

Bread of Life

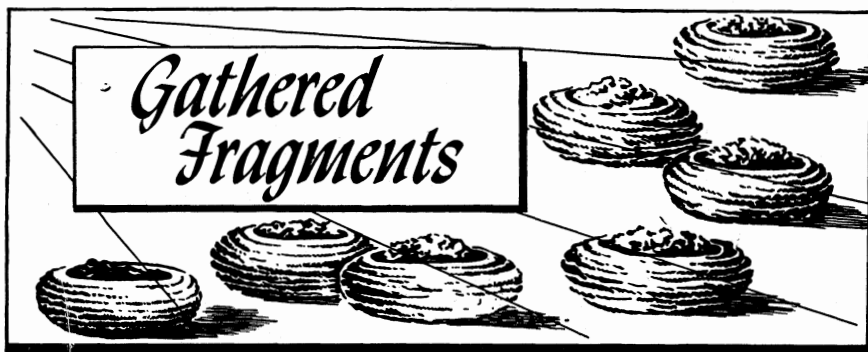
Vol. VII

June 1958

No. 6



Aerial View of Pilgrim Camp, Brant Lake, N. Y.



"ONLY THE PENTECOSTAL PASTORS seem interested in whether Bedford-Stuyvesant lives by the Gospel or not," reported Harrison E. Salisbury in his excellent series of articles on the problems of New York City's youth in the *N. Y. Times* (March 26). (Bedford-Stuyvesant with its high juvenile rating is considered one of the most neglected of slum areas in the city.)

* * *

Almost twenty years ago now Hans Waldvogel, pastor of the Ridgewood Pentecostal Church, realized the need and the possibilities of a summer camp for the boys and girls who attended the various Sunday schools affiliated with the church. Out of this vision came *Pilgrim Camp* at Brant Lake, N. Y., an aerial view of which is the cover picture of this issue of *BREAD OF LIFE*. Throughout the past twelve years at this beautiful spot, two hundred and fifty miles north of the city, it has been the camp's privilege to minister to many children, some of whom come from areas in New York City as needy as Bedford-Stuyvesant, while others come from as far away as "ol' Virginny" and sunny California.

* * *

Now we are looking forward to another season in which we

expect to see the glory of God revealed as never before. Adults and families, too, will find excellent accommodations in this "vestibule of heaven," as so many have called it. *Pilgrim Camp* opens on June 28 for adults; on July 3rd for boys (9-15) and for the Cherubs (boys and girls 6-8); on July 31 for girls (9-15). The grand finale of the season comes with the Labor Day weekend with camp closing September 2. Why not plan to spend your vacation this year in a place hallowed by the presence of the Lord where motto and practice are "Holiness unto the Lord"? For full information send for a camp folder to *Pilgrim Camp, R.F.D. Box 84, Brant Lake, New York*.

* * *

Many of the staff members of *Pilgrim Camp* have been former campers themselves and give their time and services, a number sacrificing their own vacations for this purpose, that they may serve the Lord by serving these guests—boys, girls, and adults. Several of this year's staff come from the *Williamsburg Pentecostal Church*, located in the section of Brooklyn made famous by the book, *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn*. On May 3rd this growing church took title to the church property located at 674 Metro-

politan Avenue, paying ten thousand dollars cash—no mortgage. On the morning of the closing the church was \$526.91 short of the purchase price. A bit disappointed that they could not purchase the church debt-free, this balance was borrowed. After everything was settled, the church from whom the building was purchased presented the buyers with an offering—a check for \$500.00! No wonder the group then sang, "*To God be the glory, great things He hath done!*"

* * *

Miss Kathryn Roth, whose testimony, "N'yangori Mother," was published in *Bread of Life* (Oct., Nov., Dec. '57) returned to her work in Kenya, East Africa, May 26, after almost a year in this land.

Robert D. Lyon, who has been ministering in various places in Germany since his arrival there early in February, is now holding special meetings in Moers with Rolf Celwek, the pastor there. Eghard Tetzlaff, who had been ministering in the Wuppertal assembly before coming to this country for a visit in February, expects to return to Germany the first part of June. Another visitor from Germany has been Pastor Gottlob Maile who came with Pastor Hans Waldvogel in April. Pastor Maile has been used of God throughout an extensive area in southern Germany to the blessing of many people.

* * *

God willing, Pastor Hans Waldvogel will begin special meetings in Kirchheim/Teck, Germany, Sunday, June 29 to continue through July 27. From August 3-22 he will conduct a campaign in Wendlingen to be followed by a conference at Hamburg, beginning August 24 and concluding two weeks later, September 7.

