

# Bread of Life

Vol. VI

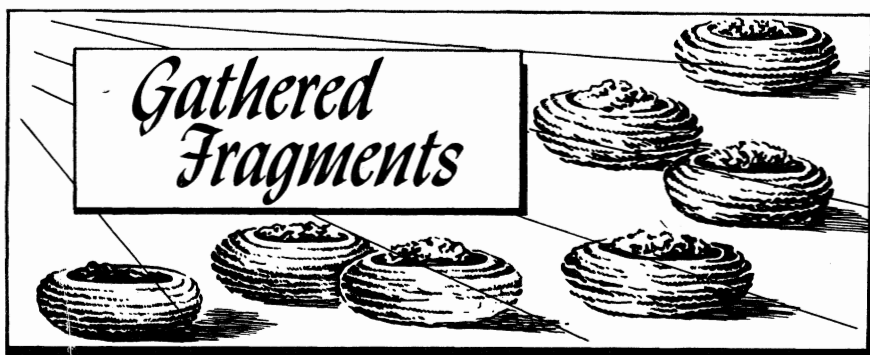
May 1957

No. 5



Episcopal Church Photo

Jamestown, Virginia, Church Tower, 1639.



MAY THE THIRTEENTH marks the three hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the beginning of the first permanent English colony in America—the settlement at Jamestown, Virginia. The story of its first place of worship and of its daily religious life will be found on the back page of this issue of BREAD OF LIFE, while a picture of the tower of the church erected there in 1639 is our cover picture.

When the Virginia Company of England was organized for establishing colonies in the new world, King James instructed that it "should provide that the true word and service be preached, planted and used, not only in the said colonies but also as much as might be among the savages bordering upon them . . ." To this end *Robert Hunt*, "a spiritual Pastor," accompanied the first colonists who set sail on December 19, 1606.

"Unprosperous winds" kept the three little ships "in sight of England" for six weeks. During all that time "Master Hunt our Preacher was so weak and sick, that few expected his recovery," wrote one of the passengers. "Yet although he were but 10 or 12 miles from his habitation . . .

and notwithstanding the stormy weather, nor the scandalous imputations . . . suggested against him; all this could never force from him so much as a seeming desire to leave the business; but [he] preferred the service of God."

Well it was for the little group that he did, for time and again he was to be the peacemaker they so sorely needed. Already aboard ship "so many discontented did arise" that would have "overthrown the business . . . had he not, with the water of patience, and his godly exhortations (but chiefly by his true devoted examples) quenched those flames of envy and dissension." Again after the colonists had settled at Jamestown "many were the mischiefs that daily sprung from . . . ignorant (yet ambitious) spirits" over which of them should be accounted greatest; "but the good Doctrine and exhortation of our Preacher Master Hunt reconciled them." "The next day all received the Communion," adds the historian. Thus was held the first recorded communion service in America, June 21, 1607.

"Good Master Hunt" practised what he preached. During the little less than a year that

he was spared to the infant settlement he earned high esteem from his people as the result of the uncomplaining fortitude with which he bore the tragedies which befell them. Some of these were especially hard on him personally. When fire nearly destroyed the town during its first winter "in that extreame frost" in January, 1608, Captain John Smith records, "Good Master Hunt lost all his library and all he had but the cloathes on his backe: yet none ever heard him repine at his losse." Amid it all and in spite of it all "till he could not speak *he never ceased to his utmost to animate us constantly to persist.*"

Unknown is the exact date of his death, unmarked his grave, but Captain Smith's stout assertion concerning their dear friend and true shepherd is his abiding epitaph:—"whose soul questionless is with God."

Another Virginia anniversary which BREAD OF LIFE is commemorating in this issue is the founding of the Pentecostal Church of Fredericksburg twenty-six years ago, the 15th of May. That pioneer story is well told in "He Led Them Forth by the Right Way" by Miss Anna M. Schuette, one of the founders of that assembly and for ten years a faithful minister there. We are also happy to include the personal testimony of the present pastor of the work, *Charles N. Andrews*. Special services from May 12 to 15 will be held to celebrate this milestone of the Pentecostal Church of Fredericksburg. Pastor Hans Waldvogel will be the special speaker.

Coming to a meeting is like coming home to Father. It is a little taste of heaven on earth.

