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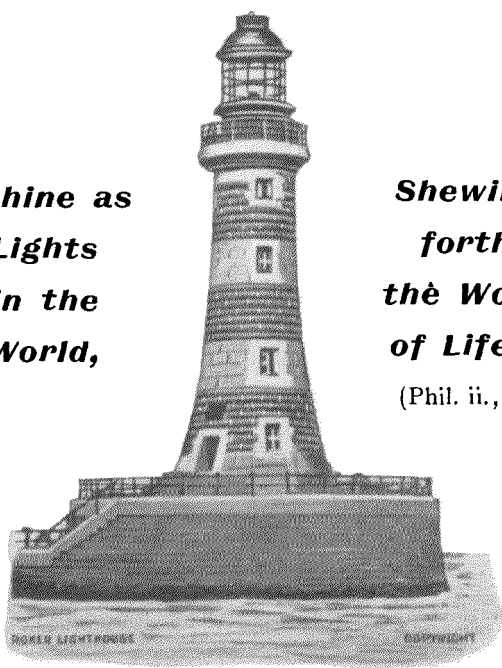
"CONFIDENCE"

A Pentecostal Paper for
Great Britain and other Lands.

*"Shine as
Lights
in the
World,*

*Shewing
forth
thè Word
of Life."*

(Phil. ii., 15, 16.)



THE SUNDERLAND LIGHTHOUSE (ROKER).

"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.

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3/6 or 4/- per annum (one Dollar from U.S.A.) for the twelve months' issue, post free. Some may be able to pay for six months (2/-) or three months (1/-), some for a single number.

"Friends of Confidence" who will promote its sale will be welcomed for different places at home and abroad.

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Recent Reprints:—"Tongues at Cæsarea," "Faith in the Blood,"
"A Letter on Divine Healing," etc.

"Thoughts on the New Creation" (M.B.). Post free, 4d., from Miss Newton, 12 Dinsdale Road, Sunderland.

"CONFIDENCE."

No. 3. Vol. v.

ALL SAINTS' SUNDERLAND.

March, 1912.

To EDITORS AND OTHERS.—Any matter in this Paper may be re-printed on condition that full acknowledgment is made thus:—"From 'Confidence,' Sunderland, England."

The first number of "Confidence" was issued in 1908 by the present Editor. It was welcomed by very many. He has gladly continued, therefore, to edit and issue it each month since. It was the outcome of a Spiritual Revival which commenced at All Saints', Sunderland, September, 1907. Visitors journeyed from all parts of Great Britain and from the Continent to receive the Baptism of the Holy Ghost. In most cases they returned joyfully, to become centres of blessing. A yearly Conference has been held each Whitsuntide. Visitors from home and foreign lands gather in large numbers, and return to spread the blessing further. "Confidence" was the first British Pentecostal Paper which told of this Outpouring with the Sign of Tongues. This Paper travels to nearly every country on the Globe. "Confidence" advocates an unlimited Salvation for Spirit, Soul, and Body; the Honouring of the Precious Blood; Identification with Christ in Death and Resurrection, etc.; Regeneration, Sanctification; the Baptism of the Holy Ghost; the Soon-Coming of the Lord in the air (1 Thess. iv., 14); Divine Healing and Health (Acts iv., 13). The issue of "Confidence" has been greatly blessed, and the Editor is thankful to the many friends around the world (see list) whose prayers and help have been used of God to encourage him month by month. His desire, and that of his helpers, is that ever in this Paper "He (Christ Jesus) may have the pre-eminence."

ADDRESS:—HON. SECS., ALL SAINTS VICARAGE, SUNDERLAND.

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"IN THE TWINKLING OF AN EYE."*

[We admit that as a rule works of fiction dealing with holy things are not to be commended. Indeed, many who are advanced Christians do not approve such means of arousing interest. But we quote here at length from two chapters of a book which recently has come under our notice, describing the secret "Rapture" ("Catching-away") of the Saints. We have been told of conversions and awakenings through its perusal. As "Confidence" is read by many on very different spiritual planes, we seek

to give something in it for different types of minds. We trust this long quotation from "In the Twinkling of an Eye" may be used to arouse fresh interest in the approaching Return of our Lord. The Author gives permission for this use of his Book.]

*

A JEWISH PASSOVER.

Cohen, the Jew, had just been over the whole house, lighted candle in hand, and had searched every nook and crannie, every cupboard, every shelf, under the edge of every carpet, looking for the faintest sign of leaven in the form of bread, cake, or biscuit crumb. He had found nothing, and went to his room to bathe

* The above is quoted from the book bearing this title, which can be obtained 1/3 post free from the Author, Mr Sydney Watson, The Firs, Vernham Dean, Hungerford, Berks., England.

("In the Twinkling of an Eye"—continued.)

and change his clothing.

"What of you, Zillah?" he had asked his sister, earlier in the day. "With your newly-espoused faith in the Nazarene, shall you partake of the lamb with us?"

"Certainly, I will," she replied, "*only* I shall take the meal more in the spirit of the Lord's Supper of the Christian Church. And Abraham——"

Her eyes, as they were lifted to his, swam with tender pitying tears, as she added:—

"All the time I shall be praying that you may meet the Christ of God, Jesus of Nazareth; and while you seek to remember our people's deliverance from the land of bondage, I shall be praying that you, dear Abram, may be delivered from the bondage of the legalism of our race."

* * *

The Passover table was spread in Cohen's house. The arrangement of that table was a curious mixture of Mosaic and Rabbinical command. In the case of all but really very pious Jews of this day, the real and actual Passover is not kept.

Passover (*chag Appesach* of the Jews) *must* have a lamb roasted to make it the *real* feast, the ordinary Jew to-day contents himself with an egg, and a burnt shank-bone of mutton, and unleavened cakes.

Cohen's Passover Feast always included a small lamb. Still, Rabbinical lore and Bible command were curiously mixed in the Cohen celebration.

The table, to-night, had an egg according to Rabbinical order, but there was a tiny roast lamb as well. There was the glass dish of bitter herbs; the salt water, typifying the tears of Israelitish misery in Egypt; a dish of almonds, apples, and other fruit, chopped and mixed, represented the lime and mortar of the brick-making in the land of bondage.

Chervil and parsley were there, and lettuce. A large pile of unleavened cakes, a big coloured glass ewer with unferrimented wine and water, and many other items considered to be the orthodox thing at the Feast.

All the Cohen household were there. Zillah, radiant with the glow of the new life in Christ that had come to her.

Rachel, her sister, was red-eyed and

sullen. Zillah had been pleading with her to open her mind and her heart to the Christian teaching of the Messiah who *had* come, and who had atoned for *all* the race, Jew and Gentile alike.

Angry and sullen, the wife had said hard things of Zillah. Her frivolous, irresponsible nature was more than satisfied with the barest *form* of the faith of her race.

The two children were full of suppressed excitement, the elder—the boy—especially.

Cohen, the head of the house, was singularly quiet and grave. His eyes had a far-away look in them. He looked like a man moving in a trance.

Presently the boy (he had been carefully taught) asked, according to the usual formula:—

"What mean ye, father, by this Service?"

Cohen's eyes stared over the head of his son, and in a voice very unlike its usual tones, replied:—

"*It is the Sacrifice of Jehovah's Passover, who halted by the blood-sprinkled houses of our fathers in Egypt, that the destroying angel should come not nigh, when He smote the Egyptians, but preserved our fathers.*"

"Will our people *ever* do this, father?" queried the boy.

"Till Messiah come, they will, dear son." The strained gaze of Cohen, as he answered, was as though he was trying to pierce Time's veil, and see the coming Messiah approaching.

"When will Messiah come, father?" continued the boy.

"To-night, perhaps, my son. Set His chair! Open the door!"

Swiftly, but with remarkable quietude, for a child, the boy placed a chair at the table, then, stepping briskly, silently to the door, he set it wide open, and left it thus, and returned to his place by the table.

Rachael took the ewer and poured out a little wine and water into each glass. In her sullenness, as she came to Zillah's glass, she slopped the wine over the edge. The children glanced curiously from the spilled wine to the face of their aunt, then at their father's face.

Zillah's face flushed; Cohen's grew pale, and set in a sharp spasm of pain. No word was said, each took up their glass,

and drank the *first* cup of blessing.

There was a moment's pause, then Cohen spread his hands, bowed his head, and repeated "The Blessing :—"

"*The Lord bless us and keep us ; the Lord make His face to shine upon us and be gracious unto us. The Lord lift up the light of His countenance upon us and give us peace.*"

Under her breath, yet distinctly heard by Cohen, in the solemn hush that followed the Blessing, Zillah murmured :—

"*But now, in Christ Jesus, ye who sometimes were afar off, are made nigh by the blood of Christ. FOR HE IS OUR PEACE.*"

Cohen glanced quietly at her. She met the glance with one of intense yearning. He translated it rightly, as meaning "If only you could see this truth !"

There were two bowls of water set on a side-board. Cohen and his wife rinsed their hands in one bowl, Zillah and the two children in the other.

Addressing himself to his son, more than to the others, Cohen, when they had returned to the table, as the head of the house was instructed to do, explained why they *sat* at the Feast :—

"Our Fathers, when they took the Feast for the *first* time in Egypt, my son, took it *standing*, with their loins girt, and their staff in hand, for *they* were starting on that great journey that eventually lasted forty years. But we, their descendents, eat the feast to-day, *sitting* at our ease, as a symbol that our people have been delivered from the cruel bondage."

Then the *first* Hallel was repeated—Psalms 113 and 114. The *second* cup of Blessing was taken by each. Then Cohen asked a blessing on *each* kind of food on the table. Then he carved a portion of lamb for each one, they took their seats, and the meal began.

The children were excused from eating the stinging bitter herbs, but Cohen, Rachel, and Zillah, each took a little with their lamb and unleavened bread.

Conversation became fairly general over the meal, except that the wife's sullen anger increased, and she kept silent.

At the conclusion of the meal, the *third* cup of blessing was drunk, and Cohen repeated the 115, 116, 117, and 118 Psalms. At the close of the Hallel, the *fourth* and last cup of blessing was taken. The Feast was over.

A sudden silence fell upon them all. No one moved, no one spoke, for a moment. Suddenly Zillah broke the dead silence. She had a glorious voice, and she let it ring out in that wondrous song :—

"Not all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away our stain."

No one interrupted. Cohen *could* not, for the thrall of some strange, new power was upon him. His wife was furious—but kept her fury bottled up. The children were delighted, they loved to hear their aunt sing, and to the amaze of their father and mother, they joined in the singing, for, with other children, they had often of late been to the evening meeting for Jewish children. And Zillah, who had talked with them, believed that they loved the Christ.

Without a break, the three voices sang on :—

"But Christ the Heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away ;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

"My faith would lay her hand
On that meek head of Thine,
While as a penitent I stand,
And here confess my sin.

