

Bread of Life

Vol. IX

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No. 5



H. Armstrong Roberts

THE GOAL SET BEFORE US

A prophecy given by H. R. Waldvogel, April 14, 1960.

"NOW HE THAT HATH WROUGHT us for the selfsame thing is God who hath also give unto us the earnest of the Spirit." And we will never know what it is to be filled with the Holy Ghost until we obey the Holy Spirit, until we allow Him to be the Lord and Master of our lives, until we understand that we're to walk in the Spirit and not in the flesh, that as we have received Christ Jesus the Lord, so we must and we're privileged to walk also in Him.

And there is a goal set before us—a most marvelous goal. Let us therefore run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our faith. There is the goal.

And I desire very greatly to make My people understand something about the goal I have set before them, the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus, until, like the Apostle Paul, they will make it their one aim in life to attain because I have apprehended them for this one thing, and I have wrought them for this one thing.

And today you hear the clamoring sound and the call everywhere, "Behold the Bridegroom! Go ye forth to meet Him." And where are the bridal souls and hearts that have made pleasing Me the one aim in their lives? And how are you going to please Me unless you begin by hearkening diligently unto Me? And all of you, or most all of you, have experienced the power of My Word, and you know that I have been speaking to your hearts—not just to your ears. I have caused you to know My will. I have made you know My counsel. I have told you things that the world has not known and the wise of this world have not understood. It's been hidden from them. But walking in the midst of My seven golden candlesticks I must find hearts and ears that hearken diligently to My Word.

The words that I speak unto you are spirit and are life, and they are sent forth out of the mouth of Jehovah to bring forth the things that I sent them for. The thing that I have wrought you for by My own Spirit is that you might become like unto Myself. And many times you have heard it quoted that everyone that hath this hope in him purifieth himself even as He is pure.

And I've called upon you to put aside every weight and the sin that doth so easily beset you, to strip yourself for the race. It isn't a picnic I'm leading you to, but I am buckling on your armor for a warfare, for an overcoming, for a bout with the enemy of enemies, the chief enemy of God's people. And I desire to lead you always in triumph.

And so this very day I've called upon you to take steps of obedience. I'm not asking you to take steps that you aren't prepared for, but I'm asking you to follow Me step by step, and as you take a step of obedience today I will prepare you for the next step tomorrow, and as you follow me as your Lord day by day I will prove to you that I'm not only the Author but also the Finisher, I who have begun a good work in you want to work in you day by day to will and to do of My good pleasure.

And as I cause your hearts to respond and to assent to My sentence and to My diagnosis of your case, I want you to take steps of obedience, and then I will by My Spirit work in you the fruit of righteousness which is by Jesus Christ unto the glory and the praise of God. And this is My Word.

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Glorious Freedom

From Physical and Spiritual Bondage

By BARBARA SCHILLY

“WHY do you keep coming to us? We don’t want to hear this.”

“The Lord sent me. The Holy Ghost made me get off at your station and come here to tell you about the love of God.”

“Ach! Who believes *that*—that *God* sent *you*!”

A few months before, this same man had first come to our house. Then every other word he spoke was a curse. Now he spoke of nothing but the love of God and of salvation by Jesus Christ.

As good Catholics we had not liked the way he cursed when he first visited us, but when he made fun of the holy water which we had in the house, that was too much. My husband said, “I don’t want that man to come to my house.”

For four weeks he stayed away and then came back. Not wanting to offend him, we let him in. Now he didn’t curse at all. And he didn’t smoke! Before he had smoked all the time. After awhile my brother, who was boarding with us, asked him, “Don’t you have any cigarettes, George?”

“No,” he answered. “I can’t smoke anymore.”

“I’ll give you ten dollars if you will give me the recipe, so that I can quit smoking too.”

“Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and Jesus will free you.”

“There he starts to mock again,” I thought as I heard him speak.

“You are Catholics, and you

think you are Christians, but you are nothing,” George continued, “You have to read the Bible.”

Then he brought out his Bible and laid it on the table. Someone had given me a New Testament once, but I wouldn’t read it because I was afraid of it. I thought only the priests could read the Bible. So when George put his Bible on our table, I pushed it away.

“Oh, no! Not *that* book!”

“You shouldn’t do that,” my husband said.

George came again and again to visit our house to tell us that we must be born again. He would not talk about anything but the Lord, so that we said, “First he is godless, and now he is too holy. We can’t talk with him about anything.”

At that time I was expecting my second child, and when one day I saw him coming again, I said to my husband’s brother, who also lived with us, “Take that man out of the house.” He did and took him to the ten-cent store, and when they returned, my baby — Betty — had been born. (I had all my babies at home.)

After some time my brother went to the Ridgewood Pentecostal Church with George and liked it very much, but he said to me, “Don’t let your husband go. They’ll catch him right away.” George kept on asking my husband to come to his church, but my husband simply answered, “When I have noth-

ing else to do or have ten thousand dollars, I’ll go.”

