

Bread of Life

Vol. IV

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No. 1



Ready for Him

By HANS R. WALDVOGEL

"Let your loins be girded about, and your lights burning; and ye yourselves like unto men that wait for their lord, when he will return from the wedding; that when he cometh and knocketh, they may open unto him immediately" (LUKE 12:35, 36).

HERE THE LORD SPEAKS of something His servants have to do in connection with His coming: they must be ready to open unto Him immediately when He cometh and knocketh. Evidently the Lord means something different in this passage than when He talks about His coming in the sky when every eye shall see Him. In another well-known passage in His letter to the Laodicean church (Rev. 3:20), He says a similar thing. There is something about the knocking of the Master which indicates that we neglect Him and that He has to stand on the outside. But if we are really and truly interested in His coming and cry for His coming, then we ought to be really and truly interested in His presence. That, of course, would create the readiness necessary for His final appearing. If we are interested in His presence, we will pay attention to Him all the time.

Have you found out what a difference it makes when you pay attention to His presence? Sometimes when people come to a meeting, they are a little bit outward. They are not paying attention to Christ. Under such circumstances, the only thing for those in charge to do is to recognize Him, and as He is worshipped, the people begin to "come in." It is a marvelous thing to see a meeting melt in His presence. But if attention is not paid to His presence, we miss the wonderful operation of God when a meeting is brought into the presence of Jesus perhaps imperceptible to us.

Most people do not realize what is happening to them because they live such careless, outward lives. But meetings are God's opportunities when He does things over the minds and understandings of people for His name's sake hoping that some day they will wake up, that some day they will get wise and pay continual attention to the presence of Jesus.

Most people do not care. When we care, He comes. When we open up to Him, when we draw nigh to Him, presently He manifests Himself.

Don't you think He would like to manifest Himself all the time? Certainly. And that is His holiest call to any human being on this earth, to pay attention to His presence, to live with the King. That is our call, and no human being and no being in heaven has ever had a higher call than to live forever with the Lord.

We all know something about that, but "the natural" seems to gain the ascendancy sometimes, and the Lord has said that if we do as we wish *sometimes*, the divine is not manifested. God is waiting for a chance to manifest the divine light so that you can honestly say, "Not I, but Christ," and know it is so. But that never happens until you make the exchange, until you accept that Christ shall reign and that it shall be Jesus step by step.

How long is the Lord going to have to stand and knock? That is the question. How long is He going to stand and knock until somebody opens? He is waiting for somebody to open up and receive Him in His fulness. Where is He going to find a person like that? Is He really going to find somebody that loves Him enough to pay attention to Him, to hate himself sufficiently to let Christ come forth in his life and be the One?



*Bride of the Lamb, there is for thee
One only safe retreat;
Where Jesus is, thy heart should be,
Thy home at His dear feet.*

*When Satan tracks thy lonely way,
There his temptations meet;
In Jesus' presence watch and pray,
Yea, conquer at His feet.*

*Through tribulation hasten on,
With Christ the cross is sweet;
The "little while" will soon be gone;
Keep only at His feet.*

*Bride of the Lamb, forget the past,
Prepare thy Lord to greet;
'Tis thine to share His throne, and cast
Thy crown before His feet.*

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One Hour With Jesus

By FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL

"What! could ye not watch with Me one hour?"

AN ECHO of this utterance of pathetic surprise, this wonder—fully gentle reproof, seems to float around a matter of daily experience, and, with too many, of daily faithlessness. Our Divine Master has called us to no Gethsemane-watch of strange and mysterious darkness. It is while the brightness of day is breaking—perhaps even long after it has broken—that His call to communion with Himself reaches our not always willing ear. "Come with me!" (Cant. iv. 8). And the drowsy reply too often is, "Presently, Lord! not just this minute!"

And then, after "yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep," the precious hour is past which "might have been" so full of blessing.

"What! could ye not watch with Me one hour?"

What is the practical answer of very many of His disciples?

"Oh, *yes!* very easily and readily, when the 'one hour' is at night, and we do not feel particularly inclined to go to bed. . . But oh, *no!* if the 'one hour' involves getting up [an hour earlier], especially on a cold and gloomy morning. *That* is a very different matter!"

Were the question asked, "What one thing do you suppose has most hindered the largest number of Christians this day and this year in their spiritual life and growth?" I should reply unhesitatingly, "Probably the temptation not to rise in time to put on their armor as well as their dress before breakfast."

A mere ten minutes—is that

enough preparation for our warfare and provision for our wants; for spreading all our needs and difficulties before the Lord; for telling Jesus all that is in our hearts; for bringing before Him all the details of our work; for searching to know His mind and His will; for storing His word in our hearts; for replenishing our seed-baskets, that we may have something to sow, and getting Him to sharpen our sickles that we may reap; for confession and supplication and intercession, and, above all, for praise?

