

## True Worship

By A. J. GORDON

*It is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God. — MATT. 4:12.*

THE word, "worship," signifies homage, or adoration; and the act is one that has direct and exclusive reference to God. The very attitude of the worshipper indicates this, as we catch glimpses here and there of His adoration in the ancient service. "I will worship *toward Thy holy temple*," said David, when God dwelt in Zion. "And they *fell down and worshipped Him*," it is said of the wise men, when, by the incarnation, God had come down to make His temple in the body of the infant Jesus, Who then reposed in the cradle at Bethlehem. "And the four and twenty elders fell down and worshipped Him that liveth forever," we are told after that the God-man is set down again at the right hand of the Majesty on High. In other words, where God is, whether in the shrine of the temple, or in the tabernacle of flesh, or on the throne of glory, thither the worshippers steadfastly set their faces in homage and adoration. And since attitudes are but the symbols of spiritual states, how much we learn from these illustrations!

Nothing that is not directed to God is worship. The soul that turns itself toward the Most High, with only the thought of receiving mercy, while it makes no offering of thanksgiving, does not worship. The prayer that lifts to God only the empty cup of spiritual desire, while it swings no censer of adoring homage before His throne, is not worship. The thanksgiving, even if it only

fixes the eye upon the blessing and bounty of the offerer, instead of being directed in self-forgetful gratitude upon the infinite Giver, is not worship.

Worship, in its highest form, is absolutely self-forgetful. The eye is open, and the spirit is intensely kindled; but it is God that fills the whole horizon of thought and reflection. All personal states and feelings and desires are swallowed up in the thought of His glory; and the cry is, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come."

Now, if you will think of it in this light, you will see that Christian faith is the underlying principle of worship, since it consists simply in "*looking unto Jesus*." In perfect vision the eye is unconscious of its sight, and equally unconscious of the limpid atmosphere which is the medium of its sight. It is wholly taken up with the object of its contemplation. And faith, which is the eye of the soul, when it forgets itself, and all its phases and feelings, and is completely absorbed with the person of Jesus, the Lamb of God, reaches its highest perfection and hence becomes the truest form of homage to Christ and of blessing to the worshipper.

Do we not find an exquisite illustration of this idea in that colloquy of the woman of Canaan with Christ? Her prayer seems not to have found

## Our National Blessings

**W**E THINK OFTEN of these blessings in terms of material value, of broad acres, our great factories, all those things which make life a more convenient and finer thing in the material sense.

But when we think about the matter very deeply, we know that the blessings we are really thankful for are a different type. They are what our forefathers called our rights: the right to worship as we please, to speak and think and to earn and to save. Those are the rights we must strive so mightily to merit.

One reason that we cherish these rights so sincerely is because they are God-given. They belong to the people who have been created in His image. They belong to the lowliest among us as well as to the mightiest and the highest. That is the genius of our democracy.

DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER.

its answer till her faith had passed from mere importunate desire for the help of Christ, to adoring reverence of the person of Christ. For, when in grievous agony at her daughter's case, she only cried, "Have mercy on me, O Lord, Thou Son of David," He answered her not a word; but when, as though having caught a sudden glimpse of His glory as the Lord from heaven, "she came and worshipped Him, saying, Lord help me," her faith was almost instantly crowned with its reward. And so I think that always there is worship at the heart and core of true faith, an adoring contemplation of the attributes and offices and works and person of God in Jesus Christ.

If, therefore, we have the spirit of true worshippers, we shall not come to the house of the Lord merely as beggars asking alms, but as subjects of the King of kings, bringing tribute to our Lord. And if our faith be true, it will turn all the ordinances and appointments of God's house into means to this

end. Our prayers will be the glowing vehicles of praise and thanksgiving; our sacraments will be a vivid picture-writing, in which we shall thankfully acknowledge to Christ the glory of his sufferings and the greatness of his redemption; and our hymns will be such tributes of praise as will make us forget even the beauty of melodious sounds that minister to the ear, in the contemplation of that beauty of holiness which they celebrate before the Lord. Oh! how much we need to study the uses of worship, that in our spiritual tempers, in our vocal utterances, and in our bodily postures we may . . . give ourselves to the service of magnifying the Lord and joining with angels in heaven and the redeemed in paradise, to praise and bless Him forever.

We have seen that faith is an underlying principle of worship; since it is contemplative in nature and Godward in its direction. There is also another idea equally fundamental, viz., the spirit of sacrifice. This was the

great principle of the Hebrew service; and with the single difference, that it is self-sacrifice instead of the sacrifice of offerings that is now demanded, the requirement remains unchanged. And the direction of sacrifice is precisely the same as that of faith. It is the subjection of self to God; the magnifying of the Lord by casting at His feet that which is a most vital and intimate part of ourselves.

Mark how constantly the gospel enjoins this: "I beseech you, therefore, brethren by the mercies of God, *that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice*, holy and acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service." If we apply these words to worship, there is something more hinted at than mere ease and luxurious comfort in our bodily postures in the house of God. There is no merit in a painful attitude; there is no salvation in a reverent one. But if we would bring all our worship into subjection to the cross of Christ, there is a holy fitness in sacrificing mere easy and indolent indulgence of the flesh to the claims of reverence. There is a strong probability that the term worship, as used in the Scripture, always implied bodily obeisance in connection with spiritual adoration; that this was an inseparable part of it, as much as in the sacraments the outward symbols and elements are necessary to constitute them true ordinances.

