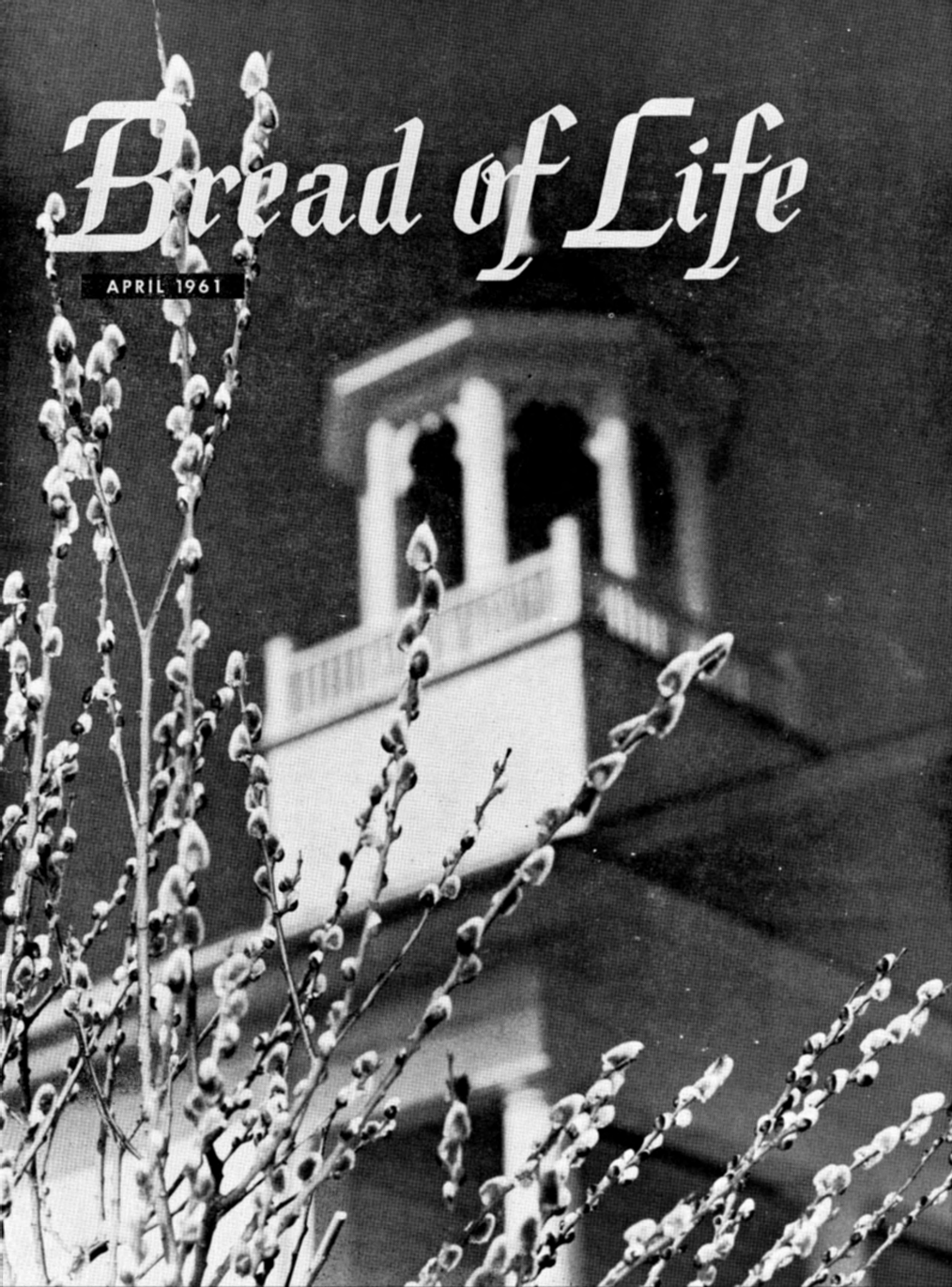


Bread of Life

APRIL 1961



STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

THE ALTAR SERVICE

HISTORICALLY altar services and tarrying meetings have been characteristic of the Pentecostal movement. Indeed it is probably not inaccurate to say that the Pentecostal movement arose as a result of this type of meeting. At about the turn of the century various groups of people became so hungry for the Lord that they made it their main activity to seek His face. After a service or perhaps on some evening during the week they would gather and spend substantial periods of time waiting on the Lord. In response to this growing desire for Himself came the great outpourings of the Spirit and the beginnings of the modern Pentecostal movement. In view of these facts we are surprised that many evangelical Christians have never come to appreciate the importance of the altar service. But we are *alarmed* that many Pentecostal people themselves have lost sight of the value of the type of meeting that has been the very backbone of the movement. We pursue our discussion along two lines.

Firstly, the tremendous value of protracted prayer has been greatly underestimated. While from the lips of practically anyone who calls himself a Christian the value of prayer is loudly proclaimed, few there be who really do something about it. A few moments of supposedly pious meditation, or perhaps a superficial recitation of alleged needs, is all the prayer life that many have been content with. Contrast this with the example of Jesus who often prayed all night and rebuked His disciples for the failure to "watch with me one hour." Ministers have become administrators rather than prayer warriors. In this connection note the platform of the apostles: "But we will give ourselves continually to prayer and to the ministry of the word" (Acts 6:4).

