

Bread of Life

Vol. V

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No. 11



We Have Time If We Know What To Do With It

*We don't need twenty-five hours a day to be
good Christians—twenty-four will be enough*

By HELEN SIGRIST

SO OFTEN we think we would be better Christians if only we had more time, but this is not true. Some of us have less strength or intelligence or wealth than others; some have the greatest difficulty getting enough food to keep alive and some are even short on God's fresh air and sunshine. But each of us has seven days every week and twenty-four hours every day.

Time cannot be hoarded. We spend it as it comes. We spend time as God wills—or not. The problem of time is therefore very simple for a Christian. We never need more of it. We always need to spend it in God's will.

Let us not believe that "the secret place of the most High" is open only to those who have been granted a quiet life without trouble or pressure or many responsibilities. Psalm 91, for instance, is addressed to men and women under stress, endangered by snares, threatened by disease and war, assaulted by all the powers of hell. Abiding under the shadow of the Almighty is therefore not reserved for the solitary shepherd who has long, peaceful nights to look up at the stars, nor for the minister during those hours when he can be shut away in his study.

This "secret place" is the place of fellowship with God and it is open to every obedient child of God. It is a place to *dwell* in, which means that we are to remain in it even during pressure and outside turmoil. This is important, for we often think we have to get away from things to find refuge in God. Then we are frustrated if we cannot seem to get away. Just as the Athenian philosophers heard from Paul that "we live, and move, and have our being" in God, so we must learn that this should be as true spiritually as it is physically.

Of course there should be special times set aside for Bible reading and prayer, and most of us could find more time for this than we think. Perhaps we rise earlier and are pleased with the blessing we receive starting the day with the Lord. But during the day we stop for minutes of relaxation and let our minds churn aimlessly with little worries, fragments of gossip, shreds of the morning's news. We can learn to remember the Lord's presence by taking Him into our thinking; seeing our problems, our friends and the world events in their relation to God, so that everything has eternal meaning and real importance instead of the pettiness or even corruptness of our thoughts when we

do not include the Lord. In others of these snatched moments we will find ourselves talking to God. Again, we may take just one Bible verse on a slip of paper and memorize it. Such times give rest of body, too, and no doubt a deeper rest than would be possible if the mind were left feverishly turning by itself.

For some of us, however, the days are so crowded by necessary work that there are not many minutes to be quiet and alone, and we have sadly concluded that the cultivation of the deeper life will have to wait until we have finished with overtime on the job or the children are grown, or until reinforcements come to the mission field or we no longer have that invalid to care for, or whatever our own problem may be. When we think this way, we are unconsciously accusing God, because it is He who has permitted the problems that fill our lives. If we feel that circumstances which He has sent cannot build us spiritually, then we deny that all things really work together for good. We have disbelieved the promise that with every trial there is a way of escape. We can begin a new way of life simply by believing the clear Bible teaching that God wants us to live in communion with Him.

Isaiah knew the way out of pressure. He told us that "they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength." We can wait upon the Lord in screeching subways and beside a pounding punch press. We can talk to God while mending socks or scrubbing floors or ironing. We can tell Him we love Him while rolling a sheet of paper into a typewriter, and can ask His blessing on our relationship

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A Holy Jubilee

By BERNICE C. LEE

"And ye shall hallow the fiftieth year . . . a jubilee shall that fiftieth year be unto you . . . it shall be holy unto you" (LEVITICUS 25:10, 12).

THE YEAR 1956 marks the fiftieth since the blessed Spirit was outpoured upon a hungry, expectant people of God throughout the world, and not a few there still are, who, in various parts of the earth, have come to their JUBILEE. Praise God, I, too, am among that number!

May I go back through the years and relate a little of His dealings and gracious leadings, for we each find there must needs be preparation of heart ere His glorious work can be accomplished. Indeed, it will not be in completion until we see the King in His beauty!

How I have praised God for heart hunger! This inexplicable thirst for the living God is His heart cry for His own, for He cannot be in rest until the purpose for which we were created has been accomplished. How I recall the early cravings to be His! How the heart often panted after the satisfaction which is found in Him, alone, yet there was the putting off "till another time." But one day, when twelve years of age, King Jesus won. In a single moment of surrender it was all settled and I knew in very truth that I was His and He was mine, a blessed reality to this day, and that was over sixty years ago.

The years that followed were happy years, though by no means always lived in victory, until I was eighteen, when an intense hunger to know God in a deeper way consumed my whole being. At this time, in a marvelous moving of the Spirit, I was led to a small group of those, who like myself, were delving into the mysteries of the



Bernice C. Lee

Miss Lee is celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of her having received the baptism of the Holy Spirit. After that, for seven years she engaged in evangelistic work throughout the United States followed by over thirty years of service in India.

Kingdom. Night after night we sat in the parsonage of a Methodist pastor, seeking, finding, following, as together we studied the Word and prayed.

