

# Bread of Life

Vol. IV

July, 1955

No. 7



# Freedom's Holy Light

By THE EDITOR

"PROCLAIM LIBERTY THROUGHOUT ALL THE LAND UNTO ALL THE INHABITANTS THEREOF.—LEV. xxv. 10" was the prophetic inscription upon the bell cast in 1753 for the Pennsylvania State House now known as Independence Hall in Philadelphia. Some twenty-three years later this bell did indeed peal out the liberty which had been declared by the representatives of "The United States of America," July 4th, 1776.

Every schoolboy knows that John Hancock, the president of the Continental Congress, was the first to sign the Declaration of Independence. Few, however, know that the original Declaration bore only one other name, that of Charles Thomson, the man who served as the Congress' only secretary for the fifteen years of its existence (1774-1789). Thomson was chosen for this responsible position because of his reputation for his honesty and sagacity.

Years before this Thomson's honesty had resulted in his being adopted into the tribe of the Delaware Indians with the name of *Wegh-wu-law-mo-end*—"The man who tells the truth"—a unique appellation for a white man who dealt with the Indians in those days. Throughout his long life he maintained his reputation and because of it was the confidant of many of the Founding Fathers of our nation. When he retired from public service, George Washington wished him "that best of all rewards, the consciousness of having done your duty well."

For about the next twenty years of his life Thomson devoted almost his entire time to translating into English the Greek version of the Old Testament known as the Septuagint. The interest in and value of the Septuagint for the Christian arises from the fact that it seems to have been in current usage in the early Church and consequently the text the writers of the New Testament generally used when quoting from the Old Testament as they did so frequently. It was this fact, as stated by Thomson himself, that "the quotations which the writers of the New Testament made from the Old, either to show the predictions of the prophets are fulfilled in Jesus Christ, or to confirm and enforce the doctrines

they delivered . . . are chiefly taken from the Septuagint" and the fact that he "could not find that there was any translation of this into English" which led him to undertake this arduous task.

When Thomas Jefferson, the principal author of the Declaration of Independence, himself a diligent student of the Scripture, especially the Gospels, learned that his valued friend, Thomson, was at last to publish his monumental work, he wrote him, "I see by the newspapers your translation of the Septuagint is now to be printed, and I write this to pray to be admitted as a subscriber."

Recently Thomson's translation has been reprinted as *The Septuagint Bible (Falcon's Wing Press, Indian Hills, Colorado)* with some slight revision. Some of the present editor's claims for this version and translation are a bit extravagant, to say the least, and some of his footnotes would well have been omitted. The book itself is attractively printed and bound.

The Septuagint, whether in Thomson's translation or in the more recent and more accurate Greek text by Rahlfs, available from the American Bible Society, New York, certainly merits consideration, at least for the sake of comparison, in view of its usage by the early Church. In some places it gives a clearer meaning than that gained from our Hebrew text and because of this a number of its readings were introduced into the RSV. It is not generally known that the titles of a number of the books of the Old Testament are taken from this version instead of the Hebrew, e.g., Genesis. Any translation or version of the Scriptures which aids one in getting a clearer understanding of God's Word and hence His will is worthy of study. And it is interesting to note that the first English translation of the Septuagint was made by one of our most highly esteemed patriots.

The special point, however, which we would call attention to is that a number of the leaders in the struggle for Independence had drunk deeply from the Fountain of Truth, God's Word. From God's Word Jefferson and the other immortal

(Continued on page 10.)

## Bread of Life

VOL. IV No. 7

JULY, 1955

Published monthly by RIDGEWOOD PENTECOSTAL CHURCH, 457 Harman Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Editor: Gordon P. Gardiner. Ass't Editor: Caroline Gardiner. Contributing Editors: Hans R. Waldvogel, Roy M. Gray. Office Manager: Miss Eleanor Perz. Photoengraver: William Schuetze. Entered as second-class matter at post office at Brooklyn, N. Y. Printed in U.S.A. Address all correspondence to P.O. Box 11, Brooklyn 27, N. Y. Make all subscriptions payable to Frank G. Posta, Treas.

Single Copy 15c.—Annual Subscription \$1.50.

# "Oh, To Be Like Thee!"

By HANS R. WALDVOGEL

---

DO YOU KNOW that we are all called to be like unto Christ, the Son of God? That being so it would be good to read diligently and meditate upon the life of Jesus as set forth in the Gospels. I suppose you have discovered, as I have, that one can have a mental knowledge of Jesus and a mental desire to be like Him. One can sing hymns like "Oh, to Be Like Thee, Blessed Redeemer" for a thousand years and not become like Jesus at all. It really takes an effort; it takes faith, a real consecration, and a real desire, above all, to be like Jesus.