It is not uncommon for Pentecostal ministers to be quick to "dismiss" altar services in the name of doing things decently and in order. Or even if not formally dismissed, it is often informally agreed on that fifteen minutes or so around the altar is sufficient, and that people are then free to pick themselves up and "gab" outside the

church door, or perhaps spend hours over a coffee pot or before a T.V. set.

Even our doctrine has been tainted. People are no longer taught to "tarry" for their baptism, but are whipped through to a "quick" (but usually shallow) baptism, and after they've uttered a few syllables in tongues will probably measure their time at the altar in minutes rather than hours. A leading Pentecostal minister, one who was with the movement at its start and continues active to the present, comments on the situation thus: "So few baptisms today have depth," and adds that people used to *continue* to seek the Lord *after* their baptism and that "was the secret of their being kept." Perhaps the difficulty could be summed up by observing that people have insisted on seeking things: experiences, gifts, powers, rather than seeking a Person. So after they have attained their goal they lose their ardor for protracted prayer.

But there is another and perhaps more subtle danger: *there has been a failure to make prayer relevant.* There is a tendency to put everything in its proper compartment. We have times where we sing, times where we hear preaching, and times when we pray. Sometimes these different facets are put into separate meetings. There is no objection, for example, to devoting an entire meeting to prayer. Nevertheless, much of the vital *linkage* between prayer and the ministry of the Word, for example, is often broken. It should not be too difficult to see that something is lost when people don't take *immediate* action when a truth is proclaimed in a sermon or exhortation or testimony. Where they rush right out from such a talk back to the cares of life, the keenness of the immediate conviction will probably be quickly lost. Moreover, very often when there is convicting power present in a meeting, there is also overcoming power present. This is the great benefit of the altar service: people are free to deal with the Lord *immediately* about the things He has started to lay on their hearts.

Here is where we have a great opportunity to make our prayer *relevant* to the things which we have heard. It is not nearly as effective when we pray in vague generalities as when we get down to "brass tacks" and *pray through* on the specific problem that the Lord has brought to our attention. Oh, for a group of people who would *never* leave the house of the Lord until every ounce of conviction had borne the fruit of victory.

Perhaps it is time to re-evaluate our heritage. Can we with our puny fifteen-minute altar serv-

(Continued on page 10.)

Two Gardens — and Another

By HELEN WANNENMACHER



The Garden of Eden

THE LORD GOD planted a garden eastward in Eden, and in this garden there were growing every tree that is pleasant to the sight and good for food, every herb bearing seed, and every beast of the earth, and fowl of the air, wherein is life; and God said, "Let us make man in our image and likeness and let them have dominion over all the earth." And God blessed them, making them fruitful.

Now the exquisite beauty of the garden which was filled with God's own handiwork: the fragrance of the flowers, the singing of the birds, the rippling streams of water, the harmonious mingling of every beast of the fields, were as nothing in comparison to the superb beauty of the man and the woman whom He had formed, for were they not made in God's image and likeness, and were they not placed in the garden for the express purpose of sweet and intimate fellowship with their God?

But though they had the attribute of the living God and their bosom was alight with the glory of their God, yet within them there was the capacity to choose life or to choose death—the will to obey God or disobey Him, for had not God com-

manded them, saying, "Of every tree of the garden thou mayest eat, but of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil thou shalt not eat of it: for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." What a stupendous price did Adam and Eve pay that day for their disobedience to God's command not to partake of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, for the moment they partook, that moment they died, that is, their God-spirit within them died, while their souls at once became slaves to the passions of their flesh!

Sadly, too, the sweet and intimate fellowship with their God and Creator was also broken, for at once they knew they were shorn of the covering wherewith He had covered them, and they sought a place to hide from the presence of the Lord God.

In committing this heinous sin they not only sealed their own doom, but also that of every man, woman and child which should come after them. God's Word tells us this in Romans 5:15, "For as by one man's disobedience many were made sinners, so, by the obedience of one shall many be made righteous." In great love and mercy He tells us of One whose obedience has redeemed us from the

curse of the law, being made a curse for us.

The Garden of Gethsemane

Let us reverently enter another Garden—the Garden of Gethsemane or the oil-press. It was here King David fled from his son Absalom as he passed through the garden, barefoot and in sack cloth. And it is here also that Jesus oft retreated to pray and to rest after a busy day of ministering to the multitudes; but on this occasion it was different.

