

OCTOBER 15TH, 1908.

No. 7.

"CONFIDENCE"

A Pentecostal Paper for
Great Britain.

"This is the CONFIDENCE that we have in Him, that if we ask anything according to His will, He heareth us: And if we know that He hear us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired from Him."

—1 John v., 14-15.

"The Lord shall be thy CONFIDENCE, and shall keep thy foot from being taken."

—Prov. iii., 26.

MONKWEARMOUTH, SUNDERLAND,
ENGLAND.

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(The Account of this Month's printing, etc., will appear in No. 8.)

"CONFIDENCE."

No. 7.

ALL SAINTS', SUNDERLAND.

October 15th, 1908.

TO EDITORS AND OTHERS.—Any matter in this Paper may be re-printed on condition that full acknowledgment is made thus:—"From 'Confidence,' a Free Pentecostal Paper, to be obtained from the Secretaries, 11, Park Lea Road, Sunderland."

Free to serve Thee, oh, my Lord,
Free to trust Thy Holy Word,
Free to love Thee as I ought,
Free, by Thee so dearly bought.
Bound, was I, by sin's dark chain,
Bound by self, and pride, and pain,
Bound in thought, and word, and deed,
Bound, now free, and He will lead.

Struggling, failing, wounded, sore,
Lord, I longed yet more and more,
Longed to see Thy shining face,
Longed to know Thy tender grace.
Oh, how gently Thou didst lead,
Till my strength was spent indeed,
Then I heard Thy loving voice,
Peace, it whispered, soul rejoice.

Peace, through the atoning Blood,
Peace, through the Eternal Word,
Peace, for ever, oh, my Lord,
Peace, the Blood hath made me whole.
I, with Jesus Christ, have died,
I, with Him was crucified,
"I no longer live," but He
Lives in me eternally.

Quickened by the Spirit's power,
Lord, I praise Thee and adore,
I, in perfect union rise
With the Christ above the skies.
Cleansed, accepted, risen, filled,
All my members now I yield,
Joining with the Hosts on high,
"Worthy is the Lamb!" they cry.—M.B.

*Testimony of a Seeker after God.

*To the praise of the glory of His grace, this
Testimony is written to all who desire to follow
on to know the Lord, by one who has just begun
to know Him.*

Being a young man, I know from personal experience of the desire which we all have for *reality*, and how we turn from anything which, on being put to the test, proves to be a sham, or not up to what it proclaimed itself to be. Because I have now, by the grace of God, found the reality of Christ, and am increasingly finding Him to prove true to every test, I desire that all, and especially young men, who are restless in their spiritual lives, who have no rock-bottom deep down in their souls, may find Jesus Christ to be to them all that ever a human heart can desire.

I knew the Lord when quite young, and tried to serve Him as I knew how, but my faith was not grounded, and I was easily troubled about my spiritual condition, and restlessly sought for the truth—which God

has set forth plainly in His Word for our learning—in many ways and under schools of thought, which tended only to becloud the truth for which I sought. I believe there are many such among young men. In the earnest search for reality, something which holds water, and which satisfies our souls, we are very apt to become spiritual butterflies, trying a theory here and a doctrine there, reading this book and hearing that preacher, tasting much, but never assimilating anything, forgetting that, according to the words of Jesus Himself in John xvii., 17, the Word of God is truth.

After I came to Sunderland and had thrown myself heartily into Christian work, only to find that I was a dry well from which no one could draw water, God led me to a young man who shared my desire to be a Missionary, and it was through his instrumentality that I was led to definite assurance of salvation. Here let me strongly urge all those in whose souls there is the least flicker of uncertainty as to Jesus Christ being their personal Saviour, to get that matter settled in the black and

white certainty of God's Word, once and for ever, and to do it now. You may have been a child of God for years; I know that I was, and would have unhesitatingly witnessed to it, but there was a tender spot of doubt somewhere, which spot Satan continually probed, and thus destroyed my peace.

Having the assurance of salvation by no means satisfied my hunger after God; it much increased it, for I saw within myself much that I could not put right, but which I knew should not be there. I had a serious impediment in my speech which drew me to open my heart to one who knew the Lord as her Healer, and to tell her of some of the desires which were struggling within me, but were continually being smothered down by an evil something which I found had firm hold of my heart. (Rom. vii., 19.)

This led me to the glorious truth of identification with Christ in death. I knew His death *for* me, now He was teaching me *my* death *with* Him. I well remember the first Thursday night when I attended a meeting in All Saints' Parish Hall. Everything seemed so strange, and the truth proclaimed and borne witness to was almost new to me, but God enabled me to claim, by faith, my death in Jesus Christ; to believe that when He died on the Cross I died too, in Him, according to His Word, and as the old thing had died, I was now to walk in newness of Life—a new creation—by the power of the Life by which God raised me from the dead with Jesus Christ.

Two little booklets*: "Divine Necrösis" and "Identification," were used of God to open up this glorious truth to me. I confess I expected to *feel* very different, but, as I only felt worse, I was driven to

stand fast upon the *facts* of God's Word, and my friends, who had been this way before, directed me to Paul's advice in Romans vi., 11: "Even so *reckon* ye also yourselves to be dead unto sin, but alive unto God in Christ Jesus." (R.V.)

As I look back and see how God has led me on from that night, I see the immense importance of the step I then took, and would urge all who have not done so, to prayerfully study God's Word on this particular subject, and to them I would commend the two booklets which were so helpful to me.

The New Tenant to my house had a thorough spring-cleaning, and many things were brought to light, for now that the "old man" had been crucified and done away with, the Life of the Lord, the Spirit of Christ had come in instead. As my whole being came thus under the eye of God, much, very much was shown to be displeasing to Him, but, knowing that this had all been dealt with, I praised Him that He accounted them dead with Christ, and as I thus reckoned, He made the reckoning true.

At this time the Lord led together four of us young men who had similar desires for a personal and better knowledge of God, and for over a year we met every night for prayer. I see something of how fatal it is to us, as these hungerings after God increase, to stifle them as unmanly and let natural reserve prevent us seeking the confidence of others. Perhaps the one in whom we should confide, is, in reality, longing for just such confidence, and together the flame of desire would be fanned, and not, as is too often the case, smothered until it barely smoulders.

As we prayed, the dear Lord revealed to us more and more clearly to what He was leading us. The death of the Lord was wrought in us deeper and deeper, but while

* "Identification" and "Divine Necrösis" are Nos. 7 and 12 in the Roker Tracts. They can be obtained from Rev. A. A. Boddy, All Saint's Vicarage, Sunderland, or from the Secretaries, 11, Park Lea Road, Sunderland, free on receipt of addressed stamped envelope.

this negative work was going on we did not find in the full measure, which we knew God meant us to find, a corresponding positive work. God was graciously leading us to his promise in Acts i., 8: "But ye shall receive power when the Holy Ghost is come upon you; and ye shall be my witnesses." (R.v.) He made this promise of "Baptism in the Holy Ghost" so clear to me, that wherever I turned in God's Word this truth would sooner or later shine out, until there was left no doubt in my own mind that the Promise was to me (Acts ii., 39), and together with a few other "seekers" we obeyed the command in Luke xxiv., 49: "Tarry ye . . . until ye be clothed with power from on high" (R.v.)

The "tarrying" was indeed a wilderness experience to me, and yet, with the increased hunger and dryness, the Lord increased the assurance of victory and made His Word precious. "For He knoweth our frame; He remembereth that we are dust," and often after a time of prolonged thirst He would send news from other centres of blessing, which gladdened our hearts and enabled us to press forward. Nor was the work entirely negative. In a wonderful way Christ revealed to me His victory over all the power of the devil, and as the testings became more and more fierce—as they had done since I claimed death with Christ—a new assurance of complete victory became mine, which gave me peace, although my heart was unsatisfied.

Knowing that all the promises of God are received by faith, I definitely received my personal "Baptism in the Holy Ghost and with Fire," and tarried for the fulfilment of the promise, realizing that God would, in His own time, witness to it, as at Jerusalem, at Cæsarea, and at Ephesus, and would "make no distinction" between them and me.

To those to whom this may not be clear, may I say that I increasingly knew the Holy Ghost as indwelling me and making the work of Christ real to me, just as the disciples knew the Holy Ghost when Christ breathed on them in John xx., 22, but as yet were not baptized in the Holy Ghost.

The Lord sent Pastor Barratt, of Christiana, whom He has much used to proclaim this message, to Sunderland, and meetings for the special purpose of tarrying until endued with power were arranged, and wonderful blessing has resulted.

It was not until many weeks had passed and many had received "Pentecost" that God baptized me, for He had still much to teach me of patience and other lessons which can only be learnt by seeing others being gloriously blessed, while my own soul was as a parched ground. The Lord baptized me very simply and gently, and so differently from what I had expected. To Him be all the glory.

It was at a friend's house—not in the big meetings—and He came through no human instrument whatever. We were two in a room, brought together quite unexpectedly by the dear Lord; the one with me had received "Pentecost" six weeks before, and I wanted a talk.

On the previous Saturday Night, in the Vicarage, the Lord had given me a divine faith—a faith quite apart from myself and I *knew* I had received my "Pentecost" and He sealed it with one word—it may have been two—in a tongue unknown to me. This all happened so naturally and simply that no one knew but God and I, for the sign was between Him and me entirely. The all-wise and all-tender Father knew His little child perfectly, and this was but a foretaste of greater blessing.

On the following Monday night the Lord drew two of us together, and after a short talk we 'waited' before the Lord. So

softly had the Spirit come and so gentle was His abiding within me, that I waited some further sign of His presence. We waited thus for nearly two hours, when quite simply the same divine faith which I had known on Saturday returned, and I remember laughing in the assurance of perfect freedom by the blood of Jesus, and I knew that nothing hindered the free contact of my soul with God. Then, without any feeling whatever, I began to talk like a baby as it first tries to speak. This came first, when the devil made a subtle attack upon me, tempting me to look to myself, and as though the Holy Spirit rose within me to resist him, this stammering began. So natural was it, and so simple, that with the least effort I could have been silent, but as the word became clearer, I instinctively knew it to mean Jesus. O how I praise Him! the first word to be uttered in the new life to which He had called me was His own blessed and sacred name.