Ten minutes or a quarter of an hour! Is that enough for the many things which He has to say unto us? for the quiet teachings of His Spirit, for the dawning of His light on the dark sayings of old, and the flashing of His glory and power on the words which are spirit and life? Is that enough to spend in converse with the Friend of friends? Does this look as if we really cared very much about Him? Even if it were enough for our small, cool affection, is it enough, think you, for His great love? enough to satisfy the Heart that is waiting to commune with ours? He loves us so much that He will have us with Him forever, and we love Him so little that we did not care to turn out of bed this morning in time to have even half-an-hour of real intercourse with Him. For it would have been "with Him." There was no doubt about His being at the tryst. He slumbered not; "He faileth not" — but we failed. What have we missed this morning! How do we know what He may have had to say to us?



Frances Ridley Havergal

The author of this article has written some of our best-loved consecration and devotional hymns as "Take My Life and Let It Be," "I Gave My Life for Thee," "Who Is on the Lord's Side?", and "The Half Has Never Been Told."

What have we missed all the mornings of this past year!

I suppose there is not one of us who has not made "good resolutions" about this, and—broken them. And this is not very surprising, considering that "good resolutions" are never mentioned in the Bible as any item of armor or weapons for "the good fight of faith." So let us try something better.

First, Purpose. This is what we want; neither languid and lazy wishing, nor fitful and impulsive resolving, but calm and humble and steady purpose, like David's (Ps. 17:3), Daniel's (Dan. 1:8), and St. Paul's (2 Tim. 3:10). Without purpose, even prayer is paralyzed, and answer prevented. Now, have we any purpose in this matter? in other words, do we really mean to do what we say we wish to do? If not, let us ask at once that the grace of purpose may be wrought in us by the Spirit of all grace.

Secondly, Prayer. Having pur-

posed by His grace, let us ask that our purpose may, also by His grace, be carried into effect. It will not do merely to lament and pray vaguely about it. To-morrow morning will not do; the thing must be done to-night. To-night, then, tell the gracious Master all about it, tell Him of the past disloyalty and sin in this matter, so that you may go to the coming battle strong in the strength of His pardoning love and His cleansing blood, and His tenderly powerful "Go, and sin no more." Do not make a good resolution about all the mornings of your life—His way is "morning by morning" (Isa. 1:4), and the grace of energy for this one coming morning, if you are spared to see it. Ask Him to give you a holy night, that you may remember Him upon your bed, and that even the half-conscious moments may be full of Him. Ask Him that when you awake you may be "still with Him," and that He would then enable you unreluctantly to rise, eager and glad to watch with Him "one hour," uninterrupted and quiet, "alone with Jesus."

Even Prayer and Purpose may be neutralized by want of—

Thirdly, Self-denying Forethought. We almost make the difficulty for ourselves when we forget that we can not burn a candle at both ends. If we will sit up at night, of course we make it harder in proportion to get up in the morning. "I would give anything to be able to get this precious 'one hour'!" says a lie-a-bed Christian, or one who really needs a long night's sleep. No! there is one thing you will not give for it, and that is an hour of your pleasant evenings. It is too much to expect you to leave the cosy fireside, or the delightful book, or the lively circle an hour earlier, so that you may go to bed in good time, and be more ready to rise in the morning. No; you could not really be expected to include that in the

"anything" you are ready to give for the true "early communion" with your Lord. And yet only try it, and see if the blessing is not a hundredfold more than the little sacrifice.

Perhaps we hardly need say that the habit of reading any ordinary book after we retire, "only just a few pages, you know," is simply fatal to the sweet and sacred "one hour," whether that night or next morning. Oh, let your own room at any rate be sacred to the One Blessed Guest! Do not keep Him waiting, because you "wanted just to finish a chapter" of any book but His own. Finishing one chapter too often leads to beginning another, and to filling the mind with "other things." And then, "Dear me, I had no idea it was so late!" And, all the while, the King was waiting! What wonder that you find the audience chamber closed, when you at last put down your book!

Will not this be enough? Not quite. Not even Purpose and Prayer and Self-denying Forethought are enough without—

Fourthly, Trust. Here is the joint in the harness, the breaking-down point. Praying, and not trusting Him to answer; putting on other pieces of armor, and not covering them all with the shield of faith; asking Him to do something for us, and then not entrusting ourselves to Him to have it done for us. Distrusting one's self is one thing; distrusting Jesus is quite another. No matter at all, nay, so much the better that you feel, "I have failed morning after morning; I am at my wits' end; I can not summon resolution, when the moment comes, to jump up; it is no use making resolutions; I only break them again and again!" Only, do not stop there. "I can't, but Jesus can!" will settle this, and everything else. "I can't make myself get up; therefore—i.e., just because I can't—I will put

it into my Lord's hands, and trust Him to make me get up. He will undertake for me even in this." One feels humbled and ashamed to be reduced to this, and rightly enough; it proves how despicably weak we are. The apparent smallness of the trial enhances the greatness of the failure. It adds new force to "Without Me ye can do nothing," when conscience whispers, "Exactly so! nothing! not even get out of bed at the right moment!"