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# He Led Them Forth By the Right Way

By ANNA M. SCHUETTE

“YOU ARE GOING OUT together to win souls for Jesus. There are seven of you: you four and the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, seven of you working together to win souls for Jesus.”

With this word given by Elder Eugene Brooks of the Faith Homes of Zion, Illinois, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Graf, Miss Constance Andresen (now Mrs. Leonard Johnson) and I were “sent forth by the Holy Ghost” to work in that part of the Master’s vineyard known as the “Sunny South” in March, 1931.

For some years it had been my privilege to be in the Faith Homes where, in addition to receiving teaching, I was given various opportunities for training in practical Christian work. Toward the latter part of 1930 I definitely felt that the Lord wanted me to open a work somewhere. Then one evening, as I waited in stillness before the Lord, He made me to know that I was to go to the South. Soon after this Miss Andresen, who had also been training for Christian work, told me that she, too, was led of the Lord to go South to work for Him.

Together we told one of the ministers of the Homes, Mrs. George Mitchell, of our leading. After some extended questioning in order to find out if our call was real, she told us that Mr. and Mrs. Graf, who had recently been married, were also going to the South. They had been invited to help an evangelist in North Carolina and would be leaving shortly. Miss Andresen and I were uncertain as to just where the Lord desired us to labor, but the Lord made it clear to us that we should accompany the Grafs. In the meantime the North Carolina

evangelist indicated a willingness to help Miss Andresen and me start a work in that area with tent meetings.

Our first stop in the South was Bowling Green, Virginia, where Mr. and Mrs. William Foster of Brooklyn, N. Y., were ministering. They kindly invited us to stay with them until the evangelist would be ready for us. This we gladly did, making use of the time to wait on the Lord for clearer light as to His will and for the preparation necessary for the work whereunto He had called us. To this end we spent an hour in prayer together very early each morning in an upper room of the house.

Thus far we had expected that we girls would work together while the Grafs would have a place of their own. To my surprise one morning as we prayed together, the Lord made me to know that the four of us were to work together in one place. Then a few mornings after this, the Lord made me to know that I was not to go to North Carolina at all but, rather, that He would have a church in Fredericksburg, a city

twenty miles away, where there was no Pentecostal work.

After the Grafs went to North Carolina, Miss Andresen and I asked Mr. Foster to take us to Fredericksburg to look for a meeting hall. He took us to a woman he knew who lived in Doswell Field, a restricted area in the north end of Fredericksburg. When we asked if she knew of a hall we could rent, she replied, “Indeed I don’t.” But her father-in-law, who was standing by, pointed across the street and said, “There is a church the Baptists put up for Sunday school purposes.”

I looked across the street and saw an old, dilapidated building resembling a barn more than a church. Some years before, we later learned, lightning had struck it and burned off the belfry. Instinctively I thought, “Is *that* a church?” I said to the others, however, “Come, let us look at it.”

“No,” they said. “We don’t want *that* place. We want a place further in the city.”

We turned and went our way. All day we searched all through the town but found nothing suitable. At last the others

## Bound for the “Sunny South”

*Front row, left to right: Henry Graf, Dorothy Graf, Anna Schuette, Constance Andresen (now Mrs. Leonard Johnson). Rear row: Elder Eugene Brooks, Rev. and Mrs. George A. Mitchell, ministers of the Faith Homes, Zion, Ill.*



said, "Now let's go and look at that North End church." It was too late, however, to do so that day.

During that night the Lord showed Miss Andresen that we were to rent that church building—even before we had seen the place. When we went there we found that two weeks before a family of three had rented the entire building for ten dollars a month.

The building itself was unfinished and certainly not comfortable. There was no basement and only single thickness boards for the floor. The walls consisted of the outer boards and beaded boards inside. But there was a large front room downstairs for a hall, and space over it upstairs where we could have living quarters. The tenants were occupying only the two back rooms downstairs and agreed to sublet the front part of the building to us for eight dollars a month.

Mr. Foster erected a platform and made a crude pulpit—a top board nailed onto an upright one which was nailed to the platform. We bought fifty folding chairs, and a kind Methodist woman loaned us a few kerosene lamps. We were all set for our opening service on the fifteenth of May, 1931, in what was later called "The Glory Barn."