"My soul looks back to see
The burden Thou didst bear
When hanging on the accursed tree,
And knows her guilt was there.

"Believing, we rejoice
To feel the curse remove ;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And trust His bleeding love."

Again for full thirty seconds, as the glorious song finished, there was an absolute silence, save for the ricketting of Rachael's chair, as she moved in pettish anger on her seat.

Zillah had kept her eyes fixed upon Cohen's face all the time she was singing, and had seen a strangely wondrous light slowly gather in his eyes. She had known, for days, that he was very, very near to the point of acceptance of Christ. Even as they had gathered at the table of the Passover, she was not sure, but that in all but profession and testimony, he was a Christian.

Now he suddenly broke the silence.

"Sing the last two verses again, Zillah," he said.

"My soul looks back to see
The burden Thou didst bear
When hanging on the accursed tree,
And knows her guilt was there."

("In the Twinkling of an Eye"—continued.)

Zillah's glorious voice rang out. And now, even to *her* wonder, Cohen's deeper tones joined hers. Her heart leaped as she noted the emphasis he put upon the "*My* soul."

She sang on. His voice sang on too. Then came the last verse, and, in a perfect burst of triumph, his voice rang out:—

"Believing, *I* rejoice
To feel the curse remove:
I bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And trust His bleeding love!"

It was a strangely ecstatic moment for Zillah. Tears flooded her eyes, she tried to speak, but her emotion choked her.

Cohen stood up. His face was ablaze with the wonder of the revelation that had come to him. He spread his hands upward, and his eyes were lifted in the same direction, as he cried:—

"Thou loving Christ! Thou Precious Jesus! I am *Thine*—THINE—THINE—!"

Then he remembered his wife.

"Rachael, dear heart," he cried, as he moved to her side. "Rachael, wife of my heart. Jesus *is* the Messiah!"

"Bah!" she cried. With a thrust of her hand and foot, she kept him from her. Then in tones of withering scorn and disgust, she cried:

"Mehusmed!"

He bent over her very tenderly, stooping to meet her eyes, and trying to take her hand.

The two children clung to Zillah, and the boy suddenly began to pipe out, in his clear treble, the hymn so beloved of Jewish children who attend the mission meetings,

"Come to the Saviour, make no delay,"

Rachael shot a fiercely angry glance in the boy's direction, then without looking at her husband, she thrust at him, to prevent his taking her hand, as she cried:

"Accursed! Mehusmed! Don't touch *me*!"

"But, Rachael!" he began tenderly.

She flung herself sharply round upon him and spat full in his face. Then she turned sharply from him again.

A full half minute went by. The room grew so eerily still that it startled her. She turned to gaze where the quartette had been.

The room was empty save for herself.

With a cry she started to her feet. They could not have gone out of the door, for her chair had all the time stood right in the way. What was this then that had happened?

Her breath came hot and laboured. Her eye-balls bulged horribly. A reeling sickness began to steal over her. She dropped back, terrified, in her chair, gasping:—

"Zillah said this morning 'The Christ will come *soon, suddenly*, then those who are His will be taken, unseen, unheard, from the world.'"

With a sharp, anguished cry, she let her bulging, terror-filled eyes sweep the room again as she cried:—

"And my *children*, too!"

Her eyes were tearless, but dry, hard sobs shook all her frame.

The next moment a kind of frenzy seized her. She rushed to the front door, and into the street. She would find out if anyone else was missing.

A little crowd was on the pavement. A hansom cab stood by the curb. The fare was standing on the front board. He was a minister of some kind. He glanced up at the driver's seat, as he cried:—

"But *some one, surely*, must have seen what became of him. If he fell off his box in a fit, where is his body?"

"I seed him one hiustant," cried a voice from the crowd, "I wur lookin' straight at 'im, 'cos I sed to myself, taint often as yer see a kebbey wear a white 'at, now-a-days. Then, while I wur starin' at 'im, he sort o' disappeared, the reins fell on the roof o' the keb, the 'oss stopped, an—"

"He's gone!" shrieked a woman's voice.

It was Rachel. Bare-headed, dressed in all her festal finery, she had just rushed down the steps of the house, and heard the question and answer as to the disappearance of the hansom driver. The crowd turned and faced her, her shrill tones had startled them.

"He's gone to Jehovah!" she screamed again. "My husband, my sister, my two children—we were at Passover—we—"

With a piercing shriek she flung up her arms, laughed hideously, and fell in a huddled heap on the bottom step of the flight.

* * *

IN AN EDITOR'S SANCTUM.

Tom Hammond greeted his *sub* most heartily. Ralph had been away, in Paris, for a fortnight, partly on business, partly for a change.

As soon as their greetings were exchanged, he turned eagerly to Hammond, as he said:—

"But I say, old man, what on earth is all this jargon you wrote me about, the return of the Christ, and—"

He paused suddenly. His eyes had just caught sight of the placard which his friend had placed over the fire-place. His gaze was riveted on it. He read the two words aloud:—

TO-DAY? PERHAPS!

In a voice of wondering amaze, he gasped:—

"What's *that*, Tom? What *does* it mean?"

Tom Hammond repeated, in a few sentences, what he had previously written to his friend, as to his conversion, then passing on to the subject of the Lord's second coming, he said:—

"I am so impressed, Ralph, with the imminence of our Lord's return, that I have had that placard done to arrest the attention of callers upon me, and give me an opportunity of speaking to them about their eternal destiny. To-day, too, I have been impressed so with the necessity of speaking to the world—'The Courier's' world, I mean, of course—on this great, this momentous subject, that I have made it the subject of my 'Prophet's Chamber' column."

He gathered up the sheets of his MS. he had written, and passed them over the table to Ralph Bastin.

"You will see, I have written it in the most simple, almost colloquial style, Ralph," he said. "I wanted it to be a man's quiet, earnest, simple utterance to his fellow man, and not a journalist's article."

Ralph Bastin's eyes raced over the papers. His face was a strange study, while he read, reflecting a score of different, ever-changing emotions, but amid them all never losing a constant, deepening amaze.

As he finished the last sheet, he looked Tom Hammond hard and searchingly in the face.

"My dear Tom, he began. His voice was very grave, very serious. "You'll ruin 'The Courier'! You will ruin yourself! The world will call you mad——!"

They called my Lord mad, Ralph, and they have called His servants mad, over and over again, ever since."

There was not a shadow of cant in his voice and manner, as he went on:—

The word of our God, Ralph—which is the *only* real rule of life, tells us that the Christ, whose name I profess, said:—

"Whosoever shall confess Me before men, him will I confess also before My Father which is in Heaven. . . . If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross *daily*, and follow Me. For whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever will lose his life for My sake, the same shall save it. For what is a man advantaged if he gain the whole world and lose his

own soul. . . .

"For whosoever shall be ashamed of Me, and of My words' ('Surely I come quickly,' Ralph, is one of His words, His very last recorded word,) 'of him shall the Son of Man be ashamed, when He shall come in His own glory, and in His Father's, and of the holy angels.'"

Tom Hammond leant forward in his chair to lay his hand on the wrist of the other, to plead with him, but with an exclamation of angry impatience, Ralph cried:—

"Hang it, old man, you must be going dotty!"

With an expression of annoyance, almost amounting to disgust, he swung round on his heel.

"Look here, Tom," he began.

He swirled back to meet his friend face to face, then, with a startled cry, he stared at the chair, in which, an instant before, Tom Hammond had been sitting.

The chair was empty!

"Good God!" he gasped.

Instinctively he knew what had happened! Instantly his eyes travelled to the placard, and in the same moment he recalled the closing words of Tom Hammond's MS., which he had just read:—"Then shall it come to pass that which is written, ONE SHALL BE TAKEN, THE OTHER LEFT."

A strange unnatural trembling seized him. He dropped into the chair he had been occupying and stared at the empty revolving chair opposite.

"Good—God!" He slowly repeated the words. There was no thought of irreverence in the utterance. It was the unconscious acknowledgment of God's presence and power.

For a time—he never knew how long—he sat still and silent like a man stunned. Then, as his eyes travelled slowly to where the sheets of MSS. lay, he smiled wearily, drew them towards him, and took his stylo from his pocket. Putting the most powerful pressure of his will upon himself, he began to write after the last words penned by his translated chief:—

"P.S.—Written by the Sub-Editor of 'The Courier.' By the time this printed sheet is being read, the world will have learned that a section of the community has been suddenly taken from our midst. The Editor of 'The Courier,' the giant mind and kindly heart of Tom Hammond, has been taken from us.

"The writer of this postscript, who was in the room when the 'Prophet' of 'The Courier' was taken, was in the act of scorning his message as to the nearing of the great translation. 'In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye,' he was gone.

"The writer has not left the room since, and has no means of knowing who else among those known to him are missing—not many *personal* acquaintances, he fears, since one's personal clique has never shown any very marked signs of what one has *hitherto* considered an *ultra* type of Christianity, a condition of 'righteous overmuch.'

"When we pass out of this room, presently, and touch the great outside world once more, what shall we find? How soon will it be generally known that a section of the community—a larger section, maybe, than we conceive possible—has been silently, suddenly, secretly taken from our

("In the Twinkling of an Eye"—continued.)

midst? What will follow? Where are the prophets who shall teach us where we are, and what we may expect? Does the end of the world follow next? Is there any order of events, specified in the Bible, that follows this mysterious translation? if so, what is it? Who will show us these things?"

* * *

"Watch ye therefore, and pray always, that ye may be accounted worthy to escape all these things that shall come to pass, and to stand before the SON OF MAN" (St. Luke xxi., 36).

The Date of the "Rapture."

(A RECENT GERMAN PAMPHLET SUGGESTS
MARCH 21st, 1912.)

In Germany much concern has been experienced in some circles as to the date of the Coming of the Lord. A pamphlet by one R. Voigt, entitled: "Last Warnings as to the Great World-Events, commencing in March, 1912"* places (unscripturally) the Coming of the Lord on March 21st. The writer bases his statements on special signs, which he says were given to him by God. Such a prediction cannot be true, for "the day and the hour knoweth no man." Yet it may cause many to think very solemnly, and to look earnestly for that swiftly approaching event which we believe may come now at any time.

"Oh, it must be the breaking of the DAY,

Oh, it must be the breaking of the DAY,

The night is almost gone,

The DAY is coming on,

Oh, it must be the breaking of the DAY,

"And now, little children, abide in Him; that when He shall appear, we may have confidence, and not be ashamed before Him at His Coming."—1 John ii., 28.

From Zion to Gethsemane.

CLOSING SCENES IN OUR LORD'S EARTHLY
LIFE.

(BY THE EDITOR)

It was the day before the Crucifixion. That Thursday all Jerusalem was astir. Every household was preparing for the Passover Feast.

Two Apostles walked over the Mount of Olives from Bethany, and came in perhaps by the Eastern gate from the Kedron Vale. They saw a man (not a woman, as is the custom) with a large pitcher of

water—probably for use in connection with the Paschal Supper, and drawn at Siloam.

