

Bread of Life

Vol. IX

October 1960

No. 10



Photo: Courtesy Canadian National Railways

Gaspé Peninsula

More

Echoes from Pilgrim Camp

BRANT LAKE, N. Y.

THE FIFTEENTH SEASON of Pilgrim Camp, Brant Lake, N. Y., closed with a capacity crowd gathered for a spiritual feast for the Labor Day weekend. Throughout the last week of the camp the services were enriched by the ministry of Pastors Joseph and Helen Wannenmacher of Milwaukee, Wisconsin. All were challenged and inspired by both their lives and clear-cut exhortations. In forthcoming issues of BREAD OF LIFE there will appear, God willing, some of Mrs. Wannenmacher's talks as prepared by her for publication. (See page 9 for the first of these articles.)

Many were encouraged and enabled to trust God for healing, the baptism of the Holy Spirit, and a deeper walk with God, as a result of the preaching of the Word of God, coupled as it was with the numerous victories of faith which Pastor Wannenmacher related from his own rich experience and wide ministry of more than forty years.

"Our gospel is not only what we learn from books," Pastor Wannenmacher declared in his first talk at camp. "Our gospel is the power of God unto salvation, and *we* are the representatives of Jesus, *we* are His witnesses, and *we* must be the witnesses, not only in our own enjoyment of Christ but in giving Christ to others, helping as we receive. . . .

"God is not the author of disease. God is not the author of sickness. God is not the author of being miserable. God is the author of life, of holiness, of glory. Let's not be deceived by the powers of darkness. That is what our faith is for.

"From faith to faith, it is the gospel of Jesus Christ, the gospel that is through faith where we receive the things of God, and through faith we lay hold on the things of God. And that's why we come into the trials of faith sometimes, and they are so severe sometimes. For what purpose? Ah! that when we come out we are pure gold. . . .

"You just be prayed through, just be in con-

tact with the Lord, just have faith in God and take the Word of God and stick to it and *minister*. We are all debtors. We have something that this world needs. We have something the world doesn't know anything about.

"Jesus Christ is the divine reality of God, Himself being God the Son, Himself being the One that has all power in heaven and earth. 'And lo, I am with you.' And He works with us and He works with you and with me.

"I don't like to put it like so many people put it—let the preacher do it. We are ministers of God. We are all saints of God. We are all supposed to be priests of God. Is that right? Is there anybody that is not called to be a priest of God in one sense or another? We are all called to minister this word, this wonderful gospel. How wonderful it would be if you were in a condition, a position, so that if you came in contact with people in need, just like this [snapping his fingers] God healed, God delivered, God set them free. . . .

"We haven't come to this place simply to gather blessings. We have come to receive, and then we must give out. God will help us.

"Don't you ever dare to say you are too dumb. Don't you ever dare to say you are not qualified. Jesus can make you qualified. Amen. I like all of us to take great faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, just lay hold upon Him and say, 'Yes, Lord, I'm going to be different.'

"People many times criticized me: 'You don't act like a preacher.' One day Mrs. Wannenmacher and I went to visit a servant of God, Mrs. Robinson. When we knocked at her door, if you please, the door opened and there stood Mrs. Robinson. She threw up her hands and said, 'All I want Joseph to be is an errand boy for Me.'

"Do you know what an errand boy is? A boy that is willing to do everything he is told. Are

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Your Indwelling Life

By HANS R. WALDVOGEL

IN THE BEGINNING of my Christian life the Lord said to me, "Do you want to know the way? I am the Way. Do you want to know the truth? I am the Truth. Do you want to have life? I am Life."

At that time I did not quite understand the significance of that word, but today it is very clear to me when I see so many people, even in Pentecost, going astray. They are occupied with things and with lessons and with ideas and with doctrines and with ways of worshipping God, instead of with Jesus.

It is dangerous to be interested in anything outside of Jesus Christ. It is wrong to be interested in any doctrine outside of Him. You must be interested in the doctrine of Christ because Jesus is the Truth. We ought to be thankful to God for this wonderful salvation that has come to us—not as a theology to be learned mentally, but as a person, the very person of the Godhead, the very Son of God who has been given by the Father to be my life. That is my doctrine. That is my experience—Jesus, Himself. And that is the reason the Lord is so insistent that we should know Him and the power of His resurrection.

There is a wonderful light shining all through the New Testament; it is this very life. Why is it that we missed it so long? Why is it that we did not discover the wonder of it sooner? I find that in studying some of the biographies of great men and women all through the ages, they all sought and all found the same thing. Every one who today figures as a luminary in church history, all the way back to the apostles, was invariably

a person that found the Lord Jesus Christ and found the simplicity that was in Christ Jesus.