But it is when we have come to this point, and see that all the strength of ourselves and our resolutions is utter weakness, that we see there is nothing for us but to say, "Jesus, I will trust Thee!" Say that to Him to-night with reference to this often lost battle. Trust, simply and really trust, Him to win it for you, and you will see that He will not disappoint your trust. He NEVER does! The secret of success is trust in Him who "faileth not," and learning this secret in this one thing may and should lead you to trust, and therefore to succeed in many another battle. For—

"From victory to victory
His army shall be led."

The following testimony is from one of England's most successful and eminent men of business. He writes:

"In the busy life I have lived, I owe much to the practice of very early rising to secure the 'hour with Jesus' which you recommend. Even now I find very early rising essential to the maintenance of spiritual life and close communion with God; and being now somewhat weak physically, nothing but the desire for this communion is sufficient to enable me to rise.

"My wife rises about 6, remaining in her room till 8, or she would not, with her large household, be equal, spiritually, to her duties."

Is not this one of the many

Continued on page 9.)

If you indulge in the novel idea that children born of Christian parents are somewhat superior to others and have good within them which only needs development, one great motive for your devout earnestness will be gone. Believe me, brother, your children need the Spirit of God to give them new hearts and right spirits or else they will go astray as other children do. Remember that however young they are, there is a stone within the youngest breast and that stone must be taken away or be the ruin of the child. There is a tendency to evil even where as yet it has not developed into action and that tendency needs to be overcome by the Spirit causing the child to be born again.

—CHARLES SPURGEON.

“As the Twig is Bent”

**The Boyhood Training of Hans R. Waldvogel
Pastor of the Ridgewood Pentecostal Church
Brooklyn, New York**

THREE-YEAR-OLD Hans had been gone for some time from the Baptist parsonage in Herisau, Switzerland, before his mother missed him. Concerned, she began to search for her little boy and at length located him on the way toward the Sentis, a famous mountain of the vicinity. Upon questioning Hans as to why he ran away and especially why he had headed for the Sentis, Mother Waldvogel learned that her son thought that if he could only get to the top of that mountain he could just crawl right into heaven from there.

And why not? After all, as far back as he could remember Mother had diligently taught him about Jesus and heaven, always pointing upward as she did. Furthermore, she had made heaven so appealing and so real that in Hans' heart there was created such an interest in heaven that he wanted to go there.

“The child is father to the man.” And this incident, childish as it is, is nevertheless the embryo of the passion which has filled Hans Waldvogel, who this year celebrates the thirtieth anniversary of his ministry in Brooklyn, N. Y. This love for Christ and heaven has given purpose and tone to his every thought and act, governing his entire life and service.

Mother Waldvogel's training was more than ethereal, however. It was intensely practical. And each of her six children received the same instruction. “I was made to memorize the first three chapters of Proverbs when I was only three or four years old, and to this day I remember what an impression the Word of God made on my

little heart,” recalls Pastor Waldvogel. “I didn't understand it, but there is something in the Bible that is life-giving. And it certainly did its work in my heart.

“In the basement of our home there was a kindergarten which was in charge of very godly teachers who also were very assiduous in leading me to Jesus and teaching me to pray. Sometimes they would whip me when I was naughty. That's one thing I didn't understand at that time, but I found in the Bible later, when I was able to read it for myself, ‘Thou shalt beat him with the rod, and shalt deliver his soul from hell.’

“My father and mother were busy ministers, but they realized that their first ministry was to their family. That was very impressive to all of us children because they constantly labored to get us acquainted with Bible Stories and doctrine.

“We always had morning and evening worship, and because my father often was away, my

Three-year-old
Hans
with his sisters
Rose
and
Lydia
(seated)





Herisau Parsonage

Where Pastor Hans Waldvogel was born. With him in the picture is his sister Rose when they visited Herisau in 1953.

mother would take care of them. Family worship was also very impressive because they did not hurry through these periods. We all read from the Bible after we had learned how to read. Then everyone of us prayed out loud. That, of course, lent a religious tone to the whole home.

"But in between time, too, my parents really lived a godly life, constantly referring everything to the Lord. They were very poor. Many times we had to pray for our bread and butter, and many times we experienced the intervention of God in answer to prayer which of course impressed us children very greatly. We felt that my father had a very special stand-in with heaven. And I guess he did, too.

"We were constantly told, ever since we were able to understand language at all, that we had to pray for Jesus to come into our hearts, that if we wanted to go to heaven we had to be born again. And we were told not only how to pray but to pray until we were sure that He had done so.

"We were also taught very rigidly how to repent of our

sins. Whenever we made a slip, such as telling a little fib (lies we weren't allowed to tell at all), we had to go to the person and make it right. A number of times I remember going to my school teacher and to her surprise making a confession of faults and sins. The seriousness of the situation gripped our childish hearts so that we earnestly sought to be saved.

"We were having revival meetings from time to time, and these left a deep impression upon us. One time, while sitting in the front row of a revival meeting, God definitely laid His hand upon me so that I felt the power of God going through me from head to foot. I didn't know what it was until later when I got acquainted with the unction of the Spirit. But it was so marvelous to me that I always sought that seat hoping that I would get the same feeling again, but it never came again.

"However, my brother one day claimed that he had been saved and that of course spurred me on to seek the Lord more earnestly. Then there came to me the light, 'Why, of course, Jesus will accept me.'