A few weeks later, one Saturday night (May 5, 1928), my husband said, “Mama, I want to go out. I have to go out.” He did not say why he felt that way, but was so restless and finally went out, although it was already late. When he finally came back after midnight, he was happy as a little child and said to me, “Jesus was with me.”

“What are you talking about?” I asked him.

“Sit down. I want to tell you something.” Then he told me that when he had left the house and was on the street, these words came to him, “*Even today* you will go to that church” — meaning the Ridgewood Pentecostal Church. Then as he walked along, he realized he didn’t have the address. After a little it came to him: “Seneca Avenue.” Asking the way, he walked to that street, and then it came to him: “Cornelia Street.” When he finally got there, he found the church, and although it was about 10:30, he went in and found a few people praying. He stayed but a few minutes, and the brethren prayed for him. When he got near home, a cloud came over him, and right on the street he had a vision of Jesus on the Cross. Then Jesus showed him the various sins he liked best and asked him, “Do you want to do this, or do you want to live for Me?” “No, Jesus, I want

to live for You," my husband replied. The vision passed, and he came home.

I didn't understand all this, and I couldn't say anything about it. My husband began going to the Pentecostal church, and now he asked me to come.

For some time I had been suffering with rheumatism and was unable to stand up straight or to walk alone. I had gone to two doctors, but they could not help me. The second doctor gave me a new medicine he had received from Germany which, he said, had helped cases like mine. I tried this for awhile but was no better. Then the doctor told me, "Out of a hundred people who are sick like you and take this medicine, ninety-seven percent are healed. You belong to the three percent who are not healed. You must go to a warmer climate."

As I left the doctor, the thought came to me, "Now I will try the church," meaning that I would go with my husband to the Pentecostal Church, for I knew they prayed for the sick and said Jesus would heal me. Before my husband came and I could tell him this, however, a neighbor came to me. After I told her what the doctor had said, she told me she knew a good doctor and gave me his address, and I decided to go to him. When Papa came home I told him what the doctor had said and that I wanted to try this doctor that my neighbor had recommended.

For quite awhile he was still and then said, "Mama, why will you go to a doctor again? Why don't you go to Jesus? Why not come to church with me, and Jesus will heal you."

I said nothing, for I didn't like it that he wouldn't go to the doctor with me. That was Saturday.

On Sunday morning my husband said, "Mama, come with me to the service."

"Find out if there are any

Catholic people there first, and then I will go."

As soon as I had said this, I became fearful, for I thought that no good Catholic would go there, to a Protestant church.

With great joy my husband came home from the morning service and said, "Yes, Mama, I have found some Catholics there, and they are going to visit you this afternoon."

"Why are they coming to visit me? I don't want them. I won't let them in, or I'll throw them out if they come in." I was very provoked at myself for what I had said in the morning.

No sooner had we eaten dinner and washed the dishes when the doorbell rang. The visitors were there—three women and two men. What could I do but let them in?

After we sat down around the kitchen table, they immediately began to praise the Lord, to sing, to speak in tongues, and to shout, "Hallelujah!"

"What a bunch is this!" I thought. "I won't have anything to do with them. I wish they were gone already."

Then one of the women began to read the Bible and pray. (I liked that better.) Afterwards she laid her hands on my knees.

"I feel something heavy has left me."

"Jesus has healed you," she replied. "You must raise your hands and thank and praise the Lord."

This I was unable to do, so great was my pain. (I had not been able to lift my hands to my head to fix my hair even.) So she helped me raise my hand, but I had such pain that this made me angry. "I shouldn't have let them in. I wish they were gone." I was so provoked at them that I let them go—without making any coffee for them! And how happy I was when they were gone!

The following days I felt worse. On Wednesday I said to my husband, "If you will stay

home from work today and go with me, I'll go to church this afternoon." (I knew there was a healing service that afternoon at the church.) I was so helpless that we had to take a taxi there.

During the service I noticed that most of the people had their eyes closed. (I did not understand that they were worshipping the Lord.) I was so "nosey" to see what these people were like that when I saw their eyes closed I was glad and said, "Now I can really look them over." There really was not much else for me to do as the service was in English so that I couldn't understand anything that was being said.

After the service my husband said, "Now we will go to the altar in front where the sisters will pray for you."

I couldn't kneel for pain, nor could I raise my hands, but again the sisters said to me, "Raise your hands and praise the Lord and thank Him for your healing." Again I became angry.

I felt no healing at all, but when I got outside the church door, all my pain was gone. And I was able to *walk* home—a walk that would take an ordinary, well person half an hour. "God be thanked, I am healed!"

Thursday I still felt well, but Friday all my pain returned so that I could not do any work.

"Since we have gone to that church I am worse than ever," I told my husband when he came home that night. "What shall I do? I am unable to take care of my two babies!"

