

SEPTEMBER, 1914.

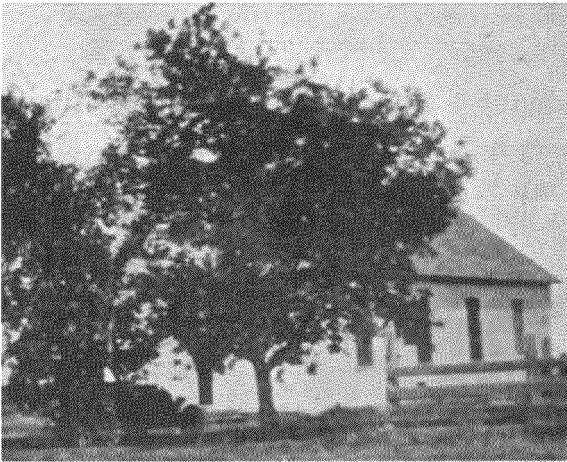
VOL. VII. No. 9.

"CONFIDENCE"

EDITED BY

ALEX. A. BODDY,

ALL SAINTS' VICARAGE, SUNDERLAND, ENGLAND.



WHERE THEY PRAYED FOR RAIN (page 165).

Mennonite Church in Nebraska. (Photo taken by Editor.)

"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.

78th ISSUE.

ONE PENNY.

London: Samuel E. Roberts, Publisher, Zion House, 52, Paternoster Row, E.C.

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"CONFIDENCE": ONE PENNY PER MONTH.

Twelve months' issue, post free, 1/6 (50 cents—half a Dollar—U.S.A. or Canada).

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

Wholesale Agent: R. W. Williams, Newsagent, Howick Street, Monkwearmouth, Sunderland.

Terms to Trade: 8d. per doz., sale or return.

Pentecostal Assemblies taking one dozen or more can have them through the Hon. Secs. at 8d. per dozen (monthly payments). If Assemblies can afford to pay postage we shall be thankful. ("Confidence" is sold below cost price.)

Gifts. The Editor is grateful to the friends who have helped on the good work hitherto. He will be thankful if all gifts will be continued until "Confidence" is established as a self-supporting paper. The friends who have sent one Dollar or more a year will be supporting good work if they will continue to help in this way.

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RECEIPTS.			£	s.	d.	EXPENDITURE.			£	s.	d.
Balance from last month	...	...	2	16	3½	" Confidence " (August)	...	...	14	12	3
Subscriptions as above...	...	...	21	10	3	Special Printing...	...	...	0	7	0
Discount	...	...	0	3	8	Postages	...	...	4	19	10
						Blocks	...	...	2	1	6
						Balance in hand ...	...	...	2	9	7½
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Hon. Secs., All Saints' Vicarage, Sunderland.*

"CONFIDENCE."

No. 9. Vol. vii.

ALL SAINTS', SUNDERLAND.

September, 1914.

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 WAR.

We shall endeavour to bring out "Confidence" as usual during the time of this terrible war. If any issue has fewer pages it will be because paper in England is more difficult to obtain.

It is almost unthinkable that our beloved German brethren, such as Pastor Paul and others, should be separated from us by this cruel state of things. May our Lord end it quickly. It may be by His coming in the air for His own.

* * *

The following is in substance a prayer we offered when conducting a service on the U.S. S.S. "New York" when crossing the Atlantic last month:—

"O Almighty God, Who alone canst order the unruly wills and affections of sinful man,

We beseech Thee at this time to look in pity upon us, and upon all the nations engaged in this terrible war.

We ask Thee so to direct the course of events that Thy true will may be done upon earth, and that Thy reign of peace may soon be ushered in. We ask Thee to grant us an abiding, an enduring peace.

In these days of terrible suffering, we

beseech Thee to comfort and to heal the sick and wounded, and to draw many to Thyself. Console and save the dying, and help and provide for the fatherless and the widows. Strengthen those who are ministering on great battlefields and in camps and hospitals. Give them grace in this their time of need.