"Saturday morning, March 22,

1901, when Mother was cleaning house downstairs and my father was out someplace, I knelt in my father's study. (We were now living in Bachen Bülach.) As I prayed and asked Jesus to come into my heart, there came an outpouring of joy upon me that seemed new and I felt that that was God's answer to my prayer. So I took a piece of chalk and marked the spot on the floor where I had knelt with a large cross. That's how much it meant to me. Immediately I went to my mother and told her about it. Instead of questioning and doubting, she put her arms around me and kissed me and wept. It was a long time before she said one word. 'Now, let's pray,' she said, so we both got on our knees and she thanked God. Then I knew I had her corroboration, and that was all I needed.

"I was only eight years old, but I know surely that something happened in my heart, although it seems to me now that it wasn't a very deep experience. But from that moment on I knew that I belonged to Jesus. I think that I can honestly say that I never got a licking after that. I strove to live for Jesus to the best of my ability. I know that I made many mistakes. There was not much help given to me; but I walked in the light as God gave it to me. On the 22nd of November, 1901, I was baptized.

"My father's ministry in Switzerland had really begun with his conversion at about 18 years of age. He had joined a gang of pretty bad boys who thought it would be fun to persecute a young Baptist minister who had just opened cottage meetings in the neighborhood. They drew straws as to who would be the one to beat him up, and my father got the job. When this young minister was on his way to church, my father went after him. First, he began to walk in his footsteps, mimick-

ing his walk. Suddenly this fellow turned around and, calling him by his first name, said, 'Why, Adam, are you coming along to meeting? My, that's wonderful!' The tone of his voice so disarmed my father that he stammered that he wasn't dressed for the meeting now but promised to come next time. As soon as he had said that he was sorry, but he thought he had better keep his promise. He did go to meeting, got thoroughly converted, and became one of the young workers.

"In those days the meetings of the Baptists were frowned upon by the church dignitaries, and they were much persecuted. One of the pastors of the town got the gang together and promised them each a glass of beer if they would do their best to break up the meeting. They did their best. It was quite dangerous to hold services, but my father told me what wonderful meetings they had. My mother was saved at the same place. And we, of course, saw in their lives that they had experienced an honest-to-goodness conversion. My father, who was making noodles at the time of his conversion, decided to go to Bible school in Hamburg where the Baptists had a seminary with a half-year course. He had to pledge to leave the girls alone while he was at school, but, he said, the Lord led him to write

to my mother. He asked for her hand, she accepted, and so they were happily married.

"After he left the school he was given an appointment in the part of Germany where we now minister, close to Frankfurt, as an itinerary preacher. He visited churches without pastors and had to do most of his traveling on foot. That required his taking long, long trips alone. But after awhile when he moved to Switzerland and we came on the scene, we boys became his constant companions on his itinerary trips. Those were made in order to minister to outstations which he had to take care of. There has always been a lack of ministers in Switzerland as well as in Germany; he had so many outstations to take care of that he had meetings practically every night in the week.

"My mother and father were exact opposites in the sense that my father took everything very seriously while my mother had a buoyant and rejoicing faith. Nothing seemed to bother her very long. Sometimes she would get into some little depression but would shake it off quickly; her saying was always, 'Well, Jesus knows all about it, and He'll know what to do.' That entered into every detail of her life. When she had to hang out the wash and it looked like rain, she'd say, 'The Lord knows that I need good weather,' and then



**Ebenezer
Bülach, Switzerland**

This Baptist Church was erected in 1900 during the ministry of Pastor Adam Waldvogel.

at night when it hadn't rained and the wash was dry, she'd come in with a cheerful, 'Praise God! You see how wonderfully the Lord answered prayer and kept it from raining!'

"My father took everything hard. And in the Baptist church things were beginning to slide. Apostasy was coming in and getting worse, and my father became discouraged and felt that he would do better at some secular job.

"It would have been a tragedy if he had followed his inclinations because one time just before we thought of coming to America he had contracted with the factory to become a noodle maker again. He was going to be the chef, and we were to be his factory helpers. That would have meant working from six in the morning to six at night, making spaghetti.

"One day while going to school I suddenly said to the boys, 'I'm going to America.' I thought that I was saying a joke, but I said it with an unction that scared me, and it came with such force and power out of my own lips that I believe today that the Lord said it over my lips. The boys looked at me and said, 'That's the wisest thing you can do.' I started to apologize and told them it wasn't so. However, my aunt

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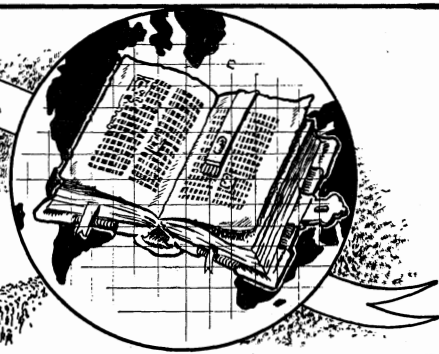
The Waldvogel Family

Taken one week prior to Hans' sailing for America this picture shows the six children, Lydia, Rose, Gottfried, Anna, Hans, and Elsie, with Father and Mother Waldvogel.