Papa got scared and went at once to one of the sisters who had prayed for me. "My wife has never been as sick as she is today. What shall we do?"

"That is the enemy who will not leave her easily. We have a service tonight and will pray for her. She will be better. Be still and all will be well." Then she

(Continued on page 11.)

Wellpleasing in His Sight

By HELEN WANNENMACHER

Now the God of peace that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you that which is wellpleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ; to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen (HEBREWS 13: 20, 21).

IT IS apparent that God wants us to be wellpleasing unto Him, isn't it? "And now, little children, abide in Him; that, when He shall appear, we may have confidence, and not be ashamed before Him at His coming."

I know that we all *want* to be wellpleasing. I know it is the desire of our hearts to be "holy unto God." But sometimes it is good to look down a little deeper into our hearts and find, maybe, some of the reasons why we might not just fulfill.

When I was a child, my father saw to it that I would have music lessons. He wanted me to learn to play the piano. Therefore, he got me a good teacher and told me to practise an hour every day. My mother was dead and he was away in the city during the day, and nobody else bothered about how much I practised so that was quite up to me.

Every day I would get the clock out and go in the parlor. Lots of times I would take a little friend with me—to help watch the clock! Together we would put in our time. Most of the time it was about fifty-nine minutes or less of the hour, but we aimed to get there anyhow!

One evening when we had company, my father suddenly called to me, "Helen, I wish you would play one of those last pieces you got from your teacher." You can imagine how I felt.

"I don't know it too well," I said. That did not make any difference, and, of course, I knew better than not to do what my father told me to do. I went to the piano, and you can imagine how "beautiful" that piece was! Well, I was a red-faced little girl when I took my seat and did not talk too much after that.

You may know that I was not too earnest to *please* my father. And I was not too earnest to take advantage of that which he was trying to do for *me*. I don't think that we are in earnest to please our Heavenly Father or that we are taking advantage, either, of all that God is bringing our way.

Sometimes it is a good thing to examine the motives of our doings in the light of His coming or in the light of that day when everything shall be revealed. For all things shall be revealed, and that is why John said, "Abide in Him." He said it to the family of Christians, "Little children, abide in Him that when He shall appear, you may have confidence and not be ashamed before Him at His coming."

There is a little suggestion there that everything we do will not receive a great reward. There will be losses. There will be "red faces," perhaps—like mine! Some of the things that we have done and that we have thought were done just for Him will not stand the test.

Jesus did everything—*everything* — EVERYTHING — just to please His Father. The consuming passion of His whole life—as He came forth from the Glory, as He stood before men—was to do always, *always*, those things that pleased His Father. There was not one word He spoke, there was not one act He did, there was not a move He made, there was nothing that was embodied in the Son of God that was not an impulse, or a desire which was not a consuming passion that it would be for the glory of God, His Father.

It makes all the difference in the world whom *we* live for, what we do, how we do it, *whom* we do it for. Do I live for Jesus? Is everything that I am doing for Him?

Isn't it wonderful that no matter what we do—take a little cup of cold water and give it to some child, wipe a tear from some discouraged heart, stay up all night with a sick one (not for any glory but just that our lives may radiate Him)—we can do for Him. Sometimes in our giving I wonder, "Do we do it for Him, or do we do it, maybe, for a little glory from someone?" It makes all the difference in the world.

Sunday school teachers, whom do you teach for? Do you teach because someone asked you to teach? Because there was a vacancy and somebody said, "Oh,

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A Short and Easy Method of Prayer

By MADAME J. M. B. DE LA MOTHE GUYON

THE LITTLE TREATISE, "*A Short and Easy Method of Prayer*," is particularly valuable because it is the testimony of one who found the way out of darkness into light and discovered the Fountain of Living Water. Having diligently sought in her youth to know God by outward forms of religion, she found they brought no satisfaction to her soul. But once her attention was directed to the inward way, she found her soul became the Kingdom of God and Jesus her indwelling Fountain of Life.

Before I ever had heard of this booklet, God had begun by His own Holy Spirit to introduce me into this manner of praying which is called the inward life. I did not understand what was happening to me and did not know that others had had the same experience. Then someone presented me with this booklet, translated into the German language, and it became the answer to my questions. I do thank God for the help it brought to my own soul in corroborating the leading of the Holy Ghost in my life. Therefore I would recommend the reading of this treatise to all who desire to be so united to God and to learn the secret of the abiding life.—HANS R. WALDVOGEL.

CHAPTER II

THERE are two ways of introducing a soul into prayer, which should be pursued for some time; the one is *meditation*, the other is *reading accompanied by meditation*.

Meditative reading is the choosing some important practical or speculative truth, always preferring the practical, and proceeding thus: whatever truth you have chosen, read only a small portion of it, endeavoring to taste and digest it, to extract the essence and substance of it, and proceed no farther while any savor or relish remains in the passage: then take up your book again, and proceed as before, seldom reading more than half a page at a time.