Send Thy people, we beseech Thee, to their knees. Put upon us all a spirit of intercession. Bring many careless ones back to Thyself in these times of great anxiety.

In Thine own way turn the wrath of man to Thy praise, we beseech Thee, and deliver us all from indifference to the sufferings of thousands of our fellow creatures at this time.

Guide all in authority, and prosper their endeavours to protect the lands from spoliation and cruelty.

We ask it all for Jesus Christ His sake. Amen."

* * *

A touching Open-air Service was held beside the North Sea by the Editor of "Confidence" (Rev. A. A. Boddy) and his colleague (Rev. W. Watson) on Sunday night, September 6th, after the usual Evening Services were over. The ocean lay still and lovely in the moonlight, and

(The War—continued.)

Roker Lighthouse stood like a sentinel. Not many hours before, several vessels had been sunk by hidden mines or by the enemy's gunboats out on that sea. From 200 to 300 lives had been lost. A large crowd had, in response to the notices in the local press, gathered together. They sang with intensity—

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our Guide while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

Earnest prayer was offered for the suffering, the sick and wounded, and stirring appeals were made to those in that great crowd to be true to God, so that their prayers might not be hindered. Many came forward at the close and pressed round the speaker to receive a little booklet to help them in the way of salvation. The blessed Spirit of God was working under the stars that beautiful Sunday night beside the North Sea. The War time has a solemnizing effect, and opportunities for sowing the seed are great.

* * *

We have received this letter from Paris:

Dear Brethren or Sisters,

On Saturday, 5th inst., I was called to conduct the Burial Service of two brave Protestant English soldiers. One—G. Upton, matricule number 6399, C.E.4.D.C. died from wounds on the 4th inst.; the other—Andrew Rushworth, number 7840, C.E.W.R.I.D.R., wounded, died on the 5th. Oh, this terrible War!

I have not the address of their families.

As it is the custom in France, many accompanied the coffins to the cemetery. Many brought flowers. French Zouaves gave a crown with this writing—"Les Zouaves à leurs camarades Anglais."

In front of the Goods Station of Rosny-sous-Bois we had a short service (worship). At the cemetery, before many officers, surgeons, soldiers, and French people, I read the Word, told of Jesus, and prayed.

I did not see these two English soldiers when they were still alive; I was not informed. Now my address is at the Goods Station temporary field hospital, so I shall be able to attend to the Protestant sick and wounded, and so direct them to Jesus.

At "Bethel" we have good meetings. Our Lord gave a vision of Himself to a

brother, and a message supremely good for our hearts in these terrible times. Alleluia!

Yours in Jesus,
MICHEL E. MAST.

49^{bis}, Rue de Neuilly,
Rosny-sous-Bois (Seine),
near Paris, France

Dear friends,—I ask your prayers for this new ministry given me by the Lord.

* * *

Our Pentecostal sister, Mdle. Helene Biollay, writes from the "Ruban Bleu," her Temperance Hostel at Havre (France):

"We have been working much among English soldiers, who came here in thousands, and many have passed from doubt to real belief. Now we are occupied with the dear Belgian refugees who are here, several thousands, with the refugees of the North of France. One of the women has already been healed wonderfully by the Lord, and that instantaneously. My little "Ruban Bleu" has been filled with all sorts of people. Mrs. Daniels is a real gift of God; we together read dear 'Confidence,' and that with great blessing."

* * *

Letter from a Christian Soldier.

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Busfeld,

Just a few lines to thank you for your kindness in visiting those at Millom, and helping them on in their difficulty. Truly the Lord is good in supplying all our need—not all we want, as we would be having things which were not good for us.

I was at Plymouth for several days, and met several who love the Lord in sincerity, and had nice talks with them about the Altogether Lovely One, the Chief among myriads. I had the joy last Tuesday of hearing a soldier confess Christ as his Saviour for the first time. What joy it is to know that Satan is robbed of his spoil, and that Jesus is seeing of the fruit of His travail.