GO YE INTO ALL THE WORLD...

Seed-Time and Harvest

on the Mission Fields



AMONG THE NYANG'ORIS

Kenya, East Africa

From the Nyang'ori Mission Station near Kisumu, Kenya, East Africa, *Eleanor Malthus Morrison* writes, "At present there are quite a few of our staff home on furlough. However, just recently three others came out to join us for which we are thankful.

"A few months ago my husband began enlarging the press building, and it won't be too many more weeks before it is completed. Someone from home is sending out a linotype machine which will be a great help to the work.

"We have been so thankful for the opportunity of giving the Africans the printed word. Many times, even when they will not listen to the oral word going forth, they accept tracts and booklets. I have not heard of any African refusing to accept a tract. If one has a market meeting and gives out tracts, he is just mobbed and can hardly get an arm free to hand them out. It is encouraging to see such hunger when there is so much anti-Gospel and anti-white propaganda going forth.

"We see *Miss Kathryn Roth* on an average of once every three months. She is kept quite busy with her new work at Kitale, approximately one hundred

miles from here, so that she gets down here only for special meetings. The tribe among whom she is now laboring is the same as the Nyang'oris among whom she worked when here on this station. The ones she is with now are the originals of the group. (This tribe spread out in years past, settling in different parts of the country.) There have been so many times when I have wished I could pick up languages the way she does. She speaks three African languages fluently, and knows a little of quite a few others. She hears a word *once* and doesn't forget it, which, I am sorry to say, is not the case with most of us. However, it is very rewarding to learn some phrases and see how the Africans appreciate it. That in itself spurs one on to learn more and more.

"We are busy preparing for the Christmas meetings. I still haven't gotten used to having such hot weather at Christmas time! But we have a blessed time celebrating His birth, having the witness around us of what it would be like if we knew not Him Who was born on that day!

"We trust He will abundantly bless the work at home at this season and give each one of you a blessed New Year!"

INDIAN MARRIAGE

A. G. Ericson writes from Partabgarh, India, of the marriage of his national coworker for whom he has requested prayer frequently. "Last Tuesday (November 31) we had a very nice and happy wedding. Our dear Indian brother and coworker was married to a very nice girl. She has had full Bible-woman training and is out and out for the Lord. I am sure she will be a great help to him. Please pray much for them. The Lord is using them both in a blessed way."

RADIO BRAZIL

Lawrence Olson writes from Lavras, Minas, Brazil: "You will be glad to know that arrangements have been made to place the Assemblies of God in this country on the air over a strong radio station, Radio Tamoio, operating on both long and short wave from Rio de Janeiro, the capital. (In this country people listen to short wave instead of to network programs.) This station is one of the country's most popular and is heard all over Brazil and even in Europe and in the United States. This program will have leading nationals taking part. The time will be 10:00 to 10:30 (Brazil time) Sunday nights, and the first release will be on January 2nd. Here is an effort to reach as many as possible of Brazil's 55,000,000 with the Gospel."

Blessings at Bettiah Orphanage

By MISS HILDA WAGENKNECHT

Bettiah, India

YOU WILL no doubt have read about the terrible floods we have had here in this part of India. Large areas have been under water. People had to flee from the onrushing water as it broke the embankments of rivers and just flooded the fields. Many lives were lost and also much cattle. Thousands of people have had to seek shelter on higher ground where they could find it, as their huts and all they had was submerged, many of them having to live along the roadside with their cattle. Then there has also been the danger of very deadly snakes as they were washed out of their holes in the ground; many people were bitten by them and died.

It all seems so very, very sad, and we feel so sorry for these poor people. How we long that they might know Him as their personal Saviour so they might have some comfort and peace in this time of trouble! We thank God, too, that the floods did not reach us, although we have them all around us. God has wonderfully kept us—another token of His great mercy.

Through the relief work of churches in America we have been able to receive several drums of powdered milk. Every day we mix up several pails full of it. A good crowd of Mohammedan and Hindu children come here each day for their portion and how they enjoy it! Then our own children here also look forward to milk time each day. We thank God that He has made it possible for them to have this extra help to build them up. Our God has been so faithful in all these little things!

Since I came to India thirty-one years ago, almost one thousand girls have passed through our home here. Many of them are now in His service as Bible

women giving out the Word of Truth to hungry hearts, others as nurses helping many in need, some as teachers training other young lives, one ministering for Him in Nepal, and yet others letting their lights shine for Him in good Christian homes. Then there are some who have gone on to their higher reward where they will be awaiting us. Thank God for this wonderful salvation which has brought joy and peace to so many. We want to be faithful serving Him till He comes.

I know you will remember all these young people in prayer, as well as the two hundred and some we have here. We are looking to the Lord for a real revival. We know He will answer prayer. For several weeks He has been blessing in a wonderful way in our prayer meetings. There are many hearts who are hungry for Him.

One Hour With Jesus

(Continued from page 4.)