A number of children and some adults came for the opening service with many more standing on the outside to listen. Another—unseen but not unheard—member of that first congregation was a kitten which had gotten lost between the inner and outer boards of the meeting room just before the service began and mewed all through the service trying to find her way out. Mr. Foster preached that night. Thus the Full Gospel Church of Fredericksburg was born.

Within a few weeks we had electric lights put in and se-



**"The Glory Barn"**

621 Maury St., Fredericksburg

*The first home of the Fredericksburg Pentecostal Church.*

cured an organ. It was a blessed experience to watch the Lord supply not only for the church but for our personal needs. We had no one to back us financially, and we did not take any collections. We did have a free-will offering box (our mail box at other times), but the people did not know the first thing about giving. One young woman, while looking for the offering box once, asked, "Where is the box where I put my penny?" But how wonderful to find God always faithful. "They who trust Him wholly find Him wholly true."

It was blessed to watch the place fill up with people, at first mostly children. Outside dozens of men and women gathered in front of a "grocery store"—in reality a "bootleg" place—next door to the hall, and listened to the services, for we made sure all the windows were open. I had expected souls to get saved as soon as they heard this wonderful story of Jesus and His love, but nothing happened for a time. They just kept coming, saying, "We like yo'all's preachin'. You put the hay where we can get at it. In the other churches we can't un-

derstand the sermons, but we can understand yo' all good."

Some weeks later the Grafts wrote asking us if they could come and work with us. We were delighted to have them, and then we remembered what the Lord had told us when we left Zion. For several years we labored together, winning souls for Jesus.

I had never before realized the opposition the enemy puts up to hinder God's work. Every step had to be prayed through. For example, we were not allowed to hold street meetings until we had the answer from heaven first.

People kept coming in in increasing numbers until all the fifty chairs were filled. There were, however, no clear-cut conversions. Then one morning as we were about to have morning worship, Mrs. Hale, wife of the foreman of the Sylvania Plant, drove up and said she wanted to get saved. We gave her the Word and prayed with her; but when she got up from her knees, she said she was not satisfied. She returned several times, and finally one morning she arose from her knees with her face shining and said, "I'm satisfied. I know Jesus has saved me." She became a firebrand, as it were, for Jesus, going all over town inviting people to the meetings. There she would give a bright testimony to the saving grace of the Lord Jesus Christ. We did not have her long, however. One day after she had been absent from a meeting, her husband came asking us to go to the hospital where she was in a coma. Soon after she went to be with Jesus whom she loved so ardently. Our loss was her eternal gain.

Later the Grafts were used of the Lord to begin a Pentecostal work in Forest Hill, a community five miles away, in a deserted Baptist Church. There they built up a work which is

(Continued on page 6.)



# Making Void the Word of God

By CHARLES N. ANDREWS

*Pastor of the Fredericksburg Pentecostal Church, Fredericksburg, Va.*

SEEING YE HAVE PURIFIED your souls in obeying the truth through the Spirit unto unfeigned love of the brethren, see that ye love one another with a pure heart fervently:

*Being born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever. . . .*

*Wherefore laying aside all malice, and all guile, and hypocrisies, and envies, and all evil speakings,*

*As newborn babes, desire the sincere milk of the word, that ye may grow thereby: If so be ye have tasted that the Lord is gracious (1 PET. 1: 22, 23; 2: 1-3).*

THE THIRD VERSE of I Peter 2 is a key verse to the above passage, for it shows how the Lord works. First of all, He gives us a taste of Himself, of His grace and love, and then He provides the means by which we may have more of Himself—His Word.

As we desire the Word, receive it, and obey it, we grow in our knowledge of Him and our likeness to Him, and our souls are purified. The result of this is that we love one another with an unpretended, fervent love.

Most of us need look no further than our own hearts to see that we have not grown very fast in this way, even though we have heard and read much of the Word of God. If this is true, then we should recognize that something is making the Word we hear and read of none effect to us.

Everyone who is truly converted has experienced an awakening of his heart to the reality of Jesus and has received a desire for more of Him and to know Him better. In other

words, in the beginning of our experience we have tasted of Jesus and that taste has made us want more.