"Look, Peter, that is the man our Rabbi spake of," said John. "Let us follow him."

The man went up the narrow streets, and led them across the city to the Zion quarter, and turned into the courtyard of an Eastern house.

They probably found that the owner of the house was a follower of the Galilæan Messiah. He may have been expecting to have the honour again of receiving Him at the Passover Feast, as he may have entertained Him before.

A white Passover lamb for the Feast had to be taken now by Peter and John and slain in the Temple, and then brought up to the house to be cooked.

Low tables would soon be spread with the necessities. These would be thin cakes of unleavened bread, such as our Jewish acquaintances still give us Christians at Passover time, and there would be wine and water, etc., and dishes of bitter herbs, raisins, and dates.

The accommodation would be for Jesus and the twelve only. The women and the other friends do not seem to have been present on this most solemn occasion; they may have assembled together at Bethany, where also the Passover might be eaten. For this purpose, we are told, Bethany was considered as part of Jerusalem.

The Son of Mary now bids farewell to His Mother and to the women who have followed Him from Galilee. They will next see Him on the way to the Crucifixion. Perhaps it would be dusk when the Master and the twelve walk over the hill from Bethany and up to the house on Zion. The Lord knew the house, and one likes to think that He had eaten the Passover in past days in the same *Cænaculum*.

Judas the Apostate listens on that walk to hear what the plans for the night are, and probably gleans that after the supper the Rabbi will come down to the garden in the Kedron Vale, which may have belonged to a disciple, and which was known from the oil-press there as "Gethsemane." He has no opportunity yet of letting the Temple Authorities know, but he will do so as soon as he can.

The sun has set, and the moon is not yet up, so they pass unrecognized through the crowded streets of Jerusalem and up

* "Letzter Warnungsruf zu den im März, 1912. Hereinbrechenden Grossen Welt Ereignissen eine Freuden und Trauerbotschaft." Published by R. Voigt, at the Christlichen Schriftenerverlage, Einbeck i. Hann, Germany.

to Zion without any further demonstration by the Galilæan pilgrims.

The "Goodman" perhaps himself opens the door and welcomes them in, and passing up the stone steps they enter the Passover Chamber and find the supper all prepared.

Their feet are dusty with their walk

from supper and laid aside his garments, and took a towel, and girded Himself. After that He poureth water out of the great pitcher the man had carried from Siloam into a basin, and begins to wash His disciples' feet, and to wipe them with the towel wherewith He was girded.

Impulsive Peter, when he sees his Divine Master thus humbling Himself, is sorry, doubtless, that he did not volunteer for this servile work, and he exclaims, "Lord, Thou shalt never wash my feet," and then a moment after, "Not my feet only, but also my hands and my head." (See John xiii., 6-10).

Christ is teaching a double lesson; not only that most important and hardly learned lesson of true *humility*, but how that He is the great and true Cleanser of the heart and life; that unless He cleanses we can have no part with Him. The apostles did not understand until after years that this was what Christ meant. St. John remembered well in after days His mysterious words, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."

Judas' feet were also washed. He must have begun to feel that the Master, Who read the inmost thoughts of others, could also read his own evil, treacherous thoughts. Until Judas left that room it seems as if Jesus was unhappy and constrained. He cries at last, "Verily, verily, I say unto you that one of you shall betray Me." Judas said doggedly, "Is it I?" John said, "Is it I?" Peter

said, "Is it I?" So said they all.

The Lord dipped a piece of Passover cake into the dish of herbs and gave it to Judas, and as he received it unblushingly, the devil took full possession of that miserable miser, and he went out from the feast into the night. John and Peter now knew all, but the others thought that the



OLIVE TREES IN GETHSEMANE.

along the white paths over Olivet. Which of them will seize the opportunity of being the greatest of all by acting as servant of all and undertaking the first and most necessary office of washing the feet of the others.

Not one offers. So we read, "Supper being *prepared*" (or made), Jesus riseth

(From Zion to Gethsemane—continued.)

man of Kerioth had gone an errand. Judas hurries along the streets, in which the rising moon cast deep shadows.

The Hallel Hymn was ringing from many a house where others were joining in the Passover, but he is hurried on by the devil within. He who had been a preacher of the Gospel now was a betrayer of Jesus.

The moment the false disciple goes, Christ rejoices as if a great load had been lifted off His soul. John remembered this change in Christ's manner, and records it thus: "Therefore, when he was gone out, Jesus said, Now is the Son of Man glorified, and God is glorified in Him."

Either just before or just after this incident, the Omniscient Lord instituted the Holy Communion in the most solemn way. We must remember that He was God Incarnate, and knew at that moment how, until His great Advent, His command would be continually obeyed. S. Matthew, S. Mark, S. Luke, and S. Paul all record the eventful scene. Paul of Tarsus had it revealed to him in a special vision (1 Cor. xi., 23), perhaps whilst in the deserts of Arabia. He says—

"For I have received of the Lord that which also I delivered unto you. That the Lord Jesus, the same night in which He was betrayed, took bread: and when He had given thanks, He brake it, and said, Take, eat, this is My body, which is broken for you; this do in remembrance of Me. After the same manner also He took the cup, when He had supped, saying, This cup is the new testament in My blood: this do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of Me. For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do shew the Lord's death till He come."

All through the centuries has this perpetual command been lovingly obeyed. At Jerusalem itself I have thankfully knelt with Canaanitish Christians in the Syrian Church dedicated to St. Paul, and received with them the blessed bread and holy wine. The Prayer of Consecration and the Words of Administration were, like the whole of that service, in Syrian Arabic, yet I knew that this same Lord Jesus was again with us as of old when He reclined in that upper chamber in that same Holy City.

Many a one finds the Lord at His Holy Table in a new and unexpected way.

The Lord says, "Do this in Remembrance of Me—Remember Me, Remember Calvary, Remember them nailing My tender Body to the Cross for thee. Remember My Blood streaming down for thee; this have I done for thee—what hast thou done for Me?"

The Lord is always remembering us without our ever asking Him. Yet He has to *ask* His followers to remember Him, and how often He says in vain—

"DO THIS IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME."

"As often as ye eat this Bread and drink this Cup, ye do shew the Lord's death,

TILL HE COME."

Perhaps it will be as we gather at His Table that the brilliance of His glory will stream upon us, and we shall cry, "Alleluia, He has come at last. Praise to Him for His redeeming love!" No more celebrations on earth, but the wondrous and blessed Marriage Supper of the Lamb. Oh, what a glorious gathering! (Rev. xix., 7-9):—

"Let us be glad and rejoice, and give honour to Him, for the marriage of the Lamb is come, and His wife hath made herself ready.

"And to her was granted that she should be arrayed in fine linen, clean and white; for the fine linen is the righteousness of saints.

"And he saith unto me, 'Write, Blessed are they which are called unto the Marriage Supper of the Lamb.'"

* * *

The streets would now be bright with the full moon. As they come out perhaps Judas, who may have returned, slinks into the shade and follows them, we may imagine, until they pass out by the Eastern Gate. Numbers of people were about in the bright moonlight, for it was a festive time.

Judas watches the disciples as they cross the Kedron and turn to the right towards Gethsemane. Then he hastens back to the Temple.

"Now you may seize my Nazarene Master, and no one will be near. The Galilaean pilgrims will know nothing of it.

"Bring lanterns and torches, for it is dark under those olives, and clouds may drift up.

"Get a company of Roman soldiers too, for Peter has a sword, and the others may shew fight."

Our Lord seems to have placed eight of the Apostles near to the gate to watch, and then to have taken the three with Him as a bodyguard to be near Him. But instead of watching they all slumbered and slept, and He was left to drink the cup of woe, in order that we might drink the cup of salvation. Was He not entering

into the fellowship of our consciousness of guilt? It was an awful conflict indeed!

Not on the cross did He suffer greater agony. Not on the cross did bloody sweat fall from Him because of mental anguish. Was Gethsemane worse than Golgotha? Satan sought His very life!

"And He was withdrawn from them about a stone's cast, and kneeled down and prayed, saying, Father, if Thou be willing, remove this cup from me: nevertheless, not my will, but Thine, be done. And there appeared an angel unto Him from heaven, strengthening Him. And being in an agony he prayed more earnestly: and his sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling to the ground." (Luke xxii., 41-44.)

"In the days of His flesh, when He had offered up prayers and supplications, with strong crying and tears, unto Him that was able to save Him from death, He was heard in that He feared." (Heb. v., 7.)

Surely His Arch-Enemy, Satan, was seeking to take His human life ere he could offer it in the appointed way upon the Cross of Calvary. His Father heard the cry, and saved Him from a death at Satan's hands. He was willing to give up His Spirit at the right time, when the Victory was complete, and we were saved.

The Victory of Calvary was already won at Gethsemane for our sakes.

The drops of red blood are dropping on His tunic, and on the grass, and on the ground. But He is victorious! Hallelujah!

* * *

Gethsemane! The garden where the Lord agonized is shown still, and thousands of pilgrims from Russia, France, America, and from almost every land, have bedewed those patriarchal olives with tears of deepest emotion. (See page 57.)

The Garden now has a high wall all round it. These gnarled and venerable trees may have sprung from those of our Lord's day, but all the trees around Jerusalem were cut down at the great siege, some forty years after the Lord's death on Calvary.

One night, when the moon was full, I was riding along the valley of the Kedron, and leaving my ass on the road, I went down alone under the Olives.

The brilliant moon cast dark shadows, and I sat and thought beneath a tree. It was to me a sacred season, for I seemed to see that scene again. I could picture the disciples in two groups, beneath different trees near to me, and our Master Himself further on, kneeling in yonder deep shade, wrestling in prayer with the horror of darkness and the burden of the sin of the world, causing the agony and bloody sweat.

I knelt there too and offered earnest prayer. High above me was the Temple Wall. It was near midnight. Not a soul to be seen. A dog was barking in Siloam, and was answered by another in Bezetha.

The same moon that had looked on the Saviour of the World was flooding the Vale with light, and shining on the numberless graves on the slopes of this valley of Jehoshaphat.

I allowed my imagination again to see a procession coming down the slopes from the Eastern Gate. There was the quick martial step of a band of Roman soldiers. The clamour of the undisciplined Temple Guards, and in front an apostle of Jesus Christ! Judas Iscariot!

They pass by and are gone but a short time when there are cries from under the Olives, and a running for bare life, of men who disappear up the slopes of Olivet. Now they return with a prisoner. He is the Son of God!

What is that bright light and wondrous Presence which passed up aloft a moment ago from those olive trees? It is the angel returning, he who has been strengthening Jesus, Henceforth He will not let even the angels come to His help, for if He did He could not save you and me. He is going willingly as a lamb to the slaughter. "Behold the Lamb of God, that beareth away the sin of the world." He is my Redeemer.

