

SEPTEMBER, 1912.

VOL. V. No. 9.

"CONFIDENCE"

A Pentecostal Paper for
Great Britain and other Lands.



THE DOME OF THE CAPITOL, WASHINGTON, U.S.A.

"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

54th ISSUE.

ONE PENNY. (By Post, 1½d.; Annual Subscription, 1/6.)

Orders by Post and Subscription-Gifts to be sent to the Hon. Secretaries, **All Saints' Vicarage,** Sunderland, England. (See next page for Terms to Trade.)

London: Samuel E. Roberts, Publisher, Zion House, 5a, Paternoster Row, E.C.

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." "Brethren, pray for us, that the Word of the Lord may have free course and be glorified"—2 Thess. iii., 1.

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

THE BRIDEGROOM'S DOVE.

BY LORD FARNHAM.

"O my Dove! in the clefts of the rock, in the secret of the stairs."—Cant. ii., 14.

"MY DOVE!" The Bridegroom speaks. To whom?

Whom, think'st thou, meaneth He?
Say, O my soul! canst thou presume
He thus addresseth thee?
Yes, 'tis the Bridegroom's voice of love,
Calling thee, O my soul! His Dove!

The Dove is gentle, mild, and meek:
Deserve I, then, the name?
I look within in vain to seek
Aught which can give a claim:
Yet, made so by redeeming love,
My soul, thou art the Bridegroom's Dove!

Methinks, my soul, that thou may'st see,
In this endearing word,
Reasons why Jesus likens thee
To this defenceless bird;
Reasons which show the Bridegroom's love
To His poor helpless, timid Dove!

The Dove, of all the feathered tribe,
Doth least of power possess:
My soul, what better can describe
Thine utter helplessness?
Yet courage take! the Bridegroom's love
Will keep, defend, protect His Dove!

The Dove hath neither claw nor sting,
Nor weapon for the fight;
She owes her safety to her wing,
Her victory to flight.
A shelter hath the Bridegroom's love
Provided for His helpless Dove!

The Hawk comes on, in eager chase—

The Dove will not resist;
In flying to her hiding-place
Her safety doth consist.
The Bridegroom opens His arms of love,
And in them folds His panting Dove!

Nothing the Dove can now molest,
Safe from the fowler's snare;
The Bridegroom's bosom is her nest—
Nothing can harm her there.
Encircled by the arms of love,
Almighty power protects the Dove!

As the poor Dove, before the Hawk,
Quick to her refuge flies,
So need I, in my daily walk,
The wing which faith supplies,
To bear me where the Bridegroom's love
Places beyond all harm His Dove!

My soul, of native power bereft,
To Calvary repairs:
Immanuel is the *rocky cleft*,
The *secret of the stairs!*
Since placed *there* by the Bridegroom's love,
What evil can befall His Dove?

Though Sinai's thunder round her roars,
Though Ebal's lightnings flash,
Though heaven a fiery torrent pours,
And riven mountains crash—
Through all, the "still small voice" of love
Whispers, "Be not afraid, My Dove!"

(The Bridegroom's Dove—continued.)

What though the heavens away may pass,
With fervent heat dissolve,
And round the sun this earthly mass
No longer shall revolve!
Behold, a miracle of love!
The lion quakes, but not the Dove!
My soul, now hid within a rock
(The "Rock of Ages" called),
Amid the universal shock
Is fearless, unappalled.
A cleft therein, prepared by love,
In safety hides the Bridegroom's Dove!

O happy Dove! thus weak, thus safe;
Do I resemble her?
Then to my soul, O Lord! vouchsafe
A *dove-like* character!
Pure, harmless, gentle, full of love,
Make me in spirit, Lord, a Dove!
O Thou who on the Bridegroom's head
Did'st, as a Dove, come down,
Within my soul Thy graces shed,
Establish there Thy throne!
There shed abroad a Saviour's love,
Thou holy, pure, and heavenly Dove!

ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

(BY THE EDITOR.)

On board S.S. "Celtic,"
August 4th, 1912.

"Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?" (Rom. viii., 38) was given me as my text when preaching in the saloon of the White Star steamer "Celtic." The Lord was graciously with us, and prayer was, I felt sure, causing souls to get a vision of the purposes of God for them. It was encouraging when the Purser of the ship came to me at the close of the sermon and, pressing my hand, warmly said, "On behalf of the Commander and myself, I must thank you sincerely for THE most beautiful Service I was EVER present at."

An elderly Western brother with beaming face came up to me later in the day, and, taking my hand, said with emotion, "I thank you for that little talk this morning; *it done me good.*" To which I responded, "Praise the Lord! how thankful I am." We had a beautiful, quiet Communion Service before this, and again we met in worship at the close of the evening. A lady said, "I have never known such a Sunday all the times I have crossed the ocean." The

earnest prayers of God's Pentecostal people had doubtless much to do with the time of blessing given us.

"Confidence" was gladly read as copies were placed in the library, and opportunities for spiritual conversation opened up each day. The Lord alone knows the total results of the voyage. I took a dozen copies of "Songs of Victory" along, and sang hymns on the fore-castle-deck with the firemen and trimmers, as some of them rested in the evening from their labours.

Saloon passengers came to me voluntarily to have talks, and I asked the Lord to guide me each day to the right ones, or lead them to me.

We passed somewhat South of the spot where the "Titanic" went down. A seaman told me how this vessel (the "Celtic") hurried to the scene of the disaster on April 15th. Pointing to the sea, he said, "It was just like this, sir. When we got there, there was nothing to be seen at all."

Openings for spiritual work were brought about, strangely enough, through the use of my "Kodak" camera. Firemen and others asked me to send them on copies of their pictures, and, promising to do this, I got opportunities for a heart-to-heart talk.

The Lord allowed the Writer to find favour in the eyes of those who had influence on the ship, and I believe use was made of this for the advancement of His Kingdom, and the checking of evil in some measure. We had some helpful Bible talks at noon on several days, taking the earlier part of 1 Peter as our theme. We thought of the difference between the Sprinkling of the Blood of Jesus Christ (1 Pet. i., 2) and the Shedding of the Blood. Also the aspects of Faith: (a) Faith which keeps (unto salvation), v. 5; (b) Faith which stands when tested (v. 7); (c) Such Faith in the unseen Lord (v. 8) as causes exulting, glorified joy; (d) The end (or aim) of Faith—the salvation of souls (ours and others) v. 9.

So the days passed on and we sailed into hot weather. One night the stars hung for an hour so close to us as to seem amazing to me. It was about ten o'clock. I had gone up to the bows of the ship near the special extra "look-out" man. The Galactic Circle (The Milky Way) was spread in clear-cut luminous clouds in a mighty arch from the Southern Horn on to the Northern.

The constellation of Cygnus lay above me at the Zenith, with its magnificent Cross flanked by the great stars, *Denab* and *Altair*. Jupiter blazed to the South-West like an electric lamp,



ON THE "CELTIC."

Mails and Passengers coming on board at Queenstown.

and round the North Star slowly circled Cassiopeia (the great "W") and Ursa Major (the "Dipper"). It was an hour to be remembered. None of the passengers seemed to be on deck. I was almost alone as the heavens seemed to come a thousand miles nearer for a short while, and a great shooting star broke away and, blazing, soared like a rocket over the ocean. *"The Heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handiwork."* And our great vessel ploughed on its ceaseless journey, and the waters, often phosphorescent, broke from bows and sides.

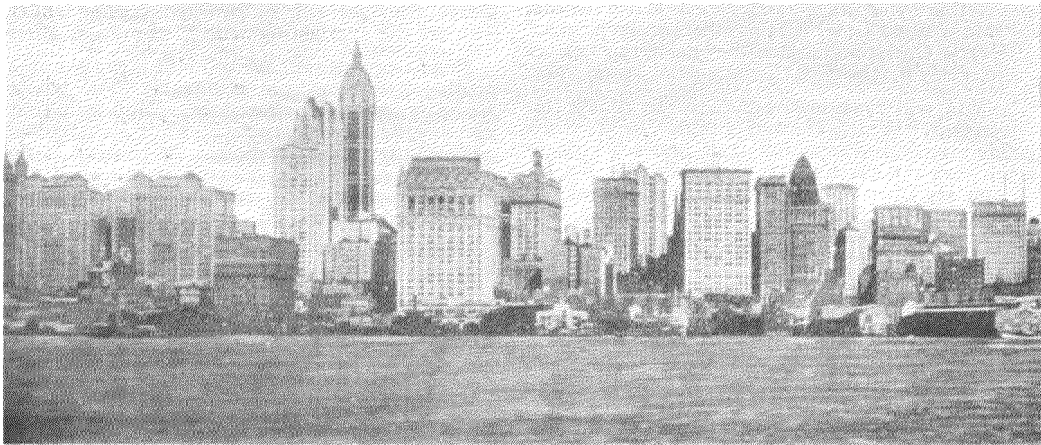
I was generally last up on the decks, and first out in the early morning — almost alone with God and His wondrous works. These were restful hours in His fresh air. The flying fish often flew away from our bows as I leaned over and watched them while we cleft the ocean. For hours and days not a vessel visible — nothing but the limitless ocean. Some of us pondered over the 104th Psalm



STATUE OF LIBERTY.
(Entrance to New York Harbour.)

—*"Thou coveredst it with the deep as with a garment: the waters stood above the mountains"* (verse 6). This Atlantic hollow, in places almost two miles deep, contains, we believe, both deep valleys and mountain heights, and we on the surface of this mighty ocean float along above all.

We crossed the warm Gulf Stream with its shreds of sea plants floating by as when they encouraged Christopher Columbus. By the goodness of the Lord, on the ninth morning we came in sight of the first lightship off the American coast (the Nantucket Lightship, 196 miles from New York), which we passed about nine o'clock in the morning. The voyage was rather longer than we had anticipated. That evening we anchored within sight of Coney Island's blazing electric lights. It was very still and warm all that night as we lay at anchor. Next morning we had breakfast about seven o'clock. The passengers were all excited at the prospect of landing. The "Celtic"



NEW YORK, FROM THE HUDSON RIVER. The "Sky-Scraping" Offices.

(Across the Atlantic—continued.)

now moved slowly up, past the Statue of Liberty, then into the Hudson River, near the "Skyscrapers of New York" (see illustrations on previous page), and at last was berthed at the White Star wharf.

Days of Heaven upon Earth.

Addresses by Pastor Paul, Whitsuntide, 1912.

1.—Freedom from Bondage.

A great burden is laid upon my heart; I cannot attend such meetings without a deep feeling of the need of the hour. What is the need of the hour? We must understand our dear Saviour. Why did they nail Him to the cross? That He might give us days of Heaven upon earth. And now, dear friends, there is a very great danger that we attend these meetings and yet not receive this wonderful truth—this wonderful lesson which the Lord will reveal to us. I wish that all dear brethren and sisters were burdened in their hearts to pray that heaven might be opened, and that the dear Lord should give streams of blessing. It was very helpful for me when I read in the "Pilgrim's Progress" that the Interpreter showed to Christian many things. He showed him Jacob's ladder, and I should like to ask every Christian in this meeting—"Have you reached Jacob's ladder—the ladder going from below to above, and where above is the Lord Himself?" We all need this Jacob's ladder, and we may use it so that blessing shall come down into every heart.