Who cares to be like Jesus? There are plenty of people who would like to be powerful as He was, raising the dead and performing miracles, but they wouldn't be humble as He was and be willing to suffer the death of the cross. A certain heathen one time proposed that he would start a religion like Jesus. He did, but he came back to one of the Christian teachers and said, "Why is it that I have no success? I have no following like Jesus of Nazareth did." His friend replied, "I can give you good advice: Let yourself be crucified and then rise again from the dead three days later, and you'll have a following."

If we want to become like Jesus, we must become like Him in His humiliation and in His obedience to the Father. But who cares for that? That's where the real test comes in. Do I care to be like You, Jesus, one that follows the Lamb whithersoever He goeth? That ought to be the cry of my soul, to be like Him. If I search my own heart in the light of the life of Jesus, I will find how very unlike Jesus I am and how that naturally it is positively impossible for me to become like Him

because I wasn't born like Him. My nature is so opposite to that of the Son of God. It was born selfish, to seek only myself, only the things that are my own. Jesus wasn't like that. He came to die. He came to give His life a ransom for many. He came thinking only of others and unlovely people at that. He came not only to humble Himself but to be made sin for us, He Who knew no sin. It is unspeakable to feel the humiliation of the Son of God. And then to say that we are going to be like Him is presumption unless we really desire it, unless God can really give us faith, and unless we work on it.

A veteran missionary who retired from his field after many years said to me, "We have left the field at the right time. People still want us, but we don't want to stay on the field till they drive us out. I've noticed that missionaries get into a rut. I saw that in another missionary with whom I worked."

That struck me, but we all are going to become like that, if we're not like that already. Unless God can make us like Jesus, we will go into a rut or become boring. The soul that loves and lives for others never becomes a bore. His life will always be acceptable. His ministry will always be a ministry of life. Should we not guard against becoming boring? Sometimes Christian workers become perfect tyrants. They do not know they are like that at all. But there was the root of self-love there that made them want their own way and, of course, they thought they were doing it for the kingdom of God. That's how little they knew themselves.

But Jesus never asserted Himself. There was one element in the life of Jesus which He tells us to seek and that is meekness.

Moses was the meekest man upon the face of the earth. When his enemies rose against him and spoke of stoning him, he had nothing to say. He was like Jesus; he was willing to be the atonement for the sins of the people and he cried to God to kill him out of hand rather than to destroy the people. That is how he loved his people. A minister who loves his people like that must have the love of God in his heart and must have some true meekness.

Would you like your ministry to be His ministry? Would you like to know that your ministry is the outflow of the indwelling life of Christ? Then strive to be like Him.

How few people care to be like Jesus in their attitudes and thoughts! If I cry to be like Him, I am not going to be satisfied to think thoughts that displease Him. And yet why is it that we are satisfied, year after year, to have disturbing thoughts, anxious thoughts, thoughts of self? "*Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, think on these things.*" (Phil. 4:8.) I am not like Jesus if I do not think like that. And I am not becoming like Jesus if I do not strive to think thus. That is the call of God and, lo, there are so few of God's people who *even listen* to the call of God, let alone *seek* to be like Jesus.

"*Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus Who being in the form of God thought it not robbery to be*

## Do You

*Read the Bible  
like this—  
saying at each verse,  
“It means me”?*

equal with God but made Himself of no reputation, and took upon Him the form of a servant” (Phil. 2:7). Now, if I am going to be like Jesus, my mind needs to be renewed, transformed by the power of God. But how few people today even care about this transformation! They would rather be big and shine before people. But to empty themselves, to make themselves servants of all, to put everything they have into the service of God’s kingdom and God’s people, there are not many willing to do that.

Perhaps God has given us talents or gifts or wealth or some of earth’s goods. Shall we grab them and make sure that nobody else has the use of them? Or shall I lay them down at the service of God’s kingdom and God’s people, maybe the unlovely? Perhaps I have a house. Do I invite people to come and live with me in my home and enjoy the comforts of life and put myself out to see to it that they are comfortable? Well, that belongs to godliness. There are many, many items like that, if I am going to be like Jesus. Perhaps I have a car. Do I put that car into the service of God’s people or do I use it just for my own comfort because I think I am the fellow that needs it? Or possibly I have money, and

God’s kingdom is in need of money. Or perhaps God has given me some spiritual gift. What do I do with my gifts—admire myself and think how well I can preach and guard myself very carefully not to preach unless I have a large audience?

Isn’t it dreadful to think of not becoming like Jesus, and that soon the bells will toll? Our body will sink into the grave, our earthly life will have closed, and only what’s done for Christ and through Christ’s likeness will last forever. Why do I waste my time over anything else but the grace of God that will make me like Jesus?

To be like Jesus will make you stand out from all others, not as an eloquent preacher, but in thought, in word, in feeling. It requires that Jesus Christ shall reign. It means that I let go and let God. It means much more than that. It means that God chooses you from among the hundreds of millions to be like Jesus because He sees that you are really in earnest and your heart is perfect towards Him.

