

Bread of Life

MARCH 1961



STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONCERNING CONSECRATION

“**L**ORD, if I can ever do anything to help You, just let me know and I’ll do it.” So said a world-renowned missionary when she had consecrated her life to her Saviour. She was only about nine years of age at the time, but the Lord heard her vow and later on showed her that he had a special job for her to do. And, showing that she meant her promise, she gave up her own plans, her wedding plans, in fact, because she couldn’t fail God. Her life just wasn’t her own anymore.

There is a strange notion prevalent today that consecration, or complete dedication to Jesus, is something for ministers, or missionaries who have gone or are on their way to faraway heathen lands. Paul says in Romans 12, “I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye *present your bodies a living sacrifice*, holy, acceptable unto God, *which is your reasonable service*.” In other words, it’s the *least* you can do! Consecration is not meant to be the ultimate goal of our Christian walk, but Jesus wants my *entire being* today, this moment!

This matter of consecration is taken so lightly. We sing, “Take my life and let it be consecrated, Lord, to Thee,” but it isn’t coming from the heart. There are usually reservations, some other plans in the way. First, it will be college or marriage or some other goal. After that, Jesus can have our lives, but first it’s *our* way.

How many lives have been wrecked, ruined by this philosophy. How many losses have been suffered by the Kingdom of God. Jesus in His mercy picks up the pieces, restores the years that the locust hath eaten, but what if He had had His way in the beginning?

If we could only grasp the full import of the words in Isaiah 55, “For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways . . .” These minds of ours can’t begin to comprehend the glorious blueprint God has for our lives. Jesus’ way is so much better, if we’d only let Him lead us.

So what if your job doesn’t pay as well as another you could get. If Jesus wants you to stay there, that is all that matters. Maybe there are

some lessons Jesus would have you learn, maybe He wants you to be a light to someone who is in darkness. Also, in the book of Luke we read that Jesus admonished the soldiers to “be content with your wages”—and surely that holds for soldiers of the cross, too! However, what, what in all the world is more important than being what Jesus wants me to be, wherever that may be?

Perhaps you feel that there is “no future” in your job. Jesus will lead you on—if you will let *Him* lead. Maybe He would have you learn patience first. Many times there’s a pleasant surprise just ahead, but so often, too often, we “jump the gun” and make a move of our own. We take our lives out of Jesus’ hands and make our own choice. It has been proven over and over again that God gives His best to those who leave the choice with Him.

This matter of consecration goes still further: “Take my feet and let them be swift and beautiful for thee.” Your feet may not be beautiful by the world’s standards, but do they belong to Jesus? Are they ready to run errands for Him—to visit the sick, to go and witness for Jesus’ sake? The one- and two-car garage has probably been the “worst deal” for Christians. Our cars have made us “softies.” If the weather is the least bit stormy and we can’t use the car, the feet take it easy just when Jesus needs them!

Then there are our voices, our tongues. The voices that can hardly be heard in church are usually involved in gossip, backbiting and angry words. Only eternity will tell the great damage wrought by the tongue—that little member that can defile the whole body. How different is the consecrated tongue that is always rejoicing, always saying kind things, always talking about the love of God!

Here’s a sore spot in many consecrations—“Take my silver and my gold, not a mite would I withhold.” Jesus said that it would be easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven. Why, because silver and gold can become the center of the heart where He should be reigning. Jesus wants our wealth, little or much, to be at His disposal.

Last, but not least, Jesus wants the heart. Not only one that has been cleansed from sin, but one that has been given to Him with all its affections and feelings. If Jesus doesn’t have first place, someone else will. And the loss will be eternal.

It would be well for us in this third month of 1961 to see where we really stand. Have we really presented ourselves “a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God”? If not, it’s time we stopped pretending. Jesus wants us—emptied of *our* thoughts, plans and ideas so that He may fill us with *Himself* and lead us in *His* glorious way.

Grace for Grace

The Autobiography
of Alice Reynolds Flower

Part III



Alice Reynolds Flower

ONE SUNDAY, following the afternoon service in the Gospel Tabernacle, there was an after-meeting for testimony, praise and prayer. A former resident of Indianapolis, now residing in California, was in the service. He stood up to testify, his face radiant with the glory of God. He told us that God was pouring out His Spirit in Los Angeles, and he had just come from the Azusa Street meeting where God was baptizing believers with the Holy Ghost and fire, and they were speaking in tongues as on the day of Pentecost. He added the information that he had received this blessing himself and returned to the old home town to bear witness of God's working in his life. He spoke humbly, declaring there were some wrongs he desired to make right. This had an electrifying effect upon all who heard him as they listened to his words and saw the glory on his face. To a young woman, sitting beside me, I said, "I want whatever blessing that man has."

That was in January, 1907. Arrangements were then made for tarrying meetings, first in a home, and then in larger quarters which were secured. It is remarkable that some two years before this God had given the 2nd chapter of Joel to Mother, and this portion was marked in her Bible. While some of the good Alliance people feared and hesitated, Mother immediately joined with those who were opening their hearts for the Pentecostal outpouring, even though it resulted in a withdrawal from the church which she and Father had helped to establish. Mother and one of my sisters faithfully attended these meetings.