"new leaves" which on-ward-pressing pilgrims should desire to turn over with the New Year? And will it not be the truest means of ensuring a Happy New Year? Happier, brighter, holier, more useful, and more victorious; more radiant with His Presence and more full of His Power than any previous one.

The time past of our lives may surely suffice us for the neglect of this entirely personal and entirely precious privilege. We have suffered loss enough;—shall we not henceforth, "from this time," seek the gain, the spiritual wealth which this "one hour" will assuredly bring? Cold mornings! well, the good Master Who knoweth our frame and its natural shrinking from

"His cold" knows all about them. But was there ever an added difficulty for which He could not and would not give added strength and "more grace"? So do not let us wait for the summer mornings which may never be ours to spend in earthly communion, nor even for the childish idea of making a special start on

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

When we are "called" tomorrow morning, let it remind us of her who "called Mary her sister, saying, The Master is come, and calleth for thee." For He will certainly be there, waiting for us. What will you do? We know what Mary did. "As soon as she heard that, she arose quickly, and came unto Him."

"As the Twig Is Bent"

(Continued from page 7.)

soon came to visit us, and I wasn't surprised that the first thing she said was that she wanted to take me along with her to America. She thought I'd be a proper companion for her boys who were both a little bit younger than myself. And so it was decided that my sister, Anna, and I should go to America. My aunt kept talking about the glories of America to us and felt sure that my father would do far better in America than in Switzerland. So, while my father was very reluctant about going, my mother made up her mind pretty quick and that settled things. Two years ago when I visited a dying deacon from my father's former church in Switzerland, he said, 'I can never forgive your father for going to America. He had no reason to leave us. But of course I know your mother was ruling the ranch.' I thought that was pretty good."

The second installment in this series will appear in the February issue of "Bread of Life" entitled, "The Awakening of a Soul."

For Ministers Only . . .

Random notes taken from Pastor Hans Waldvogel's talks for ministers given during the twenty-ninth anniversary meetings of the Ridgewood Pentecostal Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., December 7-11, 1953.—Editor.

Versatility

BE VERSATILE. Don't get into a rut. Don't try to be like older ministers. That will hurt your individuality. In a great house there are many vessels. . . . When we are not filled with the Spirit, we get under the burden of our natures. . . . No one can do as well as *you* can when God wants to use you or wants *you* to speak. . . . God has a thousand different ways to bless a meeting. . . . Mrs. Judd said once, "In every meeting I look to Jesus to teach me what to do." . . . When God gives you something to say, say it. But don't add to it. . . . And when the arrow sticks, don't wriggle it. . . . We need to be with God when we preach. We need to know when to begin and when to stop. How do you know? By being more with Jesus than with the people when you preach.

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Faithfulness

God seeks faithfulness in His servants. Whatever your gifts, faithfulness is what counts. Faithfulness suggests servitude. "Whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all to the glory of God." Do every job for Jesus. . . . Moses' faithfulness reaches to all eternity. The one supreme lesson for ministers to learn is that we are slaves. Everything we do in word or deed reflects on our ministry. Ministers, of course, are faithful in *big* meetings, but it means something to be faithful in *little* things. . . . How important, first of all, that I am faithful in Bible study. . . . Ministers who look for an easy time will come short in these days. To do the will of God means crucifixion.

If you had your choice between reigning over kingdoms and casting out of devils or being faithful in the least, which would you choose? If you could raise the dead, all the world would acclaim you, but to be faithful in the least—only God sees that.

Strange, how censorious we can be, how exacting we can be in expecting faithfulness in others and not in ourselves. . . . If the Lord had showed us twenty-nine years ago His plan for

the Ridgewood Pentecostal Church and how the work would grow, we would have failed a thousand times, but all He asked was that we be faithful *day by day*.

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A Successful Minister

God never works aimlessly. Some people think Pentecost means hand-clapping and "freedom." But what good are these things unless Christ directs them? No, Pentecost doesn't stand for a form or for no form. Pentecost stands for the presence and power of Jesus Christ. Pentecost stands for the Kingdom of God manifested.

The success of Pentecostal meetings comes from *wanting Christ*, not good meetings.

Pentecost came because people felt they needed Jesus. And if He is going to manifest Himself He needs ministers to work through. If you are a minister you've got to know that you are a vessel sanctified and meet for the Master's use. . . . If you let Jesus Christ be in charge, you won't be in charge. As soon as you begin to be lord, you lose your Master. You, as a minister, are here to see to it that God's will is done. If I recognize I am a bondsman I will have no trouble in knowing the will of God. It is a minister's job to be filled with the Holy Ghost—not that he has the Holy Ghost but that the Holy Ghost has him. That will cost everything—your own life also.

Where do broken assemblies come from? Almost always the fault is with the minister, for no matter what the people do, if the minister walks with God, God will walk with him.

A surrender of your will to Jesus Christ will bring Jesus Christ into your life.

When I began my ministry the Lord spoke to me: "Son, you can never know anything. You can never be anything. But you can know Me and you can be for Me."

All you have to do is to preach what the Bible says and you will be the most unpopular preacher in Pentecost. If you want to be popular,

preach how flying saucers are catching up the saints.

