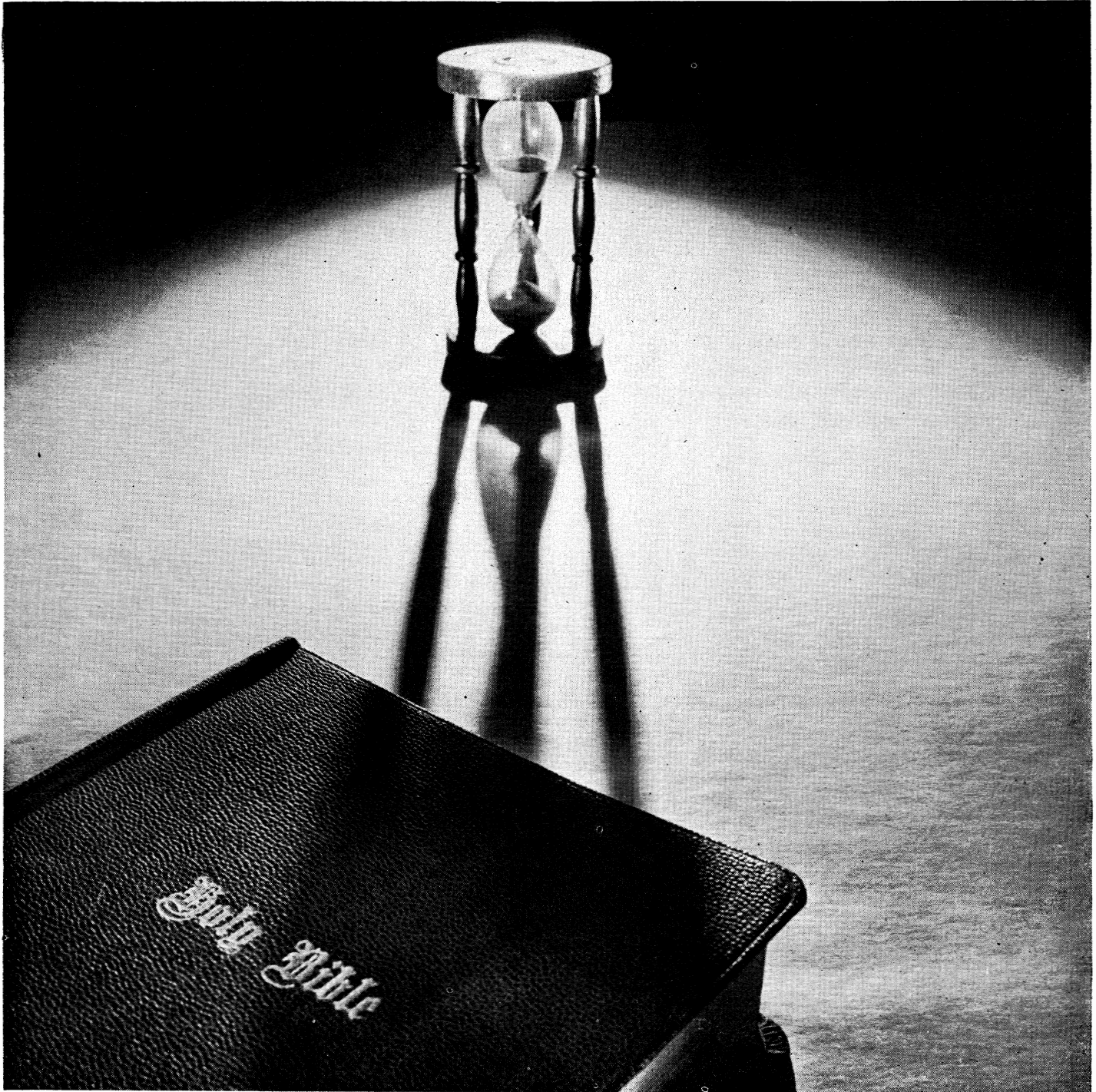


Bread of Life

Vol. IV

February, 1955

No. 2



"The Sands of Time Are Sinking."

Lead On, O King Eternal

THE LAST WEEK of 1954 and the first two weeks of 1955 were spent as weeks of prayer in the Ridgewood Pentecostal Church. Each day of prayer began with a period of worship when God indeed spoke to hearts—sometimes through the Bible, sometimes through some word of exhortation or testimony, sometimes through some utterance of the Holy Spirit, and again sometimes during those times when Christ manifested Himself so greatly that all flesh had to be silent before the Lord for protracted periods of adoration, and God Himself spoke directly to souls who were waiting before Him and worshipping Him “in spirit and in truth.” These times are like a soldier’s basic training, days of preparation when God teaches our “hands to war and our fingers to fight” the fight of faith throughout the coming year.

During the past twenty-nine years these days and weeks of prayer have proved so beneficial to the assembly as a whole and to individuals that there has been an increasing number who have sought to avail themselves of these opportunities. Some come from a distance, as far as Virginia and Illinois, for the express purpose of joining in these seasons of worship and waiting. There are others who would like to be present but who are unable because of duties or distance, some in far corners of the earth.

“Though sunder’d far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy seat.”

Many of these desire to share in the bread which has been served on these occasions. To satisfy this hunger and to remind those present of some of the words spoken the editors of Bread of Life are giving some of the crumbs they were able to salvage in the form of notes taken of the various messages given.

Alone With God

Especially outstanding was a word of prophecy given by Pastor Hans Waldvogel on New Year’s Day. After speaking at length about the great necessity of walking inwardly, living always in touch with God, the Lord spoke solemnly, “Get alone with Me. You don’t have one moment to waste. . . . I will live out My own life within you. . . . No flesh shall have dominion over you. . . . I will be a wall of fire around you. . . . There will come places [this year] where you will be confused, and if you will stand still [and look at Me], you will not lose your way. . . . And at the end of the year you will be able to look back [and see how I have kept you]. This is a year in which I have chosen to manifest Myself very greatly. Will you be one of those that choose Me? Will you be My friend?”