He is entering the Holy City by the same road by which He entered on the Sunday previous. Then He was accompanied by thousands of enthusiastic pilgrims crying, "Hosanna" to the King of Israel. But now Jesus of Nazareth is a prisoner, arrested as a political agitator, as a disturber of the peace, as one who claimed and accepted Divine honours; in their ignorance they call their God a blasphemer. He is saving me!

"Who is this—behold Him shedding
Drops of blood upon the ground?
Who is this—despised, rejected,
Mock'd, insulted, beaten, bound?
'Tis our God, Who, gifts and graces
On His Church now poureth down;
Who shall smite in righteous judgment,
All His foes beneath His Throne."

Hallelujah!

JERUSALEM.

DEAR MR. AND MRS. BODDY.

Greetings from the old City of God. I praise God that He is doing a quick work. One Armenian girl received heart cleansing last night, and one also received three days ago. A young dentist last Tuesday came very near receiving the Baptism into the Spirit. We are praying that His fame may go throughout Syria once more. Since you have visited this land, and understand the conditions, will you pray more and more for the peace of Jerusalem, "for they shall prosper that love thee."

My health is much better. The enemy tried hard to kill me. He did not want me to return, but greater is He who calls us than He who hinders. Praise and honour are due to His Holy Name. Much love to you all.

Your sister seeking the more excellent way,
LUCY M. LEATHERMAN.

c/o American Consulate,
Jerusalem, Palestine,
February 15th, 1912.

"CONFIDENCE."

MARCH, 1912.

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Sunderland.

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Sunderland.

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"Behold the Man!"*

Thoughts for Good Friday and Every Day.

When I survey the WONDROUS Cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

See that pale, worn Man—bound as a condemned prisoner, whose clothes are torn and disordered, whose face is bruised and bleeding—coming forth from Pilate's splendid palace, wearing a crown of thorns and a purple robe.

And who is this that comes forth? It is the "Man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief"; it is Jesus of Nazareth, "the despised and rejected of men." Nay, it is our Saviour, our King, and our God.

There He stands, and we can see the bleeding brow, and the smitten face, and the mangling of the cruel scourge. We can see the look of patient suffering, of holy meekness, of inexpressibly tender love for you and me. And Pilate points Him out to us, and says, "Behold the Man!" "Behold your King!"

And can we turn away from such a picture? Does it not touch and melt our hearts? Do we not hear His pleading voice as He stands there in His crown and robe of mockery, crying to us and saying, "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto My sorrow."

* In part from Sermon by W.H.

And now the soldiers have been sent for the Cross, and the great procession of sacrifice sets forth for Calvary.

The great crowd sweeps through the city gate to look on this great sight—a crowd of open enemies, a handful of secret friends.

We know not for certain who was there, but I think we can rightly name some of that great multitude. There would be many who had seen the works of mercy which Jesus had done. Country people from Nazareth would remember the quiet home among the hills, and the blameless life of Him Whom they called the Carpenter's Son. Were there none to tell of the raising of the daughter of Jairus, or of the widow's son at Nain? I do not think that Lazarus and his sisters from Bethany, close at hand, would have been absent at such a time.

We know that there were women who followed Him in that dread procession, and doubtless the tearful eyes of the Virgin Mother saw too her darling Son fall fainting under the weight of the Cross, and how Simon was forced to carry it. And so at last they reach that Place of the Skull—Golgotha.

Here the authorities are determined to make the scene a notable one, and two thieves are to die with the Lord of Righteousness. The Roman soldiers clear a space round the Three Crosses, the great crowd stands eagerly outside the glittering barrier of armed men, and the horrible details of the torture are watched with brutal interest. And now they have crucified Him. The willing Sufferer!

Ah, see how that right hand is cruelly crushed. That hand that lifted the little girl from her death-bed; that hand that stroked the sunny locks of little children in the old days of His loving ministry; that hand that raised from the sea the sinking body of Peter.

And see how the nails have torn those weary feet—those feet that walked upon the Sea of Galilee; that bore the Great Physician to heal the sick; that carried Him on long journeys of loving kindness and self-denial.

And now stand afar off in loving awe and lowly reverence, and behold that awful sight. See there that dim Cross standing up against the darkened mid-day sky. Trace the suffering Form that

hangs upon it. Mark the drops of blood falling fast from the piercing thorns upon His sacred Head, and raining down from the cruel nails in His holy hands and feet. Yes, "Behold the Man!" and know that He you look upon is none other than your God, giving His most precious body, shedding His most precious Blood, to bring you victory over Satan and sin, to save you from the wrath to come.

I know that there on that first Good Friday I was truly crucified with Christ—that, as ONE died for all, I died, and henceforth my life is hid with Christ in God. Men may forget Calvary, or speak of leaving the Cross behind, but Calvary is not forgotten by the heavenly hosts. They cry: "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain." He has redeemed us unto God by His Blood. I am one of His redeemed ones. The all-sufficient price was paid at Calvary. There is Victory for us, beloved, at this Cross of the Divine Almighty Christ. On that first Good Friday He brought to naught the Devil and his power (Heb. ii., 14), and made a "show" of all the demons (Col. ii., 15), who strive to hinder His full salvation being wrought in us. "Thanks be to God Who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Just as I am, Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down,
Now to be THINE, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

THE PENTECOSTAL REVIVAL.

"Ask ye of the Lord rain in the time of the Latter Rain."—Zech. x., 1.

The Lord is coming soon, perhaps very soon, and He is doing much to prepare His elect for His coming, and also to draw all men unto Him. We praise Him for the showers He is giving in these days of His Latter Rain. Yet is it at all strange that some set their faces against this work of the Lord, and that the Enemy endeavours to fasten on to it that which will prejudice many against it?

Many things are written against this work of God, many warnings given; but we are glad when there is commendation in such a paper as "The Way of Faith."*

In a recent article (Feb. 15th, 1912) the Editor writes, under the title "Thoughts on the Pentecostal Revival":—

"Numerous letters, *pro* and *con*, have reached us from all parts of the world, descriptive of the work in all its phases. It seems to us that scarcely anything more could be said in favour of, or in opposition to the work, than what we have received.

"As we have looked upon the work as one of immense importance, we were not satisfied in our own mind until we made a personal investigation, with an intense desire to know the truth. We have, therefore, attended meetings in different localities, among the wise and the unwise, and after six years of careful and prayerful study of the Word, of patient observation while attending meetings among all classes of people, of contact with a large variety of persons, who profess to have received the Pentecostal Baptism, and of testing the work of the Holy Spirit in our experience, we are fully convinced that

THE LORD HAS BEEN WORKING in a marvellous way, and that willing and obedient souls have been made the recipients of the Spirit's fulness and power.

"With intense interest we have watched the progress of the work. We have correspondents in all lands, hence we receive reliable information from all sections, and we get an open vision of the wide extent of this heaven-born visitation. Strong centres are established in Russia, Germany, Holland, Norway, Sweden, England, and other European countries. India, China, Japan, South Africa, South America, Australia, and the Islands of the seas, send us reports of Pentecostal revival scenes and indicate the extent of the revival.

"It is perfectly natural to suppose that where the Holy Spirit is working so greatly and so continuously, Satan will be unusually active in opposing, destroying and counterfeiting the work. We would be greatly surprised if this were not so. It is painful to contemplate the wreckage he has made, and the many that he has deceived. Transforming himself into an angel of light, he has, in various ways,

WROUGHT HAVOC IN MANY SECTIONS. He is the author of all the fanaticism, false teaching, vagaries, and unseemly antics that have brought the work into disrepute. But we will not for a moment allow these things to prejudice our minds against that which we know to be of God. Some of the most intelligent and most saintly souls we have ever known, whose rich experience in the things of God has never been questioned, are leaders in this work in various sections. We have the fullest sympathy with them, and daily pray that the precious revival may deepen and widen until it will permeate the masses of Christian people, and hasten the coming of the King.

"Constant contact with the Pentecostal saints, both by personal intercourse and correspondence, has been such a blessing to us, that we have no inclination whatever to change our attitude towards this precious work. Sympathy with it brings us into closer touch with its Author, gives us a deeper consciousness of His indwelling presence, and intensifies our longings for all the fulness of God. The gifts and manifestations do not concern us so much, as the all-absorbing, all-controlling, all-satisfying, ever-abiding, indwelling Comforter."

* * *

We cannot close our eyes to the fact that among those who claim to be in the "Pentecostal Revival," and those also

* "The Way of Faith" weekly; J. M. Pike, Editor; Columbia, So. Carolina, U.S.A.

(The Pentecostal Revival—continued.)

* * *

who are friendly to some aspects of the Revival, there is wide divergence of views. There are different views also among earnest Christians outside. There are—

1st. Those who bluntly say, "This is all of hell." (The Devil is making men love the Lord!!!)

2nd. There are those who say, "Yes; but there are in this work some of the most earnest Christians we know."

3rd. There are those who say "There have been attached to it strange things, yet we cannot deny that there is much which is truly of God here. We can witness that it has brought an undeniable depth of spirituality into lives which we have not known before."

4th. There are those whom we feel to be extremists on the other side. These delight in manifestations. They have a tendency to trust in so-called gifts as if infallible and divine. Many suffer sadly sooner or later, and bring suffering to others in consequence of the over-emphasizing of the "Gifts." This leads almost to deifying frail men and women and "leaders" who claim to have "gifts."

Some of such centres are in great danger of becoming open to very strange influences. We should pray for them that they may not be carried away by deluding spirits.

5th. Then there are those who seek by methods to obtain a "tongue," to be a proof that the Holy Ghost is in full possession. These at times *seem* to be successful. There are among them those who love the Lord Jesus with their whole heart, and He knows it, and so He has mercy.

THE TRUE BAPTISM IN THE HOLY GHOST.

6th. There is, we believe, another, and a truer and safer way in which the Scriptures (not "messages") are the guide. Scriptural *proportion* is observed, and "methods" discountenanced. There may be "meetings," with or without Tongues or "prophecy." We do not believe that these are the tests of God's favour or presence. The blessing of the Sign of Tongues, in connection with the incoming of the Holy Ghost, is strongly emphasized, but the permanent Gift of Tongues afterwards is not made a test of spirituality.

We claim the gracious presence of the Holy Ghost "because" of the Blood of the Lamb, and put our whole trust in the finished Victory of Calvary.

This last way has been the way in which blessing first came to Great Britain, and it is for this that the Editor of "Confidence" continues to stand.

The Lord has blessed thus the hundreds who, from the very beginning up to the present hour, have been receiving the blessed Baptism of the Holy Ghost here in our meetings at Sunderland. The Lord also has been graciously healing the sick all the time. He has never withdrawn His Presence or His Power. He is with us to-day continually encouraging us, and witnessing that He is leading us aright. To our meetings here come members of almost all Christian bodies in this town, and visitors from other places. They carry back blessing to their own communities. We do not ask them to leave their Churches, but to shine there with Holy Ghost power.

