

Bread of Life

NOVEMBER 1963

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We gath - er to - geth - er to ask the Lord's bless - ing, He

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has - tens and has - tens His will to make known; The

Thanksgiving Praise

Whom shall I praise?

For countless days of His rich mercies o'er my ways?
The Lamb of God—redemption bringing,
Who fills my heart with heaven's singing—
Jesus—to Him my song is winging.
Jesus I praise!

How shall I praise?

For countless days of His rich mercies o'er my ways?
With holy lips—sweet carols true;
From heart—a full surrender new;
In life, in love—His bidding do—
Thus shall I praise.

When shall I praise?

For countless days of His rich mercies o'er my ways?
Just now I joy in His bestowing
Of strength and grace, His fulness showing;
Just now my cup is overflowing—
At all times praise.

And for what praise?

Thro' countless days of His rich mercies o'er my ways?
Praise for His love so true and deep,
Praise for His mighty power to keep,
Praise for the way He guides His sheep—
For this I praise.

How long to praise?

Thro' countless days of His rich mercies o'er my ways?
Forever shall my glad heart sing
His praise—my wondrous Saviour-King!
*Eternity no end shall bring
To His sweet praise.*

ALICE REYNOLDS FLOWER

Bread of Life

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Wanted: Labourers

By G. FERNE BAILEY

*Out into the harvest field, and labor while you may,
Out into the harvest field, work while 'tis called today;
Ye loyal hearts and true, and labourers not a few,
Wanted,—the Lord hath need of you.*

OF LATE God's people are being alerted by the urgent prayer Jesus brought before His disciples. "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that He will send forth *labourers* into His harvest." May the urgency of His petition of long, long ago cause us to prevail in prayer—the kind of praying that will result in the thrusting forth of labourers.

Firstly, our praying should be unprejudiced, free of everything that savors of the natural. Jesus didn't ask His disciples that so-and-so be sent to such-and-such a place. Never! He saw the great, great need for labourers and requested that they pray for such. Let us take up the same petition, aided by the Holy Spirit, and pray it through. He will do the sending—the placing, too. Divine placement supercedes all other placement agencies put together!

Secondly, can we pray such a prayer without becoming involved? Are we willing to become involved? If we're really honest, we'll come to the following conclusion. We cannot, we dare not, pray such a prayer unless we're willing to become involved. May we, without reservation, pray "Lord, thrust forth labourers"—"Lord, thrust me forth."

There isn't much glamour attached to the role of being a labourer. Could this be the reason for the shortage of labourers in the Kingdom of God? The labourer knows what it is to burn up a heap of energy getting the job done. He's acquainted with fatigue, calloused hands, and the perspiring brow. Not many of them wear white collars. Many, such is to their shame, look down on the folk of the labouring class level. Just ask some people about the common labourer. You're liable to meet up with some violent reactions. However, what would this nation be without the labouring class? Tell me, what would the Kingdom of God be without labourers? May He, the Lord of the harvest, make us uncommon labourers in this common cause!

Paul was quite the authority on the subject. What a positive note he strikes in his letter to the Corinthians. "And last of all He was seen by me also, as one born out of due time. But by the grace of God I am what I am; and His grace which was bestowed upon me was not in vain; but I laboured more abundantly than they all." Throughout the varied phases of his ministry he knew, to the limit, what it meant to be in "labours more abundant."

The following is what he said of certain individuals:

Timothy . . . "A fellow labourer," Epaphroditus . . . "Companion in labours," Epaphras . . . "Labouring fervently in prayer" (This was in behalf of the Christians of Colosse).

He gave Pastor Timothy instructions regarding the elders who "laboured in the word and doctrine."

In his Philippian letter he said, "True yokefellow, help those women which laboured with me in the gospel, with Clement also, and with other my fellowlabourers, whose names are in the book of life."

In Matthew 20 we read, "For the Kingdom of heaven is like unto a man that is an householder, which went out early in the morning to hire *labourers* into his vineyard . . . And he went out about the third hour, and saw others standing idle in the market place, and said unto them, Go ye also into the vineyard . . . And again he went out about the sixth and ninth hour and did likewise. And about the eleventh hour he went out, and found others standing idle, and saith unto them, Why stand ye here all the day idle? He saith unto them, Go ye also into the vineyard."

This parable gives a very
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My Glory

By GORDON P. GARDINER

“O God, my heart is ready, my heart is ready: I will sing and give praise with the best member that I have.” So reads the first verse of the 108th Psalm in the Psalter, a translation of the Psalms made some seventy-five years or so before our King James or Authorized Version, but still used in the services of some Protestant churches. In the King James Version this verse is rendered, “O God, my heart is fixed; I will sing and give praise, even with my glory.” Where the one translation speaks of “the best member that I have,” the other says, “my glory.”