Several other times we were reminded of the importance of getting “alone with God”: The only place of fruitfulness is alone with Jesus. . . . God must find those who

find that place where they dwell with Him . . . and expect nothing from man and everything from Jesus. . . . God wants us to be always with Jesus—in the home, in company, in business. Although you may be with a thousand of God’s choicest saints, you must be alone with Jesus or you will backslide. Nobody understands a person like that unless it is a person who lives like that himself. It requires a consecration of the mind, heart, thoughts. My place is to be alone with Jesus even if the mountains are removed. . . . The practice of the presence of God will cost your life, but it will give you His life. . . . Get alone with Me.

Lots of people think to be alone with God is to be shut away in a room . . . I wanted to do that in the early days of my ministry, but the Lord said to me one day, “You know you can be much more perfectly shut in with Me when you are busy in My will than in a room alone, out of My will.” . . . God wants us to be busy, to fight.

Praying in the Holy Ghost

It takes grace to pray. There must be a compelling force to swallow up our laziness. Unless we *give* ourselves to pray God is not going to give Himself to us. Men don’t know how to pray until they pray in the Holy Ghost. . . . “We will give ourselves continually to prayer.” . . . What does that mean? It means that we will give ourselves to Christ.

Faith Is the Victory

These New Testament times are prefigured by the days of Joshua. The first lesson God taught the children of Israel was to be still. And *then* to shout. Their first victory came by praise. . . . A shout of praise is an expression of faith. . . . When I murmur or complain, I find fault with God Who said, “All things work together for good to them who love God.”

When the Lord talks about “gold tried in the fire,” He means faith that will stand up under any test. His Word will not do its work in you until you take it as His Word to you personally. How about experiencing His Word? . . . The unsearchable riches of Christ are for the least of His saints—for *you*. . . . It is by faith we have all these blessings of God. . . .

Faith is not derived from signs and wonders but from the Word of God. His Word is His authority, His will. He has declared His divine will in His Word and expects us to act upon it by faith. . . . I don’t honor my God any more than I honor His Word. “He sent His Word and healed them.” We are healed not by vitamins drawn at the drug store but by His life.” . . . How little we trust our God—simply because there’s a storm on!

(Continued on page 10.)

Bread of Life

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The Power of Stillness

Be still, and know that I am God. PSALM 46:10.

IT WAS NOT in the great and strong wind, nor in the earthquake, or fire, that the Lord revealed His presence, and communicated His will to Elijah, but in "a still small voice," or "the sound of a gentle stillness." Is there any note of music in all the chorus as mighty as the emphatic pause? Is there any word in all the Psalter more eloquent than that one word, *Selah* (pause)? Is there anything more thrilling and awful than the hush before the bursting of the tempest, and the strange quiet that seems to fall upon all nature before some preternatural phenomenon or convulsion? Is there anything that can so touch our hearts as *the power of stillness*?

The sweetest blessing that Christ brings us is the Sabbath rest of the soul, of which the Sabbath of creation was the type, and the Land of Promise God's great object lesson. There is for the heart that will cease from itself, "the peace of God that passeth all understanding," "a quietness and confidence" which is the source of all strength, a sweet peace "which nothing can offend," "a deep rest which the world can neither give nor take away." There is in the deepest centre of the soul a chamber of peace where God dwells, and where if we only enter in and hush every other sound, we can hear *His* "still small voice."

There is in the swiftest wheel that revolves upon its axis a place in the very centre where there is no movement at all; and so in the busiest life there may be a place where we dwell *alone with God* in eternal stillness.

This is the only way to know God. "Be still, and know that

I am God." "God is in His holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before Him."

A score of years ago a friend placed in my hand a little book which became one of the turning points of my life. It was called "True Peace." It was an old mediaeval message, and it had but one thought, and it was this—that God was waiting in the depths of my being to talk with me if I would but get still enough to hear Him.

I thought that this would be a very easy matter, so I began to get still. But I had no sooner commenced than a perfect pandemonium of voices reached my ears, a thousand clamoring notes from without and within, until I could hear nothing but their noise and din. Some of them were my own voicings, some of them were my own questions, some of them were my own cares, and some of them were my own prayers. Others were the suggestions of the tempter and the voices from the world's turmoil. Never before did there seem so many things to be done, to be said, to be thought; and in every direction I was pushed and pulled and greeted with noisy acclamations and unspeakable unrest. It seemed necessary for me to listen to some of them and to answer some of them; but God said: "*Be still, and know that I am God.*" Then came the conflict of thoughts for the morrow, and its duties and cares, but God said: "*Be still!*" And then there came the very prayers which my restless heart wanted to press upon *Him*; but God said: "*Be still!*" And as I listened and slowly learned to obey and shut my ears to every sound, I found that after awhile, when the other voices ceased or

I ceased to hear them, there was "a still, small voice" in the depth of my being that began to speak with an inexpressible tenderness, power, and comfort. As I listened, it became to me the *voice of prayer*, and the *voice of wisdom*, and the *voice of duty*, so that I did not need to think so hard, or pray so hard, or trust so hard, but that "still small voice" of the Holy Spirit in my heart was God's *prayer* in my secret soul, was God's *answer* to all my questions, was God's *life* and *strength* for soul and *body*, and became the *substance* of all *knowledge*, and all *prayer*, and all *blessing*; for it was *the living God Himself* as my *life* and my *all*.

Beloved! this is our spirit's deepest need. It is thus that we must learn to know God; it is thus that we receive spiritual refreshment and nutriment; it is thus that our heart is nourished and fed; it is thus that we receive the "Living Bread"; it is thus that our very bodies are healed, and our spirit drinks in the life of our Lord, and we go forth to life's conflicts and duties like the flower that has drunk in, through the shades of night, the cool and crystal drops of dew. But as the dew never falls on a stormy night, so the dews of God's grace never come to the restless soul.