And the idea of sacrifice will extend to the very thoughts and intents of the heart when we come before the Lord. All will look toward God,—the inward frames and the outward forms, the silence of our meditation, and the words of our praise. The thought of His infinite claim up-

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## Bread of Life

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# *None But Christ Can Satisfy*

**A Biographical Sketch of Martha Wing Robinson**

*By* GORDON P. GARDINER



*Martha Wing Robinson*

As Don was preparing for school on the morning of November 14, 1923—just thirty years ago—he overheard his aunt, with whom he and his mother had recently come to live, speaking about something which caught his attention: “Celebration . . . birthday . . . this afternoon.” Don’s curiosity was aroused, followed by his desire to be on hand. For what eight-year-old boy does not want to be present at a birthday celebration?

The boy’s pleas to go were firmly refused, however, by a mother who believed in the performance of one’s duty first and always, duty in this case being to go to school. After all, was it not simply a childish fancy to get in on a party, for neither she nor her son had even seen “the birthday child” whom she knew to be an adult woman minister? Why should he go?

Don, however, thought quite differently: everybody else in the house is going. Why shouldn’t I? And his mother’s very denial served only to fill him with an unspoken determination to get there. He knew that he dare not skip school, but after school he would go as fast as possible to the home where the celebration was being held. Nor was his purpose one whit diminished by the intervening hours spent with books, teachers, and poly-mates: the moment school was over, with none of his usual dilly-dallying, he hurried along so that he might reach his destination, at least before “the party” finished.

Suddenly he became conscious of a real obstacle to his going to such a gathering: he spied a large hole in his stocking knee. It would be disgraceful to appear thus, but to go home and change first might mean to risk the loss of all his cherished hopes. No, he would not be deterred; hole or no hole he was going.

It was only a few minutes before he arrived at the house and slipped into the apartment where the people were gathered. At first unnoticed, he began to worm his way through the crowd, wanting to see “the birthday child,” at the same time

keeping a watchful eye for the moment his mother would discover his presence. He might have to take a trip to the woodshed later. No matter, for now he had accomplished his purpose. Soon he was discovered by his surprised mother, and the other guests in the room were smiling at the intrusion of this uninvited guest.

The first thing that impressed him was the sharp contrast between the cold, gray November afternoon outside and the warm, genial atmosphere into which he had come. It was not only that he had come into a warm room, but, even as a boy, he sensed he had come into something else: a hushed and holy atmosphere. As for “the birthday child,” the fact that she was a woman whose hair was turning white did not make him the less interested, for somehow he knew from some things he had gathered that she was an important person, spiritually speaking, someone worth knowing, and there was an irresistible sweetness about her which made him desire to know her better.

What he did not know—nor could anyone else, humanly speaking, know at that time—that among the fifty or seventy-five guests, many of them young people and ministers or ministerial students, were some who in a few short years would be successful pastors of large city churches in Milwaukee, Cincinnati, and Brooklyn, missionaries who would conquer for God in Kenya and South Africa, and two, at least, of this group would be well-known fruitful evangelists in this country and Europe.

It was but a few minutes after Don’s arrival that the gathering was dismissed. Of course, Don wanted to greet Martha Wing Robinson, whose birthday it was, but the reserved mother grasped her son and saw to it that they left for home at once.

In the brief time that Don had been inside, the graying afternoon had deepened into darkness, a darkness that could almost be felt, unrelieved by even a single street light. The two had gone about half a block when a shrill, feminine voice pierced the night air, calling Don’s mother. They stopped and the caller caught up. Almost breathless she said, “Mrs. Robinson would like to have met you and Don.”

Triumphantly Don turned himself and his mother around, and together they retraced their footsteps and met Mrs. Robinson. Children recognize love at once. And Don realized at once that Mrs. Robinson was full and overflowing with the genuine love of God. And the impression received during the few minutes they were together would never leave his mind: he knew he had found a friend.

Someone has said, "Perhaps the highest test of a gentleman is his treatment of children." To some extent, it is also probably the test of a lady too.

Just who was Mrs. Robinson and just why had such a group gathered for this occasion?

Forty-nine years before Martha Wing Robinson had been born in an obscure hamlet in southwestern Iowa. Now she was a recognized teacher and leader by virtue of her spiritual experiences and giftedness. For several years now an increasing number of people had recognized that the Word of the Lord was indeed in the mouth of this unpretentious woman, and by her ministry many had been inspired to seek the Lord with all their hearts, just for Himself. That indeed was her whole ministry: to lead people, not to herself, but to the Fountain where they might drink for themselves and be satisfied. She herself said of her ministry, "If I fail to lead people to Christ, I have failed in my ministry." And so it was Christ in her life which attracted so many from all walks of life, from near and distant lands.