It is not the quantity that is read, but the manner of reading, that yields us profit. Those who read fast reap no more advantage than a bee would by only skimming over the surface of the flower, instead of waiting to penetrate into it and extract its sweets. Much reading is rather for scholastic subjects, than divine truths; to receive profit from spiritual books, we must read as I have described; and I am certain that if that method were pursued, we should become gradually habituated to prayer by our reading, and more fully disposed for its exercise.

2. Meditation, which is the other method, is to be practised at an appropriated season, and not in the time of reading. I believe that the best manner of meditating is as follows:

When by an act of lively faith, you are placed in the presence of God, read some truth wherein there is substance; pause gently thereon, not to employ the reason, but merely to fix the mind; observing that the principal exercise should ever be the presence of God, and that the subject, therefore, should rather serve to stay the mind, than exercise it in reasoning.

Then let a *lively faith in God immediately present in our inmost souls* produce an eager sinking into ourselves, restraining all our senses from

wandering abroad: this serves to extricate us, in the first instance, from numerous distractions, to remove us far from external objects, and to bring us nigh to God, who is only to be found in our inmost centre, which is the *Holy of Holies* wherein he dwells. He has even promised to come and make his abode with him that doeth his will. (John, xiv. 23.) St. Augustine blames himself for the time he had lost in not having sought God, from the first, in this manner of prayer.

3. When we are thus fully entered into ourselves, and warmly penetrated throughout with a lively sense of the Divine presence; when the senses are all recollected, and withdrawn from the circumference to the centre, and the soul is sweetly and silently employed on the truths we have read, not in reasoning, but in feeding thereon, and animating the will by affection, rather than fatiguing the understanding by study; when, I say, the affections are in this state (which, however difficult it may appear at first, is, as I shall hereafter show, easily attainable), we must allow them *sweetly to repose*, and, as it were, *swallow* what they have tasted.

For as a person may enjoy the flavor of the finest viands in mastication, yet receive no nourishment from them, if he does not cease the action and swallow the food; so when our affections are enkindled, if we endeavor to stir them up yet more, we extinguish the flame, and the soul is deprived of its nourishment. We should, therefore, in a *repose of love*, full of respect and confidence, swallow the blessed food we have received. This method is highly necessary, and will advance the soul more in a short time than any other in years.

4. But as I have said that our direct and principal exercise should consist in the *contemplation of the Divine presence*, we should be exceedingly diligent in *recalling our dissipated senses*, as the most easy method of overcoming distractions; for a direct contest only serves to irritate and augment them; whereas, by sinking within, under a view by faith of a present God, and simply

recollecting ourselves, we wage insensibly a very successful, though indirect war with them.

It is proper here to caution beginners against wandering from truth to truth, and from subject to subject; the right way to penetrate every divine truth, to enjoy its full relish, and to imprint it on the heart is to dwell upon it whilst its savor continues.

Though recollection is *difficult* in the beginning, from the habit the soul has acquired of being always abroad, yet, when by the violence it has done itself, it becomes a little accustomed to it, the process is soon rendered perfectly easy; and this partly from the force of habit, and partly because God, whose one will towards his creatures is to communicate himself to them, imparts abundant grace, and an experimental enjoyment of his presence, which very much facilitate it.

CHAPTER III

THOSE who cannot read books, are not, on that account, excluded from prayer. The great book which teaches all things, and which is written all over, within and without, is Jesus Christ himself.

The method they should practice is this: they should first learn this fundamental truth, that "*the kingdom of God is within them*" (Luke, xvii, 21), and that it must be sought there only.

It is as incumbent on the clergy to instruct their parishioners in prayer, as in their catechism. It is true they tell them the end of their creation; but they do not give them sufficient instructions how they may attain it.

They should be taught to begin by an act of profound adoration and annihilation before God, and closing the corporeal eyes, endeavor to open those of the soul; they should then collect themselves inwardly, and by a lively faith in God, as dwelling within them, pierce into the divine presence; not suffering the senses to wander abroad, but holding them as much as may be in subjection.

2. They should then repeat the Lord's prayer in their native tongue, pondering a little upon the meaning of the words, and the infinite willingness of that God who dwells within them to become, indeed, "their father." In this state let them pour out their wants before him; and when they have pronounced the word, "father," remain a few moments in a reverential silence, waiting to have the will of this their heavenly Father made manifest to them.

Again, the Christian, beholding himself in the state of a feeble child, soiled and sorely bruised by repeated falls, destitute of strength to stand, or of power to cleanse himself, should lay his deplorable situation open to his Father's view in humble confusion, occasionally intermingling a

word or two of love and grief, and then again sinking into silence before Him. Then, continuing the Lord's prayer, let him beseech this King of Glory to reign in him, abandoning himself to God, that He may do it, and acknowledging his right to rule over him.