What is the need of the hour? The Cross of Christ. It will give us days of Heaven upon earth. Will you read Eph. ii., 4:—"But God, Who is rich in mercy, for His great love where-with He loved us, even when we were dead in sins, hath quickened us together with Christ (by grace are ye saved), and hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus." I should like to know whether you have underlined those words, "Made us to sit with Him in heavenly places." Every Christian should be made to sit in heavenly places with Christ.

You will read in the 20th verse of the 1st chapter, "Which He wrought in Christ, when He raised Him from the dead, and set Him at His own right hand in the heavenly places. You see Christ Himself was made to sit at the right hand of God in the heavenly places, and I want you, dear brethren and sisters, to see your destination. What is it? You have it in the 2nd chapter, 6th verse. What do you make of that wonderful truth? What have you done? Have you taken it? "Believing is receiving." A real Pentecost gives you a wonderful position "in the heavenly places." You have a wonderful truth here in your Bible, and you should see to it that you have days of Heaven upon earth.

You should be miners in the Bible. If we could see down just underneath us, we should find miners working and taking out of the

ground the coals for you and for many people all over the world, and we are sitting here above in the sunlight. We are to be miners in this wonderful truth. Jesus says in Revelation: "I counsel thee to buy of Me gold tried in the fire." It is better than gold, this wealth of the Bible, it is sweeter than honey and the honey-comb. You should put your finger on that wonderful truth, and say: "It is written: 'Raised us up with Him, and made to sit with Him in the heavenly places in Christ Jesus.'" I have a dear brother who used to do this. He said, "If I find in my Bible a wonderful truth, then I put my finger there and say, 'Have I that?' not 'Has my brother that?'"

Often I have thought in my mind we need two keys for the Bible. The first key, which is the chief key, is Pentecost—that wonderful Pentecost! What is it? The Holy Ghost comes in, and what does He do? He shows me the wonderful riches I have. He is glorifying my dear Saviour, and I am able to see my dear Saviour in a way that I never saw Him before. That is the great chief key. And then there is another key. It is a little one. Do you know what it is? It is the "I." It is a wonderful truth that "I" am made to sit together with Christ. Have you these two keys?—the great wonderful chief key, the Holy Ghost opening to you all these riches, and then have you the little "I" key?—and now you go in by faith. I step in by faith. I would say to the beloved old ladies and to the dear old brothers: "If you cannot leap in, then step in"; and if you cannot step in, then I would say: "Little children, creep in."

We should all enter into this wonderful truth. You see real Pentecost is not a thing for our heads, it is a thing for our hearts. If there is one who is weary because of many conflicts and distresses, Jesus says, "Come unto Me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Wonderful rest! Heavenly rest! If there is a sister who perhaps has often gone down on her knees and said, "Oh, God, I cannot go on, I am at the end of my strength, and now I am helpless"—dear sister, there are hands nailed for you, hands blessing you. Those wonderful hands of our dear Lord Jesus, they are able to bear you up. "Under you are the everlasting arms."

The first point we have to night is the glorious truth—"freedom from bondage." The whole world is looking for freedom. Who is it that can say, "I have freedom?" The Pentecostal people, they have freedom. In Heaven is no bondage. And now, beloved ones, what are you seeking for? Christ offers you freedom—to be freed from all sin.

To-day I had a vision: I saw that Jesus Christ was nailed on the Cross; I saw that they nailed there not merely a man—no; it was the Lamb of God bearing my sins; and then I had to see further: I saw they nailed also the "old man." Don't forget the "I" key. They nailed "my" old man. St. Paul says (Romans vi.): "We know that our old man was crucified with Him." Our "old man." Was this vision from above, or was it from below? Was it the devil deceiving me? No. I died with Christ—"I." Dear friends, have you had this wonderful

vision? Have you seen your old man nailed on the Cross? I tell you no man ever made me a slave except my "old man." He is always stronger than myself, and if you will be freed then you will have to see this point, that the old man is your master, bringing you into bondage, unless you will let Christ free you.

I will close now, but let me say you will never be disappointed about Pentecost if you receive this wonderful truth; you will see it brings Heaven upon earth. Praise God, we all may receive it. Take your Bible, read it on your knees, and then you will be connected to God by Jacob's ladder, and you will receive the blessed riches in Christ Jesus.

* * *

2.—The Happiness of our Possession.

I shall never forget the day when dear Pastor Polman spoke in Hamburg. He said: "I am perfectly happy." When he said those words his heart was rejoicing, and I saw it. I hope, my dear friends, that everyone in this assembly can say in truth, "I am perfectly happy in Jesus." We may speak thus because we have a wonderful theme. What is our theme! "Days of Heaven upon Earth." Where Jesus is we have days of Heaven upon earth. The special subject for to night is "The Happiness of our Possession." Let us turn to Joshua xviii. 3: "And Joshua said unto the children of Israel, How long are ye slack to go in to possess the land, which the Lord God of your fathers hath given you?" I have underlined in my Bible "hath" given you. Oh, it is a great thing. How many believers don't know that it is given to them to be happy? The happiness of our possession! Who may be happy? The man that has gone in to possess the land. The Lord says, "How long are ye slack to go in to possess the land." What are you living for? I want to tell you I am living for God. In all things I live for Him, and that is a wonderful aim to have in view. I am working for Him; I am living in the heavenly places.

Often I see the faces of dear women oppressed because of all the work they have to do—work amongst the children, work in the kitchen—why? "How long are ye slack to go in to possess the land which the Lord God of your fathers hath given you?" Dear women, there is a land there for you to possess, and you may go in. You may have Heaven anywhere with Jesus. You may have it in your kitchen; you may have it amongst your children. I am so thankful that I know that. To-day we sung here a wonderful hymn: "Moment by moment." Yes; "moment by moment in Heaven." Days of Heaven upon earth.

I want to tell you that you may not only be happy here in this meeting. You say, "Oh, yes, here is happiness; here I see all these radiant faces, and I hear these wonderful truths, and I listen to the wonderful hymns," but not only here can you be happy—where Jesus is it is Heaven, and you have the wonderful promise, "I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." Now that promise is for you, and you can know that Jesus is with you amongst your children. Is there in our midst a mother praying and weeping because of her children? She

says, "Oh, I don't know what I shall do. I see my children going the wrong way in this world, and I see they are loving sin, and don't like to go the way of the Lord. I am a poor mother, and cannot sleep at night because of my children. My pillow is often wet with tears." Mothers, do you know our dear Lord Jesus has said, "I am with you always," and I wish to-night that you would put your children in the arms of our dear Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and you will find a wonderful rest, a sweet rest, and you will know Jesus is also loving your children. Oh, mothers! you may put your hand on the heads of your sleeping children, and you may say, "Yes, I know the dear Lord Jesus loves them, and I commend my children into His hands, and now I am happy." Days of Heaven upon earth.

And so every one of us have things to go through, but we must remember that the Lord Jesus is with us. I am so glad that in Amsterdam dear Pastor Polman is dedicating a new Hall, and over that Hall is written a wonderful name—"EMMANUEL." Do you know what it is in English? "God with us." Hallelujah! Oh, I like this name "Emmanuel." When I was a student I read this name in the Prophet Isaiah. I was glad to know that my Jesus is called there by this wonderful name. We all should stand in this wonderful truth—"Jesus with us always." Now this truth brings heaven into your life. What a wonderful possession we have.

God says He has not spared His own Son, and He will, with Him, give us all things. Dearly beloved, take it by faith. We have sung again and again, "I take, He undertakes." "How long are ye slack to go in to possess the land." I want to tell you of the happiness of our possession. What is this in my hand? It is a Bible. It is a Royal Mint to me. Years ago the Lord said to me that I should leave my parish, and preach the Gospel everywhere. It was the Lord's way for me, and when I did it my family and myself were staying in Berlin, and the people in the village where we lived said to each other, "Will they have enough money?" These dear people were loving, and so they were interested whether we would have money enough to live on. But what have I? I am a multi-millionaire. Yes, it is the happiness of my possession. "How long are ye slack to go in to possess the land." We have to enter in to our possession. I have seen in Sunderland and elsewhere people are always praying, "Oh, Lord, give me this, give me that." Oh, friends, stop praying and commence taking. How will you do it? Commence praising. Commence looking for this wonderful thing the Lord has given you.

I am so glad that our dear Lord Jesus said on Calvary, hanging on the Cross, "It is finished." I have not to finish. No, He has finished; and now, what have I to do? I have to rest because the work is done, and so I am resting in His arms. My mother had a very weak heart, but she had entered in to possess the land; she had entered into "newness of life." My mother was very ill with dropsy, and I have seen many people die with that complaint, and when my mother was so ill I said to her, "Is your sickness a little hard for you?" "No," said my mother.

(Days of Heaven upon Earth—continued.)

She was very weak in her body, but she was strong in spirit. She said to me, "My son, I have no anxiety, I am resting in the arms of my Lord Jesus, and He is always with me." I said, "Mother, if you die what shall I say at your grave?" "Oh," she said, "My son, simply say I am resting in the arms of Jesus." And so I did. When my mother died she went home, and we had days of heaven upon earth, not because I did not love my mother—she was very dear to our hearts—but she went home to her Saviour whom she loved. Smiling she went home, and her last words were praise and thanksgiving to her wonderful Lord.

Oh, go in to possess the land. I am the son of a mother who has said, "I am resting in the arms of Jesus." What shall I do? I shall go on in this line; I am resting also in the arms of Jesus; I will live as my mother lived and died. We have to live in this wonderful truth, knowing that we have a wonderful Lord. "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want." And I don't; Hallelujah! And now, as I close, "How long are ye slack to go in to possess the land?" I pray now that thou wilt just enter into thy possession.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Echoes of the "Titanic" Disaster.

When the Editor of "Confidence" was crossing the Atlantic in August in a ship of the same line as the "Titanic," he found passengers and crew alike willing to read a striking tract he had brought with him. It is entitled "The Titanic Catastrophe and its Lessons: by a Passenger on the Rescue-Ship 'Carpathia'" (Philip Mauro, Attorney-at-Law).*

Those who have friends at sea should post a copy to them. It is received on the Atlantic very gladly.

We quote at some length from this booklet of 28 pp. :—

The veteran commander of the doomed vessel, of whom all speak in terms of highest praise, and who doubtless was thoroughly skilled in the art of navigation, is reported to have said, just before embarking upon his last trip, that, thanks to modern inventions (water-tight compartments, wireless telegraph, etc.), *the day of great marine catastrophes was past*; and having uttered that remark, he straightway sailed the most perfect embodiment of modern ideas in naval architecture into the greatest of all marine catastrophes in the annals of the human race.

* * *

And so, in a still, calm, starlit night, with sea as smooth as the surface of a lake, while everything within and around tended to produce a sense of security, the *Titanic* met an obstruction in her path, her proud career was suddenly ended, her

great mass rent in twain by the very steam-power that propelled her; and she sank, a pitifully helpless thing, to unfathomable depths.