Where does God detect that but in the hour of trial and testing? Maybe you have had a real test. Maybe people have done outrageously mean things to you. What have you chosen? To get sour and mad or have

you chosen to be like Jesus? Have you chosen meekness? Have you chosen to humble yourself? Have you chosen to speak words of kindness and love, to live the life of love, the love that suffereth long and is kind?

If you have, you have found out that *you* couldn’t live like that. You have found that Jesus Christ has to come to live out His own life within you. It really takes a deep Holy Ghost earnestness. It takes the grace of God that makes me hate myself, also. As long as I love myself I become a prey to the tests and temptings and the wiles of the devil.

What shall I do? How can I become like You, Jesus? First of all, I need conviction. When the disciples discussed among themselves who among them should be the greatest, Jesus took a little child and set him in the midst and told them, unless they would be converted and become as little children, they should not enter into the kingdom of heaven. If a doctrine like that were preached today, where would our organizations be? Usually people are elected to high office who have the biggest mouth, the proudest, the most conceited, those who assert themselves, those who fight for their own wills and their own views. They get the election, don’t they? The really godly people who have learned to keep their mouths shut stay in the background. So our organizations are already defiled. They are made up of men and women who are carnal, often the most carnal. They run the church of God these days.

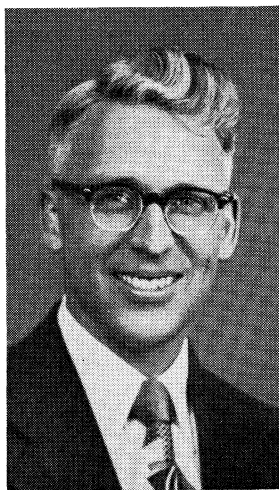
But what shall I do? Wait upon the Lord. That is what makes the difference. “They shall mount up with wings as eagles.” Only they that wait upon the Lord receive that divine life that makes them different. When you honestly

(Continued on page 10.)

# *In Perils of Robbers*

By W. ERNEST OLDFIELD

*Pastor of the Full Gospel Chapel  
Canarsie, Brooklyn, N. Y.*



W. Ernest Oldfield

AMONG THE MOST vivid recollections of my childhood in China are some exciting adventures through which I passed shortly before my seventh birthday. They are indelibly fixed upon my mind, and their memory has established in my soul the assurance that somehow God will always make a way for His trusting children, no matter what the circumstances may be.

At that time my parents, who were missionaries under the Christian & Missionary Alliance, were stationed in the city of Liuchow, Kwangsi Province, South China. As far back as I can remember the country was in continual unrest. The very atmosphere seemed to seethe with a perpetual ferment. Robbers roamed the mountains at will, swooping down constantly upon unwary travellers. Marauding bands looted and plundered the villages, kidnaping and torturing their helpless captives. My father had been kidnaped just a few months before, but in God's providential care he had managed to elude his captors and make good his escape.

There was very little central authority in the province. Local warlords held sway over their own territory, and it was difficult to distinguish robbers

from soldiers. The latter, whenever they became dissatisfied with their pay, would desert their leaders and engage in a more lucrative career with some outlaw band. To complicate matters the province of Kwangsi was now at war with the adjacent province to the east, Kwangtung; and Yunnan, the province on the west, had joined forces with Kwangtung.

For several months we had been cut off from supplies and were forced to live on native foods. I can remember how I longed for a piece of bread and butter, but none was to be had. In addition, for months I suffered from malaria, which, in spite of strong doses of quinine, raged in my body with only temporary abatement.

We had heard rumors that an army of Yunnanese soldiers was marching upon the city of Liuchow. These were well-disciplined troops. We called them, "Red Heads," because of the distinguishing red band which they wore around their caps. The day came, finally, when we began to hear sporadic shooting. We knew that the opposing forces had joined battle. The tempo of the fighting steadily increased, while shot and shell rained down upon us, as the "Red Heads" converged upon the city.

Most of the Chinese Christians had gathered in the mission compound, thinking they would be safer there than in their own homes. My mother did her best to divert me from the whine of bullets and the scream of falling shells by taking me to the back of the chapel where she tried to read to me

from a book entitled, "Lost in the Jungle." It was a most exciting tale about India, but somehow or other, just at that time, no story was quite as fascinating as the one in real life which was unfolding all around me. Seeing that I was not interested in the story anymore, my mother got up and went to the school building which was adjacent to the chapel and where the women were huddled together, hoping to escape the bullets which were falling upon the city.

