Barquisimeto but was not going directly home. When I told him I was a Protestant missionary, he extended his hand and said, "I am your friend." I told him I was going to Barquisimeto to rent a house. To this he replied, "My friend, there are no empty houses in Barquisimeto, but do not be discouraged, I have a friend there who will do all in his power to get you a house. I will give you my business card." He did, and on it he wrote, "The bearer of my card is a Protestant minister. Do all in your power to find him a house." When I put the card in my pocket, the Spirit said to me, "By means of this card you will find a house." And by means of the little card I found my house on the third day. In this house we lived only nine months. There we opened the work. There we had our first converts.

We lived twelve and one half years in the second house, a native mud house that had withstood an earthquake of a hundred years before our time. Naturally it was badly in need of repair, but we had sufficient repairs made so we could live in it. Some of the doors connecting the rooms were only about four feet high so that we had to stoop to go from one room to another, but I soon changed these doors! Our services in this old house were blessed of the Lord, and converts were added.

We began to build the chapel

in the year 1921. While this chapel was under construction, our enemies were enraged, and at one time we had to stop building because the workmen were afraid to work for us because of the persecution. For six months we could not find anyone who would work on the chapel.

At the end of that time a hard-looking workman came to me and asked, "Why don't you finish that chapel?"

I said to him, "Will you finish it for me?"

He said he would and so I gave him the job. He had a hard face which reminded me of a bull dog. I learned that everybody was afraid of him, and no one ventured to persecute him, not even the Catholic priests. He finished Bethel Chapel which was dedicated September 21, 1922, our third anniversary.

On that occasion our enemies were so enraged that they formed two processions. One came from the lower end of town, and one from the upper end. The full procession was headed by the priest of the church located behind our chapel who marched under a canopy carried by three soldier bodyguards, followed by a company of soldiers carrying guns and bayonets. Behind these came a number of priests, students for the priesthood, and then the devout men and women saying their prayers. Bringing up the rear was the rabble of the town who had no idea what it all meant but who were out simply "to have a good time." Everyone who marched carried a lighted candle so that in the darkness of the night—there were no street lights nor moonlight that night—it was a beautiful sight, even though it was reminiscent of the Inquisition. Some of the women thrust their candles through the bars of the iron fence in front of the chapel, making the sign of the Cross.

The joining of the two sec-

tions of the procession was so well-timed that they met in front of our chapel just as I arose to announce the first hymn to start the dedicatorial service. The noise was so great we could only sit still and pray that God would save and protect us. All it needed was for some daring person to start trouble, and they would have destroyed the chapel and possibly ourselves with it. That was their object as that very thing had been done a short time before on the Island of Margarita where the Gospel Chapel was laid flat to the ground.

On that long-to-be-remembered night, we learned that the chief of police was our friend. When the turmoil was at its height he appeared at the door of the iron fence in front of the chapel. Very soon he had most of his police force with him and ordered the procession to march away from the front of the chapel. When the people failed to obey, he finally ordered his men to push them and soon he got them to moving. Then the procession marched around and into the public square directly behind our chapel. There the priest preached his sermon against the infernal sons of Luther, screaming so loud that we could hear his message in the chapel. The last act was the burning of the Bibles in the center of the square. By this time the blood of the people was boiling, so that the chief of police, seeing our danger, caused his men to go in and scatter the people by force. After this, things calmed down. This chief remained our friend throughout all our years in Barquisimeto.

As it became somewhat quieter the brother who had come to us for the dedication arose and gave a most beautiful message on "The Beauty of Holiness," based on Psalm 96:9. Many crowded into our front court to hear the message ex-

pecting to hear a tongue lashing. Among them was a very fanatical young telegraph operator who was convinced that we were more holy than they. He bought a New Testament, read it, was gloriously saved, and became our first native preacher. Thus God used the wrath of man to praise Him, and many of those who marched in that procession are dead and gone, but the chapel still stands and God's work is marching on.

Thirty-four of my years of service were spent in Venezuela, South America, the rest of my ministry in this country. In all, I have been in the Lord's service forty-five years. There have been sorrows, and there have been joys, but one thing I can say: He has kept me by His grace in the center of His holy will, for which I praise Him!