We leave here to-morrow morning (Monday) for Harrow (Harwich?), and then embark on Wednesday morning, destination not known. We have had to make our wills out this morning, so it looks rather serious, does it not? What a grand thing it is to be ready. I have had the opportunity of speaking to many about their future. How awful it must be—without God and without hope. Many of them are callous and indifferent; they say they will have plenty of company. We find that the rich man did not want

company, though. I believe there are only another few professing Christians in the regiment, and they are very cold—no testimony.

I don't think the war can last very long, maybe a few months at the most. Truly it is the sign of the times, and we can expect to hear the One we have learnt to love, say, "Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away." What a future in glory for us that is not unknown, because we are told in God's Word. May we ever praise Him for all that is past, and trust Him for all that is to come.

Christian wishes,
Yours by His grace,
J. WALLACE.

8533 B. Company
1st Bn. The King's Own,
12th Brigade, 4th Division,
Active Service,
16th August, 1914.

* * *

A Young Soldier's Letter.

"Will you thank Mr. Boddy for being so kind as to pray for me, and tell him I was one of All Saints' Sunday School scholars. Mr. Lister was my teacher. I have not forgotten the teaching I got at Sunday School and home. I have made a great sacrifice in giving up my freedom to go on long service for my King and country, but I mean to come back a good and true soldier, not only to serve my earthly king, but also my heavenly King. Don't worry, mother, I am all right with God's help and your prayers. Good-night. God bless you both and watch over you until I come back, is the earnest prayer of your loving son, Willie."

Can Prayer change the Weather?

A Recent Experience.

(BY THE EDITOR.)

A Nebraska homestead on the plains. The white wooden farmhouse, embowered in its copse of trees. The high skeleton frame in the yard, carrying the rotary wind-wheel which, with every breeze, brings up water from the deep well for cattle and man. A great barn, a round "Silo," of 150 tons capacity. Shelter for buggies

and horses (over 20 of these). These are the farm-buildings where I was staying.

The hot sun was "wilting" the corn. The roads were deep in fine dust, the thermometer generally about 100 degrees in the shade, and there was cry for rain.

The Christian farmer living and working here is an earnest brother. A group of like-minded ones had come out from the local Mennonites, a Puritan Church, once very earnest, but now in some places only formal, even worldly, and often opposed to the "Latter Rain" teaching.

My farmer friend has a large family of grown-up sons, all converted but one. Also two daughters, who are most useful in the culinary and lactic departments. One had been for a time to the Moody Bible Institute at Chicago, and hopes one day to go to Africa as a Missionary.

It was most interesting to sit between the hired man from Tennessee and the head of the house (and his haus-frau). The home was bi-lingual. One daughter said they didn't speak either very good German or good English.

The little church at which I was to speak stood at a cross road, and along the four roads came buggies, sometimes with sedate "sisters" sitting under the leather hoods, and light-limbed horses stepping along easily. But then came speeding along also farmers' automobiles, some overflowing with family life, and others with fewer occupants.

The whole congregation seemed to arrive thus, scarcely anyone on foot. As I walked from "Pleasant View" I could reckon what the congregation would be by the number of horses hitched up, and the motor cars in the "Kirkgarth."

The Services were very simple. They didn't wait for preacher or minister. Some sister would speak out, "Say, let's sing 49," and hymn followed hymn. Then a few earnest prayers. Generally one long prayer in German also (it took me back to Mulheim Conference). I heard two brethren one night talking in French, but they all understood English.

"I now introduce Brother Boedy, of England" ("Boddy," I suggested correctionally). They had an appreciating hunger for the Word, and seemed disappointed if I concluded before two hours were up. Then came the "altar-call," and individual prayer for needy ones. Fans

(Can Prayer change the Weather?—continued.)

fluttered all over the congregation during the sermon, the brothers took off their coats, and then their waistcoats came off also. The thermometer surely was over 100°. I should certainly have succumbed to sleep once or twice if I had not been preaching and fighting with the hosts of black flies who went for the perspiring preacher from England.