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JUNE 1958

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“All Things”

By H. R. WALDVOGEL

“DO ALL THINGS”—all things — “without murmurings and disputings: that ye may be blameless and harmless, the sons of God, without rebuke, in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation, among whom ye shine as lights in the world.” Just think—*you*—a son of God in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation, but you shine! In your life, God is manifested! The trouble with most people is, they think that God is not manifested unless some star appears above their head, or some great noise is heard, or an aura shines out from them, or unless they are lifted above the earth. I tell you, we will never know Jesus Christ until we know Him in everyday life.

When the disciples of John had heard John say, “Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world,” they ran after Him. They said, “Master, where dwellest Thou?” He said, “Come and see.” And what did they see? Not the palace of a king, not a beautiful suite of rooms, but just a dark stable-like affair, and yet they stayed with Him overnight, and when they came away they said, “We beheld His glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth.”

Everything was appointed in the life of that simple Nazarene. Even when He worked in His father’s carpenter shop until he was thirty years old—mind you! What did He do? He drove nails, sawed logs, planed boards, and glued furniture together. Jesus had to go through all this without murmuring and without disputing. He knew that everything was appointed of the Father, that He must be

faithful *every* day, He must be a *good* carpenter. He did not complain because His father had asked Him to make a bench when He wanted to make a table. He did not run away and go on strike, saying, “I can make more money down there.”

Every step has been appointed—every day. God tells us that our trials are appointed. Why should we kick? As soon as I complain, I take myself out of God’s hands. That is why He says, “Do all things without murmurings and disputings.”

All things. Beloved, you will find out that all things work together for good. God says they work out our salvation. Oh, to make that discovery! It puts you to rest. Nothing can come my way but by the appointment of the Father, and whatever Father appoints is better than anything else. If my Father appoints me a meek and a lowly job, something that I do not like, that will redound to the glory of God and bring more gain to me than if I were on the throne of a king and to reign over a kingdom. Have you found that out? Then what are you fussing about? What is at the bottom of your murmuring? You said, “All things work together for good to them that love God,” and if you are a person that loves God the Father, then God will love you and will dwell in you and will make you His charge. Praise God!

Paul says, “We glory in tribulations also: knowing that tribulation worketh patience; and patience, experience; and experience, hope; and hope maketh not ashamed; because the love of God is shed abroad in our

hearts by the Holy Ghost.” I am the object of His love. Heaven and earth shall pass away, but He that doeth the will of God abideth forever. To do the will of God is to do what my hand findeth to do, is to walk humbly with my God, is to do as the Bible says, “Do all things without murmurings and disputings.” A good lesson to learn. Someone has said, “A person that knows how to keep abandoned to the will of God will soon become perfect.”

The harmonies of God are like the needle of a phonograph playing on a record. When the phonograph turns, that needle has to follow *exactly* in the grooves of the record, and then you get wonderful music—the whole symphony of Beethoven, all the shadings, all the overtones. All the marvelous, high fidelity music lies in the obedience of that needle. The harmonies of God are all mapped out for you. God has a plan over your life that is out of this world. God has mapped out your road, and God is faithful Who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able, but we fail when we find fault with God.

“Why does this test last so long? Why don’t I get help?” That is finding fault with God. That is what made Israel lose the Promised Land. Beloved, we must get down and walk humbly with God. We are His creation, created in Christ Jesus. This is eternal life. He is my life. And what does He mean when He says, “He that will save his life shall lose it”? That is when you do not fit into His groove. But if you hate your own life, you receive eternal life.

You fit into His groove. And the harmonies of heaven come your way! When you do not belong to yourself, when you are not seeking yourself. You have consecrated unto death. Death or life is alike unto you—it makes no difference. It is God's plan. It is God's harmony, God's will.

When are we going to believe God? He promises beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for the spirit of heaviness. And that life which you have tried to live out yourself—and you had wonderful ambitions, marvelous plans over your own life—ends in destruction. “He that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption. But oh, when that life comes, we behold His glory. And the wonderful thing is that He fits us into the commonplace experiences of everyday life—so commonplace that we are hid with Christ in God. But between yourself and Jesus, you know you are in the “groove” because you hear that wonderful music, “My beloved son, in whom I am well pleased.” And the whole world may be against you but God Almighty knoweth them that are His. Do I belong to Him? Oh, how well He will take care of me.

How could Moses endure when all Israel was backslidden? Why was it that he did not backslide too? Because He kept his eyes on God. His life was God's. No matter what Israel did, no matter what anybody else did. When all Israel had an election and voted to go back to Egypt, six million to one, Moses was alone with God up in the mountain. God said, “Look how backslidden they are. Let me destroy them and make out of you a great nation.”

