



THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO
ST. JOHN

CHAPTER 1.

In the beginning, and office of Jesus Christ, as testified by John, 20 The testimony of Peter, etc.

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.

The same was in the beginning with God.

All things were made by him; and without him was not any thing made that was made.

In him was life; and the life was the light which shineth in darkness; and the darkness comprehended it not.

There was a man sent from God, whose name was John.

He came for a witness, to testify of the Light, that all might believe through him.

He himself was not the Light, but he testified of that Light, that all might believe through him.

The true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world, was with us, and we saw him, and we testify, that we have seen his glory, as the glory of the only-begotten Son of the Father, full of grace and truth.

17 For the law was given by Moses, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ.

18 No man hath seen him, for he is in the bosom of the Father, and he shall declare him to the world.

19 And this is the Son of God, who hath declared him to the world.

20 And this is the Son of God, who hath declared him to the world.

21 And this is the Son of God, who hath declared him to the world.

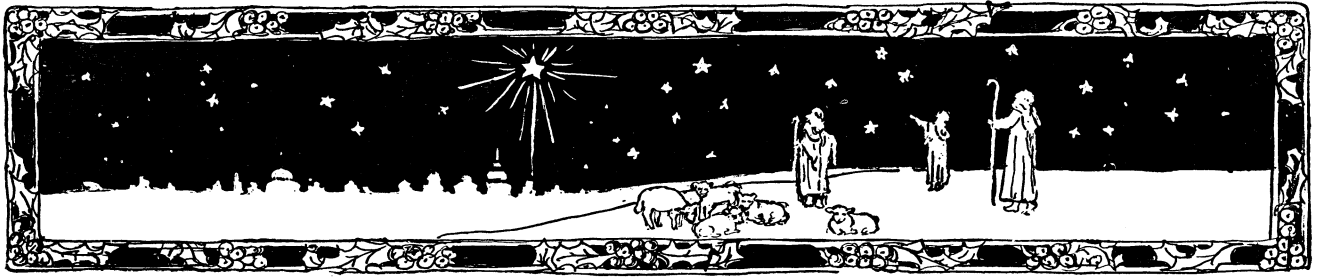
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Bread of Life



A Christmas Faith

By MERRILL C. TENNEY

SURPRISE is one of the pleasant elements of Christmas. A gift of unexpected value or usefulness, an unanticipated visit from an old friend or member of the family, or good tidings from someone who has been silent for many months may bring a pleasurable thrill.

No surprise awaiting us on Christmas morning will ever be as great as the one that greeted the shepherds of Luke's immortal Christmas story. When the Glory of God shone about them, and the angelic voices said, "Unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord" (Luke 2:11), they were completely taken aback and "were sore afraid" (Luke 2:9). All heaven seemed to have descended around them, and they must have wondered whether they were only dreaming, or whether the vision was real. They could dismiss the whole affair as an illusion or they could exercise real faith in the angelic message and act on it.

The manifestation of God's glory in the history of Israel was always a sign that He was about to do some new thing for His people. When Moses saw God's presence in the flaming bush he knew that Deity was on the march. When Elijah's sacrifice was consumed by fire, the people acknowledged that God's actual presence had been manifested, and revival came. The message to the shepherds was a *call to faith*. It announced the advent of a Saviour who appealed to personal faith. If men as individuals are sinners, they must have a personal Saviour. The title "Christ" called for a national faith. Israel had looked for a deliverer, a Messiah, who should free her from bondage and lead her into the fulfilment of God's purpose for her. The word "Lord" appealed to world faith, since all men, Jews and Gentiles alike, need a Sovereign who can reign over them with absolute righteousness, with absolute tenderness, and with absolute power.

What was *the sign of faith* by which they should identify the Person who had come to claim their adoration? Not by silks and satins, but by swaddling clothes! Not by the terrible dignity of a conqueror, but by the simple humanity of a baby, cradled in a manger from which the cattle had recently been eating. The compelling evidence upon which their belief should be built was not the impressive pomp of a monarch, but was the humility of a crying infant. When God came down to dwell with man He chose the most unspectacular method possible of taking on humanity. All heaven might sing His praises and the veil of sense might be rent to let the shepherds see and hear the glory; but the Lord Himself appealed to faith by His poverty and His humility.

To this call and sign the shepherds responded by an *act of faith*. "Let us now go even unto Bethlehem," they said, "and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us" (Luke 2:15). They accepted God's promise as already accomplished and acted on it. Instead of debating the possibility of the miracle, or instead of speculating whether they had suffered from an illness, they showed their faith by instantly accepting the good news as truth.

When they reached Bethlehem, *the results of their faith* became apparent. Joy filled their hearts as they beheld the newborn child who was to be the Saviour, the Deliverer, and the Lord. The act of faith made Him a reality to them, and the joy of the first Christmas sent them back to their flocks "glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen" (Luke 2:20).

This is the progress of the Christmas faith that leads from revelation to adoration, and from fear to joy.

The Glory Revealed

By HANS R. WALDVOGEL

And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it (ISAIAH 40:5).

FOR two thousand years the glory of the Lord has been revealed, and yet the great bulk of people have not beheld it. When Jesus came, there was "no beauty that we should desire Him," the prophet said. But thank God, there were people who were looking for salvation in Israel. They realized that what the whole world needed was not another king in great splendor with a mighty army, but salvation from the sin that had cursed everybody and had defiled the minds and the souls of men and women.

