

The Communion Service

Preached by G. A. Waldvogel May 20, 1953

"The cup of blessing which we bless, is it not the communion of the blood of Christ? The bread which we break, is it not the communion of the body of Christ? For we being many are one bread, and one body: for we are all partakers of that one bread" (I COR. 10:16, 17).

IT is from these verses that the service which we call by various names is called the communion service. I want to call your attention to a fact which is quite important to know in reading these verses, namely, that the term, "the body of Christ," is used in a two-fold way here. The body of Christ refers in verse 16 to the body, the personal body of Jesus, that body that had been nailed to the Cross, raised, glorified, that body in which Jesus now dwells in the glory. I think that is very clear because here a distinction is made between the blood and the body. The cup speaks of our communion of the body of Christ.

And yet in the next verse, evidently the term, "body of Christ," refers to the church, as it does in many places: "For we being many are one bread, and one body." The communion service speaks of the communion of the body of Christ in the sense of our communion with His individual body which is now glorified, but it also speaks of the communion of the body of Christ in the sense that His body means the church.

I'm so thankful that God has given to us two emblems, the cup, the bread. God has done that to make very plain to us that salvation is not only a spiritual experience, but our bodies, our physical bodies, have a share in this salvation and that is the message of this passage here and of many passages.

When we read about the cup we are told that the cup is the new covenant in His blood. Well, that seems to include every spiritual blessing in Christ Jesus. It certainly does. But the bread, we are told, speaks of the communion of His body. Glory be to Jesus! He not only bore our sins and answered for our sinful nature but He bore our sicknesses. What a wonderful truth! The punishment which we deserved was meted out to Him and with His stripes we are healed. Tonight we are invited to come to the table of the Lord and to receive from Him the message of His love, the assurance that He has purchased for us salvation for spirit and body. May the Lord help us to come in faith.

When the Lord Jesus came out of the tomb, He was no longer a man of sorrows, He was no longer a man of sickness, He was perfectly well. Yes, *the marks* of His suffering were still with Him, but we can be sure that the scars were healed. Let me repeat that when Jesus came out of the tomb, he had a new body, a resurrection body, a body that cannot be touched by the power of death any longer.

We profess our fellowship with Him in His resurrection life, physical resurrection life, and He confesses to us His readiness to impart to us His healing life. If sickness is an agency of death and a manifestation of death's power so is heal-



A Prince Has Fallen

Gottfried A. Waldvogel
1889-1953

Early in the morning of June 5th Gottfried A. Waldvogel, associate pastor of the Ridgewood Pentecostal Church of Brooklyn, New York, and contributing editor of Bread of Life, put off the earthly house of his tabernacle.

The funeral of Pastor Waldvogel was conducted at the church Monday evening, June 8th, by Rev. Gordon P. Gardiner, assisted by Rev. G. F. Bender and Rev. Allan Swift, classmates of Gottfried Waldvogel in Bible school, Rev. Rudolph Kalis, pastor of Emmanuel Pentecostal Church, Elizabeth, New Jersey, and Rev. Marie E. Brown, pastor of Glad Tidings Tabernacle, New York City. Pastor Hans Waldvogel also paid an eloquent tribute to the life and ministry of his brother based on 2 Samuel 3:38. So large was the congregation attending this service that the use of both upper and lower auditoriums of the church was necessary.

Preceding the burial a brief service was held the following morning in which the ministers of the Ridgewood Pentecostal Fellowship participated, and Rev. Paul Mitchell of Kenosha, Wisconsin, and Pastor Hans Waldvogel spoke. A large number went to Cypress Hills Cemetery where the body of our beloved brother was laid to rest "till the day dawn and the shadows flee away."

To the bereaved family and relatives we extend our deep sympathy and prayers that the God of all comfort may make real to them the presence and power of the Comforter Himself. Together we "sorrow not, even as others which have no hope"—the "blessed hope" of the glorious appearing of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ—which hope was so precious to Pastor Waldvogel, and now, together, we await the trump of God.

ing a manifestation of the life of the risen Christ. Let us come in faith and receive from Him that life which He wants to impart to our bodies and manifest in us.

Communion service is an aid to our faith. It ought to be and we ought to come in faith. And when He says, "Take, this bread is My body which was broken for you," let's believe it and receive it no matter what our trouble may be. It doesn't matter what the doctor says; it matters much more what Jesus says, what the Word of God says. Whom am I to believe? There is healing provided by the suffering of Jesus, and He is the great Prince of Life. "I am come that they might have life and

that they might have it more abundantly." Glory be to Jesus!

But then, this term, "the body of Christ," as I said, in the next verse refers to His church. What a wonderful thought that is, and we are told we are one body because we are all eating the one Bread. Only they who are eating the Bread, the Bread of Life, the Bread of God, the Bread which came from heaven, the Lord Jesus, only they belong to this body. The thing that unites them is the life of Christ in them. Hallelujah!

One rather scientific man, a Christian, wrote a book about the secret of Christianity, and I am glad to say that he found the truth. He asks what is the Secret of Christianity, and then

answers that it is life, it is eternal life, it is divine life, the life of Christ, and only those who have that life dwelling within are Christians, and only they are members of the body of Christ, but they are. Hallelujah! What a wonderful thought!