Oh, that wonderful simplicity. All I have to do is to love Him and to be devoted to Him, and then He manifests Himself to me. And the reason that people have lost themselves in devious ways is that they did not care enough about Jesus Himself—Jesus, personally—only Jesus.

How very wonderful the revelation is to a heart when Jesus becomes manifested to you as your own Lover—as your own portion, your everlasting portion. What a lovership He brings you into when you fall in love with the Son of God! And nobody can get acquainted with Him without falling in love with Him. Nobody can really come to know the Lord Jesus Christ, but he will become passionately in love with Him, so that all the things of earth, all the things of the flesh, and all that pertains to the self-life fades into insignificance or is crucified with Him. And that is the only thing I know about crucifying the flesh and its affections and lusts.

The Bible says, "*They that are Christ's* have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts" (Gal. 5:24). Therein lies the secret. Therein God has opened before us the most wonderful and most marvelous way—a way of life, a most wonderful salvation. *The Lord* is my Light and my Salvation. I don't derive my light from the writings of man or from theology invented by man, but from Jesus Christ, the Son of God, who is the light of the New Jerusalem, who is also the light of my heart and my life. That is wonder-

fully real and powerful—the Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?

The best experience of divine healing that God ever gave to me was when He said to me one time when I was desperately ill and seemed to get no help, "I am your health." That was sufficient. I suddenly shifted the gear and began to draw life from this indwelling source of life, the Lord Jesus Christ.

And then a very strange thing happened. Although for a day or two my physical condition did not seem changed, there seemed to be living in me and walking in me another man. It was the Man Christ Jesus, and He became so very real to me. I was so conscious of His living in my body that I felt the newness of life springing up within me. God seemed to give me that life for my portion. Jesus Christ came to dwell within me, and I walked in the strength of the Son of God.

God spared not His only begotten Son but gave Him to us that we might live by Him. Take Jesus. He is the health of your body. He is the life of your soul. And if you can take that, you will suddenly find your own body spring into life. Even though your physical condition may not be changed at once, you will sense that there is a fountain of life within you which is in deed and in truth Eternal Life.

Nobody enjoys eternal life until he enjoys Jesus. There is no other means by which God brings you into the experience of everlasting life but by giving you His only begotten Son. You have to receive Him. You have to learn to eat this bread that comes down from heaven.

Jesus makes that clear in John, the sixth chapter, where He talks about the bread that comes down from heaven. "My Father *giveth* you the true bread from heaven." You must underscore that word, "*giveth*." It is a gift. There is no question of His coming to you. There is positively no question. There is nobody that can withhold from you the Bread of Heaven if you are hungry for it, if you want it, if you labor over it. That is one thing we have to learn—to labor over Christ. He gives Himself to those who prove to Him that they want Him above their own lives also. And then the fifty-seventh verse in that marvelous chapter will be made true in your life and in my life: "As I live by the Father, so he that eateth me, even he shall live by me." And there you have a supply of health and life and righteousness and holiness. All the fruits of the Spirit will be yours, and you will experience the highest type of branch life. Your life will be made to bring forth much fruit.

So we might ask ourselves, "Am I doing all I know? Am I bending every effort of mine to know my Jesus better?" That is the thing that has kept the Pentecostal light aflame in some circles. The reason for the falling down of the Pentecostal movement is that many have made experiences and doctrines and organizations the chief issue instead of Jesus. And as soon as we give up worshipping and loving and wanting Jesus above all else, we will be like others who have fallen away. We will lose the light because *the Lamb* is the light thereof. It is the Lamb that lights up the seven golden candlesticks.

When we forsake our first love, that candlestick is automatically removed. That is why we have to be very careful to maintain that first love experience, where *nothing* is wonderful and *no one* is precious and wonderful but Jesus and where

all things center in Him. "O Jesus, Thou art perfectly wonderful to me. Thou art my all and in all, and I want only You." That will transform my whole life or shall I say, my entire living from morning till late at night, and then during my sleeping hours? It will transform my whole being into a divine, heavenly lovership.

It is only lovers of Jesus, the Bible says, that shall be as the sun when he ariseth in his might. What an illustration of the ministry of the New Testament—"like the sun that ariseth in his might." All the shadows of night, all the darkness flee away before that rising luminary. That is the way God will have you to be. Wherever God calls you to minister, you will drive away the shades of night, and the works of darkness will flee before your ministry. And even though our ministry may be small, it will be like the sun when he ariseth in his might. That is what God says.