“Then Your honor will be hurt,” said Moses.

God said, “All right, I will answer your prayer, I will send an angel before you.”

Moses said, “God, I won't

move an inch unless You go with us.” Oh, that cry, that lovership, that heart that loves God like that, will find that all heaven is at his service. “He will give His angels charge over you to keep you in all your ways.” And if you are the humblest of all men on the face of the earth, He will cause the devils in hell, like slaves in chains, to serve you. “ALL things work together for good.” I believe that God is big enough to do that, don't you?

“Do all things without murmurings and disputings.” I never was allowed to go to any school except public school. Then I had to go to work. (In those days everybody had to work sixty-eight hours a week.) God put me into His school, and that school was worth far more. Once I ran away when my mother suggested I could make more money. I found what I knew in my heart, that it was not God's will, so I had to go back and pick up where I had left off, and it was far harder than if I had stayed in the place.

There were times when the Lord dealt with me very severely. He gave me a bad boss who gave me the worst jobs in the shop. But the Holy Ghost held me. I was so thankful that I knew I was not serving men, but the Lord Christ. I made a consecration. I went to God; I got on my knees and I said, “God, I am going to stick to it as long as you hold me in that job, no matter what happens. And I am going to do all that ‘dirty

work’ for You!” A strange thing happened. The boss took notice. One day he took a job that I had made and showed it around the shop, “That is how it ought to be done.” But not only that, the peace of God came into my soul. God came to me. In a short while He changed the whole situation and gave me the best job in town.

I saw it was God that put that hope into my soul. Here was a jewel that God had to create. “We are His workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them.” That is why Poul says, “We glory in tribulations also. We know that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us.”

Oh, get that hope into your soul! We shall be like Him. Love Him and the love of the world will go out of your heart, and the love of God that is shed abroad in your heart will make you glory in Him and live as a son of God without rebuke, without murmuring. Do you know how we prolong the agony by murmuring? We take ourselves out of God's hands and never get the victory. Oh, the great bulk of God's people that never make the grade because they will not stay in that groove. “Put the phonograph record on” and play the chorus: “*All things work together for good, together for good, together for good. All things work together for good, to them that love the Lord.*”

DON'T TAKE A PARTIAL STAND *with your God. Go way down to the depths with Him. He is here to deliver thee from sin; He is here to set you free.*

—M. W. ROBINSON.

"In Deaths Oft"

"In Deaths Oft" is the record of seven miracles of healing in the life of D. Wesley Myland (1858-1943). His first healing, from paralysis, occurred in 1888 while he was still a preacher in the Methodist Church. That testimony was related in full in the May issue of BREAD OF LIFE. The story continues with an account of the events which immediately followed that miracle. Mr. Myland came into Pentecost in 1906 and is remembered as "a prince among Bible teachers" and as the author of the well-known Pentecostal song with the chorus, "Oh, I'm glad the promised Pentecost has come."—Editor.



D. Wesley Myland

Eight days after that I was up at conference and passed the hardest year's study in the four years' course. Up to the time of my healing I had read very little of the course of study for that year, but I went through it all in eight days. Scores of people came to see me, but I never gave anybody more than five minutes. I went up to the conference and stood second in a class of nine. I tell this for the glory of God. The doctor said I would never have a memory, but Jesus said concerning the Spirit of truth, "*He shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you.*" It has been no trouble at all from that day to this for me to remember anything in God's Word, or anything pertaining to God in any wise, glory be to His name! At one point in the oral examination the names of the judges and of the minor prophets were to be given in their order. The whole class failed on it, but I ran them off so rapidly they suspected I had a book somewhere. One of the examiners said to me, "How is this?" and I told him my story to the glory of God, just as I am telling it to you. They called my presiding elder. He said, "Oh, I know all about this healing; it is true."

I was to go that year into a new district, and the presiding elder said, "We will fix him. I have the hardest place in the whole conference," and to that they sent me. They were be-

hind sixty-five dollars on the former preacher's salary; there had been four appointments, one of them was closed and the church rented for a sheep-barn; another was closed because they could not support a minister. They had given but little for missionaries, and none of the other benevolences were touched at all.