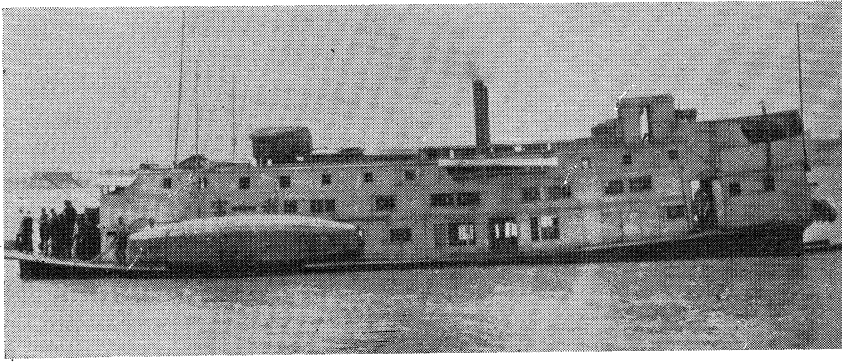
Suddenly, there was a fearful crash! It sounded as if half the church building had fallen down. A large shell had struck the front of the church, and piercing two walls, one of which was brick, twenty inches thick, had exploded inside the chapel where many of the Christians were hiding. Shrapnel flew in every direction. Several were hit. One, whose leg was nearly blown off, almost bled to death. One of the missionaries, who was wearing his sun helmet, found a piece of shrapnel em-



Rev. and Mrs. W. H. Oldfield  
and Son, Ernest

*Taken about the time of this story.*





**A Chinese Motor Launch**

*Similar to that in which the Oldfields began their flight to safety.*

bedded in it. *But the main part of the shell passed through the window at the back of the chapel just where my mother and I had been sitting, and buried itself in a huge crater in the yard beyond. If we had stayed there a moment longer it would have meant sudden death.*

In the meantime my father had offered his services to the city authorities and had been delegated to make contact with the surrounding forces and negotiate a cease fire, so that the city might be spared. He was let down over the city wall alone and, with no other protection than an American flag, faced the devastating fire of the enemy. The officials had agreed among themselves unknown to him that his reward would be either a gold medal or a coffin and the payment of funeral expenses. This agreement was later kept. There was a city-wide parade, and the medal was presented with great pomp and ceremony.

But at the time, of course, we did not know what the outcome would be. Through the long hours of the night nothing was heard from him. We did not know if he was dead or alive. Before dawn, however, the din of battle began to abate. He had been able to get through to the Yunnanese commander, and peace terms had been accepted.

The victorious "Red Heads"

now decided to proceed eastward in an attempt to make contact with their allies from Kwangtung. For this purpose they commandeered a flotilla of motor launches and native junks to carry their men and equipment down the river.

Because of my father's contact with their general at the time of the peace negotiations he was able to arrange for all the missionaries to accompany them on their hazardous journey. There was danger involved, of course, but it might enable us to reach a safer place than Liuchow, and months of poor food and living under constant strain were taking their toll. Some of us might not have survived if we had remained there.

My father and I had a narrow bunk on one of the motor launches. It was in a big, public room in the center of the boat. The walls were lined with bunks, and all the others were occupied by soldiers who kept up a continual clatter throughout the night, gambling and smoking opium. Vile oaths accompanied by the click of majong tablets became my bedtime lullaby each night.

Our rate of progress along the river was extremely slow. Columns of armed men preceded the little flotilla along the banks and frequent skirmishing took place before the ships were allowed to pass. At times we

would be stopped for days waiting for the way to be cleared on ahead. At such times we would observe the wounded being carried back to the boats. We would hear their groans and see their looks of agony.

Very little food was available and the water was anything but pure. It contained all the filth from the various villages along the river as well as the bandages which had been taken off the soldiers' wounds. This same water had to serve for both bathing and cooking purposes for everyone on board. It was not long before I had contracted dysentery, which, with the malaria already in my system, made me very sick indeed.

The situation was getting desperate. It seemed extremely rash to try to make our way alone down the river, for it was infested with Kwangsi soldiers as well as robbers who could be expected to prey on any unarmed company passing their way. Yet to remain with the "Red Heads," who were proceeding at such a painfully slow pace, would mean prolonging a condition which was becoming intolerable.

At just this point God intervened in a miraculous way. We had been anchored for several days a little above a city which did not fall immediately to the advancing Yunnanese army. They decided to attempt negotiations. To do this it was necessary to send a delegation through the mountains to another city where they could discuss terms with the chief general of the Kwangsi forces. My father accompanied the delegation, and when he saw that the negotiations were breaking down, and that the prospects for our convoy's moving on down the river were very dim, he pleaded with the Kwangsi general to guarantee our missionary party safe passage through his lines. This he promised to do and gave him a letter to that

effect. He warned him, however, that there were many lawless, independent groups, who took orders from no one, and over whom he had no control.

