

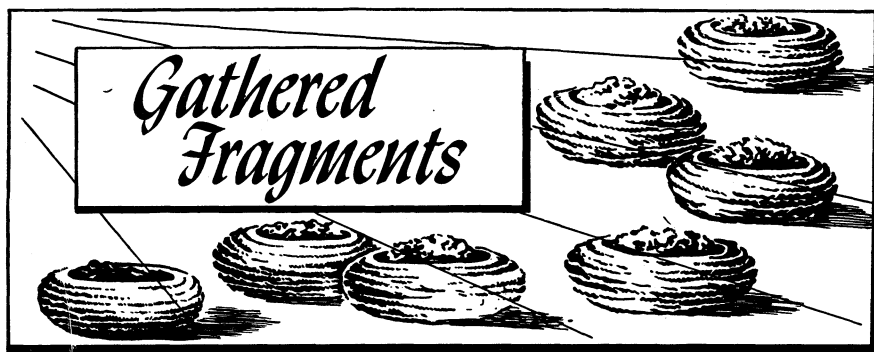
# Bread of Life

Vol. VII

November 1958

No. 11





**THE FIFTH WORLD CONFERENCE OF PENTECOSTAL CHURCHES** was held at Toronto, Canada, in the Coliseum of the Canadian National Exhibition grounds, September 14-21. Some 9,000 delegates, representing "approximately 8,500,000 Pentecostal adherents throughout the world" came from forty countries, including two from Yugoslavia and four from Poland. Most impressive and thrilling to the editors of **BREAD OF LIFE** was the sacred communion service held the last Sunday morning. The presence of the Lord was unusually manifest as the thousands present partook of the emblems of the body and blood of their one Lord. Served as they were by brethren from Indonesia, Switzerland, Sweden, England, Canada, and the United States to brethren from every continent and many of the islands of the sea, one could not but be reminded of that day when some from every tribe and nation will be gathered around the throne of God.

*B. D. Ackley*, composer of more than 3,500 gospel songs, died at the age of eighty-five at Warsaw, Indiana, September 3. Among his best known compositions were "I Walk With the King," "In the Service of the King," "I Would be Like Jesus,"

"Sunrise," and "Since the Fullness of His Love Came In." During his long career Mr. Ackley had traveled the world over as pianist for noted evangelists, including Billy Sunday.

*The Old Rugged Cross* has repeatedly won first place in various contests as America's most popular hymn since it was written in 1912 by George Bennard who at the time was conducting a revival at Albion, Michigan. On October 10, Mr. Bennard, eighty-five, died at Reed City, Michigan. As a boy George Bennard had "worked in Iowa coal mines at fifteen to help support his widowed mother and her six children," according to an AP news dispatch. "He was drawn to Salvation Army meetings at Canton, Iowa, in 1895 and three years later was commissioned an adjutant, traveling throughout the midwest to conduct revival meetings. In 1910 Mr. Bennard resigned to devote several years almost exclusively to writing sacred songs. The most recent of Mr. Bennard's songs, 'The Light on the Cross,' was written in 1956. It commemorates a huge wooden cross erected by the Reed City Chamber of Commerce before his home here." Among his many productions which included both words and music are "Have Thy Way, Lord,"

"Speak My Lord," and "Don't Turn Him Away."

November 12 marks the one hundred fiftieth anniversary of the birth of another hymn writer, *Ray Palmer*, author of "My Faith Looks up to Thee" and of "Jesus, Thou Joy of Loving Hearts," a translation of five verses of Bernard of Clairvaux's forty-two stanza Latin hymn, *Jesu dulcis memoria*, which has been called "the sweetest and most evangelical hymn of the Middle Ages." As a boy of thirteen Ray had served as a clerk in a dry goods store in Boston where he affiliated himself with Park Street Congregational Church. Sereno E. Dwight, grandson of Jonathan Edwards, was then pastor of the church and "discerning the promise of great usefulness in the boy" induced him to pursue his education with a view to entering the ministry. Subsequently he became a Congregational pastor in Bath, Maine, and later in Albany, N. Y. He died in Newark, N. J., March 29, 1887.