Soon after I took charge of this uninviting field there was brought to my attention a woman with a very malignant trouble, the most difficult case in that country; all the doctors had given her up and the people wanted me to go to see her because she was a member of the church. I prayed with her as any minister should; my wife was with me and we sang a song or two, and the Lord healed the woman. Then the word broke out and I was in trouble with the Methodist Church right away. "Well," I said, "the Methodist Discipline commands us to visit the sick and pray for them, and if God heals them it is not my fault." Thus God began to work in answer to prayer. I began a two weeks' meeting in the old sheep-barn, which was turned over to me by the party who held the lease, and in those two weeks thirty-five to forty souls were converted. I organized a class, went to the planing mill and made an altar and a pulpit with my own hands; God sanctified these with the birth of forty souls, and that little sheep-barn band itself gave more to missions than the

whole circuit had before. The second year they had to give me an assistant preacher, divided the work, and the offering for missions was four times as much as it was in its run-down condition. I gave fifty dollars myself to the mission fund, and God gave me three hundred and fifty dollars for doctors' bills for treatment for my wife and myself before the Lord healed us. I have had no salary from that time to this.

II. Healed of Arsenic Poisoning

AUGUST 25, 1892, occurred my second healing, after I had been located in Cleveland, Ohio, one year. I continued two years in the Methodist Church after my first healing, but the Lord led me out because of the pressure, though it came about in a very sweet way and with no reflection on anyone.

Our first convention at Beulah Park, Cleveland, was held in a large tent. God did a marvelous work of healing there, the blind received sight, the lame were made to walk, consumption and cancer were healed; it was a marvelous time of healing. A little weekly paper was being published in Collingwood, the editor of which came down and interviewed me. I told him plainly all about it; he went back and published the facts in his paper and said, "This is all right; this is according to the gospel." But the people around Beulah Park became very bit-

ter and made great threats as to what they would do.

I went to the store to pay my bill, as we were about to move back into the city. I agreed to watch the car my people took at the lower end of the line and get on the same one. I was standing in the grocery where I paid the last bill, reading my mail, when a young man said, "Reverend, you must be hungry. Won't you have a banana or two?" (They often gave us something like that when we paid the bill.) It was about twelve o'clock; I noticed they were soft at the end, but bananas are frequently like that. I thanked him; I was very hungry, and I ate them rather rapidly; the car was coming and I got on. Before I got halfway into the city, which was about eight miles from our starting point, I was deathly sick. Everything began to look strange to me; perspiration came out of my body, and the Lord confirmed me in the belief that I had been poisoned.

It was about half past two o'clock when I reached home, and I grew worse and worse until after supper, when I began to have convulsions, which continued until eleven o'clock. Then they sent to our weekly meeting, which was in progress, for my elders to come and pray for me. Elder Brown was not there; the other elder came, but he was fearful; he could not pray the prayer of faith. He thought they had to locate this trouble, so he sent to the drugstore for some lobelia, but, said he, "If he knows anything about it, he won't take it."

As they brought it to me I rallied out of one of those convulsive strains, and I remember as I looked up I saw his face and knew him; I seemed to know my wife was there also. I said, "What is this?"

"Just a little something to quiet you."

I said, "Don't give me that; it always pays to wait on God."

Immediately I went off into another convulsion, and as I rallied out of it, the thought, "It pays to wait on God," came back to me, and with that I began to see light, and I said, "Lord, is this Your time for me? If You want to take me home, take me quickly." I saw Jesus come up to the foot of the bed with His hands up, and I thought, of course, He had come to take me. My eyes were not open. It was a spiritual vision I had of Him, and I said in my soul, "Oh, blessed Lord, take me quickly." He put up His hands and waved me back, saying, "I have not come but for victory." That was the first vision I ever had of the Lord. *"Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ"* (I Cor. 15:57).

But I went off into worse convulsions after that. My brother-in-law had to get up into the bed and hold me. The poisonous substance poured out of me at every avenue; a chemical analysis afterwards revealed that I had been poisoned by arsenic. I was completely delivered. They laid me on a bed in another room, and early in the morning my parishioners came to see me. I could not lift one of my little fingers, I was so weak and exhausted, but the life of God was thrilling my mortal body, glory be to His Name!

III. Delivered from Pleuro-Pneumonia

In February, 1895, I was stricken down with pleuro-pneumonia, from exposure at Akron, Ohio, while attending a convention there. We were exposed in a drizzling, cold rain and sleet as we stood waiting for an hour and a half for a streetcar, which could not run on schedule time because of the sleet. A number of people became sick through that exposure, but I seemed to be struck worse than the others

because I had been using my voice. The elders came and prayed, but they didn't get hold of God for me; one elder wanted medicine, another wanted this thing and another that, and they could not pray the prayer of faith.

Finally, one of my little deacons, God bless him, came and said, "I am not an elder, but God sent me to pray for you." They let him in, but said he must not talk to me because they did not expect me to live. I was just in the very last stages, could scarcely breathe, and the dear little deacon came and got down beside my bed and put his hands on my head—I can feel them now—and whispered a few words, saying, "Jesus, You know You spoke to me over there in my home, told me to come over here and put my hands on my pastor's head, and that You would raise him up. I don't know what to say, but I put my hands on his head, and I believe You will raise him up."