One of the most conspicuous facts connected with this disaster is that the *size and speed* of the vessel were what caused its destruction. A mass of 45,000 tons, propelled at a speed of twenty-one miles an hour, generates a momentum of which the mind of man can form no adequate conception. Such a mass moving at such a speed cannot be checked or turned aside quickly enough to avert collision with an object ahead, in the time available after such object has been sighted, on a moonless night. In fact, the swerving of the vessel after the iceberg was sighted seems to have had the effect of turning her side to the blow, and thus causing greater damage than would have resulted from a direct impact. A smaller and slower vessel is much more easily managed, and, moreover, suffers less from collision with another floating object. Thus it was the vessel itself that wrought its own destruction, and that *after ample and repeated warnings*.

Here we have a most pertinent lesson, in view of the headlong rush of modern society. The "world" in its course is gathering both mass and speed. Those who are managing its affairs, and those who have their portion in it and their hopes upon it, are proud of its *bigness*, and of the *rapidity* with which it is moving. But as little do they think of the certain doom to which the world is rushing as did the occupants of the great boat think of the object that was lying in their path. It was not the iceberg running into the *Titanic* that caused the disaster; it was the *Titanic* that ran into the iceberg. There was plenty of room for both. Moreover, the iceberg was in its proper place, for its home is in the sea. There was no need for the *Titanic* to have crossed the ocean at all; and there was no excuse for it to be rushing on a dark night, at top speed, through a sea known to be strewn with ice.

Moreover, abundant warnings had been given; and the warnings were acknowledged politely, with "thanks," and—*ignored!* It is not precisely so with those who put their confidence in our modern high-speeded, high-powered, high-gearred civilisation? The warnings are given, they are understood, they are received with courtesy, and they are ignored.

The fate of those who remained on the vessel—some because they believed, until *too late*, that there was no danger, and many because there were *not enough lifeboats for all the passengers*—furnishes a striking illustration of the truth of Scripture that in *Adam all die*. The eighteen upon whom the tower in *Siloam* fell were not slain because they were sinners above all men that dwell in *Jerusalem* (Luke xiii. 4). Therefore, we may not suppose that those who perished in the placid sea that quiet, starlit night were any more sinful than other people. Moreover, we know not how many may have called on the Name of the Lord in that last hour who never had truly done so before, and found His mercy awaiting them. Doubtless, those whose lives were cut off that night were an average company of people, containing the usual varieties of temper, disposition, and manner of life. The reason why they died was simply that they had nothing between them and the waters of death but a human device. The *Titanic* was, indeed, the perfection of human contrivance, ingenuity, and workmanship. It was

* It can be ordered from Messrs. Morgan & Scott, Ltd., 12 Paternoster Buildings, E.C. One Penny.

supposedly “unsinkable” by reason of the watertight compartments. Nevertheless, *all* who had nothing to sustain them but the massive hull of that great vessel went down to death. Whether their social standing was high or low, whether their characters were good or bad, whether they were rich or poor, whether educated or ignorant, whether first class or third class, whether captain on the bridge or stoker in the depths of the hold, all met the *same fate*. “In Adam *all die*.” There were men on that boat of enormous wealth: it availed nothing. There were men of great intelligence: it was of no service in that hour. There were men of high character: it did not save them. There were men who controlled the resources of the world, so far as men can control them: they were no better off than the poor emigrant. The reason why they perished was simply that they had *only the Titanic to sustain them*.

What a clear lesson may be read here by those who are trusting in their own works, or powers, or goodness, or in anyone or anything but the crucified and risen Son of God! Just as, in the sphere of the physical, human contrivances—man’s water-tight compartments and the like—are wholly unavailing to keep out the waters of the sea when an accident such as we are discussing occurs, so in the sphere of the spiritual, when the hour for judgment comes, it will be found that human strength, human goodness, human ingenuity avail nothing against the waters of death. From death’s power there is but *one way* of escape, and that is through Him who, being God over all and blessed for evermore, nevertheless became a partaker of flesh and blood, that *by death* He might destroy him who had the power of death, that is the Devil.

On the other hand, those who were saved were not saved because they were any better or more deserving than their fellow-passengers who perished. They were not saved for their strength, or culture, or wealth, or goodness. The reason why they were brought up in safety out of the great deep was simply because they were *in the lifeboat*. Again it mattered not what the character may have been, nor what the past life may have been; the fact that they were *in the lifeboat* was what made them safe. Precisely so, those who are spiritually saved are not saved because of their good character or good deeds, but simply because they trusted in God’s Lifeboat, Christ Jesus, as it is written, “In Christ shall *all* be made alive.”

Here we have a wonderful illustration of the two spheres—the sphere of the living, “in Christ,” and the sphere of the dying, “in Adam.” It would be hard for one who judged only by appearances to realise that those who were on the decks of the mighty vessel and had beneath them its massive hull, were really the perishing ones, while those in the narrow, frail-looking, and uncomfortable lifeboats, were being borne to a place of safety. Yet so it was.

We ask attention to the fact that those two spheres of *life* and *death* existed for a *while* side by side. During that critical time it was possible for a passenger, who was aware of his danger and had confidence in the lifeboat, to take a place in it. But the time came when there was a final separation between the living and the dying; and *after that moment* there was no more passing out of death into life.

So it is with the world and its passengers. So long as the wrath of God, long justly due, is withheld, there is yet opportunity for those who are in jeopardy to put themselves in the place of safety. It requires but a step of faith to reach God’s Lifeboat, Christ Jesus, who yet waits to *save* those whom He must otherwise *judge* for refusing the offer of the Gospel.

Another fact to be noticed is that, when the rescued ones took places in the lifeboats, all distinctions that previously existed disappeared. There were no first, second, and third classes in the lifeboat. The person of wealth and culture had no advantage over the poor emigrant. There was but one way of safety, and that was *the same for all*. When the rescued ones reached the deck of the *Carpathia*, the first class passengers could in some cases hardly be distinguished from those of the steerage.

Just so with the salvation of God. The danger that confronts human beings is a *common* danger, and the salvation that God has provided, and that He offers to them, is a “common salvation” (Jude 3). “For there is no difference; for all have sinned and (do) come short of the glory of God” (Rom. iii., 22-23). In God’s Lifeboat all distinctions disappear. “There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female; for ye are all one in Christ Jesus” (Gal. iii., 28).

Another very striking and characteristic fact, a fact that assumed great prominence in view of the disaster, was the comparatively trifling attention paid, in the construction of the great vessel, to the means for saving the lives of its passengers in the case of such an event as did actually happen. We understand that the cost of the vessel and its superb appointments was more than two million pounds, whereas the amount invested in lifeboats was insignificant. Two million pounds for magnificence and luxury; and probably only a few hundred pounds for lifeboats! Just so it is with the people of the world. Everything is spent for that which ministers to pride, carnal ease, and the vain glory of life, while the means of safety are neglected. When visitors inspected the *Titanic* before her departure from land, they were shown, and they marvelled at, the sumptuous furnishings and decorations, the spacious saloons, the great staircases, the gymnasium equipped with every device for agreeable exercise, the many and varied arrangements that had been contrived to furnish amusement and entertainment during the last hours of the lifetime of the *only passengers* that were ever to embark upon that prodigy of extravagance and pretentiousness. But which of them paid the slightest attention to the humble lifeboats? Those unobtrusive objects were ignored as not worthy of notice. Besides, they were for use only in case of danger, and people do not wish to be reminded of danger. Many of the things of the world are devised for the very purpose of preventing those who are in it from thinking of their peril. Moreover, has not the inventive genius of man thought to make the sailing of the seas almost perfectly safe? Did not the captain say that the day of great disasters at sea was over? Why, then, give any attention to the lifeboat?

But when the hour of danger came, that which had been passed by without a look became the object of supreme interest and importance—the only thing, indeed, in all that great vessel that was of the slightest value. Of what avail were

(Echoes of the "Titanic" Disaster—continued.)

the wonderful things upon which pains and money had been lavished, and which excited admiration and astonishment? What could the gymnasium, or the elevators, or the swimming-pool do for the threatened passengers? Nothing, and less than nothing. The great ship, and all that was in it, was not worth a farthing. All the vast sums of money that had been expended for the costly appointments had been spent for nought. Absolutely the only thing that was of any value in that hour of peril was the lifeboat; and *its* value was beyond all computation.

Again we have in this feature of the case a surprisingly accurate picture of the ways of the world. Expense is lavished upon everything that ministers to ease, present comfort, and pleasure. Every new contrivance for these ends is welcomed, admired, and discussed. Everything that assists the people of the world in their endeavours to kill time, while time is killing them, is hailed with acclamation. But the unornate, unpretentious Lifeboat, to which the Gospel draws the attention of perishing sinners, is slighted and treated with contemptuous indifference. Besides, has not modern theology assured us that there is no real danger—that the notions of hell and of a righteous God who punishes all unrighteousness and ungodliness of men, were the mere crudities of thought belonging to former days, which have been dispelled by the enlightenment of the twentieth century? Have not the church-goers of this day been taught, upon the authority of "science" and scholarship, to discard with pitying contempt the "narrow" doctrine that God has one only way of salvation?

It is well for us that God's ways are not as our ways. In the work that *God* is doing in the world, everything is expended for safety, and nothing for show. God's salvation is not a pretentious affair. It makes no show in the world, excites no admiration, draws no crowds. Yet in all the universe there is no other means of deliverance, no other Ark that will bear a sinner safely through the waters of death, than God's unsinkable Lifeboat, Christ Jesus. "Neither is there salvation in *any other*; for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." In the day, now at hand, when the Lord shall arise to shake terribly the earth, it will be seen that God's Lifeboat is the only thing that will survive the wreck and that will bear any children of men in safety above the waters of judgment. In that day, the world and its things will have no more value than the *Titanic* and its equipments after collision with the iceberg.

A LETTER TO AN OPPOSER OF THE "PENTECOSTAL" BAPTISM.

There has been renewed opposition of late in England against the truth and experience of the Pentecostal Baptism. The Editor of "Confidence" does not feel that bitterness should be met by bitterness. He regrets the lack of generosity and chivalry in some of the things recently written. Very meagre acknowledgment indeed is made of that which is undoubt-

edly of God. The "Movement" is said sometimes to be beyond its "leaders." So also are other great spiritual movements to-day. Sad events can be recorded on the fringe of all these things, over which human "leaders" have no control. Christianity itself must not be judged in this way.

Below we give a letter written by a friend whom some sought to turn from the Pentecostal Blessing. She permitted the Writer to see her letter, and he felt it would be useful to others if she permitted it to be printed here.

Aug. 7th, 1912.

MY DEAR —, ———,

Through your kindness I have received and read your two books, sent to me at the request of Mr. ———, of Calcutta. They have given me a most interesting survey of spiritual conditions in the Church—past, present and future—and I hope to remember the main facts and deductions noticed in these writings, that will helpfully affect my own life and service in the time to come. In regard to your estimate of what has been called "The Tongues Movement," I cannot share the convictions expressed in "A Message to the Church of Christendom," and implied, perhaps, in the other book, as my own experience has led to opposite conclusions.