We cannot go through life strong and fresh on constant express trains, with ten minutes for lunch; but must have quiet hours, secret places of the Most High, times of waiting upon the Lord, when we renew our strength, and learn to mount up on wings as eagles, and then come back to run and not be

(Continued on page 8.)

The Awakening of a Soul to the Wonder of Jesus

This is the second in a series of articles prepared by the editor of "Bread of Life" on the life and ministry of Hans R. Waldvogel in celebration of his thirtieth anniversary as pastor of the Ridgewood Pentecostal Church of Brooklyn, N. Y.

PASTOR HANS WALDVOGEL came to this country from Switzerland as a boy of fourteen in 1907. His father was shortly asked to become the pastor of a German Baptist congregation in Chicago. "Almost immediately after coming to this country the Lord began to deal with me personally," recalls Pastor Waldvogel. "It happened through a German book which I found lying around the house. It was a book telling how the early Christians lived. Just reading that book opened my eyes to the shallowness of Christianity in general and the shallowness of my own experience in particular.

"I began to seek the Lord and as a result God spoke to me from Second Peter where it says, 'Give diligence to make your calling and election sure.' When I read that, I said to myself, 'I'd better do that,' and began to have my first real prayer life. My life was really marvelously changed. This continued until one day when one of the saints chided me without real Christian love about some mistake I had made. Discouraged, I said, 'What's the use?' and slid back into my former ways."

At this time there was a general seeking after the deeper things of God by Christians the world over and already the Pentecostal revival had broken out which was to sweep around the world as a result of that universal prayer. The Waldvogels had heard about this great outpouring of God's Spirit in Switzerland. Father Waldvogel, unfortunately, became prejudiced against it however by what he read in papers opposed to it and especially by a manifesto condemning the movement signed

by a number of prominent evangelical ministers in whom he had the greatest confidence. And what little of Pentecost he subsequently saw only served to confirm his belief because of its fanatical extravagance.

The Waldvogels arrived in Chicago at the peak of the Pentecostal revival in that city. Gottfried, Hans' older brother, attended some of these meetings and was greatly blessed. After a time he went to the Nyack Missionary Training Institute of which A. B. Simpson was principal. There he met G. F. Bender, a student who had recently received his baptism and gave himself continually to intercession in behalf of his fellow students. Soon a revival broke out in the school in which a number who later became prominent in Pentecost received their baptism. Among these were Frank Boyd, Allan Swift, William Evans, and Gottfried Waldvogel.

"When my brother came home from school," Pastor Waldvogel continues, "I saw the change in his life, the effects of the baptism: he prayed all the time. As a result of what I saw I wanted to go to the Pentecostal meetings with him. I did and got into a Pentecostal convention where God really met me. My life was absolutely transformed, and for months I walked, as it were, in the heavens. The wonderful thing was that there came into my heart such a desire for Jesus, such a love for Jesus, that I had no interest in anything else. Now just how that came about I don't know, except that Jesus did it Himself for His name's sake. I hunted through the Bible for all the passages that spoke of the Lord being the

portion of my inheritance. 'The Lord is my portion' was indeed my heart's testimony.

"At that time I prayed without ceasing. But I also felt the need of special times of prayer. I prayed an hour before going to work in the morning. In order to do this I had to salvage time out of my sleeping time, and I'm glad I did.

"I was then working for the largest jewelry house in Chicago, Spaulding and Company. That whole shop became a sanctuary. I began to testify everywhere. I bought tracts by the pound and stood at State and Van Buren Streets at the foot of the elevated station and passed them out by the thousands. I also testified in the Baptist church where, of course, this was new. I would go to the church an hour before the meeting to have a time of prayer.

"As leader of the young people I tried to bring them to a knowledge of God, and it was in a young people's meeting in March of 1910 or 1911 that I received what I call the baptism of the Holy Spirit. Although I didn't speak in tongues, I'm sure I prophesied.

"I was really hungry for Jesus Christ. By this time I knew what salvation really was and what God wanted to do for souls. I also knew that most of the young people in the church were not saved. This was heavy on my heart and on the night that this experience occurred I had gone there an hour ahead of time to pray for them. When it came time for the meeting to begin, I told my brother who was home from school that I hadn't any program but that I believed

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A Group of the Kirchheim Young People

The young man standing next to the tree is the one spoken of in the article as having been so badly injured in the war and who was recently saved. The man standing next to him (in the black jacket) is the D.P. from southern Italy whose testimony is also told.

Report from Kirchheim

By **WALTER WALDVOGEL**

*Pastor of the Kirchheim Pentecostal Church
Kirchheim, Germany*

(This report was written at the express request of the editor of Bread of Life to acquaint our readers more fully with the overall picture of our brother's regular ministry. Remember to pray for him and his wife and mother, Mrs. Gottfried Waldvogel, who together are effectually ministering in this needy portion of God's vineyard.)

OUR WORK is confined to Kirchheim and Weilheim. Our Sunday service in Kirchheim begins at nine o'clock. This morning's service (January 2) was one of the best we have ever experienced. It began with a flood of glory and ended with a real spirit of prayer, so that we didn't get home until almost twelve.

At 12:50 we must leave for Weilheim where we have Sunday school. There we have about fifty children plus an adult class of about thirty-five. Following this there is a service. Today there were a number of strangers in the service. The place was filled to capacity. The Lord has done a real work there for which we are thankful.

We have begun having our Tuesday morning family worships in the Kirchheim hall, and there have been between twenty

and thirty in attendance. We want to expand this into a day of prayer with a divine healing service in the afternoon. Tuesday evenings we have a young

people's service, and we are thankful that God is giving some of them a real spirit of prayer. A few times I have come quite early and have found some of our young people on their knees really crying out to God.