Personally, we do not advocate a general "come-out-ism" where it is possible to stay where God has placed one. The Lord will get faithful ones in the different Christian bodies, who may be called to pray blessing down on the flock and pastor where they are. We do not believe in forming another Church or a great organization. But there should, when possible, be fellowship between all Spirit-baptized ones. Where this is forbidden, there is certain danger ahead, whatever seems to contradict this assertion at the present. We should not be faithful if we did not write thus. Yet how can we thank our Heavenly Father enough for this Latter Rain Baptism in the Holy Ghost, with the Pentecostal Sign of "Tongues." It is His own blessed loving gift to His needy followers. They love Him and adore Him, and seek to glorify Him, but they can only do this when indwelt by the blessed Comforter. He is eager to come where the heart is cleansed by faith in the Blood, and His Temple is thus ready to receive Him. "The Lord whom ye seek shall suddenly come to HIS Temple." We thank God for the Pentecostal Revival, and repudiate all that is false, which the enemy may endeavour to fasten on to the true pure work of God. The Lord is coming soon, and He is seeking those who have Holy Ghost oil in their "vessels." *"If ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts to your children: how much more will your Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?"—Luke xi, 13.*

A Conference in London.

(APRIL 24TH TO MAY 2ND.)

Mr. Cecil Polhill is convening a further Conference in the Holborn Hall for April 24th to May 2nd. This will take the place of the Conference usually held just before the Sunderland Conference. Fuller details next month. Mr. Cecil Polhill's address is Howbury Hall, Bedford.

THE FIFTH SUNDERLAND ANNUAL INTERNATIONAL CONVENTION.

WHITSUNTIDE, 1912, MAY 28-31

(with Preliminary Meetings, Saturday, May 25th, Whit-Sunday, 26th, and Whit-Monday, 27th).

We invite the Pentecostal people around the World to join us in prayer as to His purpose for them and ourselves in this International Annual Convention. (If the Lord Jesus still tarry.)

The First Sunderland Convention was the first convention of the present Pentecostal Movement in Great Britain, or indeed in Europe. The Sunderland Convention is, in this way, "Mother" of such Assemblies in Europe. It continues to meet each year, under God's great blessing, and with His good guidance. Friends from Australia, New Zealand, China, India, Ceylon, Canada, and the States as far as California, meet with German Brethren, Hollanders, Scandinavians, Swiss, Russians, English, Irish, Scottish, and Welsh folk. It is good for us all. The fellowship for a week or so, the walks and talks between the meetings, and the interchange of little acts of hospitality, help to build up fellowship, encourage faith, and level down differences. We therefore ask our Readers to join us from time to time in prayer for the Lord's guidance for themselves and for us,

IF THE LORD SHALL STILL TARRY.

For accommodation write to the Conference Secretaries, All Saints Vicarage, Sunderland.

SUNDERLAND.

MISS GERBER'S VISIT.

Our hearts have been much stirred and our faith encouraged by the visit of our dear Sister, Miss Gerber, from Cæsarea. She has a wonderful story to tell of God's faithfulness and love, from the time of her wonderful healing and conversion, up to the present. At the time of her healing she was given up to death by Consumption, and her body was crippled with Rheumatism. In her helplessness she cried unto God. He heard and completely healed her body, and saved her soul. Her life from henceforth was given up to Him.

Her parents were so certain she was dying, that, in accordance with Swiss custom, they had given all her clothes to the poor. So, when God miraculously raised her up, she had at first to put on borrowed garments until her new ones were ready for her.

She has now over 200 orphans in a Home that has cost £5,000. Each of these orphan boys has a sad, sad history, their parents having been cruelly killed in the Armenian massacres. She is having to build another Home for her ever-increasing family, and still needs £2,000 for its completion.

She has gone through and witnessed scenes of carnage and horror that very few could have endured. At one time she herself was in the midst of the massacre, bullets whizzing all round her, and she could only cry to God for protection. He answered and saved her in a miraculous manner.

Some 28 years ago she received the Baptism of the Holy Ghost and spoke in "Tongues," so that, when she heard of this present-day outpouring of the Holy Spirit, she recognized it to be of God.

At one period, during her first visit to New York, whilst learning the English language there, God called her to go and see a sick woman. Being in a strange city, and not being able to speak any English, she hesitated about going. Finally, she obeyed God and went. He guided her to the right street and house, and whilst in prayer with the sick woman, He gave her the English language whilst mightily under the power of the Holy Spirit, so that she understood all that the sick woman told her, and the Spirit enabled her to read the Bible and pray in English, a fact which she did not fully realize till after it was over, and the Lord healed the sick one.

At another time, a considerable number of people were fed three times a day for some ten days in a wonderful way. Having only two francs in her purse, Miss Gerber simply told the Lord of her need, and asked Him to undertake. Giving her purse with the two francs in to her maid, she told her not to look inside of it till she needed to pay for the food. Good meals were provided every day, and at the end of the time the purse was given back with not only the two francs in, but one or two other pieces of money. Each

(Sunderland—Miss Gerber's Visit—continued.)

day God had placed sufficient money in the purse to pay for everything.

The days of miracles are not over. Our God is the same yesterday and for ever, to those who will trust and obey Him.

[M. B.]

The Editor of "Confidence," Rev. A. A. Boddy, will be glad to receive and to forward help for the Orphanage Funds. The address is Miss Gerber, Zingederè, Kaisereyeh, Turkey-in-Asia.

* * *

BRO. SMITH WIGGLESWORTH'S VISIT.

We have been greatly stimulated again this month by the visit of our Brother, Mr. Smith Wigglesworth, from Bradford (70, Victor Road, Manningham). We rejoiced to see the ripening power of the Holy Ghost in our Brother, who has truly advanced from "faith to faith," and from strength to strength. His first Address on Saturday night emphasized the immense importance of the "members of the Body" bearing each other up in prayer, especially those suffering from physical pressure, taking the burden as their own, and "praying through" to God, till the battle was won. The Kingdom of Heaven to-day is suffering violence.

On Sunday afternoon and evening he gave us most helpful addresses on the power of the Holy Ghost coming upon us in the Baptism. Though he had known and experienced very much of the power of the Holy Spirit before he received the fulness, he knew now what a marvellous difference in power had come upon him since he received the Pentecostal blessing with the evidence of the "Tongues."

Perhaps the most stirring meeting was on Monday, when our Brother, at our request, gave a brief sketch of his life, and recounted some of the hundreds of cases of Divine healing in which God had used him. To us it was interesting to hear how the first touch of Divine power he received was at his Confirmation as a "Church" boy in a Parish Church in Yorkshire. As the Bishop laid hands on him, the same divine power of the Holy Spirit, which he now experiences in a fuller measure, came upon him, and went through his whole being. Shortly after, in a meeting, he *knew* he was saved. A great hunger for souls came into his heart, and he began to work for God, and the Lord graciously used him, and later,

both he and his wife together, in the saving of hundreds of souls.

Then came the revelation of Divine Healing. Raised from the gates of death himself, and healed several times of severe attacks, God led him to open the Bowland Street Mission Hall, Manningham, Bradford (Yorkshire), and there preach full salvation for spirit, soul, and body. Very soon two cases of Epilepsy were instantly healed, and for some 15 years our Brother has had an unbroken record of God's marvellous love and power in healing. To Him alone be all the glory!

We just give one or two striking cases of healing. One, a woman suffering from blood poisoning, her body fearfully distended, and the suffering terrible. At first the oppression of the devil was great, but after a time of earnest wrestling in prayer, victory came, and as hands were laid on her she was instantly delivered and healed.

Another remarkable case was a woman whose foot was in a terrible condition. The flesh was just hanging off and the bone was bare. Nothing could be done for her but amputation. She listened to the truth of Divine Healing, and she (with ten others) was instantly healed in one meeting. Praise God!

A girl had fallen down a flight of steps, and in some way her tongue had got between her teeth, and half of the tongue was almost severed and hanging loose. Her hip was also out of joint. As Brother Wigglesworth cried to God and laid hands on her, her tongue was instantly healed, the only mark discernible being a white thread-like line across to show where the wound had been. Her hip also went into joint at once. Quite recently a blind man received his sight instantly.

These and many other cases of healing (both instant and gradual) conclusively prove that the power of the Lord to heal is just the same to-day for those who believe. The Kingdom of God is still in our midst, for the blind are receiving sight, the deaf hear, the dead are raised, demons are cast out, and the Gospel preached—the glad tidings of the Victory of Calvary over all the works of the devil. Hallelujah! Amen.

[Brother Smith Wigglesworth is to hold his Annual Easter Convention at the Bowland Street Mission. It commences on Good Friday, and continues over the following Tuesday, April 5th to 10th. Particulars and information from Miss

Wigglesworth, 70 Victor Road, Manningham, Bradford, Yorkshire. The Lord grant again times of refreshing, blessing, and healing at this Bradford Convention.]

* * *

A WONDERFUL CASE OF CANCER HEALING BY THE LORD.

All glory to His blessed Name—Jesus, Saviour. Our sister, who lives in Sunderland, gives the account in her own words. Her first public testimony was given on Sunday last, February 25th, 1912, at a Bible Class in a Church Vestry, where there was a large attendance. A timid, retiring little woman about 50 years of age, at first it was quite an effort to her, but the knowledge that it was for the Lord's glory soon gave her confidence, and all our hearts were moved by her simple, earnest story.

"Quite two years ago I began to notice a swelling on my breast and under my left arm, which rapidly began to increase, the pain at times being very bad to bear. I went to my Vicar's wife, and she prayed with me, but, although I got a certain amount of relief and comfort, I knew in my heart I did not *believe*, and at last I went to the Infirmary and was examined by three of the best doctors there. They had a long talk together and then told me I was to be good to myself, and take all the care I could of myself, but they could do nothing for me. No operation could be performed—it was too firmly rooted in me, and I was not young enough to bear it. Well, I was very downcast at this. A lady visitor came to see me, and pointed out to me that man could do nothing for me. Would I not trust the Lord wholly? I had got my mind fixed on a visit to a good Christian doctor, and thought if I could only go to him he might help me. So the lady, seeing I would not be satisfied with anything else, agreed that I should go. Well, he examined me and said it was a bad case of Cancer, but he thought if I went into the Infirmary at once and had an operation, it might cure me. I left him more discouraged than ever, and as the pain was now awful to bear, and a great hole had appeared in the lump, and my neck was drawn down, and altogether I was a pitiable object to look at, I thought I could not bear it any longer, but would go and drown myself.