He with His eleven disciples have left Jerusalem after partaking of the Passover Lamb. He has spoken words of comfort and admonition by the way, and now they come to Gethsemane. As they enter He tells His disciples to remain at the entrance of the Garden while He goes on to pray. He beckons to Peter, James and John to follow with Him as He goes on still farther, for even the Son of God felt the need of human contact and understanding in His hour of conflict, for we hear Him say to these His closest friends, "My soul is exceedingly sorrowful, even unto death: tarry ye here and watch with me." He goes on a little farther and prays—"O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me, nevertheless not



THERE IS a majestic alteration of a human life
*when Jesus has His entire way,
 when He rules and reigns in all your life,
 when all is possessed by Him,
 when you have seen the King,
 when He doth reign and all is possessed by Him.*

—M. W. ROBINSON.



as I will, but as thou wilt." Then coming to His disciples and finding them sleeping, He says, "What, could ye not watch with me one hour? Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation."

As He went away again the second time and then the third, He prayed being in an agony of soul, "O my Father, if this cup may not pass away from me, except I drink it, thy will be done." We cannot believe God's Lamb, slain from the foundation of the world, was in any wise pleading with His Heavenly Father that the death of the Cross be removed from Him, but that the horrors of the cup be removed from Him which He then was suffering for the horrors of sin, and its wages—in their every despicable form—and the crushing weight of it was laid upon Him. He felt,

too, the utter loneliness in His hour of anguish, for the Father withdrew His presence from His children, might henceforth, well-beloved Son, that we, His *er* be alone — in the darkest night or in our loneliest hour, we may always have His comforting presence with us.

Should not our hearts bow low in humble adoration and praise to our lovely Jesus, "Who in the days of His flesh, when He had offered up prayers and supplications with strong crying and tears unto Him that was able to save Him from death, and was heard in that He feared: Though He were a Son, yet learned He obedience by the things which He suffered: And being made perfect, He became the author of eternal salvation unto all them that obey Him"? Hallelujah! What a Saviour!

Another Garden—the Most Beautiful Garden of All

Lovers of the Lord Jesus have found another garden—a holy trysting place where they, too, oft resort; perhaps it is after a busy day of mingling with the crowd—or in the midst of some conflict where the strife is long and the "going" is hard—but most of all, it is when their own hearts of love have *impelled* them to seek out their Lover Lord in the quiet beauty of this garden, "all inclosed"—He has drawn them and they have run after Him, for He is the Bridegroom of their souls—The Lily of the Valley and the Bright and Morning Star—and their hearts know there is none that can compare unto Him.

Will you, too, not hear the Voice of your Beloved as He speaks to you, "Rise up, my Love, my fair one, and come away. For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone: The flowers appear on the earth: the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land"? *Oh, arise* my love, my fair one, and come away! You too, shall be ravished with His beauty—for He is the fairest of ten thousand.

He speaks and the sound of His voice
 Is so sweet the birds hush their singing,
 And the melody
 That He gave to me
 Within my heart is ringing.
 And He walks with me, and He talks with me,
 And He tells me I am His own:
 And the joy we share, as we tarry there,
 None other has ever known.

Bread of Life

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A Prince Called Home

An Appreciation of G. F. Bender

“WITH LONG LIFE will I satisfy him, and shew him My salvation” was a promise of God fulfilled in the life of Gottfried F. Bender who on February 21, at the age of 83, entered the presence of his Master whom he had so faithfully served.

Born in Baden, Germany, August 25, 1877, he came with his parents to Toledo, Ohio, when he was three years old. It was in this city that he was born again, January 31, 1899, and here it was that eight years later he was gloriously filled with the Holy Spirit in September, 1907.

Soon after his baptism in the Holy Spirit Brother Bender felt the call of God to preach the gospel. To prepare himself for this ministry he was led to attend the Missionary Institute at Nyack, N. Y., in 1908. There he made it his first business to seek the Lord, taking four hours daily for this purpose. As a result of his prayer life and witnessing a number of his fellow students also received the baptism of the Holy Spirit.

One of his schoolmates, Allan A. Swift, pays this tribute to his old friend, “Dad Bender,” as many of the students called him because he was a good deal older than most of them (In fact, he was a widower with a young son.):

“It was my happy privilege to meet Brother Gottfried Bender in January, 1909, when I became a



Gottfried F. Bender

1877-1961

student in the Nyack Missionary Institute. Through the goodness of God I received my Pentecostal baptism in 1908 in Calgary, Alberta, Canada. Feeling called into this ministry, I was advised by friends to study in the Christian & Missionary Alliance School in Nyack.

“Imagine my delight when I met others of like faith with whom I could have fellowship in the Spirit. The most outstanding among them was Brother Bender. We became close friends from that day on. Every afternoon, after a period of recreation, I could always count on finding him in his room on his knees. To kneel beside him and worship God was one of the highlights to which I looked forward each day.

“Brother Bender’s life was one of deep and genuine consecration. Others of the students could say the same thing. W. I. Evans, a former principal of Central Bible Institute, was one of them. Frank

Boyd was another. Christian Lucas and others were in the same fellowship and greatly influenced for God by dear Brother Bender. Another dear brother to be likewise touched by this life was Gottfried Waldvogel. He was in our group. We became fast friends in the Lord and were led into a place of deeper devotion to God because of Brother Bender’s godly example.”