After a short time the Lord sent us to the Hall, and He again witnessed to His work within me, and I knew then, clearer than ever before, that "when one member is honoured, all the members rejoice with it." Among the stream of words, two in particular were often repeated, and Jesus told me that these meant "The Blood of Jesus." I knew not, nor have I since known any compelling force, no sense of control whatever; simply and naturally the Lord who has come into me to abide for ever exercises His authority.

Oh, I praise Him for the simplicity that is in Christ Jesus!

Of the new Life—the Life in the Spirit—I cannot tell: it passeth knowledge, and I am a babe. "Old things—yes, old spiritual things too—are passed away, behold all things are become new." I know now what I never really knew before, the indwelling and abiding of God the Father,

Son, and Holy Ghost—that I am a temple set apart for the worship of God, and that within this temple the Holy Ghost continually offers acceptable sacrifices of praise and thanksgiving.

I know that what once I longed for—to be completely and wholly in God's hands as a willing vessel for any service He might desire, is now true, for more and more am I reminded that this marvellous treasure is in an earthen vessel, that the exceeding greatness of the power may be of God. The blood of Jesus has an efficacy, and the name of Jesus a power which increases to me as it is appropriated and used, but realized one hundred-fold more than before "Pentecost." As a babe paddling upon the shore of the ocean of God's love, going deeper daily, I cannot tell of what I scarcely realize. Eternity alone will reveal the greatness of God's gift of "Pentecost" and of its fulness we will know more and more.

Reader, do you hunger for the fulness of God? Do you long to be a babe—knowing nothing—in the school of Christ, where every hour means more knowledge of Him? Do you desire to be indwelt and lived through by Christ, that His full will may be done? Do you long to be "baptized in the Holy Ghost and with Fire"? Go God's way—the way of the cross, and "tarry ye...until ye be clothed with power from on high," for "To you is the promise and to your children and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call unto Him." Acts ii., 39 (R.V.)

ENGLAND.

Near Bunyan's Town (Bedford).

BY REV. A. A. BODDY.

The writer very thankfully alighted at the Midland Station, Bedford, one recent October afternoon. A dear brother in the

Lord, Mr. Cecil Polhill, was there with the motor car we had seen last in the North Country. Here at Bedford John Bunyan wrote his "Pilgrim's Progress" whilst in prison for preaching the Gospel (1676). The prison then was on the bridge over the Ouse (there is another River Ouse in Yorkshire). We motored across the modern bridge. The prison has gone, but "Pilgrim's Progress" lives, and will continue to live. May all persecutions for the Gospel's sake have just as blessed results.

* * *

We glided along the smooth Bedfordshire roads out to the village of Elstow, about one mile from the town of Bedford. Here we visited Bunyan's Cottage by the roadside. If dear old John Bunyan had come to the door and seen two Christian friends getting out of a motor car he might have had something further to insert in his writings, perhaps some further parable to write on Ezekiel i., 21, "The spirit of the living creature was in the wheels." Certainly these wheels were very useful on the next day or two in taking us to visit Pentecostal friends far apart from one another and from us.

Bunyan's Church at Elstow has two beautiful windows at the east end of the north and south aisles. On the north side we saw "The Holy War" represented and the city which has five gates—Eargate, Eyegate, Nosegate, Mouthgate, and Feelgate. We see a little of the wall, and beyond is the palace where Prince Emmanuel lived when the City of Mansoul was loyal.

The other window is an excellent summary of "Pilgrim's Progress." "Here is the Wicket Gate," said the Vicar as he shewed us round the church within and without. He pointed to an old door in the west wall, and then looking up to the great church tower standing separate from the church, he added, "That would be in

Bunyan's mind the Castle from which the arrows were shot at Pilgrim as he knocked at the door and was entering in."

Local tradition tells us that the marshy brook near by was the original of the Slough of Despond. We examined the remains of the old cross on the Green where John Bunyan before his conversion played pitch-and-toss. We also noticed the Moot Hall and the Gate Beautiful.

Bunyan's Bells, all five of them lay at the foot of the tower. The woodwork had become unsafe, so the Vicar had taken them down and they were to be securely re-hung. These were the bells which John Bunyan feared might fall on him because of his sin.

RENNOLD.

We motored now about four miles to Rennold, where Mr. Cecil Polhill lives at Howbury Hall. This is one of the stately homes of England—one of the very beautiful homes—surrounded with park land and mighty trees, oaks, elms, beeches, and wonderful cedars.

This house is dedicated to God. Its owner is living for the Lord. Our Brother was one of the "Cambridge Seven" who left all and went out to China twenty years ago. After many years of devoted Missionary service among Chinese and Tibetans, he and his earnest wife, with their young children, came back to England. He soon lost Mrs. Polhill, who was then an invalid. Her simple grave is in Rennold Churchyard. Her life story is touchingly told in the stimulating book "With the King." She was a brave woman to live so long as she did among those Tibetans and Chinese in order to win them to Christ.

Mr. Polhill hopes some day to return to the borders of Tibet, at all events for a time. But at present he is doing his duty to his family, and yet never forgetting to be about his Father's business. He has

taken a house in London at

9, GLOUCESTER PLACE W., near Bryanston Square, and not far from Baker Street Station. This, he hopes, will be a *rendezvous* for the friends of the Pentecostal Movement for two months, and especially on Friday afternoons and evenings. He has invited Pastor Polman to come over for a month or so, and Mr. Victor Wilson of Motherwell, N.B., also. Mr. Polman hopes in addition also to obtain one or more halls for regular meetings. The whereabouts of these will be known soon, and can be found by applying at 9 Gloucester Place W.

* * *

Next morning we were up at six, and after a hasty meal we set off on a long round in the motor car. Through the mist we sped to St. Albans, surprising a dear Brother in the Lord before breakfast, and a glorious time of fellowship and prayer we had, and then were off again—by devious routes to Beaconsfield, and then on to Hedgerley and Burnham Beeches. After a short stay at *Waldesruhe* we returned to Beaconsfield, where we had our mid-day meal almost opposite the house where my dear father was born. Now by Uxbridge to Ealing, where we spent a hallowed time in Miss Sturdee's sick chamber. The courage and the faith of our sister and her love for the Master surely will help everyone who has the privilege of visiting her.

A few moments in the White City in passing, and were glad to find that portions of Scripture were being given to the crowds that surged through the vast enclosure.

Away up to the north of London to 10, Drayton Park, where Mrs. Max Reich welcomed us, and we had a long talk with Miss Abrams, from Mukti. As Mr. Cecil Polhill is a member of the Council of the China Inland Mission, we motored to

C.I.M. House at Newington, and there stayed the night. My bedroom was the room always occupied by the saintly founder of the C.I.M., Rev. Hudson Taylor. Here we had a precious time of prayer and thanksgiving before retiring.

* * *

FRIDAY, OCT. 9th.

The Home of the China Inland Mission is a busy place indeed. There are more than 1,000 Missionaries in China, and this is the home for a time of many of them on furlough. There is much coming and going. A large "family" assembled for breakfast, and a venerable Missionary then conducted prayers. I was glad to shake hands with Mr. Stanley Smith, another of the "Cambridge Seven," at home for a while.

A huge map of China hangs on the walls of the dining-room, and various friends I spoke to pointed out to me on the map their Chinese homes. China is a wonderful country.

We motored through heavy traffic down to the City, but we stopped at Bunhill Fields Burial Ground, where we visited John Bunyan's grave. Another "John," viz., John Wesley, lies buried behind the City Road Chapel just opposite. Down Queen Victoria Street, past the Bible House, to the Embankment, and along it to Westminster. Then over the Thames and past Lambeth Palace to Battersea.

Here we had a blessed time of conference with a dear African Brother who is deeply taught of God and who lives in His Presence. May our God ever bless him and his. We were refreshed by that time of fellowship and prayer. Thence a long run through much traffic of all kinds out to Wimbledon, and subsequently to Croydon, visiting several Pentecostal friends, and then back through crowded roads and streets to St. Pancras. But the day had almost gone now and to be back at Bed-

ford for the evening meeting meant catching the 6:30 Midland Express, and leaving the motor car to follow us by road we sped for an hour in the train.

Mr. Polhill in speaking that night at the Pentecostal Assembly said: "Mr. Boddy and I have had the privilege of visiting a number of Pentecostal friends yesterday and to-day, and we do feel that we find in the movement some of the truest and most devoted children of God."

So that Friday night I had the privilege of meeting the young Pentecostal Assembly of Bedford at 6, Lime Street, "The Christian Assembly." Brother Tomlinson, of Port Talbot, South Wales, is working here under Mr. Polhill, and is seeking to be a blessing both in the open-air and in the waiting meetings. His "Spirit-Baptism" in the Vestry at All Saints' (Sunderland) was a remarkable one. He could scarcely use his own language for some time, but for many hours after was speaking in other Tongues "as the Spirit gave him utterance."

Mr. Polhill and others were preaching in the streets here at Bedford not long since, when a rather noble-looking man—a carpenter out of work—was passing. He had been fishing. His wife had been attending the meetings at 6, Lime Street, but he was opposed to it all and was unconverted. He had liked "a drop o' drink" now and again, and he loved his pipe. Something caused him to stop that night and to listen to the open-air preaching. Brother Tomlinson went to him and pleaded with him to yield to the Lord and become a real Christian. It ended in his giving himself to God the following day. He gave up the drink and the pipe. The latter was not easily abandoned, but he felt that if he was to have the full blessing it must go. Earnest prayer was made that he might find work soon, and this prayer was wonderfully answered even that very

day as he went to see one of his former masters. But he began to smoke again, and strangely enough at once his work came to an end. His wife saw him smoking his pipe again and remarked upon this. Once more he gave it up and *at once got work again* (at another place), and has continued in work since. Best of all, he is determined to follow the Lord all the way.

So another Pilgrim in Bunyan's Town has set out on his journey towards the Heavenly City, and being guided by "Evangelist" has found the Wicket Gate, though shot at by the Enemy, as soon as he was passing through. May he continue the pilgrimage with many others from this place who, seeing the Cross, find that the heavy burden of sin falls from them and rolls away into the Sepulchre so that they see it no more.