On this day a few of these loving friends had gathered in her home in Zion, Illinois, to celebrate her birthday by having a meeting together in the presence of the Lord, and to hear, if He chose, words of life. Nor were they disappointed. The words indeed were simple, but they were also "as fire conveying both light and heat to the hearts of all that heard her." The report which is left of that meeting is, to be sure, meager—a few broken, fragmentary sentences and paragraphs, imperfect transcriptions of stenographic notes. They are, however, glowing sparks which give an idea of the intensity of the fire from which they issued, and for anyone familiar with Mrs. Robinson's ministry they are sufficient to enable him to call back the main thought of the talk, realizing at the same time that it is but a very imperfect, incomplete reproduction of the original:

"... You, as an individual, are called to give your own life also." You are not called to be "spiritual." Oh, no! And you are not called to be "deep," but you are called "because Jesus wants you and because you, following after Him, can't manage to keep your own life and [so] you spend it, and you give it forever. 'For whosoever will save his life shall lose it; and whosoever will lose his life shall keep it unto life eternal.'"

This is necessary if you would go all the way with Him. How else could you have all the fullness of Him?

"What a narrow—what an absolute call! You are called to give your own life also, *to Him*." Beloved, you could not help doing this when you see how wonderful He is. And when you give yourself to Him, He gives Himself to you, and you "have Him utterly and forever and completely." And would not that result in the crucifixion of yourself? You can not be crucified or die to self until you let go of your self and let the Lord Jesus Christ. And some of you have "wanted to be crucified in order to be something." That isn't the right way. "He didn't call you to things—He called you to Himself."

You don't know how many times God has called you. He wanted *you*. He wanted you "*entirely, in and out, throughout your being, for the love of God alone*." Individually, you, alone with Jesus Christ, will have to make this decision for God that your life will be separated unto Him, and all that you have—you give it all to Jesus Christ. And when you do this, "you get so interested in Him—so full of love for Him—that you lose yourself and you gain Him." Someone may say that "you are spiritual, and you know you are not—it is just Jesus." And the result will indeed be that you are crucified, but "if you are really crucified, you will be so busy glorifying Him, you won't be talking about yourself . . . *you will tell about Him*." And "you are led by the Spirit to talk about the call that comes in the soul for Jesus, rather than the call that comes in the soul for death" to self.

"The love of God leads you to go all the way with Jesus Christ." Along the way there are "days of shadow," but God is always there. You will have to "go through valleys" . . . "and up to the hilltops" but you will find: "God is always here."

Jesus is "able to lead you on to victory. You do not require strength, you do not require power of yourself." And He says, "I am your wisdom; I am your righteousness; I am your power; I am your all. Oh, come after Me . . . My love is over you, and My wings are over you, and I am so willing to take you on and to do great things for you. If you only see *you* are not able and know that I am able and that I am your God, and that you are to follow Me."

It would be a hard heart, far from God, who would not be moved by such words and inspired to respond to the call to follow Jesus. And this call was "not in word only"—a theoretical, pious, religious talk—but "in the power of the Holy Ghost"—a power generated only by having previously experienced the truths taught.

And so the question naturally arises, "How did she come to experience these things?" What gave authority to her words and caused her thereby to impress so many, directly and indirectly, with their great need of God and of the beauty of such a life?

Mrs. Robinson was converted as a child and joined the Methodist Church. She made what she and others "regarded as a fair profession, observing church rules, being really sincere" in her serv-

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## Alone With God

Too much emphasis cannot be placed upon the necessity for Christian people to be alone with God. That is our life! To be alone with God all the time means that you are shut in with God. The church has drifted very far from New Testament Christianity and practice.

The Apostle Paul says, "We speak the wisdom of God, even the hidden wisdom . . . which none of the princes of this world knew" (I Cor. 2:7, 8). And when he talked about "the princes" he meant the theological princes, those who crucified the Son of God. There was never more religion in the world than when Jesus was crucified, and it was religion that crucified Him. Why was that? It was a man-made religion, not God's religion. So Paul says that he speaks that hidden wisdom which had not been understood. And how little that hidden wisdom is understood today. Then he goes on to say, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him" (I Cor. 2:9). Again he talks about religious people whose God is their belly, who are the enemies of the cross of Christ: they are not willing to go God's way.

What is God's way for me? What way shall I walk to please my God? There is but one way—to have Christ enthroned upon my heart. And therefore only a wholehearted surrender of my earthly life to Jesus, a getting out of the way that Jesus Christ may really and truly come forth and live out His own divine, holy, heavenly life within me, will do in the sight of God.

God has put all under the

curse, the Bible says, that He might have mercy upon all. And how does He have mercy upon all but by offering to them His own life? And when the Holy Spirit talks about the necessity of prayer He is trying to draw you into that life, He is trying to open before you that door so that you might enjoy that indwelling life of the Son of God.

Today we make a difference between outward Christian practice and the inward life. It is true that that word "inward" is not found in the Bible although its equivalent "hiding" is found in the Bible (See Psalm 27:5; 31:20). Nevertheless the word "inward" expresses a wonderful truth, something we ought to apprehend. Have you learned to hide? Do you live an inward life? Have you found that fountain of life within? "My people have committed two evils," God says (Jer. 2:13), "they have forsaken Me, the fountain of living waters, and hewed them out cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water." Oh, what death has resulted!

I had been baptized in the



### **Your Father Knoweth**

*Is the future all unknown,  
Shadow deeper growth?  
Look for light to God alone,  
For "Your Father Knoweth."*

*Rest your heart on Christ today,  
Find thy cup o'erfloweth;  
He is Love, Joy, Peace, alway:  
This "Your Father Knoweth."*

*Never cause for care and fret,  
He all grace bestoweth:  
There is not a need unmet,  
For "Your Father Knoweth."*

Holy Spirit and was thought of by other people as a spiritual young man, but God one day scared me by showing me that He wasn't pleased with me at all. He said, "I'm not going to be satisfied with you until you are altogether crucified, until Jesus Christ lives in you." Then in response to the question, "What shall I do?" He answered, "Get alone with Me." He said it four times in succession: "Get alone with Me." And then He said, "I can speak to you far better when you are alone with Me than in any other way."