In psalm 16, verse 9, the writer also speaks of “my glory,” and the Apostle Peter makes it very clear what the Psalmist meant by that expression, for when he quotes the verse, instead of saying, “my glory rejoiceth,” he says, “my tongue was glad” (Acts 2:26). So it is that unquestionably the tongue is meant when the Psalmist says, “Thou hast turned for me my mourning into dancing . . . to the end that my glory may sing praise to thee, and not be silent” (Ps. 30:11, 12) and again in Psalm 57:8: “Awake up, my glory.”

What significant descriptions of the tongue—“The best member that I have” . . . “my glory!” Certainly they indicate what is God’s intention for our tongues. If so, it might be well for each one of us to ask ourselves, “Is my tongue ‘the best member I

have?” Is my tongue “my glory?”

So many things are said in the Word of God about our tongues: James says it is “a little member and boasteth great things,” “a fire . . . and setteth on fire the course of nature; and it is set on fire of hell . . . Therewith bless we God, even the Father, and therewith curse we men which are made after the similitude of God. Out of the same mouth proceedeth blessing and cursing. My brethren, these things ought not so to be.”

In the Book of Proverbs (18:21) we read that “death and life are in the power of the tongue.” When we consider such passages, we begin to see how powerful, how important the tongue is. But there is that staggering verse, when one meditates upon it and really considers its implications, “If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man, and able to bridle the whole body” (James 3:2).

Now that does not mean that a person may not be used of God to rebuke, to exhort. Not to offend does not mean I may not hurt some one’s sensitive feelings. No, it means that I will not cause another by any word of mine to stumble or trip, to err or to sin, or to fail of salvation. In other words, a person who offends not in word will never be the means of hindering another in his Christian life, but will be the means of

helping another to get nearer to God. His words will be words of faith; his tongue, a tree of life. The perfect tongue is God’s desire for us.

Couple this word with that in Peter, “If any man speak, let him speak as the oracles of God” (I Pet. 4:11). There can be little or no question that the Holy Spirit here refers to the ordinary conversation of the Christian and declares what is God’s desire and goal for us. The Word of God makes it clear that our ordinary conversation, even though we have to talk about cloaks, parchments, or traveling (“Do thy diligence to come before winter”—II Tim. 4:21),—the ordinary comings and goings of life, can be spoken of in God. They can and really should be spoken under the anointing of the Holy Spirit.

If this is so of ordinary conversation, that any man who speaks should speak as the oracle of God, how much more should this be so in speaking for the Lord. John Woolman, a very simple Quaker tailor who lived just before the time of the American Revolution, relates an interesting experience in his journal along this line. (His journal was recently chosen to go into the White House Library because it is considered one of the great masterpieces of American literature. Woolman is one of the great pioneers in this country credited with doing much to awaken the American conscience to the evil of slavery.) After a very remarkable conversion, God separated Woolman unto himself, and he couldn’t say or do the things he had done before. He was made to live a life very, very close to God. And then one day God’s Spirit came upon him, and he

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The Fighting Elder

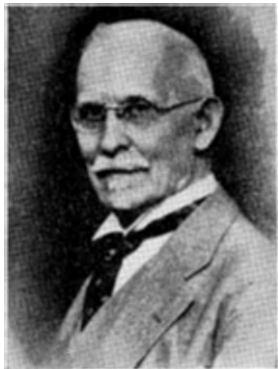
Conflicts in the Narrow Way

As Experienced in the Life of Elder Eugene Brooks

By GORDON P. GARDINER

PART VI

Born in Virginia five years before the outbreak of the Civil War, Eugene Brooks received his early education in the Academy of Bowling Green. While attending this school, he was converted and joined the local Christian Church. Desiring a higher education, he went to Henry College in Kentucky for a year, but ill health forced him to leave school, and for some years he successfully engaged in various kinds of secular employment. At twenty-nine, through the encouragement and aid of his pastor, John L. Brandt, he entered the ministry in 1885. Throughout the next twelve years he held pastorates in Ohio, Colorado, and Missouri, finally returning to Ohio in 1892, where he had an unusually successful ministry in Findlay. In the midst of his success, however, his health failed completely.



Elder Eugene Brooks
1856-1954

ONE SUNDAY NIGHT, right while Eugene Brooks was preaching to his Findlay congregation, a young fellow ran in the side door of the church and right onto the platform. "Brother" Brooks thought, "This is some fellow whom I have made mad, and he is going to do me up!" Excited and wild-looking, the intruder blurted out, "My mother is dying and wants you to preach her funeral."

He was the half-witted son of Mrs. Pratt, a poor old washwoman, a member of another congregation in the city. He had come to look for his sister who attended Mr. Brooks' church, but, bewildered, he had rushed to the preacher. His sister arose and left at once, and when he saw that, "he beat a retreat."