"My faith Looks up to Thee" was written in December, 1830, while young Palmer was teaching in a young ladies' seminary in New York City, at the same time pursuing his theological studies. Poor, in bad health, and working under many discouragements the hymn was "born of his own soul." "I gave form to what I felt," said the author, "by writing, with little effort, these stanzas. I recollect I wrote them with very tender emotion, and ended the last line with tears. I composed them with a deep consciousness of my own needs, without the slightest thought of writing for another eye, and least of all of writing a hymn for Christian worship."

(Continued on page 4.)

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# “Reign Thou Alone”

By HANS R. WALDVOGEL

THE THING WE NEED TO KNOW is that *Jesus Christ reigns* and that He is going to reign until the very devil is in the pit. His job is to destroy the works of the devil. That was His job when He was on this earth, but He was not able to reach far enough, and so God set Him on high and made angels and princes and powers subject unto Him. Even the very devils in hell have become subject to His will.

That is how great a King He is. He has all power in heaven and in earth. As Daniel says, “Wisdom and might are His.” And when John saw the Lamb upon the throne, he saw Him having seven eyes and seven horns which are the seven spirits of God sent forth into all the earth. Horns represent power; eyes represent wisdom. All wisdom and all might are His. What does this mean? Jesus always knows what to do and always has power to do it.

But the question is, do I let Him reign? That is the whole job I have upon this earth—to let Him reign. I must choose between the reign of the devil, the flesh, and the world and the reign of Jesus Christ. I make that choice when I take up the Cross and say, “No,” to self, “No,” to the world, and “No” to everything else and “Yes,” to Jesus: “Take Thy great power and reign Thou alone.”

What does He do then? He takes over by the power of the Holy Ghost. That is how God set His King upon the holy hill of Zion, when He let Jesus Christ pay the price, be baptized with the baptism of blood, die on the cross, and rise again from the dead, purchasing for all humanity a new life.

Today the kingdom of God has been manifested upon this earth for two thousand years, and in every generation He has had true sons of God since the days of the Apostles. Church history has been written by men whose eyes were covered with darkness. Therefore they write about the Crusades and those who sewed crosses on their backs. That was not Christianity, nor were they Christians who participated in such ventures, but in the midst of it all there were those “hidden priests.”

*The race of God's anointed priests  
Shall never pass away;  
Before His glorious face they stand  
And serve Him night and day.*

*Though reason raves, and unbelief  
Flows on, a mighty flood,  
There are and shall be, till the end,  
The hidden priests of God.*

Women like Catherine of Sienna and men like St. John of the Cross, though they were persecuted by the very church they belonged to, yet they shaped generations for God. Rivers of life flowed from them.

What was it they taught? They taught that the mystery of godliness is not on the outside, that the kingdom of God cometh not with observation, but that it is within you. We do not know about the thousands who worshipped God in Spirit because they were persecuted by Catholic and Protestant alike, but they were the men and women in whom Jesus Christ was King and in whom He reigned. They were filled with the Holy Ghost. They were the lights of the world, the salt of the earth. They kept alive the lights of the kingdom, and the King of Heaven kept reigning through them and destroy-

ing the kingdom of the devil.

Today Pentecost has spread all over the earth. Today we have men and movements which reach millions of people with the gospel. Such a thing has never been before. Today more people are being saved and healed and baptized with the Holy Ghost than at any time in the history of the world. The light of the presence and indwelling of Jesus is shining more brightly all the time. How does it happen? Because God has set His King upon His holy hill of Zion. And while the heathen rage and the people imagine a vain thing, and while sometimes it looks as if the devil were running away with people, Jesus Christ laughs. He is establishing His kingdom. He is reigning in hearts. Men and women are looking up today and saying, “Jesus is all the world to me.” And He is. How does it happen? Through the reign of the Holy Ghost. That is what establishes the kingdom of God in humanity.

Lots of people claim to be saved who are not saved at all. They believe like the devil believes.

They believe that Jesus is the Son of God. The devil believes that.

They believe that He was born of the virgin Mary. The devil believes that.

They believe that He is coming again. The devil believes that, too, and trembles.

But to believe that He is mine, to believe His Word and submit to His will, to meditate upon His will day and night until that will becomes my will, until that Word is written upon my heart and I become a living epistle of Christ written not

with ink but with the Spirit of the living God—that is the kingdom of God, righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.

Why do we find Christians who go into a dump as soon as they get sick or somebody else gets sick? Why do we have so many "Calamity Janes" who come around when someone is sick? Why is it that the church today is full of flesh? "Why call ye Me, 'Lord, Lord,' and do not the things which I say?"