My Day of Pentecost

"Draw me, we will run after thee; the King hath brought me into His chambers; we will be glad and rejoice in thee, we will remember thy love."—CANT. 1:4.

Because of school activities I was hindered

from attending until the last day of March, which happened to be Easter Sunday. And what an Easter Sunday it became to me. Despite other plans, God definitely spoke to my heart that afternoon, inclining me to go with Mother to the Pentecostal services.

That Easter Sunday was to be the Day of Pentecost fully come in my life.

The warmth of God's presence in that service deeply moved me, until there was a complete melting of the reserve that had held me back from a full surrender to God. I had thought to return home after the afternoon service but decided to stay on with Mother and my sister. As was the frequent custom, they had taken their lunch and were planning to stay. Wisely, they had brought no pressure on me to remain with them, although Mother was deeply concerned for a spiritual quickening in my life.

The lift of glory in the evening service brought me very close to God. Never were the words of a hymn sweeter to me than "When Love Shines In." And how they sang it!

*"We may have unfading splendor
When love shines in,
And a friendship true and tender
When love shines in.
'Tis the glory that will throw
Light to show us where to go;
Oh, the heart shall blessing know
When love shines in."*

For me, this was exactly what God wanted to do—shed abroad His love in my heart by the power of the Holy Ghost. He had drawn me Himself to that Upper Room Mission on Easter Sunday that He might reveal Himself and thus satisfy my outreaching heart with a taste of resurrection fullness.

The Rev. Thomas Hezmalhalch and party from Los Angeles were in charge of the meeting, and

the radiance of "Brother Tom's" face, as well as his encouraging words, was sufficient to inspire anyone, young or old, to open his heart to the moving of the Holy Ghost. A former Wesleyan Methodist minister of Leeds, England, who (according to his story, had gone to California to find a climate, but actually had found the God of a climate) had but recently received his Pentecostal baptism at the Azusa Street Mission, and he and the three workers with him well recommended the vital testimony of the Latter Rain.

With a number of others I found myself kneeling at the altar when he gave the invitation for those who were hungry to tarry for God's fullness of blessing. But I did not tarry long. God had well prepared my heart, and looking up into His face, with no one near by, I dealt definitely with Him along the line of simple faith which I now believe had been imparted to me by my mother. The verse I had often used in praying for various needs came before me:

"What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them."—MARK 11:24.

"Lord, please give me this baptism of the Holy Spirit. I believe you to do it just now and I thank you for it, in Jesus' name." This was my simple prayer of faith as I lifted my hands and boldly declared, "I thank you, Lord, for the baptism of the Holy Spirit." I had only seen one person receive the baptism; I did not know that many fell under the power of God, nor that each individual spoke in tongues. All I seemed to sense was a deep craving for the overflowing of His love in my heart. At that moment it seemed I wanted Jesus more than anything in all the world, and if this baptism of the Holy Spirit was to open the door to a fuller revelation of Him, then nothing was to hinder me from having it.

Spontaneously I rose to my feet, lifting my hands with a glad note of praise, "Thank God for the baptism of the Holy Spirit; praise, O praise the Lord!" and the further words, spoken involuntarily, "I am ready for the coming of Jesus" answered the oft-felt fear of missing the rapture, as we commonly termed the secret coming of Christ for His bride. This conviction can only be true, however, as the individual continues to walk in the fullness of submission and obedience to the will of God. "As ye have received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in Him," well applies here.

As this praise came from my lips, for the first

time in my life I felt the physical manifestation of God's power all through my being, and I sank to the floor. God's day of Pentecost had come to a hungry teen-ager. My mother, kneeling at a distance, became concerned, fearing I might not be ready for such a great blessing, but "Brother Tom" assured her that God knew His business. I needed no help, and no one could have hindered me, for wave after wave of glory swept over me until there seemed to be a shining path reaching from my opened heart right into the presence of God.

In a few moments my jaws began to tremble, and the praise that was literally flooding my soul came forth in languages I had never known. Unbeknown to me, a questioning, converted Hebrew knelt nearby to watch the proceedings. From my lips came a message in Hebrew, straight to his heart, which caused him to seek the fullness of the Spirit for himself. Later, he became a missionary to South Africa. I had not studied German in school, so a further witness came to some as God allowed me to sing the song of my childhood blessing, "At the cross, at the cross" in high German.

There was to come separation, criticism and persecution, all of which was easy to meet with the positive reality of the abiding Comforter, and by God's grace, we lived to see some of those who scorned, tasting for themselves the sweetness of the same experience. Here I am recording an act, but the blessedness of that night did not end with an act. It was simply an introduction to a state, to a Spirit-filled life. This is what the baptism of the Holy Spirit should be—the opening of the door to vital and continuous communion with God for effectual worship, prayer and service for Him.