Then there came into our little town in Illinois a man of God who brought a message of victory which our hearts were longing for. As a young country schoolteacher at the time, I hastened home after school hours as quickly as possible to get into the late afternoon meetings where teaching on carnal and spiritual Christians was being given. I had not known there was a difference!! But during those afternoons I entered a new world. The dear Holy Spirit came into my heart as I had never, up to that time, experienced. What joy flooded my whole being! For the first time

in my life I seem to have gotten an understanding, at least to an extent, what it meant to CONSECRATE my life to Jesus. I longed to give Him ALL; a dearly loved sister was laid on the altar, and at last there was "nothing between." There was a definite parting of the ways, my interests were exchanged, life took on an entirely new meaning. Oh, the mercy and grace of a seeking God! At this period in my life was born the keeping of the morning hour alone with Jesus, a holy, hallowed trysting time with my Beloved without which I feel I cannot live.

On sped the years and while still there were the failures, when my Father must have been greatly grieved, the trend was from that time upward. Once again, still as a teacher, in Chicago now, and in my twenties, there filled my whole soul an insatiable thirst for more, more, more! Again came a time when I must needs make a definite decision and it spelled CONSECRATION. Would I obey the still, small voice within? I dared not do otherwise; the step was taken, and God in infinite tenderness designed that this was to be the forerunner of still further enlargement in my life.

What days they were! What hours of seeking His face, as early in the mornings I locked myself in a room that I might know what HE had to say to me! Slowly, but distinctly, there began to dawn upon my inner consciousness that I was to leave the schoolroom, but for what I did not know! I was dependent on my own earnings for my livelihood, and this would mean no salary! But oh, He was so glo-

riously real that the next step seemed quite normal and easy, and I gave up my job, not knowing a step ahead.

That summer found me ever a seeker, yet with a bit of ministry among the needy ones in the great city of Chicago, Illinois. Finally one day a telephone message came saying a young friend living in Zion, Illinois, had passed away and asking that I go to the funeral. The message was brought to me just as I had boarded a boat for a trip across Lake Michigan. I hurriedly left the boat and left by train for Zion. Upon arrival I learned that on the same train which had brought me there had been a man who had come to bring a still greater message than any I had yet heard. The next day at the funeral this brother was pointed out to me as one who taught the Baptism of the Holy Spirit with the speaking in tongues as evidence! What amazing news! I was awed by what I was told.

That night a quietly-planned meeting took place at which this brother spoke, but I was not aware of it so, of course, was not present. However, the next night another meeting was again held and this time I was told and went. Great wonderment possessed me but I was not fearful, only full of desire to find out what this strange, new thing might be! Nothing about the meeting was alarming, but once, in loving response to something that was said in the message, a sister whom I did not know ejaculated, but very quietly, "PRAISE GOD!" I looked with a strange feeling of wonder that anyone should dare thus to speak out in meeting!

Night after night I found myself attending these meetings and finally it was day after day, for by now the numbers of people attending were increasing and eventually we were going morning, afternoon and night. Then one day a Voice said clear-

ly in my heart, "My child, this is what I have for you."

Within I replied, "Is this what my heart is hungry for, the Baptism of the Holy Spirit? Then, Lord, I am a seeker."

From that moment definiteness took hold of me, and I began seeking with much earnestness, both in prayer and praise, for we were taught that praise was essential as we sought so great an infilling. By now there was also persecution for many there were who said this was all fanaticism; the renting of a public hall for the meetings was forbidden, and the crowds, growing all the time in numbers, began meeting in private homes, one home after another being opened until there were six cottages full to overflowing, with people crowding onto the porches and into the yards. We took turns sitting on anything that afforded a place of rest with others who were standing, but all were so happy! Each house was packed from the front room to the kitchen, bedrooms, pantry, and all being filled. Well do I recall, one night, sitting on the kitchen range for awhile and then giving my place to another. (Needless to say, no fire was needed in the stove. God's holy fire was sending off a glowing heat!) Oh, the searching, the putting things right with one another, the probing, the humbling, the getting lower and still lower, but how gloriously was the Spirit preparing the ground for His wonderful incoming!

After a month of earnest seeking of His face, a glorious trans- action took place. It was the twilight hour, the time when HE draws near. The few who had tarried between the afternoon and night meetings were quietly bowing before Him. His presence was very real, very near. Suddenly a spirit of weeping came over me and for an hour I sat beside my chair, weeping my very heart out. I could

not have told a soul why the tears, but it was as though my whole being was emptied out at His feet.

It was a very sacred hour! It was as though HE had taken me into the Garden alone with Him. A little removed from the others, I remember asking Him not to let anyone come to me even to "help" by prayer. One sister started toward me, then drew back and I was left alone.