This was true of my own experience after surrendering to the Lord, Jesus became very real as my indwelling Lord and King. I wanted more of Him and sought Him earnestly. One night in a young people's meeting of which I was the leader, I spoke glowingly of Jesus dwelling within and how our main need was simply to recognize Him within. Immediately aft-



**Congregation of the Fredericksburg Pentecostal Church, Fredericksburg, Virginia**

*Pastors Mr. and Mrs. Charles N. Andrews are standing at the far left. Miss Sarah Gerbino is standing in the center.*

erwards, a brother arose and said bluntly that we also needed to deny ourselves. Needless to say, I neither liked nor understood that word. It stuck with me, however, until I realized that though Christ is dwelling within me, His power to change and give victory is made void unless I am willing to let go of and turn away from my own desires, attitudes and feelings, in order that He may be manifested.

Peter shows us that even though we have tasted that the Lord is gracious and want more of Jesus, our growth will be arrested if we do not lay aside such things as malice, guile, hypocrisies, envies, and evil speakings. In other words, if we permit any ill-feeling, or hatred, or envy to come into our hearts; and if we show guile and hypocrisy by pretending to love while we inwardly hate and let this feeling finally result in evil speaking, we make the Word of God of none effect in our lives. So our growth is stunted.

Our souls can be purified of these things only as we lay them aside by obeying the Word of God. Thus we will grow to be fervent lovers, not only of Jesus but of one another.

## He Led Them Forth

(Continued from page 4.)

still going on with souls being saved and baptized in the Holy Spirit.

After about three years of meetings in the "Glory Barn," a sister received a wonderful baptism in the Holy Ghost accompanied with much laughter. This brought the blessings of God more greatly into the services, and she was used of God to help many.

Some time before this we knew we were to rent a hall downtown, but we had not been able to find anything for less than one hundred dollars per month. Then, just when we

were threatened to lose most of our congregation because of the holy laughter and shouting, we found a large hall, seating about two hundred, right in the heart of the city for only twenty - five dollars a month. There we began with evangelistic services, and the place was often crowded to capacity. Out of these there were a number who were healed and baptised in the Holy Spirit. Many of these are standing true to this day, living for the glory of Jesus.

During the ten years the Lord permitted me to serve in Fredricksburg, various other young people worked with us at different times. Among these were Ethel Patzer Bowers, Ivan Bowers, Mr. and Mrs. Irvin Bowers, Charles Andrews, Zella Trump, Elizabeth Schuette, and Mr. and Mrs. Levi Hedman. Looking back over these years, it is blessed to see how the Good Shepherd led us forth by the right way and in a plain path for His name's sake. Glory!

## "IF"

### FOR MINISTERS

*If you can keep your eyes upon the Face of Jesus,  
And let Its Love-Light be the Glory on your way;  
If you can trust your all to His safe keeping,  
Knowing at length, will dawn His Perfect Day.  
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,  
Though others scoff and ridicule your "zeal,"  
Willing that He alone may get the glory,  
From a life thus yielded to His will.*

*If you can dream and not make dreams your master,  
If you can think and not make thoughts your aim,  
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster,  
And treat those two impostors just the same,  
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken,  
Twisted by sinners to gain their wicked end,  
And never judge nor even act too righteous,  
Knowing in time it will be they who bend.*

*If you can make a heap of all your winnings,  
And gladly lay them at His pierced feet,  
Whether they be souls or earth's fair gleanings,  
Just happy that you have a place to reap.  
If you can feed the flock of Jesus,  
Which God has given over to your care,  
With food sufficient and in good proportion,  
Making sure your own soul has its share.*

*If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,  
Or walk with kings,—nor lose the common touch.  
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,  
If all men count with you but none too much;  
If you can fill the unforgiving minute,  
With sixty seconds worth of distance run,  
Yours is the earth and all that's in it,  
But best of all the Master's words, "Well done."*

—Helen Innes Wannenmacher.  
With Apologies to Kipling.

# The Making of a Minister

*The Personal Testimony of Charles N. Andrews*

“ALL RIGHT, LORD, I'm through now.” With those words I surrendered my life completely to the Lord as a young man of eighteen at the altar of the Christian Assembly in Cincinnati, Ohio. Although I had been born in a minister's family, saved as a boy, and baptized in the Holy Spirit in my teens, I had become a prodigal son. Like the Bible prodigal, too, I was finally and literally feeding swine. When this job terminated, there was nothing for me to do but to return to my father who at that time was ministering in Cincinnati. When I surrendered to the Lord, Jesus became very real to me as my indwelling Lord and King. I wanted more of Him and sought Him constantly.