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A Minister's Privilege

Moses led the people out to meet God, we read, and that is our privilege—to lead people to meet God. When you deal with souls, don't "chew their ears off," but tell them where Jesus is to be found and leave them there. The secret of Pentecost is that God meets you. When you give God a chance, something happens. The reason people don't give God a chance is that it is hard work. It is hard to keep still; people are so full of their own ideas. If a minister lives like he ought to, people will recognize that God is with him. You must walk with God. A minister must say, "I have been given to Jesus Christ. I am a bondsman."

God wants to use your bodies—your gestures. Lend your voice to God. Sing in the Holy Ghost. Be sure God Almighty controls your voice and your every act. Jesus wants me to sit at the feet of the Master in every meeting. The rule is that *HE* must control.

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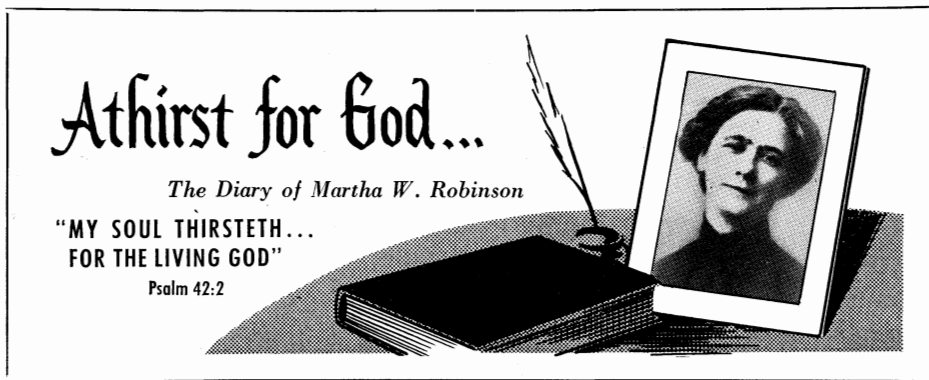
Unselfishness Essential

It is a good thing to get refilled with the Spirit at least once a week.

In prayer meetings we ought to know that we are there to pray for *the whole kingdom of God*. We ought to have a large vision that we might understand with all saints what is the length and breadth and height.

If God fills us with the Spirit, He will give us a large heart with an interest and love for all the people of God, for all the churches. We must be careful not to be localized.

God will honor us when we have an unselfish love for all of God's people. Many times ministers have to work in secret and let other people take the credit. Love seeketh not her own. Sometimes you've got to let people think you are not just right. What does that matter as long as God doesn't think it? Oh, to walk alone with Him!



For approximately nine months in 1907 while Mrs. Robinson was ministering in Toronto, Canada, during the midst of the great Pentecostal revival which was sweeping the world, she kept a diary which gives an insight into her personal religious life at that time. We are including portions of it with the hope that others may be inspired with a like thirst for God.

September, 1906. First received Pentecostal teaching.

December, 1906. Received assurance of clean heart.

February 11, 1907. Received Spirit. Spoke in tongues.

March 5, 1907. Praises to Thy precious Name! Thou hast redeemed me! Thou hast called me by name. Thou art mine.

I am still a weak but no longer a sinful child, and Thou hast increased my faith a little, and hast answered prayer in a measure, and there is a slight measure of power in my work. And praise God I am no longer cowardly. "Anywhere with Jesus I will gladly go." I am no longer nervous to any degree. Alas, sometimes I am momentarily irritable. I no longer *talk* of private prayer and Bible study—but I also practise. I *have* the indwelling Spirit in a measure and I *am* consecrated—absolutely, wholly. Praise and glory be to Jesus.

The steps back to God have been seeing the nakedness and uselessness and powerlessness of my life, listening to the Voice of God, continuous prayer for the Holy Spirit to come in, much searching of the Scriptures, much humbling by the hand of God, perseverance, patience, impurity, steadfastness, the dying out of the self life, the glorious cleansing by the blood of Christ of the old sinful nature following an absolute consecration to Thee, boldly entering upon a life of trust.

Present needs—present dangers: danger of getting proud of my own abilities again, of being too authoritative and not staying humble. Need of faith, love, unselfishness, overcoming carelessness, humility, more patience.

I am sent out to do a work I am too small for,

but praise God *He* fills the place and is responsible.

Praise God, I have been made over and have a new heart. I *do* desire all the fulness of God.

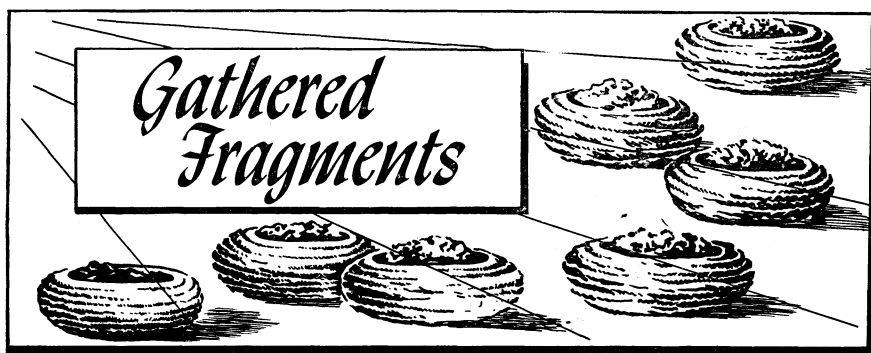
Do Thou undertake for me, O God. I am only a little child, with small powers, weak faith, weak in wisdom. Thou hast given me work to do and I am ignorant and incompetent, but the knowledge of answered prayer gives confidence that thou wilt perfect that which concerneth me.