The Nebraska plains were burning hot, the corn was wilting, the farmers were longing for rain, but it didn't come.

I suggested a special time of prayer for rain. The farmer friend told us how he had rebuked an old soldier at the dépôt. One old man had been telling another, "What d' ye think the Methodist folks at Colton have been doing? Why, praying for rain, right outside their church by the woods; a-shouting and a-hollerin', too. I call 'em fools, I do." The Christian farmer had asked him if he had never read of Elijah in the Bible. He had prayed, and it rained not for three years and six months. He prayed again, and the rain fell. "What we want," he said, "is more prayer, and not to scoff at folk for praying."

So, at the Monday afternoon service, before I commenced the subject announced, I suggested a special time of prayer for rain, and emphasized the need, not so much for prayer as the prayer of FAITH. Then I spoke of Elijah near the top of Carmel, and his faith before the smallest cloud appeared. Six times "There is nothing" made no difference to him. I told them how in England, at a Convention held in a large tent near London, the rain poured down ceaselessly one morning, and we wanted no one to be kept away from the afternoon meeting. One of the ministers "Waved the flag of victory" by faith over the rain, and claimed, in the name of the Lord, that the rain should cease. Before we got up from our knees a beam of sunlight broke through the clouds right down into our midst, and we had a fine afternoon and a good attendance, and we publicly thanked the Lord for this swift answer to our prayer.

So, these earnest Mennonites joined in the prayer of faith. The heavens were as brass and the sun blistered around. But when about two hours later we closed the meeting, there came a distant muttering

of thunder, and in the distance a cloud much bigger than a man's hand. "Yonder is our encouragement to our faith," I said to Bro. Rediger. "Why," he said, "it's almost 'sight' now."

We came back to the evening meeting. The farmhouse was "60 rods" up the road. Clouds were now gathering, and about half-way through my address, the heavy patter of tropical rain drops was heard. Then a terrific downpour. The horses outside were patiently standing, and the warm waterfloods seemed to do them no harm, and the motor cars and buggies were getting a thorough washing. But crashes of thunder were drawing nearer, and vivid flashes almost constantly lit up the night, which was dark now, as well as hot.

It was my last address, and I was making an appeal and depicting the great Judgment Throne. The lightning came nearer, the peals of thunder were incessant. Then came an appalling crash, and flash, and scent of burning. It was a wonder there was no panic. We committed one another to the Lord, and sang some trustful hymns and choruses. That tremendous blinding flash had been just over us, and had actually killed one of the poor horses outside the church. It was lying dead on its side, its neighbour was standing beside it, but there was no stampede.

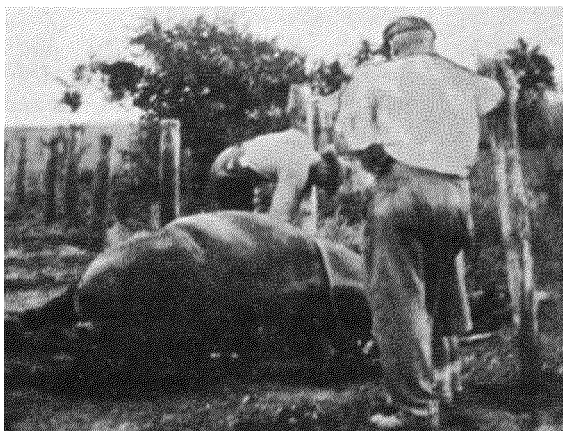
The rain did much good, and we saw a wonderful answer to prayer. The death of the horse was sad, and a great loss to a dear German brother, but some of us felt it was meant also as an endorsement of the appeal to be ready for the Judgment Throne.

There was a backslidden soul present, for whom special secret prayer had been made, and who seemed hardened against God. Here seemed to come God's personal call through the nearness of death, and we pray it may not go unheeded. With death at the very door, I reminded them that Martin Luther had turned to the Lord in such a thunderstorm, when his comrade was killed by a flash of lightning at his side as they sheltered beneath a tree.