Immediately, opportunities came to me to witness for the Lord in and around that city. Then several months later I returned with my family to Zion, Illinois, and in a few weeks began another type of ministry—helping to care for an invalid minister, Rev. E. B. Kennedy of Kenosha, Wisconsin. During the months I was thus occupied, the Holy Spirit made the Word of God, upon which I meditated a great deal, alive to my heart. Especially the book of Romans. This I read and reread repeatedly until its truths gripped my heart.

After Mr. Kennedy departed to be with the Lord, I returned to Zion where my preparation for the ministry continued. In October, 1933, I began to travel with Elder B. W. Brannan, a devoted servant of God, and for the next seven months assisted him in meetings he conducted

## The Andrews Family

*Charles Andrews and Chuckie, Debbie, Jimmy, Sally, and Martha Andrews.*



in many churches in many different states throughout the middlewest, the southwest, and the far west. His emphasis on the necessity for daily and implicit overcoming, living in constant victory, and his godly example made a deep impression on me. During the summer of 1934 my father took me along with him to Virginia where he was to hold special meetings for three weeks. Then it was that I was first introduced to Virginia and the work in Fredericksburg and Bowling Green.

Returning to Zion, I was privileged to be in the Faith Homes again for about a year under the precious ministry of the dedicated and blessed vessels of the Lord there. I am increasingly thankful for this opportunity and for the variety of opportunities for serving the Lord, such as ushering, Sunday school teaching, street meeting work, leading young people's meetings in the Faith Homes, and working with a young people's group outside the Homes. In the summer of 1935 "Uncle Willie" Brooks, brother of Elder Brooks, and I went to Hebron, Kentucky for a month to take care of the work there during

the absence of the pastor, Miss Ruth Brooks.

Upon my return to Zion I received an invitation from Miss Schuette to work in Virginia and simultaneously an invitation from Rev. Hans Waldvogel to visit Brooklyn—"if you are ever out that way." I felt led to go to Virginia, and for almost two years I worked there with Miss Anna Schuette and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Graf. Then in the providence of God the way opened for me to visit Mr. Waldvogel in Brooklyn, and on June 1st I arrived in New York in time for a meeting in the East Side Pentecostal Church. My visit lengthened into a stay of almost five and one half years.

I shall never cease to be thankful for the privilege of being under the ministry and example of Pastor Hans Waldvogel, for the privilege of living in the Woodhaven Faith Home, for the days of prayer and the altar services. I think I could never have continued in this ministry without the help thus received. I am thankful, too, for the opportunity afforded me of ministry in street meetings, the Sunday school, on the radio, in ushering, in managing the

Christian Book Shop, and for the two camp sessions at Lake George with some of the Sunday school boys.

One of my happiest memories in New York is the ministry I had for several years in the Williamsburg Pentecostal Church working with the lovely group of young people who started that work. On October 2, 1942 I was ordained in the Ridge-wood Pentecostal Church.

One month later I went to Virginia to be with Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lyon, preparatory to taking charge of the work. A few months later, Miss Martha Woyt and I were married, and two weeks later we began our ministry together here, where we have continued these fourteen years.

For several years previous to our marriage my wife had engaged in various kinds of Christian service both in her home

city, Bridgeport, Conn., and in New York City where we became acquainted and were signally brought together by the Lord. Throughout our years together she has proved a capable helpmeet in the the work of the Lord. Our family has increased by four—Jimmy, Sally, Debbie and Chuckie.

We have been blessed with a number of helpers in the ministry including Miss Margaret Sager, Miss Hildegard Woyt, Eleanor Malhus Morrison, Charles Hofflander, and Gordon McKinnon who with his wife Ruby is still ministering here, and finally now, Sarah Gerbino.

In 1950 we had our first tent meeting with Mr. Lyon helping to get the tent up and the meeting started. We were particularly blessed by the ministry of Pastor Hans Waldvogel in a few of the services. The result of this meeting and another meet-

ing following was the salvation of quite a few souls—a goodly number being from the Forest Hill Church which made a complete change in that work and started a Pentecostal move of the Holy Spirit that still continues. Since then we have had one or two tent meetings each year, usually, and we are looking forward to a blessed summer this year in serving the Lord.