If they feel an inclination to peace and silence, let them not continue the words of the prayer so long as this sensation holds; and when it subsides, let them go on with the second petition, "*Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven!*" upon which let these humble supplicants beseech God to accomplish in them, and by them, all his will, and let them surrender their hearts and freedom into his hands, to be disposed of as He pleases. When they find that the will should be employed in loving, they will desire to love, and will implore Him for his LOVE; but all this will take place sweetly and peacefully: and so of the rest of the prayer, in which the clergy may instruct them.

But they should not burden themselves with frequent repetitions of set forms, or studied prayers; for the Lord's prayer, once repeated as I have just described, will produce abundant fruit.

3. At other times, they may place themselves as sheep before their Shepherd, looking up to Him for their true food: O divine Shepherd, Thou feedest thy flock with Thyself, and art indeed their daily bread. They may also represent to him the necessities of their families: but let all be done from this principal and one great view of faith, that God is within them.

All our imaginations of God amount to nothing; a lively faith in his presence is sufficient. For we must not form any image of the Deity, though we may of Jesus Christ, beholding him in his birth, or his crucifixion, or in some other state or mystery, provided the soul always seeks Him in its own centre.

On other occasions, we may look to him as a physician, and present for his healing virtue all our maladies; but always without perturbation, and with pauses from time to time, that the silence, being mingled with action, may be gradually extended, and our own exertion lessened; till at length, by continually yielding to God's operation, He gains the complete ascendancy, as shall be hereafter explained.

4. When the divine presence is granted us, and we gradually begin to relish silence and repose, *this experimental enjoyment of the presence of God* introduces the soul into the second degree of prayer, which, by proceeding in the manner I have described, is attainable as well by the illiterate as by the learned; some privileged souls, indeed, are favored with it even from the beginning.

To be continued.

Above All Things

By PEARL YOUNG

Missionary, Taipei, Formosa

A FEW WEEKS AGO, three of us, —two Chinese brethren and myself,—were led, quite independently of each other, to speak on I Corinthians 13 in the Sunday meetings, so that we had this subject brought before us, meeting after meeting, for almost a month.

There was no *special* reason for it that one could see. In fact, the spirit of love among the Christians here has been something for which we have truly had reason to thank God. But very evidently the Lord desires there to be an *increase* of love among us, and it was a blessing to all to see how definitely He spoke on the matter. Praise God, many seem to have taken the Word to heart and are continuing earnestly to pray about the matter and truly to “follow after love.” The Chinese for “follow after” could be translated “making it one’s business to earnestly seek.” Oh, that we may indeed “love one another with a pure heart fervently!” (I Pet. 1:22.)

How much, how very much, the New Testament has to say about this matter of Christians loving one another! I used to think of John as the Apostle of Love, of Peter as the one who dealt with Suffering, and of Paul as the one to whom was revealed the mystery of the Church. But I later discovered that there is one note running through all—and that is *love*. Everywhere you find it—John, Paul, Peter—they all say, in effect, “*Above all things* have fervent love among yourselves.” And, of course, we know that this is Christ’s own commandment,—

“That ye love one another, *as I have loved you.*”

Once, years ago, when in Chefoo on the mainland of China, God spoke to me so definitely on this matter. It was in 1941, during the Japanese occupation. We were in danger continually. Our needs as a school were supplied day by day only by a miracle of God, and this went on for a whole year before we were finally put into concentration camp. At one point in particular some members of the staff were finding the test of faith quite difficult, but I myself was conscious of not having any trouble in the matter. There must have been some sense of self-satisfaction and some secret criticism of the others, for the Lord spoke to me very clearly. He reminded me that there was something even more important than faith, and that was *love*. And He told me that without *love*, my faith, no matter how strong, was of no account at all, simply of no account. “And though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not *love*, I am nothing.” Love “is not puffed up.” Love “thinketh no evil,”—no judging or criticizing. Love “covers.”

Well, that sobered me and brought me down to earth. I think that if we spent more time attending to this beam—the lack of God’s love—in our own eye, we would have less time to dwell on the mote in our brother’s or sister’s eye! And if we understood better the wonderful, wonderful love of God and remembered that Jesus has commanded us to be perfect (in love), even as our Father in Heaven is,

we would have only one prayer for ourselves, just a cry from our hearts to be filled with His love.

Love suffers (endures) *long and is kind*. That beautiful description of love in I Corinthians 13:4-7, begins and ends with this matter of love *enduring*, always enduring, enduring patiently, patiently and kindly. God’s love is like that. No wonder David could say, “Thy gentleness hath made me great.” And is not the gentleness and long-suffering of Christ perhaps the loveliest thing about our lovely Lord—He who does not break the bruised reed nor quench the smoking flax? He says to me again and again, “I want you to be patient with others as I have been with you.” God knows the background of each of His children, what in their nature may be inherited, and how severe may be their temptations. He alone can judge fairly.