At one time I was decidedly opposed to this Movement, but entirely through Providential leadings and through inner conviction, I have been gently led to leave the critic's seat in regard to it, and to let God teach me His truth in this revival of life and power. Undoubtedly there is need of much of the warning you have been called upon to send forth, because of counterfeit workings that have been most disastrous in this cause: but does a counterfeit ever exist before

A GENUINE EXPERIENCE?

I, for one, have surely found that God has His true witnesses in this inflow of Divine life, bestowed by His own hands. If I return the books you will know it is because they speak in condemnation of channels of blessing that have proved to be necessary to my own spiritual growth, and which, I trust, all of God's true children will eventually acknowledge. I cannot but hope that they (God's elect) will soon distinguish between the "precious and the vile" in this Movement.

May I enclose a little tract,* just written, in answer to a sermon or address that had been given forth upon the opposite side? It was my privilege to attend the International Pentecostal Convention at Sunderland this year, where much Divine blessing was manifest, but no jarring notes of inharmony were heard or felt.

Trusting, with you, that the Holy Spirit will bring all of God's people into unity and concord,

I am,
Yours in His love and service,

* The Tract can be obtained post free from the Hon. Secs., All Saints' Vicarage, Sunderland. It is entitled "Seven Hall Marks of Heaven upon the Pentecostal Baptism."

IN THE SOUTHERN STATES.

St. Charles Hotel,
New Orleans,
Louisiana,
Aug. 17th, 1912.

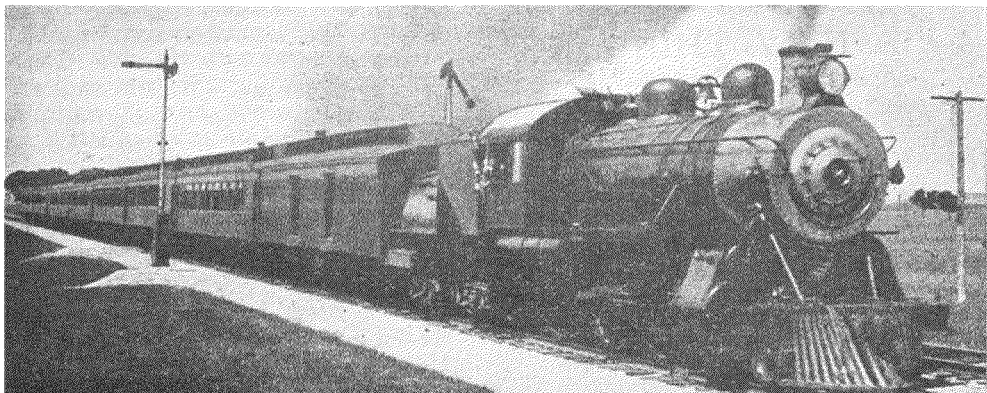
MY DEAR FRIENDS,

In my last letter I wrote of our days on the Atlantic. It was with much thankfulness that I found myself in America again, my sixth Westward crossing over. As I was borne along in an automobile to the great new Pennsylvania Railroad Station, the first happy face I saw was that of a very black negro, a coloured man laughing gleefully, as all the coloured folks so constantly do.

A number of kind letters had been brought to me on board the ship: letters from Brother Pike, of Columbia, editor of "The Way of Faith"; from Mrs. Sexton, of Atlanta, Ga., editor of "The Bridegroom's Messenger"; also from Mrs. Piper, of Chicago, editor of "The

on long, low trestle bridges. After about five hours we slowed down into what is called the "finest station in the world." It certainly is one of the most handsome, spacious and expensive that one can conceive of. That night we slept at the Continental Hotel, within sight of the Dome of the "Capitol." (See picture on front page.)

The next morning was Sunday, August 11th. Brother King and I went at half-past seven in the morning to the Communion Service at Trinity Church (an historic building). The service was a very peaceful and helpful one! Brother King said at the close, "*I always feel drawn near to the Lord in the Communion Service.*" The Assistant at the Church spoke to us after the service, and we introduced one another to him. I gave him a Roker Tract (Divine Necrosis). Later I was called up on the telephone at the Hotel, and pressed by him to preach at the evening service. At 11 o'clock I essayed to attend a "colored" Episcopal Church. The first one I found was without its minister. He was away for a rest, so I



AMERICAN TRAIN, RUNNING ON RIGHT-HAND RAILS.
(Notice the Engine Bell, also the "Cowcatcher.")

Latter Rain Evangel"; and a letter from Miss Morse, of the Beulah Heights Assembly and Rest Home, 4741 Hudson Boulevard, North Bergen, N.J. This sister invited me to come up and stay with her, but I had already arranged to go at once to Washington, D.C.

I visited the new P.E. Cathedral at 120th Street, New York, and the Dean showed me the building. It promises to be a beautiful erection when completed. May souls be blessed there, that is the most important thing of all.

Brother King and I travelled to Washington in the afternoon in the "Congressional Special," a very fast train, presumably used very much by the Members of Congress, as they go to their duties at the House of Representatives at Washington.

We dipped down under the Hudson River, and up again into New Jersey. We passed Baltimore and Philadelphia, and in the mellow evening light we had entrancing visions of inland waters and rivers, over which we crossed

travelled to St. Luke's Colored Church, where I arrived during the sermon. After the service I had a little talk with the coloured rector, Mr. Brown. He wished that I had come sooner, and had preached the sermon. He said during the Summer months the attendance was smaller, as so many were away on their holidays. During the offertory a young coloured man in the choir sang the hymn, "Stand up, stand up for Jesus." He had a very sweet voice, and seemed to be in earnest as he sang. If I had closed my eyes I would not have known that he was a negro.

I had an interesting experience a few moments later. As I was passing down a narrow street I heard the sounds of energetic preaching going on in a Mission Church. Evidently it was a coloured preacher who was drawing near to the end of his sermon. I pushed open the door, and went in and sat on the back seat. When the sermon was finished I was invited to

(Continued on page 207.)

"CONFIDENCE."

SEPTEMBER, 1912.

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Sunderland.

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Sunderland.

PUBLISHED MID-MONTHLY,
OR FROM TIME TO TIME AS MEANS PERMIT.

Terms:—This paper is supported by Subscription-Gifts, payable yearly, half-yearly, or quarterly, and is sent to any who order it. Address the Secretaries, All Saints' Vicarage, Sunderland. (All correspondence should be addressed to the Secretaries. The Editor has very many other duties.)

"A NEW THING."

"Behold, I make all things new. I saw a new heaven and a new earth, for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away."—Rev. xxi., 5, 1.

It is a strange thing that in these days of wonderful inventions, rapid progress, and schemes for the amelioration of existing evils, men entirely forget or ignore the fact that there is an Almighty God Who is reigning and ruling, and Who has declared in His Word that all the present condition of things must pass away for ever, and an entirely new earth, inhabited by an entirely new people, must be established. Why is this?

THERE IS A SUPREME BEING.

We must first see and acknowledge that there is an Omnipotent Being by Whom, and through Whom, all things are made. There is in every human being an instinct that there is a higher power or being that must be acknowledged and needs propitiating. "The heathen, in his darkness, bows down to wood and stone." We know, as a matter of history, that throughout the world there is an acknowledgment of a Supreme Being. There is also a reaching out towards this Supreme Being. The Word of God explains it all. In Rom. i., 19, 20, we read "That which may be known of God is manifest in them. For the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen,

being understood by the things that are made." The fatal error is, and has been, that, knowing this Supreme Being, "they glorified Him not as God, but became vain in their reasonings." Why is this?

AN ANGEL BECOMES A DEVIL.

The Word of God again opens up the secret. Away back in the ages God had created countless angels or heavenly beings who should be His messengers. One of these angelic beings, high in order, Lucifer, the Son of the Morning, rebelled against the Most High, saying in his heart, "I will be like the Most High" (Isa. xiv., 14). The created must of necessity be less than the Creator. Therefore this spirit of pride caused the great archangel, with thousands of his followers, to fall from heaven, to become a devil with his hosts of demons, with an undying hatred against the Most High, determined to set up a kingdom of his own, with subjects in it imbued with his own spirit of pride and self-will. So we can now understand why and how it was that when the Lord God created this fair world, all so beautiful and good, with its wonderful atmosphere, solar system, vegetable and animal kingdom, this Adversary was on the alert to seize it and usurp it.

SATAN'S SUBTILTY.

He did it by subtily. God created man in His own image, gave him power over all created things, bade him be faithful, and multiply and replenish the earth (see Gen. i.). Everything was perfect, rejoicing the heart of the Creator. So that He rested from His work, and filled it with His glory. God and man had perfect communion. One thing only did God demand of man, and that was absolute abandonment to His will, to be guided, kept by God alone. So man had a free will. "Thou shalt not eat of the tree of knowledge of good and evil."

The Creator alone must know all things. Man must be moved and guided by Him.

In very simple and graphic words the Scriptures give us the account of how the Adversary instilled his own spirit of pride into Adam and Eve, "Ye shall be as gods." They disobeyed God, and the same awful fall was theirs from heavenly life with and in God, to merely animal or natural life and separation from God, which is death.

MAN'S SEPARATION FROM GOD.

How wonderful that God, through the inspired pages of His Word—the Bible—should reveal all these things to us, and give us the story of the Fall, and his marvellous redemption from it, shewing us how man without God utterly fails, but how in His love and in His pity He redeemed us. But now He leaves it for us to choose, so that He may have a *willing* and obedient people, who will submit to Him. Alas, He looked and found no man. Every one "had turned to his own way." Ah, how the great heart of love went out to this lost and fallen world! But He is God, and His will must be done, so, "in the fulness of time," "God sent forth His Son, born of a woman," a pure virgin—who dared to abandon herself to God, and to His Word—and so the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us, and we beheld His glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father (John i., 14). "God so loved that He gave His only-begotten Son" to save us from—redeem us from the hand of this Adversary. The Lord Jesus Christ has done this. This was the great work the Father gave Him to do. He did it completely (John xvii., 1—xix., 30).

How was it to be done?

Only one way—Death.

CALVARY.

God had said, "In the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die" (Gen. ii., 17). Disobedience to God brings death. "Sin is the transgression of the law" (1 John iii., 4). The law is very stern. "For whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all" (James ii., 10). Therefore the Lord Jesus died for our sins. He suffered the extreme penalty of the law, covering every sin. Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us, for it is written, "Cursed is every-one that hangeth on a tree" (Gal. iii., 13).

"Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son to be a propitiation for our sins" (1 John iv., 10).

Reader, if you do not accept the death of Jesus as your death, you are still under the law—wrath of God. If you accept that, the Judge (the law-giver) is satisfied, and you are free" (Rom. vi., 11-12; 2 Cor. v., 14).

"As by one man's disobedience many were *made* sinners, so by the obedience of One shall many be *made* righteous" (Rom. v., 19).

Nothing can atone for sin but the Blood—the life shed—for the life of the flesh is in the Blood. It is the Blood that maketh an atonement for the soul (Lev. xvii., 11).