When my father came back from this conference he brought with him a little foreign food, a few soda crackers and some cans of condensed milk, which probably saved my life, for I was very sick and there had been no suitable food to give me.

As soon as he returned we determined to push on alone and trust God to take care of us. A small native "houseboat" was secured, and after dark our baggage was transferred and packed in the bottom of the boat. It was then covered with loose boards over which we spread our blankets and lay down to sleep. With us came also a Yunnanese soldier who wanted to make his way if possible through the Kwangsi lines.

Before dawn we slipped out into the middle of the stream and floated down past the guards and on to whatever might lie before us. It was a blessed relief to get away from the "Red Heads" and the interminable fighting, but we knew also that every bend and twist in the river might conceal some unknown danger.

It was not long before our worst fears were realized. Morning came and we had not gone very far when we heard loud voices demanding that we pull over to the shore. There was nothing for the boatmen to do but comply for armed men with rifles ready to shoot were there to back up their demand.

Fiercely they approached us. My father was taken off the boat under guard and questioned at great length, but finally, with the aid of the letter from the Kwangsi general, he was able to satisfy them, and we were allowed to proceed on our way.

But not for long! A mile or

so further we again heard the hoarse shout to stop the boat. We could soon tell that we were in worse straits than before. This band was a motley, cut-throat crew, who, by their very appearance, showed themselves to be a wild gang of robbers. Spying some bags of rice under the floor boards of the boat they grabbed them and demanded more loot.

My father pleaded that we had little money, but to no avail. The ugliest of the robbers raised his gun, pointing it straight at my father's head, and made his demands again. The rest of us sat trembling in anticipation of what might happen to us at any moment.

Each member of our group in turn had to empty his pockets. With greedy haste the robbers scooped up all the silver as it rolled out onto the floor. Later, I prided myself on being the only one who succeeded in saving his money. It was just a few pennies enclosed in an envelope which my mother had in her clothing and was not noticed!

Still, some of the robbers were not satisfied. One of them remarked, "Let's take the blan-

kets." Our hearts sank, for the Yunnanese soldier who had come with us was rolled up and completely covered by one of the blankets in the rear of the boat. If he had been discovered he would undoubtedly have been shot on the spot as a spy, and probably the rest of us would have suffered the same fate too.

But another robber, not quite as inhuman as his fellow, replied, "No, never mind the blankets. We have their money. Let them go."

We were sternly warned that there were many more groups of armed men farther along the river and that if we did not stop immediately when commanded we would be shot. We realized that we would be in a more serious plight next time since there was nothing much left which could be robbed, and there was little we would be able to do to placate them.

We had scarcely started again when God in His great mercy provided us with a means of escape. A small boat was seen bearing down upon us. We did not know what to expect. A man rose in the bow, pistol in

(Continued on page 9.)



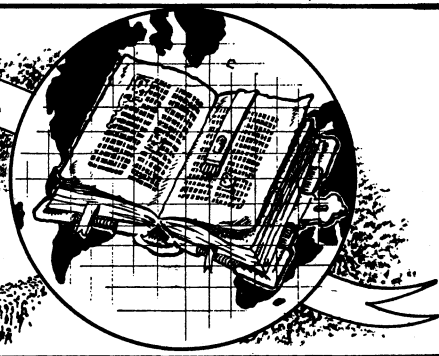
**A Chinese House Boat**

*Such as carried the Oldfields to  
final safety.*

GO YE INTO ALL THE WORLD...

## Seed-Time and Harvest

on the Mission Fields



## Pentecost in Kirchheim, Germany

By BERTHA WALDVOGEL

IT IS DIFFICULT to put into words how the abiding presence of the Lord has rested upon these meetings and in the tent itself here in Kirchheim during this campaign. We all feel very grateful to God for this tent. It is such an inviting place for people to come to, and when the presence of Jesus fills it with glory such as has been the case, it is like a part of heaven come down to earth. No wonder, therefore, that the Word of God has been so mighty to change hearts and lives during these days.

We could desire, perhaps, a larger prayer tent because after each meeting the section set aside for prayer gets so crowded and filled with hungry people that it is difficult for workers to get to them. But we are glad that God knows their needs and that His presence and power are meeting them.

At the beginning the weather was quite cold. An outstanding man in the city who came regularly gave a very pointed testimony one morning which expressed the experience of us all. He told how often he felt very cold during the meetings and went home chilled through and through. "But," he added at the end of his testimony, "my heart was always warmed!"

On the second Sunday we cel-

ebrated Pentecost and as is the custom in Germany we also had meetings all day Monday. It was truly a Pentecostal outpouring. During the morning service one of the most faithful saints from the Ulm assembly received a glorious infilling of the Holy Spirit. She afterward told us how God had put a prayer in her heart for days, "Lord, cleanse me thoroughly, and then fill me with Thy Spirit." Her experience was a blessing and inspiration to us all.