We have nowhere a better example of this truth than in the Apostle Paul. Although he certainly is regarded today as the chief of apostles, yet he kept this passion in his soul: "One thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus. I have counted all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus, my Lord: for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung that I may win Christ." Here we see the chiefest of apostles—who might have laid down upon his laurels and taken a good time, who might have asked for a preacher's pension and gone into retirement,—forgetting the things that were behind and longing and striving and pressing toward the mark that he might win Christ. He talks

about the excellency of the knowledge of the Son of God.

Do you know that excellency? It is unspeakable. To think that God, the Father, so loved me that He gave up His only begotten Son that I might live through Him. It is unspeakable, and it makes me culpable if I do not bend every effort of mine, if I do not do all I know to know my Jesus better.

In other words, I ought to have the same program the Apostle Paul had. No matter how many churches I have to take care of, no matter how many things I have to do, my main occupation is to know Him and the power of His resurrection.

And what will happen to souls who are thus in love with Jesus? They are going to have Him throughout the ages of eternity.

Oh, mystery of mysteries—Christ is my life! Can I further be interested in the things that confuse men's minds, in these thousand and one ways that the devil has invented to mislead the feet of the children of God and to lead them away from the City of God?

No! There is but one way for me, and I must very carefully walk in that way. That way is Jesus. He, Himself, will guide you and will come so close to you—closer than a brother, closer than the closest friend. The very indwelling principle of life will be Jesus. It will be no more I that live, but Christ that liveth in me.

You can fool away year after year if you like. You can have an attitude of always wishing and always desiring, or you can get down this day and say, "It is settled. Christ is my life." Walk out in bold faith upon that great truth laid down in the gospel. Press towards the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus, and you will have Christ as *your* indwelling life.

The Story Behind

The Conversion of Lillian Trasher

Founder of Assiut Orphanage, Egypt

October 26th marks the fiftieth anniversary of Miss Trasher's arrival in Egypt. The following article has been prepared from two pamphlets issued by Miss Trasher.—EDITOR.

ELLA BUNKLEY was no preacher. No one ever heard her preach. She just lived—yes, just simply lived what great preachers talk about. This humble, young woman of God loved her neighbors, and they all loved her, especially a little Catholic girl, named "Lily," who lived across the field from the Bunkley cottage.

Ella had a new baby; the little Catholic girl simply loved all babies very dearly. The Bunkley child soon grew to love the neighbor girl. She would follow Lily around like a shadow so that the two houses almost became as one to her. The children grew very fond of each other; they played, fished, swam, went nutting, etc., and often slept together. It was a wonderful life! A life that the children of today seem to know so little about. There were Lottie the baby, Robert, Elden, Olive, and Charlie, all of which were friends and relations; and, of course, we must not forget Lily, the little Catholic girl.

One Christmas day, Ella and her husband, Judson, called on Lily's folks in their humble cottage on the bank of the old canal which ran through the town of Brunswick. Lily had gath-



Lillian Trasher

ered some pine knots and made a big cheerful fire in the living room. There was soon an atmosphere of merriment and relaxation. The children played while the older folks talked of many things.

Soon the conversation turned to more serious matters. Judson started saying something that sounded very strange to Lily's ears. She left the other friends and drew her stool nearer to Judson's chair that she might listen to what he had to say. He was telling how he had once been a wicked sinner. One

day he came across a camp meeting in a nearby town which he entered and was gloriously saved. From that minute Judson's life was changed; he was a new man. He stopped smoking and many other bad habits. Lily's eyes opened wider and wider as she heard these strange new words; for the first time she was hearing the truth.

When the gathering broke up and the Bunkleys were leaving, Mrs. Bunkley called, "We are going to have a prayer meeting at our house on Wednesday. You folks come on over."

Lily watched them from the doorway. After they had gone Lily could not forget two things: the strange new word "saved" and the power it had to change a man's life. She asked her mother if she might go to the Wednesday night prayer meeting at Bunkley's place. There was little point in refusing because Lily "lived" at the Bunkley's almost as much as at home.

Lily could hardly wait for Wednesday to come around; it seemed a long, long way off. So she rose early in the morning and ran over to the Bunkleys. Ella was busy washing. There was a big fire under the old iron

pot in the yard; a lovely aroma of coffee, bacon, and good, old-fashioned, family soapsuds and steam around the place. Wash-day was somewhat of a pleasure rather than a task at the Bunkleys' place. Ella welcomed Lily in the usual friendly manner.

Lily opened the conversation, "Ella, I came over to ask you to tell me all about what your husband was talking about last night."

Ella stopped her washing for a minute and said, "Well, Lily child, there ain't nothing much I can tell you, honey. He just got saved, and it changed all his mean ways."