"On a Sunday evening, at last I made my mind up to do it. My daughter asked

me where I was going on such a wet night, and as I had no good reason to give for going out, said she would go with me, thinking I was not safe to be left. I was so wretched, and miserable, and racked with pain, I did not know where I was going, when I found myself at All Saints' open-air gathering near by, and a man's voice rang out: 'Is there anyone here who feels miserable and despairing, and at an end of all things, hear the voice of Jesus saying, 'Come unto Me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest,' and my poor heart just cried out with hungry yearning, 'Oh, Lord Jesus, I come, I do come, I come now to Thee.' It seemed as if all my being went out to Him, and I felt I'd like to go face downwards on the wet stones, but, as I looked up and the tears ran down my face, a wonderful thing happened. All my awful pain went away, right away, and a glorious peace and rest came into my soul, and I turned to my daughter and said: 'Come away hinney, come home. I'm healed. The Lord has healed me and blessed me. Let us get home and I'll have some supper, for I'm hungry.' Before this I could not eat anything, but now I felt I could. Well, through the night the devil came and tempted me, and said I was *not* healed, and sure enough the pain came back, and for a moment or two I went down in spirits, then I said: 'directly it is morning I'll go to my Christian friend, she'll help me.' Sure enough, I did go early in the morning, and she said: 'Won't you now trust the Lord, and give Him the glory.' I said I would, so she laid hands on me, and, as she did, faith, the faith of God, came into my heart, and I knew the Lord had come.

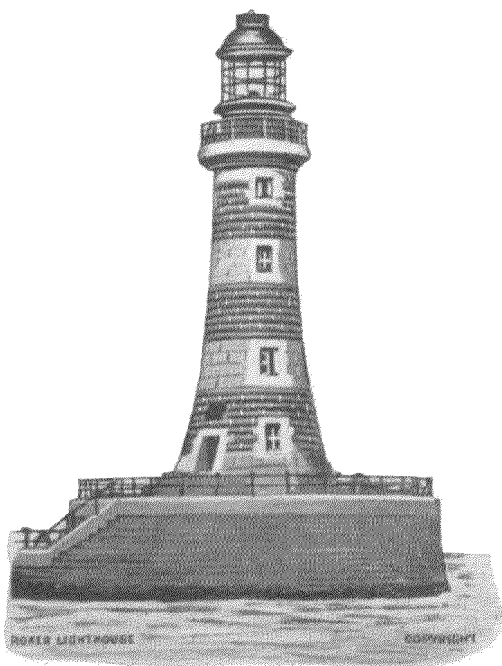
"From that moment the lumps began to go down, and I had no more pain. I got stronger, and last week I washed a three weeks' large washing, and felt no worse.

"But I must tell you, I went to take one of my daughters to the Christian doctor for herself, and when he saw me, he said: 'Oh, Mrs. ———; I've often wondered about you. Did you go through the operation, and how are you?' 'No,' I said, 'No operation for me. The Lord Himself healed me, and I am well.' So he said, 'I would like to examine you, if you don't mind.' I let him, and he said, 'Well, this is a miracle. There is no trace of cancer, all disease is gone. There is

(Sunderland—Case of Cancer Healed—continued)

only a small, drawn-in place, and if that fills up, there is no sign of anything.' And now that is filled up, and I am every whit whole. I'm just His 'bairn' now, and if I make a slip, why I just look up to Him and say, 'Lord Jesus, I'm your bairn now, you must keep me,'—and He does. Glory to Jesus!"

So ended her simple story. You won't be surprised to hear that we sang the Hallelujah Hymn Chorus *twice over*, with all our hearts saying, "Praise Him! Praise Him!" Many unbelievers have often said, "Nerves, colds, and fanciful complaints may be healed, but can you give a case of Cancer or any deadly disease being healed?" And now—although not the first—it is a most wonderful case of healing, and regeneration as well. Hallelujah! The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!



THE LIGHTHOUSE AT ROKER (SUNDERLAND).

This graceful structure is erected at the end of one of the long breakwaters which encircle the mouth of the River Wear, where it enters the North Sea at Sunderland. In stormy weather the pier or breakwater is often swept by the great waves, but there is an underground

passage in the heart of the pier, by which one can travel to the Lighthouse in all weathers. This has been useful in the recent north-easterly storms. It is interesting to stand on the balcony below the great lantern at night, and watch the brilliant beam of light sweeping over the waves. The lantern ever revolves noiselessly, driven by clockwork, which needs frequent winding up. Jesus is the True Light.

When the Editor of "Confidence" had the truths of the New Birth, Identification, Divine Healing, etc., laid upon his heart, he preached much upon these subjects, and then issued his addresses in booklet form. As this Lighthouse was in his parish, he placed it as an emblem upon his "Roker Tracts." These have been recently reprinted once more. Many, many thousands, by God's mercy, have in the past ten years travelled to earnest seekers after God all over this earth. Now they are again all in print. May He indeed graciously cause them to shine in the dark world, as beams of light, so far as they are true to the eternal Light of lights. The following is the list:—

- 1.—"Born from Above (with personal testimony)," 1d.
- 2.—"Forgiveness of Sins," 1d.
- 3.—"Heaven upon Earth," 1d.
- 4.—"Satan's Devices," 1d.
- 5.—"The Holy Ghost for Us," 1d.
- 6.—"Health in Christ," 2d.
- 7.—"Identification with Christ," 1d.
- 8.—"Spiritualism Denounced," 2d.
- 9.—"Christian Science: A Soul Danger," 1d.
- 10.—"Systematic Prayer," 1d.
- 11.—"The New Creation," 2d.
- 12.—"Divine Necrosis: or the Deadness of the Lord Jesus," 1d.
- 13.—"Faith in His Blood," ½d.

CROYDON.

Times of Blessing.

DEAR MR. BODDY,

It is with great pleasure that I am privileged for the glory of God to just send you a little report of the Lord's work here in Croydon (England). It is now 31 years since we came here, and on the first Sunday after our settling down we commenced our first meeting on *Scriptural holiness lines*. The meeting was first started in an upper room over my place of business. Our first gathering consisted of our own family and maid (7 in all), and at the evening gathering we had three dear friends come along who had heard we were come to Croydon. That was now a congregation of ten. Our four children counted (they were very young then). My dear wife and I had been converted eleven years before this, and were in

THE ENJOYMENT OF SANCTIFICATION.

I rejoice to say that from that first Sunday until the time of writing this, the work has never ceased. The Lord so blessed us, and souls were being saved and sanctified in nearly every meeting. The place got too small for the gatherings, although often the stair-case was used because people could not get into the room. The Lord then led us to take a place (for meetings only) a little further away in the same street. There the place filled at every meeting, and many souls were

saved and sanctified. What to do for room we did not know. This place had been *altered time after time*, and we could not put in another seat. The number now when filled was 95, and sometimes 12 or 20 on the stair-case, and in the lower room, for you will please note this second place was an upper room.

Well, after about three years the Lord led us to erect a *Hall* in the same street, which seats 250 when full. We have also a Sunday School of over 80 children and baptised teachers. We have had some real conversions in the School.

But now comes the best of all (not forgetting past blessings). About the time of the Welsh Revival we were led by God to have waiting meetings for any who really were seeking to know God in a deeper and more power experience. These Waiting Meetings have continued each Wednesday at 3 p.m. from the commencement. Very soon

THE DEAR HOLY SPIRIT

began in a wonderful way to move in our midst. We had never, although we knew the abiding presence of the Comforter, felt so much of His power. At this time dear Mrs. Boddy came here after she had received her Baptism. Our dear Sister had been with us several times before, but now we noticed and felt a difference with her, and four or five of our dear people came graciously under the power when she met with them. Some were prostrated by it. We had never had anything like it amongst us before, for we were always a very sober kind of people, and this exercised us a little. Then we had our Brother Niblock come amongst us, for which we have to praise God. This was before he came to reside at "Peniel," Herne Hill. Many of our dear people have been mightily filled and baptised in the Spirit, and many speak in the new Tongues, which are very sweet and real, and which are of God. Not one has been pressed by human exercises, but brought through sweetly in the Spirit. I rejoice also to say that my dear wife and myself have been wonderfully blessed, and the loving Spirit has spoken through us. The work here since the mighty visitation has continued to increase in power and numbers. To God be the glory!

We have now three branches of the work six and eight miles away, where the Lord is manifesting His power in saving, sanctifying, and baptizing in the Holy Ghost. I do ask an interest in your prayers for this work, that we may, with such evidences of the Lord's blessing, be kept very lowly. We are having an eight days' Convention at Easter time, when some of the Welsh ministers will be with us. The meetings commence on Easter Sunday. Please pray for these meetings.

PASTOR H. INCHCOMB.

PRESTON.

LANCASHIRE.

The Home-Call of a Faithful Brother.

DEAR PASTOR BODDY,

Just a line to tell you of the loss the assembly at Preston has sustained in the death of our beloved brother, Willie Lyons, who was killed in

the hoist at the mill at which he worked on Thursday, the 22nd ult. This is the first one whom the Lord has taken out of our midst.

Willie was only a mill-labourer, but was one of the Lord's honoured servants. He would be remembered by anyone who has been to any of the meetings at Preston.

It could be truly said of Willie that "in his spirit there was found no guile" (Ps. xxxii., 2). He was so simple that he could receive anything at the hands of the Lord. His faith was wonderful. On one occasion he commanded a watch (which a watchmaker could not repair) to go in the Name of Jesus. It went, and has never stopped since. On another occasion (only four weeks ago) he commanded the water to come out of a tap when the pipe was frozen, and the water came. He had indeed the faith that would remove "mountains."

During the eighteen months that he has been saved and baptized with the Holy Ghost, he has gone through much persecution, but he has stood bravely for his Master. He has been a great testimony for the Lord in the mill, where they will miss him very much, and where his death will have (or has already had) a great effect.

The night before Willie was killed he dreamed that the Lord came to him *very suddenly* and said: "Well done, good and faithful servant, come up higher!" There were many other remarkable incidents in connection with his death, e.g.: his quoting of Ps. xlii., 4, the day before he died; his saying a few weeks ago that if he died, he would like Mr. Myerscough to bury him, and that he did not want any flowers; also his tidying up of his room on the Wednesday night.

So Mr. Myerscough and Mr. Hall had the "joy" of burying him last Monday afternoon, knowing that he was "absent from the body, but present with the Lord." There were quite a number (in fact, nearly all) of our people at the funeral. We sang the "Hallelujah Chorus," of which he was so fond, over his grave. How the Lord "wiped away all tears from our eyes" (Rev. vii., 17). How He helped us "to sorrow not, even as others which have no hope" (1 Thess. iv., 13).

THE HALLELUJAH HYMN.

We praise the Lord that we are not "ignorant concerning them which are asleep." Our brother Willie expected to see the Lord very soon, but thought that the Lord would come, and so he would see Him. He expected to be among the number who will be *living* and believing when Jesus came, but the Lord has chosen that he should be among the *dead* in Christ (see John xi., 25, 26, and 1 Thess. iv., 15-18). He will be the "Resurrection" to our brother, but the "Life" to us (if the Lord spares us). Praise His Name! How we are waiting for the day when we will "be caught up . . . so shall we be for ever with the Lord."