Not long after Mr. Bender entered Bible school, God opened doors of service for him throughout the metropolitan area of New York, especially in Newark, N. J., and in Tottenville, Staten Island. At the latter place he was closely associated with David H. McDowell who writes: “His prayer life had a telling effect on my own life and ministry, a living example of the truth that ‘No man liveth unto himself and no man dieth unto himself.’”

After three and a half happy years at Nyack Brother Bender graduated and was ordained to the ministry in 1911.

It was while in prayer one day in Nyack that Mr. Bender had a vision of South America. “The whole continent was a blank, and the only part that was filled in was Venezuela,” he later recalled. “I clearly saw the name VENEZUELA. On seeing it I at once knew the Lord was calling me to Venezuela.” For the land of his calling he set sail on February 25, 1914.

After two years he returned to America broken in health. It was at this dark period of

his life that the Lord spoke to him the promise: "*With long life will I satisfy him, and shew him my salvation.*" With that word came faith for the renewal of his strength and the restoration of his body. During the two years he was at home he ministered extensively throughout the United States from the east to the west coasts; for three months of this period he labored in Chicago.

Probably it was during this period that the following incident occurred: Mrs. O. E. Nash, a Pentecostal believer, persuaded her husband, a railroad dispatcher, to accompany her to a ministers' fellowship meeting. "Without telling his wife what he had in his mind," relates Allan Swift, "this man decided to single out one of the ministers and closely watch him throughout the day. If his actions met with his approval, he decided that he would accept the Lord as his Saviour, and would follow Him wheresoever He would lead. The minister he watched was Gottfried Bender. It resulted in his surrender to God." Mr. and Mrs. Nash subsequently entered the ministry as associates of the Wannenmachers in Milwaukee. Later they were called to the pastorate of the Christian Assembly of Cincinnati, Ohio, where they had a successful ministry for many years. In addition to this, Mr. Nash pioneered the Pentecostal work in the Kentucky mountains. Another illustration of the telling effect of Brother Bender's exemplary life.

In 1918 Mr. Bender married Christine Koppitke of Toledo. Together they went at once to Venezuela. In 1919 they went to Barquisimeto, the city to which they had been signally called of God and where it was their privilege to bring the gospel to those in the darkness of

Catholicism. Here and in the surrounding region they continued to labor till their retirement in 1947. The account of the supernatural working of God's Spirit with the Benders and of the great revival in which multitudes were converted and filled with the Spirit is well known and an outstanding chapter in the story of the extension of the Kingdom of God. The fruits of their ministry continue to this day and have extended to many other people and places.

Upon their return to the United States the Benders made their home with Pastor Hans Waldvogel in Woodhaven, N. Y., until 1951, ministering extensively in this area and also accepting calls for service in distant places. From 1951 to 1953 the Benders were in charge of Bethany Home for the aged in Bridgman, Michigan. After this service the Benders returned to their home town, Toledo, where Brother Bender taught the adult Bible class in the Calvary Assembly of God, remaining active till a few months before he went to be with the Lord.

After the earthy remains of Gottfried Bender had been committed to the ground to await the glorious resurrection morning, and the mourning friends and relatives had already begun to leave, his brother Will, now 86 years old, in a clear unfaltering voice began to sing:

*"I will meet you in the morning,
I will meet you in the morning,
Just inside the eastern gate over
There."*

Then he began it a second time with unabated vigor. Now others joined, and then others, until the whole group swelled the chorus. So impressive was the sight that the professional undertaker had tears in his eyes. Not so Will Bender, who was sorrowing as one who at the same time was rejoicing in

the confidence of the blessed hope.

In a special sense it was most fitting that Will Bender should conclude this funeral service, for it was he who was used of God to encourage his brother to get into the work of the Lord. From his early teens—even before he was saved—Gottfried Bender *knew* he had a call from the Lord to preach the gospel, but even after his conversion, he feared to accept this call. Instinctively his family also knew that he was so called of God and that he was avoiding it.

Consequently it is not too surprising to learn that after his second wife died, his brother Will of New Castle, Pennsylvania, came to visit him in Toledo and confronted him with the searching question: "*How much longer will you disobey God?*" Soon after this, Gottfried made the complete surrender of his life to God which resulted in rivers of blessing flowing from his life throughout both the North and South American continents.

Many will agree with D. H. McDowell when he says, "The notice of the journey's end in the life and ministry of our beloved Gottfried Bender came to us with a mingled sense of sorrow and of joy. Sorrow in the loss of a highly esteemed co-laborer; of joy, in knowing that through grace and a life of faithful devotion to the cause most dear to his heart—the regions beyond—a prince has been called home. He was a model Christian, a faithful minister of the Word of God, and a devoted missionary to South America. The fellowship here on earth is going to miss the ministry of our brother, his mature counsel and helpful advice that never failed to have a telling effect on all those to whom he ministered."

For the present Mrs. Bender will continue at their home, 537 Potter Street, Toledo 5, Ohio. Our sincere sympathy is extended to her and to Mr. Bender's son, Frederick, and family of Staten Island, N. Y.