"Oh, Ella, please explain it to me! How did he get saved?"

Ella replied, "Lily, honey, I got my washing to do. I can't sit down here now and explain it."

"I'll help you to do all the washing," Lily urged, "if just you talk while we wash."

So the two of them washed and talked and washed and talked while the clothes were boiled in the old iron pot until they were as white as snow. It was then that Lily heard her first real sermon on what it meant to be saved. Ella Bunkley had planted the gospel seed that later was to spring up into a faith about which the whole world would hear.

Wednesday came at last and the prayer meeting. And what a meeting! There had just never been a prayer meeting like that in those parts for many a year. Everyone sat in the big old kitchen, flames from the crackling fire dancing on their faces. And how those people could sing. They sang the old-fashioned hymns: "Throw Out the Life Line," "By the Blood of Calvary's Lamb, saved from every sin I am." Lily could not seem to understand everything. She thought Calvary was a man and couldn't understand why one of his lambs could wash

away sins. Everything was so new to her.

After prayer, Judson opened the Bible to read and preach. Most folks would say that it was no sermon at all, but to Lily it was the greatest sermon she had ever heard. She sat drinking in every word, and her heart began to "seek." God was dealing with Lily Trasher. From that time forward she attended all the prayer meetings in the neighborhood.

One day Judson said, "Now, Lily, next Wednesday, I am going to call on you to pray."

Lily looked up at him in bewilderment and said, "Me—pray—Uncle Judson! I would not know how!"

"Well, you could try, child," he encouraged.

Lily looked thoughtful for a moment and said, "All right, I'll try; perhaps I could if I tried."

She started for home immediately to get a paper and pencil and find a quiet place where she could write her first prayer. She selected the top of the barn and climbed up where nobody would see her. And there on top of the barn Lily began to write. Her prayer started like this: "O Lord, our great benefactor and observer. . . ." She continued writing a very nice, long, suitable prayer containing all the choice, big words which

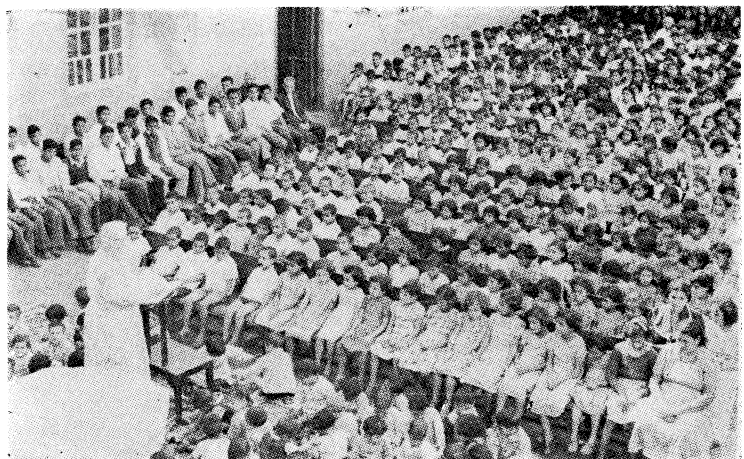
sounded dignified and proper. Then she went about memorizing the prayer carefully, word by word, line by line, until she was satisfied she knew it by heart.

At the prayer meeting Wednesday night when Mr. Bunkley called on Lily to pray—*she forgot every word of her beautiful prayer.* To this day she cannot remember a thing she said, but only remembers the awful realization that it just doesn't work out that way. One did not say memorized prayers in the Bunkley prayer meetings.

Soon Lily Trasher began seeking God in earnest. One day she went out into the woods nearby to pray. She found a spot in a quiet clearing and knelt beside an old tree alone with only herself and God and the birds. Suddenly the heavens opened upon her soul. At last she found herself praying from her heart—the words flowed out from her earnest, seeking soul. It was there beside that old fallen tree that Lily Trasher found God. The tiny seed that Ella Bunkley had planted in the heart of a child had at last borne fruit.

Soon after her conversion, Lily asked to be baptized in water. Judson had said that one should be baptized in water, and if Judson said it, Lily knew that

(Continued on page 10.)



Assiut Orphanage Family Attending Church

A Short and Easy Method of Prayer

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

(Continued from last issue)

CHAPTER XXII

Of Internal Acts

Acts are distinguished into external and internal. External acts are those which bear relation to some sensible object and are either morally good or evil, merely according to the nature of the principle from which they proceed. I intend here to speak only of internal acts, those energies of the soul, by which she turns internally to some object and averts from others.