If you once try to get alone with God until you see God, until you feel Him, until you meet Him, until you hear from Him, you will find out that you will have to break through a lot of debris, a lot of stuff that is gathered round about you. Most people never get alone with God. They do not do as Jesus said—"When thou prayest, enter into thy closet." No, that closet door has been shut against God and against themselves so tight that they have never entered in.

How few people ever take an hour to be still! They are afraid to be still; they are afraid of their own thoughts. To get still is almost an impossibility with most people. There are so many voices clamoring for attention, and the devil has packed them with such powers of earth that they are absolutely under their control; they cannot get still. Their bodies, instead of being full of the light of the presence of God, are full of darkness. That is how the majority of people live.

But where should a child of God live? In the sanctuary, alone with God. Even amid the

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# Let's Get Acquainted with Goibei Mission, Kenya

"GOIBEI MISSION, Kisumu, Kenya, East Africa" is an address that has become very familiar to many of our readers, for here from time to time *Miss Kathryn Roth* of Zion, Illinois, has resided when relieving other missionaries. Here *Miss Marie Dilger* of Waukegan, Illinois, has labored since she went to Africa, and here until her marriage last June to Mr. LeRoy Morrison lived Eleanor Malhus of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Perhaps you have wondered, however, "Just where is Goibei? Where is it in relation to the city of Kisumu and the capital of Kenya, Nairobi, whence come the frequent news dispatches regarding the Mau Mau terrors? What is its connection with the Nyang'ori Mission so often referred to?" To answer these and similar questions we have gathered the following information so that our readers may get acquainted with Goibei and "feel at home" when reading the reports printed from there.

Goibei Mission is one of four



**At Home**

*Miss Dilger in a corner of her living room. The doorway leads to her bedroom on the right.*

branches of the Nyang'ori Mission which is the main mission station of the Pentecostal Assemblies of Canada. (It is at this main station that Eleanor Malhus Morrison now lives with her husband who runs the Printing Press located there. Here, too, Miss Roth has her home.) For the past thirteen years Goibei itself has been under the supervision of Mr. and Mrs. F. Clarke.

Although Goibei is only twelve miles from the Equator, it is 6000 feet above sea level and consequently the climate is rather comfortable with the mornings and evenings quite cool, especially during the rainy season, which lasts from March until November. Situated at such a height Miss Dilger can see from the front lawn of her bungalow, the Nyang'ori Mission, thirteen miles away, (because it is seven hundred feet lower) and beautiful Lake Victoria, fifteen miles as the crow flies.

"The nearest town, Kisumu, is thirty-two miles away. To get there, one drives along a dirt road (with apologies to the word 'road'). When driving, one tries to dodge cattle, chicken, rocks, ruts, and people—with no end to all of these in the middle of the road! When not driving, the driver is either out pushing in mud that is more like quicksand, or trying to jack the car up to get chains on! If he manages to get through all that with some little mishap like flat tires, falling into side ditches, or



**A Mission Bungalow**

*The window to the left is in Miss Dilger's bedroom, that on the right is the bathroom window. The white tank on the right holds the water supply; faucets lead from it directly into the bathtub.*



**On the Muddy Road to Goibei**

*Left to right: Miss Dilger, Maureen Clarke, Mr. and Mrs. Clarke. All in a day's ride. Mr. Clarke is endeavoring to put on car chains. Maureen has removed her shoes to save them from getting ruined.*



**The Dining Room and Girls' School Dormitory**

*The small, native building to the left is the dining room. Last year there were forty-five girls in the dormitory.*



**Nyang'ori Church**

*One of the latest building projects at Goibei.*

hanging precariously over the edge of the cliff where the sea of mud has caused the car to slide so gracefully, then he begins to get a view of the 'city'!" wrote Mrs. Morrison when she lived at Goibei. Then she added, "It's always with great thankfulness that I arrive in Kisumu, and try not to picture what lies ahead once more when we make the trip home!" Kisumu, incidentally, is one hundred and sixty-eight miles from Nairobi.

Back at Goibei, let's take a look at the grounds and learn from Miss Dilger about life on the station. First of all, it should be understood that missionaries working at Goibei deal with people of two different tribes which speak entirely different languages, hence the necessity of separate churches and schools on the station.

"As for buildings at Goibei," writes Miss Dilger, "we have a *Maragoli Church*, a half-finished *Nyang'ori Church*, an *Intermediate School*, a *Maragoli Primary School*, a *Nyang'ori Primary School*, a *Girls' Boarding School* having 45 boarders, a *Dispensary*, and a *Dormitory for boys* who wish to board. (Last year there were 76 boarding boys.)

To give one an idea of the people ministered to on the station here are a few figures: At the largest monthly meeting at

the Maragoli Church, approximately 300 people attend, while between 80 and 100 attend the Nyang'ori services. During the last school year there were 208 pupils (154 boys, 54 girls) at the Intermediate School; 167 pupils (98 boys, 69 girls) at the Maragoli Primary School; and 80 pupils (72 boys, 8 girls) at the Nyang'ori Primary School. There are three school terms in the year of roughly three months each with vacations in the months of December, January, April, and August.