Then before me there seemed to be placed three jugs. The first of these seemed to contain PEACE and the Master took it up and emptied it into my being. How shall I tell of that PEACE which swept through and through me; nothing broke in upon that heavenly consciousness! Next it was as though my Lord took up the second jug containing LOVE. It was as though my arms were cast around the whole world. I loved everybody whom I had seen and those whom I had not seen. It was a taste of His own love, I verily believe. For some little time this consuming LOVE surged through and through my whole being. It was glorious, indeed. And last of all, my Beloved took up the third jug, containing JOY and poured it within. It seemed as though my body would burst with this exquisite JOY such as I had never known! Oh, the mingling of this PEACE, LOVE AND JOY was almost more than my human frame could endure.

By this time people were gathering for the evening service, but I felt I could not stay. I got up and went outside and walked the streets for I could not contain myself, neither did I feel I could possibly make anyone understand all this visitation meant to me. Still, this was not the Baptism, but just one of the "scenes" along the way.

Just two weeks later, same hour, the twilight hour, same place, in the humble cottage of a dear widow, quietly, but un-

(Continued on page 9.)

A Study of the Trinity

By THEODORA GORDON HALL

(Continued from last issue)

AND NOW LET US LOOK at some other lovely types of the Trinity in both Old and New Testaments.

The story of Abraham, Isaac, and Eliezer as a picture of the Trinity is quite well known to most of us. God the Father also has a dearly beloved Son, and for Him He is seeking a bride. Who is better able to find her, prepare her, and adorn her with all the gifts and graces of the Spirit than the blessed Holy Spirit Himself?

The Trinity as seen in the story of Ruth is perhaps less familiar. But Boaz is an accepted type of Christ, and from there it is not so hard to recognize in Naomi, who seeks to bring the future bride to her future husband, a picture of the Holy Spirit. And then there is the elder kinsman who says in chapter four, verse six, "I cannot redeem it." Only one could pay the price for our redemption, and that because He alone partook of our very flesh and blood.

"Christ the Lord is gone before
With the body here He wore;
He who as our brother died
Is our brother glorified."

The pronouns "us" and "we" in Genesis 2:16 indicate the participation of the triune God in the creation of man. The same concern is shown in man's redemption by Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. A beautiful illustration of this is seen in the three parables of Luke 16.

In the first parable we have the story of the shepherd who left the ninety and nine and went to seek the sheep which was lost. This is a very tender picture indeed of that "great Shepherd of the sheep" who left all the ador-

ing hosts of heaven to "seek and to save" a lost and ruined race.

"In tenderness He sought me,
Weary and sick with sin,
And on His shoulders brought me
Back to His fold again;
While angels in His presence
sang,
Until the courts of heaven rang.

"Oh, the love that sought me!
Oh, the blood that bought me!
Oh, the grace that brought me
to the fold,
Wondrous grace that brought
me to the fold."

The third parable shows us the great love of our own heavenly Father, not less ardent than that of His beloved Son. A realization of how much more we suffer as parents when our children suffer than when we suffer ourselves helps us to partially fathom, in a very weak way, the agony of the Father as "He gave His only begotten Son," because of His love for a lost and dying world. One of another generation, Dr. Mabie, has written in this connection, "In a deep sense God 'tasted death' upon the cross. There was a cross in heaven ere it was set up on Calvary; a sword pierced the heart of the heavenly Father long before it entered the heart of Mary, Jesus' earthly mother. This pre-mundane anguish of God was the fount and source of the entire sacrificial life of Christ as well as a part of it." His love for us is reflected in the touching story of this prodigal, as this father "ran and fell on his neck and kissed" this poor, starving, ragged and unclean derelict, who was then given the robe, the ring, and the shoes, a

picture which should melt the hardest heart, as it realizes a little of the stupendous condescension of the God of the universe toward one sunk in sin and degradation. We, too, can exclaim, "There, but for the grace of God go I." And yet we, too, are not only saved and clothed in the robes of Christ's righteousness, but sealed by the Holy Spirit, as promised, and commissioned to go forth with the good tidings into all the world as pictured by the robe, the ring and the shoes which were given to this poor prodigal. Let us cease to think of God the Father as an "abstract, impassable majesty," and remember that we may now call Him by the endearing title of Abba Father and that He merits our adoring love as much as His beloved Son, Jesus, our Lord and Saviour.

The third Person of the Trinity is for some reason placed between the second and first one in this group of parables, but it is only in keeping with His unobtrusive character that we find it a little harder to identify Him here. However, we have some precious lessons hidden away in this story of the woman with the broom, which the clarity of the other two parables helps us to be sure may be identified as revealing the third person of the Trinity. We shall be able only to touch on one or two points however.