If during my application to God, I should form a will to change the nature of my act, I thereby withdraw myself from God and turn to created objects, and that in a greater or less degree according to the strength of the act: and if, when I am turned towards the creature, I would return to God, I must necessarily form an act for that purpose; and the more perfect this act is, the more complete is the conversion. Till conversion is perfected many reiterated acts are necessary; for it is generally progressive, though with some it is almost instantaneous. My act, however, should consist in a continual turning unto God, an exertion of every faculty and power of the soul purely for Him, agreeably to the instructions of the son of Sirach: "Re-unite all the motions of thy heart in the holiness of God" (vulgate), and to the example of David, "I will keep my whole strength for thee" (Psalm lviii. 10. vulg.), which is done by earnestly re-entering into ourselves; as Isaiah saith, "Return to your heart" (Isa. xlvii. 8. vulg.), for we have strayed from our heart by sin, and it is our heart only that God requires: "My son, give me thine heart, and let thine eye observe my ways" (Prov. xxiii. 26). To give the heart to God, is to have the whole external energy of the soul ever centering in Him, that we may be rendered conformable to His will. We must, therefore, continue invariably turned to God from our very first application to Him.

But the soul being weak and unstable and accustomed to turn to external objects, she is consequently prone to dissipation. This evil, however, will be counteracted if, on perceiving her aberration, she, by a pure act of return to God, instantly replaces herself in Him; and this act subsists as long as the conversion lasteth, by the

powerful influence of a simple and unfeigned return to God, and as many reiterated acts form a habit, the soul contracts the habit of conversion; and that act which was before interrupted and distinct becomes continual.

The soul should not then be perplexed about forming an act which already subsists, and which, indeed, it cannot attempt to form without difficulty and constraint: she even finds that she is withdrawn from her proper state, under pretence of seeking that which is in reality acquired, seeing the habit is already formed, and she is confirmed in habitual conversion and habitual love. It is seeking one act by the help of many, instead of continuing attached to God by one simple act alone.

We may remark that at times we form with facility many distinct, yet simple acts; which shows that we have wandered and that we re-enter our heart after having strayed from it: yet when we have re-entered, we should remain there in peace. We err, therefore, in supposing that we do not form acts; we form them continually: but they should be in their nature conformable to the degree of our spiritual advancement.

The greatest difficulty with most spiritual people arises from their not clearly comprehending this matter. Now some acts are transient and distinct, others are continual; and again, some are direct, and others reflex. All cannot form the first, neither are all in a state suited to form the last. The first are adapted to those who have strayed and who require a distinguishable exertion, proportioned to the degree of their deviation, which, if inconsiderable, an act of the most simple kind is sufficient.

By the continued act, I mean that whereby the soul is altogether turned toward God in a direct tendency, which always subsists, and which it doth not renew unless it has been interrupted. The soul, being thus turned, is "In the love," and abides therein; "and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God" (1 John iv. 16). The soul then, as it were, existeth and reposeth in this habitual act, but free from sloth or torpitude; for still there is an unintermitted act subsisting, which is a sweet sinking into the Deity, whose attraction becomes more and more powerful: and in following this potent attraction, the soul presses

farther, and sinks continually deeper into the ocean of divine love, maintaining an activity infinitely more powerful, vigorous and effectual, than that which served to accomplish her first return.

Now the soul that is thus profoundly and vigorously active, being wholly given up to God, doth not perceive her activity, because it is direct and not reflex: and this is the cause why some, who do not express themselves properly, say, that they do not act at all; but it is a mistake, for they were never more truly or nobly active: they should rather say, that they did not distinguish their acts, than that they did not act. I allow, they do not act of themselves; but they are drawn, and they follow the attraction. Love is the weight which sinks them into God, as into an infinite sea, wherein they descend with inconceivable rapidity from one profound depth to another.

It is then an impropriety to say that we do not form acts: all form acts, but the manner of their formation is not alike in all. The cause of the mistake is this: all who know they should act are desirous of acting distinguishably and perceptibly, but this cannot be: distinct and sensible acts are for beginners, and acts of a higher nature for those in a more advanced state. To stop in the former, which are weak and of little profit is to debar ourselves of the latter; and again, to attempt the latter, without having passed through the former, is a no less considerable error.

All things should then be done in their season: every state has its commencement, its progress and its consummation; and it is an unhappy error to stop in the beginning. There is even no art but what has its process; and at first we must labour with diligence and toil, but at last we shall reap the harvest of our industry. When the vessel is in port, the mariners are obliged to exert all their strength, that they may clear her thence and put to sea; but at length they turn her with facility as they please. In like manner, while the soul remains in sin and creaturely entanglements, very frequent and strenuous endeavours are requisite to effect her freedom; the cords which withhold her must be loosed; and then by strong and vigorous efforts she gathers herself inwards, pushing off gradually from her old port, and, in leaving that at a distance, she proceeds to the interior, the haven to which she wishes to steer.