They shall not enter into the kingdom but they that do the will of God. That is what makes the difference today, and that is what is going to make the difference when Jesus comes—Christ living out His own life within me, righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. When God set His king upon the hill of Zion, it resulted in the coming of the Holy Ghost, in men and women being born again.

What is the next thing? Tests. The devil gets interested and says, "Let's see if this thing will stand. Let's see if you have gold tried in the fire." The test will show if our faith is a real possession or just a profession. How many people talk "big" about faith until a test comes. Then where are they? They do not stand, but Jesus Christ stands. He is the King set upon the holy hill of Zion, and He will reign until that last enemy is overcome.

You and I are the battle ground. You and I have the great privilege of making our choice—Jesus or the enemy. Whom shall I look at? What shall I consider in the darkness of the valley—the howling of the demons or the voice of my Shepherd who says "Fear no evil. Fear thou not for I am with you"?

It is not an earthly warfare. God does not give us carnal weapons. He gives me the sword of the Spirit, but that sword of

the Spirit is not keen until it has stood the test.

Do you want the kingdom? Then you must take the King. Nobody is in the kingdom who does not take and accept the King and say, "Take Thy great power and reign Thou alone." That is "kissing the Son." My business is to recognize that I have no right to my own thoughts or decisions or will or feelings or attitudes. Jesus Christ claims that right by virtue of the price He paid for me and when I delivered myself to Him.

The reason we are not perfected more quickly is that we do not let go and let God, we do not let Him reign. That is the gist of Christianity—letting Him reign. There are people who are looking for the coming of the kingdom of God in the wrong direction. They are already training their telescopes on some bright object in the constellation of Orion, and some saints have seen an object that is cube-shaped and say, "That is the New Jerusalem!" But when you have understood the mystery of the kingdom, you do not look to the right nor to the left, nor up nor down, but you look within, into your heart.

What is that hill of Zion? Hearts purified by the blood of Jesus Christ. That is where the throne of God is. That is where Christ reigns. And that is the only throne that Jesus Christ seeks, the only throne He wants.

## Gathered Fragments

(Continued from page 2.)

"The manuscript was then placed in a pocket-book, where it remained for sometime," says S. W. Duffield. "Its true discoverer was Lowell Mason, the musician, who asked young Palmer if he had not some hymn or hymns to contribute to his new book. The pocket-book was produced, and the little hymn . . .

was brought to light. Dr. Mason was attracted by it, and desired a copy. They stepped together into a store (it was in Boston), and the copy was made and taken away without any further comment. On carefully recording the hymn at home, Dr. Mason was so much interested that he wrote for it the tune of 'Olivet,' to which it is usually sung. Two or three days later he again met the author on the street, and, scarcely waiting to salute him, he said in substance: 'Mr. Palmer, you may live many years and do many good things, but I think you will be best known to posterity as the author of "My Faith Looks up to Thee."' "

\*

Another anniversary celebrated at this time is the birth of *Samuel Francis Smith*, author of "My Country 'Tis of Thee." Written in less than a half hour on February 2, 1832, it was first sung at a children's Fourth of July celebration that same year in the Park Street Congregational Church of Boston. "I found the tune in a German music book brought to this country by the late Mr. William C. Woodbridge and put into my hands by Lowell Mason, Esq., because, he said, I could read German books and he could not. It is not, however, a translation, but the expression of my thought at the moment of glancing at the tune."

Smith, who became a Baptist minister, was born October 21, 1808, one hundred fifty years ago, died Nov. 16, 1895. An earnest advocate of foreign missions, he wrote, also in 1832, the stirring missionary hymn, "The Morning Light is Breaking."

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This latter remark fittingly introduces "White Angakok," the story of the heroic missionary endeavors in Greenland of *Hans Egede* who died two hundred years ago, November 5, 1758.