At once I felt as though a great, heavy, wet cloth had been pulled off me; my body relaxed and became warm. The deacon broke out in weeping, and so did I. The accumulated matter came out of my throat, and I got hold of his hands and we praised God together. Before he left they put me into a Morris chair, and I was at the table eating supper with them.

This is the word God gave me in my heart while the deacon was praying: *"Behold, I will bring it health and cure, and I will cure them, and will reveal unto them the abundance of peace and truth"* (Jer. 33:6). God wonderfully revealed it to that whole congregation. The elders thought God could not heal; they thought He would have to have a doctor and some medicine to help Him, but here was God's rebuke. I went out to preach healing as I never had preached it before.

(To be continued.)

Ten Days of Heart Searching



A Report of the Ministers' Conference at Kirchheim, Germany

IT HAS OFTEN BEEN SAID that every Pentecostal meeting is an event. Particularly was this true of the ministers' conference held in Kirchheim/Teck, Germany, April 13-23. Brethren came, not only from many parts of Germany, but also from other countries on the continent. These services had been preceded by eight weeks of special prayer meetings led by the pastor of the assembly there, Walter Waldvogel, assisted by his wife and by Robert D. Lyon of New York. Each week the spirit of prayer increased and deepened so that it is little wonder that God's special blessing attended the conference.

"After the ten days' meetings," wrote one participant, "the testimony of each one was that he had experienced God in a new way, for these were ten days of earnest heart-searching, of letting the Word of God be a discernor of the thoughts and the intents of our hearts. The Word of God brought forth by Brother Hans Waldvogel was truly anointed with the oil of the Spirit, and we were moved powerfully time and again to seek the Lord with all our hearts. Our prayer meetings, therefore, were always times of not only heart-searching but also of receiving new light and new grace and new anointings

from above. Certainly all who were permitted to attend will increasingly appreciate the things that God was able to do among us.

"It was also a great joy to see how the work in Kirchheim has grown under the guidance of Walter and Bertha Waldvogel and to see what a beautiful church building God has allowed them to erect. This has become a true house of God and a gate of heaven to those who have attended this and other conferences, and we pray that the Lord may continue to make this place a fountain of life-giving blessings."



Workers Together

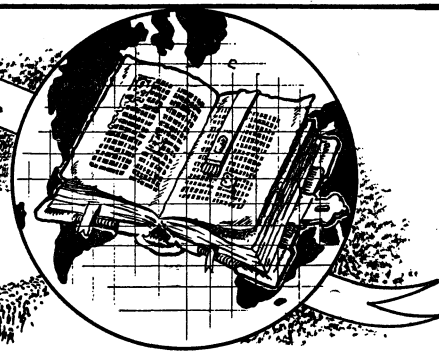
First row (l. to r.): E. Maier, Ulm; F. Regner, Rendsburg; O. Lardon, Hamburg; H. Waldvogel, New York; W. Waldvogel, Kirchheim; E. Hellwig, Kirchheim; P. Gassner, Stuttgart; O. Weber, Schaffhausen. Second row: G. Maile, Unterleningen; E. Weber, Zurich; E. Mueller, Duesseldorf; H. Schmidt, Wuppertal; K. Schuett, Hamburg; a visitor; R. Celwek, Moers; W. Wachtel, Wuppertal. On the last row are brethren from various cities with H. Hallbach of Rothenheim at the extreme right.



GO YE INTO ALL THE WORLD...

Seed-Time and Harvest

on the Mission Fields



Back in India

Miss Margaret Michelsen arrived in India, May 6, and from there writes,

"SURELY THE LORD arranged a wonderful trip for me. There were so many unexpected treats along the way. Miss Gritli Sager and Miss Olga Weber met me at the airport in Zurich. We had a wonderful time together, went sightseeing, and attended two services. Gritli interpreted for me—a new experience on my list, to speak through an interpreter. I was indeed thankful for my time in Switzerland. It is a beautiful country.

"Then on to Greece. Had a wonderful time there also. Phoned Mary Orphan Metaxatou and she came to get me one day and we went sightseeing together. Enjoyed seeing the Acropolis very much, and as I stood on Mars Hill I thought of Paul as he had stood there and had spoken to the men of Athens. Had a little prayer time there. Then I went to Mary Orphan's home, met her husband and his family, and had a very enjoyable time with them. Then finally on to Cairo where I changed planes, Karachi, and at last Delhi. Arrived at 11:00 p.m.