We have just now returned from a prayer meeting in the hall which was devoted to praying for the sick. Many came with tremendous physical needs and God was there in great power to give great victories. In the progress of the meeting during a time of praise, a woman who has just begun to come of late jumped to her feet and jubilantly told us that she had been healed of multiple sclerosis from which she had suffered so long.

Our hearts are indeed full of rejoicing as we see God marching on and His Kingdom coming. Many are making new consecrations. Others are being filled to overflowing with the Holy Ghost. We have sensed very keenly the prayers of believers on the other side of the ocean and feel that you too are definitely sharing in the victo-

ries and answers to prayer which God is giving in every meeting. "Oh, magnify the Lord with us and let us exalt His name together!"

### A New Out-Station in Orange Free State

By HELEN HOSS

THABA-NCHU is a town about forty miles from Bloemfontein, Orange Free State, which has a population of about six thousand Europeans and about an equal number of natives. Its importance lies in the fact that it is the door to a large native reserve which has many thousands of natives in an area which reaches for miles.

We were granted permission to hold special meetings there for two weeks. Truly God was in this effort and blessed us with seeing many souls come to Him. Every night from forty to a hundred came forward for salvation and healing. Jesus so manifested His presence among us that people became hungry for Himself. We would have continued the meetings but winter has come and it gets so terribly cold at night. God willing, we will go back next summer.

Two teachers in particular seem to have fully opened up and received Jesus as their Sa-



vior and are bringing others with them to the meetings. There has been a large number of coloreds who also have been coming to the meetings. Brother Mbata will continue there until our new full-time worker is able to take over.

This young man's name is Boots who although he has been saved only two years seems to live close to the Lord. He is so hungry for Jesus and has a humble spirit. He has spoken many times in the meetings and truly has a message. Boots comes from the Thaba-nchu area. This is also the Lord's doing as the government commissioner (who must give permission for anyone to minister in that area) says that they do not want anyone in the area as a full-time pastor except one of their own people.

Please pray that we will receive permanent permission to enter this area as we are led of the Lord. Our letters have gone to Pretoria for consideration of this request. Please remember to pray for the close-to-one hundred souls which God has given us in Thaba-nchu which is called the Switzerland of Africa.

### From Formosa

**G**OD is continuing to open individual hearts to receive the Gospel and to open new doors for service according to the latest reports from *Miss Elisabeth Lindau* and *Miss Pearl Young* who are working in Taipei.

Recently a Dr. Yang from Tainan, the southern part of the island of Formosa, came to Taipei for two weeks of special medical study. While there a mutual friend brought him to the missionaries' apartment. "During their conversation Dr. Yang told how his heart was empty and that he was seeking that which would satisfy," writes Miss Lindau. "In a very

simple way Miss Young told him of the Lord's love and of the way of salvation. The doctor said he had never heard it given so plainly before. They got down on their knees, Dr. Yang praying sentence by sentence after Miss Young. It was wonderful the way he received the witness that he was now a child a God. His face just glowed as he said he never realized it was so simple. He says there are others in the same position as he in Tainan-hungry for something, they know not what. He has asked us to go down there some time." Since then his wife has come to learn about the way.

Missionaries Lindau and Young are being urged to begin work in one of the suburbs of Taipei where there is no church at all. "A young officer and his wife from there accepted the Lord here, and they and other Christians there have kept the need before us. The place is easily accessible by bus, and most of those who attend the Thursday evening meeting here could attend a Sunday service out there.