When the vessel is thus turned, in proportion as she advances on the sea, she leaves the land behind, and the farther she departs from the old harbour, the less difficulty and labour is requisite in moving her forward; at length she begins to get sweetly under sail, and now proceeds so swiftly in her course that the oar which is become

useless is laid aside. How is the pilot now employed? He is content with spreading the sails and holding the rudder. To spread the sails is to lay ourselves before God in the prayer of simple exposition, that we may be acted upon by His Spirit: to hold the rudder is to restrain our hearts from wandering from the true course, recalling it gently and guiding it steadily to the dictates of the blessed Spirit, which gradually gain possession and dominion of the heart, just as the wind by degrees fills the sails and impels the vessel. While the winds are fair, the pilot and the mariners rest from their labours, and the vessel glides rapidly along without their toil; and when they thus repose and leave the vessel to the wind, they make more way in one hour than they had done in a length of time by all their former efforts; were they even now to attempt using the oar, they would not only fatigue themselves, but retard the vessel by their ill-timed labours.

This is the manner of acting we should pursue interiorly; it will, indeed, advance us in a very short time, by the divine impulsion, infinitely farther than a whole life spent in reiterated acts of self-exertion; and whosoever will take this path will find it easier than any other.

If the wind be contrary and blows a storm, we must cast anchor to withhold the vessel; our anchor is a firm confidence and hope in God, waiting patiently the calming of the tempest and the return of a more favourable gale, as David "Wait-ed patiently for the Lord, and he inclined unto him, and heard his cry" (Psal. xl. 1). We must, therefore, be resigned to the Spirit of God, giving up ourselves wholly to His divine guidance.

To be continued.

There is a place
that has been carved out
in the heart of each one
of us just large enough
for
Jesus
to fit into.

Patience

By HELEN WANNENMACHER

AFTER I had been saved about a year or so, I felt I was now ready to study some "deep" subject, such as a prophetic study in Revelation, but my faithful teacher quietly suggested that I *study* and *pray* over the subject of Patience. I confess I was somewhat "let down," but I turned my attention to Patience, *somewhat*. How much better it would have been for me had I really gone after it with much more desire than I did.

Patience is a "homey" little word, but far-reaching in its effect as it pertains to us and as it pertains to the lives of those about us. Crudely said, "It may break us or make us." If we allow impatience to rule in our natures, it may cost us dearly and lose for us a rich reward. But if by patient continuance in well-doing, by overcoming, bearing our cross—and you know, there is no crown without the cross—we will at last hear our blessed Lord say, "Well done!"

Anyone can lose his patience, and the real test of patience comes in the home where the humdrum affairs of life are carried on day after day. Isn't it sad that often the very ones we love the most are the ones we have the least patience with? A sweet poem I often love to read expresses it well:

*"So many little faults I find,
We see them for not blind is love.
We see them, but if you and I
Perhaps remember them some by and
by,
They will not be faults then,
Grave faults, to you and me,*

*But just odd ways, mistakes, or even
less,
Remembrances to bless!
Days change so many things.
Yes, hours, we see so differently in
sun and showers.
Mistaken words tonight
May be so cherished by tomorrow's
light.
We shall be patient, for we know
There is such a little way to go."*

I have learned through the years by trials and tribulations to be much more patient with other folks, with those I understand and those I don't. An old Indian proverb says, "Great Spirit, help me never to judge a man till I have walked two weeks in his moccasins."

Then we must be patient with God. *He is God!* He has a right to try us and He does. David the Psalmist says, "His eyelids try the hearts of men. It almost seems He is asleep, but He is not, for He never slumbers nor sleeps. When the disciples were in the midst of the storm, He was in back of the boat not seeming to care, but when they called to Him, He arose quickly and rebuked the sea, and there was a great calm. *His* calm after some storm is very wonderful, isn't it?

Then the Lord would have us to be more patient with ourselves,—our faults and imperfections, our seeming lack of growth. We are not to condone them or to excuse them, but if we are seeking His face and praying for His deliverance and walking in His known will, we are not to cast away our confidence in Him, which hath great

recompense of reward. We have need of patience that after we have done the will of God, we will receive the promise. We are to keep looking up in faith. There is no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh but after the Spirit (Rom. 8:1).

God lets trials small and great come our way, for in no other way can He try us. And it is by the trying of our faith that we *get* patience, and we are to *let* patience have her *perfect* work, that we may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing.