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Great faith produces great abandonment.

\* \* \*

In proportion as you have been calling on God to come to you outside of meetings, just so will you see the Lord in a meeting.

\* \* \*

What gates are to a wall, so is praise to salvation.



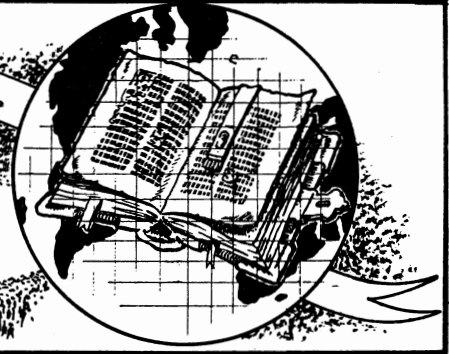
Forest Hill Pentecostal Church and Congregation



GO YE INTO ALL THE WORLD...

## Seed-Time and Harvest

on the Mission Fields



### Here 'N There in South Africa

By HELEN HOSS

THE LORD CONTINUES to bless us in the colored area. Sunday at the open air meeting, twelve came forward for salvation and healing for the body. Two Sundays ago God broke through in some of the classes, and there were tears flowing freely in repentance.

God led me again on another evangelistic trip. I received invitations from several white churches as well as colored churches on the outskirts of Johannesburg. It was dangerous to go to the locations and still is for a single white lady because of the bus strike in some places. In fact, it's dangerous for any white person to go into those areas at present. One colored and Indian area would not let us use their hall because too many were being converted to Christ, they said. But we were invited to the Full Gospel Church, and there the Lord gave us a good time in His presence.

At Edenvale I again met Sister Fourie, the pastor of the church there. She asked me to speak on praising the Lord. It wasn't long when those that had the baptism started to praise the Lord with me. I told them of some victories won through praise and used Psalms 33 and 34 and other verses. The meetings were good.

Here in town I was asked to

help in the meetings and so Sunday morning I was led to say something about praising the Lord. The Holy Spirit took hold of the meeting and before you knew it they were praising the Lord. It is a very spiritual church and it was wonderful how the Lord could have His way Sunday morning. The Lord is leading me to help in the white churches. One sister and her two sons have received the baptism in the Holy Spirit. She got the light of waiting upon God. It is wonderful to see these souls grow in grace and in the knowledge of Jesus Christ.

### The Buddhist Revival

By EDNA WAGENKNECHT

*Hardoi Bible School  
Hardoi, U.P., India*

THERE IS A REAL REVIVAL of Buddhism in India these days, and this is to be a year of special celebration. It was but a few months ago when we read the headlines in the newspaper, "Dr. Ambedkar and his wife today embraced Buddhism." A well-educated and prominent man from amongst the untouchables of India, he was for a long time considering becoming a Christian, but evidently found the price too great to pay. When he became a Buddhist two hundred thousand of his followers went with him. What a victory it could have been for Christ! In past years much prayer and

intercession were made for him, but he chose the easier pathway.

Shortly after his conversion to Buddhism he went up to Nepal to take part in the religious festivals there. At the time of the special "purja" worship, many animals were slain, and the paper said the streets of the capital were muddy with the blood of the sacrifices. At the time it was rumoured that Nepal was considering passing a law that no person could change his religion, and if he did, there would be a heavy penalty to pay and imprisonment, not only for the convert but for the one who was instrumental in bringing about the conversion. Much prayer was made, and God answered prayer; the law was not passed. (Five of this year's graduates of Hardoi Bible School are Nepalis who are looking forward to a ministry in that dark land.) Do pray for our students as they plan to return to their own people that God may lead, guide and protect them.

And then just before Christmas the news over the radio and also in the newspaper "Dr. Ambedkar died in Delhi this morning." He was found dead in his room when the servant went to take him his morning tea! His remains were flown to Bombay for cremation. It was most striking to read that he had made plans to be in Bombay at that very time to lead another group into Buddhism. Little did he know that he had but a few weeks to live when he

made his choice for Buddha and against Christ. Would his choice have been different had he known? Oh, the thousands who would today be in the Kingdom had he led the way to Christ. And just a few minutes ago as I picked up the morning paper I read, "Three hundred thousand of Dr. Ambedkar's followers have today embraced Buddhism." His "ar-thi" bier was taken to the sacred city of Benares there to be enshrined! Prayer, and more prayer is needed, for it is only the power of the Holy Spirit that can enlighten hearts and win them for Christ.