"Precious, precious Blood of Jesus." The Cross of Calvary was perfect victory. By it all past sins of the world were atoned for. "Behold the Lamb of God which beareth away the sins of the world."

On the Cross the Son of Man—representing in Himself Jew and Gentile (heathen)—tasted death for every man (Heb. i., 9). "To make in Himself of twain, one new man, so making peace" (Eph. ii., 15-16).

Truly the Cross—Christ crucified—is the power, the wisdom, of God (1 Cor. i., 23-24).

THE RESURRECTION.

Ah! the beloved Son of God could not be held by death. *He* was born of incorruptible seed—begotten of His Father—so the third day He rose again, by the glory of the Father. Just as we were in the first Adam, so were we in this New Man—the last Adam. "For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive" (1 Cor. xv., 22).

"By man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead" (1 Cor. xv., 21). "The last Adam was made a quickening or life-giving Spirit" (1 Cor. xv., 45).

The first-born of a "New Creation." "Declared to be the Son of God with power, according to the spirit of holiness, by the resurrection from the dead" (Rom. i., 4).

Now, only he who hath the Son hath life. This is the record God has given of His Son. If we do not believe it, we make God a liar (1 John v., 10, 11, 12). Jesus is the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

Now we see where the warfare is. We are so accustomed to look upon Salvation as merely saving us from hell, that a death-bed repentance is often thought sufficient, a good moral life all that is needful. The business of this life must be attended to, and a little religion can be added when time permits. What a delusion! Truly the god of this world

("A New Thing"—continued.)

hath blinded the minds of them which believe not, lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine into them" (2 Cor. iv., 4).

If this is hid from you, dear reader, *you are lost* (1 Cor. iv., 3).

PENTECOST.

Having shewed Himself by many infallible proofs, and being seen by above 500 brethren at once (1 Cor. xv., 6), Jesus ascended up to heaven as our Great High Priest. Through His own Blood God accepted us in His beloved. Forty days after He sent the Third Person of the Godhead, "the promise of the Father," on the Day of Pentecost, was poured out on the waiting disciples. Their Lord had breathed into them the resurrection life on the evening of the day of His resurrection, the spirit of regeneration, new life. On the Day of Pentecost came the Third Person of the Trinity, to give power to witness for this Christ, to reveal and glorify Christ (John xvi.), for "the natural man receiveth not the things of God" (1 Cor. ii., 14). The Holy Ghost teacheth that this is the wonderful gift God is waiting to bestow upon everyone who believeth in Jesus for the remission of sin (Acts xi., 38, 39).

This blessed Holy Spirit will burn up all that is chaff, or not of God in us (Matt. iii., 11-12), and transform us into the same image (2 Cor. iii., 18).

THE WORK OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

By the offering of the body of Jesus once for all, our body is holy, although mortal (Heb. x., 10; 1 Cor. iii., 16, 17). The Holy Ghost will quicken your mortal body with the life of Jesus. He will manifest the love gifts of God through you, for the building up of His people (1 Cor. xiv., 7, 11).

He will so continue His blessed work within, as you obey and trust Him, that you will be joyfully anticipating and looking for the coming of our glorious Head, the Lord Jesus. The end of our salvation will be accomplished, in the putting on of immortality. We, too, shall be children of the resurrection. If we "fall asleep in Christ" we shall come with Him. What a meeting—the Saviour and the saved! Swift judgment follows all those that have rejected this Lord. Those who still have the rebellious spirit—though for a short time Anti-Christ reigns—soon, suddenly the Christ will destroy him, his (Satan's)

kingdom be utterly destroyed, the kingdom of our Christ be set up, and all enemies be under His feet, we sharing His triumph till after the final judgment of the Great White Throne, where the just sentence will be pronounced on all those who have not kept the Law—awful doom—eternal separation from a God of Love. But for those who believe and receive—a new heart, a new spirit, a new name, a new creation, a new heaven, a new earth, a new song, to *reign* for ever and ever, every faculty of our glorified bodies alert to fulfil our God's commands in the new Kingdom.

YOUR CHOICE.

Reader, choose ye this day?

Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ—thou shalt be saved.

Believe, believe, only believe what God tells you. By grace have you been saved, and that not of yourselves, it is the *gift* of God. You must come and receive it.

Receive ye the Holy Ghost in the same manner as on the Day of Pentecost. He will make it all clear to you. The fight is henceforth spiritual (Eph. vi., 12). Not against sin, disease, but a *good* fight of faith, standing *fast* in the liberty wherewith Christ *hath* set us free (Gal. v., 1) against the Great Adversary.

Trials will come. God will allow Satan to tempt—remember he is an outside foe. Christ *in* you is the hope of glory. Look to Him, He is all you need. This is the Victory, even your faith, your will is the deciding factor. God looks at that, for it is the key to your being.

The Adversary still tempts as of old. "Hath God said? Look within how you feel." How well we know his devices! Let us reject his insidious lies, and reply: "It is written, 'I have been crucified with Christ, it is no longer I who live, but Christ liveth in me.'" Resist him and he will flee from you.

He will try to make you careless, indifferent, or more subtle still, fill you with spiritual pride, puffed up. Reject that evil spirit. Study the character and life of Jesus. Trust the Holy Spirit to reveal *Him* to you. Give up or lose your own life and will, and abandon yourself to God to work *in* you both the willing and the doing of *His* good pleasure. The time is short. Jesus is coming. "Be ye also ready," called, chosen, and faithful.

M.B.

(In the Southern States—continued from Page 203.)

come forward, and was introduced to the coloured pastor of this Baptist Mission. The hymn was announced during which collection was to be made, and the treasurer of the church appealed very strongly for funds. He said he thought the people were not doing their duty, and the committee had decided to write to every member of the congregation a letter, appealing to them to do what was necessary to remove the debt on the church. As others came up and gave their money, I also gave one dollar, and at once it was announced that the "Doctor" from England had given one dollar—Would not the others also do something generous at the same time? The pastor asked for my name and address. I gave him one of my little tracts, and then he announced solemnly, "We have with us a very distinguished Divine from North England, and now he will say a few words for us."

So I preached the Gospel of Victory to a very enthusiastic congregation. Their black faces beamed, and encouraging remarks were interjected, until I felt that I was quite on friendly terms with them, and even catechised them occasionally during the sermon. When it was all over, and I wanted to hurry away, the pastor said, "If any member of the congregation would like to come forward and shake hands with the Doctor, they had better do so right away." The whole congregation unanimously got up and

STARTED TO SHAKE HANDS

with me, and the choir descended from a gallery at the end, evidently for the same purpose, so it was some time before my first experience of a "Coloured Service" was ended.

That evening I preached at Trinity Church, and we had a very blessed time. My friend, Pastor King, came with me and sat in the front seat, and he said afterwards to me: "I believe that it was the Holy Spirit that gave the message to-night."

The Assistant of the Church also in shaking hands with me said, "I will not say I *enjoyed* the sermon, but I will say that *it has done me good.*"

The next day we spent in seeing the interesting places of Washington. We visited the

Capitol. The House of Representatives was not in session, but the Senate was sitting, and we followed their proceedings for some time. They were dealing with a Road Bill. Vice-President Sherman was in the chair, and the Senators representing the different States seemed to be clear-headed business-like men. The boy messengers seated on the steps near the Vice-President interested me. They flew here and there at the call of the Senators, and I should think got an insight into public life.

We visited the White House, where President Taft resides. If we had gone a little earlier the President would have been glad to have seen us. He had twenty-five engagements "on end" that morning. We went up the wonderful Washington monument, five hundred feet high. We were carried up by elevator, which will take some thirty-five persons at a time. We looked across the Potomac River into Virginia. We looked down upon the White House and the Government Buildings near to it. We looked away across the City of Washington to the white dome of the Capitol, and to the beautiful railroad station near by it, and our hotel too, "The Continental."

So we parted, and Pastor King went off to see his parents at Taccoa. I left later the same evening for Columbia, S.C. Virginia seemed very rural and sweet as we passed through it in the evening.

The next day, Tuesday, August 13th, I was at

Columbia at 8:10 a.m. Brother H. M. Pike, editor of "The Way of Faith," met me and took me to the Columbia Hotel. I was glad to have a quiet room to rest in. We had a good talk in his editorial office, chiefly over Pentecostal work. "The Way of Faith" is under a board



WASHINGTON'S MONUMENT
(500 feet high). Washington, U.S.A.

(In the Southern States—continued.)

of trustees administering the estate of one who left a large sum for this purpose. They appointed Brother Pike as editor. He has had for some time perfect liberty in his position, and the will of the founder of the fund which supports the paper, referred to "neglected themes." Brother Pike feels that one of the neglected themes is the subject of the Holy Spirit and His work, so he has reported much regarding the recent outpouring of the Holy Spirit around this world, which has been known as the

"LATTER RAIN."

Brother Pike took me into his place of worship, which has witnessed many scenes of blessing. At present it is occupied by the Salvation Army, but he is hoping that souls will again be saved there as they were in former days.

I travelled on that afternoon to Spartansburg, S.C., and stayed at an hotel there. I had a little conversation with a coloured waiter. This is something like what was said:—

"Well, my friend, are you a Church member?"

"Yes, sir," he replied.

"That's a good thing, isn't it?" I said.

"Yes sir; it am the best thing in the world, for when we are done here, we have something to look to in the other world, for sure."

"What Church do you belong to?"

"The Baptist Church, sir. Mr. Leach, he is our pastor."

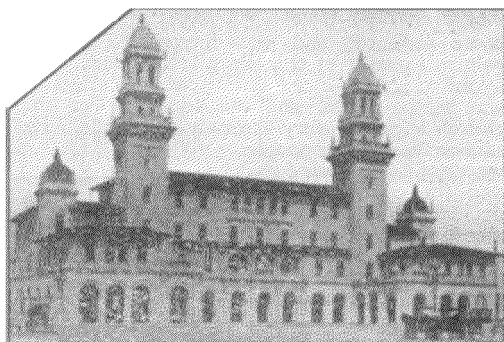
"Well, my friend, what is it that saves you?"

"Why, the truth, sir."

"Yes," I replied, "but it is a certain truth. Is it not trust in the Precious Blood of the Lord Jesus and what it means, that saves us?"

"Of course, sir," he replied. "Why, He is our Saviour."

The words were accompanied by such a lighting-up of the dark, ugly countenance that the youth hardly looked the same.



NEW RAILROAD STATION, ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

Out in the hot night beside the railroad station was a lame negro seated on a little chair, and he sometimes made the little chair walk along the road. He was hump-backed and deformed and lame. He made the legs of the chair walk so quickly that he got along quite merrily. His black face in the darkness seemed almost that of a demon, but when I talked to him of the Lord, I felt that to be the one thing he took deep interest in. I quite believed him when he said that

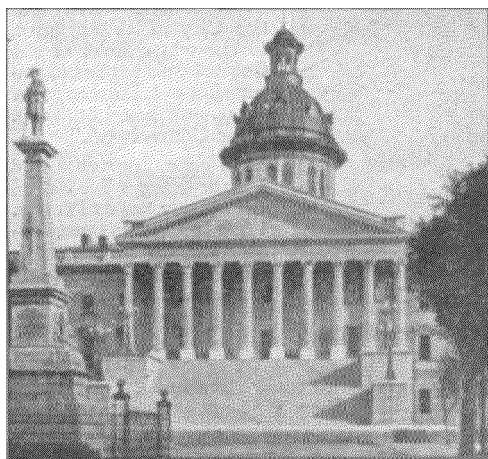
THE LORD JESUS WAS EVERYTHING TO HIM.