In every country, practically, of the world today, there are those who are eating that Bread. It does not mean that simply once they confessed to have received Jesus. They are eating that Bread continually. They are living from Jesus. They are leaning upon Him. They are trusting Him, and He manifests in them His indwelling life. What a blessed thought that we have so many brethren and so many sisters! True, there are many people calling themselves Christians today, who are not Christians. But let us not fail to think of those who really love Jesus, and have received Him, and do receive Him continually, and know Him. There are groups here and there and in every land who come to the table of the Lord and who celebrate communion, the communion of the Father and of the Son, and in that communion, communion with one another. We are one body because we are partakers of that one Bread. Hallelujah!

There is a phrase used in I Corinthians 11 about communion. It is a command that is given. We are told we ought to hold this service, we are not told how often, but we are told—"till He comes." Hallelujah! Jesus is coming, and He is coming to glorify His people that constitute His body. It says "in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye," and oh, then that wonderful union will be complete and

(Continued on page 11.)

Bread of Life

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Yet Speaking

"Now thanks be unto God, which always causeth us to triumph in Christ, and maketh the savor of his knowledge by us in every place" (2 COR. 2:14).

THIS testimony by the Apostle Paul is applicable also to the life and ministry of our brother, Pastor Gottfried Waldvogel. In the year 1912, a number of ministers gathered in the city of Chicago for the purpose of ordaining him to the gospel ministry. One of them, Rev. Robert Stracke, pastor of the Second Baptist Church in that city, laid his hands upon him with these words, "Never in my life have I ministered at any ordination service with greater joy than I am doing now for this young man." It was the consensus of the opinion of all present that he had already been ordained by the Lord Jesus Christ.

Only those who have seen and heard that which natural eyes cannot see and natural ears cannot hear can testify with assurance of the powers of the world to come. My brother had had such an experience. He had recently been baptized in the Holy Spirit, not only according to Acts 2:4, but also according to John 7:38. Fired with zeal for God and filled with love for Jesus Christ, he came home from the Missionary Training Institute at Nyack, New York, to take up ministry in my father's church in Chicago and to conduct evangelistic meetings elsewhere.

To hear him preach at that time was an event bound to change one's life. Some of the revivals that resulted among the Baptist churches where he preached were reminiscent of the revivals under Charles Finney when for days and weeks

on end sinners cried for mercy and prayed through to a real experience of salvation. Thus it became apparent to all that before he had been ordained by men for the ministry, he was one of those of whom Jesus says, "Ye have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you and ordained you that ye should go and bring forth fruit and that your fruit should remain."

One of the first to come under the impact of this ministry was myself, who up to that time had known hardly anything but a form of religion. Now I came face to face with a life that had been touched with the live coal from off the altar of God. As children we had prayed together nightly, and he was instrumental in my conversion. Now

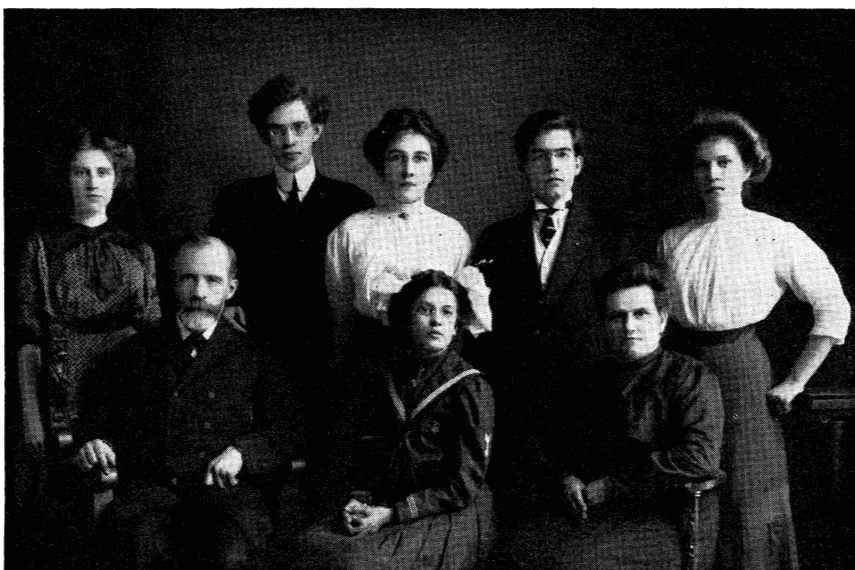


Laborers Together

*Hans and Gottfried Waldvogel,
Associate Pastors of the
Ridgewood Pentecostal Church
1934-1953*

that he had received the baptism in the Holy Spirit, his whole life was changed. He prayed continually and lived in unbroken communion with the Lord, so that his life and ministry were an incentive to me to seek the Lord with all my heart with the result that I too was filled with the Spirit and entered the Pentecostal ministry.

For awhile our ways parted. My brother ministered in Waco,



Pastor Adam Waldvogel and Family

*Taken on the Silver Wedding of Father and Mother Waldvogel.
Seated (left to right): Adam Waldvogel, Elsie (Mrs. Wm. Scharf), and
Mrs. Anna Waldvogel. Standing (left to right): Lydia (Mrs. Fred Lehr),
Gottfried, Anna (Mrs. Otto Roth), Hans, and Rose.*



"How Firm A Foundation"

This picture of Gottfried Waldvogel on Balance Rock at Nyack, N. Y., was snapped by a fellow student while he was singing, "How Firm A Foundation."