It has made me careful in praying for His dear ones here. He has told me that they are very precious to Him. I am reminded of an incident in the life of Praying Hyde of India, which he spoke of as one of the most direct and solemn lessons God had ever taught him.

Mr. Hyde was at the time away from his station, resting. He had been burdened about the spiritual condition of a certain Hindu pastor and determined to have special prayer for him. He began by telling his heavenly Father how “cold” this brother was, when suddenly a Hand seemed to be placed on his lips, and a Voice said to him sternly, “Touch not mine anointed: he that toucheth him toucheth the apple of mine eye.”

Rebuked and humbled before God, Hyde confessed his sin of “judging” his brother. And then he was reminded by the Spirit of the many things in this man’s life for which he could praise God. One thing after another

came to his remembrance, so that his whole season of prayer was spent in thanksgiving, and when later he returned to his station, he found that just at that time the brother had received a great spiritual uplift. While Hyde was praising, God was blessing.

Yes, love "believeth all things, hopeth all things." Love is full of faith over others. Love puts the best construction possible on things not understood. Love "thinketh no evil"; or, as it is in Chinese, "does not reckon up another's wrongs." Love is eager to "cover."

And in love there is no place for "evil speaking," — talking carelessly about another's faults and sins,—for "love worketh *no ill* to his neighbor" (Rom. 13: 10), and oh, what harm we can do others with our tongues!

Once, when just a new missionary in China, I was on my way to the woman who was to be my "senior" missionary. I had never met her, and someone felt obliged to tell me of her failures and shortcomings. When I did meet her and live with her, I learned to love her, for truly she was seeking to please God. But for such a long time my thoughts would often turn to what I had heard, and oh, how I wished those words—which really harmed that one—had never been spoken. *Love worketh no ill to his neighbor.*

And love does not envy, love does not seek its own, love is utterly unselfish. It was such a blessing not long ago to overhear a brother praying, "Lord, I am willing to be behind. I am willing for others to be in front." I happened to know who the "others" were, and that they were not in the same class spiritually as he himself, but it was right that he should pray like that. And of course God is putting him ahead, as He always does "in due time," that is, when the person is ready; for, "God is the judge: He putteth down one,

and setteth up another" (Ps. 75:7).

Love does not seek anything for itself. Love desires only to help and to bless others. When there must be "correction" it will be given in love. Love treats others just as one would wish to be treated by others.

Oh, may the God of Love Himself make us to increase and abound in love one toward another, and toward all men: to the end He may stablish our hearts unblameable in holiness before Him, at the Coming of our Lord Jesus Christ!

Wellpleasing in His Sight

(Continued from page 5.)

come and teach"? Or because a friend, maybe, is teaching and you want to, too? Or do you do it, maybe, because there is a little honor in it—a teacher is somebody to be looked up to!

Your reason for teaching makes all the difference in the world in the kind of teaching you do. It makes a difference in the sacrifices you are willing to make. It makes a difference in your willingness to go after that little absentee. It makes a difference in every way.

The right motive—pleasing Jesus—makes you an extraordinary Christian. Believe it.

There are Christians — and then there are *Christians*. There

are those that are willing to go "the second mile" and to give the cloak, also. There are those that are willing, without any reward whatsoever, in hidden places, to do just for *Jesus*.

When the sum of it all is told, Jesus is really desirous that we do not come before Him with loss or with red faces.

You say, "Well, could there be red faces?"

There might be. You might think that you should have a reward for something, but God says, "Did you do it for Me? Was it *for Me*, My child?" It is not how *much* you did but how *well* you did it that will cause Jesus to say, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant." It is not the how *much*. It is the *how*; it is the *why*.

Oh, may God find in our hearts that which says, "Jesus, let *everything* I do be done to please You—even to pick up a pencil." You can pick up a pencil in Jesus' name. You can do anything in the name of Jesus and *for* Jesus. Then you will get the reward. It does not make any difference how much it is. It may be ever so tiny—maybe some little sacrificial act of love that Jesus sees and it is altogether done for Him. May our lives fulfill in this. And when we want to please Him, our lives will be just like that.

Stop taking the dark side of dark things,
but take the faith side of dark things,
and also the faith side of bright things.

—M. W. Robinson.

Revival in Orai

By MARGARET MICHELSEN

Orai, India

GOD'S DOINGS in our midst have been precious, and my heart has been overwhelming with thanksgiving to Him. We know it is only a beginning, but when God begins a work He finishes it. The teachers are still seeking. Our weekly Bible class with them is a source of joy and blessing. When I started these classes with them it was just plain Bible studies. But as the weeks have gone on, the Lord has come forth, leading us to deal personally with them, and then to encourage them in a prayer, praise, and Bible-reading life. Our one-hour classes have become two-hour periods with Jesus. Their faces glow after such a session. I have asked them to write a testimony. I thought you might be interested in knowing what they have to say personally:

Miss Valentine: "Today I am very thankful that I can truthfully say I am free in Jesus Christ. This freedom the Lord Jesus Christ gave to me on Feb. 2, 1960. I thank Him for this blessing. Daily He shows me His mercy and kindness, and I know He is with me. He speaks to me through His Word and prayer. These days He is especially speaking to me about letting people know what He has done for me, that I should by my works and with my mouth tell them what God has done. I would ask you to please pray for me that wherever I may be, I might live to His honor and glory and that my light might shine for him. Amen."