"I knew something was wrong and in deference to the sister went down to the house the next day," recalled Elder Brooks. "I found Mrs. Pratt paralyzed on the right side and very sick, seemingly in the throes of death. I talked with her

a little while, and when I said goodbye, I added, 'If we never meet again on earth, we will meet in heaven.' The next day I heard that the old woman was well. I said, 'That's a lie, because I was down there yesterday, saw her, and she was about to die.' My informant said, 'She's been healed.'

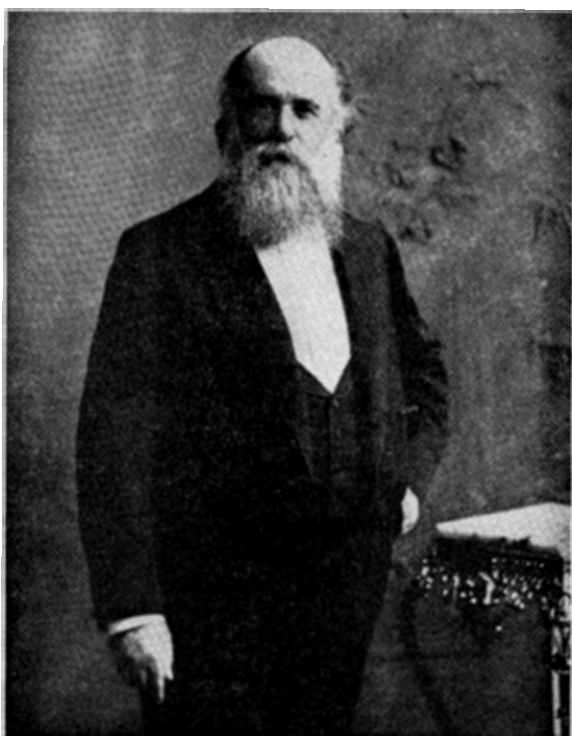
"That was all the bunk to me—getting healed. When eight or ten people confirmed this report, saying they had been there and seen for themselves, it finally so impressed me that I said, 'I don't believe it, but I'll go and see anyway.'

"I visited her and found the reports true. 'How's this?' I asked.

"'After you left me last night,' she began, 'I prayed until four o'clock in the morning when the power of God came upon me and I sat up in bed. Then I thought, 'Surely this cannot be that I'm healed,' and I fell right back. I prayed again and promised God that if that same power would come on me again, I would get up and tell my neighbors what great things He had done. After an hour I was restored. This time I did not stop but got out of bed. I went upstairs to my children who were frightened and began to cry. I said, 'I'm all right.' I told them to go on and get breakfast while I did what I had promised God. From five o'clock until seven I went from house to house witnessing to the power of God.'

"That was God after me. There was nothing I could say against it, but in my ignorance I would not admit that there was anything in it. I tried my best to refute it. Disparagingly I thought, 'Oh, she's an old washwoman, simple and ignorant.' Then I would think, 'But it isn't a question of mentality, but the body.' I couldn't deny it so refused to think about it and put it out of my mind. Oh, the perversity of church prejudice!"

It was about six months after this incident that Eugene Brooks went to Ada, Ohio—the last of December, 1895—to hold the protracted meeting already mentioned. While there he was enter-



"The Greatest Man I Ever Knew"

John Alexander Dowie

Born in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1847, as a youth he moved to Australia where he later entered the ministry of the Congregational Church. As he studied the Word of God, he became convinced that Jesus Christ is still the Healer as when He was present in the flesh, and soon God began to honor his prayer of faith in behalf of the sick. After an increasingly successful ministry in Australia and New Zealand, he came to the United States in 1888 and held campaigns in various cities, finally centering in Chicago. There he opened a tabernacle and several homes where the sick could come to be taught the Word and prayed for. In 1901, Dr. Dowie opened Zion City, forty miles north of Chicago, as a home for the members of his church. There he died in 1907. Many of the outstanding ministers, evangelists, and missionaries of the Pentecostal movement were originally affiliated with Dr. Dowie. See BREAD OF LIFE, March, 1957.



tained in the home of one of the elders of the church who was also the president of the university there—now called Ohio Northern University. On arriving at the home of his host, he found him and his wife kneeling on the floor, crying as if their hearts would break. "Their two daughters, semi-invalids, had gone to Chicago for physical help. The elder one had been in a hospital for several weeks and undergone four operations. Now the parents had just received word to prepare for the worst as there was little hope."

Now Mr. Brooks was fairly well acquainted with this family, for he had been entertained in this home from time to time during the previous two years when he had come to preach in the Ada church. He knew that the younger daughter had been partially paralyzed and had witnessed the decline of the older one, suffering from a complication of ills, among them, tuberculosis of the bowels. The parents, with means at their disposal, had sought the best remedies and the best physicians. In one last desperate effort they had taken their daughter to St. Luke's Hospital in Chicago where she could have the best medical and surgical care available. Now the doctors, having done their best, had had to admit defeat and had given up all hope for their patient. Naturally Mr. Brooks sympathized with the family and sought to comfort them as best he could.