Texas; Peoria, Illinois; Steamboat Rock, Iowa; and Waukegan, Illinois, while God led me to Brooklyn, New York. After a few years, when the work in Brooklyn had grown and blossomed, the Lord led my brother and his family to join us in our labors in the gospel. His ministry of the Word greatly enriched the local assembly, and his presence permitted me to engage in evangelistic missions, here and abroad, from time to time. The Scripture was then fulfilled that "One shall chase a thousand and two shall put ten thousand to flight." And today we look back upon nearly twenty years of labor together as yokefellows.

Sixty-three years ago my brother was born into the home of a Baptist minister, Pastor Adam Waldvogel. He and his wife, Anna, were both devout, walking in all the commandments of the Lord blameless, striving with all their hearts to train their children in the fear and admonition of the Lord. This heritage is more wonderful by far than the heritage of

earthly goods. All of us six children, two boys and four girls, are today actively engaged in the ministry of the Lord Jesus Christ, and we know that even our brother who is the first one to enter the pearly gates is still ministering in a new way and with greater perfection.

When my brother entered school, it soon became apparent that he had been endowed with an exceptionally brilliant mind. He cleared all the hurdles of learning with top honors. At the same time, the Lord kept his heart ever tender toward Himself and filled him with a desire for the living Word. He became a diligent student of the Bible. Especially after his baptism in the Holy Spirit, as he himself expressed it, he became filled with a desire to live according to the pattern set forth in the Word. His preaching was *Bible* preaching, and his teaching abilities augmented his effectiveness in presenting the truth.

This year my brother and his wife celebrated their fortieth wedding anniversary. God has blessed them with eight sons who have all addicted themselves to the work of the gospel in one form or another. Five of them today are in the ministry. If my brother and his wife had accomplished nothing else in this life than to bring eight sons into a saving knowl-

edge of the Lord Jesus Christ it would be an achievement worth praising God for. And so the Scripture has been fulfilled, "Blessed is the man that feareth the Lord, who delighteth greatly in His commandments, his seed shall be mighty in the earth" (Ps. 112:1, 2).

The oldest son, Walter, and his wife Bertha are pastoring an assembly in Kirchheim, Germany, which has been established as the result of our ministry there during the past four years. Since their going to Kirchheim the work has grown, inwardly and outwardly.

Since the time my brother became incapacitated for the ministry, his second son Edwin has taken up the duties of assistant pastor in the Ridgewood Pentecostal Church. Endowed with a variety of gifts and graces he has proved himself an able laborer in this part of the vineyard. Arthur serves the Yorkville Gospel Hall, New York City, while Gordon is ministering in the Williamsburgh Pentecostal Church, Brooklyn. The youngest son, Eugene, and his wife are working for the Lord in the Faith Home in Zion, Illinois. Herbert, Alfred, and Milton are also wholeheartedly helping the ministry as laymen. And so it can be truly said of my brother that "he being dead yet speaketh."



Pastor and Mrs. Gottfried Waldvogel and Family

Taken on their Fortieth Wedding Anniversary, March 25, 1953.

Whose Faith Follow

*This address was given at the funeral service of Pastor Gottfried Waldvogel June 9.
Mr. Mitchell is pastor of Peniel Tabernacle, Kenosha, Wisconsin.*

SOME of the last words of one of the great warriors of the Cross of Jesus Christ are found in the letter of the Apostle Paul to Timothy (2 Tim. 3:13 to 2 Tim. 4:8). What powerful words and with what authority they were transmitted, these words of a venerable messenger and servant of the Lord, to those who would follow in his way, and to one in particular on this occasion, but to every one in every generation who would follow in his way.

I want to point out one sentence in this passage of Scripture found in the third chapter and the 14th verse, "But continue thou in the things which thou hast learned and hast been assured of, knowing of whom thou hast learned them." Many people have used the Scriptures, read them, preached from them, and, as it has often been said, you can prove anything by the Bible. All kinds of doctrines and theories have either been based upon or have wrested for their own use the Scriptures. But I want to point out the little emphasis the Apostle Paul made here, "*knowing of whom thou hast learned them.*"

The Scriptures mean a great deal to us. The Word of God is able to save our soul, the Scripture says. It means everything. But today we are fortified in the power of the Scripture by *knowing* one who has declared the Scripture. It has not only been doubly increased in power and authority in our lives, but in the language of Moses, one shall chase a thousand and two shall put ten thousand to flight. It has been multiplied manifold

in its power to us by our having known a giant of the Word of God. Knowing the man who has brought us the Word of God has opened the Word of God to us, has driven it home to us.

Today we are left with a leader of that Word of God who has gone from us. His person is not with us anymore, but his words are with us, and his memory. How great the Word of God has been made to us because of his life! We know the kindly manner of this man has fulfilled all the Scripture that he ever preached from his loving heart. But we know also that his unswerving fidelity to the doctrine has never failed either. There has been no compromise with his kindness and his desire to please, both have held firm parallel lines in his walk.

Today we are without excuse. Today we have a great responsibility for one who has lived and moved in our midst who has lead us in a straight course, fearlessly spearheading our way through hard places and experiences of opposition, and who has met many of his enemy that have tried to gainsay the Word, to whom the Apostle referred. He has met and defeated many of the foe with his unswerving faithfulness to his Lord and His Word. We have seen that; and it is our responsibility to follow in his way.