(Miss Valentine will not be returning to our school in July, but I would ask you to remember her in prayer, even as she has requested. She is a fine young lady. God has done much for her.)



Orai School Teachers with Margaret Michelsen

The first three ladies are Miss Valentine, Miss Samuel, and Miss Maurice. On the other side of Miss Michelsen (seated) are Miss Newton, Miss Parshad, and Miss John. The teacher in the center, directly behind Miss Michelsen, is not yet a Christian. Special prayer for her is requested.

Miss Samuel: "Just as the Lord saved Paul, so has He had great mercy on me and saved me. He picked me up from the mire of sin, caused me to stand, and gave me a new birth. Daily He loadeth me with His blessings. My request is that you will daily remember me in prayer that He will give me the baptism in the Holy Ghost. All praise be to Him."

Miss Maurice: "I am very happy today that I can tell of the wonderful work the Lord has done for me. I thank my Saviour that by His grace He saved me. Praise the Lord! Ever since the Lord had mercy on me He seems nearer and nearer. In my heart there is a great love for Him. It was never there before. Since I have become His I know that He is with me daily. He is teaching me many things. Praise be to Him. I know that He is mine and that I am His. And pray that I will always be his."

Miss Newton: "Wherefore He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him, seeing He every liveth to make intercession for them.' The Lord liveth. He took me from the path of darkness into light and made me His. He is alive for me. Now I am alive in Him. Please pray for me that the Lord will baptize me and enable me to stand on the Rock. Glory and honor be unto Him."

Miss Parshad: "Praise the Lord! I am one of His chosen sheep. He is mine and I am His. He has buried all my sin under His blood. I am a new creature in Christ. In Christ I am only a two-month old baby. I was born again on Feb. 2, 1960. I thank and praise Him. He walks with me. Please pray for me that I will always be His and that I will receive the gift of the Holy Ghost which I am seeking for. All praise and glory be unto Him. He is my Rock. Amen."

Miss John: "Jesus said to Nicodemus, 'Ye must be born again.' On Feb. 2, 1960, the Lord lifted me up out of the pit of sin and placed my feet on the Rock. In these days the Lord is speaking to me through His Word in a wonderful way. I am waiting before Him these days for the baptism of the Holy Ghost. He will surely baptize me. In closing I would ask you to please remember me in prayer. Thank you."

We are almost at the close of another school year, one more month to go. Then these teachers go to their homes for the summer months. They all come from ungodly homes. We need to hold them up in prayer, for the enemy will indeed try to get them to go back into the ways of the world. Last Tuesday one teacher said she is never going to go to a show again, nor sing worldly songs. Believe with us that the Lord will keep her true to Him.

As yet we do not know if they will all return to us next year (July) or not. We always seek His will concerning what teachers are to be here and so we must leave it with Him.

"Thank You, Jesus, for all You've done;
thank You, Lord.
Thank You, Jesus, for victories won;
oh, thank You, Lord."

Glorious Freedom From Physical and Spiritual Bondage

(Continued from page 4.)

sent her grandson to the church with a prayer request for me.

From there my husband went to the meeting himself and asked if they had prayed for me. I knew nothing of this, but as I lay on the couch I suddenly felt able to get up. I rose and went to the washtub and began to wash the clothes.

When my husband came a little later and found me washing, he asked, "What has happened to you? Do you feel better?"

"All at once I could stand up, and all my pain is gone."

"Jesus has healed you!"

"I don't know about that."

"Yes, Jesus has healed you. We prayed for you in the meeting tonight. Tomorrow morning a sister from the church will come and help you with your work."

When the sister came the next day, I had my work all done! When she saw this, she knelt down and said, "Thank You, Jesus." That was strange to me. I was so blind.

Later the brother who had brought us the news of salvation came to see us again and I said to him, "Now that I am healed I can go back to the Catholic Church."

"Do you want your sickness back?"

"Oh, no."

"You better stay with our church." At once I began to attend the services with my husband and a few months later received the baptism of the Holy Spirit, a wonderful experience with God. Truly it is glorious that we do not have to go through life alone but can walk with Jesus in His presence.

It is now thirty-two years since I was healed, and the way with Jesus grows ever more glorious. Thank God for the brother who persisted in coming to our house to tell us of the love of God and that we must be born again, even when we would not listen to him. And so I thank God for bringing me out of darkness into His wonderful light.