"And Simon Peter Followed Jesus"

By W. ERNEST OLDFIELD

THERE is no story in the New Testament more dramatic or poignant than the account of Peter's fall. But it is not only interesting drama; it contains practical instruction for the Christian.

Much has been made over Peter's failure. He has been called a coward, a braggart, a liar! But Peter was no coward in the ordinary sense of the word. When he asserted, "If I should die with thee, I will not deny thee in any wise," he meant it with all the vehemence of his big, impulsive heart. He proved the genuineness of his affirmation when single-handed, and outnumbered, he awkwardly struck out with his sword in the garden of Gethsemane. He was ready to give his life then and there. If he had exercised as much skill as courage, Malchus' skull would have been cleft in twain.

But there was a deeper lesson for Peter to learn. God knows how to probe the innermost recesses of the heart and show us those basic weaknesses of which we are ignorant. Physical courage is one thing; loyalty to a lost cause and keeping one's mouth shut under provocation is quite another.

When Jesus was taken by Judas and the mob, He was led to the high priest's palace. He was followed by Peter and John. ("And Simon Peter followed Jesus, and so did another disciple." John 18:15.) John had no difficulty in getting into the palace since he was known, and he was soon able to procure admission for Peter also. It was

here in the courtyard of the high priest that the drama of Peter's threefold denial was enacted. "And the Lord turned and looked upon Peter. . . and Peter went out, and wept bitterly."

Here was a case of complete failure, utter defeat! This was the man who had boasted, "Although all shall be offended, yet will not I." Yet none of the others, except Judas, had so ignominiously fallen. No wonder, after the resurrection, it was necessary for the angel at the tomb to say to the women, "Tell his disciples *and Peter*."

No one can deny the fact that Peter failed. But here is a point which is often overlooked. If Peter had not followed Jesus, he would have escaped the temptation which brought about his downfall. The others did not deny their Lord; they didn't have to, for they were not near enough to Him to face the merciless questioning to which Peter was subjected. As soon as Jesus had been arrested, "they all forsook him and fled." Where to matters little. Each one found a hole somewhere into which he could crawl and hide. But it took a Peter to defy danger and march right into the enemy's camp. Curiosity the motive? Partly, perhaps! But who can deny that there was also a deep feeling of devotion which prompted him and a desire to go through to the bitter end?

Simon Peter was not the first or the last one to face temptation because he was a follower of God. Following Jesus is

never an easy road because it will always lead to the cross. There is an easier way, and many there be which go in thereat. It is the path of least resistance where there is no suffering or self denial. There is no failure to overcome, for there is no attempt to overcome. There is no frustration because there is nothing to be frustrated about. There is no sense of loss because there is no test.

This does not mean that a true child of God can avoid the cross and take the easy course. There is really only one choice for him. And one who has heard the call of His Saviour and determines to follow Him all the way will inevitably be led into the conflict. And in every battle there are wounds and casualties, and sometimes there is defeat.

Is it better, then, never to make the attempt? Why should we risk failure and loss? The answer is simple. No defeat, however disgraceful, will bring as great a loss as the act of the craven soul who flees from the battle before it has begun.

This is not to say that failure should be glorified or considered necessary. Far better to be true to Jesus in the dark hour, to go from victory unto victory. This is God's highest will. "These things write I unto you that ye *sin not*" (1 John 2:1). But John goes on to say, "If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous."

We need not remain in defeat. Peter went on from his failure to greater heights of attainment than ever before. He had to learn his weakness before he could be filled with the power of the Holy Ghost. But having learned this difficult lesson he was able to take his place as a servant and an apostle of Jesus Christ.



Alice Reynolds Flower

A Gracious Courtship

"I being in the way, the Lord led me."

GEN. 24:27.)

WHEN I REACHED HOME at the close of that wonderful Easter Sunday, I actually feared to retire for the night, lest the glorious reality of the Holy Spirit's possession of my life would be dimmed when I awoke in the morning. I did go to sleep; but upon first awakening there was still the surging of His love in my heart, and I knew the Comforter had come to abide. During the next four years I was to realize in countless ways the gracious activity of the abiding Comforter in every area that touched my life.

In no unfolding of God's divine purpose was this more evident than the development of my friendship with Roswell Flower. We were thrown together in public meetings, cottage meetings, factory and street meetings, until we almost took each other as a matter of course, so intent were we with fulfilling the service God had laid upon our hearts. Perhaps we did not realize how much our dependence upon each other for the task God had assigned us was actually becoming a close-knit heart attraction.

There was a restful understanding in co-ordinating our individual contribution to whatever ministry God had laid before us. It was an almost unconscious courtship, to begin with, as we became increasingly dependent upon each other.

Grace for Grace

The Autobiography

of Alice Reynolds Flower

Part IV

One thing sure, we were both definitely seeking first the Kingdom of God and its righteousness, and God Himself seemed to be doing the romantic planning for our future.

I often tell young people, no part of their life gives God more concern than His gracious guidance in choosing the future husband or wife. What tragedies have come because some young people had refused to believe this, and hastily chose "from the sight of the eyes or hearing of the ear," independent of a sincere committal to God.