In the midst of his Ada ministry, Mr. Brooks returned to Findlay, and when he went back to

Ada, he found both daughters home and well. Of course, the parents were on the mountain top of joy. In the midst of their gross darkness and utter despair, God had sent a ray of hope. Sometime previous, someone had given the family a copy of *Leaves of Healing*, a weekly periodical published by John Alexander Dowie of Chicago. The testimonies in this paper of those who had been healed in answer to prayer alone had inspired them to investigate—ever so cautiously—the work and teaching of Dr. Dowie. A woman versed in the Bible—herself the teacher of a large weekly Bible class, she took her New Testament and beginning at Acts, read through at one sitting to see if miracles of healing were performed after Christ's ascension and could be expected today in answer to prayer. Convinced, she cried to God for the healing of her sister and the use of her own right arm, promising that if He did so, she would do anything He asked of her. God heard her cry. Within one week, they were home, healed in answer to prayer, one of them directly raised from what was expected to be her deathbed in St. Luke's Hospital. Both of them were incontrovertible witnesses to healing through faith in Jesus Christ which could not be gainsaid.

"Here I was facing something," commented Elder Brooks in relating this story. "God was giving me another object lesson. I said, 'My goodness, old Mrs. Pratt was a washwoman. Here is this great educator and an elder in our

church—he is too wise to be a fool, and too good to lie; there must be something in divine healing.’ But I was stubborn; I did not accept this evidence either. From then on I got rapidly worse. I tell you, when you reject light, God manifests His displeasure.

“The third and last assault of God on me was the case of an old Congregational man, seventy years of age, who came desiring the use of our baptistry so that he might be baptized. I gladly consented but asked, ‘Why is it that you have waited so long before you were baptized?’

“He replied, ‘I have just been to Chicago where I was healed of a rupture of thirty-eight years in answer to prayer by Doctor Dowie. He got me to see that I ought to be baptized.’

“‘Does Dowie believe in baptism?’ I asked. (You know, the members of the Christian Church believe that if a man is straight on baptism, he is straight on everything.)

“‘I should say.’

“‘Dowie must know something,’ I said.

“It wasn’t long after that that although I lived only about two blocks from the church, I had to ride from home to the church. I had taken all sorts of medicine to cure my ailments until medicine wouldn’t work. I had become weak from loss of blood. My diet finally consisted of toast and boiled milk. The last two sermons that I preached before I left Findlay, I had to sit in my chair. I was determined never to give up. I had push, if I did not have much health. God was driving me to divine healing.

“While I was conducting my mid-week service one Wednesday night in April, 1896, something said to me, ‘Chicago tonight.’ I felt as if I was going to die,—I might as well die in Chicago. Then I thought I would just see if there was anything in this man Dowie. If anyone had said to me, ‘Are you going to Chicago?’ I would have felt like slapping him in the face. I didn’t want anyone to know where I was going.

“I went home, prepared to leave, and said to my landlady, ‘If I’m not back by Sunday, get Dr. Miller to get somebody to take the pulpit.’

“‘Where are you going?’

“‘None of your business,’ I snarled back. This wasn’t simply because I was dyspeptic; I was full of the devil anyhow. That night I left for Chicago without telling anyone where I was going, for I did not want anyone to know of my purpose.

“I arrived in Chicago the next morning, Thursday, about eleven o’clock. I first secured my breakfast, consisting of a glass of boiled milk, and then went to Zion Divine Healing Home, located at the corner of Michigan Avenue and Twelfth

Street. This Home was conducted by Dr. and Mrs. John Alexander Dowie primarily for the purpose of affording a place where those ‘sick children of God, seeking Him alone for healing in the name of Jesus, and through the power of the Holy Spirit’ might come to receive ‘instruction in God’s way of healing as set forth in the Holy Scriptures’! The use of all medicines was strictly forbidden to all residing in the Home. When one entered the Home, he did so with the full understanding that he had come there to trust God alone.

“After paying ten dollars for board and room for a week, I retired to my room and rested until noon. Then the dinner bell rang. As I said before, I had become so dyspeptic in Findlay that my diet consisted only of boiled milk and toast. Although this diet is quite constipating and I was severely troubled that way anyhow, nevertheless, it was the only thing that would stay in my stomach. For eight years I had had very severe attacks of indigestion about three or four times a year, and these would last from three to four weeks at a time.