On Wednesday afternoons we have a children's meeting with about fifty children. The Wednesday evening meeting is a Bible study. I have been trying to introduce systematic Bible reading, and many are now reading their assigned chapters (usually about twelve) each week. Fridays we have prayer meetings, and Saturdays the young people practice singing. Some are learning to play the guitar.

For Christmas we arranged a little Christmas treat for our young people. After the lunch several of them testified, among them a young man just recently saved who was badly injured in the war and lost both hands and one eye. There are still shell fragments in his body which cause him much pain.

Some weeks ago he was in the hospital to have some of these fragments removed, but on the day scheduled for the operation he was told that the doctor felt it was too dangerous to operate,

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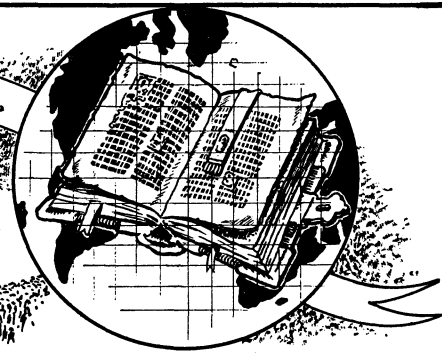


Young People's Christmas Celebration

This was held in the dining hall located in the same building where the Kirchheim assembly holds its meetings. Several of the young people were unable to be present as they were away visiting relatives.

GO YE INTO ALL THE WORLD...

Seed-Time and Harvest on the Mission Fields



Formosa Firstfruits

Miss Elisabeth Lindau

ON New Year's Day a Chinese woman broke through to the baptism in a most wonderful and unexpected way! She is a Mrs. Wang who came from Hong Kong four months ago. In the latter part of November, in a desire for Christian fellowship, she got into a pedicab (a ricksha sort of affair that is drawn by a bike) and asked the driver to take her to a good church. He took her to Mr. Wen's church and there we met her. She took down our name and address and came to visit us about two weeks later.

At that time we learned that she had done evangelistic work and the Lord used her in opening up two churches in Hong Kong. She also assisted some Canadian independent missionaries but after they returned home and the work went into the hands of others, there was a turn in events for her. As she opened up her heart and told of her experience we could not help but feel that the Lord had His hand over this life. We had a very precious time of prayer together.

She again came to our little place late New Year's Day afternoon at which time we served tea. Again she told us of contacts she had made here in the city and of hearts that were hungry to know the way of salvation, but she didn't know where to advise them to go. Miss Young made the offer of their meeting here. Since there were about twenty people interested, we thought we would see how we could arrange for seating that many in this small place. As we stood looking the situation over, she felt the power of God come over her and asked that we please pray with her.

It's been our daily prayer that these

rooms shall be so filled with the power of His presence that visitors would be conscious of it. Since we had already had prayer previously and she was really on her way out, we just sat in our chairs and the Lord came in a remarkable way. Her body began to shake under the power and then she broke forth in clear tongues. There was not too much outward manifestation but a time of being held in the presence of God for two and a half hours. This woman was never in a Pentecostal meeting and told us later that naturally she is a very active woman and was not used to sitting still for so long. But at the close her face just shone and all she could say again and again was 'Ch'i-miao' which means wonderful. . . . A marvelous start for the New Year! Isn't that like our Wonderful Jesus?"

Evangelistic Mission in the Himalayas

By Miss Martha Schoonmaker

The 19th of November I went into the Himalaya Mountains with Miss Time, a Norwegian missionary who belongs to the American Methodist Mission, for three weeks of meetings. We drove all that day in what is known as the Katyur valley. There was a swift mountain river winding its way in and out of the mountains. The view of the snows was wonderful and from a place called Kausani we saw over twenty snow-capped peaks which were all over 22,000 feet. It was a beautiful sight.

Our first stop was in a place called Dangali. The Methodist Mission has a primary school there and a church. Most of the Christians live from three to five miles from the church, so we had our first service at 1 o'clock in the afternoon. The people attended very well and eighty children, who

came for school, also were there. Most of them (the children) were from Hindu homes and I was glad for them to hear the Word of God. I used my felt-o-graph pictures each afternoon. After the service, we served tea and biscuits. The evening service was held outdoors. As it was very cold, we had a big log fire made and we sat around it. We sang bhajans (Christian songs to Indian tunes) and read portions from the Word of God. The people call this kind of a service a "Kirtan." Quite a few Hindus attended this service and I know the Holy Spirit was speaking to a number of their hearts.

The next place we went to was Pathgali, eleven miles further into the interior. Pathgali is on the main pilgrim route, which thousands of Hindus traverse each January to go to the Pindari glacier. They believe that they will get a special revelation of God in the snow and ice! Pathgali was different from Dangali in that the Christians all live together there. There were about two hundred Christians and they also have a school and a nice dispensary. The church and school house were high up on a mountain peak and also the dispensary. We had morning services at 10 o'clock and the evening services at 6 o'clock. The people attended very well and also the Hindus.

From Pathgali we went to Almora. It is a large city and the Methodists have a large work there—a high school for girls and boys and a big Christian community. We had several services for the girls, but our chief work there was in the Leper Home and Hospital. There are one hundred and twenty-five inmates and we had the services in the church which is in the center of the colony. Dr. Masih, a fine Christian doctor, is in charge. He is from Pathgali and

has a real love for the people. My heart went out in pity to these poor people. Many without fingers and toes, and faces disfigured. Dr. Masih is very evangelistic and over forty of the patients (Hindus) have accepted Christ and been baptized. It was a real joy to minister to them and when we left, with folded crippled hands, they begged me to return. What a joy it is to serve Him and my prayer and longing is that the seed which was sown in all these hearts, in these different places, may bring forth much fruit to His glory. Do pray to this end also.