Discoveries of Grace

To me this introduction brought an ever-expanding realm of delightful discovery. There was a surging impulse to witness in unusual places as well as in regular meetings. "Brother Tom" encouraged us personally to respond quickly to the impulse of the Holy Spirit as we sat in the services. Without strain or prearrangement there was a remarkable variety in their conduct as we were taught to actually court the presence of God, and to feel a certain responsibility for the continued operation of the Holy Spirit. In the years that followed, this same conviction has continued; for, like a great organ where every key is available to the artist's touch, so in truly

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Alice Reynolds in 1908

Shortly after she received her baptism.

Pentecostal meetings God would have His Spirit-filled ones responsive to His plan for their part in the service, however humble.

One week later, the Spirit of God touched six of us, scattered over the congregation, and we arose to our feet to sing in wonderful harmony of the heavenly choir. Even now the thrill of that experience lingers. There was no effort. From deep within me the melody rolled forth in exhilarating joy and worship. Thank God, this has been repeated many times since. How actually this is the fulfillment of Paul's words:

"Be filled with the Spirit; speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord."

It would be hard to elaborate on all of the rich discoveries that were made day by day, as we continued to walk in the comfort and fellowship of the Holy Ghost. There was deep concern that others might taste of this blessed fullness, and there were hours of intercession for needy souls; for the full work of the Holy Spirit is to give us a completely rounded life in God—victory in our personal lives and a consuming desire for blessing in other lives. Out of our innermost being had begun to flow the promised rivers of living water.

There were school days after this both in high school and college, and God enabled us to leave our testimony there. When I was asked by friends or critics just what the baptism of the Holy Ghost meant to me, my one answer was the constant glorious reality of Jesus. When Jesus is real through the power of the Holy Ghost, every reach of our living takes its proper place, and we are

enabled to know a rich life of fellowship with God. We are thus made *available to Him* and *expendable for Him* as He may purpose to use us.

Every night except Saturday there were meetings in the church. Saturday night the young people held open-air services on the courthouse steps. There were cottage prayer meetings in various parts of town, until the Pentecostal message was well spread abroad over Indianapolis. In unexpected places, God confirmed His Word with signs following. Although continuing my school activities, I was able to take part in most of these nightly services. Whenever possible I had the joy of leaving the city for special meetings in different localities, sometimes alone and at other times in company with others. Soon after this experience, "Brother Tom" asked me to take charge of the young people, and almost continuously since then we have had the privilege of some responsibility or ministry with youth in varied relationships. This has seemed in part to be God's avenue of service for me.

God's Grace in the Flower Household

At the time I was under the power of God, a husband and wife were kneeling by me, one at my head and one at my feet. This couple was Mr. and Mrs. George L. Flower, the father and mother of Joseph Roswell Flower, who was later to become my husband. At that time he was studying law in Indianapolis and was not living for God. Going home from that Easter night service, his parents spoke to one another of how they wished their son might have a wife like the girl they had seen under the power of God. Our acquaintance began a week later, when their son attended his first Pentecostal meeting. The following week, he surrendered to God. It was some time after this that God spoke to him, and he gave up the study of law with the intention of entering full-time gospel work. Roswell Flower did not receive the Pentecostal baptism immediately, but God dealt with him very closely on the line of consecration and surrender to His will.

The Flowers had an interesting background, having come from Canada in 1902 to enjoy the anticipated spiritual life of Zion City, Illinois. Already they had had rich fellowship with a consecrated group in Toronto, and had seen some wonderful miracles. Among these was the healing of John Easton, a man who had suffered a broken back and who had been encased in a plaster paris cast for six and a half years.

Father Flower was present on that thrilling occasion when the plaster paris cast was sawn asunder, and in response to the command of faith, in the name of the Lord Jesus, John Easton sat up and then lowered himself to the floor, perfectly healed. Unfortunately, that was the one

(Continued on page 9.)



John Easton and Family Before His Healing

IN THE CURRENT installment of "Grace for Grace" in this issue of BREAD OF LIFE Alice Reynolds Flower relates briefly the miraculous healing of John Easton of Toronto, Canada, which her father-in-law witnessed. This story was especially interesting to me, for one of the thrilling memories of my youth was the narration of this same healing by another eyewitness, a friend of the family, "old Mrs. Dunlop." So vividly did she describe the event that I almost felt that I was personally present. Most moving was her simple, quiet account of the actual moment when little Miss Amy Burgess laid her hands on Mr. Easton, who for over six years had been in a plaster cast with a broken back, and said: "In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, by the power of the Holy Ghost, and according to the will of God our heavenly Father, I command thee to rise and walk." And the man rose and walked.

Though most of the company that were present that night 59 year ago have "fallen asleep," there are two or three who are alive and "remain unto this present." Some of our readers will be particularly interested to know that one of the two brethren who sawed off the cast was William H. Marlatt who with his wife were close friends of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Robinson. Excerpts from Mrs. Robinson's writings appear each month in BREAD OF LIFE."