The Lord has been teaching us through this experience how closely we are united together in the one body, and how "if one member suffers, all suffer with it." We praise the Lord for comforting the family of dear Willie. We praise Him above all that He has taken our brother to be "with Christ, which is far better." We can only say of the loss we have sustained in our testimony—"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the Name of the Lord!" We are

(Preston—Home-call of a Faithful Brother—
continued.)

AUSTRALIA.

A Testimony from Melbourne.

believing that the Lord will raise up other
"Willies" in his place.

Mr. Myerscough joins me in Christian love to
you and your family.

Yours, looking for "that blessed hope,"

ERNEST J. PHILLIPS.

c/o Mr. Myerscough,
134, St. Thomas Road,
Preston.
2nd March, 1912.

SOUTH INDIA.

News from Bro. Geo. Berg.

MY PRECIOUS PASTOR AND BROTHER
IN JESUS CHRIST.

Peace and love be multiplied to you. Your kind
note (postcard) was forwarded to me from Ban-
galore, as I am away from home at present,
holding conventions on the S.W. coast, among
the Syrian people. My dear brother, how much
I do wish you were with me here for a week or
two. Perhaps you would say good-bye to Sun-
derland, and stop here for good, until Jesus comes.
I do not know of another place like this (where
hearts are so hungry, and the doors are so wide
open) in all India, and I believe God enables us
to plough deep and sow the seed, and lay the
foundation for perhaps the biggest revival old
dark India has ever seen. If you were with us,
and look over the sea of human faces before you,
and see the hunger in their faces, and hear their
prayer at the close of each service, you would
fully agree with me.

Last night we had about a thousand people
present, and to-night and to-morrow we expect
two to three thousand people, as the meetings
will close to-morrow night at this place. From
here we go to two more central places, for one
week in each place. The meetings are held under
a Pandal, and people come from distances of ten
to fifteen miles. Daily we pray for sick ones, and
God is healing many in Jesus' name. Praise His
Holy Name for ever!

I have nine workers with me, and we are all
one in Christ together. Hallelujah to the Lamb!
Quite a number of souls have turned to God, and
backsliders are coming back to "Father's House."
Thank God!

Many thanks for your kindness in sending me
some literature; may God bless you for it, and
reward you in due time. I have now three schools,
and will open some more in the near future.

In much love to you and all the saints in Jesus
Name, faithfully, until He comes,

GEO. E. BERG.

Fraser Town,
Bangalore,
South India.

I want to sound a note of praise (right at the
commencement of this New Year) to God for all
His goodness and mercy in the past year. I also
want to testify to His wonderful dealings with us
and His answers to prayer.

I want to say that in 1910 I came into contact
with people who had the Baptism of the Holy
Spirit with the Sign of the New Tongue following.
I was led to study this matter for some time, with
the result that I decided that it was not necessary
to speak in a New Tongue to have this Baptism,
that you could receive it by faith—which I con-
sidered I had done a year or so before. But a
dear brother, who was engineer on one of the large
steamers which come here from the Old Country,
explained to me that when I received the Promise
it was like receiving a promissory note for a debt,
but before that debt was cancelled I had to receive
the cash that note stood for. So that, having
received the promise of the Baptism, I must get
the fulfilment of that promise. This led me to
definitely

SEEK FOR THE BAPTISM.

This led up to the beginning of the New Year,
1910, when a number of the Pentecostal people
had a fortnight in the country, waiting on God.
The Power came down on the camp in a mighty
way. Some of the people stumbled greatly over
the manifestations of the Spirit, and have not got
over it yet. I was only able to get to the camp
for one day, but the Lord set me on fire to seek
more earnestly than ever for the Baptism. After
that I waited on the Lord as much as possible,
with the result that He fulfilled His promise—as
He always does—baptizing me in the Holy Spirit,
and giving me the Sign of Tongues. I shall
never forget the experience as long as I live. The
joy of it all is beyond words to tell. Only those
who have received can understand the blessed
experience.

I WAS BAPTIZED IN THE HOLY SPIRIT
on 24th February, 1911.

Now this aroused Satan greatly, and he gave
me a bad time with his suggestions, such as—was
this of God or the devil? and in other ways trying
to give me a set-back. He then commenced to
attack my dear wife, who, I must tell you,
received her Baptism some months before I did.
Early one morning, about 1:30 a.m., my wife
wakened me up, crying out and struggling as if
she was choking. In disjointed words she said
she felt that she was dying. Naturally this gave
me a great shock, especially as she was losing
her power of speech, and becoming partially
unconscious. In my great trouble I cried to the
Lord, and He heard my voice. I also made her
understand to plead the precious Blood of Jesus to
cover her, doing the same myself, for I felt it was
all of Satan, but she still got worse. She said she
was dying, and asked me to send for the doctor to
save her afterwards, which I did, but I also
claimed the victory in the name of the Lord. She
got much better before the doctor came, but was
much exhausted with the struggle.

When the doctor came he said that she had had
a stroke, that her right side was more or less

paralyzed, and the focus of the sight was gone. After the doctor had gone, I prayed with my wife, thanking the dear Lord for saving her life, and praying that she might get back the use of her limbs again. This was about 4 a.m. The doctor came again about 9:30 a.m., and said that she was progressing well, and was surprised to find her side all right again. The eyes were still bad. After the doctor had gone I said to my wife, "If the Lord can heal your side,

HE CAN PUT YOUR EYES RIGHT,

so let us pray to Him to further bless us," with the result that when the doctor came the next day her eyes were all right again. The doctor thought it was wonderful. He said he thought at the very least it would have taken three weeks for an improvement to take place. We then told him it was answer to prayer.

My dear wife has recovered again. Satan has attempted to attack her two or three times, but we have asked the Lord to shelter her under the Blood, and in the Name of the Lord we have commanded Satan to depart. The Lord has shown to us in a very real sense the power of the Blood over Satan and his hosts, and how it can bring his works to nought.

I therefore want to thank God with all my heart for His wonderful love towards us. My wife also joins me in this for all His goodness and mercy to her, and for our experiences of the past year, and for all the lessons He has taught us and the things He has revealed to us. We want to serve Him better in this New Year than ever we did before, and we pray that we may be found worthy to do work for Him who has done so much for us.

We want to say that your Paper has greatly helped us from time to time, and also numbers of our friends, and we ask you to kindly forward us copies as they are printed. Please find herewith Order for 5/- to cover expenses.

I will now close, wishing that the Lord's blessing may rest on you and your Paper during this year, and that it may continue to do the good work that it has done in the past.

I am, yours in the Lord,

JAMES W. LESLIE.

82 Roden Street,
West Melbourne, Victoria,
Australia, Jan. 7th, 1912.

CHINA.

News from Canton.

DEAR MR. BODDY.

I am writing a few lines (have no good pen at present) at the close of one of the best prayer days we have ever had. Indeed, we do not know how to praise the Lord enough for the blessings which He is pouring upon us these days. Praise His Holy Name!

Three dear sisters are living with us at present: Sisters Johnson and Rodney, and Sister Milligan, who has returned from Hong Kong. It is very blessed to have them adding their prayers to ours. Then the house is as full as it can well be of our

dear brothers, the colporteurs, and they afford us much opportunity for prayer and service.

God does bless them in hard toil and abundant opportunities for selling the Gospels, etc., and we believe He is working in their souls and seeking a good foundation for great blessing. Most of them have known nothing of sanctification, and very little of salvation, but it is blessed to see the Holy Spirit getting hold of them. They love us, and some of them truly love the Lord, and are seeking earnestly to please Him.

At the present time they are working mostly in Canton, as country work is hindered considerably just now. A week back, after one of our afternoon meetings, one of the brethren asked me if it would be all right for them to have an evening preaching service as well. Of course, we were delighted, and they have not missed one night, and often the hall is quite filled, and mostly with soldiers. But our work is mostly in the afternoon, and glory to God for the crowds who come, and for the Holy Spirit, Who never fails to convict of sin.

Since last writing we have had many come forward for prayer, but are holding on to God to see them get really saved. Of course, the devil opposes every step, but our Captain is leading us steadily on in this glorious fight.

What *will* it be

WHEN THE KING COMES?

To-day an old woman came in who was so happy in the Saviour, Whom she only really met last night, and it was beautiful to see the steps by which He had brought her to Himself. Hallelujah! She seemed to have a tender conscience. But some of our best times are in the morning, when we gather around the Lord and His Word, after our breakfast and the brethren's rice. My husband conducts "Morning Prayers" now in Chinese, with an occasional "help out" from me, and the Lord meets our souls. We can see a steady awakening and deepening, and are expecting the clouds to burst any time.

Last Sunday morning the sisters had a glorious time with the women and children, and you *would* have enjoyed to be at our open air meeting—on our tree pulpit, and with hundreds of men, many of them soldiers, gathered around. It was a glorious opportunity to uplift such a Saviour. Let us close in and get to business on our knees as never before.

Deeper sin is ever coming to our knowledge amongst the members of the Churches. Oh, *such* a need for cleansing! Ho Sj Tai and I have been elected as Vice-President and President for the year of a Monthly Meeting of Christian Chinese Women of the different Missions, which meets in turn in different parts of the city for testimony and teaching. Oh, that God will pour out His Holy Spirit on this organization, which has become nearly dead, but might mean so much to both women Missionaries and native Christians in Canton.

I was so glad to receive a loving helpful note (with 10/-) from dear Mrs. Wm. Busfield the other day. I hope to write very soon, but the days are more than full. Our gracious Father has been caring for us so tenderly, and we have felt new blessing since dear ones in England began to stand with us in prayer and giving. We thank Him, dear Mr. Boddy, for laying us on your hearts, and for your thoughtful kindness to us.

(China—News from Canton—continued.)

By-the-bye, I'd. (not 2d.) is all that is needed for stamps to Canton, as there is a B.P.O. here. We are sorry not to have notified you before, and to have saved some of the Lord's pennies.

We are all well, praise the Lord! and work in Canton is undisturbed. God is working *His* purposes out, and soon He that shall come will come and will not tarry.

Yours through the Precious Blood,

Until He come,

NELLIE BETTEX.

c/o B.P.O.,

Canton, S. China.

Jan. 5th, 1912.

P.S.—As you stand with us, we are sure the Lord will bless *you* in England very abundantly, and are praying to that end.

GLASGOW.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Miller, with their niece, propose to sail for Canada, May 17th. Their address will be "The Post Office," Toronto, Canada. They expect that Mr. and Mrs. Mogridge, of Lytham, will also be crossing by the same steamer, "Empress of Britain." Mr. and Mrs. Miller are remaining in Canada, and will be thankful for prayer as to their future. The Water Street Mission and the work at Paisley will continue as before.

THE AGE OF MIRACLES NOT PAST.

We quote from the "Christian Herald" (London), March 7th. (The illustration is by the kind permission of the "News of the World") :—

A Girl's Miracle-Cure.

HOW A LONDON GIRL RECEIVED SIGHT AND HEALING FOLLOWING A VISION.