O Lord Jesus, I need Thee in my life. This day I covenant with Thee to *follow Thee all the way of the Cross*. O crucify, prune me, purge me, until I abide wholly in Thee. Magnify *Thyself* in me. *Fill me more and MORE* with Thy Spirit, until those who know me will take knowledge I have been with Jesus. Keep me low—low down, *humble*. Take possession of my too ready tongue. Develope in me *all* the fruits of the Spirit. Make me to bear much fruit. Give me the prayer of faith for the sick. If Thou dost choose to have me speak in tongues, give me the interpretation.

May the Divine Love in me conquer every tendency to irritability, selfishness, or egotism. Give me a great passion for souls. Increase my teaching gift. Enable me to cast out demons. Help me to know more and more how to so yield myself to Thee that I shall be as passive clay in Thy hands. Heal and sanctify and invigorate my body. *Do Thy perfect will in me*. Sanctify my thoughts and give me wisdom *liberally*.

And as this work now lies before me in Toronto undertake it all for us. Show us what steps to take, how to act, what to say and do at every point. Make known Thy will in every detail and grant unity that all may obey.

Come in, Lord Jesus, the door is open. Come in and sup with me.



A HAPPY NEW YEAR to all our *Bread of Life* family. May this be a year in which each one of you *daily* increases in the grace of God and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Nineteen Hundred and Fifty-five! This year is an important anniversary year in the history of the church. Four hundred years ago the famous Marian persecution in England reached its high-water mark. In all, about three hundred perished in the flames during this period because of their faith in Christ, the most outstanding of whom were Ridley, Latimer, and Cranmer. It was Latimer who uttered the famous words of encouragement to his fellow martyr while the flames arose at their feet: "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, we shall this day light such a candle by God's grace in England as, I trust, shall never be put out." To commemorate this event we expect to carry some articles on the lives of these men and the work of the Reformation.

This year is also the four-hundredth anniversary of the Religious Peace of Augsburg whereby Germany was permanently divided between the Catholics and Lutherans according to the religion of the ruler of the territory. At the same time freedom was granted to all who wished to move from one territory to another so as to be able to be under a ruler of the

religious faith of their conviction.

Four hundred years ago—1555. *Luther* had been dead nine years, but his beloved fellow-laborer, *Melanchton*, was continuing his work. . . . *Calvin*, *Beza*, and *Farel* were carrying on their ministry in Geneva, Switzerland. . . . *Admiral Coligny*, the heroic Huguenot who with about thirty thousand others was to perish in the notorious St. Bartholomew's Massacre seventeen years later was now a vigorous champion of the Protestant cause in France. . . . *John Knox*, the leading spirit of the Reformation in Scotland, was able to pay a forty-day visit to Edinburgh to strengthen the brethren, but then he had to return for another four years to his place of exile in Switzerland because of the intensity of the persecution. . . . In the Netherlands *Menno Simons*, from whom the Mennonites take their name, was carrying the Reformation further "according to the wisdom given unto him," rejecting the idea of a state church, infant baptism, oaths, and military service for believers. His doctrine that immersion was the only scriptural form of baptism and for adults only brought upon him and his followers the wrath of Pro-

testant and Catholic alike resulting in a bath of blood, but in spite of which multitudes accepted his message.

On the Catholic side, *Ignatius Loyola*, founder of the Jesuits which had been organized to carry on a Counter-Reformation within the Roman Church and win back to the fold those who had left it, was in the last year of his life. . . . *St. Teresa* was in the midst of her vigorous labors in Spain and *St. John of the Cross* was but a boy of thirteen although already well on the way to becoming the man who was eventually to bring blessing to both Catholic and Protestant by his writings.

1955 is also the thirtieth anniversary of the ordination of *Pastor Hans Waldvogel* and of his ministry in Brooklyn, N. Y. In this issue of *Bread of Life* we are including the first of a series of articles telling something of *Pastor Waldvogel's* life and ministry.

The "most important book of 1954," according to *The National Education Association Journal*, was *Seduction of the Innocent* by Dr. Frederic Wertham. This book is an intensive study of the evil and of the effects of crime comic books which is one of the greatest influences on the lives and education of children in the United States today. In the February issue of *Bread of Life* more will be said about this book and this subject as it relates to Christian parents, many of whom are totally unaware of the potency of this insidious evil. After all, it is still true, that "as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

SAFETY consists not in the absence of danger, but in the presence of our precious Lord Jesus.—Anon.