There were occasions when our ministry lay in separate directions. At times, Mr. Flower was busy for God in pioneer ministry, working with Fred Vogler, Harry Bowley and Bennett F. Lawrence. From one meeting in an Indiana country church came Orville Benham, later to be used of God in various ministries. There was service in West Virginia, in Nebraska and Kansas City, Missouri, where he and Fred Vogler were associated for a time with A. S. Copley, a former minister of the Christian and Missionary Alliance.

The letters that passed between us during these absences were filled with expressions of our desire for God's working and praise for any accomplishment we had seen. And God did work graciously. Let me add, however, that like a delicate ribbon of blue, woven through a fabric, was the gradual expressing of our love for each other. We continued to keep our lives on the altar for, above all things, we wanted the will of God.

Not until Roswell Flower had received the baptism of the Holy Spirit did he ask me to marry him. My own conviction was that, so far as I was concerned, the perfect home could only be established in the complete unity and fullness of God's Pentecostal blessing. Already, I had seen homes divided because of failure here. For a year and three months we were engaged, each continuing his service for the Lord. Whenever possible there would be times of fellowship together and always gracious seasons of prayer as we sought God's plan for future days.

My final "yes" came in Greensburg, Indiana, where I had joined Roswell Flower for a week-end special meetings. We sat at the breakfast table in a small café shortly before I was to take the electric interurban to return to Indianapolis for my classes in Butler College the following day. That meal was scarcely touched, for we bowed our heads in prayer right at the table, with the consciousness of His hand upon us, to ask for His further guidance. It was February 22, Washington's birthday, 1910.

For us, it was the fulfilment of God's Word, "In all thy ways acknowledge Him and He shall direct thy paths." We had grown to know each other well during the years of association, and this can be very important. Just recently, a letter has come to us from a minister's wife. Both she and her husband are acutely aware of being mismatched. They are sincere Christians; but the marriage was entered into hastily with very few actual contacts by which to know each other in all the shadings of personality, preferences and former environment. God's grace can intervene, but how much better to move gradually in such vital matters, and in every other phase of living as well. An old saint often advised me, "Always go slow enough for God to stop you."

The June Wedding

And what of our wedding day—the very first day of June, 1911. Such an ideal June day with all the enchanting beauty, depicted by the poet. . .

*"And what is so rare as a day in June!
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then heaven tries earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays."*

Added to the outward perfection of that day was the sweet consciousness that we were moving in the will of God, and His approving smile was upon our marriage.

There was room in my parents' home for a number of guests, and the abundance of flowers brought by a cousin made the place a bower of loveliness. My sister, Zella Reynolds, and Harry

Bowley were our attendants, and the elderly Quaker minister, Joseph Mills, who had buried my Quaker grandmother, performed the ceremony.

During the service the dear aunt who had played the wedding march continued with the soft strains of a favorite hymn:

*"Be not dismayed what-e'er betide,
God will take care of you;
Beneath His wings of love abide,
God will take care of you."*

*"All you may need He will provide,
God will take care of you;
Nothing you ask will be denied,
God will take care of you."*

This was to be prophetic, and through the years has frequently been quickened to our hearts in the varied times of testing through which we have passed.

An amusing little story in this connection—when Roswell Flower applied for his license to marry, in answer to the question, "What is your visible means of support?" he wrote, "Philippians 4:19." This seemed to confuse the clerk who asked, "What is this Philippino?" to which he received the reply, "That is Scripture, taken from the Bible." Evidently that was news, for the afternoon paper came out with an article, which was picked up by the Associated Press and published in newspapers all over the country: "His Faith is Strong—young evangelist is not afraid to take unto himself a wife. In answer to the question 'What is your visible means of support,' he wrote on his application for a marriage license 'Philippians 4:19'. This is a reference to the Bible, 'My God shall supply all your needs according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus.'"

Every wedding should be the actual expression of the two participants' convictions. Some weddings are completely out of proportion to the calling, the consecration and the circumstances of the bride and her family. Is it because of an attempt to vie with couples in their weddings, or is it because of today's increasingly evident desire to stress material values over spiritual ones? Christian weddings are not made sacred or binding by mere outward show; but by the manifest presence of God. Extravagant spending does not insure future happiness; and weddings can be made beautiful and joyous, yet simple and holy—the testimony to consistent living which carries into the future. So happily have we seen young folk "joined in the bonds of holy wedlock" in a manner of beautiful, appropriate ceremonies since our own blessed hour of marriage. God's holiness in our hearts will affect every expression of our



Mr. and Mrs. J. Roswell Flower on Their Wedding Day

living and thus make our walk a rounded testimony of His abiding grace.