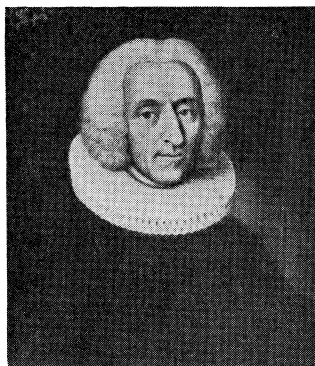
# White Angakok

By GORDON P. GARDINER

"THERE WAS A MAN sent from God, whose name was John. The same came for a witness to bear witness of the Light, that all men through him might believe." Appropriately—John, of course, being the equivalent of Hans—these verses were selected as the text for the sermon preached at the funeral of Hans Egede, the Apostle of Greenland, after his death, November 5, 1758. Just fifty years before, his interest in the then unknown and unevangelized land of Greenland had been awakened, and from that moment Hans Egede had an ever-increasing desire to "bear witness of the Light" in that land where the spiritual darkness was so much greater than even the complete natural darkness which prevails there for so many months of each year. And after years of struggle he, like John the Baptist, was sent of God to this land of his calling.

Egede's own words best tell the story of how his interest in Greenland was first aroused: "Anno 1708 in the month of October or thereabouts," he writes, "when newly arrived at Vaagen parsonage in the Norlands, one evening towards dusk I walked by myself, and it occurred to me that once long ago I had read in a description of Norway, which also included Greenland, that in that place there were Christians, churches and monasteries, etc., but from those who at a later period had been there for purposes of whaling I had not been able to learn anything of the kind, and therefore I became curious to know how they now fared."

Only the previous year, he had been ordained to the ministry and settled in the comfortable parish of Vaagen, a town situated well above the Arctic Circle. Shortly afterwards he had married Gertrude Rask who was to prove an invaluable helpmeet to him. Already their union had been blessed by the birth of a son, Paul. The congregation, consisting primarily of prosperous fishermen, had become quickly devoted in an unusual degree to their new pastor. What more could one desire?



Hans Egede  
1686-1758



Gertrude Rask Egede  
1673- 1735

And then, suddenly, seemingly for no natural reason, his curiosity in Greenland had been aroused on this October evening. Furthermore, thoughts concerning this land persisted for days and weeks and months.

"The following spring (1709)," Egede records, "I wrote to Bergen to my brother-in-law, Niels Rasch, who

had also sailed to Greenland, and asked him to give me information of the country, in-so-far as he knew or had heard of it through others."

"There are no human beings to be seen there," replied his brother-in-law," but in Greenland towards the south there are savages . . . The eastern side of Greenland facing Iceland, where in former times northern people are said to have lived, cannot now be explored because of the drift-ice blocking the coast."

"This relation," Egede commented, "called forth in me a commiseration for the miserable state of these poor people, who in former times had been Christians and enlightened in the Christian faith, but who now for lack of teachers and instruction had again fallen into heathen blindness and savagery. I therefore wished with all my heart that my circumstances had been such that I could regard it as my greatest bliss and joy, if I were able again to preach the Gospel to them, and I thought the obligation was all the greater, because, as I thought, they had at one time been Christians, and also were of Norse descent and lived in a country subject to the Norwegian crown. The same thought called forth in me an ever greater inclination and yearning, so that I was concerned about the ways and means by which an enterprise could be set on foot."

Soon in his inmost soul he heard the call of God, the call which once spoken and heard, gives its hearer no peace until it is answered. Now followed a year of "great doubt and disturbance of mind." At length in the summer of 1710 he determined to write the king of the United Kingdom of Denmark and Norway, Frederick Chris-



**A**LL CHRISTIANS have a duty towards the mission, as long as any heathens exist, and all should be ardent in spirit for that task and pray God to send "apostles." . . . The church is upon the whole not bound up with any special locality, but is a vessel carried from one place to another. God moves the candlestick from where no work is done; He takes His kingdom from those who do not pay the freight. The vessel of the church must thus visit strange parts and offer their merchandise, and the Christians will be called severely to account, if they content themselves with trading with the heathens.

—Hans Egede in his memorial  
to the King of Denmark.

tian IV, a "proposal for the conversion and enlightenment of the Greenlanders, based upon scriptures encouraging Christians to carry out missionary work among the heathens and the statements of pious men."

Egede had every reason to believe that King Frederick would be sympathetic to his proposal, for he had generously sponsored the cause of foreign missions, when in 1705 two Germans, Ziegenbalg and Plütschan, were officially appointed as the first Danish missionaries to India. Egede had been a student at the University of Copenhagen at the time of their ordination and departure for their field of labor. Doubtless he had witnessed this momentous event himself and consequently knew of the king's interest in this noble cause. Egede's memorial had to pass through the proper church authorities to the king. Though its contents were approved and the proposal forwarded, the proposal moved slowly, delayed by various untoward circumstances.