The Power of the Cross

(Continued from page 2.)

but I kept the sight of the Cross which God had given before me all the time. After his recovery the Lord opened the way for us to go to the missionary colony in Glendale, California. While there I overworked preparing a manuscript and had a slight cerebral hemorrhage. The agony I suffered in my head was almost unbearable. My husband wanted to send to our friends for prayer but I said, "No, if I don't get through, it's all right, but I know I have to go through alone."

Someone kindly took me to hear Mr. Norvell although I was scarcely able to go. He opened up a new line of thought about the Cross. His great theme was that *we died with Christ*. I had heard that, but I knew I had not appropriated it to my own life. He was a great blessing to me, and I was able to take hold for my healing.

Gradually I became better and was able to read the Bible a little and some tracts.

All this time I kept crying out to know the power of the Cross, for I knew that although I prayed almost incessantly, still I had not seen the victory and power of the Cross in its fullness. During that period my husband gave me a booklet, "All things New for the End Time." It fed my soul as nothing had ever fed me except Mr. Norvell's tracts. I read that little book over, and over, and over, and over uncountable times, and gradually it began to dawn on me what I was after.

Some years before while in a meeting, the Lord spoke to me the words from the tenth chapter of Hebrews, "Sacrifice and offering . . . Thou wouldest not, but a body Thou hast prepared me . . . Lo, I come . . . to do Thy will, O God." No one spoke them but they came to me. I pondered those words. I read the 40th Psalm, but I could not get hold of the meaning until after I read this little book.

Now I began to understand that somewhere in the councils of the Godhead before the foundation of the world, the Son had offered to come down as a human being and die, saying, "I delight to do Thy will, O My God." So He took upon Himself the form of a servant, "thought it not a thing to be held on to" to be equal with God, and came down to live and to die that He might overcome death and deliver those who all their lifetime were in bondage because of fear of death.

It was a thought that gripped my entire being from head to foot: *It was no afterthought that the Son came down. It was thought out before the foundation of the world. I began to see that the Cross of Calvary was the greatest event in all eternity*, and I wanted to know what I could get out of it.

Mr. Norvell kept saying, "Reckon, reckon and believe that you died with Him." I

could not understand it, but I knew there was something for me. "Always bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our body. For we which live are always delivered unto death, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our mortal flesh (2 Cor. 4:10, 11). That came from Calvary. My Lord died there. Himself took our infirmities and bear our sicknesses; by His stripes we are healed. I knew it came from Calvary. It was the thought of God before the foundation of the world, even before Adam sinned. Adam was clothed with the glory of God, but he lost that glory. But God sent His Son in the form of a man to die. He opened the door and ascended on high taking captivity captive and entered heaven where He ever liveth to make intercession for the saints.

Now I wanted my share, my part. I not only wanted my part, but *I wanted to please God and to please His heart*, for I saw He was wanting to make many sons who would be of this new creation. I repeated these scriptures times without number, and into my soul came a great glory about Calvary.

As I meditate upon what God did in sending His Son into the world, that He was the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world; as I declare and reckon—*reckon* myself to be dead indeed unto sin, dead unto sickness and alive unto God—*alive unto God* and the following: "If ye then be risen with Christ, set your affection on things above, for ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God" (Col. 3:1, 2)—I can hardly take it in; it is too big for me. Yet I know it is true, and it has made a vast change in my life and my ability to get victories from God.

After my husband's death in

(Continued on page 10.)

SERVICE



ECHOES

With the G.I.'s in Italy

Daniel Immordino

Officially, spring has already begun in this section of Italy, and it won't be but a few weeks before the hot weather will be setting in. At the present time, "Special Services" has its crew of lifeguards fixing the G.I. beach in preparation for the swimming season which starts April 1st. I don't know how much swimming I'll do in the Mediterranean, but I surely can't wait to sail on it once again.

Livorno is quite an interesting town to walk through. In the majority the populace is communistic; in fact, I think this place has the greatest proportion of Communists in all of Italy. As you can well imagine they "no like" us. They like our money though, and have no objection to collecting all the free spending G.I. almost throws away, but that is the extent of their admiration. When you walk these streets, the people stare so hard at you that you start to feel around to see if perhaps you have an extra arm or leg, and belong to Barnum and Bailey's freak show. It is very common to see the red hammer and sickle painted on buildings and sidewalks. May Day, which is some sort of a Commie celebration, is not far off and at that time all army personnel will be restricted to camp for several days. Feeling runs high; mobs assemble and instigate riots; and a G.I. is better off if he is far, far away.