John Easton was 41 years old when he was healed and lived for another 41 years, well and strong. During the greater part of that period he owned and operated a farm in Ontario, doing the heavy work incident to such a life. Believing this well-attested miracle will encourage and bless our readers, we are publishing an abridged account of John Easton's own testimony, together with the pictures, which originally appeared in the LEAVES OF HEALING, August 2, 1902, edited by John Alex. Dowie, Zion, Illinois.—EDITOR.

Easton's

On July 18, 1895, I was riding on an open street-car in the city of Brantford, Canada. The car was running at the rate of eight or ten miles an hour over the Grand Trunk crossing, when it jumped off the track and struck a post.

The sudden stop threw me off the car across the street, against a post. The blow made me unconscious. When I recovered consciousness, I tried to stand up, but fell down again.

Later on, the doctors held several consultations and decided to put me into a plaster of Paris cast.

They took long strips of cotton and rubbed plaster of Paris into them. Then they swung me up by the neck and arms, dipped these strips in water and wrapped them around and around my body. Then they waited for the cast to set. It takes from sixty to ninety minutes to prepare and harden the cast.

I have had seven of those jackets put on me. I cannot describe what I suffered in getting these put on. Only those who have had them put on know.

I never sat up for half an hour from the day I was hurt until the day I arose in the Name of Jesus. I did not lie all that time without trying to sit up, for each jacket I had put on, the doctor would try me. We would also try ourselves, in different ways, as we were always anxious to see if there was any improvement. But I would always be worse.

Our family physician told my wife that if I was not taken out of doors, I would not live long. She had me first carried out doors in my little bed. Then I had a little car and track made so that I could draw myself out and in on it. Then I had a democrat wagon fixed up,

Miraculous Healing

from which I used to sell peanuts, pencils, shoelaces, etc.

My wife and three children and I lived in this wagon for over a year at one time. I never was out of it once in that time. We lived in it in the summer out doors, and backed it into a stable in the winter.

It was in this condition that one of Zion's faithful Seventies found us selling on Toronto market one day. He gave us LEAVES OF HEALING and said that God could heal. Then he followed us for about two years, holding meetings in our stable in the winter and getting us to go to the little church in the summer.

At last we threw away our medicine, which was hard to do after being trained and steeped in it all of our lives. When we honored God in doing this, He helped us.

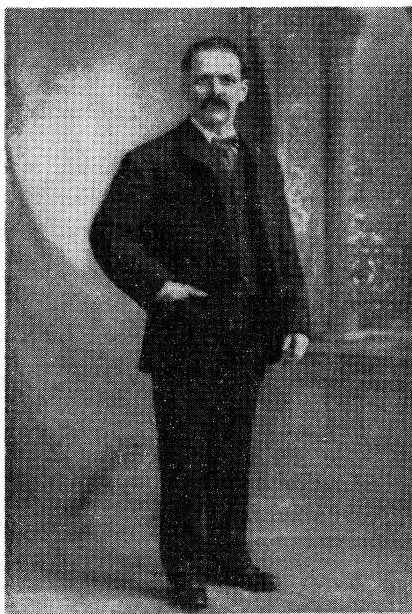
I had become so bad in my bowels that I would have to take a tea-cupful of salts or a box of pills at once before they would be of any service to me. Since I decided to trust God, I have never had any need for the abominable stuff, thanks be to His Name!

I would pass great quantities of blood and would cough and spit up blood. In fact, I was a mass of corruption.

It was one of these cottage meetings, on the 17th of January, 1902, in the little brick stable, which resulted in showing me that although I belonged to the Presbyterian church, I was trying to work out my own salvation, as the minister told me, with fear and trembling. The leader of the meeting told me that I was lying up in that wagon to please the Devil, as he was the author of sickness and suffering. I felt angry at him.

At 2 o'clock in the morning I saw that I was taking the Devil's part, and I just turned over and asked Jesus to forgive me, and take me as I was and make me what I ought to be in spirit, soul and body. His Spirit immediately came into my heart and I turned to my dear wife, who was sound asleep. I said, "Electa, praise God, I am born again. I accept God as my Healer, Cleanser and Keeper, for spirit, soul and body." Oh, what a joyful night that was to us all! We awoke all the children and sang hymns, thanking God in prayer the rest of the night.

I decided to read the Bible through. When I came to the 32d chapter of Genesis, where Jacob was wrestling with God, it seemed as though that was just the letter for me, for I told my wife that I



John Easton After His Healing

was to rise up and try to walk that day; for I felt it in my spirit.

Zion in Toronto had a meeting that night. When the minister had read, sung and prayed, he was just about to preach, when I said they had better preach my sermon first, which was to saw my jacket off.

As soon as I had said that, the Devil said to me, "As sure as you set your foot to the floor you will drop dead." I just turned to God and said, "Dear Father, if I die it will be for Your Glory," and the Devil left me. Two brethren kept on sawing and at last the jacket was off.

When the dear Deaconess Burgess prayed and laid her hands on my back and commanded me in the Name of Jesus to arise and walk, immediately I felt a strange feeling go right through my whole body. Then I drew myself by my hands as far as I could. They swung my legs round on the stand on my wagon, and I sat up. Then I stepped down on a chair and then to the floor. I got down on my knees and thanked God for what He had done.