"The people there are mostly officials—civil and military—and many more have gone there during the present political crisis. At present steps are being taken to secure the use of a school building for meetings. It is possible that we will have meetings there the week of June 12th or the following week, to be followed by regular weekly meetings there. We would certainly value prayer, very, very much. We are believing God for souls to be brought into this life with Jesus."

~~~~~  
We have not learned to pray unless it is an exceeding joy to be alone with God.

\* \* \*

Delight thyself in the Lord and if there's any worrying to be done—let Him do it.

### In Perils of Robbers

(Continued from page 7.)

hand. To our surprise he called out, "Hello, Mr. Oldfield, where are you going?"

My father did not at once recognize him, (he was actually a robber chief whom he had just met on his recent journey through the mountains) but he greeted him as a long lost friend. Even as they were speaking another armed group was calling to us to stop. We did not know when their rifles might begin to fire upon our boat, but our new friend told us to go on, and waving to the men on the shore, shouted, "Don't shoot, don't shoot, this man is the representative of General so and so"—naming the biggest robber chief in the district.

This he said because he had met my father recently with the Kwangsi representatives, and he therefore took him to be one of their allies. At another time we might not have been delighted at the association, but in our present circumstances we had no intention of arguing the point.

Our new friend provided an escort to accompany us the rest of the way through the danger zone and two armed men were appointed for this duty. We had never before appreciated so much the close proximity of evil men as we did on this occasion.

It was fortunate, indeed, that they were with us. Eight times in all we were stopped, but eventually we made our way through the dangerous section of the country, and our robber "friends" bade us farewell. We had barely pulled out from the shore after leaving them, and had just begun preparing the first bite of food our tense nerves allowed us to taste that day when there was the BOOM of a big gun, and a splash just beyond the boat. In a moment

there was another BOOM and a splash on the other side.

The boatmen fell flat on their faces trembling with fright. This was the grand climax! Could it be that the Lord would allow us to perish now after all that we had escaped? But though we waited for the end to come at any moment, no more shots were fired, and with great relief we continued in safety to our destination.

Here we parted company with the Yunnanese soldier, who fully appreciated the awful dangers through which he had passed. Our hearts were full of praise and thanksgiving to Him who had been so manifestly with us all the way. As for me, with proper food and care I was soon on the road to recovery, with no lasting ill effects from my harrowing experiences.

"Oh that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men!" (Psalm 107:8.)

---

### **"Oh, To Be Like Thee!"**

(Continued from page 4.)

wait upon the Lord, when you take time and pay the price, in a short time your life is changed. After even a week or two weeks of waiting upon the Lord, how different everything is. Why? Your eyes have become anointed with eyesalve, God bestows new strength upon you. But most people are so busy they haven't time to wait upon the Lord. The great glory of the child of God is to empty himself and to wait upon the Lord in that helpless attitude of faith that says, "Except the Lord build the city, they labor in vain that build it." You will find out that you save time when God gets on the job and undertakes and gives you light. Instead of you fumbling around and losing your way like a blind man, you will see clearly. He

will give you gold that's tried in the fire. He will show you your own faults and He will make you desire to be rid of them. He will bring you down into humility. He will cause the peace of God that passeth all understanding to guard your heart. In other words, He makes you like Jesus.

Do you know that there are people in the world to whom Jesus is everything, who want nothing else? They are very simple. They are very retiring, very quiet people. Their whole thought is Jesus. Their whole desire is to please Him. Their eyes are constantly upon the Master. They behold Him all the time. But, oh, what streams of life flow from such lives!

I will never be like Jesus unless God gives me that grace, first of all, the grace to see that I am positively not like Him and cannot be like Him unless God makes me like Him. Then when God makes me see my helpless condition, I will automatically seek His face and wait upon the Lord. And I'll wait upon Him "until." You never waste your time when you wait upon the Lord even though it may seem so. Your natural mind being so full of pride will make you think that you are wasting time. That is the devil. You must do like Jesus said, "Get thee behind me, Satan."

What a change would come into our lives if from this moment forth we would make this the prayer of our heart: "Oh, to be like Thee, blessed Redeemer." I would meditate in the Scriptures, I would see what Jesus has to say, and the wonderful thing about the words of Jesus is their utter simplicity.

Read the Sermon on the Mount. Jesus said, "He that heareth these sayings of mine and doeth them . . ." But, tell me, how far have you gotten in doing these words? Or are you a foolish man who built his

house upon the sand? Have you learned to live that first beatitude, "Blessed are the poor in spirit"? There are so few of God's people who are poor in spirit. "Blessed are the meek." There's that word again. What is meekness? It is the subduing of all my ransomed powers to the will of God until there is not one utterance of my own. When God proposes His will, whether it be pleasure or sorrow, there is not one word of reply.