The Carbenari, the federal policemen, work for DeGasperi's pro-American government and do not tolerate any nonsense. They would just as soon hit a man with a blackjack as to tell him to move. They have ingenious methods of dispersing mobs which could be considered slightly rough, but very effective just the same. They drive jeeps smack into a mob and pity the persons who don't

scatter. Violence of that nature would not be tolerated at home, but here it is a common thing and the Carbenari can use whatever methods they see fit in coping with the Communists.

Fortunately, serious riots are not too common and, as a rule, Livorno is just another town except for those unearthly stares. "Black Market Square" is a very interesting spot for there one can purchase anything he desires, including dope. For a price you can obtain American items which cannot even be found in the Army Post Exchanges.

Our services have been improving constantly in spiritual blessing and last night we had the best one by far. When we have testimony time, everyone always testifies. It is very satisfying to hear how the Lord is working in lives.

Especially fine was Rudy's word of thanks to God. He told what a blessing the meetings had been to him and how his life had been changed these

past weeks. After the service he said, "Dan, I haven't been this happy in a long, long time." When we first came in contact with Rudy he was in a backslidden condition, a tragedy which mars the lives of many Christians when they hit the army. At first his attendance was erratic, but now he is as faithful as one could wish for.

Brother Peace returned from the hospital the other day, and we were very happy to have him back. He is a colored boy, a really nice fellow. He has a most comical manner of speaking, and though he may be speaking seriously, one can't help laughing just the same. Last night he gave us one of his varied philosophies in his typical colored drawl. He said, "You know, I tells the boys in my tent to come to service, but they say they don't have to go to church to worship God. That ain't true. I knows a man can get happy by hisself, but what good is there in getting happy when there is no one to get happy with. I likes to come to services because when I gets happy and sees everyone else getting happy we all enjoy each other's happiness." It makes sense too, doesn't it?

We have been advertising our services with leaflets, announcements in the camp bulletins, and also by using posters, but still our number hasn't grown too much. It just seems that Protestant boys are not interested in the least in coming to church. However, we do have about ten really fine Christians and I am certain that the Lord will continue to bless us as we seek Him.

I would be true, for there are those who trust me;
I would be pure, for there are those who care;
I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;
I would be brave, for there is much to dare.

I would be friend of all—the foe, the friendless;
I would be giving, and forget the gift;
I would be humble, for I know my weakness;
I would look up, and laugh, and love, and lift.

I would be learning, day by day, the lessons
My heavenly Father gives me in His Word;
I would be quick to hear His lightest whisper,
And prompt and glad to do the things I've heard.

—Howard Arnold Walter.

Gathered Fragments . . .

"In Berlin last week," says *Time* (March 9), "Pastor Reinhold George, 40, had just finished conducting vesper services in the Marienkirche, a stately Evangelical church in the Russian sector. When he stepped outside the church doors, a group of plainclothesmen from the East German police walked up and took him away. No explanation for the arrest was given. Church leaders presumed that Pastor George was singled out because he has been an extremely popular leader of Protestant youth groups. The arrest . . . was the third in the last month in which a Protestant clergyman was taken into Communist custody."

* * *

On March 4 Calvary Baptist Church of New York City celebrated the thirtieth anniversary of its radio ministry. This broadcast is not only "the oldest continuing *religious* broadcast on the air" but the oldest continuing broadcast of any kind in this country. John Roach Straton, the pastor who originated this broadcast, was used of God to bring many to know the Lord as the Saviour of their souls and the healer of their bodies as well. He wrote an excellent book on the subject of divine healing. One of his sons is now a Pentecostal minister.

* * *

In the May issue of *Bread of Life* will appear the inspiring story of Sarah Edwards, wife of famous Jonathan Edwards. A mother of eleven children and sole manager of the temporal concerns of "a frontier parsonage" she was recognized by contemporary ministers, as George Whitefield, to be a woman of unusual intellectual and spiritual capacity and experience who could talk "feelingly and solidly of the things of God" but at the same time was "adorned with a meek and quiet spirit." The record she has left reads in many places like that of one who received a mighty baptism in the Holy Spirit.