Psalms 138:16 says, "For thou wilt light my candle; the Lord my God will enlighten my darkness." In Proverbs 20:27 the spirit of man is defined as the candle of the Lord. In this "earthly story with a heavenly meaning" the woman lights the candle and with it searches the house for the lost coins. We see

from Luke 11:24 that the house is man's body which in that parable has been "swept and garnished." Thus the parable interprets itself, as does the Bible always. May we not see here the Holy Spirit seeking to find and restore the lost powers which we once possessed before sin separated us from God and this body became a "body of sin and darkness"? For it is the body which is the great barrier which separates us from God. The gifts which are given when the Holy Spirit comes in to take control of His temple or house, when the baptism of the Holy Spirit is received, are really a quickening of the five senses, which are in reality the gates of entrance to that house. Thus at that time not only is the house greatly shaken, as we see in Acts 2:13 and 15, but the tongue is supernaturally quickened to speak an unknown or heavenly language or to prophesy, the eyes are opened to behold another world in vision or in the discerning of spirits, and the ears are able to catch the sound of heavenly symphonies or words.

These are the powers we once had, enabling us to commune with God, who once communed with man in his unfallen state. Blessed Holy Spirit who seeks to find and restore to us these glorious potentialities! Pitiful Christian who resists His efforts to do so, so determinedly! To such, one would wish to apply the Lord's lament over Jerusalem, "If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in *this thy day*, the things which belong unto thy peace. But now they are hid from thy eyes" (Luke 19:42).

And so we notice that the house is swept, as in the other parable, and although the broom is not mentioned in this connection, it must surely have been used in the process.

Oh, how useful is the cross in preparing us for the possession of such heavenly treasures! The

cross bears down on our body and self-resistance, and since, as stated before, it is the body which is the great barrier to spiritual perception, the cross is used by God to open the way for closer contact with the spiritual realm. It is the only means God uses to fit us for receiving the things He is longing to bestow! It is the only way we are enabled to be "conformed to His image," that we may enjoy now *some*, as we shall eventually enjoy *all*, of the powers He possesses.

Paul, the apostle, speaks of being "conformed to His death" in Philippians 3:10. This process is defined thus: "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus," for "He made Himself of no reputation, took upon Himself the form of a servant, was made in the likeness of men, humbled Himself, and became obedient to the death of the cross."

In Romans 8:29 we are told that we are "predestinated to be conformed to the image of His Son." Here, again, in this wonderful portion of scripture, we see the three Persons of the Trinity *perfecting* the Christian, as we previously saw them *creating* and then *re-creating* him.

Verse twenty-six shows us the Spirit interceding for us, "The Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered."

Verse twenty-nine shows us the Father predestinating us, "For whom He did foreknow He also did predestinate to be con-

formed to the image of His Son."

Verse thirty-five shows us Christ making our salvation sure to us and giving us of the riches of His grace, "Nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

If this little study has helped anyone to draw closer to the Father, Son and Holy Spirit it will not have been in vain. We need to know each one intimately. We need to draw upon the powers of each one in order to have a well-rounded Christian experience. Many of us know Jesus as our personal Saviour, but do we know God as our personal Father and the Holy Spirit as our personal Friend? Unless we do we are missing a great deal and, I am sure, causing grief to all three Persons of this blessed Trinity.

If salvation and sanctification are a present experience, so is glorification. I am sorry for those who stop short and relegate this last to a future state. It leaves them with a stunted salvation. The buds and blossoms are there, but the fruit is blighted.

As for me, I know it is only by the great mercy of God that I can truly say, now, from my heart, without hypocrisy and in full assurance of faith, "*May the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ and the love of God and the communion of the Holy Spirit be with you all. Amen.*"

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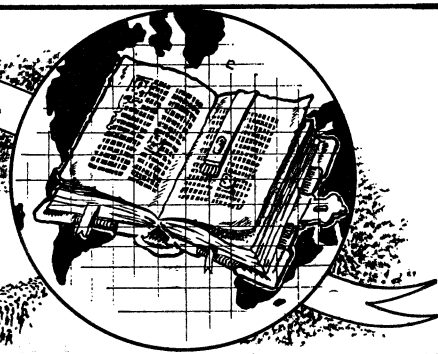
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on the Mission Fields



What God Hath Wrought in Kirchheim, Germany

THE FIRST SERVICES in the main auditorium of the new church home of the Pentecostal Assembly of Kirchheim, Germany, were held on Sunday, October 14. For months Pastor Walter Waldvogel and his flock, together with interested friends throughout Germany and the United States, had looked forward to this day with eager anticipation. Now, even though the building is unfinished, they were able to hold their annual Fall Bible Conference here. Truly this forward move is cause for great thanksgiving, for the way in which God has brought this assembly into being, caused it to grow, and provided such a beautiful house of worship in the very heart of this southern German city is absolutely miraculous.

Only eight short years ago was a banner stretched across the main street of Kirchheim.