## Causes for Thanksgiving

*Taipei, Formosa*

By ELISABETH LINDAU

GOD HAS UNDERTAKEN for us in a signal way this past winter in keeping us from colds and other ailments due to the extreme dampness here, and that, despite the fact that this has been the worst winter in years—having steady rains with very little letup for five months! Even the trunks of trees as well as outside walls of houses have been covered with moss because of hardly any sun during that time.

Because of the weather conditions progress has been held up on the building. During a couple of clear days which they had they managed to get the roof on and since then have been doing all they can indoors. We have reason to praise the Lord for the way the unfinished building was kept during the earthquake.

Mr. Harold Herman, who has ministered in Germany, was here in Taipei for a time. A number were healed and not a few also received the baptism. Two elderly men and a woman who received a healing touch at those meetings now attend our mission. The Lord continues to

bring us into touch with new souls for which we praise Him. Recently Miss Young contacted a Mrs. Wu, who had just moved near to the mission. Though brought up in a Christian home, she had had very little contact

with churches since she was 16. The Lord has stirred her heart afresh to seek Him. The first thing she did was to buy a Bible and comes early to every meeting. May the Lord have His way with that precious life.

## FACING JUDGMENT IN A DREAM

By REV. H. A. JACKSON ....

*Tribes, Viet Nam*

MR. TOU PRONG HIOU, ex-chief of the Dran district, has been a menace to missionary work for ten years. He has hindered the preaching of the gospel and terrorized the people. Many Christians have prayed that God would change his heart or remove him from office, that the work of the Lord might go on with blessing. God has answered both prayers in a most unusual way. Mr. Hiou left Dran and later had an experience that completely changed him.

One night last December, while attending the school for administrators in Saigon, Mr. Hiou had a dream. He described it to us as follows:

"In my dream I was in a big judgment hall, a building greater than any I have ever seen. Before me sat five judges. One, who seemed to be the one in charge, was older than the others and dressed in white garments. I could not see his face. Another was like him but seemed younger. Never on this earth have I seen anyone like them. The other three I knew; they were Mr. Jackson (missionary at Dalat), Mr. Tin (missionary at Dran) and Mr. Rong (Mr. Hiou's plantation manager, a Vietnamese who is a Christian). The judge said to me: 'You have a great debt of sin towards your people. You know how greatly you have sinned.'

"I answered: 'Me? What sin have I ever committed?'

"The judge answered: 'These

men here can testify to your sins that are worthy of death.' He opened a book which contained a record of my sins. He turned over page after page. 'You have had a position of power over the tribes people, but you have wronged them and kept them from believing on Me. Why have you fought against Me and kept them from the light? You deserve death but I shall give you another chance. You must go back to your people and help them out of their darkness into light. I want you to serve Me among your tribes people.' Then I awoke. This experience has completely changed me. I was very hard-hearted, but now I have been conquered. From this day on, with all my heart, I want to follow the Lord who has forgiven my sins."

Mr. Hiou has returned to Dran and has been seeking to help the people in every material and spiritual way. This man, who was once feared more than a tiger, is now as gentle as a lamb.

It is extremely important that you pray that Mr. Hiou will himself have a heart experience that will bring him to a place of true repentance and full surrender to the Lord, thus enabling him to have a spiritual influence among the people, and that in his zeal to make up for his hostile attitude towards the gospel in the past, he will not now use his influence to force his people to become Christians without a real heart experience.

—Alliance Weekly.

# The Life You Live

"For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." — PHIL. 1:21.

By MRS. L. M. JUDD

WHAT KIND OF LIFE do you live? This is an important question. No one lived a more wonderful life than St. Paul. He said, "For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." Likely this is the greatest thing Paul said about himself or his own experiences.

This text is something worthy to ring down the corridors of your being, echoing in all the chambers of your soul, throughout all the days you live. It is a wonderful thing just to be alive, but to have the life that is Christ—oh, that is divinely marvelous.