We had a very helpful meeting that Friday night. After Mr. Polhill had spoken some all too kind words of introduction, I gave a message from St. Luke xxiv., 49. The power of the Lord was present indeed, as we continued after in prayer. The Lord is working, although the opposition from very different quarters here is bitter and unceasing. We thank God indeed for the unswerving courage of our beloved brother Mr. Cecil Polhill. The Lord has surely raised him up in England to be one of His special witnesses, giving him at the same time unusual opportunities and great influence with many in very different positions in life. He issues from time to time an excellent four-paged Pentecostal paper (free) with the title "Fragments of Flame." Readers should send for this and ask for their names to be placed on his list.

On Mr. Polhill's study-table lay a copy of Ter Steegen's poems (and others), as translated by Frances Bevan. I sat down and copied one of these, placing the Scripture alongside:—

"ARRIVED."

We are come unto Mount Zion,
On Thy holy hill we stand,
The crusaders whose march is
ended,
The risen and the ascended,
All hail! Immanuel's land!

We are come unto the City,
Where our living God art Thou?
Thou Who barest our sin and
sorrow,
Who causest us joy to-morrow,
Thou communest with us now.

To Jerusalem the Golden,
To the Gates of Praise we come,
To the walls of Thy strong sal-
vation,
The chamber of consolation,
The wandering ones brought
home.

To the companies of Angels
We declare Thy glorious grace—
In the stoies by Thy Blood made
whiter,
And crowned with a radiance
brighter,
Than they who behold Thy Face.

We are come to the great Assembly
Of the first-born sons of God,
He enrolled in the ancient ages,
In love's everlasting pages,
Names registered there in Blood.

With our God, the Judge of all men,
Undismayed, unashamed we
meet,
For the tears of a sinner striven,
The kisses of lips forgiven,
For ever anoint His Feet.

With the spirits pure and holy
Of the saints of ancient years,
Of the loved ones whom death made
dearer,
The absent ones who yet are nearer,
We worship amidst our tears.

We are come unto Thee, Lord Jesus,
We have found Thee where Thou
art,
In Thy still pavilion hiding,
For ever in peace abiding—
Our eternal Home Thy Heart.

We are come where the Priest has
sprinkled
On the everlasting Throne,
On the Ark where Thy glory
dwelleth,
The Blood that for ever telleth
The work is done.

Ye are come
unto Mount
Zion,

And unto the
City of the
Living God,

The Heavenly
Jerusalem,

And to an in-
numerable
company of
Angels,

To the general
Assembly and Church
of the first-
born, which
are written
in Heaven,

And to God
the Judge of
all,

And to the
spirits of
just men
made per-
fect,

And to Jesus
the Mediator
of the New
Covenant,

And to the
Blood of
Sprinkling
that speaketh
better things
than that of
Abel.—Heb.
xii., 22-24.

LONDON.**Testimony of a Schoolmistress.**

CROUCH HILL,
LONDON.

REVEREND SIR,

DEAR MR. BODDY,

I believe it is the Lord's will that I should write my testimony with regard to the great blessing He has given me. It is now some weeks since I received the Baptism of the Holy Spirit, and I can testify that, while I allow the Lord to rule, it is victory all the time. It is He who resists the temptation, not I; and when He has won the victory He allows me to share the joy. Oh! it comes in sometimes in floods, so that I can scarcely refrain from laughing.

But it has taken the Lord some time to get me to the place of allowing Him to work. I thought I could and had to do so much. For some weeks, in the waiting meetings in London, before my baptism, God had been emptying me of myself, but I still thought I had to do something. One evening, however, there was great power in the meeting, and He shewed me that my righteousness must *all* come through the Cross.

The light came so suddenly, and with it such a great desire to cease from my own struggling, that I remembered I cried aloud that He would sweep away every prop of self-righteousness I had and make me entirely dependent upon Him.

I began to see the necessity of the Cross in my my own life, but was yet unable to grasp the way to appropriate the power of it.

About two weeks after this we came to Sunderland, and in the first waiting meeting the same power fell upon me as I had experienced for some weeks past.

There was only one thing I dreaded, and that was being told to take anything by faith. I knew I dared not ask the Lord to prevent my being told this, so I just waited on Him for His will to be done.

Mrs. Boddy soon walked straight across to where I was and asked, "How have you been told to wait? Have you received the Holy Spirit by faith?" I had, some weeks before, but because no feelings had come I had become discouraged. I said, "Yes, I had." Then Mrs. Boddy said I must praise Him for His coming and wait for Him to speak when He willed.

Soon the power fell mightily upon me, and as I lay prostrated it felt just as if continuous currents of electricity were passing from my head through every part of my body, and I knew that the Holy Ghost had, indeed, taken possession of His temple.

I did not speak in tongues till some days after this, but in the meantime the Holy Spirit taught me the secret of the power of the Cross. This was at the Wednesday evening service, and the secret was that I had died there with Jesus; and, since he that is dead hath ceased from sin, I was free from sin as long as I took up my death-position on the Cross.

Oh! how that magnified the work of Jesus upon Calvary! How necessary it made Him every moment! How passage after passage of scripture has become heart-knowledge through it!

On Friday morning, in the Vicarage, Mrs. Boddy asked the Lord to give me the seal of my baptism, which He graciously did, and spoke and sang through me in three different languages. When I received the interpretation, the message

was still “I died,” and as the words came from my lips the truth seemed forced into my heart, and it became so easy to realise and accept my death-position, which before I had tried and failed to grasp.

I must say that I was disappointed when I received my baptism, because I had expected a flood of either peace or joy at the time. I can only liken myself to Naaman, who expected the Prophet to come out and do some great thing, but the Lord in each case saw differently.

I have no great reserve in myself of any of the graces of the Spirit, but I have the Lord Himself, and in Him all graces abound, and when need arises for them He exercises them on my behalf. Truly then it is not I, but Christ.

May God abundantly bless you and dear Mrs. Boddy, and grant that Sunderland may be made as great a blessing to many others as it has been to me.

Yours in our risen Saviour,
LUCY M. LARKMAN.

A Message from Camberwell.

BELOVED IN THE LORD,

It seems to be the will of God of late that I should write a few lines for the benefit of the readers, if so be the Lord will bless it to you who read it.

“Take heed that no man deceive you.” Matt. xxiv., 4. “Beware of false prophets, which come in sheep’s clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves. Ye shall know them by their fruits.” Matt. vii., 15, 16.

We see here in Matt. xxiv, the disciples asking Christ the sign of His coming, and His first answer is, “Take heed that no man deceive you.” Dear reader, are we not in these days where Satan through man is deceiving even those, if it were possible, who are the very elect, no wonder Jesus says, “Watch and pray, that ye be not led into temptation,” for if ever Satan appeared to mankind as an angel of light, it is in these days we now live in, but praise be unto Jesus who keepeth His own in the hollow of His hand, through the power of His redeeming blood, which giveth us power over all the powers of the enemy. “Beware of false prophets which come in sheep’s clothing,” deceiving and being deceived. The reason so many dear honest souls get deceived is because they follow men more than God. Jesus says, “I am the way, the truth, and the life, no man cometh unto the Father but by Me.” They do not rigidly keep to the Word of God, but get drawn off by the words of man’s wisdom. Now Jesus is the way, then follow Him; it is the way of the Cross and man does not like that way, because it humbles him in the sight of the world. Jesus is the truth; then learn of Him, “for His Spirit will lead us into all truth. My word is truth.”

JESUS IS THE LIFE;

then feed on Him. “Unless ye eat My flesh and drink My blood, ye have not life in you.” Paul shows us that the reason so many are weak and sickly among us and many sleep is because we do not discern the Lord’s body in the sacrament, in other words—not feeding on Christ enough to keep us alive. In the work to-day which God, by the Holy Ghost, is doing in all lands, the devil is trying as an angel of light, to mix up his work with God’s, and I fear some are being misled by him, not

keeping on the watch-tower, and keeping in the Word, they go headlong to destruction. Let us walk gently these days, fearing the Lord. “For the fear of the Lord is the beginning of Wisdom.” I by no means say what I have said to discourage, but to warn the unwary, lest they fall into the net Satan has laid for them. To those who are seeking their Pentecost may I just say a word? SEEK JESUS. Ask Him to fill you with His love and nature. Ask Him to give you all He has for you, do not set your heart on the manifestations, for when the Lord comes to you, He can do no other than manifest Himself to you as He has promised in His Word. Pray the Lord to truly sanctify you before seeking the baptism of the Holy Ghost, keep humble, submissive to His will, willing to be despised of all men for His Name sake.

God will not forsake an honest soul, neither will He let you get into the hands of the devil if you are earnest and love to do His will, seeking only His glory. Luke xi., 9-13.

To those baptised:—Press on. Seek more love, for without love God cannot trust us with His gifts, and covet earnestly the best gifts. Be quiet, not in a hurry to do some sort of work, but willing to be but a channel for Him to use when He pleases, or to put you aside for a time just as He wills. So let us be willing. Exalt the Blood, lift the Cross, get smaller and smaller till Jesus only is seen. Pray one for another. Pray also for me that I may be a faithful servant of Jesus Christ.

Yours in His love and mercy,
C. H. HOOK.

BRADFORD.

Testimony of Smith Wigglesworth.

(First given Nov., 1907, now re-printed.)

Copies in Tract form free from the Secretaries, 11 Park Lea Road, Sunderland

DEAR MR. & MRS. BODDY,

After 7 full days of the Glorious Presence of the Glory of God resting upon me, I send you this testimony for the Glory of God. For 3 months I have been exercised about the full Pentecost. I had the clear witness of the Baptism of the Holy Spirit 14 years ago last July, and this brought a marvellous manifestation of God in special gifts to sick ones, and a constant living and seeking to bring others to Jesus. But from time to time when reading the Acts of the Apostles I always saw that the signs were not following as I am led to believe ought to be after a real Pentecost, according to Mark xvi. The desire more and more increased in my very inner soul, giving me a holy breathing cry after this clear manifestation. I have visited meetings at London, and Sunderland, and other places, but always knew they were not seeking Pentecosts. There seemed a great deal of letter, but very little of the spirit that

(Continued on Page 15.)