When I thanked God, I got upon my feet and walked up and down the floor from 10 o'clock that night until 3 the next morning. I also lifted my dear little daughter Cora, who was then over seven years old and had never seen me walk or sit up in her life. My children all cried out, "Papa, are you strong enough to lift me? and me? and me?"

Then I turned to my dear wife, who was still as pale as ashes, and said to her, "Now, dear, I can lift you, for God's glory." I lifted her right up.

Then I lifted Brother Close, who told me that he weighed 180 pounds. I think I never did anything in my life so easy before. Praise God, He does renew our strength like the eagle's.

I went to bed at 3 o'clock, and lay there a half-hour; then I got up and dressed again and walked up and down the floor. In the morning, I went down to the barn with my wife and fed my horse. I walked up and down stairs as easy as ever I did. I stood on my feet telling people what God had done for me, as there were hundreds who had known me and wanted to see if I was really healed and on my feet.

Many, knowing the sad condition I lay in, said that it was nothing but the Power of God that raised me up so strong. Still there are some who say that I might have gotten better any way. The wonderful way that God gave me my strength, all at once, after never sitting up even for one-half hour in six years and six months, was a thing the most skeptical could not solve except to attribute it to God's Power. My own family physician, when he saw me stand upright on my feet and walk, said to my wife and me that I was a changed man and that he did not see why the Power of God was not the same as of old.

Some people told me that when I went to work I would soon collapse; but it is over four months now since I was healed and I have been working hard most of the time. I can thank God for His keeping power given to me; also for health and strength, better than I ever had in my life.

TESTIMONY OF THE TORONTO PRESS TO HEALING OF JOHN EASTON.

Extract from Toronto Evening Telegram, Saturday, February 15, 1902.

BELIEVE IT IS A MIRACLE.

JOHN EASTON CURED.

Man Who Had Lain in a Plaster Jacket for Six Years with a Broken Back, Now Able to Walk—Divine Healing.

"Has a miracle been performed in our midst?" This is a question that many people are asking themselves today and which a large number are answering in the affirmative. Nearly every man, woman and child in Toronto has seen at one time or another, and most of us many times, John Easton, the man who has lain in a plaster cast for six years and sold peanuts, with the help of his wife and family of three children, from his wagon on various street corners and during the baseball season at the King street entrance to the baseball grounds. Well, today John Easton can stand as straight, walk as steady and move about as nimbly as the majority of mankind and is the picture of health.

FACTS IN THE CASE.

The facts of the case are most singular. Some months ago members of the local sect of Dowieites approached Mr. Easton as he lay in his wagon, disposing of peanuts, and persuaded him to become a follower of their belief, that of faith healing. Easton invited the Dowieites to visit him at his home at 19½ Spadina avenue, a barn which he rents and in which his whole family resides with him. On January 18th Easton was converted. Since then he has not left his home, but has been lying on his back in his wagon, having cut away the straps which held in his hammock-like, plaster of Paris case. "I have been praying ever since," he declared to a number of newspaper men who called to see him this morning.

AROSE AND WALKED.

At about 10 o'clock last night twenty members of the Dowieite faith, led by Deaconess Burgess, visited Easton, and all prayed fervently that he should be cured. There was no excitement; everything was as quiet and deliberate as possible. A neighbor who was interested in the ceremony was instructed to go out and procure a saw. This she did, and two of the Dowieites sawed through the plaster case which enveloped Easton, and which the latter himself helped to tear off. Easton then rose from his bed in the wagon and stepped down to the floor, declaring his belief "in God and Divine Healing through the intercession of Lord Jesus." His family at once surrounded him and a scene of the greatest rejoicing ensued. Easton was asked to sit down but this he refused to do, declaring that he

WANTED TO USE HIS LIMBS,

for he had been lying down long enough. A jubilation service followed this apparent intervention of Providence, and hymns were sung and more prayers offered. From that time until now Mr. Easton has scarcely laid down, but has been walking to and fro and up and down stairs.

When this strange account of what was asserted to be Divine Healing became known, a *Telegram* representative went to ascertain

the truth of the report. When we reached the barn at 19½ Spadina avenue, in which Easton resides with his family, a number of children were hanging around the door and vouchsafed the information that "Mr. Easton is walking around."

The *Telegram* man was invited into the house of a neighbor, in which Mr. Easton is now staying, and was shown into the parlor. He was informed that Mr. Easton was upstairs, but would come down.

WALKED DOWN STAIRS.

This certainly sounded as if there could be no doubt as to Mr. Easton's ability to use his limbs. Sure enough, Mr. Easton entered the room a few minutes later, accompanied by his wife, who seemed to be the embodiment of happiness. There was not the slightest trace of deformity. Mr. Easton could not possibly look healthier or straighter than he did. To show that there was no deception, he stooped over and bent backwards without the least exertion.

"Don't you feel any pain?" he was asked.

"None whatever," he replied; "it's wonderful what God can do." All through his conversation Mr. Easton would break out with exclamations of gratitude to the Almighty, quoting passages of Scripture to emphasize the justification of his belief in divine healing.