Appreciating the blessing of our "togetherness" with God moved me to write the following verses for our Homemakers class in the Sunday School:

*Together you stood by an altar fair,
Each vow repeated in truth,
Uniting your hearts for eternal years
In that precious bond of love's youth.
That foundation laid in the sight of God
Was promising, straight, and strong;
But have you been building your house
since then
To stand as the years roll along?*

*Together in prayer do you humbly kneel
Raising to God each voice,
Together before His searching eye
Making each move and each choice?
Loving, forgiving—and sharing each day,
The joys and the sorrows that come,
For together you must this building do,
If complete you would make your home.*

Making the Right Start

Our short wedding trip was made in a hired automobile (they were still a luxury in those days), driving to Plainfield, Indiana, where we spent a couple of weeks in a summer cottage belonging to my father. Later we were to have a longer residence in that same cottage. From our infancy both of us had known the security and blessing of the family altar. It had become an essential part of our existence, but now we had left the enfolding warmth of our individual families to start a new home. It had been a wonderful evening with much to live over and talk about when we were alone. The crowning moment came when the new husband opened his Bible for our first family altar alone, at the close of that won-

derful wedding day. Then was laid the foundation stone for the union that will reach its golden anniversary within a month or two.

Shortly after this, a new tent was placed at our disposal, and we pitched it in Northern Indiana, virgin soil as far as the Full Gospel message was concerned. We were completely on our own as the meetings were begun in Bourbon. From time to time, other workers came to help us, and in miraculous ways God met our needs. From that base, we touched outlying sections—Tyner, Tippecanoe, Plymouth, etc.

To show God's faithfulness, while praying together one day, Mr. Flower said to me, "We are entirely out of money—we had better pray for God to meet the need." Before I realized it, the answer came, "God knows our need already and it will be met." Just before the evening service, he came from the post office and threw a letter in my lap. On opening it, a five dollar bill dropped out. It was a letter from Mother Flower, with this explanation, "I dreamed that you walked into my room and threw your purse in my lap, and it was empty when opened. I said to Father, 'The children are out of money!'" and so God had taken care of the need before we asked, as we were to prove Him faithful to do in countless ways thereafter. That was a wonderful honeymoon summer, and there were striking cases of God's working in hungry hearts throughout that region.

Our first year brought considerable traveling about, but wherever we were we maintained our personal family altar. It held us close and united in our purposes for God. Later, we will see the blessing it brought as our family circle grew.

For us who had known seasons of vital communion with God, the important family altar could not become a substitute for our private devotions. There could easily be a letting down in the joy of a new relationship; but there is no substitute for each individual's "tryst with God," and its neglect will sooner or later bring spiritual declension.

(To be continued.)

THE ALTAR SERVICE

(Continued from page 2.)

ices look back on our spiritual forefathers who spent all night calling on God and say we are more mature? Has our increased sophistication and organization caused us to depreciate some of the things which have been our very life? Has, perchance, "the sweet hour of prayer" gone sour? Do those of us who fervently sought God at one time for a particular victory—perhaps our Spirit-baptism—need Jesus any less now that we have "grown up"?

Masons Carry on in South Africa



CHARLES MASON, who is now over eighty-three years old, is still actively serving the Master in the North Transvaal, South Africa. For almost two years now he has been acting as the superintendent of the work in that area in the absence of John Richards who has been on furlough in this country.

"As we look back over the past year, we wonder how we have stood up under the many activities, but it was the Lord who led us through," writes Mr. Mason. "We are very thankful for the many prayers of our friends and know that these have held us up. Conferences to supervise, the detail supervision of building, visiting the little churches, serving communion wherever we went, praying for the sick, raising finances for building, etc., and the greatest of all, preaching the gospel wherever we went.

"When we go out to the little churches, we usually take with us a group of our Sunday school singers. They are a great help in the meetings, and, of course, they sing all the way to and from the meeting. Many are saved and many healed. Sometimes we go to the hospital and sing and minister to the native patients.

"We have spread ourselves out to cover the district. There are about 3,000 members scattered over an area two hundred miles long by one hundred miles wide. There are 46 churches and meeting places. We do not get to all of them, but only to the main ones. The evangelists visit the others by bicycle."

With all this activity it is little wonder that the natives call Mr. Mason swift as a deer!

GATHERED FRAGMENTS



The *Fredericksburg Pentecostal Church*, Fredericksburg, Virginia, celebrated its *thirtieth anniversary* by special services, March 5 to 15, with Pastor Hans Waldvogel as the main speaker. Other participating ministers in these meetings were Anna M. Schuette, one of the founders of the work; Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Bowers and Mr. Arthur Waldvogel, three of its former ministers; and Mr. and Mrs. G. P. Gardiner. The dedication of the new "home" of the congregation at the evening service, March 10, was an outstanding feature of this celebration. Announcement was also made that negotiations have been begun for the purchase of the adjoining parsonage into which Pastor and Mrs. Charles N. Andrews and family expect to move within the next few weeks. This choice property, formerly owned by the Trinity Episcopal Church, is