Like Ahab and Elijah there was difficulty in getting home. The waterflood stopped some. A little company had to stay all night in the chapel because of the present rain, and the hours of continuous lightning

flashes and bolts.

Next morning, before leaving the neighbourhood, I went back to the chapel yard. There lay the dead horse. They were just about to bury it out of sight, and I took this snapshot. Two or three brothers were with me, and I asked one to cut some hair from the horse, which I placed in an envelope as a reminder of a very solemn incident. Yes, God answers prayer, and can even change the weather, or by solemn circumstances back home the word of His servant. I shall not forget that last night in Nebraska.



KILLED BY LIGHTNING.

On Monday, July 27th, about 9 p.m., whilst tethered outside the Church where the Editor of "Confidence" was speaking. He took the picture next morning.

Antichrist and His System.

BY BRO ALBERT WEAVER.

We have been watching for some time with great interest the rapid progress made by the Antichrist Movement throughout the world. It takes different forms in different countries, and presents many phases in all lands, but its chief characteristics are lawlessness on the one hand, and religious subtlety, coupled with deception, on the other.

The Antichrist is presented in Scripture as a lawless one and a deceiver, and we must not be surprised if his followers manifest the same characteristics.

Without a doubt we are in the fringes of Tribulation Days, and all these catastrophes that are occurring on the earth, such as the destruction of cities by fires and earthquakes, railroad and steamship disasters, famines, insects destroying forests and crops, strikes, assassinations, wars and rumours of wars, etc., are the beginnings of sorrows.

This is an indication that we are in the last days of this Dispensation, at which time the Antichrist, according to Scripture, is to make his appearance. We believe he is already on the earth, and will be manifested to the world in the fulness of his time. His system is well under way, and many, especially God's children, are beginning to feel his lawless spirit and iron hand.

He will be a world-wide ruler, a military

genius, a dictator surpassing all others heretofore, and will, no doubt, have an organised cabinet, with whom he will consult, and to whom he will reveal his secrets. They too, in time, will know him, we believe, and all about his mission on the earth, and will be in touch with him long before his revelation as the Man of Sin. Many have thought that out of Catholicism would come Antichrist, who would be the Pope, but no Pope as yet has ever fulfilled Thess. ii., 4.

Catholicism has always stood for the Deity of Christ, the Trinity, and the Supernatural, and, in order for the Jews and Mohammedans to be brought in to this great federation, it must needs be one who rejects absolutely these fundamental doctrines of our Christian faith, and especially the Deity of Christ and the Blood as atoning for sin. He will win over the world on the plane of the psychic, rather than on that of the spiritual. It will take all the combined forces of evil, including the religious, political, industrial, and social world, to constitute the Antichrist system.

All, excepting the true children of God, will play an important part in carrying out his diabolical work.

As Christ was indwelt by the Holy Spirit, so will this Impostor, or False Christ, be possessed and controlled by the devil, who gives to him his seat and authority. Everything of a worldly and



AT "ROCKRIMMON."

Bro. Weaver at his home in New England (Attwater Estate, Springfield, Mass., U.S.A)

(Antichrist and his System—continued.)

sinful character will eventually be under one great Federal Head; then woe to the inhabitants of earth!

Already a society is in existence called "The Order of the Star in the East," preparing the way for a great personage. It was organised in Benares, India, January 11th, 1911, and has a following of many thousands. This Order publishes a magazine, and has an office in London, England. In a recent conversation with some of its workers, the writer was told that the purpose of the Order is to prepare the way for a world-wide Teacher whom they are expecting soon. They call him the Lord and many other names, such as the Coming One, Elder Brother, the Lord of Compassion, Supreme Teacher, Saviour, etc.

I quote from their own writings the following, to show that this great Supreme Teacher whom they expect is not Jesus Christ:—"The great World Teacher will have a message for men of all faiths. When such a stupendous event is in question, we must be prepared for the one chance of his coming, so that, if he comes, people may be more ready to receive him than they were to receive the Christ when He came 2,000 years ago."