“Well, when I heard the dinner bell, I faced my first conflict. What would I do about eating? I was afraid to go out to get my dinner—boiled



Zion Home, Chicago

Formerly the Imperial Hotel, located at the corner of Michigan Avenue and Twelfth Street, Dr. Dowie secured this place to accommodate the many who came for healing. Here it was that Elder Brooks came and spent a week in April, 1896.

milk and toast—for fear that someone from the Home would follow me. I had paid for my meals anyway. And I was afraid to ask for boiled milk and toast, for I somehow had the feeling that the people there didn't believe in diet. In desperation I quickly determined, 'I'll eat if it kills me.'

"Then and there God met me. I went to the table, ate a hearty meal, and it didn't trouble me a bit. I was perfectly delivered from my indigestion and have been to this day.

"Then I went to the old Zion Tabernacle on Stony Island Avenue. Upon entering, I looked around and saw what was called 'the handwriting on the walls.' This was the term applied to the collection of crutches, canes, braces, high-heeled boots, plaster casts, etc., which had been left by those who had been healed in answer to prayer. These tokens, 'captured from the enemy,' were placed on the walls of the tabernacle and were mute but powerful witnesses to God's healing power.

"Now this was convincing to many others, but it made me indignant. I would not pay any attention to the handwriting on the walls. I thought, 'O Bosh! Nonsense! I am not looking for that. Show me in the Word of God where God promises to heal somebody, and I will believe it.'

"Dr. Dowie did show me divine healing in the Word during the course of his preaching. At the close of his sermon, along with many others, I responded to the call for consecration by arising and saying, 'I am willing to do anything God wants me to do. It meant something for me to do this, but when I did, a conviction came over me that I had never felt before in my life. Though I had been preaching for about twelve years, I

found I had a den of devils in my heart, a cage of unclean birds. After the service, I went into the healing room where Dr. Dowie prayed for me, but I came out just as I went in. God was after more than the healing in my body.

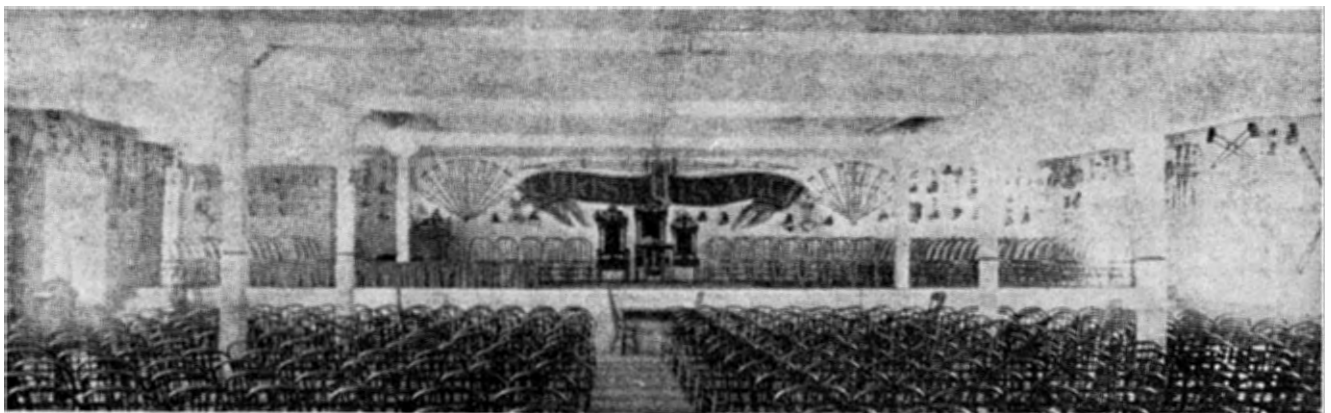
"Dr. Dowie was the greatest man I ever knew," reflected Elder Brooks almost half a century after he first met the man, during which period he had met many other well-known religious leaders. "His teaching on healing was the best ever given. God used him mightily in ministering to the sick. While it is true that perhaps this phase of his ministry was the most spectacular, it is also true that he had just as strong a message on salvation, repentance, and holy living, for he firmly taught that these were prerequisite and essential to the healing of the body."

"During one of his addresses at a healing meeting, Dr. Dowie made the statement, 'All sickness, disease, and death is of and from the devil.' I quickly interrupted him by asking, 'But Doctor, what about the man born blind?'

"Before coming to Chicago, I had purposely divested myself of all ministerial garb, for I did not desire to be recognized. Consequently, you can imagine my surprise when Dr. Dowie vehemently replied, 'That's a preacher who asked that. Talk about your infidels, talk about your skeptics; it's the preachers that are destroying the work of God. There's a hundred people here waiting to be healed, and you've gone and spoiled it all.'