There is a direct connection between *Patience* and *Perfection* and also between *Patience* and the *Coming of the Lord Jesus*. In the last days we shall be tried so as by fire, and it seems things are gaining momentum. "If we have run with the footmen and they have wearied us, what will we do in the swelling of the Jordan?"

Let's run to win. With our eyes on the goal! With the first love burning in our hearts!

"Here is the patience of the saints: here are they that keep the commandments of God, and the faith of Jesus" (Rev. 14:12).

"Be patient therefore, brethren, unto the coming of the Lord. Behold, the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath long patience for it, until he receive the early and latter rain. Be ye also patient; stablish your hearts: for the coming of the Lord draweth nigh" (James 5:7, 8).

Conversion of Lillian Trasher

(Continued from page 6.)

it must be right. She told her mother she wanted to be baptized as soon as possible, and her mother agreed. "All right, we will go tell the priest," she said.

Lily and her mother went to visit the Catholic priest. It is left to the reader's imagination what the priest replied to Lily's request. Suffice it to say that Lily and her mother were soon on the streets of Brunswick again looking for a minister who would baptize the girl. They tried the Baptist church parsonage; nobody home. They went to the Methodist church and were welcomed by the pastor. Lily told him that she was formerly a Catholic but was now saved and wanted to be baptized. He was very kind and said, "Well, my child, before you can be baptized you must know something about the Bible and the church."

Lily agreed to study. She studied everything he told her to and at last was able to pass the examination — *then the great day arrived!*

All of the friends, relations, neighbors, and church people gathered down on the canal bank near the "Harris" house to watch the service. Lily was duly baptized; in the sincerity of her heart she obeyed the Word of God.

Soon afterward, Lily started a Sunday school in the old "Casidy" house. A goodly number of children joined in her first Sunday school class. There were Elden, Bob, Lottie, Charlie, Olive, and young Cecil, along with other children. Among those who attended were some grown "children" who could not read nor write, so Lily taught them also.

Lily's mother decided to move to Asheville, North Carolina,

but Lily wanted to remain in Brunswick and finish her second year of high school. What was more simple than for Ella Bunkley to say, "Lily child, you may come and stay with us"? So it was settled. Lily would stay at Ella Bunkley's place and room with Lottie, her little girl friend.

When the school year was finished, Lily left for Asheville. Later she attended God's Bible School in Cincinnati, Ohio. From there she went to Ellaman Bible School and later to Brother Holm's Bible School where she received the glorious baptism of the Holy Ghost.

When Lillian Trasher was twenty-three years of age, she went one evening to hear a missionary from India speak. (At this time she was assisting Miss Mattie Perry in her orphanage in Marion, N.C.) During her address Miss Trasher was led to feel that she should go as a missionary to Africa. She had but five dollars in her possession, since she had spent all her money arranging for her wedding which was to have taken place just ten days from that time. Knowing that the young man did not wish to go to Africa and not daring to disobey the call of God, she determined to go by herself. After packing her trunk she told her friends she was ready to start.

In 1910 Lillian Trasher obeyed the call of God and followed Him to Egypt. The following year she founded the great Assiut Orphanage. From a humble beginning of five children the work has expanded under her direction and grown to its present magnitude. Now more than 1,200 are cared for in the home.

It would be impossible to estimate the number of destitute children, widows, blind people, and orphans who have found shelter in the Assiut Orphanage since it was established. It is nothing short of a miracle how

God has honored the obedient faith of Lillian Trasher and her workers.

Echoes from Pilgrim Camp

(Continued from page 2.)

you willing to do that? You have to learn that. The errand boy does what he is told. If he is told to go to Europe, all right, he goes. If he is told to scrub the floor, all right. If he is told to start a mission, he goes and starts it. [Laughter.]

"You laugh at it. But I tell you something. Mrs. Wannemacher and I scrubbed that mission [in Milwaukee] many times and cleaned it up. We could have been in some school playing the 'big shot,' but it doesn't pay, folks. Jesus should have the first place and for Him we should do anything in the world. I did things I would not have done if a man had said, 'I would give you five million dollars to do this particular thing.' I would not have done it for money, but for Jesus, *for Jesus*, I'd do anything, *anything*. I have not tried to be anything but an errand boy.

"It's wonderful to be in contact with the Lord. You might not be this or that or the other, but let's all of us be very obedient, be very given, be very consecrated. 'God, anything. God, anything.'

"Some people say, 'Why is this man blessed? Why is this man blessed?' I think of my wife. She said, 'Lord, make me a doormat. Make me a doormat.'