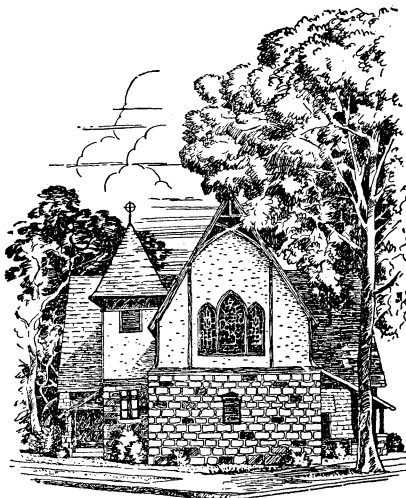
ideally located in a fine residential area of Fredericksburg and provides ample opportunity for growth in this part of the Lord's vineyard.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Robert D. Kalis were ordained as ministers of the gospel at *Emmanuel Pentecostal Church*, Elizabeth, N. J., on March 15. Before their marriage in 1955, Robert Kalis spent some time in training for the ministry under Pastor Hans R. Waldvogel in the Faith Home, Woodhaven, N. Y., and for two seasons assisted in the European Evangelistic Mission. Later he returned to Elizabeth to assist his parents, Mr. and Rudolph Kalis, pastors of Emmanuel, and has been active in the work there ever since. The ordinations of Ruth and Robert Kalis were performed in conjunction with the twenty-fifth anniversary service of the opening of Emmanuel Pentecostal Church by the senior Kalises.

* * *

God willing, on April 3 Pastor Hans Waldvogel leaves New York on a trip which will take him around the world. After a brief stay in Hawaii, he will fly to Tokyo, Japan, April 14. From there he will proceed to Taipei, Formosa, where he will hold meetings for our missionaries, Elisabeth Lindau and Pearl Young, for three weeks, April 17 to May 7. After this campaign he will spend three days in Hong Kong. Calcutta, Beirut, and Jerusalem are the next stops on his itinerary. Pastor Waldvogel expects to arrive in Frankfurt, Germany, May 16, in



Fredericksburg Pentecostal Church
Prince Edward & Hanover Streets
Fredericksburg, Virginia

time for services in Kirchheim beginning Pentecost Sunday, May 21. Plans are currently being made that these meetings will be held in the tent.

* * *

The annual *Pilgrim Camp Rally* will be held at the Ridge-wood Pentecostal Church, *Saturday, April 15 at 7 p.m.* At that time awards for last year will be given out. Folders with applications for registration for the coming season will be distributed. Music by various campers and camp groups will be a special feature of this rally. The sixteenth season at Pilgrim Camp, Brant Lake, N. Y., will open for adults on Saturday, July 1, 1961, and for Junior Boys (9-15) and Cherubs (boys and girls 6-8) on Thursday, July 6. Periods for Junior Girls (9-15) commence August 3. For full information address: *Pilgrim Camp, 8420 - 85th Drive, Woodhaven 21, N.Y.*

* * *

Two anniversaries in April are being noted by Christians the world over—both of them the deaths of men who have profoundly influenced the lives of untold multitudes. The first is that of *Robert Raikes*, usually referred to as *the father of the Sunday school*, which has come to be the main source of religious education for youth. A benevolent printer in Gloucester, England, Raikes was impressed with great need of the poor children of the city for religious instruction. Therefore in 1780 he began to gather them together each Sunday, though he did not date the founding of his Sunday school until November 3, 1783.

"Before his death on April 5, 1811, Raikes had the satisfaction of knowing that some four hundred thousand children were enrolled in regularly established Sunday Schools."

* * *

The other anniversary is that of the death of *William Law*,

April 9, 1761. Probably he is best-known for his spiritual classic, *A Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life*. The tone and theme of the book are well set forth in its first two paragraphs:

"Devotion is neither *private* nor *public* prayer, but prayers whether private or public are particular parts or instances of devotion. Devotion signifies a life given, or *devoted* to God."

"He, therefore, is the devout man, who lives no longer to his own *will*, or the *way* and *spirit* of the world, but to the sole will of God; who considers God in everything, who serves God in everything, who makes all the parts of his *common* life parts of piety, by doing everything in the Name of God, and under such rules as are conformable to his glory."

William Law deeply influenced Alexander Whyte and Andrew Murray, both of whom republished many of Law's writings and thereby called the attention of Christians to their importance.

At Easter-tide

He came to me at Easter-tide,
And heaven's gates then opened wide,
Till all my soul in glory bathed
Up to His shining courts was raised;
To me a hungry, wayward child—
He came and gently on me smiled;
My risen Lord appeared indeed,
'Twas in my hour of sorest need;
He lifted up unto His breast,
He folded close, gave sweetest rest.

He came to me at Easter-tide;
My heart to Him I opened wide;
He filled me with the Holy Ghost.
He came to dwell—this heavenly Guest—
My soul, ah then, was satisfied
While lost in Him, all else beside
Had vanished, He alone was seen,
My King, my Ishi,—naught between;
He plunged me in a sea of love,
Then raised to walk with Him above.

He came to me at Easter-tide,
To blessedly each day abide;
My precious Holy Comforter,
Enriching, quick'ning hour by hour;
The breathing of that Pentecost,
The filling of the Holy Ghost
Causeth my heart just now to burn,
With holy love and zeal to yearn
O'er other souls in fear and gloom
To whom the Lord would quickly come.

—ALICE REYNOLDS FLOWER.