"I felt like a murderer indeed. Then for half an hour Dr. Dowie continued to turn his gatling guns on me before the whole audience. I was raging inside. I was about ready to say, 'I've

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Interior of Zion Tabernacle, No. 2, Chicago, Showing "God's Handwriting on the Walls"

"This was convincing to many others, but it made me indignant. I thought, 'Oh Bosh! Nonsense! I am not looking for that. Show me in the Word of God where God promises to heal somebody, and I will believe it.'"

MY GLORY

(Continued from page 4)

was "moved" to speak in meeting and says: "I stood up, and said some words in a meeting, but not keeping close to the divine opening, I said more than was required of me." At once he realized that he had gone beyond the anointing, only a few sentences to be sure, but he had gone beyond the anointing. God convicted him deeply so that he "was afflicted in mind some weeks." He repented deeply, was restored, and about six weeks later he was again "moved" to speak. Now "humbled" and disciplined," he was very careful then and ever after to keep 'close to the divine opening' in his speaking. No wonder his ministry was so effective—he spoke "as the oracle of God."

It would stand some Pentecostal people in good stead today if they would be careful to "keep close to the divine opening."

It is quite easy for some people, when they are greatly anointed of God, to be very free in the Lord and to go beyond "the opening." Oh, they do not say anything bad or wrong, but they talk beyond what God would have them to talk. God would like us to keep close to the divine opening. Then in a special way our tongues become our "glory." Let's remember that God wants our tongues to be our "glory," "the best member that I have."

Have you ever done anything at all to "bridle your tongue?" Has God ever done *anything* to make you be a little bit careful about what you say? Or have you said—and do you still say—"Our lips are our own?"

(Ps. 12:4). God wants us to get to the place where our conversation is regulated—"not speaking thine own words" (Isa. 58:13)—even good things, perfectly legitimate things. As a matter of fact, God can make you know that you shouldn't say "that," at least, not just now.

There are so many things God would like to do for His children, and can do for His children, and of course this all is connected with the baptism in the Holy Spirit in which our tongues are brought under the control of God. We ought to see that speaking in tongues is not something that is completely divorced from our ordinary life, that we speak in tongues in meeting, and then speak any way we please outside of meeting. That is not God's will and God's order. No, God wants the tongue of every one of us to be our glory—all the time under the control of His Spirit.

Bremen Bible Conference

By PASTOR RICHARD BREITE
Bremen, Germany

"MY FIRST LOVE has been restored in these days." . . . "The worship of the Lord in spirit and in truth has become a never failing source of the presence of Jesus." . . . "Since my conversion and baptism in the Spirit I have never experienced such glorious hours in the presence of Jesus."

These are only a few excerpts from the testimonies of the people who attended this year's Bible conference at Bremen from September 23 to 29. Right at the beginning of the meetings the Lord came into our midst and answered the prayers which had preceded the gathering. The cloud of God's glory indeed hovered very closely over

the meetings with the result that hearts opened to God and experienced a greater manifestation of the very presence of Jesus Himself. The Spirit of God was mightily at work to renew and transform lives. In addition to wonderful worship in praise, the assembly was often brought into a holy silence so that everything, inside and outside, became still in His presence. The Lord manifested Himself in special ways to those who had been hungering and thirsting for a deeper experience in Him.

During this conference it was our privilege to have Brother Hans R. Waldvogel who ministered the life-giving Word under the anointing of the Spirit. In this ministry we could not but feel that a holy God was working, preparing a holy people for Himself. Among the other ministering brethren who were present were Walter Waldvogel from Kirchheim, Oscar Lardon from Hamburg, and Rolf Cilwik from Hanover. May the seed sown at this time bring forth a rich harvest for eternity!

VIRGIN ISLAND NEWS

By MR. and MRS. GORDON
MCKINNON
Roadtown, Tortola

THIS YEAR we felt we should have a Daily Vacation Bible School. To verify this, every morning for a week after the close of school, the Lord sent along several neighbor children to have morning worship with us. At Carrot Bay we enrolled 97 children and young people. My, what enthusiasm! It was refreshing. Then at Sea Cow Bay we enrolled around 50. At West End we had three days of afternoon meetings.

The Fighting Elder

(Continued from page 8)

come here, paid my money, and don't intend to be insulted,' but I didn't for the thought came to me, 'You've been giving bitter pills; now, take some of your own medicine.' (I had been a rough and ready preacher all along. I would call out people by their names right in church and give them a lambasting. Consequently, I had been threatened with mobbing.)

"After he had given me my lambasting, I was so ashamed of myself that during the rest of the time I was there I never went down to the table to eat until the end of the meal. I continued to attend the meetings and was prayed for by Dr. Dowie several times but received no help for my other ailments—the constipation and rectal rupture. From Thursday to Sunday I ate all my meals but had no movement. By that time I felt pretty miserable.

"On Sunday night Dr. Dowie had a meeting especially for the guests in the Home, at which time he preached on, 'Fear not.' While he was preaching, I was having a little private matter out with the Lord. I was battling up in the heav- enlies, but every once in a while I would come down to earth and hear Dr. Dowie saying, 'Fear not.'