Considerable public interest has been aroused during the past fortnight by the sudden miraculous recovery of a young London girl who was lying almost at the point of death, and we sent our special representative to the house to verify the facts. Dorothy Kerin, who resides with her parents at Herne Hill, in the south-east of London, is a pretty, bright girl of twenty-two. She is one of a family of five, and when fourteen years of age her parents saw with alarm that she was losing health. Two years later she became altogether bedridden, and has remained so for the past five years. Soon after she first became ill she was sent to a Consumption Sanatorium outside Reading, but, after nine months there, was sent home no better. Then she went into St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and was there for two months. Next a Nursing Home at St. Leonard's was tried, with like result. Finally she was sent to the St. Peter's Home for Incurables at Kilburn, from which she was sent home in an ambulance, with

ONLY A WEEK TO LIVE.

More than twenty doctors altogether had seen her,

and from first to last seemed able to do little for her. For a fortnight before her remarkable recovery she was quite blind, and stone deaf, and everyone thought she was dying. Dorothy Kerin herself is an earnest Christian girl, and has been for years connected with the Mission Church of St. Paul's, Herne Hill. The Vicar, Curates, and workers from the church used constantly to visit her, and she was frequently made the subject for prayer when the sick of the parish were prayed for. The story of her remarkable recovery is best given in her own words. She said: "I was lying on my back in bed. Things were black and gloomy, for my eyes were bad. But it was Sunday evening, and I was doing my best to be cheerful. Suddenly

I SAW A DAZZLING LIGHT.

It seemed like a great golden flame above me, with two hands stretched out—warm hands—while a voice came, 'Dorothy, your sufferings are over; get up and walk.' And then I could see, and walk, and am well. I am sure it is a miracle." Her mother, continuing the story, said: "We were gathered round her bed about eight p.m. on Sunday night, expecting it to be

HER DEATH-BED.

She was lying with her hands crossed upon her breast, as if dead. Suddenly she gave a great sigh, and we thought she was gone. Then, with a wonderful smile, which none of us can ever



forget, she stretched out her arms. Then she opened her eyes, squinting at first, then becoming quite natural in expression. I said, 'Dolly, do you know me?' and then she replied, 'Of course I do, mummy.' We were all amazed. Then she sat up, and said, 'I want to get up and walk.' I said, 'You can't get up, my darling,' but she was quite calm, and said, 'But an angel told me to.' A friend who was present said, 'Let her have her dressing-gown. Let her see what she can do.' I quite thought she would fall down. Instead, she threw off the bed-clothes,

GOT OUT OF BED,

and walked across the room. Walking into the kitchen, she saw her father, and with a cry of delight rushed forward and threw her arms round his neck. One man present was a professed atheist, and he fell on his knees and sobbed aloud. A few days previously," said her mother, "the girl murmured during her sleep, 'Jesus will come and accomplish a great thing!'"

When our representative called at the house next day, Mrs. Kerin said, "Yes, every word is authentic. Dorothy is well and strong and running about. In fact, her doctor is just taking her for a drive."

A friend of the family, interviewed at the same time, on learning who the enquirer was, said, "Oh, yes, I am a reader of the 'Christian Herald,' and we shall be glad for you to have any information about Dorothy. We believe it is

A DIRECT ANSWER TO PRAYER."

Subsequent inquiries tell us that this remarkable recovery is maintained. The doctor who has been attending Miss Kerin, a well-known local practitioner, said, "I have no explanation. I can only say that I cannot claim any of the credit for this extraordinary occurrence. Under my direction the patient had lived for weeks, until Sunday, on brandy, opium, and starch. Her muscles had no

strength. Where it comes from now baffles me. I can say absolutely nothing in explanation." The case is puzzling doctors, scientific men of all grades, and particularly Christian Scientists; but the girl herself is firmly convinced that it is Divine Healing. Needless to say, the publicity given to the case caused a great stir in the district, and newspaper men, doctors, and enquirers of all sorts flocked to the house. So much excitement was not considered good for Dorothy, so the Rev. A. J. Waldron and her doctor made arrangements to have her moved at once to a nursing home, where she could have privacy and quiet, with country air.

THE PENTECOSTAL MISSIONARY UNION.

The Pentecostal Missionary Union (or "P.M.U.") for Great Britain dates its commencement from a meeting held in All Saints' Vicarage, Sunderland, on January 9th, 1909, when a Council was formed. Mr. Cecil Polhill, of Howbury Hall, Bedford, was chosen as President, Mr. T. H. Mundell, 30, Avondale Road, Croydon, is Hon. Sec., Mr. W. H. Sandwith, Bracknell, Berks., is Hon. Treasurer (Mrs. Sandwith is Missionary Box Secretary), the Rev. A. Boddy is Editorial Secretary, and other acting members of the Council are Pastor Jeffreys, Mr. H. Small, Mr. Andrew Murdoch, and Mr. Thos. Myerscough. A P.M.U. Home for Women Candidates at 116, King Edward Road, N. Hackney, has been opened, and the Candidates are prepared by Mrs. Crisp (of 19, Gascoyne Road, S. Hackney, London, N.E.). The Male Candidates are at Preston (Lancs.), and are being prepared by Mr. Thos. Myerscough, 134, St. Thomas Road. "Baptized" Missionaries working for Societies who do not endorse the Pentecostal Movement are also received when compelled to resign, if the Council, from personal knowledge and after interviews, etc., are satisfied. Missionaries in the Field:—In INDIA—Miss Lucy James, Y.W.C.A., Poonah; Miss Margaret Clark, Miss Constance Skarratt, Miss Catherine C. White, and Miss Minnie Augusta Thomas, The Camp, Jalna; Miss Elkington and Miss Jones, Fyzabad. In CHINA—Messrs. Trevitt, Bristow, McGillivray, Williams, c/o Rev. W. W. Simpson, Taochow, ("Old City"), Kansuh Province, via Hsian, China (via Siberia and Pekin); Mr. and Mrs. Kok, Tai-lung-Tschew, Tsingtao, Shantung Province. (Also holding P.M.U. Certificates—John Beruldsen, Christina Beruldsen (now Mrs. Gulbrandsen), Thyra Beruldsen, at Suan-hwa-fu, Tsili Province,* N. China.) Applications for Candidates' forms to be made to Mr. T. H. Mundell, Hon. Secretary, 30, Avondale Road, Croydon. Send a post-card for a P.M.U. Missionary Box to Mrs. Sandwith, Bracknell, Berks., or donations thankfully received by Mr. W. H. Sandwith, Hon. Treas., Bracknell, Berks.

Continued prayer is asked for the Home Base, viz.:—(1) P.M.U. Council Meetings, (2) P.M.U. Missionary Meetings, (3) Box Holders and Donors, (4) Students—the Brothers, (5) Students—the Sisters, (6) Those helping in their Training. Then let us also constantly uphold our Missionaries at work, or learning their new language. Wednesday in each week has been suggested as a special day of prayer for P.M.U.

Brother A. Kok writes that his address for the present is Tai-tung-Tschew, Tsingtao, Shantung Province, China. They are with Mr. and Mrs. Maclean at that place.

* * *

Miss Clark and Miss Skarratt, from Jalna, together with the new workers, Miss White and Miss Thomas, have set off for a second visit to the Khandesh district. In response to the appeal in last month's "Confidence," an offer of £50 has been made towards building the Mission House there, for which £400 is needed. Will others also help?

* * *

Miss James writes: "I think I have at last found the way in which the Lord would have me work. Miss Abrams helped me very much in starting, as she is doing just the same kind of thing in the North of India. I have got two tents, and Ramabai has given me a young married couple from Mukti. We came by train to Kurad, a little south of Sutard, and then we struck out to the eastward, of course leaving the Railway behind, and so cutting ourselves from European provisions, but really getting to the people we wanted. When I visited the 'Paril' (Headman), which it is the correct thing to do on settling near any village in India, he told me that the people here were all very ignorant, and indeed I think he is the only one who can speak English, and they

* At Tientsin for the present.

(P.M.U.—continued.)

never had any visits from Europeans except Government Officials.

* * *

"We have had large audiences and the people really seem to want to know about Christianity. We have great need of prayer that they may truly accept the Person of the Lord Jesus Christ, and turn from their idols. That is where the real trouble comes in; they have no objection to hear as long as they do not have to make a choice. On Sunday we did not go out, but the Lord sent the people to us. All day long we had enquirers and hearers around us. We are in a delightful spot in the midst of a grove of mango trees, and though only a few yards from the high-road, no one ever comes to trouble or disturb us in any way."

* * *

Miss Elkington writes from Fyzabad: "One morning two of us were preaching in a village, and we came across a sick baby, about a year old or thereabouts, with a big swelling on the side of its neck. This had been treated in Hospital, and did not heal, and when we saw it some native remedies were being applied. The mother asked us for medicine, and we told her of Jesus who was able to heal, but she did not want to hear of Him, and went away, hard and unbelieving. We went to another part of the village, and the grandmother brought the baby along to us, so we asked the Lord to heal it. When we next visited that part of the village we asked after the child and were told that he was well, and the mother said, 'Since that day when you prayed.' Praise God! We are so glad of a witness to shew these people that Jesus is the living God who does hear and answer prayer."

* * *

Very recent letters from Bro. J. Beruldsen and his two sisters report that they were safe and happy. There have been troubles since they wrote, but God is indeed able to deliver them. Their address is—

Care of Mr. Clarke,
China Inland Mission,
Tientsin, China.



JEWS AT JERUSALEM.

List of Contributions received during February, 1912, for P.M.U.

	£	s.	d.
Wood Green, M., Outgoing			
Missionaries	...	2	0 0
Morley, "Inasmuch"	...	0	10 0
Harrogate, P., Outgoing			
Missionaries	...	2	0 0
Amsterdam, per Pastor Polman	...	9	10 0
London Collection—			
Holborn Hall Conference	...	80	0 0
Crawford Bay, B.C., G., Work in			
China	...	2	1 1
Scarborough, Box A.	...	2	0 0
Waullyd, Boxes, B.R. and J.R.	...	0	19 9
Dunfermline, W., for Indian			
Famine Relief	...	1	0 0
"A Friend"	...	0	15 0
Hackney Friends	...	1	9 0
Emsworth, Box L.	...	0	7 6
Bracknell Assembly	...	2	0 0
Swaffham, K.,	...	0	7 6
Preston Assembly	...	9	5 7
Box C.	...	0	5 0
Toronto, Donation B.	...	3	0 0
(Also £2 for Miss Gerber's work.)			
Bournemouth, Donation A.F.	...	5	0 0
Ireland, Box S.	...	0	10 6
Aberystwith, Donation E.	...	0	10 0
Box S.	...	0	2 11½
Omaha, U.S.A., G.	...	3	1 7
East Wemyss Boxes	...	9	7 0
	£136	2	5½

W. H. SANDWITH,
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Bracknell, Berks.

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