John says, "We beheld His glory." Oh, what a glory is His! While the world boasted of its Caesars, its governors, its mighty Roman legions, its civilization, and its great sciences, there was a babe laid in just a manger, upon straw, swaddled in swaddling clothes. How humble, how very deep was the humiliation of God manifest in the flesh! He had to stoop all the way down to where you and I are to lift us into the glory of Himself.

And just as there were men and women who were looking for salvation in that day, so there are men and women today who are looking for salvation. They know that neither democracy nor communism, neither hydrogen bombs nor air power, nor civilization with its great learning and beauty, is going to save us. All the beauty of man and all the glory of man will fade away and leave a sting in the soul. And the more you pride yourself in your money or pleasure or lust, the more will the fire of hell burn and consume you in that day. No, the thing that hu-

manity needs is resurrection, a new life, a new nature, a new birth. Hallelujah! And thank God, there are men and women today who are looking for such a salvation and those that look for salvation in Israel recognize the glory of the Lord.

What kind of a salvation are you looking for? Is it a new kingdom over in Palestine with a temple and with brass bands and with a great army?

What are *you* looking for? Are you looking for purity of heart? Few have it. But—"Blessed are they that *hunger and thirst after righteousness.*" They shall have it who are "born, not of blood nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God."

John says, "Life was manifest, and we have seen it." That is what Isaiah meant when he said, "And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed and all flesh shall see it together."

Just what kind of glory are you looking for? What is your heart hungry for? You will find it in Jesus. If you are hungry for righteousness, if you are longing for purity of heart, if you are longing for a beauty that pleases God Almighty Who dwells in a light that no man can approach to, you will find it only in Jesus because He was the only begotten of the Father, the only man who combined deity and humanity in one body. But He has become the Father of a great nation, of an elect company, a chosen people, a royal priesthood, for as many as received Him to them gave He power to become sons of God.

That is a true Christmas pres-

ent, the only present worth receiving because it is the present of life. "Unto *us* a child is born, unto *us* a son is given, and the government shall be upon His shoulders."

God knew what humanity needed and what they were looking for. The Wise Men from the East didn't find a king cradled in a golden bed and attended by a thousand servants, but instead of that they knelt beside a crib where the poorest of the poor, the shepherds, had knelt. Here come the shepherds, the very humblest, the most ignorant, perhaps, and they kneel at the manger, and here come the Wise Men whose job it was to study astronomy and look into the vast vaults of the sky. They meet here, the kings and the paupers, at the manger and worship Him. They behold His glory.

Have you beheld His glory? His glory is a glory of righteousness that avails before God. It is a glory that comes out of heaven. It is the glory of the only begotten of the Father. The world did not know what to do with Him so they crucified Him. The world was looking for a different glory. And isn't that what man is looking after today? Isn't that what the deceitful human heart is craving today? What is it that people are spending their money for and their time for today? Oh, how they waste their dollars, how they waste their time! For what? For things that perish, for things that defile and curse and that will burn them like the fire of hell. All flesh is grass, and all the goodness thereof is as the flower of the field: the

grass withereth, the flower fadeth: because the spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it: surely the people is grass. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth: but the word of our God shall stand forever. O thou that tellest good tidings to Zion, get thee up into the high mountain; O thou that tellest good tidings to Jerusalem, lift up thy voice with strength; lift it up, be not afraid; say unto the cities of Judah, Behold your God! When the world by wisdom knew not God, it pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe, for the foolishness of God is wiser than man. Has the preaching of the gospel called you not only to repentance but also to a thorough cleansing? And when God says, "Behold your God," He presents the world with a babe in a manger—a *babe*—but in this babe is wrapped up all the glory of heaven and all the salvation of mankind.

With Simeon we can say, "Mine eyes have seen thy salvation which Thou hast prepared before the face of all people." Oh, what a salvation which the world despises today but to me the Dayspring from on high has appeared, the Sun of righteousness has arisen upon my life with healing in His wings. I've been translated out of the power of darkness into the kingdom of the Son of God. We beheld His glory and fell at His feet as one dead until He laid His right hand upon us saying, "Fear not. I am He that was dead and, behold, I am alive forevermore, and because I live, you shall live also."

Do you know Him? Has He appeared to *you*, or do you despise this Babe in the manger? Don't you know that there is no

other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved? The glory of the Lord has been revealed, but it has been revealed in the Son of God Who was nailed to the Cross. The cross today is an emblem of glory, the glory of God, Who came and was made sin for us to take away our sins by the sacrifice of Himself. You will never behold the glory of the Lord until you go to Calvary and there eat His flesh and drink His blood and there receive the



great gift of God, "for God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten son."

Here is glory. Here is the kind of glory the whole world needs, but the world will not have Him. If He came today, they would crucify Him again. The very people who sing Christmas carols are crucifying Him afresh by their deeds. Only the man or the woman who receives Him bows to His sceptre and recognizes that the angel spoke the truth when he

said, "I declare unto you glad tidings of great joy which shall be to all people, for unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, which is Christ the Lord."

Listen! Unless He is your Savior, unless He is the Christ that baptizes you with the Holy Ghost and fire, unless He becomes King, you will still be the slave of the flesh of which God says, "It shall perish."

Have you come to Him? Have you believed on Him? Do you know that He wants to reveal Himself to you? And if you look for Him to manifest Himself, you might discover Him standing alongside of you saying, "Child, you need Me. You need to know Me. I stand at the door and knock. If you open, I will come in." Then you will say with John, "Life was manifested unto us, and we have seen it, . . . and shew unto you that eternal life which was with the Father, and was manifested unto us."