* * *

Pilgrim Camp, located at Brant Lake, New York, operated in conjunction with the Ridgewood Pentecostal Church but open to anyone desirous of having a vacation in a spiritual atmosphere will begin its eighth season, June 27, God willing. A rich

spiritual feast awaits those who come. Pilgrim Camp Rally will be held Saturday, May 2, at the Ridgewood Pentecostal Church, Brooklyn. For a camp folder or further details write Pilgrim Camp, 8420 - 85th Drive, Woodhaven 21, N. Y.

* * *

Marie E. Brown, pastor of Glad Tidings Tabernacle, New York City, and one of the pioneer Pentecostal ministers of this country, has kindly consented to prepare some of her experiences for *Bread of Life*. A selection from one of her recent broadcasts appears on page 12.

The Power of the Cross

(Continued from page 8.)

1932, I returned to my old home where I had little opportunity for any other ministry than that of prayer. Subsequently I had a stroke. Through the prayer of others, God gave me back the use of my right side, and as I became able I begged the Lord to speak to me. He did: "*The law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus makes me free from the law of sin and death. Reckon yourself, therefore, to be dead indeed unto sin and alive unto God.*" I repeated these verses over and over until the life also of the Lord Jesus was manifested in my body, completely delivering me from the effects of that stroke.

These and similar verses of Scripture are with me continually, all the time. When I awaken they are the first things I think about, the first thoughts that come to me, the great goodness of God in providing such a great salvation. I cannot fully express to anyone what these verses mean to me, but they hold me in God.

Several years after the stroke referred to, I had a very severe prolapsus of my heart and chest. My suffering was so great that I besought the Lord with all my heart to come and take me. When He did not, I asked for

prayer that I would have courage to fight. The fighting was praise. For three weeks, without ceasing, every waking moment, I praised the Lord. Then there came a great heat in my chest for three days and nights, and when it ceased, I was perfectly healed of the rupture in my chest. God perfectly healed me through praise. How I praise Him!

Something happened shortly after this which turned my thoughts away from God. I felt someone had done me an injustice and I kept thinking about it. Then another strange illness came upon me. A growth in my head, which had evidently been there a long time unknown to me, finally began to putrify. I suffered beyond words with blood-poisoning; I besought God with all my heart to take me, but one day He said to me, "I had expected you to live, but I will take you."

I said, "No, Lord, I will not go against Your expectations. I will fight with all my might." So I began to fight again. I would like to tell the whole story, but all I will say is that God took that horrible thing out of my head and delivered me. Since then He has kept me, and I am now seventy-eight years old.

The seeker who is determined to press through unto the victory provided by the Cross, in deep worship and holy praise, must prayerfully reckon (acknowledge definitely) that he is identified with Christ in His death at Calvary. In return, the Spirit of God operates, and the life also of Jesus is manifested in his body.

I was healed first in 1895 and have had many, many blessed experiences. Many times the Lord has touched me; many times He has even condescended to speak to me, for which I praise Him. And I will say that my heart is set upon seeing the Cross of Calvary vindicated in this vain and foolish world.

The Kingdom of God

(Continued from page 3.)

receive within us must of necessity be less than ourselves, as that which is enclosed in a vase must be of less extent, though it may be of greater value than the vase which contains it.

"But the capacity of which I speak here is a capacity to extend and lose itself more and more in God, after the soul has lost its appropriation which confines it to itself, this capacity being no longer restricted nor limited because the soul flows into God, so that it loses itself, and flows into Him who is beyond comprehension. The more it is lost in Him, the more it develops and becomes immense, participating in His perfections, and being more and more transformed in Him, as water in communication with its source continually mingles with it. God, being our original Source, has created us with a nature fit to be united, transformed, and made one with Himself.

"The soul has nothing to do but remain as it is, and to follow without resistance all the movements of its Guide. All its movements are of God, and He guides it infallibly. It is the duty of this soul to follow blindly with faith and confidence all the movings of God.

"Here is a loss of the will in God where all is God without its being recognized as such. The soul is established by its condition in its sovereign, unchangeable good. It is in a perfect beatitude, where nothing can cross its perfect happiness which is rendered its permanent condition; for many possess it temporarily, or know it temporarily, before it becomes their permanent condition.

"God gives first the knowledge of the condition, then a desire for it; then He gives it confusedly and indistinctly; and lastly, He makes it a normal condition, and establishes the soul in it forever.