When the Apostle Paul wrote on to the young man Timothy, he said, "Do thy diligence to come to me shortly." To quote those words, not in their original setting and not applying them as he meant them, to the local situation, but taking this

as a general call, we need to do our diligence today. There is a call upon us, to do *our* diligence to walk that way and to join our brother in the ranks of those who have conquered and have been faithful to the One Who has led them. I thank the Lord for this company of overcomers and for our Lord's presence with us, for all that He has done for us.

Recently a man of great prominence in our city died suddenly and a large funeral was held. Some friends of mine went to that funeral. One commenting to me afterwards said, "I was there forty-five minutes and did not understand a word that was said." We have understood the words that have been spoken to us. But they were more than that, they were in our spirit. They have stirred our hearts. We have been inspired, and if we haven't we are dead and immobile. We need to be inspired. We need to follow in the train of these who have gone. It is not enough to hand them our compliments, to pay our respects to their departed lives. For they, although their bodies are dead, are issuing forth a living challenge to us. In the words of Abraham Lincoln, "It is to us rather the living to dedicate ourselves to this proposition." God is calling us who are still *breathing*, who still have tongues, who still have hands to labor, who still have feet to walk; He is calling us to follow in their footsteps.

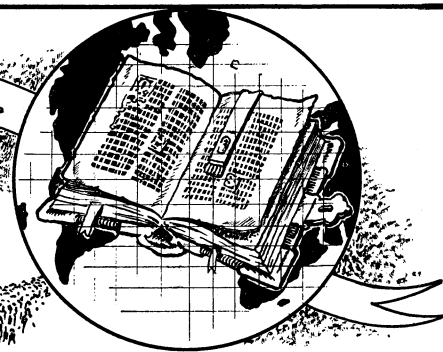
In the midst of life, the saying of the ritual church is, we are in death. But, beloved

(Continued on page 11.)

GO YE INTO ALL THE WORLD...

Seed-Time and Harvest

on the Mission Fields



The Kirchheim Conference

On Pentecost Sunday, May 24, Pastor Hans Waldvogel and party began a two-week conference in Kirchheim, Germany. Many from all parts of Germany and Switzerland gathered for this spiritual feast. Outstanding were the daily morning Bible study hours. In a letter to the editor Miss Frieda Naujock, a member of the Ridgewood Pentecostal Church who is now visiting relatives in Germany and ministering especially to children, describes the Kirchheim meetings:

"It has been a real privilege to be in the conference meetings here in Kirchheim. The meetings are very wonderful and well attended. The first Sunday already we had a good group, but the following Sunday was outstanding! In the morning the hall seemed well filled, but in the afternoon meeting I sat just aghast. They kept coming, filling every seat, middle, and side galleries—and also the upstairs gallery. The children sat on the stairs and tables and still people kept coming, standing in the rear, head on head.

"It was a real blessing to look into the faces of all these people. The joy of the Lord was to be seen on most of them and they also voiced their joy and happiness in testimonies and songs. Again and again they would tell of the blessings re-

ceived in the meetings. They thanked God for sending Walter and Bertha Waldvogel to them, for sending the Waldvogel party again at this time; they told of healings received in the meetings. Some were saved last year and told how God has led them on in His way. It is truly wonderful to listen to what God has done and to see Him work now. One man testified to being healed of a malignant disease, a woman who should have had her legs amputated, told how God undertook in answer to prayer and now she is well and able to walk. Some of the testimonies take us right into the presence of God, they are so real and spiritual. God is doing great things in Kirchheim.

"When I close my eyes I forget I'm in the Golden Alder Saal in Kirchheim, and feel just like home in Ridgewood. Such praises! But lately they are learning also what it means when the presence of the Lord is so keenly felt that one does not care to sing or speak or do anything, but sit quietly and drink in the life of Jesus.

"We have had good children's meetings Wednesday afternoons. Last week about one hundred and ten children or more were out, today about one hundred. Last week Bobby Kalis showed the film of the Lost Sheep and I told a story; today

Sister Zeller had the meeting and about fifty children stayed for prayer afterwards. We are sure God has been doing something real in the hearts of the little ones.

"Last night the meeting was powerful. God worked; many stayed for the aftermeeting and prayed for cleansing. This morning there must have been about two hundred for morning worship. Greetings to all."

The services of the last three days were conducted by the pastor of the Kirchheim assembly, Walter Waldvogel, because Pastor Hans Waldvogel was called home by his brother's death. The glory of God crowned these final meetings with marked blessing.

At Berlin and Hamburg

Pastor Hans Waldvogel returned to Germany, June 15, and conducted meetings in Berlin. Many from Eastern Germany risked their very lives to attend these services. On June 21 Pastor Waldvogel began a series of meetings in Berlin. Miss Rose Waldvogel and Sister Frieda Goetz left for Germany on June 27. They will be helping in some of these meetings and witnessing to friends and relatives.

Don't look on the dark side of faith things, but on the faith side of dark things.—M.W.R.

* * *

Faith is God's call all the time.

Trekking in the Cameroons West Africa

By HOWARD ROTH

AT the beginning of this year we organized our Sunday school. We have six classes and an average attendance of about two hundred twenty-five. Here the men and women make up at least half of the attendance.