Oh, if the world would wake up to recognize the glory of the Lord as of the only begotten of the Father full of grace and truth! Men would come and repent, and they would weep as one weepeth for his only son! They would recognize that instead of celebrating Christmas they are crucifying Him with all their Christmas doings. With all their sham religion they are crucifying the Son of God. If you do not bow to His sceptre, you bow to His enemy. For "all flesh is as grass," and "that which is born of the flesh is flesh" and is enmity against God.

But, beloved, we can say, "The glory of the Lord has been revealed unto us because Jesus has

(Continued on page 11.)

Bread of Life

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“Free Indeed”

By SARA LEGGETT BROOKS

THE TESTIMONY of Mrs. Brooks' healing was first published in 1899 and immediately received world-wide circulation and attention, and thereby the faith of many for their healing was quickened. The value of this testimony lies not only in the miracle itself but also, and primarily, in the detailed teaching of divine healing resulting from her own experience which Mrs. Brooks includes.—*Editor.*

Sara Leggett Brooks (1866-1949), wife of Elder Brooks of Zion, Illinois, whose testimony appeared in the November issue of *BREAD OF LIFE*, was a minister in her own right. Ordained in 1900, for almost fifty years she labored abundantly with her husband or, if occasion demanded, alone, throughout Canada and the United States.

Perhaps the greatest testimony to her ministerial abilities comes from the fact that when Hans Waldvogel, pastor of the Ridgewood Pentecostal Church of Brooklyn, N. Y., would have to be away from his church (before his brother became associate pastor), he felt that all the needs of the assembly would be adequately cared for if he could leave Mrs. Brooks in charge during his absence. Upon his return he would always find that the presence of the Lord had been maintained and the sheep well fed.

A gracious woman of balanced judgment, Mrs. Brooks was very versatile, having numerous spiritual gifts and authority from God — a rare combination of sweetness and strength. A forceful public speaker, she also took a deep personal interest in the individual and stood ever ready to help any one in need any hour of the day or night.

All her gifts and blessing to others flowed from a life of prayer without ceasing. So close was her communion with the Lord that from her life radiated the very loveliness of Christ Himself.



Sara Leggett Brooks

IN ACCORDANCE with the words of the Psalmist, “Let the redeemed of the Lord say so,” I write to tell of the way the Lord led me out of darkness and bondage into the glorious liberty of the children of God. Words cannot express my gratitude to God for the healing of my body; but far more highly than even this do I value the blessing which came to my spirit.

First, I wish to thank God for having given me a naturally strong constitution. In my childhood I was very healthy and rugged; but when about sixteen, being fear-

less and fond of horses, I volunteered to enter the stall and hold a wild colt while my father harnessed him. When the harness was placed upon him, the colt sprang and reared and, as I thought, was coming down upon me. Instantly I sprang into the manger, a distance of about four feet. Immediately after, I discovered that all my left side was numb. It remained so for many months, and afterward, this side was always weaker than the other and tired easily.

In the fall of 1894 I had a nervous breakdown which resulted in the partial paralysis of my left side. At the beginning of this sickness I realized the Lord was dealing with me and wanted me to find my place in Him, but as yet I did not understand how to continue in prayer until this was accomplished. After a time I regained a measure of health; still I did not feel that God's will was being done in my life.

In the spring of 1897 I overworked and as a result grew weaker day by day until at the end of a month I was confined to my bed. When I found that I was unable to rise from my bed, I turned to the Lord with all my heart, put myself in His hands, and said, “Lord, don't let me be raised up until I am brought into perfect subjection to Your will, and then raise me up perfectly strong and well for Your glory.” Having prayed thus, I rested in the Lord and waited for Him.

My folks wanted to send for the doctor, but I refused to have him come, as I felt that he could do me no good. My thought was that the Lord would find a way to raise me up when He had done His work in me. Finally, however, my folks became so alarmed over my extreme weakness that they called for the doctor. He examined me but did not say then what he thought was wrong, for he did not understand my case.

From June until December I did not pray much about my condition but trusted the Lord and rested in Him. My minister visited me quite often, and we talked together on

spiritual subjects. One morning he came to see me with the express purpose of speaking to me about being healed by faith. He began his conversation by asking, "Did you never think the Lord could heal you?"

"I never thought of the Lord's healing me," I replied. "I didn't think I was good enough."

"Well," he said, "we know that God heals. Have you never heard of anyone that was healed?"

"Yes, I have heard of several people being healed, one of whom was a woman who had been paralyzed from her neck down because of a broken back. She was instantly healed after prayer by herself and her family."

Then he read from the Gospel of Luke the story of Christ's healing the woman who was bowed together by a "spirit of infirmity eighteen years" (Luke 13:11-17). After he finished this he continued, "Now, you see, this woman was bound by Satan and Christ loosed her. It may be that you are bound by Satan too and that Christ wants to loose you." He prayed that God would reveal to me what He wanted to do for me, and then he left.

I was shocked into action so that I prayed all afternoon and on into the night to know if it were the will of the Lord to heal me. At last I *knew* He wanted to do so. In the morning I said to the Lord, "Now, You show me this in Your Word." With that prayer I opened the Bible, seemingly at random, to the fifth chapter of James. My eyes fell on the fourteenth and fifteenth verses: "Is any sick among you? Let him call for the elders of the church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord; And the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he have committed sins, they shall be forgiven him." I was surprised to find these words; it seemed I had never read them before. By this time I was thoroughly aroused and prayed that the Lord would show me more about this.