"Never have I had such an easy time coming into the country. The custom officials and all were so kind and helpful and even concerned about my welfare. They noticed I was alone

and so inquired if I had a place to stay. I didn't so they took it upon themselves to see if a place could be found for me. The head official came to me and suggested a hotel. Then he had his driver take me in his car to a hotel and see that I was taken care of. It was then 12:30 a.m. God answered prayer for this trip!"

Above Our Asking

Rose Klob sends this latest news from Nyasaland, Central Africa:

"My co-worker, Miss Orser, arrived on April 19th, and it has been so good to have someone around the mission besides myself. This past weekend we went preaching in the bush. We tried to reach one of our preachers who is working in North Rhodesia, but when we got within eight miles of his place there was no bridge and the river in flood, so we couldn't go on. We felt God must have had a reason as the bridge had just washed out. We stopped for the night near a P.W.D. Camp and had a service there in the evening.

"Then we came on to Fort Hill where we spent a few days. On Saturday we played the P.A. system, and since there were so many children I gave a flannel-graph talk on Moses lifting up the serpent in the wilderness. There were close to seven hundred present for the service as the camp was filled with boys getting ready to leave for Johannesburg to work in the

mines. Then on Sunday we had a service. God blessed His Word in those few days, and we were able to pray with forty-three young men and lead them to the Saviour. These boys will be scattered around in the mines, so we took all their names and gave them our address so we can keep in contact with them. We are going to send the names to some missionary there, so they can teach these boys further in the Word of God. I trust you will pray for these boys that Satan will not trick them into turning back to their old ways.

"While in Fort Hill we spoke with the headman about building a church there near to this recruiting camp. He said he would give us a place but first had to speak with his court men about it. Pray with us that God will give us the right place to build for Him there in Fort Hill. We had a blessed weekend and it was a change from being on the station.

"Our rains are over and it is getting very hot and dry already. We miss the rain water for drinking. But God was good—when Miss Orser was home we were given a hand pump, so we will be digging a well soon.

"God also supplied above what we had asked. Miss Orser brought a little diesel engine which we can use for generating electricity. God's promise is true, "But my God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus" (Phil. 4:19).

"She Hath Done What She Could"

*An Appreciation of Florence Dreyfuss
Missionary to India*



Florence Dreyfuss
1909-1958

"DON'T EVEN CONSIDER IT!" Florence Dreyfuss had just told a minister friend how she had felt that the Lord had called her to India. Of course, she herself knew that in the natural it was preposterous, for she had been a "blue baby" and, as a result, all her life had suffered from repeated heart attacks. *How could she* ever go as a missionary to India? Yet seemingly the call of God had come to her soul, and now she had ventured to tell the minister in whose home she was living.

"Dear child, the Lord would never ask a person in your condition to go to India. No mission board would accept you. You could never pass a medical examination. Probably the Lord is simply burdening you to pray for India."

Crestfallen, Florence left her minister friend. There was nothing else to do but to accept this judgment as final.

Some years before, about 1931, this young woman had yielded her life to God and had been filled with the Spirit in Glad Tidings Tabernacle, New York City. Later her footsteps were directed to the Faith Homes in Zion, Illinois, where she went to serve the Lord and receive training for Christian work. There she took her place, performing whatever household duties she could, at the same time enthusiastically engaging in Christian service—teaching Sunday school, even assisting in

street meetings in spite of her condition. Personally, in addition to her classes and practical work, she made it a habit to read through the New Testament once a month. Faithfully, she attended the weekly missionary prayer held for two hours each Friday afternoon, the first half-hour of which was devoted to praying that the Lord of the harvest would thrust forth laborers into His harvest field.

It was as Florence united in this request that one day the question came into her soul, "How about *your* going?" Such a thought was incredible. But it persisted, and with it came a call which steadily increased: India, *India*, INDIA, I-N-D-I-A. So definite and strong did this call become that at length she must tell one of the ministers.

In spite of the high regard in which Florence held the light and opinions of the minister in whom she confided, her soul was not satisfied that this was the mind of the Lord. Therefore, she made a covenant with God to spend one hour each evening in prayer until she knew without any question whatsoever at all *what the Lord wanted*. On and on she prayed for weeks and months until two years had passed. The matter was now prayed through. God had prepared the way. A veteran missionary from India visited the Faith Homes and encouraged her to follow the call. Swiftly, miraculously, the necessary ar-

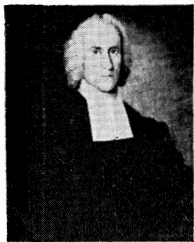
rangements were made, the money supplied, and in the spring of 1940 she left for India.