At present I am in Laheria Sarai with my sister and family, the James Modders. I came for Christmas and will stay until the middle of January. Miss Mall will be coming from Dehra Dun for special meetings the 2nd of January. We have prayer meetings each morning in the church and I am hungry to see God work in a real way in our midst. There are quite a number of "Christians" here in Laheria Sarai and Darbhanga (a city only two miles from here), but, sad to say, many do not have a born-again experience.

When I return to Dehra Dun, I shall be moving to a little apartment of my own. The address will be:

c/o Mrs. Ghosh
144 Nashville Road
Dehra Dun, U. P.

Report from Kirchheim

(Continued from page 5.)

so he was sent home. A few days later one of our men met him and told him that we had prayed for him in the meeting. He was deeply affected by this and told us later how the Lord must have stopped the operation so that he could have a chance to find Him. He came to the following Sunday morning meeting and gave his heart to the Lord, and it is a pleasure to see how happy he is now.

Another young man who testified is a D.P. who is now in a camp in southern Italy. His home town is in the Russian sector of Germany. He lost his identification papers during the war years, and the Russians will not give him new ones, so since the war he has been living in

camps, unwanted by any country. He told us that the people in the camp where he is are guarded by soldiers and kept like prisoners. In their hopeless state they have plunged themselves into an orgy of sin and immorality. He says the young people in the camp are worse than animals.

This young man got in touch with a friend in Germany who arranged to have him come for a three months' visit. He got a job here and was able to buy himself some clothes. After he had been here for a month and a half, one of our women met him at the home of a friend and invited him to come to our services. He came, willing to see all there was to be seen and was

immediately stirred by the Holy Spirit. He began to seek the Lord, coming to every meeting, and staying long at the altar.

This young man told us that he had to leave right after the meeting to go back to the camp. He related how he had come to Germany with a heavy heart but was going back with a real joy in his heart. He had found here something that he didn't think existed on earth. His only regret was that he had to wait six weeks before he found such a church. The local authorities refused to let him stay in Germany, but the man for whom he worked has put in a request to higher authorities, and we hope this young man will be able to come back here to live.

On the Home Front

A Little Child Shall Lead

AT THE CLOSE of the Sunday evening service (January 2) in the Full Gospel Tabernacle in Waukegan, Illinois, of which Mr. and Mrs. L. Johnson are pastors, the Lord poured out His Spirit in an unusual manner.

There had been in the meeting a young serviceman from the Great Lakes Naval Training Station who, according to his testimony later, had been saved seven years before but had backslidden. During the early part of the altar service he was dealt with but seemed to resent it. However, he did not leave but retired to a corner of the church and sat back to watch.

Those at the altar were enjoying the blessing of God. Especially one girl, a child about ten years old, was lost in the Lord and was receiving her baptism. In the course of this she called out, "That man back there needs God!" and was led to where he was sitting and laid hands on him. With this he broke and called on the Lord in repentance. As a result he was gloriously reclaimed and once more happy in God. Thus "the secrets of his heart" were "made manifest" and he was made to fall "on his face and worship God" by means of this operation of the Holy Spirit through a little child.

The Lord Will Do Great Things

"Fear not . . . be glad and rejoice for the Lord will do great things"
(JOEL 2:21).

(This verse was the New Year's text for the Williamsburg Pentecostal Church and already God has begun to do great things.)

On Wednesday, January 5th, 1955, Mrs. Gordon Waldvogel was conducting a class of thirty-four children who are released from school at 2 p.m. each Wednesday for religious instruction. After singing two verses of the hymn, "He Took My Sins Away," she stopped and suggested that some of them tell when and where Jesus had taken their sins away. About eight responded, and then she began to call out the names of different ones, asking them if they were saved. Mrs. Waldvogel was surprised at the many who answered "No" or "I'm not sure," for many of these boys and girls have been attending Sunday school and the Wednesday classes regularly.

Then she asked one teen-age boy, "When would you like Jesus to save you?" His reply of "Anytime" made her to realize that NOW was the time to be definite about the salvation of these children. She asked them all to go to their knees and to deal with God about their souls and to raise

(Continued on page 8.)

The Power of Stillness

(Continued from page 3.)

weary, and to walk and not faint.

The best thing about stillness is, that it gives God a chance to work. "He that is entered into His rest hath ceased from his own works, even as God did from His;" and when we cease from *our* works, *God* works in us; and when we cease from *our* own thoughts, God's thoughts come into us; when we get *still* from *our* restless activity, "God worketh in us both to will and to do according to His good pleasure," and we have but to work it out.

Beloved! let us take *His stillness*, let us dwell in "the secret place of the Most High," let us enter into God and His eternal rest, let us silence the other sounds, and then we can hear "the still, small voice."

Then there is another kind of stillness, the stillness that lets God work for us while we hold our peace; the stillness that ceases from its own contriving and its self-vindication, its expedients of wisdom and forethought, and lets God provide and answer the unkind words, and the cruel blow, in His own unfailing, faithful love. How often we lose God's interposition by taking up our own cause and striking for our own defence.

There is no spectacle in all the Bible so sublime as the silent Saviour answering not a word to the men that were maligning Him, and whom He could have laid prostrate at His feet by one look of divine power, or one word of fiery rebuke. But He let them say and do their worst, and He stood in the *power of stillness* — God's holy, silent Lamb.

God give to us this silent power, this mighty self-surrender, this conquered spirit, which will make us "more than conquerors through Him that loved

us." Let our voice and our life speak like "the still, small voice" of Horeb, and as the "sound of a gentle stillness." And after the heat and strife of earth are over, men will remember us as we remember the morning dew, the gentle light and sunshine, the evening breeze, the Lamb of Calvary, and the gentle, holy, heavenly Dove.

—Attributed to A. B. Simpson.

The Awakening of a Soul to the Wonder of Jesus

(Continued from page 4.)

that God would take care of things.