HE IS A HAPPY MAN.

"I rose up in the Name of Jesus," he said; "it's a wonderful thing." His wife here put her arm around him and kissed him, at which he exclaimed, "My dear wife!"

"I guess there is nobody in Toronto as happy as I am today," said Mrs. Easton.

A little girl of seven came into the room and climbed on her father's knee.

"She never sat on her father's knee before—until when?" he asked the little girl.

"Until last night," she answered.

Mr. Easton was injured on the Brantford street railway six years ago. Eminent doctors declared that his back was broken. He brought an action against the railway company, but lost on an appeal. Until last night he has worn a plaster of Paris jacket ever since.

Grace for Grace

(Continued from page 5.)

prayer meeting of the year at which Mother Flower was not present. There was great rejoicing in the Flower home when Father Flower returned at a late hour, full of praise to God for the notable miracle which he had witnessed.

But God's hand was on the Flower family long before this event. At an early age, Father Flower had lost both parents by death at Belleville, Ontario, the town of his birth. A spinster aunt, a strict Presbyterian, along with other relatives who lived in the same town, assumed the responsibility of his raising. But young manhood found him away from God and traveling with a worldly crowd. Without realizing it, he was under conviction for sin, and by chance attended a Methodist revival along with other careless young men. He was the only one of the group whom God touched that night. He stood to his feet when the invitation was given, but turned to the door and went out into the night. Leaving his companions he returned alone to his own home.

Something had happened to George Flower, and the following Sunday morning found him in the class meeting, where he took his stand for God and was actually taught by the class leader to pray. He followed through in sincere consecration and became one of a group of young businessmen who met to pray after working hours before going to their homes. This developed into what became known as the Hallelujah Band, a company of earnest soul-winners whose weekends were given over to visiting neglected churches in the county and surrounding territory with a stirring evangelistic message. From their efforts that whole region was awakened spiritually with definite manifestations of God's power in salvation.

It was this experience of seeing God's supernatural moving that caused George Flower to recognize immediately the working of the Holy Ghost in the first Pentecostal meeting he attended years later.

Bethia Adella Rice, later to become Mother Flower, was born on Prince Edward Island, one of the Maritime provinces of Eastern Canada. Her parents had met on a ballroom floor and shortly thereafter were married. Their first son was crippled soon after birth through an accident, dying at the age of fourteen. The "despised" Methodists of that region visited the crippled child until he was really converted. Through his life and testimony, as well as his intense suffering at times, the parents' hearts were deeply touched. They would hear him singing in the

night, and they knew that what he had received was genuine. They were saved before he passed away and, although the family were members of the Church of England, they immediately cast their lot in with the Methodists, who were called Bible Christians at that time.

Very shortly thereafter, the husband, Joseph James Rice, began to preach, serving as circuit rider through the country districts. Often he could not see the roads while driving toward home at night, so he would loosen the reins and trust the horse to take him home. When Mother Flower was about six years old, her father was sent out to Ontario where he ministered in a number of churches for the remainder of his life. He actually died "in the harness" for, after his superannuation, he continued to minister as chaplain to the Methodists in the Toronto City Hospital. He was killed in a street car accident, after alighting therefrom to enter the Hospital, in the year 1910.

It was while he was pastor of a Methodist Church in Belleville that Mother and Father Flower met and were married; and the children, Joseph Roswell and Bernice, were born there.

Even this brief recital shows the providences of God that were directing their lives toward the end God had in view. Financial reverses in Belleville caused the removal of the Flower family to Toronto. It was here they came in touch with the aforementioned, consecrated group who had experienced the wonderful miracles of God's grace. The Flowers joined with them in their prayer meetings, distribution of gospel literature and prayer for the sick. This is how they came in contact with John Easton and saw the wonderful miracle of his healing.

The lure of a city of righteousness, in which to raise his children, induced Father Flower to seek for employment in Zion City, Illinois, and to move his family there. However, the anticipated spiritual fellowship did not develop as he had hoped. Even through this disappointment God was accomplishing His purpose, for very soon after the arrival of the family in Zion City, Father Flower decided to leave for Indianapolis to accept a position with The Indiana Seed Company, a subsidiary of the S. W. Flower Seed Company of Toledo, Ohio. Step by step God was bringing two young people together whose united lives were to be used in His service. When we were first introduced, Roswell Flower said, "Pray for me"; but there was no thought at that time of the future development.

*"God's plans like lilies pure and white unfold.
We may not tear the buds apart, time will reveal
the calyxes of gold."*

(To be continued.)

Postas Assume Additional Ministry



ON FEBRUARY 1, Pastor and Mrs. Frank Posta officially began their pastorate of The Church of The Good Shepherd, located at 103rd Avenue and 97th Street, Ozone Park, N. Y. This ministry the Postas will conduct in addition to that of the East Side Pentecostal Church in Manhattan.