Meanwhile, contents of Egede's proposal with its suggested plans leaked out and became known among his friends and relatives, raising a violent storm of opposition. At length Egede gave up the idea, but it returned and persisted. There was no longer peace in his heart,

and he wrote in his diary, "It is as though my soul would tear me asunder with this anguish and indecision! I cannot rest while my countrymen in Greenland must live without the gospel. I must go to them; I must plant the cross once more in Greenland."

Now he presented his proposal to another bishop, an "old benefactor," but received no concrete encouragement from him. Not to be discouraged, he again wrote King Frederick, December 1711, in which after proving from the Scriptures the duty of Christians to preach the Gospel among the heathen, he adds: "The duty of missioning especially rests with the higher classes, the government and the teachers of the people, and a number of prophecies show that the mission work is not accomplished." This memorial was discussed in the king's council early in January, 1712, but was referred to other groups for due consideration for a whole year.

All this while Egede stood alone against an ever-mounting tide of disapproval. His beloved wife began to feel she had made a mistake to marry a man "who by such plans was going to ruin himself and those belonging to him." As for his parishioners, when they learned of his intentions, they "at first protested, then grew angry, and finally

thought him deranged." At length "the fisher-folk of Vaagen came almost to persecute Egede and his family."

All these adverse winds, though they did make his life bitter, did not discourage Egede, and they did drive him to prayer. Furthermore he regarded them as a mark of God's favor. At length he persuaded Gertrude to lay the matter before the Lord in prayer with him imploring divine guidance. As a result, she became fully persuaded that this call was of God and "like a true Sara" promised to go wherever her earthly "lord" went. Not once did she ever "look back" after that. In fact, she it was who was to strengthen Hans' resolve when it weakened for a moment.

The long delay by king and church authorities in deciding upon what was referred to as "the poor, but zealous parson's" memorial depressed Egede. "My commendable enterprise," he records, "was not only delayed and put off year after year, but in addition numerous obstacles were put in my way, partly by friends and partly by enemies, but all this could not make me desert my purpose."

To hasten matters, he now resolved on a bold step. He would resign his pastorate, go to Bergen, the port from which whalers went to Greenland and where there were numerous Christian merchants he hoped to interest in his cause, and then proceed to Copenhagen, the country's capital, where he hoped to present his cause directly to the king, for he had serious doubts that those "to whom he had given his memorials for further recommendation had evinced the proper zeal and earnestness."

Face to face with resigning his charge, Egede faltered, flooded with doubts and misgivings. "But here," he says in his own words, "my dear wife gave a proof of her great faith and

constancy by representing to me that it was now too late to repent of what had been done. I cannot say how much she encouraged me by speaking in this way and by the fact that she, a frail woman, showed greater faith and manliness than I."

Thus encouraged he prepared to leave his charge, preaching his farewell sermon from the text, "For we have hope . . . to preach the gospel in regions beyond you" (II Cor. 10:16). In July, 1718, with his wife and four children he left Vaagen.

Three years of further delays, of discouragements, and distresses within and without were to follow. The first of these trials proved almost fatal. Egede fell overboard from the ship enroute from Vaagen to Bergen. He was rescued from death only at the very last moment by a fisherman. Meditating upon his deliverance he became certain that God had preserved his life for the purpose to which he had been called.

Egede's plans were well known in Bergen, where they and their author were received with mixed reactions. "A wonder among men," he was considered by some as the recipient of supernatural revelations; by others, the majority, as a crazy fool. Persistently, however, he endeavored to secure financial backing for his venture. All to no avail. He did, however, acquire as much information as possible concerning Greenland both from books and from ship-

owners and shippers. In addition "he busied himself with various practical occupations which he expected might be of use for him in Greenland." The one person, outside his wife, to give him encouragement in his project was a man called "the Apostle of Finland, Thomas V. Westen." He it was who called his attention to a list of four hundred words which had been written down from a group of captured Greenlanders brought to Denmark sixty-five years before. These proved a great aid in learning the difficult language later.

When his various appeals, personal and written, fell on deaf ears, he determined to go to Copenhagen and to lay his cause in person before the king. He was granted an audience, kindly received, and his propositions courteously considered. The ensuing conference, however, brought only discouragement to Egede, and the king had failed to make provision for the mission.