"CONFIDENCE."

Editor—

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How Christ came to Rearwick Chapel.

BY R. J.

Pastor James Thompson was at a standstill. He sat in his study with his head buried in his hands, asking himself mentally that soul-searching question that comes to every worker in the Master's vineyard, "Lord, is it I? Is it I?"

It was a time of self-examination, and so wholly taken up was he with it that he neither saw nor heard his wife when she knocked at the door, and receiving no answer came into the room, to ask him whether he would have his tea in the study or in the dining-room.

That question was never asked, for, like the wise little woman that she was, she withdrew quietly and left him to his meditations.

Yes. Pastor James Thompson was at a standstill.

It was Sunday. The first anniversary of his ministry among the people of Rearwick. He had preached his first sermon exactly twelve months ago that day.

He remembered what a small congregation he had on that occasion—a mere handful; then he thought of the crowded building there would be that night. He

saw once more the old chapel with its straight pews, ancient lamps, and box pulpit. Then he remembered the months and months of strenuous toil, incessant visiting and begging, with the result that now he had a beautiful little chapel with all the latest improvements. He wandered in thought through the Sunday School, the Prayer Meetings, the Christian Endeavour which he had instituted—yet he was far from satisfied.

Materially, financially, everything had prospered, but, spiritually, things were at a very low ebb. One thought had been with him continually for the past two or three days; it rang in his ears by day, it haunted him in his sleep by night, and now, like a wounded tiger, he faced it. The thought was this:—"What have you to show spiritually as a result of your twelve months' ministry? Can you point to *one soul* that has been brought from the darkness of sin unto the light of the glorious gospel of Christ?"

It was the latter thought that pierced the sensitive soul of the Pastor. "One soul! One soul! Oh, Heavenly Father, that I might be able to point to one soul," was the unvoiced cry of his soul as he sat in his study.

What matters it if he had a beautiful church, a crowded congregation, an excellent choir, the love of the people, and not one—one soul to point to as a brand plucked from the burning.

Was the fault in himself?

Mentally he reviewed his ministry. His preaching—"Thank God," he murmured, "I have preached the truth as far as I have known it. I have prepared carefully, and the fear of man hath not hindered the flow of my thoughts. In my visiting I have kept the 'one thing needful' ever before me, yet, oh, God! For one soul—one soul!"

The clock on the study mantelpiece struck five. Pastor James Thompson raised his head and looked around him like a man who has been suddenly awakened in the midst of a horrible nightmare.

The sermon which he had meant should pierce the souls of his hearers had pierced his own soul. Once more he read over the text, “Because thou sayest, I am rich and increased with goods and have need of nothing; and thou knowest not that thou art wretched and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked. I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire that thou mayest be rich, and white raiment that thou mayest be clothed, and that the shame of thy nakedness do not appear; and anoint thine eyes with eye-salve that thou mayest see.”

He picked up his well-thumbed Bible, and turning rapidly to the third chapter of Revelation, he read through the letter to the Laodiceans on his knees and then waited silently on God.

* * *

An hour later his wife tapped lightly on the study door; receiving no answer, and fearing that he was unwell, she entered. He was still on his knees, his face turned upward shone like unto the face of Moses, his finger lay on the 20th verse: “Behold, I stand at the door and knock. If any man hear My voice and open the door I will come in.” His lips moved, but he and his God were so close to one another that they talked in whispers. She quickly retired, for she felt that she was treading on holy ground, and as she gently closed the door she heard but one sentence—a sentence which made her eyes fill with tears, but her heart to leap for joy—“Master! Master! Oh, come, come with me to-night to Rearwick Chapel!”

* * *

That anniversary service is talked about yet in Rearwick.

If you would like a better account of it, just call in and see William Henry, blacksmith, The Punds, who is never tired of repeating again and again the story of how Christ came to Rearwick Chapel. William has a wonderful memory, and can give you the main argument of the Pastor’s sermon on that occasion. I have not got William’s memory or eloquence, but if you will bear with me I will do my best, and that is all you can expect of any man.

The chapel was crowded to the door at six o’clock. At a quarter-past six, the forms placed in the aisles of the chapel, and the chairs borrowed from some of the members who live near (six of them belonged to William Henry) were all taken. Even Ursula Jamieson had given up her corner seat to a stranger, and was calmly seated with Mattie Thompson on the pulpit steps.

At six-thirty the choir entered, followed by William Henry, who carried the big pulpit Bible and hymn book with stately tread into the pulpit, then, opening the vestry door for the Pastor, he followed him to the pulpit steps, where he took a seat, his own being occupied by a friend. After a few moments’ silent prayer the Pastor rose to his feet, cast a rapid glance over the crowded building, and announced in a firm, clear voice the opening hymn. A thrill ran through the congregation as they joined heartily in singing—

Revive Thy work, O Lord!
Now to Thy saints appear;
Oh, speak with power to every soul,
And let Thy people hear.

When the Pastor read for his first lesson the third chapter of Revelation, more than one of the congregation looked significantly at one another, for that had been his second lesson in the morning. But how different was the reading of that lesson! There seemed to be a strange power in the Pastor’s voice—there certainly was a new light in his eyes—and Johnny Mouat, who

had noticed it, leaned over his pew and whispered to his wife, who had got separated from him in the crowd, "Betty, my lass, we are going to have a guid time the night!" To which remark Betty answered by a nod and a smile.

The prayer which followed the lesson was short, but intensely spiritual. It showed the quicker and more intelligent portion of the congregation the trend of their pastor's thoughts. It was a wonderful prayer, and there are some who think it excelled the sermon. None is able to repeat it, but William Henry managed to carry the opening portion of it away with him. "Oh, fountain of all mercy and blessing," the Pastor began, "we come to Thee. Help us to come in humbleness of heart, for Thou delightest to have dealings with the meek. Help us to come in faith, believing, for we know that without faith it is impossible to please Thee. Help us to come earnestly, whole-heartedly, passionately. Father, forbid that we should draw nigh with songs of praise upon our lips and curses in our hearts. May we claim all our blessings and privileges, privileges purchased at such a cost—even the blood of Thine only Son. We realise to-night that we are miserable and poor and blind and naked because of our sins. But Christ died for us. We have often talked *about* Thee, to-night let us talk *with* Thee. We have heard that Jesus *can* save; to-night, yea, even now, may we realise that He *does* save, 'even me with all my sin.' Many, oh Lord, of Thy children in soft Laodicean ease sleep their useless lives away. May we be able to say, 'the zeal of Thy house has eaten me up.' May this be a time of Thy passing by."

When the text was given out and the congregation had settled back, after much coughing and scraping, the Pastor did a thing he had never done before. He step-

ped from behind the desk to one side of the rostrum, and without notes started to speak slowly and deliberately about the mental and spiritual struggle that he had had with himself in his study. He carried the whole congregation with him, not a sound was heard in the building as he pictured what we have already read about. Even Betty Mouat, whose habit it was to lie back in the corner of her pew and close her eyes (an act which annoyed most strangers who came as a supply), was not seen to close her eyes once during that sermon. From his own experience in the study, he spoke of how he had been led by the spirit of God to take that text. Then pausing, he looked round the congregation, and with a voice intensified with spiritual power, he cried: "Is the Lord amongst us or not? That is the question we must answer to-night. If He is not, listen! 'Behold I stand at the door'—at the door of this chapel—and knock! knock! Knock!" emphasizing the word by knocking with his knuckles on the rail before him. Then he spoke of the coming of Christ to the chapel.

What state of affairs would He find if He came?

What would He have to say to the members of the Church?

What would He say to the worshippers in the Church?

Higher and higher rose the Pastor's voice, argument after argument was placed before the astonished congregation, blow after blow was given to their favourite idols and sins, until they saw them crumbling into the dust under the sledge hammer of the word of God. "Shall we not ask Christ to come to Rearwick Chapel? He is at the door—listen!—He knocks. Will we let Him in?" Thus he pleaded, and not in vain, for old Margaret Davison, carried away by the passionate appeals of

her pastor, rose in her seat and cried "Aye! That we will, my mannie!" Quickly taking this as the voice of the congregation, he pictured Christ at the door of their hearts.

And as he pleaded a mighty wave of spiritual power flowed over that congregation, a great sob went up to Heaven; men, women, and children flocked to the communion rail, and in choking voices joined with the choir in singing

Come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for Thee!

Christ had come to Rearwick Chapel.

* * *

At the close of the after-meeting the Pastor and his wife walked silently homeward, once, only once, he spoke, and that more to himself, but his wife caught the words "Lord, I thank Thee for Thy visit to-night; abide with us always and for ever." And she murmured "Amen."

(Continued from page 11.)

would give the hungry and needy a Baptism of Fire such as would burn up distinctions and officiousness and appearance of Pride and evidences of social standing.

To-day I am actually living in the Acts of the Apostles' time, I am speaking with new tongues, the Holy Fire of God's Presence fills me till my pen moves to the glory of God, and my whole being is filled with the Presence of the Holy Ghost. Almost am I led to believe that 20 years is not too long to wait for the Holy Anointing of God the Holy Ghost.

On Friday, 25th, we had a special meeting at the Mission Room, Bowland Street, Bradford, and after waiting about 2 hours the Presence of God came in a wonderful way and gave me a move as at the beginning. I perfectly well understood the glow and Holy Presence. This was felt by others also. On Saturday, I and a friend went on to Sunderland to wait for Pentecost at All Saints', at Mr. Boddy's Church. We had heard much about this blessed work and were encouraged, but after arriving at Sunderland found the enemy very busy discouraging believers;

this did not disturb me, because I had gone with an open mind and prayed much to be clearly convinced if there was anything there that did not reveal the Glory of God that I would at once have cleared out and protested against it, but God was with me there. But I found the full Presence and Power to restore believers and to heal the sick. My experience is that this does not take place in some kinds of meetings, the reason is that, to a great measure, they do not believe the full Gospel, and it is nothing new to me to find great leaders against the tongues, and I find that, even in these times, "they cannot enter in because of their unbelief." I praise God for Pentecost.