"Somehow I was led to read the story of Elijah's sacrifice. Then I asked them all to pray and as I prayed, I said, 'Lord, we've been halting between two opinions so long. It's time for You to send the fire.' Then the fire fell. I didn't see any flames with my natural eyes, but with my soul I saw that I was enveloped in a huge fire. I didn't know where I was anymore and began to weep terrifically. I sank to my knees and said, 'Lord, what is this?' Then I got the answer, 'This is what you have been seeking for,' and it dawned upon me that God was answering my prayer for the baptism.

"My father was present and he and all the young people were shocked out of their wits. Finally my Father came and tried to pick me up. After I took my seat, my brother got up and said, 'I understand my brother perfectly. The Bible says that it shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, that I will pour out My Spirit upon all flesh. That's what's been happening to my brother tonight.' And so he preached Pentecost to them.

"From that time forth I was decided and determined in my mind that I was going to follow Jesus only. My Father saw the change that had come to me and

said that he knew that God had come into my life, but still he was deeply worried lest I had gotten into fanaticism whereby, as he looked at it, the devil was trying to mislead the best of God's saints. And so being but a boy and accustomed to submitting to those I regarded as my spiritual superiors, I continued in the Baptist church. But while the door was not open for me into Pentecost at that time, the wonderful thing was this that the change in my life stayed. Jesus stayed with me and walked with me."

The Lord Will Do Great Things

(Continued from page 7.)

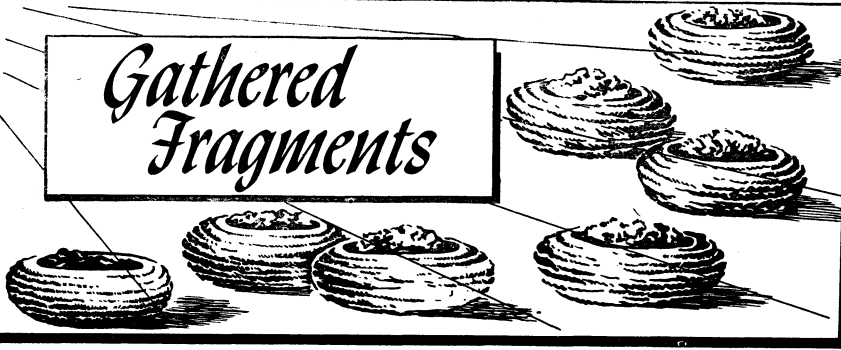
their hands if they wanted prayer. "I do not believe in urging or pleading with children to give their hearts to God, for I know that God Himself must convict them, and that's just what He did," reports Mrs. Waldvogel. Suddenly hands began to go up all over. Many prayed out by themselves, confessing their sins, asking God to forgive them, and to deliver them from their bad habits.

At the close Mrs. Waldvogel asked all who *knew* that Jesus had saved them *this day* to come forward and she would write their names on a prayer list. Some could hardly wait to come. Some came with beaming faces. Some came with traces of tears still in their eyes. The glorious result was that seventeen boys and girls had entered God's Kingdom, and it was really going to be a Happy New Year for them.

"A few days later we visited a home in which three of the girls had been saved at the Wednesday class," says Mrs. Waldvogel. "They showed us a calendar on which they had circled 'Wed. Jan. 5' in red. Their father told us how happy it made him to hear them admonishing one another not to lie or fight now that Jesus had come to live in their hearts.

"All those who have been praying for the children of our fellowship during these weeks of prayer ought to be greatly encouraged to believe God for even greater things in the days ahead."

Gathered Fragments



A young Brooklyn businessman recently approached the editor of *BREAD OF LIFE* with the suggestion, "Did you ever think of having some book reviews in *BREAD OF LIFE*?" I had and took this to be a corroboration of an idea I had been considering which I had felt was the leading of the Lord. "You know," this young man continued, "it's important that young Christians know what to read." Then he recalled how some converts had gone "off the track" by reading the wrong books. So this month we are devoting this column to books.

* * *

I wonder just how many of our readers have read that beautiful gem, *Kept for the Master's Use*. It is one of those books that most Christians have heard about and "know must be good" if for no other reason than because of its author, Frances Ridley Havergal, who has written so many of our hymns. Red-faced, I'll admit that I did not read it until the beginning of this year! What a rewarding experience which I had gone without for so many years! How gripping and convicting and challenging! Don't neglect it because of its small size or simplicity. It is an excellent book to put into the hands of beginning Christians—and there is much food for thought for those who have been on the way a long time. The point is—Have you learned the lessons taught in this book?

* * *

"He that will know God must first love Him." "O love which forever burns and is never quenched, sweet Christ, gracious Jesus, my God, Who is love itself, kindle me with Your undying flame, with eternal love for You, with Your unselfish sweetness, with wild desire for You, with enduring joy and happiness in You, with Your kindness and mercy, and with

unending delight in You." "You are the bread and unfailing fountain of life. . . . You are all those things by which the righteous, who love You, live."

These quotations are a fair sample from a small devotional book which will feed the flame of love which is in the heart of every true lover of Christ. They are taken from a book first published in 1574 and recently republished, *Little Book of Contemplation*, bound in cloth, pocket size, and costs only \$.75. Almost unbelievable in this day of high-priced books.

* * *

In the same category is *Behind That Wall* by E. Allison Peers. It is exactly what it claims to be—"An Introduction to Some of the Classics of the Interior Life" and "comprises a series of informal talks, on dearly loved books of meditations and instructions on the devout—the 'interior'—life and the writers thereof. . . . E. Allison Peers opens each classic just far enough to give the reader a glimpse of the lives lived 'behind that wall,'" an expression which comes from Song of Solomon 2:9. Rarely have I read a book written in such beautiful language. Brief as it is, it is a treasury of gold mined from the writings of "the race of God's anointed priests" who "shall never pass away." This too is far more than a monetary bargain, although it sells for only a dollar, a cloth bound book, 181 pp.