For two weeks the Lord taught me about divine healing. Each time I would open my Bible there would be a passage on that subject before my eyes, until I was thoroughly convinced from the Word itself that Christ was the Healer. Finally I asked the Lord to show me if it is in the Atonement. My Bible opened to Matthew 8 where I read these words, "... *Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses*" (vv. 16, 17).

"Now, I know it's in the Atonement, and that it is for everybody," I concluded. There was no longer any hesitation about approaching God with a definite faith for the healing of my body.

At this time my sister Lydia [who later married George A. Mitchell] was absent from home having her eyes treated for severe retinitis, with which she had suffered repeatedly for five years. During these attacks her eyes

were too sensitive to bear a ray of light, so that she had to keep them closed and wear a dark shade most of the time. After trying various remedies, to no avail, she had at last found a treatment which relieved her suffering somewhat. Upon her return I eagerly related to her my experience in finding that God was the Healer. I found her a ready listener, for while away she had heard of the healing from leprosy of Mary Reed in India and had been deeply impressed.

We decided to pray together an hour each day for God to lead us and to do for us what He needed to do for us for our perfect healing. Our pastor, at my request, came and especially prayed for my healing. The answer was delayed, and when I tried to pray that the Lord would heal me, the heavens became brass and I could not touch God. Now I remembered my prayer at the beginning of my illness and realized that as He did not answer my

prayer for healing at once, there must be some spiritual difficulty that had to be corrected first.

Consequently I began to pray that the Lord would show me myself. God answered my cry and for the first time in my life I saw my inward corruption and my great need of God. Then the Holy Spirit showed me to pray, "Lord, show me Thyself." Immediately the sight of Christ in His atoning sacrifice and His great mercy to a sinner like me was revealed, and I knew He would come to me and do His work in me. All this led me to make a deep consecration of myself to God. This was a very real act on my part, for I had been deeply humbled by the revelation God had given me of my great need, of the uselessness of my life hitherto, and also of the great need of workers for the Kingdom of God.

Meanwhile my sister's eyes again became affected. She had been deeply convicted to make an entire surrender of herself to God and to trust Him for healing. She now felt the crisis had come and determined to know the will of God as to her healing. When she earnestly sought the Lord to know if she should go for further treatment, the Spirit brought to her mind the words, "Woe to them that go down to Egypt for help." She knew that Egypt stood for the world and at once repented that she had not permitted God to make known His will to her before. Upon her promise never to use another drop of medicine in her eyes, God showed her plainly that He was willing to heal her. Knowing this and believing the words, "Christ is manifest to destroy the works of the devil," she repeated, "Jesus, my Redeemer, my Sanctifier, my Healer," removed the bandages and opened her eyes in Christ's name. They were healed!

At once she came to me with the good news, fell on her knees beside my bed, and asked God to reveal Himself to me as He had done to her. What a stimulus it was to my faith to see my sister healed. For five years she

(Continued on page 9.)

For Advent

*Come, Thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set Thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in Thee.
Israel's Strength and Consolation,
Hope of all the earth Thou art;
Dear Desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.*

*Born Thy people to deliver;
Born a Child, and yet a King;
Born to reign in us forever,
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.
By Thine own eternal Spirit
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By Thine all-sufficient merit
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.*

CHARLES WESLEY.



“IF TWO OF YOU AGREE”

The following paragraphs are taken from a letter to Mr. William Leggett who with his wife was earnestly praying for his leg which had been seriously injured and was now diseased and so threatening his very life. As a result the Lord granted a marvelous deliverance and spared his life for a number of years.—Editor.

IN PRAYING for the sick, it makes an immense difference what the attitude of the person prayed for is. If the person prayed for is *first* in the spirit of prayer, goes to God as His own privileged child, and asks for healing himself, and then is joined in with by another prayer—that is the best chance of healing.

To be sure the other person praying may be the greater prayer of the two and have the larger intercession or faith, but what would require a *miracle* of faith on the part of the co-prayer, if the one ill *not* have active and leading faith in it, is a much simpler prayer—easier to get answered—if the one ill *does* have that faith. . . .

In other words, if you yourself get the desire and grasp of your healing, it is your prayer and you are equally in earnest—that is the first necessity, of course. The other part of that is that it is a sort of principle of Divine Healing. As a child of God *you* have the right to just ask for the children's bread—you are Father's child and need it. Come to Him in your “sonship” and *privilege*, as well as your faith.

This thought I have put in here about the children's bread

is something not seen as it should be by many people asking for their healing. The approach to God on that basis is the sound foundation for a confident faith. It's your right and privilege. It's *God's* place and appointment. You glorify and obey Him to claim your portion. It is in the atonement of Christ for you. You step out into the purchased possession of Christ's death for you by faith.

We *ask* for that blessing as we do for others—such as the baptism, salvation even, etc., but He *proposes* the blessing for you *ere* you may *even think to ask*. . . . You need to come as a child—simply—not looking at *yourself* as lacking in faith, but seeing your Father. Not fearful of your failure, but a *trusting* child, seeing *Father loves you* and undertakes for *you*.

He wants Will Leggett to have His health.

You need the realization that He devotes Himself to *you* and claims for *you* as for others. *You* are called.