After a time with Miss Eva Beach, Miss Dreyfuss went to be with Miss Adeline Grieger in Orai. Following her first furlough she went to Mahoba where she conducted a thriving school for boys and girls during her second term of service. How she longed to get back to this work while on her second furlough, and when she returned for her third term, she wrote, "Yes, I'm back home again and so happy to be here."

Her happiness, however, was soon cut short, for early this year she was stricken and, finally, it was decided to send her to this country as the only place for her to get any human help. Throughout the weeks that she lingered, her patience and fortitude were a real testimony. On May 13th she went to be with the Lord.

Significantly, the ministers who officiated at her funeral, W. Ernest Oldfield and Frank Posta, independently of each other, were led to use the Scripture text: *She hath done what she could* (Mark 14:8).

Many far more able than Florence Dreyfuss have done far less for their Master than this consecrated handmaiden. In giving her all she gave more than those who grudgingly give only a little part of their abundance of physical vitality in the service of the King.



Personal Narrative

By JONATHAN EDWARDS

1703-1758

(Continued from last issue.)

Jonathan Edwards

Sometimes, only mentioning a single word caused my heart to burn within me; or only seeing the name of Christ, or the name of some attribute of God. And God has appeared glorious to me, on account of the Trinity. It has made me have exalting thoughts of God, that he subsists in three persons; Father, Son and Holy Ghost. The sweetest joys and delights I have experienced, have not been those that have arisen from a hope of my own good estate; but in a direct view of the glorious things of the gospel. When I enjoy this sweetness, it seems to carry me above the thoughts of my own estate; it seems at such times a loss that I cannot bear, to take off my eye from the glorious pleasant object I behold without me, to turn my eye in upon myself, and my own good estate.

My heart has been much on the advancement of Christ's kingdom in the world. The histories of the past advancement of Christ's kingdom have been sweet to me. When I have read histories of past ages, the pleasantest thing in all my reading has been, to read of the kingdom of Christ being promoted. And when I have expected, in my reading, to come to any such thing, I have rejoiced in the prospect, all the way as I read. And my mind has been much entertained and delighted with the scripture promises and prophecies, which relate to the future glorious advancement of Christ's kingdom upon earth.

I have sometimes had a sense of the excellent fulness of Christ, and his meekness and suitableness as a Saviour; whereby he has appeared to me, far above all, the chief of ten thousands. His blood and atonement have appeared sweet, and his righteousness sweet; which was always accompanied with ardency of spirit; and inward strugglings and breathings, and groanings that cannot be uttered, to be emptied of myself, and swallowed up in Christ.

Once as I rode out into the woods for my health, in 1737, having alighted from my horse in a retired place, as my manner commonly has been, to walk for divine contemplation and prayer, I had a view that for me was extraordinary, of the glory of the Son of God, as Mediator between God and man, and his wonderful, great, full, pure and

sweet grace and love, and meek and gentle condescension. This grace that appeared so calm and sweet, appeared also great above the heavens. The person of Christ appeared ineffably excellent with an excellency great enough to swallow up all thought and conception—which continued as near as I can judge, about an hour; which kept me the greater part of the time in a flood of tears, and weeping aloud. I felt an ardency of soul to be, what I know not otherwise how to express, emptied and annihilated; to lie in the dust, and to be full of Christ alone; to love him with a holy and pure love; to trust in him; to live upon him; to serve and follow him; and to be perfectly sanctified and made pure, with a divine and heavenly purity. I have, several other times, had views very much of the same nature, and which have had the same effects.

I have many times had a sense of the glory of the third person in the Trinity, in his office of Sanctifier; in his holy operations, communicating divine light and life to the soul. God, in the communications of his Holy Spirit, has appeared as an infinite fountain of divine glory and sweetness; being full, and sufficient to fill and satisfy the soul; pouring forth itself in sweet communications; like the sun in its glory, sweetly and pleasantly diffusing light and life. And I have sometimes had an affecting sense of the excellency of the word of God, as a word of life; as the light of life; a sweet, excellent, life-giving word; accompanied with a thirsting after that word, that it might dwell richly in my heart.

Often, since I lived in this town, I have had very affecting views of my own sinfulness and vileness; very frequently to such a degree as to hold me in a kind of loud weeping, sometimes for a considerable time together; so that I have often been forced to shut myself up. I have had a vastly greater sense of my own wickedness, and the badness of my own heart, than ever I had before my conversion. It has often appeared to me, that if God should mark iniquity against me, I should appear the very worst of all mankind; of all that have been, since the beginning of the world to this time; and that I should have by far the lowest place in hell. When others, that have come

to talk with me about their soul concerns, have expressed the sense they have had of their own wickedness, by saying that it seemed to them, that they were as bad as the devil himself; I thought their expression seemed exceedingly faint and feeble, to represent my wickedness.