A failure indeed, Egede returned to Bergen to be greeted by renewed scorn and derision. All this was especially humiliating for his wife's relatives who were respected citizens of the town. Some now endeavored to get Gertrude to persuade Hans to give up his venture, "but she remained faithful to her vow and would not prevent him from seeking the glory of God . . ." She was, she said, content with what was the will of God and

her husband, and in consequence people at last thought both of them equally mad and enchanted.

His noble wife encouraged him in this his darkest hour: "The Lord will provide, Hans. Just as surely as this is a call from Him, He will also give you the means." But she did add a suggestion that once acted upon was to bring success—"Perhaps, Hans, you have leaned too much upon your own understanding. Perhaps it has become too much—Hans' mission."

Together they committed their way unto the Lord, trusting Him to bring it to pass. Soon, with unexpected and surprising swiftness the Lord moved the hearts of merchants, ministers, and king to act, and the undertaking was begun. On May 3, 1721, Hans Egede with his wife and four children, Paul, who was now twelve, Niels, a year younger, Kirsten and Petronella, seven and six, set sail from Bergen in a ship appropriately called *Hope* for their unknown but desired haven in Greenland.

Thirteen years had passed since Hans Egede had entered on this venture. Years of deep discouragement but of persistent effort to attain his goal. Now the hopes and dreams of these long thirteen years were about to be realized. Above all, however, was the inner satisfaction which comes to the soul of one who realizes he is obeying the will of God.

*To be continued.*

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# One Little Sin



**Martha Wing Robinson**

*Taken about 1895*

IN THIS POEM, written in 1898 shortly after its author had fully consecrated herself to God, she narrates her experiences during the previous two years before she made this final surrender. Elsewhere she tells how that in the last weeks of 1896, after several years of "seeking for a fuller Christian experience," she had met God in a very blessed way and had, as she describes it, "received the witness of the Spirit." The joy resulting from this experience was of short duration, however, for she "backslid because I would not yield to full consecration and became almost sceptical." Swiftly she "drifted farther away until the winter of 1897-1898 I found myself under atheistic reading and influence.

"The spring of 1898, finding myself dangerously near infidelity, startled at my own spiritual condition, and recognizing the fact that my drifting and sin were the direct result of my refusal to consecrate myself, and especially all these years to give up one thing which God asked of me, I 'sat down and counted the cost,' saw the paths were sharply defined, and that either I must be all for God, or Satan would have all. I turned back and deliberately, merely by force of will, resolved to serve God and yield those things which I had withheld even during the time of my greatest spiritual blessing. It was

weeks before I felt God's presence, and for weeks I spent my time in a deliberate searching for what I had once thrown away."

That God honored the faith of His restored child, as expressed in the last stanza of this poem, is well known not only to the many who knew her personally but also to those who have come to know her through her writings which have appeared from month to month in BREAD OF LIFE.—*Editor.*

*LIGHTLY, on wings of Heavenly Love  
I swept, nothing doubting, to far heights above,  
Holding my Saviour's all-strengthening Hand  
Just within sight of the fair Promised Land,  
Just one more step to the long-looked-for goal  
Where one's heart is all God's and all His one's soul.*

*Close to my Saviour, so close I could hear  
His whisper of Love, "My child, have no fear;  
Yield all that thou hast, yield freely to Me  
Thy life and thy love, Mine ever to be.  
I'll shelter thee close in Mine Omnipotent Arms  
Where storms cannot hurt, and sin ne'er alarms."*

*I paused, and the light of His face grew less bright.  
"Dear Jesus," I faltered, "I know it is right  
That Thou shouldst have all, and all I give Thee  
Save one little thing. 'Tis so precious to me—  
I have loved it so long, this thing MUST be mine;  
O say me not nay, for all else is Thine."*



*The light grew more dim; my heart lost its glow,  
But He still held me close, for HE never lets go  
'Til we thrust Him aside. And there to His Hand  
I clung, while I stood, outside the Fair Land  
'Til the light faded quite, and cold as a stone  
Grew my heart, and I stood, in the DARKNESS, ALONE.*

*Drifting away from the blessed Son of God,  
Drifting away from the path that He trod;  
Downward, from heights of infinite joy  
Where sin cannot harm nor tempter destroy,  
Swift I went back to earth's darkness and din,  
Driven downward from God by one little sin.*