It was some lack in this grasp that at first made it difficult to “take up” your healing. It had to be you if possible who, as others have had to do, just went to God for healing and if others prayed for you or not you

know *you* are going to keep in faith *yourself* till it is accomplished.

Belgian Congo

James Salter tells of trials and triumphs in the Congo Evangelistic Mission: “Changes in the Belgian Congo government plans, and changes in the people—economically and socially—are having a big effect upon the work of the mission. At the present we are suffering from sickness and strain due to shortage of workers and so many of our folks having to spend a year in Belgium to take the prescribed courses for teachers and nurses. These things are upsetting our furlough arrangements and the routine staffing of our stations.

“Despite all these things the work of God progresses. Brother Hodgson tells some wonderful stories of healings, casting out of demons, of having baptized about two hundred converts during his latest trip on the Congo River and lakes.

“We are opening up work at Luena which is where the Congo coal mines are and also at Kamina which has the world's biggest outpost (military) being on the outer ring of the European defense. These places offer great opportunities of work for God but there will be great opposition from the Roman Catholics with the backing of big financial grants from the Congo government.”

Behind the Iron Curtain

“More than 500,000 Baptists live behind the Iron Curtain,” according to a report quoted in the *N. Y. Times* (Oct. 28). In addition to these there are “more than 2,500,000 others . . . ‘indirectly related to some 5,400 Baptist churches now in existence in Russia.’” These churches “are crowded to the doors,” proving once again that the Word of God cannot be bound.

FIRST REPORT FROM FORMOSA

Tai Shuen Kiei
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"You can imagine the thrill that is ours to be able to give you the address of our little apartment!" writes Miss Elisabeth Lindau in her first letter from Formosa. "To us, it is indeed very wonderful to see the way the Lord has paved the way before us! On Friday, at noon (Oct. 29), our dear Sally pulled into port at Keelung. It is difficult to explain just how I felt as I viewed that port. I just sensed the hand of the Lord being laid upon me as a cry welled up in my soul for these people.

"At 3 p.m. as I looked over the dock, to my great surprise I saw a sign "Welcome—Misses Young and Lindau." We came to the conclusion it was Rev. J. Wen and a friend of his who came to meet us—in true typical Chinese fashion. Our hand baggage was cleared through customs that evening, but we had to go again on Saturday morning for our trunks, etc. You'll rejoice with us to know it cleared through gratis, and no trouble.

"The Wens have been truly kind and gracious to us in opening their home to us, and we have been living native ever since, except for an American meal we had with the dear Door of Hope ladies yesterday. On Saturday evening a friend came to visit us and told us of the rooms which we secured with Mrs. Ting. Then on Sunday afternoon we met Lily, who took us over to meet Mrs. Ting. She is a teacher of psychology at both the University and Normal School, and I must say a charming and beautiful woman. The Lord certainly had a hand

in holding those two rooms for us.

"Yesterday during our morning prayers, both Miss Dieterle and Miss Green of the Door of Hope paid us a surprise visit and invited us to their home for dinner. They were kind to us and were surprised to hear that we had already secured rooms. So you can see how step by step the Lord has undertaken and removed obstacles of one sort and another. And if this is the Genesis of our experience, surely our hearts are encouraged to trust on and believe Him to do the exceeding abundant for us. It's wonderful to follow Jesus and to let Him lead."

Formosa Refugees

"In search of a free China and religious liberty" 10,000,000 refugees have made their way from the mainland to Formosa, according to a Methodist missionary, Dr. E. C. Perkins, who has spent thirty-eight years in China.

Religious Liberty in Italy

As the result of a decision recently rendered by "Italy's highest administrative tribunal," the Assemblies of God churches in Italy have been granted legal recognition, according to a report in *Time* (Nov. 15). "In practice, the ruling means that eventually all Protestant sects in Italy will probably have 1) tax-free places of worship, 2) the right to hold public services and solicit funds, 3) the right to perform legally binding marriage ceremonies and other religious rites."

In Colombia

Speaking before the World Presbyterian Alliance at its recent meeting in Princeton, New Jersey, the Rev. Fortunato Castillo of Colombia, South America, said "that his country was 'perhaps the most fanatically

Roman Catholic of all South American countries,'" according to a report in the *N. Y. Times* (July 31).

"During the last six years," he said, 'at least fifty-three Protestant Christians have been killed because of their faith, forty-three churches and chapels have been destroyed by fire and dynamite, and over 120 Protestant primary schools have been closed because of the violence or seized by Government order.'

"Mr. Castillo added that 'in spite of religious persecution, Protestantism in Colombia has grown at a phenomenal rate. In the five-year period from 1948 to 1953,' he said, 'church membership in Columbia increased from 7,908 to 11,958.'"

In Argentina

"The amazing meetings in Argentina where over 100,000 often attended a single meeting are causing . . . evangelical churches to be crowded as never before in the history of that country," writes Noel Perkin in his August missionary letter from the Foreign Missions Department of the Assemblies of God.

In Peru

Mr. Perkin further writes, "From Peru we hear of a gracious move of God in eighty receiving the baptism of the Holy Spirit in some special meetings held in connection with the Bible school in Lima."

"The Pentecostal movement was born in waiting meetings—it will die without them. Prayer is as essential in 1954 as in 1914," writes Donald Gee in a recent issue of the *Pentecostal Evangel*.

Though Christ a thousand times
In Bethlehem be born,
If He's not born in thee
Thy soul is still forlorn.