On Sunday morning, Oct. 26th, after waiting much on God, I went to the Salvation Army Meeting, Roker Avenue. God bless the Army. They at once gave me a welcome, and already realising His Presence in my body I longed for communion, and when after praying the Glory of God covered me. I was conscious at the same time of much the experience I believe Daniel had in his 10th chapter. After this I regained strength to kneel, and continued in this Holy Glow of God all the day still realising a mightier work to follow. I went to All Saints', to the Communion Service, and after this was led on to wait in the Spirit, many things taking place in the waiting-meetings that continued to bring me to a hungry feeling for Holy Righteousness. At about 11 a.m., Tuesday morning, at All Saints' Vicarage, I asked a sister to help me to the witness of the Baptism of the Holy Ghost. She laid hands on me in the presence of a brother. The fire fell and burned in me till the Holy Spirit clearly revealed absolute purity before God. At this point she was called out of the room, and during her absence a marvellous revelation took place, my body became full of light and Holy Presence, and in the revelation I saw an empty Cross and at the same time the Jesus I loved and adored crowned in the Glory in a Reigning Position. The glorious remembrance of these moments is beyond my expression to give—when I could not find words to express, then an irresistible Power filled me and moved my being till I found to my glorious astonishment I was speaking in other tongues clearly. After this a burning love for everybody filled my soul. I am overjoyed in giving my testimony, praying for those that fight this truth, but

I am clearly given to understand that I must come out of every unbelieving element. I am already witness of signs following. Praise Him.

SMITH WIGGLESWORTH.

SCOTLAND.

A Report from Glasgow.

141, WEST GEORGE ST.,
GLASGOW, SCOTLAND,
Oct. 6th, 1908.

MY DEAR BROTHER BODDY,

Your P.C. duly received re your desire I should send a little report of the work of the Holy Ghost in Scotland.

And at the very outset let me, through the medium of dear "Confidence," thank all the dear Pentecostal believers and others who are interested in the work throughout the world for their prayers for Glasgow and Scotland, and assure them, on behalf of our Band of Intercessors, that the numerous requests, though yet unable to answer them all personally, have and are being held in our remembrance at the Throne of Grace, and for all literature on the movement we are grateful.

It now gives me great joy to testify to the many readers of "Confidence" throughout the world concerning the grace of God and His wonder-working power in our midst at 141, West George Street, Glasgow. Truly, the Lord has done wonderful things for us, whereof we are glad. In this great city of religious liberty Satan has, through God's most active and dear ones, been seeking to crush us out of every aggressive work. But all glory to the adoring Lamb. It has been God's way to shut us in with Himself, and by His Holy Spirit causing us to triumph, for He is teaching us of the deep things of God and what it is to be led by the Spirit, and instead of working in the Spirit as heretofore, the Spirit is now working in us, both to will and do of His good pleasure, according to *Philippians ii., 13*.

And we praise Him for calling us into the ministry of true worship and intercession. It's quite a joy to be privileged to pray for those who despitefully use you and persecute you, *Matthew v., 44*, so we praise God the work is deepening, and the Holy Ghost is now getting His rightful place in hearts cleansed and sanctified by the Blood of the atoning Lamb. And hungry ones are "becoming enquirers," though many, like Nicodemus, come by night, and we just sing—

He can break every fetter,
And set the captives free.

Fear is the bondage which keeps so many from launching out into the fulness of the blessing. But, dear reader, "*If thou knearest* (John iv., 10) *thou wouldst ask of Him.*"

We just keep asking wisdom from God, who giveth liberally and upbraideth not (James i., 5), and the gift of Love has become in our experience a living fire, and love thinketh no evil and is kind, and so we think kindly and lovingly of the dear ones who misunderstand us.

And so, in spite of all the opposition, our Heavenly Father, who instructed *Cornelius* regarding Peter's abode, is just the same to-day, and so many are seeking to know more about Jesus

and the power of His resurrection. But some don't care about the fellowship of His sufferings, and desire the resurrection power before they die to all of self-life.

For a considerable time the Spirit was impressing us to have a prolonged time of waiting, and so we met a fortnight ago on Lord's Day morning at 12 o'clock, and for 9 hours we had an unbroken fellowship, and at the finish were able to say it was good for us to be here. We prayed on behalf of God's dear ones, that ministers, evangelists, and Christian workers of all grades and colours might be awakened to realise in a truer sense the value of the Blood for heart cleansing and sanctification as a true preparation for the Baptism of the Holy Ghost with New Testament evidences, "for no man putteth new wine into old bottles," else the bottles will burst and the wine be spilt; and God is not more foolish than man, and so cannot put His Spirit into a heart not cleansed from all filthiness; must get into *Exekiel's* (xxxvi., 22-38) experience.

Regarding the work in Scotland you desire I should say something about, not having opportunity to visit all the centres, I should have liked someone better qualified for such a task. But, praise God, He has privileged my dear one and I to visit many of the centres for a week, and so testify as to what we have seen with our eyes and heard with our ears. Had the joyful privilege to spend a week-end at Dunfermline, from Friday till Monday, and it's a memorable visit. God was present in manifest power by His Spirit at all the meetings, and all glory to the bleeding Lamb, 19 of God's dear ones had their hunger met and received the Baptism of the Holy Ghost, and spoke with Tongues as the Spirit gave them utterance. And so the work goes on steadily and growing deeper, and is in the able hands of Brother and Sister Bell.

Then East Wemyss, in Fifeshire, has a real band of intercessors. They meet every alternate Saturday in Conference and under the wise guidance of Brother and Sister Harry Small. There is a beautiful work, and quite a big company speaking in Tongues.

We had a week-end at Kirkintilloch early in September. Quite a nice little congregation of Pentecostal believers met on the Saturday evening in their new hall, having had to sever their connection with the Railway Mission on account of what God has given the dear ones. It was quite a refreshing time. On the Sabbath day had 3 meetings, and finished up with an open-air, and about 500 gathered round for almost an hour and a half, when several of us told of Jesu's love in our own lives, and was willing to save "whosoever will come." The work goes on.

Then, a week later, spent a week-end at Kilsyth. It was a wonderful sight to see about a hundred young men and women and old men and women in the prayer room upstairs, waiting upon God for guidance prior to going out to the open-air in Market Square. A large crowd gathered round, and for over an hour listened to the heart-burning testimonies from several of the brothers and sisters. It gave one quite an inspiration, and proved the dear old Gospel in the Power of the Spirit does attract.

A long march to the Hall, a good congregation, the Holy Spirit's presence was a great help to one for the coming Sabbath. We invited those who could meet for prayer on Sabbath morning at 8 o'clock. 18 answered the call, and for an hour we

had a real time of refreshing, and was an impetus for the three meetings at 11:30 a.m., 3 p.m., and 6:30 p.m., all large congregations, worthy the envy of some of our large churches.

"To God be all the glory." Sinners are getting saved, and saints sanctified and baptized with the Holy Ghost.

Stirling has a nice work going on under the guidance of Bros. Mair and Millie. I suppose about 50 or 60 now have Pentecost with new Tongues. The Lord is working.

Edinburgh, North Berwick, Galashiels, Clydebank, Alexandria, and many little villages throughout Scotland have their little waiting bands, and so God is working in the hearts of His needy ones.

Last Saturday, at the invitation of Bro. James Jack, Missioner, Burnbank Hall, Coatbridge, we rallied to the first Pentecostal Conference in that district, and God set His seal of approval from the very beginning. We met at 3 o'clock and went on till 10 o'clock, and truly the Lord was in our midst. Bro. and Sister Small, East Wemyss, Bros. V. Wilson and Martin, Motherwell, Bro. Millie, Stirling, and a number of the dear friends from Edinburgh, Kilsyth, and other places came to the bugle-call, and it was a time of real blessing, several were seeking for more of His fulness. The meetings were continued on the Sabbath, and a number of the friends from a distance walked over at the week-end, and God blessed His own messages.

All glory to Jesus. We are glad the promised Pentecost has come, and the Latter Rain is falling now on some. Pour it out in floods, Lord, on the parched ground till it reaches all the earth around. "Hallelujah."

Yours in the Victorious King,
JOHN MILLER.

* * *

Since I sent off my letter I have word from Dundee "Zion Mission," a little Band who have been waiting for many months on the Baptism of the Holy Ghost, and a few months ago 4 sisters and a brother, the leader of the Mission, came to this part and stayed a few days, and God very generously met the cry of their hearts and Baptized them all with the Holy Ghost and Fire, and each spoke with new Tongues, all glory to Jesus. They went back and witnessed to what God had done, and there are now 20 in the Mission speaking with Tongues and magnifying God, and souls are being brought to Jesus.

Names and Addresses of Correspondents or Leaders of various Centres in Scotland.

Mr. A. W. Bell, 10 Abbey Park Place, Dunfermline. Mr. Harry Small, Mission Room, East Wemyss, Fife. Mr. Donald Aitken, Whins of Milton, by Stirling. Mr. Wm. Jack, Pinelea, Dunblane. Mr. J. S. Mair, Bootmaker, Stirling. Mr. David Millie, 12 Bruce Street, Stirling. Mr. Joseph Larkins, High Street, North Berwick. Mr. John McNicoll, Back-o'-Lock Road, Kirkintilloch. Mr. George Loy, 7 Thistle Street, Kirkintilloch. Mr. James Jack, Missioner, 71 Waverley Terrace, Coatbridge. Mr. G. R. Wilson, School House, Cairneyhill, by Dunfermline. Mr. John Moody, Tovy Glen, Chapelhall, by Airdrie. Mr. J. Nicoll, Hatter & Hosier, Stirling. Mr. Thomas Watson, 30a, Napierston Terrace, Jamestown, Alexandria. Mr. John Miller, 30 Stewart Street, Coatbridge. Mr. Neilson, Quarry Master, Golfhill, Glenmavis, by Airdrie. Mr. David Fisher, 16 North Ellen

Street, Dundee. Mr. Alexander Humphreys, 13 Antiqua Street, Greenock. Mr. Alex. McKinnon, 2 Lyle Street, Greenock. Mr. Robert Gibson, Kilbowie Revival Mission, Clydebank. Mr. Andrew Murdoch, Edengrove, Kilsyth. Mr. John Martin, 33 Airbles Street, Motherwell. Mr. Victor Wilson, Cathlaw, Motherwell. Mr. Branks, Condorrat, by Kilsyth. Mr. Robert Gibson, c/o A. Reid, Old Mill Cottage, Queenziebaw, by Kilsyth. Mr. Gracie, Baptist Church, Banton, by Kilsyth. Miss Stewart, Almondbank Terrace, Perth. Miss H. K. Duncan, Tyncroft, North Berwick. Miss Hack, 1 Glendining Terrace, Galashiels. Mrs. Beruldsen, Solberg Murrayfield Gardens, Edinburgh. Mrs. McPherson, 21 Archibald Place, Edinburgh. Mrs. Gilchrist, Edinburgh. Mrs. Andw. Allan, 16 Clarence Drive, Hyndland, Glasgow. Mr. John Miller, 141 West George Street, Glasgow.

A PRAYER HYMN.

(GIVEN IN THE SPIRIT)

Lord, let Thy kingdom come,
Even in me.

And let Thy will be done,
Even in me.

And make my love to Thee,
Pure, true, and fervent be,
Like as Thy love to me,
Even to me.

Send now some message sweet,
Even to me.

Some bit of Heavenly meat,
Even to me.

Tell me what Thou hast done,
Ever bless'd loving One,
And of the triumph won,
Even for me.

For Christ has died for me,
Even for me.

And intercedes for me,
Even for me.

Let now Thy Spirit's power,
Fill me from hour to hour,
Till Thou shalt come in power,
Even for me.

(Mrs.) ALICE M. WATT,
19, Ruskin Square,
Bishopbrigg, Glasgow.

[Mrs. Watt received the Sign of Tongues in the train as she was returning from a memorable Conference at Kilsyth, N.B. in which the Editor was privileged to take part.]

AUSTRALIA.

75, COLE STREET,
WILLIAMSTOWN,
VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA,
SEPTEMBER 1st, 1908.

"The Spirit . . . beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God." *Romans viii., 16.*

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,

Post Card and literature to hand with many thanks. We could do with a ton of the latter. It is splendid. Last night our city (Melbourne) was one mad mass of pleasure-seekers on the occasion of illuminations to celebrate a visit from the American Warship Fleet. 600,000 people were

massed together. Whilst 15 were found meeting their God at dear Mrs. Nickson's, in a northern suburb, the dear Lord met us in power, gave one spirit-baptised believer instant healing, and baptised a dear girl, whose Sunday School labours He has been greatly blessing. I shall never forget the beauty of her expression, or her ecstatic joy and gratitude to her "sweet, lovely Jesus."

She was engaged in raptured and eloquent prayer, when the spirit burst forth in "tongues."

The dear Lord has led me to wait on Him for a second outpouring—a baptism of *power* (Acts iv., 29-31), that works may confirm the Word, and he is humiliating me greatly in preparation, but "Tho' painful the humbling may be, yet low in the dust I'd lay me, that the world might my SAVIOUR see."

My work is principally open-air and amongst infidels, and though I longed for power to confirm the Word yet I dared not ask for it, my own unworthiness and the danger of spiritual pride forbade it, until the dear Lord gave Mrs. Nickson Acts x., 38 to give me, with the message, "There is another anointing for you." And He has greatly blessed and pointed to me since and humbled me. Will you pray that he may "shape" me to His use (even though the cup of His suffering has first to be drained to the very dregs), and then use me.

And, that our gracious Master may abundantly bless and use dear Mrs. Boddy in the same way, is my prayer for her. It is our privilege to be filled with the fulness of the God-head with our 'Head' *complete*.

And oh, *ask* (you and the saints in unity) that the Lord's own, here in Melbourne, may have wisdom to combat the subtle enemy, who (the Lord shews me) is preparing a subtle counterfeit of the Holy Spirit's work here.

Yours in the unity of Jesus the Christ,

JEANNIE LANCASTER

(Mrs. A. Lancaster).

HOLLAND.

AMSTERDAM.

NEWS OF BLESSING.

DEAR MR. BODDY,

Holy, holy, holy, to the Lamb. Oh, what a liberty the Lord gives to His children. He has given me the full depth of the Holy Ghost yesterday evening at 11:30 o'clock. Oh, He came mightily in me. Hallelujah, praise to His name! What a joy was coming in me. I thank you very much for "Confidence." Oh, I am so happy, the Lord has come in me so mightily. Nobody can understand what a happy life is given when the depth of the Holy Spirit is coming in a person.

The Lord has said to me this night that I had to write this testimony and I will obey. Oh, I shall write it through the Spirit and God shall bless it. Oh, hallelujah!

It is wonderful. He gives His Spirit to His children of obedience. I am so happy, oh thanks to the Lord. He is doing great things in Holland, over the whole world. He is coming and He is preparing us.

May God give you the full blessing, your home, and all in Sunderland.

Yours faithfully,

ELIZE SCHARTEN,

So happy in the Christ.

HAARLEM.

DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD,

Perhaps you remember still you gave three tracts to a girl who came to Amsterdam, the heart filled with fear and doubt. She came to you and told you. God gave her a blessing and so it was, for He had obviated her mistrust. The blood of the Lamb and the cross of Jesus were the subjects of your preaching, and the devil flees when Jesus' Name is glorified. Then I believed it was of God and I began to pray He would give me the baptism of the Holy Ghost. And all glory to Him be given, last Wednesday I received already this blessing. Bro. Polman came in the afternoon, we were five in the very little room of Sister De Vries. We knelt down and praised the Holy Name of Jesus. Bro. Polman laid his hands upon my head. I was touched but there was no progress. I searched myself, for I thought it was perhaps my own self or some sin. I said to Jesus, "The Word of God says that I have been crucified with Christ," and I believed more this word than my thoughts about it, so it could not be a hindrance to Him. It could not be any sin, for all my sins were under His precious blood; He Himself had cleansed His temple. Then the word came to me, "The Lord will combat for you, and you will be silent." Oh, it was so wonderful that I had no more to fight with the devil when he came to tempt me. Jesus would combat for me and the victory was sure. So I cried joyously,

"JESUS IS CONQUEROR!"

Bro. Polman again laid his hands upon my head and I felt like a fire through my body. I sank down on the floor with my right arm raised in the air under the power of the Spirit. I had to clap my hands and to cry out, "Oh my Jesus, my King!" accompanied with silvery laughing. A beautiful calm and peace filled my soul and I began to sing. The melody was celestial and so sweet, but it was a song without words. Then I felt my lips moving and I repeated in an unknown language, "O Dio!" How dear is the Lord to my soul. I will follow where He leads me and nobody or nothing is able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord. May He bless you according to the riches of His glory. Will you pray for me when you receive my letter? I am, yours in Christ's joyful service,

T. J. TROMPETTER,

Witte Heerensteeg 14,

Haarlem, Holland.

SWEDEN.

GOTHENBURG,

SWEDEN,

28th SEPT., 1908.

DEAR BROTHER BODDY,

Peace of God our Father!

Blessed be the name of the Lord now and for ever! Oh, glory to our God for His grace and love to us!

Here in Gothenburg the work of the Lord goes on, and many who have been adverse to 'the new revival' come to the cross of Christ, and there they find a full salvation from all sins. Oh, praise the

great name of God! And they are a great, great many who have been baptised with the Holy Ghost, and who are willing to go the whole way with Jesus Christ. He will give them the power they need. Glory to God therefore! The fire burns mightily and it will ever burn. Hallelujah! The strongest opposition can't stop the work of God, but it drives His children nearer Him and nearer altogether, and it makes them more able to do what He has commanded them. The devil lost many who have been in his service, and they will not go back to him if they are humble and attend Jesus all the way. Glory to our God for all! Praise His name!

We have had a conference for baptised children of God, and then we have seen many who have received salvation and gone home happy from the meetings. Hallelujah!

Peace be to you. Our friends salute you. Greet all the friends.

Your Brother in Christ,

ALGRE GUSTAFSSON.

(4 de Langgaton 21, Gothenburg, Sweden).

CANADA.

CITY OF OTTAWA.

34, HOPEWELL AVENUE,
OTTAWA, CANADA,
SEPTEMBER 8th, 1908.

DEAR BROTHER,

Pentecost has truly begun in this city in connection with an undenominational mission. Praise the Lord. A young brother received his baptism last night so beautifully, speaking in tongues, who was, three years ago, dealing out liquor over the bar in Belfast, Ireland. He will no doubt become a flaming evangelist. So you see how we intermingle and touch one another in this glorious work. Hallelujah!

Yours in Jesus,

HERBERT E. RANDALL.

SYRIA.

LETTER FROM PASTOR BARRATT.

SCHWEIFAIT,
SYRIA,
Sept. 14th, 1908.

MY VERY DEAR BROTHER,

As you see, I am at present in Syria. Came here yesterday from *Jerusalem*.

My stay there was very interesting, as I was able to gratify a long-felt desire of seeing at least some of the most remarkable spots mentioned in the Bible.

But you have yourself been there, so any detailed description of what I saw will be unnecessary.

It is really wonderful to see places and things that remind you so strongly of the days of our

Lord and His disciples on earth, as well as the miraculous days of the prophets and the patriarchs.

But the thought struck me with great force—the churches are now glorying in the miracles of by-gone days, but never seem to expect that God *can* and *will* and *does* work miracles in our days. They build convents and churches on the supposed spots where God honoured the simple faith of one of His little ones, but denounce the work He is performing now through those that trust Him. But that is merely a repetition of the unbelief and intolerance of former days, and I suppose we must be prepared for it.

Some of the most interesting things I saw were, “The Dome of the Rock,” “The Garden Tomb,” “Gordon’s Calvary,” and “Jerusalem from Mount Olivet.”

As I, last Sunday evening (the last day I was in Jerusalem), stood on Mount Olivet, as the sun went down, I felt that were Jesus here He would
YET AGAIN WEEP OVER JERUSALEM!

The English Established Church is there, both “High-Church” and “Low-Church.” I took a round to most of these churches where services were being held.

The only Nonconformist organisation there, as far as I could find out, was the “*Christian and Missionary Alliance*,” whose leader in Palestine is the Rev. Mr. Thompson.

I attended also service in the Lutheran Church, erected by the German Emperor.