* * *

I have been rereading that Christian classic which every Christian should own, read, and inwardly digest—*The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life*. I was greatly helped when I read it first twenty years ago, and many of its sentences have staid with me, for its author, Hannah Whitall Smith, has a way of saying things so

that they stick: "Faith . . . is nothing apart from its object." "Insist upon believing in the face of every suggestion of doubt that intrudes itself." "Follow gladly and quickly the sweet suggestions of His Spirit in thy soul." This time as I read it I am far more impressed than ever with the clarity, the simplicity, the scripturalness with which it presents to the reader the glorious possibility and the available means whereby one can live a life of continuous joy and victory in Christ. It is the type of book one can and should go back to again and again. As one does, he will find something new which will speak to his condition.

* * *

John Quincy Adams, sixth president of the United States, in writing to his son about his reading says that many young people boast of how much they have read when in reality they should be ashamed because of the little practical values which they have derived from the great quantity they have read. This indictment could well be passed on many of the readers of religious books. Remember you do not possess the experiences you read of simply by reading about them.

A good rule to follow in reading devotional books is never to read more than one chapter at a time, at the very most, and usually not more than a few paragraphs. Then stop and meditate and pray over what has been read until you feel God has given you the *spiritual* grasp of the truths read. I know one minister (a swift reader otherwise) who took thirty years to read Madame Guyon's *Autobiography* through just once. But his life had been revolutionized in the process and he had entered into the experience he was reading about to such a degree that his life was an overflowing fountain of blessing as was Madame Guyon's.

* * *

Most biographies are not so highly concentrated as is Madame Guyon's so that they can be read more swiftly. Biographies have been one of the most productive sources of inspiration to people throughout the centuries. A real spiritual "thriller" and suited for teen-agers is *The Life of John G. Paton*, missionary among the cannibals. This month we celebrate the birthday of Abraham Lincoln, and it is interesting to note in this connection that two of the six books which he as a boy had to read, besides the

Bible, were *Pilgrim's Progress* and Parson Weems' *Washington*. From these books he got the ideals which made him great so that "now he belongs to the ages."

* * *

Quite a different diet was the boy Lincoln's from that which the average boy and girl is given today when as many as *ninety million comic books a month* are made easily available to them, who together with adults spend more than \$100,000,000 a year on this trash. This sum is more than that spent by the entire nation "on its textbooks for all elementary and secondary schools, and four times as much as the book budgets of all public libraries, according to *Publisher's Weekly*," as quoted in the *Pentecostal Evangel* (Jan. 23).

Most parents—even Christian parents—have been totally indifferent to this menace. Probably the person who has done more than any other one man to arouse the nation to this evil is Dr. Fredric Wertham of New York City who has made a scientific investigation of this subject for over a period of years. In his book, *Seduction of the Innocent* (Rinehart & Co., New York, \$4.00), which the *National Education Association Journal* named as the "most important book" published in 1954, Dr. Wertham proves conclusively that comic books are "a veritable devil's brew for the growing child," picturing and glorifying as they do "violence, cruelty, sadism, crime, beating, promiscuity, sexual perversion, race hatred, contempt for human beings."

Dr. Wertham further proves, "children spend an inordinate amount of time with comic books, many of them *two or three hours a day*." (Another study which he quotes found that some spend "up to fifty hours a week" on this poisonous trash.) Compare this with the "measly" half hour many children spend with the Bible in Sunday school once a week!

True and startling is his statement, "The average parent has no idea that every imaginable crime is described in detail in comic books. . . . If one were to set out to show children how to steal, rob, lie, cheat, assault and break into houses, no better method could be devised." And all this is what the president of the National Congress of Parents and Teachers has described "as a chief influence of today on the minds of the young."

Many Christian parents who read these lines are apt to think that these words do not apply to *their children*. Is that so? It isn't, unless you have been most diligent to investigate just what your child reads. I know that, from observing children at Pilgrim Camp (where, incidentally, *all comic books are forbidden*). All unawares to godly parents this serpent has crept into their homes and because the parents have not taken time (!) to examine their children's reading matter.

Seduction of the Innocent is a book which anyone who is giving his time to the training of children *must* read. Some of it is a bit technical and statistical, but those very facts are what give weight to the author's argument and should not be neglected.

* * *

Remember: Read not to believe or to contradict, but to weigh and consider.

Lead On, O King Eternal

(Continued from page 2.)

Faith is triumphant when it gives me Jesus.

Faith is triumphant when it unites me to the Father.

Faith is triumphant when it makes the Fountain flow.

The Holy Spirit has come to make faith triumphant.

The Baptism of the Holy Spirit

The baptism wasn't intended to be an experience you boast of but an open door into eternity, the uniting of

your soul to the Father, your earthly life united to His heavenly life, whereby the Father makes it possible to pour into you Himself. . . . Every person baptized in the Holy Ghost has been given the light to live pure. . . . Strange, we hear so much in Pentecost about the last half of First Thessalonians four, and no mention of the first half.

Moment by Moment

Make us able to spend every moment of this year waiting for You.

Sooner or later you expect Him to reign. Why not *sooner*? Why not *now*.

How close can I keep to Jesus *today*? How well can I practice the presence of God *today*?

Count every moment lost that you do not bear the cross.

Help us to really practice the presence of God and not just talk about it, but that like Enoch we may walk with God until we are not.

We are very stupid if we don't spend all our time finding Jesus.

Without Him we can do nothing. And let us say it, once for all, "And without Him we don't have to do anything."

We accept the power of Jesus to keep us walking with Jesus, moment by moment.

* * *

If you'll look with your heart, you'll see the King.

If you'll listen with your heart, you'll hear His voice.