My wickedness, as I am in myself, has long appeared to me perfectly ineffable, and swallowing up all thought and imagination; like an infinite deluge, or mountains over my head. I know not how to express better what my sins appear to me to be, than by heaping infinite upon infinite, and multiplying infinite by infinite. Very often, for these many years, these expressions are in my mind, and in my mouth, "Infinite upon infinite—Infinite upon infinite!" When I look into my heart, and take a view of my wickedness, it looks like an abyss infinitely deeper than hell. And it appears to me, that were it not free grace, exalted and raised up to the infinite height of all the fullness and glory of the great Jehovah, and the arm of his power and grace stretched forth in all the majesty of his power, and in all the glory of his sovereignty, I should appear sunk down in my sins below hell itself; far beyond the sight of every thing, but the eye of sovereign grace, that can pierce even down to such a depth. And yet, it seems to me, that my conviction of sin is exceedingly small, and faint; it is enough to amaze me, that I have no more sense of my sin. I know certainly, that I have very little sense of my sinfulness. When I have had turns of weeping and crying for my sins, I thought I knew at the time, that my repentance was nothing to my sin.

I have greatly longed of late, for a broken heart, and to lie low before God; and, when I ask for humility, I cannot bear the thoughts of being no more humble than other Christians. It seems to me, that though their degrees of humility may be suitable for them, yet it would be a vile self-exaltation to me, not to be the lowest in humility of all mankind. Others speak of their longing to be "humbled to the dust;" that may be a proper expression for them, but I always think of myself, that I ought, and it is an expression that has long been natural for me to use in prayer, "to lie infinitely low before God." And it is affecting to think, how ignorant I was, when a young Christian, of the bottomless, infinite depths of wickedness, pride, hypocrisy and deceit, left in my heart.

I have a much greater sense of my universal, exceeding dependence on God's grace and strength, and mere good pleasure, of late, than I used formerly to have; and have experienced more of an abhorrence of my own righteousness. The very thought of any joy arising in me, on any consideration of my own amiableness, performances, or experiences, or any goodness of heart or life, is nauseous and detestable to me.

And yet I am greatly afflicted with a proud and self-righteous spirit, much more sensibly than I used to be formerly. I see that serpent rising and putting forth its head continually, every where, all around me.

Though it seems to me, that, in some respects, I was a far better Christian, for two or three years after my first conversion, than I am now; and lived in a more constant delight and pleasure; yet, of late years, I have had a more full and constant sense of the absolute sovereignty of God, and a delight in that sovereignty; and have had more of a sense of the glory of Christ, as a Mediator revealed in the gospel. On one Saturday night, in particular, I had such a discovery of the excellency of the gospel above all other doctrines, that I could not but say to myself, "This is my chosen light, my chosen doctrine;" and of Christ, "This is my chosen Prophet." It appeared sweet, beyond all expression, to follow Christ, and to be taught, and enlightened, and instructed by him; to learn of him, and live to him. Another Saturday night, (*January, 1739*) I had such a sense, how sweet and blessed a thing it was to walk in the way of duty; to do that which was right and meet to be done, and agreeable to the holy mind of God; that it caused me to break forth into a kind of loud weeping, which held me some time, so that I was forced to shut myself up, and fasten the doors. I could not but, as it were, cry out, "How happy are they which do that which is right in the sight of God! They are blessed indeed, they are the happy ones!" I had, at the same time, a very affecting sense, how meet and suitable it was that God should govern the world, and order all things according to his own pleasure; and I rejoiced in it, that God reigned, and that his will was done.



—Courtesy of Stockbridge Library.
Revolving Desk and Book Table of Jonathan Edwards

My Lesson

*Only to rest where He puts me,
Only to do His Will;
Only to be what He made me,
Though I be nothing still.
Never to look beyond me,
Out of my little sphere,
If I could fill another,
God would not keep me here.*

*Only to take what He gives me,
Meek as a little child;
Questioning nought of the reason,
Joyful or reconciled.
Only to take what He gives me,
Patiently—gladly—today;
With never a thought of tomorrow,
Leaning on Him all the way.*

*Only to watch in the working,
Lest I should miss His smile,
Striving to still earth's voices,
Listening for His all the while.
Only to look to Him ever,
Only to rest at His Feet,
All that He sayeth, to do it,
Then shall my life be complete.*

*This poem was found in the New Testament of Florence Dreyfuss,
missionary to India, after her death.*