This is the time of the year we must do our trekking to the different churches and schools. The rains will soon come so heavy that we will not be able to reach some of the farthermost stations. I have been doing the trekking alone thus far, since Betty must stay home with the baby. Next year I hope we can go together. The people are so anxious to see the missionary and turn out in great number to welcome him when he arrives at the church. They always have many questions and requests, and we do our best to answer both.

It is a big task to go on a trek. There are no hotels or restaurants in this land so all our bedding and other supplies must be taken along. The Christians always have a bush house cleaned and ready for the missionary so he can put up for the night. The house is not always in the best condition and more than once I have had to get up at night to move my bed to a different spot in the room to avoid the rain which was coming through the roof. On the last trek, there was no dry spot one night and if the rain had not stopped almost immediately I wouldn't have gotten any sleep.

Out on trek we meet with the Christians at their church and talk over the many problems they have as well as breaking to them the Word of Life. We help them organize their Sunday schools, home visitation

teams and adult literacy classes. At these classes the text book is the Bible and the "pupils" are our Christians who are interested in learning to read the Bible. We feel that if the people are able to "search the Scriptures" themselves, they will be much stronger Christians.

We have two prayer meetings meeting daily just a few miles from here and pray that before too long at least one of these groups will form into a church. Just last week, two Catholic people were saved in one of the meetings. Both groups are receiving quite a lot of opposition from the pagans as well as the Catholic but still their numbers are increasing.

When we view the results of our efforts day by day we are apt to think that not much is being accomplished, but when we look back over a year or so we have great reason to rejoice. Last year we had over four hundred baptisms and well over four hundred others who are attending our enquirers' classes. These numbers are from the area which Betty and I have charge of. Just what the total number for our whole mission field is, I do not know. But we give all the honor and glory to the Lord.

Howard Roth is a nephew of Pastor Hans Waldvogel.—Ed.

Among the Lepers of Liberia

Miss Florence Steidel was led of God some years ago to open a community for the lepers of Liberia, called New Hope Town. From there she sends this encouraging report:

"There were six hundred fourteen people present at the dedication of our new church. The most of these were leprosy sick folks. On the evening of that same day we started revival services. During the services, which lasted two weeks, there were twenty-five saved, sixteen received the baptism of the Holy Spirit. There were two hundred thirty-five that took communion, the most of whom have been saved since coming to New Hope Town. We had a glorious time. People were under the power of God and the cry of newborn babes in Christ could be heard all over the building.

"There were forty-five healed from leprosy in this last year. The day I read their names in the church we had a shouting time. How they testified and praised the Lord! That meeting lasted all afternoon and all night. It did my heart good to hear them give God the glory."



"DIED CLIMBING" Marking the grave of an Alpine guide

in a certain Swiss village is a wooden tablet bearing the simple inscription, "He died climbing."

Surely no more fitting epitaph could be chosen for a Christian's life if it can be truly said that "he died climbing" toward new spiritual heights. It is our daily privilege so to live that this epitaph would fit our lives perfectly.

Christ Is All and In All

THE TESTIMONY OF MARTHA WING ROBINSON

EDITED BY G. P. GARDINER

(Continued.)

"Although I was daily learning more of God, I could not believe the evidence of my own senses and would persuade myself that this marvelous change could not last. Of course, the inevitable result was that I lost my healing: but I had had it long enough to have tested its absolute reality. When, some weeks later, I felt the old symptoms returning, symptoms which I had suffered more or less since childhood, I said in my ignorance, 'There, I knew it must surely return. Suppose I had been so foolish as to have told how I happened to be free from the trouble.'

"I sometimes wonder how God ever thought it worthwhile to enlighten such stupidity. But He was merciful, and brought my mother with her message about 'an acquaintance who had been healed in answer to prayer when in a dying condition.' Although I had heard of Mrs. P—'s prolonged and serious illness and had expected her to die, when my mother told me that she had been healed . . . , I said flatly that 'if Mrs. P— had been healed by that means, she was never sick' . . . and . . . refused to investigate the subject further.

"Meanwhile I returned to Davenport, having lost the healing which I had received, and again badly overdid. I was getting discouraged, and especially after a severe relapse at the holiday time, from which I never even slightly recuperated until God healed me.

"I suppose because I was really sincere in my desire to serve God, He gave me another chance." Now the very woman whose healing Mrs. Robinson had so vigorously denied visited her and left some periodicals which contained teaching on divine healing and the testimonies of many who had been healed in answer to the prayer of faith alone. These she read "partly out of curiosity," she continues, "and partly in order to tell her I had done so, and because, down in my heart, there was a little hope. The testimonies were so miraculous I found them incredible. I was fond of saying that the days of miracles were past. I prided myself on sufficient, sound common sense to keep me from believing any exaggerated 'wonder tales.' . . . As I read the testimonies, and saw that they were said to have been given in the presence of hundreds and even thousands, my common sense told me that such a tremendous fraud could not be long carried on.

The people could not all be deliberate liars, I thought, nor could there be gotten together such a large number of marvelously stupid people.

"But I was afraid of getting into something absurd and fanatical. My skepticism and slowness to believe all through stood in the way of God's work in me. . . .