"Well, who wants to be a doormat? But when you are consecrated, you pray like that, you are like that, you give everything to God, you are willing for anything. Do you know what a doormat is? Where people come and clean their feet on you. That's a hard thing for people nowadays, but how blessed it has been. Dear children of God, we ought to come into such a

consecration to our Lord Jesus Christ that there shouldn't be anything too great or too small that we would not do for Jesus."

* * *

The Wannenmachers were brought to camp by their youngest son, Philip, pastor of Bethel Full Gospel Church, Rochester, N. Y. Philip was able to be present at only one service, but his testimony given immediately after his father's talk was a great blessing to all.

"I reached the place in my early youth," Philip recalled, "where I said I would neither be a doormat or an errand boy. I thought that it was not too illustrious a career. However, the day came in my own life when I had to either respond to the call of God or reject it.

"I remember very well the Sunday night when God began to deal with me. I was, of course, the preacher's 'kid,' and any move to that altar might smack of being in a backslidden state. Certainly no preacher's 'kid' could afford to be in that state. So, rather than going to the altar, I packed my trombone and went home. I didn't know how to pray, but I took my trombone and I played it over and over again: *'I'll go where You want me to go.'* (That was a sacred altar.) I meant it then. And I still mean it.

"It is a marvelous thing to know the leading of the Lord. It is a marvelous thing to know the Voice. I rejoice greatly that the one thing that has been most heavily drilled into my mind, into my heart, all through the years: *Whatever else you do, do the will of God. Wherever else you go, be in the will of God.*

"It's been my joy for quite a number of years now, since 1942 at least, that every major decision, every major move, every step, there has been the very precious and wonderful sense, 'This is God's will. This is the place.' Burdens have lifted. New

doors have opened. But always with that very conscious touch of the Spirit of God, 'This is My will.'

"There have been times when you feel the pressure and the tribulation and the trials that will come, you must know that *this* is God's will; otherwise you couldn't stay. But when you know that you are in the will of God, then there is no pressure, there is no tribulation, there is no trouble but what it is there for a definite purpose, and you can submit to that will of God and see God's hand outstretched in mercy.

* * *

"The one truth that has been most recently very, very precious and very important, that I have endeavored to preach now for three or four months every Sunday morning, is the thought of the Christ Life in me. Christianity is plagued, Pentecost is plagued with all that is not the Christ Life. There is so much that flies under the banner of Pentecost that is not Christ. Very frankly, I'm not interested in so much that is called by the name of Pentecost, so much that is called by the name of Christian. I've been disappointed. I've seen too many people disillusioned, and because of it they have lost out.

"The thing that I have been most interested in is that *in me* my people shall see Christ, that in my people the world shall see Christ, that in my church the Christ Life will be lived to the extent that it will become a

meeting place where people can come to know Jesus.

"Dr. Alan Redpath has taken that little song, 'Let the Beauty of Jesus be Seen in Me,' that little phrase where we used to sing, 'O Thou Spirit Divine, all my nature refine.' I think he has a very precious and a very good truth. God isn't interested in refining my old nature. There is nothing worthwhile that God can do with me. He doesn't want to refine it. He wants to come with His Spirit. He wants me to be the temple of the Holy Ghost. He wants to fill this temple. So my prayer has been,

'O Thou Spirit Divine, fill this temple of Thine

Till the beauty of Jesus be seen.'

And that's all we need."

* * *

Here are echoes from other voices heard at Pilgrim Camp this summer: The soul that really loves Jesus will be true to Him under all circumstances.

* * *

The Lord wants me to have my thoughts and acts and words and feelings and attitudes to be like He would have them to be.

* * *

If we don't have faith, we should learn the reason why.

The foundation stone of faith is believing that *God is*.

CORRECTION

The quotation from *Martha W. Robinson* which appeared on page 4 of the September issue of *BREAD OF LIFE* should have read: "What is it to be crucified? Is it to have trials? No. *It is to be dead!* etc."

Advice to Ministers

A word of wisdom given by Martha W. Robinson
October 1, 1921

YOU MUST *be simple and care more, a good deal, to see people love Jesus than to have them know you are a good preacher. Always put Jesus first in your ministry and people will. It makes them want ME.*

THE BIBLE

STRENGTH OF OUR NATION



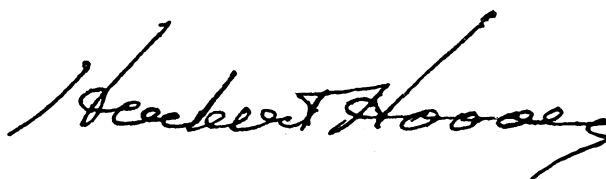
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