Of course, you know the general trend of thought and worship in the older organisations, and what may be expected of them.

There has, we know, been done much and faithful work by missionaries in Jerusalem and Palestine, but they all seem to agree to the *work of Spiritual Power* to meet the needs of the position.

The energetic and spiritual work of the Alliance friends was encouraging, but the leader did not seem to understand fully as yet the importance of the

“PENTECOSTAL REVIVAL,”

and what an impetus for good it would give the mission. Possibly, mistakes and misunderstandings on both sides have in this case, as in others, had much to do with it.

I was, however, invited to preach at the “*Tabernacle*,” and I trust God that my testimony and stay at Jerusalem will remove some prejudice and benefit the Master’s cause.

There are also indications that work done by friends of the “Revival” who have been there, however much they have been blamed for this or that, has not been in vain. *Mrs. Featherman* says she is sure of victory in the long run. A young man has lately been in Jerusalem from EGYPT and returned about a fortnight ago filled with the Holy Ghost and speaking in tongues.

One day I rode on horse-back to Jericho, from there to the

NEW EXCAVATIONS OF THE OLD JERICHO, built on the ruins of that captured by Joshua and the Israelites by faith. Close by was Elisha’s fountain.

We rode on to the Dead Sea the same day, and from there to Jordan. We galloped in upon the strand of Jordan with a shout of “Glory!” What a difference there to the dismal surroundings of the Dead Sea. A very picture of the Pentecostal Revival now sweeping over the earth. It was dark when we reached Jericho. We had covered about 45 miles in hot weather that day, and at times on difficult roads. But the plains of Jordan, and the

many wonderful things enacted there and in the surrounding mountains, gave us fruit for thought. What glorious results of FAITH! NAKED FAITH in the PROMISES OF GOD! And how comforting to know that

GOD IS STILL WILLING

to hear and answer His people and lead them on to do and dare great things for Him.

We got up early the next morning and rode back to Jerusalem, about 21 miles. In the afternoon I took a donkey-ride to Bethlehem. I had shortly before this been a trip to Hebron and spent the night there at Mr. Jago's, of the Alliance Mission. He is doing a great work there midst great difficulties.

Along the coast to Beirut we stopped at Haifa just as the sun was setting. Mount Carmel and the town down below appeared very picturesque in the bright and golden rays of the setting sun. And this place became another inspiration to FAITH (James v., 17, 18, and 1 Kings xviii.) *Fire and rain* in answer to prayer.

Here at Schweifait, close by Beirut, the Rev. Mr. Mygud has settled down in missionary work. He and his wife were baptized in the Holy Ghost last year in Denmark. They have for ten years been in Syria in this same place in mission work. He has formerly been a minister of the State Church in Denmark. His sister-in-law, Miss A. Möllerage, has also joined them here in mission work, and judging from the meetings we have already had, God has already commenced a great work in some hearts. He trusts to get a home and school for missionaries and native workers here in time, along Pentecostal lines.

IN SYRIA.

SCHWEIFAIT,

SEPT. 16th, 1908.

It's only a day since I sent my last letter, but I always find that, when the Holy Ghost gets the right-of-way, things move quickly. So yesterday was *another red-letter day* in the experience of this town.

In the forenoon the head-mistress of the school, where we are having our meetings, received her "Pentecost." The afternoon meeting commenced at 4 p.m.

As I stated in my last, the Lord led me to stay on here longer than I had intended to do. God gave me the following passage when praying to Him about how long I was to continue the "All-Day of Prayer" the day before: Acts xi., 12—"And the Spirit bade me go with them, *nothing doubting*." We kept on till 12 o'clock at night. And when praying about my prolonged stay the Spirit told me that this verse applied also to that. And the proof came the day after (yesterday).

At the afternoon meeting we had a conversation about the "*Latter Rain*." People here know what that means, how the crops will be spoiled if it does not come, and how it even affects very badly at times the next year's crops as well. And we saw the spiritual application very plainly. If the "*Latter Rain*" does not come to the churches, much of all the earnest and good work done during past years will be undone and destroyed. *What an awful thing it is for the churches to close their doors against this wonderful outpouring of the Latter Rain!* And what a dreadful mistake the individual Christian is making in so doing.

After the conversation, with open Bibles, we

again went to our knees. What happened now I will try to describe. It gives just a picture of

HOW THE "TONGUES" WORK.

Of course, I grant at once that if ministers and others expect that the *usual order and decorum* is to be sustained when the Spirit falls with such mighty power, then they will be surprised and aggravated at what I now write if they read it. This, no doubt, is the reason why many oppose this revival, because they *do not understand how differently the HOLY SPIRIT at times may work*.

After Bro. Mygud and I had prayed with some of those present, I sat down on the floor in Indian fashion, with crossed legs, and sank away in God's love and grace, trusting Him to do His own work.

Suddenly the Spirit fell on a Bible-woman close by. She has for years been a devoted and earnest Christian worker. She did not speak in tongues clearly at once. Some do not do so, but the Spirit develops, as it were, the gift in them. But there was no mistake about it, this was the Spirit of God at work. The trembling sounds that came over her lips rose at times with tremendous force, mixed with praises and joyous shouts. We (all the baptized ones) knew well what it meant. Songs of triumph burst over our lips, and loud shouts, in English and Arabic, of "Glory," "Hallelujah"—"Ya Rabb!" (O Lord!) "Ashkorak!" (I thank Thee!)

I could see on the faces of some of the elder ladies present, who were seeking Pentecost, that this unusual noise, and especially the peculiar sounds from the Bible-woman's lips, surprised them, and they began whispering that as the sounds were not quite clear it could not be the "tongues." Of course, the whole meeting was now "out of order," but in the blessed order of God. The rules laid down in Corinthians were for *mature* occasions, not for the FIRST outpourings as on Pentecost in Jerusalem and in Cæsarea.

The Bible-woman laughed outright for very joy at times. But it was no wild, hysterical laugh, it had the real ring in it of "Holy Laughter."

In the meanwhile others were praising God. Some were weeping and crying out to God, then again the songs of praise would ascend.

And now the noise of the tongues and the shouts of victory had reached the neighbours. They began to enter the door of the court-yard, looked in upon us from the higher surroundings. Soon the windows were crowded from the outside, looking in with amazement.

"WHAT'S THE MATTER?"

they ask.

The Syrians have great respect for the opinion of their neighbours, and I could again see how the inquisitive looks and the stir among the neighbours affected a little while some of those in the praying band. But I said, "*This is what we have been praying for, that God would stir up the whole of Schweifait and Zebonon*. He has already mightily commenced to answer prayer."

In the meanwhile the Spirit had fallen on one of the daughters of the Bible-woman present. After a struggle of about five minutes she began to speak plainly in a very beautiful language. So when the neighbours came (the children and some young people had already come) she was speaking clearly with a loud voice in tongues. Bro. Mygud and others present answered the numerous questions given, and the people here are not so hardened as many professing to be Christians in Europe, they immediately quieted down, awed by what they saw and heard. Still one sceptic stood in the back

ground with a heartless smile.

As soon as this young girl (about 14, a strongly-built, fine young girl) began to speak, all the seekers, who had not quite understood the manifestations with the mother, began to praise God. This was a certain miracle. And nobody present, except the sceptic, seemed to doubt it.

Here, then, was a young Syrian girl speaking language after language, a girl known by them all, from their own midst, with a face shining so with the glory of God, that one of the elder ladies at the close could not restrain herself, but went over and kissed her.

I confess that I did not know the languages spoken, but the difference between them was so great that several present, as they stood listening, said, "That's a new language." Many words have been noted down by a young student, who listened with great enthusiasm.

At last God granted her the interpretation of much that was spoken, sentence by sentence. Then, a little later, after a few introductory remarks in tongues, she prophesied. After each sentence, which was interpreted, there arose a great joyous shout of praise from all present who understood it. As the interpretation was given in English it was immediately again interpreted into the Arabic. She spoke with her great, dark, Syrian eyes wide open, filled with light, for about two hours, and sang also in tongues. The neighbours had now entered the room, as many as could find places. One consumptive woman, who heard of it, came straight to the meetings for us to pray with her. She claimed healing at once and sat down in our midst. The neighbours had, ere this, been afraid to come near her. One woman was healed a couple of days ago. We prayed with two others after the consumptive one.

This occurrence being quite new, I allowed this speaking in tongues to be the centre of the meeting—in fact, I could do no other. God was as surely speaking through that Spirit-filled girl as He spoke through the disciples on the day of Pentecost.

When there at last was a pause in her talk, I got one present to read a part of Acts ii., and I then explained the whole occurrence they were witnessing in connection with the Word of God.

Again she spoke in tongues. When she got through she arose and sang a song of praise with us. She was asked to sing alone by a woman present, but we noticed that her voice was not so clear and firm now as when she sang

"IN THE SPIRIT."

She had also seen Christ on the Throne, she told me, and no doubt much more, but we could not press her to reveal all God had shewn her.

The effect of all this was evident. I have never seen a stronger influence of the "tongues" than this case. The people seemed convinced that God had spoken to them through this child. And the strange thing was that she had no desire to have the tongues. The other sister wept and cried loudly to God for her Pentecost, but did not get it then. But I believe she and many others will soon be filled with the Holy Ghost. And if the news of this wonderful demonstration of God's Power does not stir up things here, far and near, it will be surprising (Acts ii., 6-18).

The effect was immediately apparent. *Unbelief and doubts were banished. Sinners began to seek salvation; the sick sought healing. God's people were filled with enthusiasm and joy and faith. Christ and His precious Blood was honoured. Surely*

these were the *fruits of the Spirit and nothing else*. Those who will deny this because old forms of worship were broken are to be deplored and pitied and prayed for. We praise God here mightily for this miracle of grace.

I have given this very detailed account of the occurrence as it is, in a way, an object lesson, and typifies the work God is doing through this Twentieth Century Revival.

Sept. 17th.—The Revival has begun here, and no mistake. Nothing has been witnessed like it in these parts by anybody here.

We did not announce a public meeting yesterday forenoon, but just said to the seekers, "If any of you have time to come in the morning at 10 o'clock we will pray with you." But the news of God's work had been spreading, and not long after the praying was started the people began to come. And when they came the Syrian girl was again speaking in tongues. This time she spoke about four hours, and we had several remarkable scenes in connection with it.