*Then broader the pathway and wider the way  
And farther and farther from God's glorious day;  
So dark was the night the sunshine without  
My soul filled with wond'rings and wav'rings and doubts;  
But despite outer warnings and warrings within  
I turned still from my God, for I clung to my sin.*

*Down toward the depths of man's darkest woe,  
Down where no ray of God's glory can glow;  
Down to the quicksands on Unbelief's shore,  
That Sea of the Dead where life comes no more  
To those who having God face to face known  
From His love and His glory have wilfully flown.*

*Down, downward I went; one more step to take  
To enter those depths where God must forsake  
Forever my soul; one last call He gave,  
Sounding faint from afar, but 'twas mighty to save.  
For amidst earth's loud turmoil, I heard, and I fled  
Back, back in wild fear from that Sea of the Dead.*

*Ah, dim was the light in those quicksands of doubt  
And fiercest the fightings within and without;  
With that Dead Sea lying close, a black yawning grave,  
And God so far off I scarce knew He could save  
And my sin weighing down each step of the way,  
Where perilous pitfalls of dark doubting lay.*

*Then up from the quicksands so slowly I toiled,  
Repeatedly burdened, repeatedly foiled,  
The door of God's Heaven against me closed fast,  
My prayers seemed unheard as onward I passed;  
Creeping and falt'ring o'er the path where before  
I swept on Love's wings straight to Beulah Land's shore.*

*Falt'ring and slipping, weeping weak tears,  
Troubled by all my old doubtings and fears,  
Pausing sometimes in the coldest despair,  
Alternately hoping and fearing in prayer,  
Hearing naught of God's voice in earth's darkness and din  
Upward I climbed:—but I clung to that sin.*

*At last from afar came an echo of Love.  
“My Lord,” fierce I cried, “if in Heaven above  
There's mercy for me, if God be at all,  
O answer me now, e'er I faint and I fall.  
Is there a Beulah Land fairer than day?  
O if there is such, let me enter, I pray.”*

*Then softest of whispers came in answer to me,  
“Long ago that fair Land was open to thee—  
One step, and safe thou hadst been in the fold.  
Thou needst never have gone into darkness and cold,  
But I say to thee now, as I said then to thee,  
‘If thou wouldst enter, thou must give ALL to Me.’ ”*

*O, down from my hands fell my poor paltry sin,  
And I cried, “I am Thine; my Lord, let me in  
Ay, long I have wandered afar from Thy side,  
For hard was my heart and foolish my pride.  
O take me, and make me all that Thou will,  
My heart is all EMPTY, that THOU mayst fill.”*

*Yes, God took me in from the darkness and cold,  
Made me His own, a sheep of His fold;  
His Hand holds me up, His grace makes me free,  
But I've lost the first blessing His Love gave to me.  
No Pentecost shower filled my soul as before,  
For faith, without feeling, has opened the door.*

*Alas! for the radiance of God's Love within  
That I lost when I clung to my poor, paltry sin.  
Alas! for the days so wilfully spent  
Away from His Presence on earth's pleasure bent.  
Had I but yielded to the Potter as clay,  
What might I not be in His service today?*

*But God is mine own, and Jesus is mine,  
And sometime, I know, His glory will shine  
Once more in my soul, if in Him I abide  
And in ne'er-failing faith keep close at His side;  
If I have no will but His will so sweet,  
He'll make me a vessel for His use complete.*

—MARTHA WING ROBINSON.

# Revival Fires Burn in Venezuela

*The following report of the current revival in Venezuela is taken from a letter to Rev. Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Bender, written by a native Christian worker in Barquisimeto, the city where they ministered for thirty years.*

THIS CAMPAIGN has been in progress nightly (except Saturday) for over two months with a daily five o'clock morning prayer meeting. It is being held on a large open plot of ground which a brother purchased to build a church, as none of the churches are large enough to hold the people. At this place services are held from Monday till Friday. On Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock there is a prayer meeting in the Bethel church. Sundays each group has its Sunday school and church services in the individual churches. Many have been healed and many saved, and over 200 have received the baptism of the Holy Spirit.

Two years ago a brother caused a division in Bethel Church and took quite a large group of the best members with him and started another assem-

bly. He arranged for a special service, brought his group along to Bethel, humbled himself, begged forgiveness, took all the blame, and today they are working in harmony. Another worker who had separated himself also came to a Sunday morning service in the church he had formerly pastored, begged forgiveness with tears, also dealt separately with individuals, asking to be forgiven and to be reinstated in the old bonds of love.