—ANGELUS SILESIUS.

FREE INDEED

(Continued from page 6.)

had not been able to read ten minutes without suffering for it; now she read as much as she desired and for hours searched His Word for light and knowledge without tiring her eyes.

In February the doctor called again and brought with him a brother physician. After they examined me they said that I had a blood tumor, and that they did not expect I would live through the spring. This news only made me rejoice, for I thought, "It will be all the more glory to God when He heals me." The examination injured me very much, as it seemed to arouse the disease and further weaken me.

Some months before, one of our neighbors had called and left some copies of the *Leaves of Healing*, the weekly paper of John Alexander Dowie of Chicago. However, we had been prejudiced against him and his ministry of healing so that we did not care to read his writings. Therefore they lay untouched for months until one day when my sister, after her healing, glanced at them just to see what was in them. To her surprise she found an inspiring article on faith which led us to read further. As we cautiously read these papers, we saw that Dr. Dowie was teaching the very same things which God had previously taught us by His Spirit without any human instrumentality.

One morning in March I awakened with an attack of kidney stones. We prayed, but our prayers were mingled with fear. We resorted to remedies, but I only grew worse. At last I consented to have my brother go for the doctor. After he had gone, I suddenly realized what I had done in turning from God to the world for help. My agony of mind for a time was so terrible that I sent for my pastor. When the doctor came I told him of my convictions and that I would not take the medicine until I had consulted with my pastor. When he came he advised the use of medicine and added that my mind was just a little disturbed by my suffering, etc. I followed his advice but afterward deeply repented and became more convinced than ever that it was wrong. Now the question of medicine was settled forever.

My pastor and the doctor both tried to reconcile me to the thought of dying, but I knew it was God's will for me to live. Many a time would I fain have given up the struggle and allowed my life to be cut off, but I dared not. God alone knows the battle against the doubts of "the world, the flesh, and the devil," through which He led me so gloriously.

The enemy, of course, used every means possible to discourage and to destroy my faith: Definite prayer by myself and others who believed God for healing brought no deliverance. Outsiders did not understand and opposed my convictions. Even a very dear, spiritual friend from whom I expected understanding and encouragement disappointed me and was more scornful than anybody. In March one of my cousins died from tuberculosis. We had fully expected her to be raised up. This was an especially severe blow.

Again and again I had to pray through until the Lord restored my confidence and peace. During these tests the promises of God were very precious to me. Psalm thirty-seven, especially the fifth and sixth verses, was "a very present help in time of trouble." The last six verses

of Hebrews ten inspired me to hold on until He should come and give deliverance.

In April a friend of ours who believed in divine healing sent word by my sister that she thought I ought to get up and trust God for strength. I reasoned that perhaps she was right. From past experience I had every reason to believe that an attempt to rise would kill me, for I had so many times nearly died simply from having my shoulders raised. However, risking my life in God's hands I arose with my sister's help and stood for a moment. No healing touch came, and I sank back again.

That night I awakened with my heart just faintly fluttering. For three days I could scarcely move. I had to learn my lesson, to wait patiently on the Lord and not run before Him to obey what someone else said. God's time for deliverance had not yet come. He had more to do for me spiritually before raising me up.

One day the Lord presented me with the question: "Would you be willing to write Dr. Dowie for prayer, if God wanted you to do so?" I tried to evade the question by assuring myself that when I was ready the Lord would hear and heal me. The truth was that I was unwilling to send the request, for I still retained some prejudice against the man.

At length the Lord made me willing with the result that Dr. Dowie appointed a time when we were to unite with him in prayer. The hour came, but I was not healed. Still another time was set and my eyes rested upon the words, "*My soul, wait thou only upon God, for my expectation is from Him.*" I was not so much disappointed when there was no victory given, for I realized that God was dealing with me. I had come to the place where I saw that my healing was not as important at that time as my getting into the perfect will of God.

For some time I had been praying about my nature faults such as impatience, fault-finding, selfishness, etc. One by one they were presented to me, and one by one I prayed over them until the Holy Spirit showed me that I was cleansed of that particular sin. This continued until the Spirit showed me that I was thoroughly cleansed. Then my soul cried out, "O God, come to me; O God, fill me." My soul became so hungry that I felt I would faint for longing after God. I didn't care to eat nor to talk to anyone, for I was engaged in the one cry, "O God, come to me."

During all this, as I read in the *Leaves of Healing* of the sick being healed by the power of God, I was seized with an intense longing to be in Chicago. Lydia and I prayed to know the mind of the Lord regarding this step and both of us were deeply impressed that it was the will of the Lord. To attempt the trip in my own strength would have meant to rush into the jaws of death, for a slight jar to me or my bed had often brought me near death. Now I felt God's command was to go forward, and I dare not consider the consequences.

Steadily I grew weaker and the tumor grew larger. I felt the crisis must soon come and that God would manifest His power. On the morning of July twelfth, two days before our proposed departure, I awoke scarcely able to speak, and that not above a whisper. The thought of traveling five hundred miles seemed mockery!

In the evening I spoke with our pastor about our plan to go to Chicago. He was very troubled but said little. As a result of this visit I became very exhausted. My sister, knowing my condition and remembering that no

prayer had yet been answered, felt that her faith was being tried to the utmost. Falling upon her knees by my bed, she asked that we might be given "some little assurance now" that God was really leading us by strengthening me just then that I might have a good night's rest and be stronger in the morning. Before she rose a quiet, rested feeling stole over me; my heart began to beat naturally, and I was strengthened. I slept well and the next morning felt very much stronger.