"It began to dawn on me that I might be mistaken myself; that God was trying to teach me something that I was putting away from me without looking to Him for guidance. My sister and I took it to God in prayer. We asked that I might do exactly what God willed in the matter. I asked that I might accept all the true and reject all the false (if any). . . .

"I carefully studied and prayed, looking to God for full light. It was my intention to be strictly impartial, but so prejudiced had I been against all so-called 'faith cures' that I combated every point not in accord with my own ideas or early teaching. . . . When I saw the evidence plainly in the Bible, often not even then being able to fully believe in my own heart, we took it to God and asked for full light to accept any truth He wished me to.

"After I had spent a week or two in this deliberate search for knowledge (nearly all the time I was out of bed I was seeking for the truth in God's Word) I had a good deal of conceit taken out of me. I found that instead of knowing the Bible as well as I had supposed I did, I had only a mass of false theology which I called Bible knowledge; for, with many other Bible students, I had made the Bible fit the facts of experience and practice, instead of trusting God to fit the facts to the Bible.

"Having awakened to my own ignorance, I was willing to be taught, and under God's direct guidance I began a new and prayerful study of His Word. Those weeks were a revelation to me of how God will open the understanding to the truths of the Bible if we will trust Him instead of ourselves. . . . My convictions concerning Divine Healing, after this study, were deeply founded. I feel that it was my firm stand on this matter which enabled me to go the full way through all the discouragement Satan brought to bear upon me, for I still had very much to learn."

As a result of these convictions Mrs. Robinson "fully decided to give" her body to God and set a special time when she and others united together definitely to ask God to heal her, but she was

"not helped." Then she "prayed and studied further," and again "asked for special prayer, and again apparently God did not hear."

Mrs. Robinson testifies, "Knowing that He would hear me, I claimed the promise, 'Seek and ye shall find,' and went on seeking, determined not to give up until I found. I learned very much about prayer during the following period. I learned that lying all night and clamoring after God in tears and anxiety was not prayer, and the abuse of my physical nature brought on exhaustion and violent headache. Hezekiah's description of his 'soul chattering like a crane' always reminds me of that stage of my experience.

"When I found my prayers . . . unavailing, I realized, although I was truly given to God, that I yet lacked something. I asked God to show, and then He gave me some teaching on repentance" which "began to give me increased light.

"I then asked if any sin stood in my way, and promised if there were, I would gladly and instantly confess. I thought I meant what I said. When God clearly and distinctly chose from my past a seemingly small thing which I had done and said, 'Confess this sin,' it seemed to me that the one thing which I could not do had been given to me. Instead of going instantly and gladly with the confession, I struggled over it for nearly three weeks, seemingly losing all the ground I had gained. I begged that I might keep this thing silent, and I would tell anything else. I got so I could not pray. It was like the old struggles over consecrating myself to God. It came to where it was a question of giving up all or obeying. At last I yielded and made the necessary confession, and after I had done so it seemed so easy, and my relief was so great I could not forgive myself for the delay, nor fail to regret the loss of the blessing which instant obedience brings.

"I thought that now all was right. I looked into the past and my own heart under God, and felt that all was clear before Him.

"But He was not through with me. When I again set a time for prayer, and apparently God did not answer, I began with greater humility than I had ever yet known to search further for that weakness or sin in me that so delayed the fulfillment of God's will. I asked God to show me myself as He saw me, and in answer to that prayer He gave me such a glimpse of myself as I shall never forget.

"For the first time I felt my need of Christ's atoning blood. I saw the meaning of His death for our sin. I saw that all my consecration and obedience—if it were possible to be perfect in this—were not sufficient to cleanse my heart. I saw that what I had regarded as an upright, and even Christian, life was very dark in God's eyes. I know now that this revelation was what I need-

ed to bring me into the right attitude toward God. By this time I knew there was so much to learn that the only thing for me to do was to keep on seeking step by step, as I had been doing, trusting God to take me the full way.

"Meanwhile during these two months I had been growing physically worse. Instead of regaining any strength, or recovering from the severe relapse caused by over-exertion at the holiday time, I had been growing steadily weaker, and suffered much. In addition my liver trouble, from which the latter part of my sickness I had been comparatively free, returned in a severe form. My side was swollen so that my clothes would not meet within two inches under my loose-front wrapper. I was compelled to lie in one position, slightly on my left side because of the extreme sensitiveness and soreness. Every movement was painful.

"It seemed as if Satan had chosen the one thing that might tempt me. It was the only trouble which had at any time been consciously relieved by medicine. Medicine had in a measure temporarily relieved me, and it came to me again that it would be wiser to take a little of the medicine which had benefited me than to run the risk of being entirely confined to my bed and perhaps alarm those who had the care of me and so lead to a physician being called against my will.

"I am glad to say it was not at any time a real temptation to me, for I recognized from the first that absolute dependence on God was the secret of the prayer of faith. I determined that death was preferable to disobedience, although I had no fear that God would fail to keep His promise to me. This condition of my body had lasted for some weeks, and I finally became so ill I saw that I should be confined to my bed. I knew that in my weak condition I was unable to endure one of the severe attacks of pain to which I was subject. The probability of a doctor being called grew stronger.

"My sense of absolute helplessness brought a fuller surrender than I had yet known. Unconsciously, I think. I had still been clinging to myself, my own faith, and prayers. I threw myself on God and left the responsibility to Him, knowing He would not permit me to be tempted above what I was able to bear.