Some commentators have stated as their opinion that Paul didn't really mean what he said; that he meant a life *similar* to Christ, *like* Christ. But we know he meant exactly what he said. We know from the Spirit and from other Scriptures that for him to live was Christ.

That is the life God meant us to have. Christ was all around him: before him, behind him, beside him, but especially *within*. In prison, or any place. For Him to live was Christ Himself. He knew that if that thin little curtain were to be drawn aside, he would be forever with the One he loved so deeply.

However, just to hear the words of the text should inspire us with the great desire to live that life of union with Christ. Oh, that we might really **KNOW** Jesus. . . . Have you ever earnestly wished to be displaced?

If you think you would like to have that life—the life that is Christ, then you doubtless wish you knew the secret of obtaining it. It seems to me the greatest secret is that of the Damascus Road. When the supernat-

ural light shined all around him, he said, "Lord, what do you want me to do?" That was the secret! Most of us have not yet said with the whole heart, mind, soul, and strength, "Lord, what do you want me to do?" yielding every fibre of the being to God. That is the initial step (secret) to the life that is Christ.

Authoritative ancient writers have proved that Paul went to the Arabian desert for three years to be with and seek for the Lord before entering on his appointed ministry. No doubt, that was the great second secret—being alone with the Lord three years. Anyway, that is known to be a great secret to advancement in the spiritual life—being alone with God. The Life of Displacement comes only to those who have been very much alone with God—"the world forbidden."

Time and space would fail me to make mention of his suffer-

ings. How he was stoned and left for dead, how he was imprisoned more than once. Also, forsaken by almost all. And in all these situations he was glorying in the life that *was* Christ. Also, we have heard of One Who was made perfect through the things that He suffered.

So, if you want that life, the life that is Christ, consider all these secrets.

Think not within yourself that there could have been a single tinge of unhappiness in the life of one who knew Christ so well. No doubt there was no happier person living. He said he was exceeding joyful in all his tribulation.

He admonishes us to "rejoice in the Lord always." He could do that as He Himself was a rejoicer every minute, in every situation. Knowing Christ is the source of all true joy. God has created us to enter into joy by the knowledge of Jesus. No matter what He requires us to go through He is prepared to give us commensurate joy. Let us press forward earnestly and enter into the Life that is Christ. There is nothing higher or greater in the universe.

## PRAISE

**Y**OU DO NOT KNOW *what would happen to you if you would from day to day, hour to hour, moment to moment, praise the Lord.*

*It would eclipse all that you have ever known. You would always see Him. There would really come into your being a MARVELOUS change—delights in His own way and His desires, instead of the desires of the natural man; revelling in His presence, blessing and praising and magnifying His holy name.*

*If you do it today, and not tomorrow, and the next day, what good is it? He looks for us to walk with Him every day. Resist the devil who says, "You can't."*

*Make a covenant with Him today, and put it in action today, tomorrow, and the next day. Would He not be a Father to thee and give the VICTORY?*

—MARTHA WING ROBINSON.

# The First Protestant Church in America

**I** HAVE BEEN DEMANDED by so many, how we beganne to preach the Gospel in Virginia, and by what authority; what Churches we had, our order of service, and maintenance for our Ministers; therefore I thinke it not amisse to satisfie their demands, it being the mother of all our Plantations, intreating pride to spare laughter, to understand her simple beginning and proceedings.

When I went first to VIRGINIA, I well remember we did hang an awning (which is an old saile) to three or foure trees to shadow us from the Sunne, our walles were rales of wood, our seats unhewed trees till we cut planks, our Pulpit a bar of wood nailed to two neighboring trees. In foule weather we shifted into an old rotten tent; for we had few better, and this came by the way of adventure for new. This was our Church, till wee built a homely thing like a barne, set upon Cratchets, covered with rafts, sedge, and earth; so was also the walls: the best of our houses were of the like curiosity; but the most part farre much worse workmanship, that could neither well defend from wind nor raine.

Yet wee had daily Common Prayer morning and evening, every Sunday two Sermons, and every three moneths the holy Communion, till our Minister died: but our Prayers daily, with an Homily on Sundaies, we continued two or three yeares after, till more Preachers came: and surely God did most mercifully heare us.

—CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH.