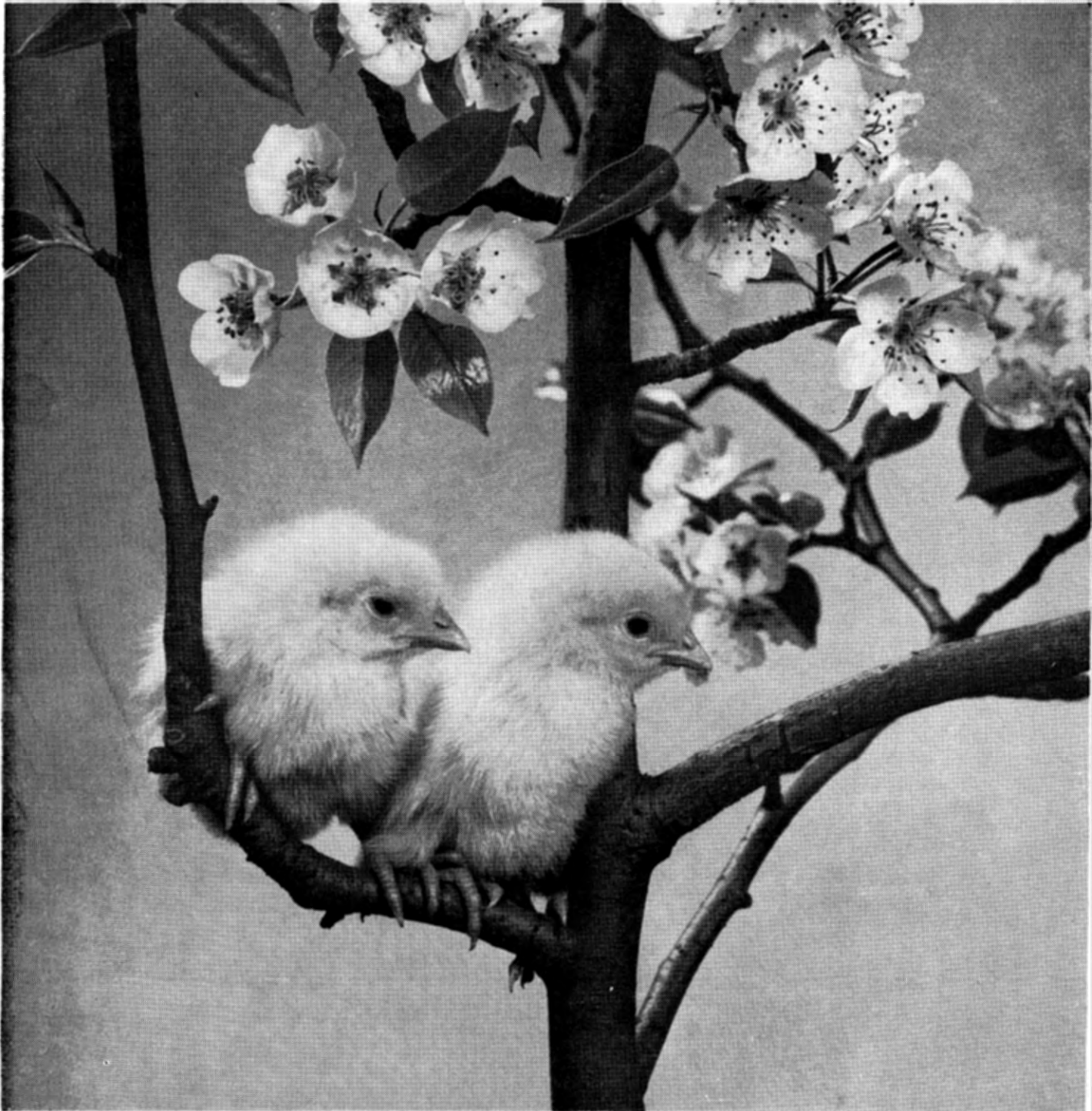


Bread of Life

Vol. VII

April 1958

No. 4



Our Communion Hope

THE THOUGHT OF CHRISTIANS who gather around the Lord's table has two foci, both of which are expressed in the words of Jesus as He spoke them when He instituted the Lord's Supper. The first is remembrance of His historic death for sinners, by which the groundwork of redemption was laid: "This do in remembrance of me" (I Cor. 11:25). The second is hope of salvation yet to be completed, for He enjoined His followers to maintain the ordinance "till he come" (I Cor. 11:26). In this latter phrase is the forward look that constitutes our communion hope.

It is *the hope of full redemption*. Salvation may be potentially complete in the sense that believers can assert that they have passed from death into life, and that their destiny is guaranteed in Christ, but it is not complete in the sense that it is wholly realized here and now. The physical effects of sin have not been removed, for believers' bodies still suffer decay, disease, and death. When He comes, He "shall change the body of our humiliation, that it may be fashioned like unto the body of His glory, according to the working whereby he is able even to subdue all things unto himself" (Philippians 3:21).

The communion hope holds the prospect of *further revelation*. In Romans 8, Paul indicated that the purpose of God would not be complete until the revelation of the sons of God. The full effect of our salvation cannot be seen until God discloses those who are His, and until He puts them in the place where they belong, "Now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him" (I John 3:2).

There will also be a further revelation to us as well as through us. The Lord told His disciples that He had many things to disclose to them for which they were not prepared, and He promised that the Holy Spirit would make clear many truths which He could not then explain. His coming again will bring to a conclusion the mystery of God, and our own transformation will equip us to understand the wonders of God's being better than we do now.

A third aspect of this promise is *the hope of fair reward*. As Paul faced the end of his active life, he looked forward to the day when its accounts would be settled by Christ. "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing" (II Tim. 4:6-8). Every unnoticed sacrifice, every noble effort, every word spoken for Christ will be amply recognized when we stand before His judgment seat.

The communion hope promises also *final reunion*. There is scarcely a family in which there is not a vacant chair. Death inexorably sunders the best friends. When the Thessalonian Christians became alarmed over the inroads death had made in their community, they were comforted by the news that at the Lord's return the dead would be raised, the living would be transformed, "and so shall we ever be with the Lord" (I Thess. 4:13-18).

Best of all, however, we shall see Him and shall be perfectly united to Him. Here the failures of life break fellowship with Him, and the sorrows of life sometimes cloud our view of Him. When He comes, remembrance shall pass into realization and faith shall be changed into sight. In anticipation of that day we remember His death "until He come."

—Merrill C. Tenney.

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The Simplicity That Is in Christ

By HANS R. WALDVOGEL

MORE AND MORE I thank God for the utter simplicity of "doing nothing"—the simple bliss of being but a child. Tersteegen says:

*Where is the school for each and all
Where men become as children small
And little ones are great?*

*Where to unlearn things I learn,
From self and from all others turn—
One Master hear and see?
I learn and do one thing alone
And wholly give myself to One
Who gives Himself to me.*

Is that a fact? Does He give Himself wholly to me? If I want Him. That is the great secret of true Holy Ghost abandonment. It is a heart that is true toward God—that wants Jesus.

Madame Guyon says, "The key to the inner court is perfect abandonment." Great faith produces great abandonment. Anyone who has learned the lesson of abiding in the Presence of God soon becomes perfect. It means that Jesus Christ takes over altogether. You don't see yourself, but you see Him. Self recedes more and more. Self disappears. It is no wonder that flesh does not like that process and that there is a constant striving to get away from it. "Let us cast His bands from us. We do not want this Man to rule over us," is the cry of the human heart no matter how spiritual it seems to be. But unless it is Jesus Christ, it will be self.

That is where the pitfalls have to be looked for in Pentecost and in places where the power of God is manifested. This deceitful heart of ours has deceived us and quickly tries to appropriate to itself the things that belong only to God. "Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and

the glory." But today men work overtime to draw the kingdom to themselves—and the glory, also—and the power. And there is much advertising of power today which is wrong and which misleads people.

What did Jesus say to His chiefest apostle? He said, "Be satisfied. My grace is sufficient for thee. My strength is made perfect in weakness."

Not until you are weak—utterly weak, utterly abandoned, utterly given up—until you have utterly capitulated, will Christ's strength be manifested in its perfection. That is where it is made perfect. Oh, what a call! What a privilege! Your strength, Jesus—*Your strength*.

"I didn't like to get rid of my strength. I didn't like it when You touched the hollow of my thigh and made me limp. I didn't like it, Lord."

And yet therein consisted the great victory and the great transformation from Jacob into an Israel of God. When you begin limping, Jesus Christ begins to manifest and perfect His strength within you. Oh, the utter simplicity of being nothing. Of doing nothing but recognizing that Jesus is! God is, and He is the rewarder of them that diligently seek Him. And the great reward is Himself.

Today I appreciate the utter simplicity of Holy Ghost meetings more than ever before—the simple worshipping of Him, the recognizing of the lordship and the Presence of the Lord Jesus Christ. That makes me say, "What great salvation is this!" in comparison to the confusion God's people are more and more caught in. More and more flesh takes the place of the Holy Ghost. Satan is transformed into an angel of light. Because he

comes to us in Pentecostal ways and words and phrases, and even power, we do not recognize him. And what is his purpose? To corrupt God's people from the simplicity that is in Christ. People think they are doing wonders! And they are constantly working and devising new means of entertainment, and the Holy Ghost is shut out. How very, very different when Jesus Christ has charge of the meetings! When He is allowed to take over, He never exalts flesh. His call is constantly, "Get out of My way. Get down, get down!"

How many times when I go to meeting I say, "Lord, I know less today than I did thirty years ago."

To really know that you do not know anything, but that He knows it all, that is faith—to be fully persuaded that what God hath promised He will perform. He promised to reveal Himself, to manifest Himself, to give Himself, to let Himself be found, to cover me with His feathers, to give his angels charge over me. What else do I want?

We are still in school—in this wonderful school

*"Where men become as children small
And little ones are great."*

We seem to be awfully slow students. Why do we get stuck? Why don't we press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus? Every day we must learn our lessons well. Every trial, every test, every difficulty, every problem that comes my way—I ought to glory in. As the Lord has said, we should mint the glory of God out of all our troubles. That is what they are for. That is why Paul says, "We

glory in tribulations also; knowing that tribulation worketh patience."

For a long time I did not understand what patience is for, why it says, "Let patience have her perfect work." Patience burns out the dross. Patience purifies the silver and the gold. Patience is required, not only in Job, but in you and in me, too. "When He hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold." (It is because in the midst of the trial we fuss and we fume and we murmur and we dispute that God has to brush us aside and is not able to deal with us as with sons.) Jesus is on the job, and He knows His job from the very beginning. Job said, "He knows the way that I take." I must confess I don't know the way that I take. It is dark. It does not, somehow, give me any intellectual light. When you really and truly want nothing but Jesus Christ there will be many, many disappointments and many people will misunderstand and misrepresent and misinterpret you. But Jesus won't. God in His great mercy sometimes

leads you through the dark valley—but He knows the way. That is enough. He is the Way. That is where "hiding" comes in—being still, just abiding, just sitting at the feet of Jesus, looking up into His lovely face, and knowing all is well. There is nothing to do but just to love Him, just to abide in Him. There is nothing in the world to do but to believe God. He does all the rest.

Oh, the utter simplicity of this way—walking by faith, living by faith, drawing by faith, moment by moment, the necessities and the needs and the supply of every step that I take, knowing that God has provided for every step, knowing that God knew the plans and the wiles of the devil before He founded this world. He knows all about them.

But we make such a job of it! We confuse the issue! As one dear saint said to me one time, "You know, Waldvogel, I've just found out we're not going to reign with Christ unless we're decapitated. I don't mind being

decapitated, but I am afraid of the torture that precedes it." The fact is that it may be the most simple folk that are going to reign with Christ.

Do you know that it is more difficult to be simple, to be hid with Christ in God, just to stay at the feet of Jesus, not only to come down but to abide in the lowliness of an attitude of faith, to say, "Jesus, You do it. Jesus, You take charge. Jesus, You show me the way. I don't know—I *don't know*," to consecrate every thought to the great indwelling Master—it is more difficult to live for Christ in this simplicity than to die a martyr's death. But don't you know that that is the mystery of the Kingdom—when He really takes His power and *reigns*? And of course, we want to see His power, the exceeding greatness of His power! But when He does not manifest it the way we like Him to, and does not make *us* appear strong and powerful, but instead makes us appear like great failures, then we do not follow anymore, then we do not

(Continued on page 10.)

OUR SAVIOUR'S LOVE

WHEN THE COLD and kingly Winter
Slips away,
And the beauteous, bonny Springtime
Comes to stay;
Then the sounds of joy and mirth
Fill this green and laughing earth,
Telling us that Christ our Saviour
Rose today.

Down He went to Death's dark portal
Long ago.
For our sakes He bore the misery
And the woe,
Suffering on the cruel Cross,
Bearing bitter pain and loss,
That the love with which He bought us
We might know.

But He burst the seals that bound Him
In the Tomb,
And He rose a King triumphant
From the gloom.
Rose, the Master—of the grave,
Rose, that all the world might have
In the mansion He's preparing
Each a room.

Years have passed since Christ our Saviour
Went above.
Nations still the story telling
Praise His love.
May we not this Easter morn
All in Him anew be born?
Thus His never-failing kindness
We may prove.

—MARTHA WING ROBINSON.

A Prince Among Bible Teachers

By ALICE REYNOLDS FLOWER

ON THE OCCASION OF THE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY of the birth of D. W. Myland it is our privilege to give the readers of BREAD OF LIFE a resume of the outstanding ministries of this devoted servant of God by one who knew him from childhood, was taught by him at Bible school, and, with her husband, was ordained by him to the ministry. Born in Ontario, Canada, April 10, 1858, David Wesley Myland received a love for the Word of God when, as a bare-foot boy in blue overalls, he attended children's meetings where in one summer he memorized over one hundred verses of Scripture. From then on his appetite for the Word increased and, as he grew older, he felt called of God into His service. Beginning as a lay preacher in the Methodist Church, the Lord led him on, first into the Christian and Missionary Alliance, and then into Pentecost. As pastor, teacher, conference speaker, he engaged in labors abundant for about sixty years. On April 8, 1943, he answered the call to higher service at Columbus, Ohio, the scene of much of his ministry. God willing, in the May issue of BREAD OF LIFE the first installment of Mr. Myland's own testimony, "In Deaths Oft," will appear.—EDITOR.

ONCE AGAIN IT WAS TIME for the annual convention of the Christian and Missionary Alliance in my childhood home of Indianapolis, Indiana. Those were my tender years, but the impressions of those convention days live in vivid detail even now within my heart. Our consecrated pastor, George N. Eldridge,* had all things in readiness—the modest advertising distributed, the delegates assigned to homes, the old Second Presbyterian Church secured for the large Sunday afternoon missionary service, the peak time of the convention.

Our General Superintendent, Dr. A. B. Simpson, always attended; and his forceful messages stirred my young heart, delivered in his quiet manner but with his characteristic, firm and convincing words. Among multitudes of others, I am definitely one to call blessed the memory of that man of God. There were other consecrated speakers, as well as missionaries appearing in their varied costumes. As a family we gave ourselves to the responsibilities, blessings and appeals of those remarkable convention days.

Most every year there was an added treat for all—and especially for me—in the music from the Ohio Quartette—four Christian Alliance ministers, Brothers Kirk, Myland, Kerr and Bowyer. Their singing carried me into heavenly reaches. They had perfect harmony with a spiritual understanding and anointing that moved everyone's heart. Down the aisles of time I can hear their united voices bringing such a message as this from a song written by Brother Kirk—

*Jesus has commissioned you and me to go or send
A messenger in His dear name, His glorious cross defend;
And He has promised to be with us even to the end;
Who will go and witness for Jesus?*

*George N. Eldridge was later pastor of Bethel Temple, Los Angeles. His daughter married Louis Turnbull and together they pastored Bethel Temple for many years.

*Hear the suffering millions crying for the Living Bread,
When Christ was here, His words, "Let the multitudes be fed;"*

Then haste wherever man is found, for all His blood was shed—

Who will go and witness for Jesus?

No wonder a missionary fire was started in my young heart that—thank God—has never died. How vital the songs of a church in the lives of all ages—but immeasurably to their youth! Here was my early introduction to David Wesley Myland. It would be ten years later, after the gracious outpouring of the Latter Rain upon many of our Alliance folk in Indianapolis, that our acquaintance and fellowship with the Mylands became closer. This outpouring came during the spring of 1906, shortly after which, I believe, the Mylands tasted of the refreshing fullness of God at Beulah Park Camp Meeting.

Before Mr. Flower and I were married we had the stimulating privilege of joining with the My-

About the Author

Minister of Gospel, author of several volumes of prose and poetry, the writer of this article is the wife of J. Roswell Flower, General Secretary of the Assemblies of God.



Alice Reynolds Flower





The Ohio Quartette

Left to right: E. L. Bowyer, James M. Kirk, D. Wesley Myland, and D. W. Kerr.

lands in special meetings at old Peniel Temple in Indianapolis. They were entertained in my parents' home where we had some rich seasons of communion apart from the public services. Brother Myland was a gifted preacher, bringing "treasures new and old" from the Word to fatten spiritually our souls with the finest of the wheat. It was food convenient and satisfying, bringing freedom and lift to the hearers as it was given forth. To the clear comprehension of the four-fold gospel taught in the Christian Alliance there had come to him the mighty anointing of the Holy Ghost which made the pouring forth of his soul a rounded message for the hour.

There was a responsiveness to the Spirit on his part with encouragement to the people to yield in whatever operation God was trying to accomplish. At times his guidance in dealing with souls publicly was remarkable; and individuals received the baptism of the Spirit, salvation and healing in most unusual ways. I remember a huge goitre melting away almost instantly as we laid hands together upon the afflicted sister. Such divine working often happened right in the middle of a service. Nothing stereotyped or forced—it was the gracious, easy flowing of the Spirit's ministry. Even while preaching Brother Myland would pause to remark, "I feel the anointing to pray for the sick if they will come right away." In glorious actuality "the power of the Lord was present to heal."

Sister Myland had frequently accompanied the Ohio Quartette on organ or piano; but now, with the quartette dissolved, her sweet voice blended with her husband's in uplifting messages in song. To both of them hymns were given—words and music. One of these written by Brother Myland never failed to bring blessing to our hearts as

their two voices joined in singing its message. Actually I seem to hear this particular song—**HAPPY SOUL**—as if it were yesterday.

*"Oh, my gracious dear Redeemer,
How my soul delights in Thee,
For the Holy Spirit cleanses,
Fills, and fully sets me free.
As I waited in submission
How He answered ev'ry cry;
And I trust He will each moment
All my future needs supply.*

*"Ev'ry question He will answer,
Ev'ry foe He'll overcome;
He will guide, uphold and keep me
As I make my heart His home;
Now I count it all as settled,
And His word is true to me;
He's my peace, I have received Him—
Christ my All in All to be.*

*"Oh, so long I wondered if I could
Be happy ALL the time,
Or must I wait till Jesus took me
To that sunlit clime?
But He gave His word, "The Lord
Shall be thine everlasting light";
Now my mourning days are ended,
In my soul 'tis always bright."**

To which I must add the lovely chorus with the prayer that it may be the testimony of each reader now and until Jesus comes. Here it is—

*"So I'm trusting and I'm resting
As I in my Lord abide;
And my soul is very happy
Resting in the Crucified."*

*The last verse of this song was written by James M. Kirk.



Gibeah Bible School, Plainfield, Indiana

D. W. Myland conducted this school from 1912 to 1914.

The two foregoing songs along with many others written by the Mylands as well as others of the Ohio Quartette were published about this time in a hymn book entitled *Gospel Praise*. Long out of print—my dear mother's copy is treasured among our song books. Certain songs from this book have blessed multiplied thousands, as "Our Lord Is Coming Back Again" written by Mr. Kirk. But unfortunately many of Brother Myland's songs have not survived, and this is a great loss, for they carry in rich fullness the message of our distinctive Pentecostal testimony and what God has been doing for the past fifty years.

One Myland song that we lustily sang from this hymn book, *Gospel Praise*, brought so clearly the dispensational setting of this Pentecostal outpouring. We should have consistently sounded its message in ever-increasing measure—a Pentecostal theme song for the world and for all time until our Lord's return. We make room for its message here with the prayer that it may be revived in every truly Pentecostal group the world around. Shall we start with the chorus? (How marvelously God has answered that early cry! Hallelujah.)

*"Oh, I'm glad the promised Pentecost has come
And the Latter Rain is falling now on some;
Pour it out, in floods, Lord, on the parched ground
Till it reaches all the world around.*

And the assuring message of the verses:

*"There's a Pentecost for all the sanctified,
Heaven's witness true which cannot be denied;
And the Spirit's gifts are being multiplied
In God's holy church today.*

*"There's a Pentecost for every trusting soul;
Of your life the Spirit now will take control
Filling, sealing, quick'ning, healing, making whole
By God's holy pow'r today.*

*"There's a Pentecost for ev'ry yielded heart,
And the "holy fire" God's Spirit will impart;
To obey His will you gladly then will start
In God's holy work today.*

*"There's a Pentecost for those who wait and pray
With surrendered will; oh, seek it then today;
Christ will baptize all His saints who will obey
With the Spirit's tongues of fire."*

We had expected Brother Myland to perform our marriage ceremony June 1, 1911; but illness prevented his leaving Columbus, Ohio, where he was still pastor of the Gospel Tabernacle, now become Pentecostal. However, after our "honeymoon summer" of tent pioneering in northern Indiana, Mr. Flower and I joined the Mylands in Columbus to assist in several fall conventions in northern Ohio. During those weeks there was



Nellie A. and D. Wesley Myland

praying and planning for the opening of a Bible School toward which project a good sister was making a generous contribution. This purpose finally materialized in the establishment of Gibeah Bible School in Plainfield, Indiana, about fourteen miles west of Indianapolis. There was a commodious stone house with ample acreage well-suited for the school's requirements. Several students paid their way in part by producing from the garden and pasture various required commodities for the table.

The Flem Van Meters from Jasonville, Fred and Maggie Vogler from Zion City, Richard H. Gardiner and Eleanor Palmer from Chicago joined with us in every effort and desire to foster and develop this much needed center of solid, timely Bible teaching. Mr. Flower and I lived in a little cottage belonging to my father nearby; but we attended all the classes possible, and even today we are passing on vital truths quickened to our hearts by the Holy Spirit in those never-to-be-forgotten hours.

The attendance was never large, but the lessons were deep and sound, Brother Myland—a prince among Bible teachers—allowing some startling interruptions by the Holy Spirit to confirm the truths opened to the students. Sometimes the hush of God literally enfolded us as some special word dropped to our soul's very depth. "I have been eating this book for a quarter of a century"—familiar words from his lips

(Continued on page 10.)

God's Transforming Power

By PEARL YOUNG

78-1 Kou-tzu K'ou

Mu Shan Hsiang

Taipei Hsien, Formosa

JESUS IS SO VERY REAL and near.

I marvel at His grace and longsuffering. There is a great longing in my heart, which amounts to constant prayer, that others come into "this way." How God is going to do it, I do not know. Through it all, there is abiding peace, because of one's heart and mind being stayed on Him.

There is really much to be thankful for, I know. The night before last, I was at the cottage meeting in the home of one of the three families who live in Chang Ho-Hsiang, another suburb of Taipei. These dear ones are shining and witnessing and winning others. They come here faithfully to the meetings, though it is so far. The young soldier who drives Colonel Liu's army jeep brought me home, and on the way told me how greatly God has changed him since he was saved here several months ago. He is but one of the great number of lonely, needy soldiers on this island. I noticed that as we talked and sang of the love of Jesus in the meeting, he just wept. It is truly precious to see the transforming power of the peace of God in lives!

Recently I met with a group of women in one of their homes. It was so precious. They all wanted to testify, and their testimonies were right up-to-date, one telling how the Lord touched her body a few days before when she had intense pain and completely healed her, another telling how her husband, Dr. Ch'ien (a military doctor), has been

changed since he accepted Christ just over a week ago in one of the meetings here, etc. Mrs. Hsieh, in whose home we met, is a very bright Christian and brings her four little children to Sunday school every Sunday morning and teaches a class. Her husband, a clever, well-educated man and an interpreter (Chinese-English), is not saved and makes it hard for his wife. These are all lovely, refined people; and in the old days in China they would have had fine homes and plenty of money. Now they are living in such poor, little, dark homes. They have such sorrows, but this makes them reach out to Jesus, as nothing else would. (Dear little Mrs. Tai was not at this meeting, but at the previous meeting she told how the Lord helped her kill a very poisonous snake which got into her home at night. It was really a miracle. She was all alone, as her husband works in another part of the Island. She is naturally a timid woman, and when we first met her a couple of years ago, she was almost a mental case because of what she had gone through in escaping from the Communists on the mainland. Now, she is such a sweet, bright Christian.) Well, from that meeting I went to the Ma home, now a really Christian home since the old mother accepted Jesus in January. They were just at supper, and nothing would do but I sit down and eat with them, which I did. Then, two of the children led me to a house where the man

and wife have both come to Christ, just over a week ago. We laughed together as Mrs. Niu told of how they went home after the meeting, took down their idols, etc., tore up what could be torn up, and threw out the rest. She acted it all out, and it was so funny. They are really rejoicing in the Lord. It was their little girl who comes to Sunday school who was instrumental in bringing the parents. Mrs. Niu told how afterwards she was suddenly stricken with terrible pain and felt it was the devil having his comeback, so she just cried to Jesus and was completely delivered.

Mrs. Peng is one of our dear friends. My, what God has done for this woman! When we first met her she was unsaved and dying of cancer, just a skeleton. Now she looks like a different woman, does all her own work, and lives close to the Lord. She is really a glory vessel and such a blessing. We do rejoice over the lives that have been changed. Mrs. Peng is one of a number who have been really healed through faith in God alone. But there are some who have not yet been healed, and they ought to be.

The Chinese (lunar) New Year is just past. It is a time of much sin and revelry and a time of special temptation to Christians. We urged the Christians to get together in groups as much as possible on the main night, and they did. There were at least three different groups with nearly twenty in each. "Ancestor worship" is one of the hardest things for a new Christian in this country to give up, much more difficult than idol worship, and the Chinese New Year, when families get together, is the special time for this worship.

Thank you once again for your faithfulness in prayer. We do indeed thank God for all.

Missionary Pro Tem

"Missionary Pro Tem" is what Theodora Gordon Hall called herself and her article in the September '57 issue of BREAD OF LIFE. There she told how the Lord led her to Road Town, Tortola, British Virgin Islands, where she found many hungry hearts and an open door for missionary activity. In December, 1957, the Lord enabled Mrs. Hall to return to this needy field for another time of service. While waiting until she could secure a place of her own, Mrs. Hall has been living with a Christian woman, Mrs. Jennings, who with a Mrs. Beckford, has been helping her in the work.—The following letter is Mrs. Hall's latest report of God's working in this part of His vineyard.—Editor.

DEAR FRIENDS AND PRAYER HELPERS:

Thank you for your prayers, and I do want to report that the Lord is answering, and we are seeing many victories.

The two girls who have been boarding here have been a sore trial to both Mrs. Jennings and myself. They are thirteen and fifteen years of age respectively. But last night after Bible class they were both converted and a great change has taken place in them.

Mrs. Jennings was about to write their mother and tell her she could not keep them any longer. For my part, I have been sorely tempted to move away on their account. The devil has been using them to make life hard for both of us. How little we realize that God puts people in our way, not only that we may win them for Him, but that we may learn patience in so doing. Instead of recognizing this, we often just wish that "we had wings like a dove, that we might fly away and be at rest" from all our troubles. May we be forgiven for our slowness of heart! How prone we are to "spare the flesh," and how relentlessly but gently the Lord deals with it!

Our lesson in the class last night was "The First Born and the First Fruits," the first ordinance given to make people remember God's mercies and the second to cause them to express their gratitude therefor. Thank the Lord for the precious lessons contained therein. Hereafter may He help me to sing with real feeling and a determination to act upon the words of the song,

*"Count your blessings,
Name them one by one.
Count your MANY blessings,
See what GOD HATH DONE."*

Our Bible class grows week by week. Now I must look around for larger quarters.

Mrs. Beckford has been faithfully witnessing to all and sundry who have crossed her path. One boy who came last night had accepted Christ through her ministry during the day. I thank the Lord for her presence and encouragement (one of my "many blessings" I have started counting).

The Lord has sent many young men to our meetings. As Mrs. Jennings says that almost no men go to church here in Road Town, we feel that this is an auspicious sign also. The Lord is working wonderfully in the three children here in the house; also the nephew who drank so badly when I came has ceased now, and I have faith he will soon be converted.

We went up to the jail again this afternoon where there are two new prisoners, one a lad of sixteen. Both said in answer to the question, "Are you saved?" "No, but I would like to be." We believe they are now. Later we spent the afternoon at the infirmary and hospital. The only one who was not interested was an Englishman, a school teacher, who lit a cigarette as soon as we started to sing and pray. What heathen we Anglo-Saxons are, compared to these colored Virgin Islanders!

Not long ago at the children's meeting a young man stood listening and later asked if he could come and see me. It seems he is the son of a Methodist minister and had at one time been an earnest Christian, converted while on his bed by a remarkable vision and called to preach, twice, in a marvelous way. However he had backslidden and was gambling and enjoying other worldly ways. The Holy Spirit has evidently been dealing with him, and he has now come to a definite decision to take his place with the Lord's people and obey the calling of the Lord. He wants to start by preaching in the market place, and my heart was gladdened with the assurance that here was the one to take over that phase of our work, as I had been pondering for some time just how to go ahead along that line.

We now have a meeting on Friday evening for prayer for revival, and occasionally an evening for instruction in healing and prayer for the sick. So many wish prayer for healing, but have not been instructed in how to exercise faith to that end.

I have purchased some land, and the digging for cistern, etc., is all done, so I think the little house will go up rather quickly. Praise the Lord for all the way He has helped me.

The Simplicity in Christ

(Continued from page 4.)

like to be hid with Christ in God.

God is so very, very great. But I do not let Him be great. I want to be great—just a little bit, you know! Oh, not like the great people of this earth, but

just a little bit—a little bit bigger than the next fellow. But how about being “nothing”? How about loving the cross of Christ? How about glorying in the cross of Christ by which the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world? There is no other cure for our lost condition

but the cross, the shame, the disgrace—utter abandonment to the Son of God Who offered Himself through the eternal Spirit, without spot to God. He asked me to follow Him, and to follow Him in the way of the cross. And it is really very, very, very simple.

A Prince Among Bible Teachers

(Continued from page 7.)

to those of us who were near him those days. And how earnestly he endeavored to make us “good eaters of the Word.”

Then there was the time in a class in Angelology when we were considering the three heavenly visitors who came to Abraham’s tent door; and suddenly it seemed the swift brush of angel wings was in our midst. The remembrance of that holy hour before God brings the quick rush of tears to my eyes. We need more of such holy moments in the study of God’s Word whether in private or class occasions. “The letter killeth”—but how unspeakably alive the Holy Ghost can make every searching and inspiring truth of our Lord.

In Gibeah’s bottom pasture we held a camp meeting the summer following the opening of the Bible School. God met us, although the attendance was not the usual size of camp meetings today; but here it was that Flem Van Meter, Mr. Flower and I were set apart for the preaching of the Word. There may have been several others—I am not sure. In a tent pitched in a grassy meadow beside a running brook we were ordained by God through his servant to serve in whatever capacity He might desire as the years unfolded. It was a humble spot but a sacred hour to each of us who felt under God “the ordination of the nail-pierced hands.” The years have greatly enhanced that hour’s holy meaning in all our lives.

It was during these Gibeah Bible School days that the *Pentecostal Evangel* had in part its humble origin. Our little Plainfield cottage was the editorial office, mailing department and all else necessary to producing the paper which we called *The Christian Evangel*. The type-setting and actual printing was done by commercial firms outside. With Brother Myland’s encouragement the paper was started from scratch—the first Pentecostal weekly. There was an article from Brother Myland in each issue; my contribution—a column of Pentecostal notes on the International Sunday School lesson. The first effort in this field. There were all sorts of handicaps to overcome in this pioneer project.

This was the organ Mr. Flower turned over to the brethren at the First General Council in Hot Springs, Arkansas, a short time later. To some this may be a surprising bit of news. Incidentally, while Mr. Flower was at Hot Springs, I issued the paper myself for four weeks with some outside mechanical help, of course. But our close association with the Mylands ended here; for along with being elected the first General Secretary of the newly formed Assemblies of God, Mr. Flower was commissioned together with the first General Superintendent, Rev. E. N. Bell, to start a publishing house. Then the logical place for this was Findlay, Ohio. Thus ended our Gibeah days; and not too long after, for various reasons, the school was closed. Its accomplishment, however, will reach into eternity.

Two good books came from Brother Myland’s pen—a spiritual treatise on *Revelation* and *The Latter Rain Pentecost*. Both would be helpful today if reprinted, especially the latter book first published in 1910, with a second edition in 1911. Mr. Myland dealt with the Latter Rain Outpouring dispensationally from Deuteronomy 11—God’s revelation to him of the true scriptural basis for recognizing the plan, the purpose, the time for the current visitation of the Holy Ghost. Concerning the importance of this book—*The Latter Rain Pentecost*—we cite words from William Hamner Piper, founder of the Stone Church in Chicago:

“The Latter Rain Covenant! Whoever heard of it before? Of course we have read in Deuteronomy about ‘The days of heaven upon earth’; but who has seen that those days were to be introduced through the spiritual outworkings of this Covenant? No man could have thought these lectures out; they bear the imprint of heaven’s teaching. What a wonderful God! How marvelous the Book! Its treasures are deep and lie hidden except to ‘the mind of the Spirit.’ Those prejudiced against the Baptism in the holy Spirit; speaking in other tongues and the manifestations of the Spirit generally, we are persuaded will find nothing that will open their minds and hearts so much to these truths as this exposition of the Word, because of its great sweep of truth, covering as it does, both Old and New Testaments.”



Jonathan Edwards

Personal Narrative

By JONATHAN EDWARDS

1703-1758

(Continued from last issue.)

My sense of divine things seemed gradually to increase, until I went to preach at New York, which was about a year and a half after they began; and while I was there, I felt them, very sensibly, in a higher degree than I had done before. My longings after God and holiness, were much increased. Pure and humble, holy and heavenly Christianity, appeared exceedingly amiable to me. I felt a burning desire to be in every thing a complete Christian; and conform to the blessed image of Christ; and that I might live, in all things, according to the pure and blessed rules of the gospel. I had an eager thirsting after progress in these things; which put me upon pursuing and pressing after them. It was my continual strife day and night, and constant inquiry, how I should *be* more holy, and *live* more holily, and more becoming a child of God, and a disciple of Christ. I now sought an increase of grace and holiness, and a holy life, with much more earnestness, than ever I sought grace before I had it. I used to be continually examining myself, and studying and contriving for likely ways and means, how I should live holily, with far greater diligence and earnestness, than ever I pursued any thing in my life; but yet with too great a dependence on my own strength; which afterwards proved a great damage to me. My experience had not then taught me, as it has done since, my extreme feebleness and impotence, every manner of way; and the bottomless depths of secret corruption and deceit there was in my heart. However, I went on with my eager pursuit after more holiness, and conformity to Christ.

The heaven I desired was a heaven of holiness; to be with God, and to spend my eternity in divine love, and holy communion with Christ. My mind was very much taken up with contemplations on heaven, and the enjoyments there; and living there in perfect holiness, humility and love. And it used at that time to appear a great part of the happiness of heaven, that there the saints could express their love to Christ. It appeared to me a great clog and burden, that what I felt within, I could not express as I desired. The

inward ardor of my soul, seemed to be hindered and pent up, and could not freely flame out as it would. I used often to think, how in heaven this principle should freely and fully vent and express itself. Heaven appeared exceedingly delightful, as a world of love; and that all happiness consisted in living in pure, humble, heavenly, divine love.

I remember the thoughts I used then to have of holiness; and said sometimes to myself, "I do certainly know that I love holiness, such as the gospel prescribes." It appeared to me, that there was nothing in it but what was ravishingly lovely; the highest beauty and amiableness—a *divine* beauty; far purer than any thing here upon earth; and that every thing else was like mire and defilement, in comparison of it.

Holiness, as I then wrote down some of my contemplations on it, appeared to me to be of a sweet, pleasant, charming, serene, calm nature; which brought an inexpressible purity, brightness, peacefulness and rapture to the soul. In other words, that it made the soul like a field or garden of God, with all manner of pleasant flowers; all pleasant, delightful, and undisturbed; enjoying a sweet calm, and the gently vivifying beams of the sun. The soul of a true Christian, as I then wrote my meditations, appeared like such a little white flower as we see in the spring of the year; low and humble on the ground, opening its bosom to receive the pleasant beams of the sun's glory; rejoicing as it were in a calm rapture; diffusing around a sweet fragrant; standing peacefully and lovingly, in the midst of other flowers round about; all in like manner opening their bosoms, to drink in the light of the sun. There was no part of creature holiness, that I had so great a sense of its loveliness, as humility, brokenness of heart and poverty of spirit; and there was nothing that I so earnestly longed for. My heart panted after this, to lie low before God, as in the dust; that I might be nothing, and that God might be ALL, that I might become as a little child.

While at New York, I was sometimes much af-

fectured with reflections on my past life, considering how late it was before I began to be truly religious; and how wickedly I had lived till then; and once so as to weep abundantly, and for a considerable time together.

On *January 12, 1723*. I made a solemn dedication of myself to God, and wrote it down; giving up myself, and all that I had to God; to be for the future in no respect my own; to act as one that had no right to himself, in any respect. And solemnly vowed to take God for my whole portion and felicity; looking on nothing else as any part of my happiness, nor acting as if it were; and his law for the constant rule of my obedience; engaging to fight with all my might, against the world, the flesh and the devil, to the end of my life. But I have reason to be infinitely humbled, when I consider how much I have failed of answering my obligation.

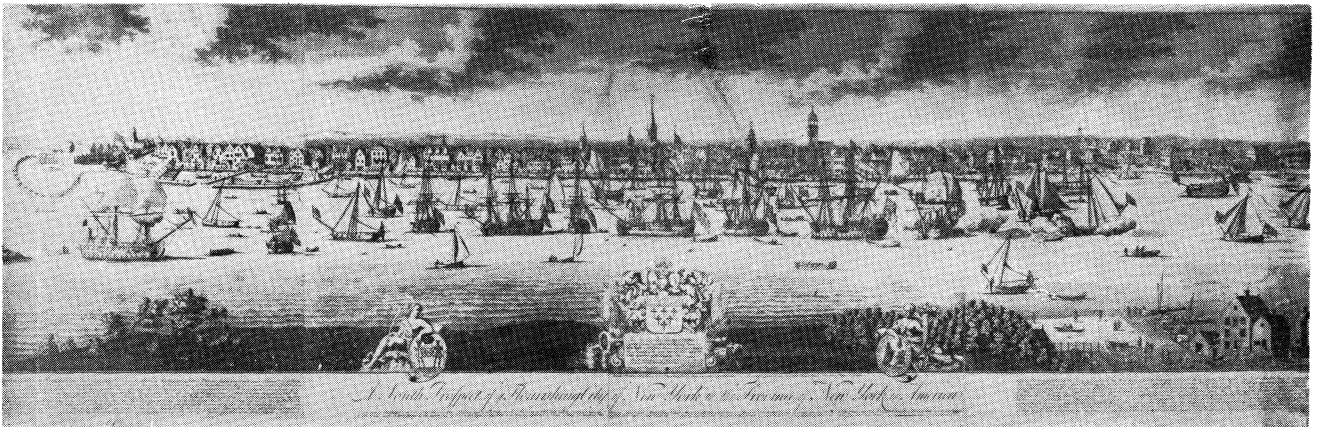
I had then abundance of sweet religious conversation in the family where I lived, with Mr. John Smith and his pious mother. My heart was knit in affection to those in whom were appearances of true piety; and I could bear the thoughts of no other companions, but such as were holy, and the disciples of the blessed Jesus. I had great longings for the advancement of Christ's kingdom in the world; and my secret prayer used to be, in great part, taken up in praying for it. If I heard the least hint of any thing that happened, in any part of the world, that appeared, in some respect or other, to have a favorable aspect on the interest of Christ's kingdom, my soul eagerly caught at it; and it would much animate and refresh me. I used to be eager to read public news letters, mainly for that end; to see if I could not find some news favorable to the interest of religion in the world.

I very frequently used to retire into a solitary

place, on the banks of Hudson's river, at some distance from the city, for contemplation on divine things, and secret converse with God; and had many sweet hours there. Sometimes Mr. Smith and I walked there together, to converse on the things of God; and our conversation used to turn much on the advancement of Christ's kingdom in the world, and the glorious things that God would accomplish for his church in the latter days. I had then, and at other times the greatest delight in the holy scriptures, of any book whatsoever. Oftentimes in reading it, every word seemed to touch my heart. I felt a harmony between something in my heart, and those sweet and powerful words. I seemed often to see so much light exhibited by every sentence, and such a refreshing food communicated, that I could not get along in reading; often dwelling long on one sentence, to the wonders contained in it; and yet almost every sentence seemed to be full of wonders.

I came away from New York in the month of April, 1723, and had a most bitter parting with Madam Smith and her son. My heart seemed to sink within me at leaving the family and city, where I had enjoyed so many sweet and pleasant days. I went from New York to Weathersfield, by water, and as I sailed away, I kept sight of the city as long as I could. However, that night, after this sorrowful parting, I was greatly comforted in God at Westchester, where we went ashore to lodge; and had a pleasant time of it all the voyage to Saybrook. It was sweet to me to think of meeting dear Christians in heaven, where we should never part more. At Saybrook we went ashore to lodge, on Saturday, and there kept the Sabbath; where I had a sweet and refreshing season, walking alone in the fields.

(To be continued in the next issue.)



"... as I sailed away, I kept sight of the city as long as I could."

"A South Prospect of the Flourishing City of New York in the Province of New York in America," as it appeared about the time when Jonathan Edwards lived there (1722-1723). The shore of Brooklyn and the East River are seen in the foreground.