I arrived early the next morning at Atlanta, the capital of the State of Georgia. I had come so far South now, that I found that the coloured people were very much in evidence. They seemed to be in the majority in the streets and tramcars. The back portion of the cars are generally filled with coloured people, who sit together—the white man may not sit there. At the railroad stations you see the words: "Waiting Room for Coloured People." No mixing of the two races is acceptable. If a white preacher speaks to a coloured congregation, he does not go home to the coloured pastor's house. If he was known to make a practice of doing such a thing, he would soon become what some term a "dead man" to both sides. The black folk would not like it, and certainly the white people resent it.

The "colour question" can only be appreciated by those who live right here in the old slave states. Old residents say that the picture of slavery represented in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was certainly possible, but that it was quite the exception. A minister of the Gospel told the Writer that when living in Florida some short time ago, he arose one morning and, looking out of his window, he saw the

BODIES OF SIX NEGRO MEN

hanging from the trees opposite him. They had been lynched and riddled with white men's bullets. Some white women had been insulted, or worse, and this was the vengeance, without, of course, any proper trial. Possibly even the wrong men were punished. The whites are determined to keep their position as a dominant race. To a visitor, and that a Christian visitor, the negro folk seem an attractive, happy people, childlike in their love of strong colours and strong statements, and their action and speech is quite interesting at first. Only a few white people has one heard speak kindly of the black



THE CAPITOL OF THE CITY OF COLUMBIA.
SOUTH CAROLINA.

ones, but one has heard from saintly white folk of those in the negro race who have known and loved their Lord as much as they did.

When the Holy Spirit was poured out at Los Angeles in 1906, it was specially poured out first among negro Christians. One of the remarkable things was that preachers of the Southern States were willing and eager to go over to those negro people at Los Angeles and have fellowship with them, and through their prayers receive the same blessing. The most wonderful thing was that, when these white preachers came back to the Southern States, they were not ashamed to say before their own congregations that they had been worshipping with negroes, and had received some of the same wonderful blessings that had been poured out on them.

Now about Atlanta. Here lives Mrs. Sexton, a widow lady, who is the Editor (or Editress) of a paper called the "Bridegroom's Messenger." Her residence is on the Magnolia Tram line, at the corner of Davis Street, a picturesque verandahed little dark wooden house called

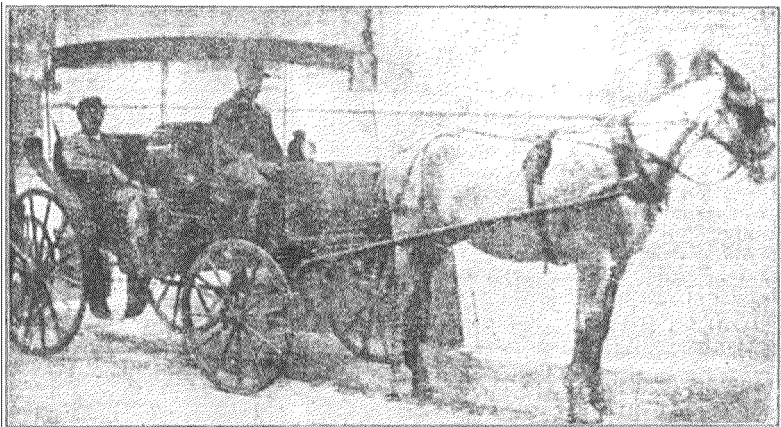
"BEULAH,"

a home of rest for Pentecostal friends. The office of the paper is 78 N. Broad Street. Her son-in-law, Brother Paul T. Barth, with his wife, helps much in many ways. He is in business at this address. (He deals in pianos, organs, etc.) I was glad to meet Mrs. Sexton. It was a much-valued opportunity of having fellowship with one whom I have known for some years through her paper. (We take this opportunity of commending the "Bridegroom's Messenger," which gives news from many Pentecostal missionaries and others in different lands. Send a P.O. Money Order for fifty cents, or two shillings and a penny for a year's subscription.) Mrs. Sexton has a telephone in her home, and at all times friends are ringing her up to ask her to pray for them, or to consult her about difficult questions. Much spiritual comfort passes over that telephone wire numbered Main 117, Atlanta, Ga.

At the request of several sick ones who wished to obey the New Testament commands given in the fifth chapter of the Apostle St. James, I "anointed them with oil," and laid hands in prayer upon them for the healing of their sicknesses. It was a time of intense earnestness. Mrs. Sexton's voice grows in exultant prayer and praise.

We journeyed to the large Mission Tent placed on Oakland grounds, near Chapel and

Nelson Streets. It was a dark night, and very hot. The sky, seen through the trees, was lit up from time to time by summer lightning, and wonderfully by falling stars, for, being the 15th of August, it was the time when our Earth was swiftly passing through the ever-hastening hosts of Asteroids. A pail of ice water was in frequent use. "Quite a little warm," I heard someone say. (Yes, nearly 90 degrees.) An energetic leader of song exhorted the assembly not to forget to open their mouths. The congregation was certainly in need of something stimulating, that hot August night in a Southern city. Brother A. A. Boddy was called upon, and spoke for about an hour. There was the closest attention. A very demonstrative young woman with extravagant gestures was an unpleasant feature of the proceedings. She kindly remained quiet during the talk, but only to burst out later. She must be a very great trial to friends at this Mission, for, whether she realizes it or not, her behaviour is a great hindrance to the work of the Lord. The



THE "BRIDEGROOM'S MESSENGER" AT ATLANTA.
(Notice Sun-Awning, also the Coloured Driver.)

seekers' form was crowded, and we trust that many received blessing. Many who take in "Confidence" came to shake hands with me, and others also. I was a little tired that night when I got back to the Scoville Hotel.

Thursday, August 15th. At lunch time I took a rig out to Mrs. Sexton's to say good-bye to her. An amusing white driver expressed his contempt for negro religion. I told him it was not necessary for him to have negro religion, but to have the Lord's religion. We had a time of prayer with Mrs. Sexton and her friends just before bidding them farewell.

I also went to see Brother Barth and his wife to say good-bye. They pressed me much to stay a while at Atlanta, but I felt that I must move on. I boarded the 5:20 p.m. through train from New York to New Orleans. We passed through cotton-growing districts. There was also much Indian corn in various stages. In the early hot morning of next day, from the rear of the long train, I watched the daylight coming. It had been hot all night, it was getting hotter still. We passed over great

(In the Southern States—continued.)

tracts of water, connected with the
GULF OF MEXICO.

I alighted at Gulfport and looked towards the hospital where a young sailor had been for so long, from my neighbourhood in the North of England.

Some of the readers of "Confidence," who were present at Sunderland at the Whitsuntide Convention, will remember a special request for prayer being read out from the platform for a young sailor, a son of a captain in our neighbourhood, who here at Gulfport had fallen down the hold of a ship and broken his thigh. He had also been taken with Typhoid Fever and was delirious, and the doctors gave very slight hope of his recovery. His mother had been cabled for, and when we were praying she was on her way across the Atlantic. His ease was very desperate, for in his delirium the splints which held his broken bones together were constantly removed. We prayed earnestly for the mother, that she might find him alive when she got to Gulfport, and this prayer was answered. We prayed also that the young man's life might be spared, and it has been. For this we praise God. His mother acted as his nurse after she arrived, and by God's goodness he was brought safely through.

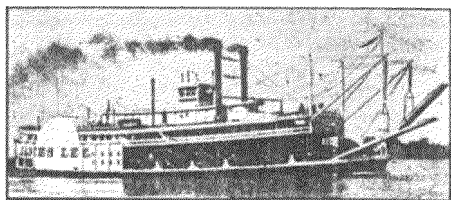
We arrived early in the hot morning at
NEW ORLEANS,
the capital of Louisiana. This is the most Southern of the great towns in the United States. A great number of French-speaking people live here, Creoles and Mulattos. It is one of the ports for exporting cotton. The brown Mississippi river runs past this town on its way to the Gulf of Mexico.

New Orleans has beautiful suburbs, and many interesting cemeteries. Until lately each body was buried in a mound or a vault built above the ground, as the land was very wet. The town is sometimes below the level of the river. On the levees, or dykes, at flood time depends the very existence of this great city. It is shockingly paved, and a city of contrasts.

On Sunday morning Rector Edbrooke preached a hearty sermon on confessing Christ more boldly. This was in Graee Church, South Rampart Street. In the Psalms this morning we read together the 91st in our Church Service:

"He shall give His angels charge over thee: to keep thee in all thy ways."

I believe the Lord has been very specially



AT NEW ORLEANS.

Cotton-laden Steamer on the Mississippi River.

taking charge in the times of heat, and in the long night journeys. Lying in my berth I have heard the locomotive as it was tearing along through these Southern States give a warning "hoot," as if something was in the way. Then a sudden pulling up, then off again full speed. The sleeping freight of passengers all dependent on the unceasing care of those in charge.



AT NEW ORLEANS.
Coloured Labourers.

While most business is suspended to-day, the workmen are pulling down a building near my room in the St. Charles Hotel, and many shops are open, and ships at the wharf-side are unloading cargo. One does feel thankful for the observance of the Lord's Day in the Old Country, and regrets every inroad upon its sanctity.

* * *

NOTES OF AN ADDRESS ON EZEKIEL I.

*Given at the Sunderland Convention by
Mrs. CRISP.*

The Major Prophets of the Old Testament seem each to have had a special message and revelation of the Three Persons of the God-head. Surely if Isaiah was the prophet of Jesus Christ, and saw His day and was glad, and spoke of Him, and if Jeremiah was the prophet of God the Father, and shewed the Father's heart of tender love for His wayward, back-sliding children of Israel, then Ezekiel was the prophet of the Holy Spirit, and spoke of the days when the Holy Spirit should give visions of God, and take of the things of Christ and show them unto us.

The Book of Ezekiel is a book of visions—visions from God Himself.

Those of old whom God was going to use in His service appear to have had a vision of the glory of God. The God of glory appeared to our father Abraham. Moses saw the glory of God in the burning bush. Isaiah saw His glory when he saw God high and lifted up, and sitting upon the throne. "Daniel fell on his face" before His glory, and all "his comeliness was turned into corruption." The true vision of God will always have the same effect, viz.: God becomes exceedingly real, and flesh cannot stand before Him. Thus the vision of God is the best preparation for all service, for God must be intensely real to us in our lives—seen, heard, felt—if He is to become real to others through us.

Ezekiel i. is the record of the prophet's first vision—

He saw God: "The heavens were opened and I saw visions of God" (ver. 1).

He heard His Voice: "The word of the Lord came expressly unto Ezekiel" (ver. 3). We need to have the Word of God coming expressly unto us before we pass it on to others.