"All my life I had depended on human help—doctors, drugs, medications. Now to throw all these down, and not only throw them down but to make a covenant never to use them again was some step. God made me know I would have to trust God or the doctors. To change masters, renouncing one and acknowledging the Other, when you didn't know the Other very well, is no easy matter.

"It seemed as if I were on a precipice a thousand feet high, and God was saying, 'Jump and I'll catch you.'

"'But I can't see you, Lord,' I answered.

"'I'm here.'

"'But, God, it's dark and there are rocks below.'

"At last by the strength and power of God I rose up in the faith of God and made this covenant with Him: 'Father, You have promised; I believe You. You are the Healer. I will never take another dose of medicine; I will never have a doctor as long as I live. If I die, I'll die in Your hands, and You shall be responsible for it. So help me God. Amen!'

"For twenty years of my life I had suffered from constipation; for ten of these years I had no regular movement. Fifteen minutes after I had my covenant with God, my constipation all passed away, never to return. Praise God.

While Eugene Brooks had been completely healed from his indigestion and constipation during his week's stay in Zion Home, he did not receive a bit of help for his hemorrhoids although he "was prayed for repeatedly." This did not discourage him, however. Instead, it served to make him more determined than ever to be healed by the power of God. Enough for him that the Bible had spoken. He was thereby fully persuaded that healing had been provided for him in the Atonement. He had also witnessed abundant proof to this doctrine, and God had now proved to him personally that He was the healer. Therefore he could not doubt that full healing was for him if he would meet the conditions. Dr. Dowie had made it very clear to him that if a person did not receive healing, it was the individual's fault—not God's. The failure was due either to some unconfessed sin, to some lack of consecration or obedience to God, or to unbelief. To ascertain the cause in his own case and to enter into his full inheritance, Mr. Brooks began to pray desperately, and for the next six weeks he "besieged the gates of heaven night and day." The fact was, as he later stated, "The Lord was compelling me to pray through to many other deliverances before granting the final victory."

In the course of this "bombardment," God so dealt with him about a number of things with the result that his personal life and ministry were completely revolutionized. One of the first changes was in regard to his preaching. "I got the conviction that to write sermons and to have notes was not God's plan. I saw my old sermons and notes were useless to me now, but feared that if I kept them I might become tempted later on to use them. Consequently, I piled them on the snow—I thought that was a nice clean altar,—set fire to them, and stood by while I watched all my glory burn up.

"About the same time I received the light that a preacher should not sell his services. Therefore, I told the elders of the church, 'No more salary for me.' When they asked what I was going to do for a living, I answered, 'I'm going to trust the Lord.' They looked blank and commiserating."

But Eugene Brooks went further than this. Never a man to do things by halves, he not only

gave up his "eighteen-hundred-dollar-a-year salary," but he "laid what little property I had on the altar," meaning he gave his savings to the Lord, and "promised God I would never lay up money for myself." Thus he literally gave "all"—for the past, the present, and the future—to the Lord and boldly started to live a life of faith.

More important than these radical decisions and sweeping acts was something else which the Lord showed him as he sought the Lord so desperately. "The Lord showed me that I had to go to about a dozen people and ask their forgiveness. Some things I had to confess were mild and others rather severe."

One of the last confessions he had to make was a most bitter pill for him to swallow—a most humiliating act for this proud, popular preacher. But God was after him, and He whose eyes are as a flame of fire searched his reins and brought to judgement even his words. In so doing the Holy Spirit reminded him of a remark he had made concerning one of his members, Catherine Kagy, "the head of the Christian Women's Board of Missions, a proud, imperious society woman." What he had said was true, but unkind, and to make the confession more difficult and seemingly unnecessary was the fact that he had not made the statement directly to her, and therefore in making this confession, he would be incriminating himself to begin with as well as humiliating himself. Knowing that God had spoken to him and that he could expect no further light or blessing, let alone healing, until he had obeyed, he knew there was nothing else to do, for Dr. Dowie had taught him that repentance, confession of sin, restitution where necessary, and implicit obedience "no matter what it cost" were absolutely necessary if one was to get healing from God. Resolutely, therefore, he made his

way to the palatial Kagy residence, ascended the front steps with trepidation, rang the doorbell, and asked to see Mrs. Kagy. He was shown to the grand parlor, and soon Mrs. Kagy came in. After a word of greeting, Mr. Brooks proceeded directly to his business. He told her he had come to apologize for something he had said about her. "Mrs. Kagy, I said you were 'as proud as a peacock' and ask you to forgive me." That was all, but it was enough, and God took notice of it. So did Mrs. Kagy.

(Some thirty years or so later, Elder Brooks visited Findlay and was asked to preach in the Christian Church by the then present pastor, Mrs. Kagy was now an elderly woman, crippled with rheumatism, unable to go out very much. But when she heard that her former pastor, Eugene Brooks, was to preach, she was determined to go and literally dragged herself up the church steps "to hear the man who had had such humility as to come to apologize for what he had said.")

"Three days after I had finished straightening things up, God met me. When I went to bed about ten o'clock, my rupture was as bad as it had been in the eighteen years I had had it. About four o'clock in the morning I awoke. A great stillness came over me. The whole world seemed still, not a sound. I knew something had happened. Then I realized my rupture was gone. *I was healed.*

"But the attending spiritual blessing was such I had never known before. I seldom refer to it. I entered into a wonderful experience of sanctification, and it was at that time that God endued me with power for healing, though it was not until later that I learned what He had set into me at that time."

(To be continued)

"Satisfy Your Soul With Me"

DON'T ASK *to be this or that kind of a vessel, but say to Jesus, "I don't care what kind of a vessel I am, but, beloved Jesus, I do want You to satisfy Your soul with me."*

That is going to be a sweet place, a happy place. You don't fuss then. It is a quiet place where the Lord is doing everything, and you haven't any opinions, and you haven't any will, and He is all in all.

You don't set your judgement upon anything. You find that it is like death, all the ability and all the "I know" and all the "I can," all the "I," is swept out, while the great King is whispering His great words of love to His little, wee vessel there in His hand.

—MARTHA WING ROBINSON

GATHERED FRAGMENTS



THIS YEAR marks the *one hundredth consecutive observance of Thanksgiving* as a national holiday in November. Of course, the American Thanksgiving has its origin in the festival which the Plymouth Pilgrims held in 1621, probably in October. They did not celebrate this feast annually, however, but a thanksgiving day only from time to time as they had some cause for special thanksgiving.

Upon the establishment of the national government in 1789 George Washington set apart the last Thursday of November "as a day of public thanksgiving and prayer"—*not* in commemoration of God's mercy to the Pilgrims but especially "for the peaceable and rational manner in which we have been enabled to establish constitutions of government . . . and particularly the national one now lately instituted; for the civil and religious liberty with which we are blessed."

For the next "four score and six years," however, there were only occasional days of national thanksgiving, again proclaimed only for special causes. But in 1863 Abraham Lincoln, at the urging of Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, appointed the last Thursday in November as a day for national thanksgiving—in that case for the Union victories recently achieved. Since then, each President has set aside a No-

vember Thanksgiving Day.

*

Recently *Alice Reynolds Flower* sent us a number of her unpublished poems dealing with seasonal subjects. "Thanksgiving Praise," page 2, is the first of this series, which will appear regularly in several issues of *Bread of Life*. Many of our readers recall the great blessing received from Mrs. Flower's autobiography, *Grace for Grace*, which was written for and first appeared in this periodical. Later it was published in book form, copies of which are still available and may be ordered directly from the author (\$1.25). Send your orders to

Mrs. J. R. FLOWER,
430 Woodridge Street,
Springfield, Missouri

*

The author of *Wanted: Labourers*, G. Ferne Bailey, is well known to those who have been at Pilgrim Camp, Brant Lake, New York, where she has faithfully laboured for a number of seasons on the camp staff. A native of New Brunswick, Canada, Miss Bailey has laboured throughout the Maritime Provinces of Canada, in New England, and for a time in Columbia, South America.

*

"Satisfy Your Soul With Me," the quotation in this issue from *Martha Wing Robinson*, page 11, is from some edited stenographic notes taken from a sermon

preached March 21, 1912. To the editor's knowledge these are the oldest extant notes of this nature. The stenographer added a very descriptive quotation regarding Mrs. Robinson's message: "*Her words were as fire, conveying both light and heat to the hearts of all that heard her.*"

Wanted: Labourers

(Continued from page 3)

graphic picture of labourers being sent forth. It gives one a sense of urgency of getting the job done. That "householder" wasted no time getting labourers. Note the times he went out, five in all, early and late, to hire workers. He didn't have time for idlers. His caustic question, "Why stand ye here all the day idle?" sent them in hurried fashion to the vineyard. Mind you, he even ran into a wage dispute. Human nature hasn't changed much, has it? The big question is, what am I getting out of this expenditure of effort?

We'd do well to glean some practical lessons from this parable.

Be a labourer—not an idler.

Be more concerned with the labouring, whether it be "labouring fervently in prayer," "labouring in the gospel," or "labouring in the word and doctrine," than remuneration received for services rendered.

Be awake—'tis the eleventh hour. The Lord of the harvest is about to call the labourers to their "harvest-home."

Friends, let's keep the praying unprejudiced. Be willing to become involved by such a prayer.

"Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that He will send forth *labourers* into His harvest."