"In this frame of mind I arose one afternoon at 3 o'clock for the purpose of having prayer with my sister. It was with difficulty, because of the pain and soreness, that I knelt. As we prayed a singular sensation passed over my side as if something rolled slowly away from it. I rose to my feet with perfect ease and without pain. I did not know what had happened and put my hand to my side. To my amazement I found there was no soreness. It was not even sensitive to heavy

pressure. The swelling and pain had also left instantly, and my clothes fastened loosely about me. . . . This was very wonderful to me, as I had no recollection of a time when my side was not sore and sensitive to the touch, or was free from pain.

"Stomach, liver and kidneys" were now "in a healthy condition. . . . Of course this wonderfully strengthened me physically and increased my faith, but I was far from being perfectly healed, as these troubles were only a part of my many ailments. I went on seeking.

"During this time of seeking" God "led me past the point of seeking healing only. I saw I needed the Healer, Christ Himself, His life, His fulness, in greater measure. But for many weeks after this one miracle of healing I apparently stood quite still. At this time God led me to the company of others who believed in God as Healer of the body, that I might have a little teaching."

"I looked for an immediate healing. I was conscious of a clear physical strengthening the first time I was prayed with, . . . But because my healing was not perfect at once, I began to worry. . . . It seems strange that I should have trusted God so little, after having been led so far. It seems to me that I could surely have left it all with God. Instead, I lost time and blessing through impatience. I had to be given the lesson over and over again, of letting God plan things before I could learn it.

"For more than a week I stumbled along, more and more confused. Then I realized that I was going back on all my hard-learned lessons. I saw others about me healed, while I gained nothing. I knew God was no respecter of persons. The healing was for me. Evidently there was something yet lacking in myself.

"I had truly given myself to God. I know that, from the moment of acceptance of redemption for the body, my one object was not a selfish wish for healing for my own pleasure, but a desire to be enabled to serve God better. I intended to use the health He was going to give me for Him, and aside from this I was really not anxious to live. Life in my sickness had become a great burden to me, and I was not afraid to die. But when I began to love God, I wished to live for Him. Yet I know now that my healing all through had been a sort of primary object, a thing to be sought separately.

"Much in the same way, years before, I sought for a genuine spiritual experience, as my privilege through the acceptance of the Atonement, forgetting that Jesus Himself was the Atonement, and what I needed was Jesus Himself in my heart. So I was seeking healing as a separate spiritual experience. Gradually my need dawned upon me. I saw that God was more real to many

of those about me than He was to me; that Jesus was more real; that the Holy Spirit was real. I began to wish for what I saw they had. I found I was too anxious for healing. I came to where I saw I must simply be true and obedient, waiting in faith upon God.

"John 14:21 helped me much at this time.

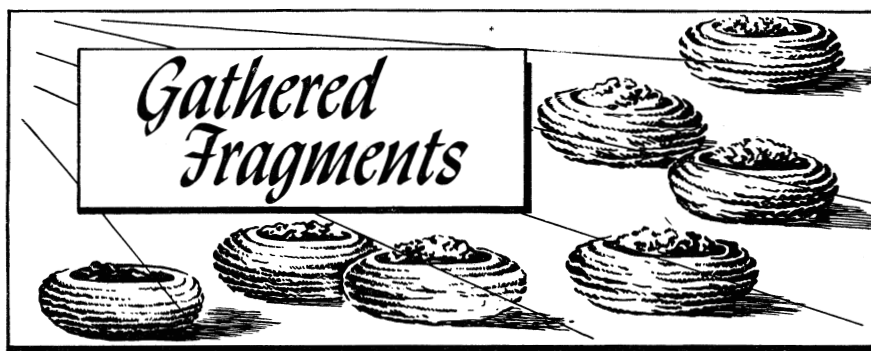
"I claimed the promise of the manifestation of Jesus Himself to me, and seeing more and more that divine healing was a part of the redemption, I knew that with the coming of Jesus into my life there would come with Him all the riches of His grace. I stopped seeking for any special thing of experience, and prayed that I might know Jesus. As I prayed, the desire to know Him for Himself grew stronger. I got to where I felt that if I could have Jesus in my life the other things did not matter in the least. . . .

And as He led me into that rest in Him which makes anxiety impossible, so that I almost forgot my body in the joy of a closer acquaintance, I awakened to the fact that my health and strength were coming rapidly. One ailment after another disappeared, one or two instantly so that I knew of the change at the moment. Others passed away so quietly that I became conscious of my healing by the gradual but complete departure of pain while my body grew stronger."

Two and a half years after the healing Mrs. Robinson was able to testify, "I often think God's keeping power is even more wonderful than His healing power. He keeps us from falling into pits a great deal deeper sometimes than those he pulls us out of. While God completely healed me of many serious diseases—I was a complete wreck from head to foot, given up by doctors and hospitals—His keeping power has been more wonderful to me than His healing power. I had two and a half years of invalidism. I have had two and a half years of active service. I know it is away beyond my natural strength the way I have been able to work, living almost the entire year on four and five hours' sleep at night, and carrying on the work of two women, not having lost an hour's work through sickness, and not having missed a meeting. I think it is quite a record for a person who had been almost an invalid from birth. I do thank God for it."