"It will be said that when once the soul is established in this condition, nothing more can be done for it. It is just the reverse: there is always an infinitude to be done on the part of God, not on that of the creature. God does not make the life divine all at once, but by degrees. Then, as I have said, He enlarges the capacity of the soul more and more, God being an unfathomable depth. They are without desire, without inclination, without choice, without impatience, in a state of complete death, seeing things only as God sees them, and judging them only with God's judgment."

"O Lord! how great is Thy goodness, which Thou hast laid up for them that fear Thee!" Ps. 31:19.



Following Just Himself

The following selection is from a letter by Mrs. Robinson, dated March 16, 1930, written to the daughter of a Pentecostal minister, who had but recently consecrated herself to the Lord.—*Editor*.

JESUS is so *tender*—He wants us "rooted and grounded" in *love*—His love—filling you *with Himself* and overflowing unto others. I find God's leadings in your dear young life brings me into the memory of how He brought me into Himself—almost a secret between Himself and myself—*just Himself*. I had no one to tell me anything, no one ever had prayer for me. My heart and head were filled with earthy ambitions and young theories which would this day be called evolution, modernism, etc., and *He* came—and swept it all away with Himself, *wonderful Jesus*.

No, I did not have the light you have, of course. I was going into real infidelity with my theories. I had to pray, as I believe few pray, before I was even sure there was a God, but—He "took me out of the miry clay." He "put a song in my mouth" and "established my goings." All love—love—love! What did it matter what He took from me?

"Was it sorrow
Though thousand worlds were lost?
Our eyes have looked on *Jesus*,
And thus we count the cost."*

Let it be so all through. Count your cost of *any* sacrifice to be only the parting from that which would delay your knowing Him more, that you may be unfettered to run swiftly and joyfully after Him.

Just another thought, it is not just a joyous *path*, or pleasure, but it's *Himself*. It is well to remember, from the beginning, "The perfect way is hard to *flesh*. It is *not* hard to love."

*These lines Mrs. Robinson had written in one of her Bibles. They were followed by a second verse, as follows:

Across the will of nature
Leads on the path of God;
Not where the *flesh* delighteth
The feet of *Jesus* trod.

Suffering for His Sake

THE EARLY DISCIPLES listened to the false accusations made against them with their faces glowing, and they departed from the judgment halls with bleeding backs, yet rejoicing that they were counted worthy to suffer for His name's sake. They sang their way out of prison and welcomed death with a smile. This was no cheap joy. It was a joy which had scars, but they were radiant scars. If you have found their joy, you have found the secret of a life in fellowship with God. When their heart strings were stretched upon some cross of pain and the winds of persecution blew through them, men heard the very music of God. These disciples did not fear pain; they used it.

An old warrior once said, "If wounds must come, I have only one request to make, let them be clean wounds." If we can keep away from our wounds the infection of complaint and sourness of spirit, they will heal quickly and leave radiant scars. The prophet Amos was a herdsman and a bruiser of sycamore figs. These figs never ripened unless they were struck with a rod. Then having been bruised, they began to ripen. Very few of God's children ever ripen without the bruising of the rod. Amy Carmichael has written a beautiful poem:

*"Hast thou no scar?
No hidden scar on foot, or side, or hand?
I hear thee sung as mighty in the land;
I hear them hail thy bright ascendant star,
Hast thou no scar?"*

*"Hast thou no wound?
Yet I was wounded by the archers, spent,
Leaned Me against a tree to die, and rent
By ravening beasts that compassed Me, I swooned.
Hast thou no wound?"*

*"No wound? No scar?
Yet as the Master shall the servant be,
And pierced are the feet that follow Me,
But thine are whole. Can he have followed far
Who has no wound nor scar?"*

These words search out our hearts and we ask ourselves, "Am I holding back from following the Lord all the way, or being filled with the Holy Spirit?" To live a life in the Spirit means to have the experience and testimony, "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." This life excludes all sin and brings us into a place of obedience and holy fellowship with God.

We may well ask, "But how do we enter this life in the Spirit where all the joys and answers to prayer are realized?" The *golden word* is *prayer*. The Apostle Paul tells us, "Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit and *watching* thereunto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints." And prayer will prepare our hearts to receive His promise, to be filled with the Holy Spirit. For this alone can give us the power to live the victorious life and thus keep in fellowship with our blessed Lord, Jesus Christ.

MARIE E. BROWN.