The nucleus of the congregation of The Church of The Good Shepherd comes from a mission started in Williamsburg about forty years ago. At that time Mrs. Posta, then a girl of nine, played the piano for the meetings which were attended by her family. Many years later this group moved to Fulton Street near Norwood Avenue in the Cypress Hills section of Brooklyn. In 1953 Edward Parker, who had been saved under the ministry of the Postas at the East Side Pentecostal Church and then had attended Bible school, was asked to be the pastor of this work.

Believing that God would like the congregation to have a church building, a building fund was started in 1956. "We asked God to give us an extra one thousand dollars that year and

put a box in the back for that purpose," Mr. Parker relates. "There were no special drives, but when we counted the last offering at the end of the year, it amounted to exactly one thousand dollars."

About this time it was learned that the Community Methodist Episcopal Church of Ozone Park together with its adjoining parsonage were for sale for \$50,000! Some years previously already Mr. Parker had felt that the Lord would like to have a Pentecostal Church in that very neighborhood, but this price, of course, was prohibitive. Then in April, 1957, the church was badly damaged by a fire so that the congregation finally sold the property for \$20,000. Considerable repairs and remodelling were necessary, and many of the fellowship contributed of their labor and money to this end.

Last June Mr. Parker felt the spiritual burden of the work was becoming too heavy and asked Mr. Posta, his former pastor, who lives in the neighborhood, to help. Since then Pastor Posta has been ministering in the Sunday morning meetings, and now the church has unanimous-

ly asked the Postas to accept the pastorate of the assembly. The Postas will continue their work on the East Side as heretofore, but will conduct Sunday school at 9:30 Sunday morning, followed by a worship service at 10:45. The mid-week meeting will be held Wednesday evening at 8.

MISS GRIEGER CELEBRATES 38th ANNIVERSARY

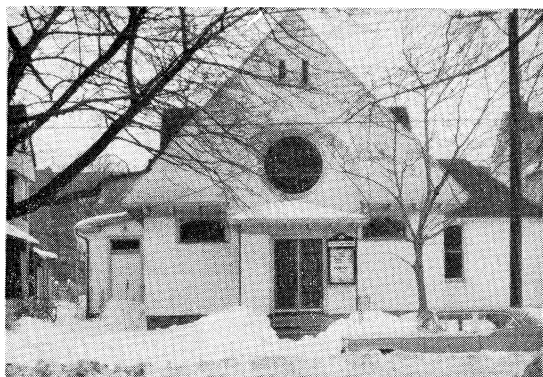
A DELINE GRIEGER of Orai, U.P., India, celebrated the thirty-eighth anniversary of her going to India on February 14. "I was very young and inexperienced," she testifies, "but one thing I knew and that was that God was sending me and that He had promised to supply all my need according to His riches in glory. As the years have slipped by, the work has grown and also the needs of the work. Today, it takes about \$600 a month to keep this work going. I can say for His glory that each month we have been able to pay our bills and praise Him for helping us to reach so many souls in this district of half a million people.

"Our work has all begun again after the Christmas holidays. The villages and the homes are being visited every day. We have over 300 children in school where the gospel is given forth daily. So we are doing what He has given us to do, and we know that His Word will not return void."

God willing, Miss Grieger expects to leave Bombay on March 26 for the United States for a much-needed furlough.

A MAN has repented and made right sin when he has done what he can to mend the thing he caused to happen by that sin.

—M. W. Robinson.



The Church
of the
Good Shepherd

103rd Avenue and
97th Street, Ozone
Park, N. Y.

The Fight of Faith

By HANS R. WALDVOGEL

WE ARE all in a fight, a fight of faith. And when some time ago I was in a struggle, I came across the story of David and Goliath. I marvelled at that little "kid," when all the armored divisions of Israel crawled into their holes and hid themselves because of Goliath. They were scared out of their wits. They would have taken up the fight with almost any enemy, but here was one that was bigger than the rest of them. They said, "Did you see that man? Did you hear him?" Then little David came along, without any armour at all, just a shepherd's coat, and said, "Where is this uncircumcised Philistine? Lead me to him. The battle is the Lord's. He will fight for us, and this whole land shall know there is a God in Israel."

When I read that I asked, "What made David so confident?" He must have known God. That was the difference between him and the armies of Israel. By faith He subdued that giant, overcame that great enemy, and wrought victory for all the people of God.

And when the ten spies came back with a bad report of the land, all the Israelites murmured. Not only that, but they wept, saying, "Moses brought us into this land to fill the graves in this wilderness with us and our *poor* babies. Poor little Susie there in the crib, she is going to be a prey!" The whole company—six million—were weeping all that night, and then they picked up stones to slay Moses and Aaron.

But the Bible says there were two men—Caleb and Joshua—

who had a different spirit. They said, "Come on, if the Lord is pleased with us. Their defence is departed from them. Let's go inherit the land and conquer these enemies." They had a different spirit with them. How did they get that way? They also said, "The Lord is going to fight for us."

And when I was in my struggle, I said, "If I could know that this was the Lord's battle, I would not doubt, I would not 'grunt,' I would not murmur, I would go forward in the name of the Lord and claim my victory." Presently the Lord made me know that without a question, without a doubt, this was the Lord's fight.