"During the school terms," writes Miss Dilger, "I have five Bible classes each week in the Intermediate School (that school includes grades 5, 6, 7, and 8) and a children's meeting once a week in the Nyang'ori School."

Every morning there is an early morning meeting from six to seven. On Monday mornings this is followed by a Nyang'ori women's meeting from nine to eleven, and on Wednesdays and Fridays by a Maragoli women's meeting from seven to eight. Every Thursday afternoon from four to six there is a Divine Healing meeting which has been a great inspiration to natives and workers alike. Sunday school is held for one hour followed by a three-hour service from 10:30 A.M. to 1:30 P.M.

"We do not do village work," writes Miss Dilger, "but have outdoor meetings and meetings at the native markets of which there are two, one two miles either side of Goibei. One market day is Friday and the other Saturday. We also go to little outchurches which are within a radius of four to six miles from here."

The dispensary is one way of reaching many natives who otherwise would not hear the Gospel, for "sickness is a predominating evil in this land," writes Eleanor Malhus Morrison. "Malaria, pneumonia, tuberculosis, cancer, and the most rotten ulcers one has ever laid his eyes



**The Dispensary**

on are all around and ever before you. It is a very common sight to see them digging at their sores with a dirty, filthy stick, or to find a wound plastered with dirt, dung, or chicken feathers—stuck hard and fast so it takes hours of soaking to loosen it! Burned babies are also a common occurrence. How they live through some of their experiences is hard to understand!

"Early this year the wife of one of the African schoolteachers gave birth to a lovely little boy in the dispensary," continues Mrs. Morrison. "(They usually call us to their homes.) We lined a wooden box with newspapers, laid a towel on top of it, and placed the baby in it. Then the mother and baby marched out into the sun to get warm! The inside of our buildings are cold unless there is a stove or fireplace in them.

"Marie and I stood on our doorstep one evening and watched the glorious sunset—too beautiful to put into words—and as the last gold and red rays began to disappear, and the purple and blue mountains with black trees silhouetted against them came into the foreground, our hearts cried out to God to send the light into the darkened hearts of these people ere the sun goes down upon this land and they find themselves in utter darkness!"

## None But Christ Can Satisfy

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ice, but from her "first entrance upon the Christian life," she felt that there was something higher and better" than either she had experienced or seen in the professing Christians about her. As she grew older she saw the necessity of absolute consecration to God and had many hard battles over it, in which "Satan invariably conquered."

The result of her refusal to consecrate was that she backslid and became almost skeptical. Then followed a severe illness in which she became a hopeless invalid, but God turned her back to Himself, she yielded herself to full consecration, was perfectly healed, and gave herself wholeheartedly to the work of the Lord. Years of service followed in Davenport, Iowa, Moline and Rock Island, Illinois, and in Chicago, and in the cities along the North Shore. After her marriage in 1905 she and her husband went to Detroit, Michigan, where they ministered and also had the oversight of several other churches in the vicinity. Then in 1907 they went to Toronto, Canada, to take charge of an assembly, and it was there Mrs. Robinson found Christ in a way more wonderful than anything she had ever even dreamed of as possible.

Shortly before going to Toronto Mrs. Robinson received her baptism in the Holy Spirit. To her this was not a climax in her spiritual experience, as it was to so many, but rather an open door to greater experiences in God, "an advanced step in the knowledge of God whereby Jesus is made more real to the soul." True, she had received the Holy Spirit only after much seeking and waiting upon God, and once she had received she did not cease to pray, feeling that she had already attained, but there came a greater cry, a cry to "know Him and the power of His resurrection," "to be filled with all the fullness of God."

For nine months after her baptism Mrs. Robinson tells us the prayer of her heart was, "Jesus, I must know Thee. I do want to know Thee." And the diary which she kept during these months abundantly confirms this:

"March 12. O Lord Jesus, come quickly. My soul thirsts after Thee, the living God. My heart crieth after Thee. More than fruits or gifts or power I long for *Thee*. Come and dwell in me in greater fulness, Thou Son of God. Help me, help me to drop everything of this earth, and take *Thee*.

"May 22. Still a helpless babe crying after Thee. O God, let me grow faster. Oh, my whole being, desire, aim, *all* is to win Christ! I count all things but dung that I may win Christ, that I may *know Him* and the *power* of His Resurrection. Oh, for a greater measure of the Holy Ghost, an out-

pouring, a submerging! O Lord, Lord, how long? I need Thee, Jesus, blessed Jesus. I want to die that Thou mayst live in me. O God, my God, teach me how to pray. I want to be buried with Christ in God, out of sight—so I will get out of the way. Jesus, Jesus, be Thou my help.

"June 15. . . . God has promised that I shall be *filled*. As yet I am not. In spite of the conscious indwelling of the Holy Spirit, in spite of my knowledge He uses me, makes me His witness, in spite of blessed anointings, my soul keeps on crying and crying for God.

"And I thank Him it is so. Only that hunger and thirst for Himself will give me Himself."

Again, under date of October 4, we read: "O Lord Jesus, come quickly; reveal Thyself more fully; I long for Thee. The world has dropped away from me. Jesus is the fairest of ten thousand to my soul, the One altogether lovely."