COME AND HEAR EVANGELIST HANS WALDVOGEL
FROM NEW YORK AT THE FUCHSENSAAL,
APRIL 29 - MAY 13

As a result of these meetings a precious group of people found the Lord. At their urgent request Evangelist Waldvogel repeatedly returned, and the Lord continually added children to this family of God. Early in 1953 the Lord provided faithful shepherds in Pastor and Mrs. Walter Waldvogel. A hall was secured for the services, but from the first it was inadequate and it was evident that larger and more suitable quarters must be secured. Meanwhile the Lord was adding, almost daily, such as should be saved, among these some of the community's most influential businessmen.

Last year one of the choicest building lots in the city was purchased, and late last fall the ground was broken and the foundation laid for the new church. In August the Assembly was able to occupy the downstairs auditorium. The

funds for the land and building have come largely from the United States. God Himself, without any solicitation whatsoever on the part of anyone, has provided these. When completed, the building will include a parsonage.

For the opening services of the conference benches to seat 550 were set up, but the crowds proved so great that 15 more benches had to be hastily brought in and set up and every chair available was put into use. Two packed buses came from Ulm, a city some forty-five miles away. Friends were there from Stuttgart; others came from Switzerland. Pastor Oskar Lardon came with his car full from Hamburg. But the great majority of the congregations, morning and afternoon, was composed of people from the immediate vicinity, people who had been brought out of darkness into marvelous light, many of whom had been miraculously healed of incurable diseases and filled with the Holy Spirit. Truly the choir could not have sung a more appropriate song for the occasion than "Worthy is the Lamb" from Händel's *Messiah*.

Edwin Waldvogel, associate pastor of the Ridgewood Pentecostal Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., spoke in the morning service, bringing greetings from that assembly. A telegram from the Wuppertal assembly contained this significant word:

Behold, I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it (Rev. 2:8).

At the close of the afternoon service Hans Waldvogel, the spiritual father of the work, led the congregation in a prayer of dedication:

We thank Thee, Father in heaven, that we may call Thee Father with our whole heart and soul. Our Father, Thou hast done great things, and we thank Thee that we have been permitted to see Thy footsteps along the way Thou hast led us. We thank Thee that our hearts responded to Thy call when Thou didst call us out of the

world and sin and draw us to Thy Fatherheart.

And now this afternoon we thank Thee for this hall, for this house which Thou Thyself hast given us. We know we do not need to dedicate it because Thou Thyself hast already dedicated it. But we want to dedicate ourselves as Thy worshippers and pray, oh, let the dew of heaven and of glory rain down upon us in every meeting.

We thank Thee, too, for Thy Word, the sword of the Spirit, and we pray Thee, loose Thy sword in every meeting and let the enemy feel it and let us feel the life-giving word. Let it dwell richly among us in all wisdom, and let it establish the rule of Jesus among us so that from here the Word of the Lord may flow like a stream of life into other parts of Germany.

O take us this afternoon as we are and make out of us vessels meet for the Master's use and prepared unto every good work.

We thank Thee for Brother Walter whom Thou hast placed here and pray a very special blessing from heaven upon him and his ministry. Anoint his eyes anew with eyesalve that he may always see the King, that he may abide in Thy sanctuary and from Thy sanctuary perform the task that Thou hast given him.

Bless our dear brethren who labor so faithfully with him in this work. Bless our dear singers and the choir leader. We thank thee for them. We thank Thee for every member of this body of Christ and thank Thee that Thou art the Head.

And now we give ourselves over into Thy mighty hand anew and want to bow lower before Thee. Let us become smaller every day that Thou mightest become more glorious every day, and let us become purer every day until Thou shalt call us into Thy glorious house that is not made with hands. And now may the peace of God that passeth all understanding keep our hearts and minds in Christ Jesus. Amen.

At the close of this prayer the entire congregation joined in the beautiful hymn of consecration, *So nimm denn meine Hände (Take Thou My Hand)*.

You are defeated to begin with if you think you can meet the devil in your pajamas. No, you have to put on the whole armour of God.

ADVANCE IN FORMOSA

By ELISABETH LINDAU and PEARL YOUNG
TAIPEI, FORMOSA

ON SEPTEMBER 9 we had a baptismal service which was again held at Pei-Tan (Green Lake). God signally overruled in the weather as Typhoon Emma threatened us but was swerved by a cold wave. (This has been a bad typhoon season, ten having struck Taipei causing heavy damage in crops, and in one typhoon alone 10,000 were rendered homeless. Our mission was flooded with about six inches of water in one instance.) One of the outstanding things about those baptized was the fact that there were four families in the group—Mr. and Mrs. Ch'a and his two sons, Mr. and Mrs. Cho, Mr. and Mrs. P'eng and daughter, and Mr. and Mrs. Shih. Among those baptized there were many precious victories over the devil. When you enter the Ch'a home, you feel the marked presence of the Lord. To pray with them is something one looks forward to. It seemed, a couple of months back, that Mrs. Ch'a would not be ready to take the step of baptism with her husband as she

was still faithfully and dutifully offering incense for the old mother-in-law at the shrine in her (the latter's) room. But, praise God, she finally took the step, though in the eyes of the heathen she would be considered an unfaithful daughter-in-law. Mr. Cho was a very upright man and felt he did not need the gospel. I wish you could see that whole family now—really given to God.