We had about an hour's break between 3 and 4 p.m., and then commenced the announced meeting. There was much more people present than usual, and the same fresh, spiritual, expectant and joyous air was over us as that we had in Christiana when the Revival commenced there. Of course, numbers will now be coming out of mere curiosity, but so it was on Pentecost, and they *always get the Gospel point-blank*.

When we closed this meeting the people did not want to go, and we only intended to have an after-meeting for seekers. But when several had gone others came, a number of men among them, so we had to commence a new meeting and preach the Gospel to the people again. And we rejoiced to see these signs of God's presence in our midst.

You should have heard the singing last night, both in English and Arabic (numbers speak English here). We are using "Songs of Victory." A favourite is 125, with the chorus:—

"I am over, yes, over;
On Canaan's shore I stand;
I am over, yes, over,
In the promis'd land!"

The people here are good-looking, and when their faces get the light of heaven in them they are simply beautiful, many of them. How their faces shone when singing No. 1:—"I must have the Saviour with me, For I dare not walk alone," etc.

So now you see God is pouring out His Spirit on Schweifait, and we trust the revival will spread all over Syria. Pray about it, and praise God with us for this great sign of His power in parched Syria.

BARRATT.

Digging for the Ark.

Having been asked whether I could recommend the people of a Mission to give money to one who has sent out typed circular letters asking for support in a proposed trip to Palestine to search for the Ark, I must answer with a decided NO!

I would recommend those interested to

read the copy of Apostolic Faith of Houston Texas, May, 1907. They will see the verdict of a gathering of Pentecostal leaders on the man who is now asking for this help. To search for the Ark, even if it was at all likely to be found, is a retrograde step. It is Christ alone whom we need.

Speaking in Tongues at Cæsarea.*

*Read Mark xvi, 17 Acts ii. 4, 17, 18; x., 44-46, xix., 6,
1 Cor. xii., 8-10, xiii. : xv., 2, 4, 5, 39.*

Centuries ago in Cæsarea there was living a Roman officer who was a "Seeker after God." He was the centurion of an Italian regiment quartered there. He was longing with his whole heart to know the way to God; the way of peace and power. He was an unselfish, large-hearted man. He wanted the blessing not only for himself, but also for his household and his friends. While he was thus seeking there came supernatural messages to him and also to a man of God at another town down the coast. The God who loved Cornelius brought this Spirit-possessed teacher along the sea-shore to Cornelius' home at Cæsarea. Awaiting him was a gathering like a cottage meeting or a drawing-room meeting; a private gathering eager to drink in the message this Jewish man of God had brought, for had not his coming been foretold supernaturally.

The new-comer lost no time, he set before them at once the message of salvation. They listened breathlessly down to the last words of his address. Then the most extraordinary thing began to happen. As Peter told them that there was forgiveness of sins through the name of his Master for

all who believe in Him—they began to find their jaws working, their lips moving—they began to speak in tongues. At once it was taken by the Christians present as a sign that they had become possessed by a Divine power, even the Holy Ghost Himself. Some of them had seen this thing happen before on the day of Pentecost (and perhaps at other times also.) [Acts ii. and x.]

* * *

As many people to-day are beginning "to speak in tongues and magnify God," let us ask the Holy Spirit Himself to teach us from the Holy Scriptures something of its meaning.

1.—Why did those Cæsareans speak in tongues? (It was in a private meeting, not as on the day of Pentecost when some seventeen nations were represented.)

Answer: 1 Cor. xiv., 2, tells us that "He that speaketh in an unknown tongue speaketh not to men, but to God, for no man understandeth him. Howbeit in the Spirit he speaketh mysteries." (v. 4) "He that speaketh in an unknown tongue *edifieth* himself" (viz., makes himself strong in faith and life).

Those people at the moment of their conversion received the Holy Ghost in power. The Holy Ghost chose to manifest His incoming and His indwelling—His Divine possession—by overflowing through the mouths of these new converts in ecstatic praise.

2.—When they found themselves losing control of their own mouths would they not be afraid that some strange evil spirit had come in and possessed them?

Answer: No! the Holy Ghost always witnesses as to Whom It is that has come into possession. Evil spirits do not magnify God, they do not praise the Lamb. Spirit Baptisms when accompanied by

* Can be obtained in Booklet form free.

tongues to-day are like these Bible instances at Cæsarea and Ephesus, there is glory and joy unspeakable, but it is joy in the Lord. A new-found power has come and the possessor delights to use it to His glory.

3.—Did the Lord when on earth foretell any such scenes as that we read of at Cæsarea (and at Ephesus, Jerusalem, and Corinth)?

Answer: Yes! His parting message in Mark xvi., 17-18, was, "these signs shall follow them that *believe*: In My Name they shall . . . speak with tongues," etc.

4.—But was not the gift for preaching to the heathen the complete gift of a foreign language?

Answer: It seems primarily to have been for the edification of the Spirit-possessed person himself. There were no heathen present at Cornelius' gathering after they received the Holy Ghost. They were all Spirit-filled members of Christ's Body. At Ephesus (Acts xix.) twelve men were in the same way possessed by the Holy Ghost and spake with tongues. At Corinth (1 Cor. xiv.) many edified *themselves* by speaking in tongues.

To-day most of those who are seeking the baptism of the Holy Ghost as evidenced by speaking thus in tongues, are seeking that they first may be strengthened themselves and then afterwards used to others.

5.—Are "seekers" to-day to cease because they hear strange reports of what is said to be happening elsewhere?

Answer: No! For 1st, These reports are generally anonymous. 2nd, They seem to come from prejudiced sources. 3rd, If they are true reports, we do not know all the circumstances. 4th, If seekers are seeking for their own glory and while in sin, they *may* receive as a punishment a spirit which is not from God. 5th, Because of unworthiness of others, because

of mistaken zeal seen in others, let us not hold back. "The Lord knoweth them that are His."

Let there be none of self in our seeking. Yet let us seek. Let us again accept the protection of the Cross and the Blood, and solemnly offer ourselves to be ready to be used of the Lord as soon as He fully endues us with power from on high.

Spirit of purity and grace,
My weakness, pitying, see;
O make my heart Thy dwelling place,
And worthier Thee.

A Vision and Warning of these Last Days.

MISS M. STURDEE.

A little less than 2 years ago, a strange vision was given to me, which has, in a way, never left me, and I feel constrained to write it as it may help someone else to see the importance of the times we are living in.

I was awakened quite suddenly from a good night's sleep, and it struck five just as I awoke. All at once, I realised a flood of light filling the room, and I was lifted up on what seemed a wave of the sea; a curious lightness filled my soul, and I found I was only one of many others on this wave of glory, which had swept in from far away, as I could see a horizon with a rising sun in the distance.

Something in me said, "This is the Revival wave you and so many others have been praying for for so many years, it is in answer to those prayers and those of the Churches that the world will be caught on the Revival wave and swept into the Kingdom."

Immediately the thought of the Welsh Revival came to me, and I knew that that must have been the tiny beginning.

I looked round for my dear fellow-workers, who I knew would be rejoicing in this wonderful answer to our Prayer Unions for the out-pouring of the Spirit.

But, to my amazement, very few were the faces I knew. I looked across to the shore, and there was met with a strange, unexpected sight of a crowd of people, well known, all talking very earnestly one to another, with their eyes first on the wave and then on their open Bibles, which one and another were comparing passages and looking up references and shaking their heads, and I imagined them saying: "But this can't be God's plan, it's not at all what we expected, take care."

I remember shouting out, "Oh! do get on the wave at once, it is receding; it is God's Revelation and a mightier one is coming." But again they conferred together, and were too busy discussing the way of Revival to look at the glory.

"Get on, oh, do get on, we are going on and I know its God's answer to our prayers, let Him have His way." But, all too soon, their figures got smaller and smaller as the wave swept out again.

I came to myself in my own room and sobbed aloud in agony of disappointment that all these dear servants of God were left behind on the shore.

Could it be possible that people who pray and work for a Revival to precede the Return of Christ would not know when it came?

Well, I told no one about this vision for some long time, but soon we began to hear of strange times in Los Angeles, about the wonderful Pentecostal movement of the Latter Rain outpouring; and my vision came back, and I knew I dare not criticise, but be much in prayer and in claiming the spirit of discernment very specially. God led us out to America to see and seek for ourselves.

The rest need not be told. We were out there six months, and God was true to His word and shewed us the false from the true so simply.

But may those who read this just be very careful lest they be like those left on the shore. Oh! the sadness, that those who should have been praying should not know God's workings when they come.

This year at Keswick, God shewed me another wave was coming in, and I could just see the tiny beginning out on the horizon.

Yes, another wave will soon be in, and I feel that the third one will bring our Lord Himself.

"Therefore, be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh."—Matt. xxiv., 44.

"The days are *at hand*, and the effect of every vision. . . I am the Lord: I will speak, and the word that I will speak *shall come to pass; it shall be no more prolonged.*"—Ezek. xii., 23-25.

Encouragement from Scotland.

12, MICHAEL PLACE,
EAST WEMYSS,
FIFESHIRE.
10th October, 1908.

DEAR MR. BODDY,

Just a note to say how, from month to month, I have received much blessing by reading "Confidence."

I do praise God for the love and unity the One Spirit gives for the different members of Christ's Body, how that the Body is not divided by distance.

I praise God that towards the end of last year He created in me a deeper hunger for more of Himself. With the others here I began waiting on God after New Year, and on February 7th received the witness of His indwelling presence. I do rejoice that the first manifestation was only a foretaste of all that I have since enjoyed of His unfathomable love and presence. The Lord has taught me to praise Him, and I find this is my fort against the enemy, under the precious Blood. What the Spirit has revealed of Jesus is wonderful, and to-day my heartfelt desire is to *go on with Jesus*.

Thanking the Saints at Sunderland for all their prayers for our centre, and knowing that they will rejoice to hear that the band is still pressing on to prove the height and depth of our Heavenly Father's Love,

I remain,

Yours in His Risen and Victorious Life,
CHRISTINA DOTT.