We had made arrangements to arise at four o'clock the morning of our departure, July 14. However, the whole family overslept an hour. When we awakened a gloom of fear had settled over the home and everybody in it. Lydia came to me and said, "It's so late I'm afraid we won't be able to get to the station on time. Do you think we'd better go?"

"Yes, I'll go if I die on the way." My resolution came in part as the result of seeing how the devil was trying to hinder the Lord's will.

The family hustled around and got ready. At last they lifted me on the stretcher. "Now, pray," I said. "I have no strength to go to Chicago. Pray that God will give me strength." A word of prayer was offered and I was carried out.

The road was rough, and I was jolted and knocked about in a way that struck terror to the hearts of my friends who well knew my weakness and that stillness had been my only safety. Now nothing hurt me; my brother was able to drive as fast as he desired. As we rode along we sang and praised the Lord.

When the train arrived, my stretcher was placed on the back of the seats. As the train moved out, my heart began to beat wildly, and I had a sinking spell. I turned to the Lord and said, "This is not my responsibility; it's Yours, Lord, and I have nothing to do with it." So saying, I forgot all about it. When I thought of it again I was perfectly at rest, and the Spirit said, "*Nothing shall by any means hurt you.*" This was spoken in my soul over and over again throughout the day.

At London we had to change trains. Here my stretcher was placed in the baggage car. We had thought it would be necessary to have a cool day for the journey, for from the results of a sunstroke I had suffered for years with sick headaches when exposed to heat. I had had several attacks shortly before this; but though the weather was oppressive, the thermometer registering ninety-five degrees, I was kept from and perfectly healed of this trouble so that I have never had a headache since that time.

Words fail to describe the unspeakable peace which accompanied us all that day. The presence of the Lord was glorious! How sweet it was to know that we were obeying God and in His perfect will. The healing had already begun.

When we arrived at Zion Home, Chicago, I was just as fresh as I had been on the morning when I left. The trip had not injured me a bit. The fact that Dr. Dowie was away and would not be back until Sunday did not disappoint us. We were too satisfied with the Lord and what He was going to do for us.

The following Monday morning I was carried on my stretcher to the Divine Healing Meeting in the Assembly Room of the Home. For about two and a half hours Dr. Dowie taught the Bible. His talk was tremendously interesting and helpful; it inspired faith. He quoted much

Scripture, for he had learned that "faith cometh by hearing and hearing by the Word of God" (Romans 10:17). This day he seemed to talk directly to me. At the end of his discourse he prayed with the sick.

He came to me first, asked me some questions, and then, "Are you willing to do what I tell you?"

"Yes, I believe that I am."

Then he took me by the shoulder and said, "In the name of the Lord, get up and walk." This I did and with his help walked back and forth in the room several times. It had been about a year since I had walked like that. In a few minutes he told my sister to take me to the dining room to dinner. My hunger was so great that I ate all I wanted of everything on the table.

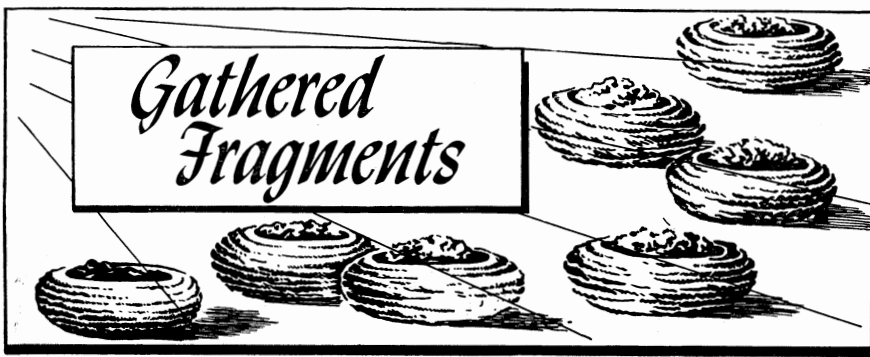
From then on I gained rapidly in strength. The enlargement in my side soon disappeared entirely and after a little all the effects of the disease wore away. My flesh came to me "as the flesh of a little child," so pure and firm, and I gained at least sixty-five pounds in four months.

On New Year's Eve, 1898-99, a number of us gathered for an "All Night with God" at which the presence of the Lord was greatly felt. This service, with but a brief intermission, lasted from eight o'clock Saturday night until seven Sunday morning. That afternoon we had a service at which I spoke. When I retired Sunday night I felt strangely tired. Monday morning I awoke with my heart feeling so badly that I thought it wasn't safe for me to get up. As I looked to the Lord to show me what I should do, He put into my soul these lines from a hymn:

"To pluck from His hands
The weakest, trembling soul
It never, never can be done."

With that I got up and dressed, still feeling extremely weak. I had to get the breakfast in the name of the Lord, feeling that at any time I might fall. As it was Election Day and the day we were celebrating New Year's day, we had much company. I had to get the dinner and do the necessary housework. All this while my exhaustion continued. In the afternoon I had to drive the horse and cutter to get my father, who was deputy-returning officer, at the election poll three miles away. To do this seemed impossible, but as I went God kept me. In the evening I was to meet some people at a neighbor's to tell them about divine healing. How could I possibly do this in my present state? However, the Lord showed me I should go, and before I reached our neighbor's home, I was perfectly well. The devil had to flee because I would not accept nor give in to his symptoms for a moment. No one else knew of this struggle; it would have spoiled what God wanted to do for me had I told it.