The property which we have secured for the Pei-Fu church building is ideally and centrally located. It was formerly owned by the Catholics who had bought it with the thought of building a church themselves and then changed their minds. They were very reluctant to let us have it but the Lord in a very wonderful way raised up the right man at just the right time to handle the situation. This man, Mr. Cho, whose children have been attending Sunday school was saved in July. He was one of Generalissimo Chiang Kai Shek's right hand men on the main land and specialized in



Baptismal Candidates at Pei-Tan

Miss Young is at the extreme left and Miss Lindau at the right of the front row.

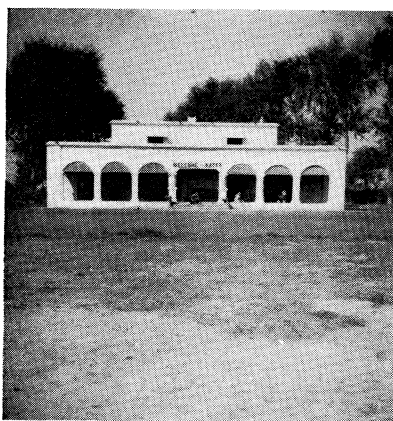
dangerous missions. He, of his own volition, offered to handle the situation which no other individual could possibly have undertaken. We felt the Lord signally took over the reins and we can only praise Him for His goodness. Matters involving this business are all cleared up and we expect, the Lord willing, to start building immediately.

A Holy Jubilee

(Continued from page 4.)

mistakably, the Spirit hovered low, this time with the assuring word in my inner being, "TONIGHT IS PENTECOST FOR ME." Again the meeting began and testimonies went forth. My whole spirit was very still and I did not feel like talking, though I did rise and say these few words, but in a quiet voice, "Praise God, praise God, I believe Pentecost is for me tonight" and sat down. Immediately the voice of the enemy was heard and this is what he said, "Now you've said it and IF you do NOT receive, everybody here will know YOU don't know the voice of God!" It was said tauntingly and I was definitely conscious of two things—the very near presence of the Devil on one hand and the dear Lord Jesus standing very close by. Everyone was taken up with their own seeking of the Lord and I think no one saw me as I put my hand out as though pushing back the evil power and whispering, "TONIGHT, LORD, TONIGHT." Singing and testimonies continued until the leader called us all to our knees for a time of definite seeking. As I, too, knelt, there was no prayer but a definite looking for His descent, and throughout the remainder of the meeting all I could do was to keep repeating, "TONIGHT, LORD, TONIGHT!"

Finally, at ten the leader said, "Now, dear ones, it's ten o'clock and some of you will be wanting to go home, but those who wish to tarry still before the Lord,



Katka Mission Bungalow

The home of Miss Lee in India located near the Uska Bazar Leper Home.

feel free to do so." I whispered to myself, "That's for me," and did not rise. But in a few minutes there was such a breaking up of the quiet spirit as different ones began to get coats and hats on and there were joyous conversations by various ones. Presently I looked up and EVERYONE was preparing to leave but myself. I cried out to God, but only in my heart, "My Father, you said TONIGHT and now this meeting is all broken up!" My next thought was that it would be selfish in me to stay and keep the elderly widow up just for one and I said to God, "I'll go but I'll never, never be so near to God again!" With this, I rose and put on my coat and hat and sat down on a chair to wait for those going across town, as the streets were dark, but I did not feel one bit like talking. JUST as I sat on that chair, the HOLY SPIRIT DESCENDED AND RESTED ON ME IN GREAT ANOINTING AND POWER. Immediately I was FILLED and began praising the Lord in loud tones. Down I got upon my knees again, and by then the few who had not left, about a dozen or so, seeing what God was doing, also began praising, some on their knees, others sitting or standing. My tongue was taken possession of and I burst out in tongues and it seemed I would burst with the exquisite joy of body, soul and

spirit. It was between ten and eleven, and from then till two in the morning the praises never ceased and praise His wonderful Name, three others beside myself received also and spoke in other tongues. A night of nights, on October the 30th, 1906!

Then came His assurance as to my next step. I *knew* I was to go and tell. The schoolroom was left literally and new fields opened out before me. I said to a friend, "I'm so sure that I'm to go out that I shall not be surprised if it is before the end of the week." And it was! Time fails and it is impossible to tell of the next seven glorious years, spent in proclaiming the wondrous news throughout the States.