Thyself

Not Thy blessings, O my Jesus,
'Tis Thyself I long to know,
All my being thirsteth, craveth,
Lowlier at Thy feet to bow!

Thou hast touched me by Thy Spirit,
Thou hast led me gently on,
But again my heart is panting
For the blessed Three in One!

Oh, that Thou anew wouldst kindle
Love divine within my breast,
Oh, that in a sense more perfect
I might enter into rest!

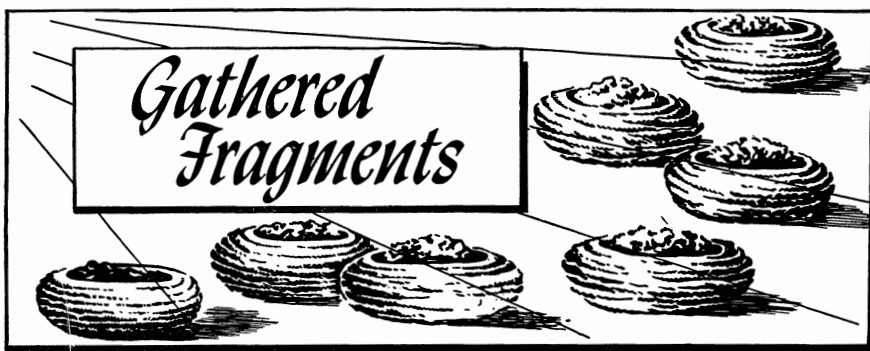
'Tis that I might love Thee, Jesus,
With an all-consuming love;
Burn within, nor cease Thy burning
Till I enter heaven above.

Sweet communion hast Thou granted;
Thou hast walked and talked with me;
Oh, that always and forever
I might in Thy presence be!

Satisfy, O satisfy me,
Pour within Thy life divine;
Keep me daily in Thy presence,
Bring me to Thy "House of Wine."

Then beneath Thy blessed shadow,
Calmly, sweetly, let me rest,
With my eyes and heart intently
Fixed on God's eternal "best."

—BERNICE C. LEE.



GLORIOUS FREEDOM, the testimony of Barbara Schilly, see page 3, is especially appropriate for the May issue of BREAD OF LIFE. The mother of five children, all of whom are saved and following the Lord, Mrs. Schilly tells how the Lord brought her out of the darkness of Catholicism and delivered her from her physical ills when the doctors could not help her. The testimony of her late husband, Mr. Joseph Schilly Sr., was published in BREAD OF LIFE, April, 1954.

* * *

Since last September Pastor Hans R. Waldvogel has conducted a regular *Sunday night broadcast* in the German language from 6:00 to 6:30 over station WHOM, 1480 K.C. and 92.3 F.M. Now the Lord has opened another door of utterance over station WPOW, 1330 K.C. Beginning the middle of May Pastor Waldvogel will have a *week-day German broadcast* each Friday afternoon, 5:00-5:30.

* * *

A three-week Bible conference is scheduled to begin May 22nd in *Kirchheim, Germany*, at which Pastor Waldvogel will be ministering. God willing, he will return to the United States about July 1st to minister at the special services to be held at *Pilgrim Camp, Brant Lake, New York*, over the Fourth of July weekend.

* * *

Elisabeth M. Lindau will leave from New York for Formosa, God willing, May 12. Sailing di-

rectly by freighter, Miss Lindau will go by way of the Panama Canal and expects to land in Formosa on June 17 where she will join her co-worker, Pearl Young.

* * *

Helen Hoss is back in South Africa, ministering in Cradock, Cape Province. Cradock is 180 miles northeast of Port Elizabeth on the way to Johannesburg, which is 600 miles farther north. Located in the Karroo, a semi-desert area, Cradock has a population of 12,000, consisting of 3,000 Europeans or white people, 6,000 natives, and 3,000 coloreds or mulattoes. It is with this latter group that Miss Hoss will be working especially. The assembly in Cradock has been in

charge of Brother Squire who was saved some years ago under the ministry of Miss Hoss in Port Elizabeth. Miss Hoss will be working with Mr. and Mrs. Squire in this needy field. Her address is P.O. Box 321, Cradock, Cape Province, South Africa.

* * *

The services of the *Yorkville Gospel Hall* are now being held in the Central Park Baptist Church, 235 East 83rd Street, Manhattan. After a tenancy of twenty years they were forced to vacate their former quarters. Meetings are held as follows:

Sunday School—2:00 p.m.
 Sunday preaching—7:30 p.m.
 Tuesday (German)—8 p.m.
 Thursday (English)—8 p.m.

* * *

Anyone desirous of knowing about "the making of the King James Bible and of the lives of the men who did the translating" will find *The Learned Men* by Gustavus S. Paine (Thomas Y. Crowell Co., N. Y.) fascinating and profitable reading. Just published, this book contains much new information about the best-loved, most-used English version of the Bible.

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