"I thought God was showing me I wasn't fit for the vineyard," says Mrs. Robinson of these months. "I seemed, somehow or other, to get more incapable and less useful to God. . . . And so there came a day when the presence of the Lord being more mightily upon me than I thought . . . He caused me to come into Him. . . . I knew that the . . . prayer I had prayed . . . by deep seeking was answered. . . . It was just Himself . . . and I knew that He had come in. . . . It included everything from head to foot. . . . Entire spirit, soul, and body were in a new and divine control. . . . It was the mystery of the indwelling Christ. He did not explain it till I found Him there and *knew* it was, 'Nevertheless I live, yet *not I* but *Christ* living in me! . . . Christ was living in me and yet *I* did not seem to live at all."

So henceforth "Mrs. Robinson always wanted Christ," and it was Christ, not doctrines, or experiences, whom Mrs. Robinson exalted and preached as the All-sufficiency of every child of God, "for in Him are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge . . . and ye are complete in Him." *To have Him is everything*. In one of her last sermons she said, "*We have yet the one message, JESUS.*" And as He was lifted up, as people got their eyes on Him, as they came to know Him, all was changed: their problems were solved, their needs were met, their burdens were lifted, their lives were filled with glory, and they were brought into a joyful life of continuous overcoming and victory.

Shortly before Mrs. Robinson went to be with the Lord in 1936, she made a comment to one of her friends, Mrs. A. W. Naylor, which summarized her attitude towards life:

"*God doesn't always lead the way we expect. He does lead according to His own mighty plans and takes us His own mighty way. And, after all, Naylor, nothing matters but Christ Jesus.*"



## Stuttgart . . . Hamburg . . . Kirchheim

“THERE is only one way to describe the meetings in Stuttgart,” wrote one observer, “heaven came down to earth, or maybe I should say, that the Lord came down to Stuttgart.” One outstanding feature of these services was the many testimonies to what the Lord did in the years right after the war through the ministry of Pastor Hans Waldvogel in the city at that time.

God’s work continues, and this year, at the close of an afternoon service, when several hundred people were present and Pastor Waldvogel offered to pray for the sick, it seemed that the whole congregation came forward. “After that meeting there were dozens of testimonies of people who had been healed. I have never heard so many healing testimonies in one series of meetings before. Thank God;” writes Wally Roth, organist for the European evangelistic meetings.

At Hamburg, where the next meetings were held, there was a heavy schedule—three meetings a day, every day. A whole busload of people came from Sweden for the conference in addition to visitors from Austria and many parts of Germany, including some from the East Zone. The Lord met many in a great way, filling them with His Spirit. Personal workers

equipped to pray with seeking souls at the altar are few, and so the services of Mrs. Hugo Bocker of Brooklyn, New York, in this capacity as those of Mrs. Gottfried Waldvogel in Stuttgart, were deeply appreciated and a great blessing to many.

The last two days at Hamburg were memorable. In the Saturday morning meeting there was some disturbance at first, but the Lord soon brought everything and everyone into Himself: the whole place came into a holy stillness such as only the Lord can give, and for two hours the entire congregation waited before the Lord in silence without any preaching or singing even. In the after-

noon meeting almost the identical thing happened. On Sunday morning there was a blessed communion service followed in the afternoon by a baptismal service where Brothers Lardon and Wegner baptized about twenty - five, a number of whom were saved this summer in the Rendsburg tent meetings.

The final service was blessed by several beautiful numbers by thirty-five Swedish singers accompanied by their guitars. Then one of them testified in behalf of all, telling how greatly God had blessed her and all of them during the time of stillness the previous day.

Everyone was stirred by the testimony of a pastor who had come from the East Zone, telling what the meetings and fellowship had meant to him, but now he could truthfully say that he was anxious to return to the place where God had put him, and that he was going to go *rejoicing*—in spite of the terrible conditions prevailing at home.

Dear Friends at Home,

Our conventions this year have been like a harvest of the seed-sowing in former years. It is a little hard to describe just what God has wrought. The meetings in Hamburg and Rendsburg seemed like scenes in Jerusalem on Pentecost. Of course, there is opposition but this does no harm.

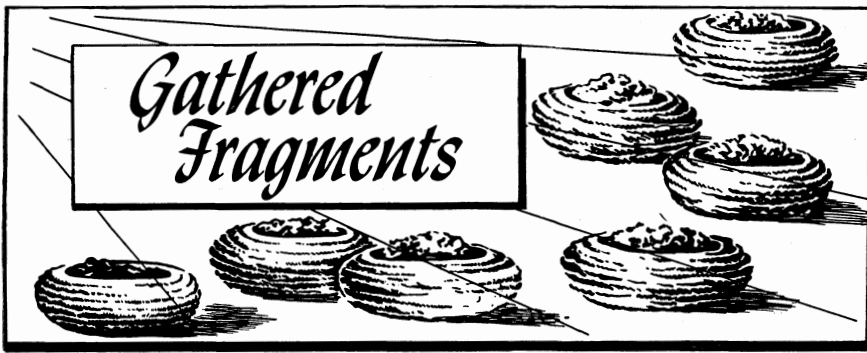
In Stuttgart I had to take a funeral to which the relatives—almost all Communists—came in their black regalia and I had a precious opportunity of witnessing.