Then one day in Corpus Christi, Texas, once again in the home of a poor widow where I was having much time for prayer as we waited for the copious rain to cease so we could put up our large meeting tent, the Spirit spoke again in an unmistakable voice, telling me He was going to send me to India. It was a wonderful awakening, and as long as the Spirit was thus upon me I did not doubt the call, but when I got up and was among others I decided it was all in my own mind. This experience of being assured when in quiet before HIM and of doubting when I was not specially conscious of His presence continued for a time and I could not tell a soul of any of it. Then one day He began to make it known to others, for I had told the Lord I could never tell anyone else about my call; I so feared they would think I was making my own choice. But as He thus began to show others, I still wanted to be so sure that there could NEVER be the shadow of a doubt, and I asked Him to give me a "token." Unbelievably He did just that! A brother whom I do not know to this day put an offering of fifty dollars in an en-

velope into the collection box, stating in an enclosed note that this was for Bernice Lee who had a call to India and asking that his name not be mentioned or made known! And this "token" remains to this day one of the precious secrets of the Lord to my heart. The dear brother may be with the Lord now, but his sacrifice is not forgotten by our Father, and some day I shall know him. From that time on, money poured into my hands until in 1913, on the 28th day of August, I set sail for the land that was to be my home for nearly thirty years thereafter. And *what* years they have been! It would take far too much space and time to tell of all He did *in me*, beside the bit of ministry that was mine in the villages of North India, among the heathen of the jungles as well as among orphan children whom He entrusted to our care and training and also among the needy lepers of that dark and needy land. Today there stands as a monument to His love and concern a little village, with homes for these despised people, whom He has saved and brought into a life in Christ, about which they knew nothing until the establishment of the USKA BAZAR LEPER HOME in North India.

Many of our heretofore orphan children are rejoicing in Jesus and among them there are faithful preachers of the gospel, nurses working among the people of their own land, businessmen and Christian homes where another generation is growing up to know JESUS and serve and follow Him. Some are still in training for various trades, younger ones are still in academic schools, while the Bible schools have a number of them still, and these are looking forward to a life of usefulness for God in a land where Christ is indeed the need of the hour. On and on moves the work of God and who can tell whereunto this will grow?

In Memory of

ROSE WALDVOGEL

Who Turned Many to Righteousness



Miss Rose Waldvogel finished her earthly course on Sept. 27, 1956. The funeral services were conducted by her brother, Pastor Hans Waldvogel, Sept. 29, from the Ridgewood Pentecostal Church, following which her body was laid to rest by the side of her other brother, Gottfried Waldvogel, there to await the glorious resurrection morning.

"I DON'T THINK I ever would have been saved if Sister Rose had not invited us to the altar the first night we came to church."

This spontaneous expression of appreciation of Miss Rose Waldvogel was given by a young woman who had been converted from Catholicism and a life of extreme wordliness. The first service which she attended a few years ago in the Ridgewood Pentecostal Church naturally was very strange to her—so disconcerting, in fact, that when it was time to leave she inwardly vowed she would never enter the place again! At the door, however, she was met by Sister Rose with her winning smile and gracious manner, who after greeting her and her hard fiance, asked them if they wouldn't like to go to the altar to pray. Before they realized it they were kneeling at the altar. "She had a way of getting the hook into you without your realizing that you were hooked."

This testimony could be multiplied many times over, for Sister Rose Waldvogel won many souls for her Saviour by her faithful witnessing, watered by much prayer.

Rose Waldvogel, the daughter of a Baptist minister, was born in Switzerland, June 14, 1891. In 1907 she came to this country with her parents, living in Chicago. After her own conversion she became very zealous for souls and immediately began her work of faithful witnessing. Years later she received the blessed baptism of the Holy Spirit whereby she received additional power from on high for this work.

In 1930 she joined her brother Hans in the ministry of the Ridgewood Pentecostal Church, participating indefatigably in every phase of the work. Many ministers and missionaries remember with deep thankfulness her kind and thoughtful deeds in the Woodhaven Faith Home. When the East Side Pentecostal Church was opened in Manhattan, she took a prominent part in its ministry for a number of years.

"Nothing was too hard for her," said Rev. Frank Posta, pastor of the East Side Pentecostal Church at her funeral. "No altar service was too long, and she didn't mind going early, either, just as long as *someone* would find the Lord. She didn't spare herself; she inconvenienced herself. She took things upon herself. She wasn't told to do many things, but she did them because she loved souls. She not only loved souls, but *she loved to pray*. As a personal testimony I can say she was instrumental in turning many to righteousness and left a sweet perfume wherever she went."

We Have Time

(Continued from page 2.)

with the customer who is just stopping at our counter.

The new way of life doesn't come easy at first as we have the thought habits of years to overcome. Satan will surely whisper that such things might work for a Brother Lawrence in a monastery kitchen, but he didn't have the confusion of our office or the noise of our shop or four children screaming underfoot, or whatever. Nevertheless we have a solid promise: "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength." Our God is able to meet us anywhere, at any time.