He felt His touch: "The hand of the Lord was there upon him" (ver. 3).

Ezekiel's attention was now fixed—he looked, i.e., steadily gazed. Note here the need of close attention if we would get the further vision of the whirlwind and the fire (ver. 4). This is the Pentecostal pattern. Compare this with Acts ii., the "rushing mighty wind, and the cloven tongues of fire." Out of the latter came the Apostles and early Church, and out of the former the four living creatures—the new creation. Note—it was "out of the midst of the fire." Fire cleanses, purifies, consumes the dross, and burns the chaff.

Now let us notice the appearance of these four living creatures.

1. Their faces. They had four faces:—

- a. The face of a man—perfect humanity—perfectly natural. God's new man.
- b. The face of a lion—kingly courage.
- c. The face of an ox—ready for labour or sacrifice. Utterly at God's disposal.
- d. The face of an eagle—upward soaring to God.

These are all found in Rev. iv., 7, and correspond to the four aspects of Jesus Christ as seen in the four Gospels.

St. Matthew shews Jesus Christ as born King—the Lion of the tribe of Judah, typified in the lion.

St. Mark shews Jesus Christ as the servant, doing God's will in service or sacrifice, typified in the ox.

St. Luke shews Jesus Christ as the perfect man—the Son of man—typified in the man.

St. John shews Jesus Christ as the Divine Son of God, typified in the eagle.

2. Their feet (ver. 6):—

- a. "Straight feet"—not given to turning aside. No crookedness.
- b. Calf's feet—sign of service.
- c. Sparkling feet—a shining service, for "they sparkled like burnished brass."

3. Their hands (ver. 8):—

- a. "Hands of a man"—capability.
- b. "Hidden under the wings"—covered service. Works not blazoned abroad.

4. Their wings (vers. 9 and 11):—

- a. "Joined wings"—unity, that for which our Lord prayed in John xvii. God wants a unity of spirit among His workers, no friction. "Endavouring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace."
- b. "Separate above" (ver. 11, R.V.). So side by side with unity there must be the independent separate life of each, drawing from God alone. God wants each one of His children to be "lifters," and not "leaners" one upon the other.

5. Their progress (ver. 12):—

- a. "Straight forward." Not taken up with trivialities. Not side-tracked into "by-path meadow."
- b. "Whither the Spirit was to go." Absolute heart-obedience to the Spirit, not merely outward obedience.

6. Their general aspect (ver. 13):—

"Burning coals of fire"—burning and shining for God.

"He was a burning and a shining light" was said of John the Baptist. Many are willing to shine for Jesus, but shrink from the burning, i.e., the losing, the consuming, and are not willing to lose their life in the burning. We praise God for His healing touch or touches, but, when advancing in years, we must be content to have the accompaniments of age, the glory of the fuller knowledge and deeper experiences, but also the failing sight, the fading hair, and we need not shrink from the dentist's chair. All these are signs of the decay (distinguished from disease) of the outer man, whilst the inward man is renewed day by day.

7. Their attitude before God:—

They stood and let down their wings. Their activities were stilled to listen to the "voice of the Almighty—the voice of His Word." In rest they received the message, the God-given message.

Let us hush ourselves, then shall we hear the voice. So many of us are too busy talking to God and man to listen to His Voice.

One more thing is needed (ver. 26-28). A vision of the glorified Saviour, the "Man upon the throne," exalted with all power in heaven and on earth, and the rainbow—the covenant blessings—round about. This brought Ezekiel on his face (ver. 28) in the dust. The vision of God brought him down, and the vision of God always has the same effect. The flesh cannot stand before such glory.

This then is the purport of the whole vision, viz: that, out of the whirlwind and fire of the Baptism of the Holy Spirit, God should get a people that will serve Him in the Spirit, that are always submissive to the Spirit, and that will see their exalted Lord in all His wondrous power and majesty.

May God grant us during these days in Sunderland real visions of Himself, that we too may go forth in the power of the Spirit, doing service in the Spirit, and always in true submission to the Spirit, that men may be brought to a saving knowledge of our Saviour, Jesus Christ.

P.M.U. TESTING AND TRAINING HOME FOR WOMEN.

116 King Edward Road,
S. Hackney.

By the time these pages are in the hands of the readers of "Confidence," the summer vacation will be over, and the students will have re-assembled.

God gave us much spiritual blessing last term. He took us through many difficulties, and much extra work, and showed us He was able to manage the hearts of students as well as of kings.

(P.M.U. Testing and Training Home for Women—continued.)

In addition to the ordinary Bible studies we have had this term to think of outfits for the going forth of our three dear sisters to Yunnan-Fu, West China. Also in connection with the special meetings at Holborn Hall in April and June, our students did house-to-house visiting, and God owned and blessed much this part of the work, as they were invited into the homes of the people to read and pray with the sick, etc.

We have to thank God for the open doors of ministry in this neighbourhood. Our students are welcomed at the Women's Meetings held in the various chapels near, and are always appreciated. As one remarked recently, "There's life in their message." They also have much opportunity of work amongst young people in connection with our own work here in Hackney, both in helping Christians and in pointing others to Jesus. They also help us in our prayer meetings for the sick.

Our Bible studies this next term will comprise—The History of the Children of Israel from the Captivity to the Restoration, including Ezekiel and Daniel; the Prophets of the Restoration—Haggai, Zechariah, and Malachi; in the New Testament, the Three Years' Ministry of our Lord, as recorded in the Four Gospels.

We also give lessons in English Composition to those who need it, also lessons in Music (Harmonium) and Elocution for clear speaking and enunciation. Although we do not put a great value on these side studies, yet we believe God should have the best as far as we are concerned.

The Home is worked entirely on Faith principles, no one receiving any salary. No students' expenses are guaranteed by anyone. Each one is admitted on the clear understanding that the Pentecostal Missionary Union cannot make themselves responsible for her support, maintenance, or expenses, either in the Training Home, or in the Foreign Field, and is asked if she is prepared to defray them herself, or to look to God solely for them. In most cases when a girl gives herself to God for foreign service, it is all she has to give, so of necessity she has to begin at once with us to exercise faith in God for her supplies.

The P.M.U. Council is formed on the basis of that earlier missionary council at Jerusalem (Acts xv.) of whom James, the brother of our

Lord, was president. Our Council, besides giving valuable advice, receives through its treasurer, Mr. Sandwith, free-will offerings, and distributes such wisely and prayerfully, first to the missionaries in the field, and afterwards to the training of students as far as funds permit. "Then the disciples, every man according to his ability, determined to send relief unto the brethren; Which also they did, and sent it to the elders by the hands of Barnabas and Saul" (Acts xi., 29, 30).

It seemed to us advisable to make this statement as some dear friends have not understood how this work was supported. Faith in God, therefore, is the principle upon which we work. Faith in God is the capital, and God gives the increase. We are not in debt to anyone except the "debt of love," and we have no reserves.

E. CRISP, Hon. Supt.,
Women's Training Home.

PENTECOSTAL ITEMS.

Bro. Wigglesworth reports great blessing at Lytham last month, 13 persons having received the Baptism of the Holy Ghost.

* * *

We call your attention to the fact that the P.M.U. Home for Women Candidates is at 116 King Edward Road, *South* Hackney, London, N.E.—not North Hackney, as it has formerly appeared in "Confidence."

* * *

The Hon. Secretaries would be very much obliged if American friends would *not* send either *stamps* or cheques for "Confidence" as they are not able to obtain value for them. Dollars and foreign money orders are gratefully received.

* * *

Bro. Stanley Frodsham, of Bournemouth, asks the prayers of the readers of "Confidence" for a Camp meeting that is to be held (D.V.) on what is known as the Island, at St. Ives, in Cornwall, from September 18th to 29th, inclusive. The speakers will be Bro. Frodsham, Bro. Wigglesworth, Bro. Matthews, Pastor Redwood, and others. This will be the first Pentecostal Convention ever held in Cornwall, so earnest prayers are desired that God will mightily bless at these meetings.

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. 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. There is a P.M.U. Home for Women Candidates at 116, King Edward Road, S. Hackney, 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. Missionaries in the Field:—In INDIA—Miss Lucy James, Poonah; Miss Margaret Clark, Miss Constance Skarratt, Miss Catherine C. White, and Miss Minnie Augusta Thomas, Pentecostal Mission, Faizpur, E. Khandesh; Miss Elkington and Miss Jones, Fyzabad. In CHINA—Messrs. Trevitt and Williams, c/o Rev. W. W. Simpson, Taichow, ("Old City"), Kansuh Province, via Hsian, China (via Siberia and Peking); Mr. and Mrs. A. Kok, Miss Eliz. Martha Biggs, Miss Cornelia E. Scharten, Miss Monica S. Röniger, care of Mr. McLean, Yunnan-fu, Yunnan Province, W. China (via Siberia). (Also holding P.M.U. Certificates—John Beruldsen, Christina Beruldsen (now Mrs. Gulbrandsen), Thyra Beruldsen (now Mrs. Bristow), 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. 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 on the Field, at work, or learning their new language. Wednesday in each week has been suggested as a special day of prayer for P.M.U.

We praise God for answering prayer on behalf of Miss Lucy James, who is still in Sassoon Hospital at Poona, but hopes to be able to return to England for a complete rest and change in September.

* * *

Percy Bristow, who was one of the four missionaries who went to China, was married to Miss Thyra Beruldsen on the 4th of August, and it has been arranged for him to be taken over as one of its missionaries by the Chih-li Mission, Suan-hwa-fu, North China. Mr. and Mrs. Bristow will soon take up work in Kalgan, and the secretary of the Mission asks for prayer on their behalf.

* * *

We have an encouraging letter from our brother, James Roughead, one of our missionaries, who went to Jerusalem and returned owing to ill-health. He married and went to South Africa a few months ago, to take charge of a work among the natives. He writes: "We had a pleasant voyage, with many opportunities of witnessing on board. We received a loving welcome from the friends here, and found they had prepared us a nice little home. The Church used to be occupied by the German Baptists, and is capable of holding 300. We are having good meetings, the Lord confirming the word with Signs following. The Lord has given us many friends."

* * *

Miss Clark and Miss Skarratt, who are at Faizpur, E. Khandesh, India, have lately had a very trying time owing to an outbreak of Cholera, five people having died from the plague in a neighbouring house; but our God is ever faithful, and they have felt safe in His keeping, assured of His promise: "Because thou hast made

the Lord thy habitation, no evil shall befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling." Ps. xci., 9 and 10.

Miss Clark is very desirous of extending the work in East Khandesh, and appeals for additional funds to acquire suitable premises. Our sisters have recently been much encouraged. Miss Clark writes: "I have had letters from a missionary saying that she feels called out to come and work with us here. We have been praying the Lord to send us experienced workers, and this seems to be the beginning of His answer. She is Pentecostal, having been baptized in the Spirit, with the Sign of Tongues. She too believes in Divine healing, and has had ten years as a missionary, and can speak Marathi well."