Praise the Lord, the fire is continuing to spread and has reached Chivacoa. The native worker has received the baptism of the Holy Spirit. He came here to the campaign and one night he preached under a powerful anointing. Last week there was a large youth council in Bethany Church in Maracaibo and there also the power fell. There were healings and the fire was

started in several churches there among other denominations.

In San Carlos a group of Plymouth Brethren asked for the Pentecostal brethren to come to them and give them the Pentecostal teaching. A number went, and quite a group received the baptism in the very first service.

A number of our native preachers, who had started out in their ministry with the fire of the Holy Ghost burning in their hearts but had become cold and careless and had permitted a man-fearing spirit to control them, have attended this Holy Spirit campaign and have become renewed and quickened afresh, having received a new baptism. They confessed their failure with tears and are determined to preach Pentecost and let the Spirit control and use them afresh, not fearing man but obeying God.



Helen Hoss with Helen Mina Molete

THIS PICTURE OF MISS HOSS with her namesake was taken in Basutoland not long before she left South Africa last spring. En route for home her first stop was in the Congo for meetings at Easter. From there she went to Algiers where she was privileged to minister to a congregation of 350 converted Jews. Then followed a time of fellowship with the saints in Rome. The next four months Miss Hoss spent in Germany where God opened doors not only among the German Pentecostal people but also among those of other denominations, some of whom were her relatives. "One felt very much at home among these dear people," writes Miss Hoss, "and I am longing to be with them again on my return to Africa shortly. My one desire now during this short visit home is to find that 'hiding place' referred to in Exodus 33:21, 'There is a place by Me,' and then to return to the field in the power of the Holy Spirit."

## *"Man Lives Not by Bread Only"*

By WILLIAM BRADFORD

*Sometime Governor of Plymouth Plantation*

I CANNOT BUT TAKE OCCASION not only to mention but greatly to admire the marvelous providence of God! That notwithstanding the many changes and hardships that these people went through, and the many enemies they had and difficulties they met withal, that so many of them should live to very old age! . . . It must needs be more than ordinary and above natural reason, that so it should be. For it is found in experience that change of air, famine or unwholesome food, much drinking of water, sorrows and troubles, etc., all of them are enemies to health, causes of many diseases, consumers of natural vigor and the bodies of men, and shorteners of life. And yet of all these things they had a large part and suffered deeply in the same.

They went from England to Holland, where they found both worse air and diet than that they came from; from thence, enduring a long imprisonment as it were in the ships at sea, into New England; and how it hath been with them here hath already been shown, and what crosses, troubles, fears, wants and sorrows they had been liable unto is easy to conjecture. So as in some sort they may say with the Apostles, 2 Corinthians xi. 26, 27, they were "in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils of their own nation, in perils among the heathen, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren; in weariness and painfulness, in watching often, in hunger and thirst, in fasting often, in cold and nakedness."

What was it then that upheld them? It was God's visitation that preserved their spirits.

Job x. 12: "Thou hast given me life and grace, and thy visitation hath preserved my spirit." He that upheld the Apostle upheld them. "They were persecuted, but not forsaken, cast down, but perished not." "As unknown, and yet known; as dying, and behold we live; as chastened, and yet not killed"; 2 Cor. vi. 9.

God, it seems, would have all men to behold and observe such mercies and works of His providence as these are towards His people, that they in like cases might be encouraged to depend upon God in their trials, and also to bless His goodness towards others. Man lives not by bread only, Deuteronomy viii. 3. It is not by good and dainty fare, by peace and rest and heart's ease in enjoying the contentments

and good things of this world only that preserves health and prolongs life; God in such examples would have the world see and behold that He can do it without them; and if the world will shut their eyes and take no notice thereof, yet He would have His people to see and consider it. Daniel could be better liking with pulse than others were with the king's dainties. Jacob, though he went from one nation to another people and passed through famine, fears and many afflictions, yet he lived till old age and died sweetly and rested in the Lord, as infinite others of God's servants have done and still shall do, through God's goodness, notwithstanding all the malice of their enemies, "when the branch of the wicked shall be cut off before his day (Job xv. 32) "and the bloody and deceitful men shall not live half their days"; Psalm lv. 23.