At Kirchheim after the sermon one evening, the pastor called for a consecration meeting and the response was phenomenal. The Lord poured out His wonderful power upon the whole meeting and filled us all with His glory. The morning meetings have been very powerful too in spite of the fact it has been very cold and there has been no heat in the hall. At one of these meetings several testified to having been healed. One outstanding testimony was that of a woman from Weilheim, a Catholic, healed of dropsy. Another was a healing from near blindness.

Thanks for your faithful prayer. The Lord is graciously answering. Warmest love to all.

Yours in Jesus,





"True Worship" by A. J. Gordon comes from a book long out of print, *Congregational Worship*, kindly lent to the editor by the author's grandson, Rev. John Gordon, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

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Some of our readers have wondered how the articles by Pastor Hans Waldvogel are obtained. Most of these are from tape recordings of talks given at the regular morning worship held at the Faith Home in Woodhaven. Later these are transcribed by Mrs. Gordon Waldvogel and subsequently edited for the paper. "Alone with God" was given in 1947.

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Recently Earl Warren, former governor of California, was appointed as the fourteenth Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. Of special interest to Christian citizens is the comment in *Time* (Oct. 12) that "he often reads the Bible before going to bed at night or the first thing in the morning." Mrs. Warren comes from a family which has been prominent in Christian and Missionary Alliance circles for many years; her sister, Mrs. Thomas Moseley, is wife of the principal of the Missionary Training Institute, Nyack, N. Y.

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Rev. and Mrs. G. F. Bender, returned missionaries from Venezuela, South America, have responded to a call to assist the pastor of the Calvary Pentecostal Assembly. Their present address is 537 Potter Street, Toledo 5, Ohio.

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Otto Schad has been cooking for the past few weeks at Camp Pickett, Virginia, while his pal, Robert Kopey, is stationed in far-off Korea. . . .

Stephen Shreck is also in Korea. And George Pra is driving a tank over there. . . . Fred Ziegler is still with the navy and so is Edwin Fette who has been harbored at Key West, Florida, for some time. . . . Alfred Look is with the infantry at Fort Knox, Kentucky. . . . Carl Sommer is happy to be out of the marines and home again. Remember to pray for our boys in service.

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#### Exodus—From Israel

On his broadcast for September 25 Lowell Thomas reported the following facts relative to Israel: "A dispatch from Israel says the Jewish state faces a problem — of emigration. Spelled with an 'e,' not with an 'i.' The other way around—going out.

"Hitherto, the belief has been that Israel might be swamped by numbers pouring in. But now the tide is reversed. During the first six months of this year, more people departed from the Jewish homeland than came in. Now, they are leaving at the rate of six and a half per cent of the population per year.

"All this in a dispatch from United Press Correspondent Elias Simon, who says that about half of the outward stream is going to the United States and Canada. Others—to Central Europe. Most of them, before they came to Israel, were of the middle class—merchants. Then, in Palestine, they had to do farm labor, with lower living standards. Life in Israel presented economic hardships, and brought about a feeling of disillusion, discontent.

"Elias Simon reports the problem so serious, the government has begun an investigation—of the why and the wherefore. Exodus, not from the land of Egypt, but from Israel and mainly to North America."

## True Worship

(Continued from page 2.)

on our heart will be supreme, leading us to acknowledge Him by the dedication of ourselves, by the chastening of our tempers, by the slaying of our inordinate desires, by the binding of our wills in true obedience, by the offering in our deepest souls of the sacrifice of a broken spirit, a broken and a contrite heart.

## Alone With God

(Continued from page 5.)

crowd and the tumult, you are still alone with Jesus when your heart has become a shrine, when Jesus Christ has been enthroned upon the throne of your heart, and when He reigns. That is really being alone with God.

When the Holy Spirit said, "Get alone with Me," I endeavored to do so, although I did not know altogether what was meant. I thought it meant to shut myself in a room, and, of course, that was helpful. I did know that it meant that I should pray, that I should wait upon my God, that I should seek Him. Presently I had a strange experience; I found out how far I was from God: and even though I prayed and cried, I couldn't reach Him. My soul, my mind, were so packed with thoughts of my own, thoughts of this earth, and ambitions and desires of this earth, that it was hard for me to spend a lot of time in the presence of the Lord. But as I practiced it, as I worked at it and acted upon His injunction, there came into my heart an increasing cry to know God: "My God, where are You? Where are You? I must know You; I don't know You. Oh, what a shameful thing for me to be called a Christian and not to have an experimental knowledge of my God!" How God had spoken to me. He had called me His son. That is what He calls you too. He says, "My son, if thou wilt

receive My words . . . and apply thine heart to understanding . . . if thou seekest . . . as for hid treasures, then shalt thou . . . find the knowledge of God" (Prov. 2:1-5).

So I sought and sought. Finally I said, "God, there seems to be a mountain between You and me." But by and by that mountain melted, and presently there came to my soul a revelation which will come to you if it hasn't already—God will reveal Himself to you as your indwelling life. It was a revelation to me because I had not imagined that it would come that way. But do you know that God is a spirit? Jesus made that clear to Nicodemus and to the woman at Samaria's well.