God delivered Jesus Christ into death and then raised Him from the dead. And when He said, "It is finished," He really was saying, "It is finished, Hans Rudolph Waldvogel, and after three days I will rise again and will receive from the Father the power of the Holy Ghost. He shall come to you and shall receive of Mine and show it unto you *that whatsoever* ye ask the Father in My name He may give it to you."

Do you realize that "faith is the victory"? Faith is the difference between life and death. And faith is based not on feeling, not on symptoms, not on the diagnosis that the doctors have made, but on the Word of God. What does God say? And what does God do?

When Jesus was seen walking on the waves, the disciples were scared and cried, "A ghost!" But when Peter found out it was the Master, he said, "Lord, if it is Thou, bid me come to Thee."

You can see him tripping along on the waves. Taking his eyes away from Jesus was the disaster and plunk, down he went.

"Peter, why did you doubt?" We might ask, why didn't Jesus hold him up? He had to learn that great lesson that the only safe walk is the walk by faith.

Paul had to learn that lesson after he was a successful apostle. He said he had the sentence of death in himself. When his case was diagnosed, there was no more hope, absolutely. He said, "We had the sentence of death in ourselves that we might learn a great lesson."

Why? There's a fountain of health and a fountain of life to draw from. When your earthly and your natural resources fail, when your physical strength fails, He is the resurrected body of the Son of God and you touch the hem of His garment and presently virtue will flow into your mortal body. The Spirit that raised Jesus from the dead shall quicken your mortal body by His Spirit that dwelleth in you.

Why did God baptize you with the Holy Ghost? Not that you should have a comfortable time, but He has a plan. He wants to prepare this body for the rapture, not for the grave. He's not an undertaker; He is the Uppertaker. He that hath wrought us for the selfsame thing is God who also hath given unto us the earnest of the Spirit.

Just think what that baptism of the Holy Ghost contributes and brings to you. Jairus said, "Oh, if I could get hold of Jesus! My child lies at the point of death. If He would just come to my home in time, she will live." But you don't have to go out to the streets to find Him. He is in your heart. He is in your mouth. If you will confess with your mouth Jesus as Lord and believe in your heart that God raised Him from the dead, you become partaker of that resurrection life.

That woman said, "If I may but touch the hem of His garment!" And because she was afraid to face Him, she came behind Him and as she touched His garment, virtue flowed. It was like touching an electric wire; it can't help but give its power. Jesus Christ could not help but give His power, and presently she felt it in her body.

Oh, you will feel the power of God as soon as you touch by faith the hem of His garment, as soon as your faith becomes alive. How is this faith going to become alive except as I meditate upon the Word of God? What did God say? His words are spirit and they are life. They are definite, and they are positive. How many times He says, "*Verily, verily, I say unto you.*" That word of Jesus Christ printed in the Bible is as powerful as His bodily presence. It is exactly the same.

"Wherefore didst thou

doubt?" He not only spoke, but He has done it. He gave Himself for my transgressions. He finished it, absolutely. And Himself took my infirmities and bore my sickness. It is *finished*. It is done. It is accomplished. And then God raised Him up from the dead and made Him the life-giving Spirit that He might possess this body and fill it with resurrection power.

In the Word of God you have vitamins that will put pep into your bones, put life into you, make you burn with the fire of the Holy Spirit, and put a faith into you that conquers all hell. Ye shall not need to fight in this battle. The Lord will fight for you. If David had been like the rest of them, he would have crawled into a hole, too.

Beloved, we ought to fight for faith. We ought to help one another to believe God. Don't talk unbelief. Talk faith. If you have not anything else to

do but to bring aspirin tablets around, stay home—feed them to your dog or your yellow cat. What a difference it makes when somebody comes along when you are in a trial and speaks faith to you!

Jesus is the Author and the Finisher of faith. He never inspires doubt. He says, "O thou of little faith, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Ghost and give good gifts to them that ask Him." How much *more*! The word of Jesus is always the word of faith. Especially now since He has been raised from the dead and gone to the right hand of God for you and for me in order to guarantee that all the promises of God are yea and amen.

Let us put on the whole armour of God and remember that we are soldiers and that God Almighty leads us forth to a victory that He Himself is giving.

Dwell Deep in God

He that *dwelleth* in Him sinneth not.

Oh, soul, dwell deep in God,—there's danger,
For subtle foes around thee lie;
To Satan's wiles thou art no stranger;
Hide in thy secret place so nigh.

Dwell deep in God, where grace attending,
Thy trusting heart will stronger grow;
The promise sure of joys unending,
Some day thy raptured soul shall know.

Dwell deep in God, beyond mere feeling,
And know the rest of faith and love;
Drink from His heart comfort and healing,
The earnest of that life above.

Dwell deep in God, and be thou ready
To tell the story of His grace,
Then at His coming, true and steady,
In His great Temple find a place.

Dwell deep in God, oh, soul dwell deep;
Dwell in His love, and He will keep;
Dwell deep in God, and walk with Him,
And never shall thy light grow dim.

—D. Wesley Myland.