"Divine healing has proved such a beautiful gate to a fuller knowledge of God and His love. It is the entrance into heights and depths of His love such as some of us had never dreamed of.

"I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, 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."



For one hundred and twenty-four years the Brooklyn Sunday School Union (Brooklyn, N. Y.), has sponsored an annual parade for its Protestant Sunday school pupils. Actually there were twenty-six parades this year in different parts of Brooklyn, with an estimate of 100,000 marchers. Thus do the participating schools give witness to their faith.

Preceding the parade a luncheon is held attended by about one hundred leaders in Sunday school activities and various city officials. The "Guest of honor," reports the *Brooklyn Eagle*, "was Robert A. Vogeler, the American business man sentenced to fifteen years imprisonment by the Hungarian government as a United States spy.

"Vogeler told the luncheon gathering what religion had come to mean to him. Raised in a Christian household, he said that by the time he had experienced nine months of

solitary confinement he had lost faith and hope and felt that a busy world had passed him by and he was forgotten. Speaking slowly, apparently moved by emotion, he continued:

"Then one day in a bunch of books brought to me in my cell, books that were mainly Communist tracts, I found, undistinguishable by its cover from the others—undoubtedly smuggled—a copy of the Bible in English. I read it—and read it—avidly. My faith and my hope were restored. I was prepared to serve out the fifteen years!"

"The voice of the man who spent nearly two years in a Communist prison before his release suddenly quickened.

"The Communists realize they cannot compete with the teachings of religion," he said. "That is why they persecute and execute the clergy—to erase religion from the minds of the people. I believe one of the most

powerful weapons at our command is to carry the Word of God to the people behind the Iron Curtain.' "

* * *

Pastor Hans Waldvogel closed the funeral sermon for his brother with a touching scene from their boyhood days. Often in Switzerland they would go to the woods to gather firewood. Homeward bound, Gottfried who was the older, would pull the cart while his little brother would push. Little Hans would soon tire, and then Gottfried would say, "Push, Hans, we're almost home." "And so," concluded Pastor Waldvogel, "it seems I can hear my brother calling to us from heaven, 'Push, we're almost home.'"

The Communion Service

(Continued from page 2.)

will be manifested gloriously!

Thank God for this ordinance. Thank God that we are permitted to come to the table of the Lord. We are pilgrims; we won't need communion services when we get to glory. But here, during our pilgrimage, Jesus so graciously comes to us, and it is not only that we confess Him and our faith in Him, but He confesses us. And He says, "Come, take, eat. This bread is the communion of My body. This cup is the New Testament in My blood. Drink all of it—you, and you, and you, and you. Oh, let's come tonight in love, in faith, and hope.

Whose Faith Follow

(Continued from page 5.)

friends, I would say, "In the midst of death, thank God, we are in life." And this life continues because it is the life of His Son. It is the life of Jesus, and we are in this life here. His life is our life—His continuing His endless life. After the power of an endless life He is made Priest, He who is ministering to us. And in the power of that endless life you and I are also living today, thank God!



Prize-Winning Float

For the second consecutive year the Ridgewood Pentecostal Church has won first prize in the Bushwick Avenue Division of the annual parade of the Brooklyn Sunday School Union, June 4. This year's theme was "Christ the Hope of the World."

His Ministers

"And He had in His right hand seven stars . . . the ministers of the seven churches."
(REV. 1:16, 20.)

"MINISTERS have relations to Christ and the church which ordinary church members do not have. They partake directly of Christ's authority, and are responsible directly to him, and are upheld by His right hand, beyond all power of men or angels to displace them." What a lesson to ministers as to the holiness of their office, the solemnity of their responsibility, necessity of unswerving fidelity, and the exercise of every confidence in their sacred function. *They are in Christ's hand.*

If unfaithful, none can deliver them out of that hand; but if true to their position, none can touch them or quench their light. They shall shine as the stars forever and ever.

What a lesson for the people as to the authority of those ministrations which they are so prone to despise! Dealing with the ministers of the church, you are dealing with the jewels in His right hand. How majestic and glorious our Lord! The Pauls and Johns, Husses and Luthers, Cranmers and Knoxes, Wesleys and all the hosts of those who have been teaching and guiding the churches for these eighteen hundred years are no more than rings upon His fingers. But they are jewels to Him. He holds them as precious. Disregarded they may be by men, they are dear to Him. He holds them for service now and for judgment when He comes. He holds them for success against the hosts of evil, for glorious honor if they are faithful, and for disgrace if they are not.

The Word of God is not an empty utterance. It is quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword. This potency pertains to the matter of punishment, as well as to the matter of conviction. "Out of His mouth went a sharp two-edged sword"—a word sword.

"He that rejecteth me and receiveth not my words, hath one that judgeth him: the word that I have spoken shall judge him in that day." Even now the word of Christ is absolving or condemning every one to whom it is preached. The gospel is good news, but there is a sword in it—a sword of double edge; that sword of judgment. All the solemn administrations of the last day are nothing more than the full revelation of this sword power of Christ's word, cutting asunder the unfaithful servant, and carrying into effect what is already spoken.

"For the priest's lips should keep knowledge, and they should seek the law at his mouth: for he is the messenger of the Lord of hosts." MAL. 2:7.)

—SELECTED.