The command "Pray without ceasing" remains meaningless to many of us in spite of the sermons we have heard and the articles we have read. This is because we still usually think of prayer in terms of a rigid form, except in times of emergency. Prayer includes all our consciousness of God and can be just a wordless joy in His presence, a reaching out for His support or a repeated upholding to Him of those dear to us or those we know are in special need. We are to live and have our being in God, knowing He is there even when we may not be thinking of Him just as we know there is light in a room in which we work even when we do not say to ourselves, "The room is light." Walking in the light of the presence of God can become a continual life of prayer.

Sometimes the reason we seem so pressed for time and feel so strongly that we would have to get away to find God is that we are spending time in our own way, not as He has chosen. We have no right to take burdens upon ourselves or fill up our own time. God never gives too much. If we are harassed or overloaded, if we rarely feel the comforting shadow of reassurance that all things are ordered of the

Lord, something is wrong. In individual lives, as in the church, "God is not the author of confusion, but of peace." We would do well to examine our lives carefully, with prayer.

An office may be a holy place and a businessman's time may be as fully given to the Lord as any pastor's. On the other hand, both the Christian businessman and the pastor may rush from meeting to meeting and wear themselves out running where God has not sent them. A woman may be called to serve the Lord as a housewife and may show the beauty of a Spirit-filled life to her family, her neighbors, her church; her life may touch far places as she serves through intercession. Or a woman may live for freshly-starched ruffles and angel food cake. The world has a saying that applies to such expenditure of time: "How much will it matter a hundred years from now?"

We should not, however, go to the extreme of feeling that because a task is small and routine it is somehow unspiritual, nor should we deny our families and friends the acts of kindness that symbolize love. Baking a cake or planning a picnic *can* be as much in the name of Christ as the giving of a cup of cold water of which the Lord spoke. Only God can show us which of our deeds are planned for our own self-satisfaction and so are valueless, the hay and stubble which will perish in the fire.

We have a test by which every act can be evaluated. Is it done "to the glory of God"?

It is presumptuous to say, as some do, that we know we are living in God's will because God has not stopped us from doing what we have decided to do. We must not ask His guidance and then hurry on without waiting for it. Nevertheless God makes it easy to live in His will if His will is the basic desire of our life and if we keep praying that He overrule plans that are not His own. He does not always show us what we will do tomorrow, but He wants us to know that we are in His place for us today and He certainly will not make it hard for us to know.

If, then, our lives seem overfull, we must be sure that the Lord is in everything we do—in work and rest, in study and recreation. Perhaps the Lord would take from us some of our activities so we will have time to live fully to Him. Perhaps He may let the pressure remain, for today at least, but He will show us how light the burdens become as we rest in Him, as we work in Him, as we see people through His eyes, as we are upheld, even when exhausted in body, by the strength of His love. He wants us to know the blessedness of dwelling in His secret place.

—Alliance Weekly.

He died for one purpose—to have *you* WHOLLY, and when He has you, you will pray.

Magnify Him . . . With Thanksgiving

Abound in the faith . . . With Thanksgiving

Enter into His gates . . . With Thanksgiving

Come before His presence . . . With Thanksgiving

Let your requests be made known . . . With Thanksgiving

Ps. 69:30; Col. 2:7; Ps. 100:4; Ps. 95:2; Phil. 4:6.

INWARDNESS

WHEN JESUS FIRST SETS souls to love Him, He wants them to see Him all the time, every moment, and if they are very much in earnest they live that way—moment by moment.

In the beginning of such experience, most of the time they pray, praise, wait on God, commune, and often, if at work, see Jesus in the soul.

If they grow in this experience and become vessels of God for His use, they begin to seek more for Him, and He comes more to them, for He does to all who seek Him from the heart.

Also He begins to draw their thoughts all the time—every moment—to Himself, causing them to find Him within. This is the beginning of the inward or deeper life.

As soon as this change takes place, He then teaches, if He can make them to get it, either by teachers or by their light, how to “practice the presence of God”—that is, to keep the mind *stayed* on Jesus—each wandering thought, act, word or feeling being recalled (i.e., called back) by the will of the vessel in the love of God.

However, this takes care. Often the mind lingers over a subject not of God. Turn the mind back to God. Words come not appointed by Him. Check such words at once, as soon as remembered. Look within and tell Jesus He rules, you will think, act and speak as He would, and He will look after you to help you to be like that.

Also you need to watch and pray to be in God, wait in God, etc. To so live for a time makes the inward change to abide in anyone who will go down to thus live; but if you keep to this lowliness, rest and faith to be all the time in God so, then the voluntary act of dwelling in God, seeing God, thinking of God, and keeping in is done altogether by the Holy Ghost, which is the true inwardness called for in *every Christian*.

—MARTHA WING ROBINSON.