In the spring I had a test of a similar kind which lasted for three days. As before I went right along with my work, knowing God could not fail me. On the third day I decided to clean house and tackled a large bedroom. All the time I felt as if I would fall, but God saw me through. The next morning I could hardly walk, but of my own volition I went to the barn and milked the cows. When I was through, I was as well as ever. If I had allowed the enemy to put this thing on me, I would have had some real difficulty, but faith and resistance through the power of the Holy Spirit brought victory. Praise be to His name! Whom the Son maketh free is free indeed.



"Thou madest us for Thyself, and our heart is restless, until it repose in Thee." This sentence from St. Augustine's *Confessions* is one of his best known words. Doubtless this is because it so aptly describes the inner yearnings of multitudes so that they make it their own expression of their longing for God. Once again it was called to mind by the sixteen-hundredth anniversary of Augustine's birth on November 13. One of the great factors which helped to awaken Martin Luther to the truth of justification by faith was his study of Augustine's writings.

* * *

December 6 marks the twenty-ninth anniversary of the founding of the Ridgewood Pentecostal Church of Brooklyn, New York. God willing, BREAD OF LIFE will carry several articles throughout the coming year telling what God hath wrought in the life of Pastor Hans Waldvogel and in the Ridgewood Pentecostal Church.

* * *

"The Christian Church by the sudden rise and widening influence of the entire Pentecostal movement must now, whether she wants to or not, reinvestigate the whole subject of speaking with tongues, and what is called divine healing." So writes Wilbur M. Smith of Fuller Theological Seminary (Pasadena, Cal.) in the November issue of the *Moody Monthly*, one of the leading Fundamentalist publica-

tions of the country which, generally speaking, has been skeptical or antagonistic to the Pentecostal movement as a whole.

* * *

"Christ, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ the true, the only Light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night:
Day-spring from on high, be near.
Day-star, in my heart appear."

This is another Christmas stanza from the voluminous productions of Charles Wesley. (He wrote six thousand five hundred hymns in all. Dr. John Julian who is considered "the greatest authority in English hymnology" says of Charles Wesley that "taking quantity and quality into consideration," he is perhaps "the greatest hymn writer of all ages.")

What would Christmas be without his beautiful, "*Hark! The Herald Angels Sing*," written in 1739? Dr. Julian says of it: "This hymn is found in a greater number of hymn books, both old and new, than any other of C. Wesley's compositions." His birthday was December 29, 1708.

* * *

Another Christmas hymn writer born in December was Phillips Brooks (born Dec. 13, 1835) author of "*O Little Town of Bethlehem*." This was undoubtedly written from the inspiration which its author received while looking at "the little town of Bethlehem" during his visit there in 1866. The carol, however, was not written un-

til two years later when it was first used in the Sunday school program in the Philadelphia church of which Brooks was the pastor. The church organist wrote the music for it only the day before it was first sung. "Waking in the middle of the night, after a busy Saturday that sent him to bed with his brain 'in a whirl,' he heard 'an angel strain,' and immediately rose and pricked the notes of the melody."

* * *

Just twenty years before Charles Wesley wrote his famous Christmas hymn, Isaac Watts, "the father of English hymnody," wrote his beautiful Christmas classic, "Joy to the World," which is his version of the last half of Psalm 98.

* * *

Two of our sweetest Christmas carols are really translations from the German—"Silent Night" and "Away in a Manger." The latter comes from Martin Luther written for his own children.

The Glory Revealed

(Continued from page 4.)

been revealed to us in the power of the Holy Ghost. He is real to us. He is mine and I am His." We ought to fall at His feet and like the wise men of the East bring forth our treasure, not only the songs of our lips but gold that is tried in the fire, true worship, worship "in spirit and in truth" which comes from a holy, purified heart set on fire by the fire of the Holy Ghost. O my Lord, I know that thou dost accept my praise. Though I be most unworthy of all human beings, You have come to dwell in my heart.

This Savior Who is Christ the Lord is mine forever and forever. I have received Him and He dwells within my heart. He lives out His own life within me. Oh, thank God, for Christmas all the time!



Christmas, 1536 n.d.

Engraved by C. A. Schwed

The First Christmas Tree

ONE STARRY CHRISTMAS EVE, it is said, Martin Luther wandered through the woods under a star-filled sky. He selected a small, snow-laden fir to take home to his children. The remembrance of the sparkling starlight on the snow gave him the idea of putting candles on the branches to represent the stars. The children added other decorations. Thus, the first Christmas tree came into being, although definite reference to one cannot be found until fifty years after Luther's death. This hundred-year-old engraving was the artist's conception of Luther and his family that Christmas Eve in 1536.

—ANON.

*Welcome to earth, Thou noble Guest,
Through Whom e'en wicked men are blest!
Thou com'st to share our misery,
What can we render, Lord, to Thee!*

*Ah! dearest Jesus, Holy Child,
Make Thee a bed, soft, undefiled,
Within my heart, that it may be
A quiet chamber kept for Thee.*

*My heart for very joy doth leap,
My lips no more can silence keep;
I too must sing with joyful tongue
That sweetest ancient cradle-song—*

*Glory to God in highest Heaven,
Who unto man His Son hath given!
While angels sing with pious mirth
A glad New Year to to all the earth.*

LUTHER.

Written for his little son Hans. 1540.