If you'll worship with your heart, you'll please the Father.

Let the bright beams of Thy light so shine into my heart, and enlighten my mind in understanding Thy blessed Word, that I may be enabled to perform Thy will in all things, and effectually resist all temptations of the world, the flesh, and the devil.

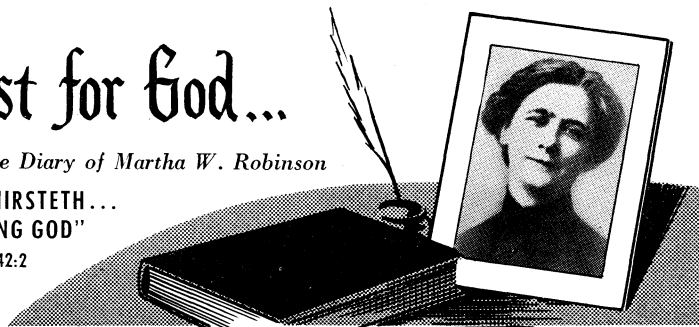
GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Athirst for God...

The Diary of Martha W. Robinson

"MY SOUL THIRSTETH...
FOR THE LIVING GOD"

Psalm 42:2



These selections from Mrs. Robinson's diary were written while she was ministering in Toronto, Canada.—Editor.

March 12, 1907. 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 great fulness, Thou Son of God. Help *me*, help me to drop every thing of this earth, and take Thee.

O Lord Jesus, Thou seest me a poor weak vessel. It is yours. Do Your will with it. O Lord, Thou seest Thy work here. You have placed me in it, and it is Your responsibility whether I am fit for the work or not. Do you undertake the work, O my Lord and my God. If Thou canst not do the work through me because of my incapacity, either Thou must enlarge me or bring another worker here who can do it, or use others for this purpose, else Thy work shall fail. If we are not in Divine Order show us our wrong. If we are displeasing Thee, show us where. We ask *wisdom*. O precious Jesus, give me wisdom. *Make* me to know Thy will. And reveal *Thyself*, O my God and Saviour, in greater fulness.

March to April 30. A long period of barrenness, deadness, failure, falling away of the people attending meetings. No power. We talked of unifying with East End Mission and dropping our work. God would not let us. We intended to go stay at East End Mission. We were stopped.

May 5, Sunday. Days of waiting on God. Sunday morning a great spirit of supplication came upon me. "Let me die, let me die, and Christ Jesus live in me." Two hours of Gethsemane. O God, undertake.

May 8. Light. At prayer in East End Mission God showed me some things. Laid the plan of work before me in a sort of panorama. Showed me bills to have printed, and cards. Just what to do about them.

May 13 to 24. Period of illness in body and burden in spirit. The 19th (Sunday) had fair attendance and I was under the Spirit and meet-

ings all spiritual, but small. Days of extraordinary supplication—hours of agony—the Spirit straining the flesh with prayer, until I felt it necessary to ask for relief. Praying in tongues, in English, in groanings. God, how long, oh how long?

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

May 25, Saturday. Supplication lifted. Rest in Jesus. Spirit of prayer in service at night.

May 26. An afternoon meeting, well attended and power in the meeting. All responsibility gone. I was under the power of the Spirit. Same in evening, but smaller attendance on account of rain. Still rest.

May 26 to 30. The Lord seems to have spoken, "Come aside and rest." No cares, no burdens—all on Jesus—save a great stirring up of spirit to pray for sick and to cast out demons. The Spirit presses me so to pray.

May 31. Beside the still waters, through green pastures, He leadeth me. All is at rest. I think He intends to lead me to some deeper depth and is letting me gather strength. I realize death to self has been going on. The Spirit has greater control.

O God, this is my confidence in Thee that Thou wilt mould and fashion this unworthy clay to meet Thy purposes. Thou wilt develop the fruits of the Spirit; Thou wilt give me such gifts as Thou seest meet; Thou wilt give me the signs of a believer; Thou wilt give me Christ Himself to dwell in me. O wonderful thought, O supreme mystery, God to dwell in me—the great eternal God to dwell in this lump of clay.

RUNNING AFTER JESUS

By ROSE WALDVOGEL

MORE THAN TWENTY years ago I heard a word which gripped my heart, something like this: "We are living in days when just a normal Christian walk will not take us through to the goal—we *must run*."

I was greatly stirred. In the natural I had never been a good runner—how would I fare spiritually? I sought the Lord earnestly to teach me how to run.

The Holy Spirit became my teacher and brought to my attention passages which gave me light on the subject.

One of the first passages I was led to was Heb. 12:1-2: "Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith; who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God." If I would run the race successfully, I must get rid of every weight. One secret for becoming a successful runner is that I keep my eyes on the goal. I dare not look sideways, watching others that are running, putting forth the finger and finding fault with them (Isa. 58:9). I must keep my eye on the goal—"looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith."

We also must be loosed from things which might keep us tied to the past. Somebody has offended me—maybe a long time ago—or in my own life things come into memory which want to trouble me. Paul says: "... but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark. . . ." (Phil. 3:13-14).

Isa. 40:31 also became a great blessing to me: "But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength . . . they shall run and not be weary . . ."

I received great inspiration through Paul's epistles and his examples. In 1 Cor. 9:26, 27, Paul says: "I therefore so run, not as uncertainly; so fight I, not as one that beateth the air: but I keep under my body, and bring it unto subjection . . ."

When Paul had come to the end of his life's journey, he could say: "... I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing" (2 Tim. 4:7, 8).

The goal is that I might know Him and the power of His resurrection, Whom to know is life eternal. Looking back over these many years of great opportunities I wonder how well I have run? My own efforts have been very frail and incomplete. I have found that my running after Jesus must be a run by faith, "confident of this very thing, that he which hath begun a good work . . . will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ" (Phil. 1:6).

"So run that ye may obtain."