* * *

The Council have the offer of two experienced and valued missionaries, who have worked in Japan for some years, and have recently received the Baptism in the Holy Spirit with the Sign of Tongues. They are now desirous of returning to Japan in connection with the P.M.U. Will some of God's remembrancers take these precious ones on their hearts?

CHINA.

News from Yunnan-fu.

DEAR PASTOR BODDY,

It is with great joy that I write you my first letter from China—Hallelujah!—and I feel that my first duty is to ask you and the dear friends in Jesus to join with us in praise and gratitude to our heavenly Father for all His loving care and goodness to us. "Let us magnify His name together."

Hallelujah, unto Jesus,
Our beloved Lord, be praise;
Yield Him gladsome adoration,
Raise our songs in sweetest lays.

(P.M.U.—China—News from Yunnan-fu—continued.)

We want to thank all the kind friends who have been so faithfully remembering us in prayer before the Father's throne. During all our journey we have been so conscious of prayers, and oftentimes were constrained to get aside and pray God to bless those who were blessing us by their prayers; and, above all, we give God all the glory, for we know that it is His own blessed presence in the hearts of His children that causes them to remember us. Hallelujah!

The last farewell meeting we were at in Holborn Town Hall shall long live in our memories; the blessing and impressions received then shall always be an encouragement to us. As we looked into the faces of God's own children, He gave us the blessed assurance that they would labour fervently in prayer for us. All one's feelings—and the solemnity of the great step about to be taken, and the reality of parting with loved ones and friends at home—seemed to be overbalanced and overpowered with a great joy. It seemed too good to be true, that one should really be allowed to carry out the dear Master's last command. Please pray that we shall always have the spirit of truly sent ones, and feel ourselves debtors to all men, and always by His grace act as those who have been set apart for Him, and sent by Him.

The Good Shepherd has truly gone before us every step of the way, and never for one moment let us feel forsaken and desolate, not that everything has been sunshine, humanly speaking; we have been tested in some ways, but we would have no opportunity of proving the power and love of God if everything went smooth and straight. We praise Him for the testings. God is faithful. Hallelujah!

When we arrived here the friends gave us a very warm welcome. We arrived late one Sunday evening. As we came through the narrow, dark streets, with only a few small lamps here and there, we felt indeed that we were in a foreign land, and in the midst of darkness, not only outwardly, but it spoke to one of a picture of the intense darkness that prevailed in their souls. As we reached our home, which the kind friends had prepared for us, you can imagine how glad we were to get to our clean place, after we had been sleeping in Chinese inns for a few nights, which are anything but clean.

I must tell you about the first Chinese meal we had in the inn. As we sat down after a long day's journey in the train, we were rather hungry, but when we saw the peculiar food, and the dirt around us, we looked into each other's faces, and felt that we had an opportunity for victory. Then we looked to the Lord and from our hearts sang: "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," and then lifted our chopsticks and proceeded. God blessed our meal and time in the inns. Hallelujah! When we are with the King for His business we can be happy under all circumstances.

We are now busy studying the language. Please pray about this, as we are utterly dependent upon the Holy Ghost to help us. "Without Him we can do nothing." We long to be able to speak to these dear people, who are perishing without God and without hope in the world. God has given us a fine little chapel, which is crowded with Chinese every night, and it is glorious how they listen so eagerly to the Word of Life. We believe

that this is the beginning of greater things. "There is a sound of abundance of rain." Hallelujah!

You will know how the people are enquiring about the Gospel when I tell you one instance. Sunday last dear Sister McLean was invited to come and conduct a service at a school of Chinese young ladies, where none of them, as far as we knew, were Christians—not even the lady in charge. Sister Rönager and I had the privilege of accompanying Sister McLean to this service. It was simply lovely to see these intelligent young ladies listening so keenly to the good news of full salvation. God's presence and power was very real, and one could hear God say: "They shall be Mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day when I make up My jewels" (Mal. iii., 17). We hope to go every Sunday and see those precious souls brought out from darkness into light. Hallelujah!

Now, dear Pastor Boddy, I will close, with Christian love from dear Sisters Scharten and Rönager, and all the children of God here.

To those who are in God the Father, infolded in His love, and kept for Jesus Christ, and called, may mercy, peace and love be abundantly granted unto you.

Yours in His glorious victory,
ELIZABETH BIGGS.

c/o Mr. McLean,
Yunnan-fu, Yunnan Province,
West China,
Via Siberia.
18th July, 1912.

News from Brother Trevitt.

DEARLY BELOVED PASTOR AND MRS. BODDY,

Hallelujah! "To do good and to communicate forget not; for with such sacrifices God is well pleased" (Heb. xiii., 16). Hallelujah! It is sweet indeed that that binds our hearts in Christian love, and, although the outlook is not so clear just at present, yet we can believe God when He tells us that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose (Rom. viii., 28). Since my last, many things have taken place which, naturally, we would like different. The anticipation of getting into the interior of Tibet is completely stopped for the present, and even where we are there is constant danger of losing our lives (although we are only one day's journey inland). The sweeping victory of the Lama priests over the Chinese Government has caused a deal of danger, for the Lamas are completely in power now, and their anti-foreign spirit is stronger than ever. One poor Chinese Officer was tied to a post, and the Lamas walked by one by one, and each Lama priest plucked out one hair from his beard until there were none left. He was rescued at the finish by the Chinese soldiers, who finally were completely routed by these wicked Lama priests, and now the Chinese soldiers are completely driven out of Tibet altogether.

Dear Mr. Simpson and Mr. Christie here, who know quite a little, after serving the Lord Jesus for twenty years on the borders here (with an occasional visit amongst these wild Tibetans), know by experience how utterly impossible it is to take the intended journey to Lama-si at such a

time, and they both strongly exhort us not to take such a dangerous step at this time, but to prayerfully wait the clear leadings of God. If we went it would mean us losing our lives almost at once, so we earnestly entreat you, dear saints, to pray much for this, for we are convinced that only prevailing prayer will open Tibet.

At present dear Brother Williams and I are living amongst the Tibetans in the only two open doors left to us, and even here we get some very trying and warm times. You will understand our position when you know we get persecution inside the village where we live, and when we pass through other places the cry goes up by these wild Tibetans, "Kill the Foreigners! Kill the Foreigners!" At present there is a war on between the villages where Bro. Williams and I are stationed, so you can guess we are having quite a warm time. But, hallelujah! "Jesus reigns," and, knowing we were ordained by the pierced hands of Jesus, and baptised into the Blessed Holy Ghost and Fire for service, we press on without any fear whatever, for Jesus has filled us with love to these dear Tibetans. Hallelujah!

My teacher got his wife by stealing her from another Tibetan in the winter time, and then in the cold night turned him out on to the mountains to die, where he was found the next morning frozen to death. The absolute corruptness of these poor souls is just terrible, but it was for such that Jesus died. Hallelujah!

One day my teacher took me into the mountain opposite the village to see his yak which was dying, and he wanted to know if Jesus could heal his yak. I asked him *if he believed* Jesus could, and he said "Yes." He believed that if I prayed Jesus would heal his yak, so I just asked our precious Lord Jesus to heal his yak, and, glory to Jesus, from that hour the yak got well, and so rapidly that he asked me to thank Jesus for him. I told him he must thank Jesus too, which he did with a grateful heart. Well, he went on praying and rejoicing in Jesus until one day the whole village had to hold their yearly gathering to worship the Lama priests and the gods of Zamba and foods, etc., etc. They prostrate themselves on the ground before the object worshipped. Well, this day came round, and in the early morning everybody was astir, putting on their best and prettiest attire, chiefly a long, red-bordered sheep-skin wrap, which is tied round the waist with a pretty sash.

This trial was too much for my teacher, as to refuse to join the worship meant most probably to lose his life, so he sallied forth with the rest, with my words ringing in his ears, "Don't be ashamed of Jesus," which was all I could do for the poor man. You may be sure I lifted my heart in prayer for him and his wife and family, for, although all were convinced of the truth of the Gospel, and met each evening to pray and worship, yet when this trial of losing their lives for Jesus' sake came, it was too much for them, so they joined the rest with sad hearts and disconsolate faces, and their return was truly a sad home-coming, for one of their bulls (not the yak) was dying. This bull had been prayed for by Bro. Williams and me the day previously, and Jesus healed the bull right on the spot, to his joy, and ours, of course. Now here was a sad home-coming. The daughter came home crying with the toothache, which also brought its sadness, as

the same day as the bull was healed Bro. Williams and I had laid hands on her in her pain (as without forceps it was impossible to extract this terribly decayed molar), but in the name of Jesus we laid hands on her, prayed, and she got instant deliverance, and went away rejoicing, *but now what a change* after forsaking Jesus, their best Friend, to worship men and demons.

The story speaks for itself; in their sorrow they turned once more to me, asking me to pray again, and catching hold of my hand wanted to force me to put my hands on this bull, but I quickly withdrew my hand, and told them what the Holy Spirit had said to me when I was pleading for them. In my prayer I had said, "Lord, Thou knowest what it means for them to take such a stand; it means their lives probably." But Jesus said, "Didn't it mean My life for their sakes?" But I continued to plead for them that to be driven from their home and lose all was a big trial for them, and immediately Jesus answered me, "Didn't I leave heaven to come to earth for them, and then go all the way to Calvary for them?" At this I got up off my knees, for I could say no more, and when my teacher in his trouble wanted to excuse himself under the great trial, I told him just what Jesus had said to me by the Holy Spirit. It broke him up, and, as tears filled his eyes, I walked away, leaving him with his hand on his dying bull.

Well, beloved saints, this will give you a little insight into the problem of Tibet, with its teeming millions who have been driven to Hell by Satan and his wicked messengers—the Lama Priests.

We have also discovered that the man in whose home Bro. Williams is living is a notorious robber, but, as I have stated above, we have no fear, hallelujah! and often we converse with him about his soul's salvation, and are reminded much of the one who was saved on the Cross; and why shouldn't this dear man know the love of Jesus and power to save too? Hallelujah! Jesus loves him.

The village below is very anti-foreign, and the last time we passed by quite a crowd of wild-looking Tibetans raised the cry: "Kill the Foreigners!" "Kill the Foreigners!" But we just smiled at them and rode on. One thing we praise God for is we both have very fine and swift horses; not that we trust in our horses, but our trust is in Jesus. Hallelujah!

I have lately been reading the experiences and sufferings of dear Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Polhill amongst the Tibetans (July, 1888, to November, 1892) in Miss Annie W. Marston's book called "The Great Closed Land," and if any of the dear saints in the homeland have read this, they will see how great is the need of the prayers and efforts put forth, and even now Satan's stronghold is still unshaken. We are not discouraged, beloved saints. Hallelujah! Jesus has sent us in His name and authority, and sooner or later this Jericho must fall. It seems that Tibet has been sadly neglected, comparatively speaking, in the past, but in these last closing hours let us not be weary in well doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not. Hallelujah!

Dearly beloved saints, in Jesus' name we entreat you to do your uttermost to bring this dark, dark land to the notice of all who can help in prayer. Also we are in great need of Gospels, which until now we have been without, but, praise and glory to Jesus, the Christian and Missionary Alliance

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