How little the Jews and the Samaritans could understand that God was a spirit and that He had to be worshipped by the Holy Ghost! How little Christians today understand that all their religious practices, practically, are of an outward nature which have absolutely no value in the sight of God unless their hearts burn with divine love, unless they have been cleansed thoroughly by the blood of Jesus Christ from all defilement! I cannot enter into the presence of my God as I am, but He has opened a new and living way whereby we draw nigh unto God.

That's the call—to draw nigh to God. It is not to go to church or to perform certain religious practices, but it is to have God, to have God for myself, to possess God, to enjoy God, to be in fellowship with God. It is a living call, and it is a living life.

That call comes today to such a number of people, even in Pentecost, who have never heard it or never paid real attention to it. Their lives are outward lives. They are like Martha: they work awfully hard and think they are pleasing God. But Mary hath chosen that good part. What did she choose? She

chose Jesus. She put Jesus into the center of her life and her working. It was Jesus Christ whom she worshipped and God, being a spirit, seeks those who worship Him in spirit and in truth.

My Father, where can you find such? He finds them when He finds ears that will hear His voice and come. God will make you a worshipper like that by filling you with the Holy Ghost, but how can that be possible unless you spend much time in the presence of the Lord?

That is what Jesus taught His disciples to do—to pray without ceasing, to call on God with perseverance. He said, "Shall not God avenge His own elect which cry day and night unto Him?" Before the day of Pentecost had fully come, they had prayed for ten days. The Bible tells us how they prayed; they were continually in that room together, praying and praising God, waiting on the Lord. It took ten days of preparation. And what did they do after that? They gave themselves continually to prayer.

Somebody said to me, "Why, I can't be praying all the time." But don't you know that that is the call of God. Certainly it does not mean that you pray with your lips all the time or that you are on your knees all the time, but it means a trans-

formation of your mind and your heart. It means that this body which is now occupied by the things of this earth becomes full of the light of the presence of the almighty God. It is the most delightful experience when God possesses your mind, your heart, your body, your affections, your whole being, when everything earthly is ruled out and God comes to be the King of your life, the Ruler, the Governor. That is the kingdom of heaven, and that is why Jesus said, "The kingdom of God is within you."

It interests me in reading the New Testament that Jesus never taught any other doctrine, never taught any other way. Even though He was talking to people who were outward, and foolish, and stupid, he never taught them anything else. When the Pharisees demanded of Him "when the kingdom of God should come," He said, "It cometh not with observation . . . for the kingdom of God is within you." And He told them plainly that the day would come when they would seek Him and not find Him. But to His disciples he said, "At that day ye shall know." What becomes darkness to the one becomes light to the other. "At that day ye shall know . . . and the glory which Thou gavest me I have given them." (Concluded on next page.)

#### MARTIN LUTHER'S PRAYER UPON RISING

"I GIVE THANKS UNTO THEE, my heavenly Father, through Jesus Christ Thy dear Son, that Thou hast kept me safe during the night from all danger and harm, and I pray Thee to keep me, this day also, from sins and every evil, so that my whole life and all my actions may be well pleasing to Thee. For I commend myself, my body and soul and my all, into Thy hands."

*November 10 marks the 470th anniversary of Luther's birth.*

## The First Thanksgiving

OUR harvest being gotten in, our Governor sente four men out fowling that so we might, after a more special manner, rejoyce together after we had gathered the fruit of our labours. These four, in one day, killed as much fowl as, with a little help besides, served the company almost a week, at which time, amongst other recreations, we exercised our armes, many of the Indians coming amongst us.

And amongst the rest, their greatest King, Massasoit, with some ninety men, whom, for three days, we entertained and feasted.

And they went out and killed five deer, which they brought to the Plantation, and bestowed on our Governor and upon the Captaine and others.

And although it be not always so plentiful as it was at this time with us, yet, by the goodness of God, we are so farr from wante that we often wish you partakers of our plentie



Edward Winslow  
Plymouth, 1621

Maybe you have wondered why you are a habitual backslider. You feel miserable because you want to do God's will but you can't. You constantly do things that you know you shouldn't do and you have to repent for again, and it is such a miserable existence. You are under the power of the world, the flesh, and the devil. I was like that, but now I have found the Source of life. I found out that as I practiced the life of prayer God came to me, and it increased upon me. And I certainly would recommend a life of praying regularly to everybody. You will find sometimes that it is a hard job to spend a whole hour in the presence of God, but you ought to force yourself to do it, make yourself

do it. Oh, there will be such a reward for it!

Prayer is a warfare. It is a warfare against the enemies that would crush me and send me to hell. That is why Jesus Christ is so insistent on teaching His people to pray: When you pray, enter into your closet. Your Father is there. He is waiting for you. He is waiting to reward you openly. Oh, what a sin when He doesn't find me in my trysting place with Him, when He does not find me at prayer! What a sin against my own soul if this one opportunity that God gives me to draw nigh to Him and have Him draw nigh to me is neglected! I'm neglecting my own salvation.

No, dear Father, I cannot neg-

lect You. You are the Source of life. And as I eat bread to sustain my natural life, so I must have the bread that comes down from heaven. Every day I must appear at Thy table because my heavenly Father giveth the true bread. Then your prayer life becomes a receiving life, a life of communion, and Jesus Christ, who had stood at your heart's door so long and had been an outward friend, will become an inward Friend, an inward King, and your whole life will be transformed. God will come into your life. But you will never know what it is to have God until you do these things, until you really become a seeker after God, until you get alone with God.