Don't you know what God is talking about? The Son of God lived upon this earth entirely by the Father. That is the call. That is the call *today*. If you have never heard it before, or if you have heard it a thousand times, will you not receive it as from His heart, as if you had never heard it before, and say, "Father, I have heard from heaven."

---

### **Freedom's Holy Light**

(Continued from page 2.)

signers of the Declaration of Independence learned the first of the "self-evident" truths which they held and stated as the reasonable ground for their action: "that all men are created equal." And the second of these truths sprang from the same opening page of Holy Writ: "that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights . . . life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

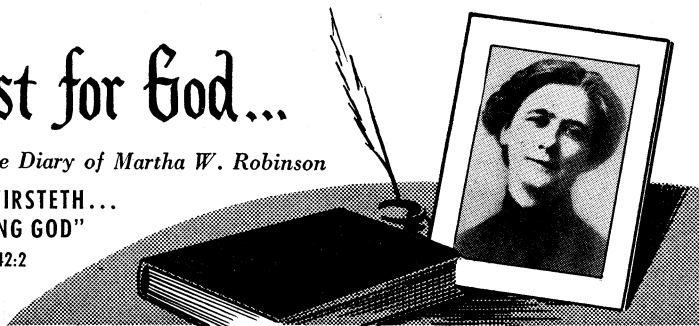
Eternal vigilance is not the only price of liberty. The passion for freedom's holy light can burn brightly only as it is stimulated by the same, original source that fired that noble band which took the courageous step one hundred and seventy-nine years ago this month "with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence," and so mutually pledged to each other their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor.

# Athirst for God...

*The Diary of Martha W. Robinson*

**"MY SOUL THIRSTETH...  
FOR THE LIVING GOD"**

Psalm 42:2



*Martha Wing Robinson (1874-1936) was one of the pioneer ministers of the Pentecostal movement. For several years before receiving light on the baptism of the Holy Spirit she had been an effective minister in Iowa, Illinois, Michigan, and Ohio. When she was once convinced of the scripturalness of Pentecostal teaching and experience, she and her husband severed their denominational ties and stepped out independently trusting the Lord alone for their support.*

*After receiving her personal baptism, the Robinsons went to Toronto. It was there during the year 1907 that Mrs. Robinson kept this diary which is almost altogether a record of her cry for God to come to her in yet greater fulness.*

*July 20.* I am waiting on God to perfect His work in me, to make me meek and lowly in spirit, fill me with love and patience. I do fail so dreadfully. I am so full of myself. I sometimes seem to get worse instead of better. Again I see that it is that I see myself more plainly. Well, the work is in God's hands.

*July 22.* No chastening at present seemeth to be joyous. Verily, no, but may it yield the peaceable fruit of righteousness. It seems as if there has come on me a fixed sadness from the chastening God has permitted in my life, but I know "joy cometh in the morning." Perhaps this is to subdue and quiet me and get me in my place.

O God, I am still before thee, not yet of service, still under the pruning knife—I ask thee to enable me to keep humble and keep sweet *no matter what the circumstances* are. I have a rebellious spirit against injustice along certain lines. I cannot bear to be blamed for *well* doing or to be misunderstood or misjudged. O, if I were dead to myself these things would not hurt. Make me dead, my Lord and my God!

*July 26.* Cloud still hanging but I see victory coming in my soul. I am better able than I was to be misunderstood and wrongfully accused and just keep silence. I do not have such a rebellious rising and resistance in me for self-justification. Love suffereth long and is kind. O God, make me dead. Not to care what anyone thinks. I find I *have* to be separated unto God, in everything.

My great difficulty is in letting others press me into not following the exact leading of the Spirit by arguing with me that my leadings are mistaken, that I am presumptuous in assuming to have my clear leadings.

I have *not* had the baptism of fire. Jesus was to baptize with the Holy Ghost and fire. I don't know what it all *means* but I want the *whole* promise—and I ask for the baptism of *fire*. I know I am cold, hard, stiff. I need burning, melting, softening, refining in God's crucible. I need to be burned up. God, give me the fire, the *fire*. Why should I stop short of the fulfillment of the whole promise? I ask the baptism of fire. O God, work out in me Thy *perfect* will. O, make me what I ought to be. O Lord, I give up to Thee. Thou art too wonderful for me.

*Aug. 16.* The Lord has been leading me in quiet ways. No marked testings, leadings or experiences. Every door and avenue of service except in quiet, unostentatious ways, closed.

The chief encouragement that I have is my ability to wait and be quiet. To be at peace and leave all to God. The hurry and fret and rush seem taken out of my life. I am entering into *His* rest.

Also I see some answer to prayer. All my life I have found it terribly hard to bear misunderstanding. To have my motives misconstrued. I would explain and explain and think it over and over. I have prayed God to deliver me. He has permitted me to go through a terrible pruning of being constantly and repeatedly misunderstood. He in fact, by this process, woke me up to how sensitive I was along this line. I have prayed earnestly that I might rise above this thing and be willing to have only God understand. Praise His Name, He is certainly answering. Day before yesterday I was tested in a new way. After a time I realized my peace was "flowing as a river." For hours I was in such a triumphant calm. My very body seemed to enter into a tremendous repose that was joyful.

# Follow Thou Me!

*I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life*

Without *the Way*, there is no going;  
Without *the Truth*, there is no knowing;  
Without *the Life*, there is no living.

I AM

*The Way*, which thou oughtest to follow;  
*The Truth*, which thou oughtest to believe;  
*The Life*, which thou oughtest to hope for.

I AM

*The Way* inviolable,  
*The Truth* infallible,  
*The Life* unending.

I AM

*The Way* that is straightest,  
*The Truth* that is highest,  
*The Life* that is true, *the Life* blessed, *the Life* uncreated.

If thou remain in *My Way*, thou shalt know *the Truth*,  
And *the Truth* shall make thee free,  
And thou shalt lay hold on eternal *Life*.

If thou wilt enter into *Life*, keep the commandments.  
If thou wilt know *the Truth*, believe Me.

—THE IMITATION OF CHRIST.