This Order, which has been established in this country, has quite a following, and, apparently, is spreading rapidly. Meetings are held weekly, we understand, in Boston and other centres. Many who know the Truth, and others who are ready to follow almost anything new, will certainly be lured away from the truths of the Gospel. Their great hobby at present is to make much of the graces and virtues, and the whole thing is an effort to escape personal responsibility to God and avoid the necessity of repentance. No doubt, not a few of its followers, for piety, honesty, integrity of character, and cheerfulness, especially when under pressure, will put to shame many who name the name of Christ. Notwithstanding, where we find not the Red Cord of Scripture (the Blood), which they reject absolutely as atoning for sin,—look out, there is danger ahead. It is not from a divine source.

The spirit of the times is the deifying of the human, and the Devil is seeking to develop in many of his people a life akin to that which is found in a child of God. He is determined to defeat God by producing a company of people with graces and virtues counterfeiting those of God's children. These graces and virtues, however, will be of human production. All such people are deceived by the spirit of the Antichrist, and do not feel the need of the regenerating work of the Holy Ghost. They are to redeem themselves by their own good works, and become as gods.

What is more deceptive and puzzling than an unregenerated soul, who is kind, loving, tender-hearted, merciful, long-suffering, patient, and cheerful? Such a one we are at a loss sometimes to know where to place them, but God, we believe, has long since put them in their proper place. In the words of Jesus to Nicodemus: "Except a man be born again, he cannot see nor enter into the Kingdom of God," are applicable to all such.

This Society is working at present quietly, noiselessly, and without antagonising or opposing any sect or body of people. Their platform is so broad that it takes in all religions, old as well as new, and will continue to deceive and work without opposition until the awful Deceiver himself, who is for the time being behind the scenes, throws off his mask. We are

thoroughly convinced that this work did not originate from any good source, but is diabolical, and is the commencement of a world-wide amalgamated movement, which will eventually be headed up under the Antichrist himself. Just as the Holy Spirit is preparing a people for the speedy coming of the true Christ, so is this Society preparing the way for the speedy coming of the false Christ. They are even imitating a part of our form of worship.

They instruct their people to meditate daily on the Coming One, and in their meetings recognise him in their midst. Whether this one, looked for by them, is the Antichrist, the False Prophet, or only a forerunner, the principle remains the same, and, no doubt, out of this movement will come the culmination of all that opposes the coming Son of God.

They work in such a subtle way that, in their teaching, they use the very words and sayings of our Lord Jesus, and the names applied to Him are falsely appropriated to the Antichrist, as we term him, but to them the World Teacher.

We who have been enlightened through the Scriptures and by the Holy Spirit need not be deceived, and can easily detect and recognise in this coming World Teacher one who is bitterly opposed to Jesus Christ, not as a great and good man and prophet, but as God manifested in the flesh, and also to His teaching.

The Devil knows that the coming of Christ is nigh at hand, even if many in the Church do not believe it, and He is preparing a counterfeit, only fulfilling Scripture, however.

This Order discards all the fundamental truths of the Christian faith, denies the Deity of Christ, ignores the Blood as the only atonement for sin, and the most noticeable thing of all is the deifying of the human.

The following expressions are used in their writings:—"We say that the best is divine, but divinity is humanity, and the message that the World Teacher will bring is that humanity is divinity, and that we do not need to seek so very far to find God."

Is this not a fulfilment of Thess. ii., 4: "Who opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God"?

Paul the Jew.

DEAR MR. BODDY,

Owing to the outbreak of the war, many Pentecostal friends will be anxious to hear news of our young Jewish friend, Paul Bromberg, especially as it is reported that his native land (Poland) has been invaded. Anxiety, however, on Paul's behalf is needless, as he is still here in Liverpool. As he had such great difficulties through Government restrictions on missionary work, he desires to return to Poland, with the ability to earn his living there, and to combine business with evangelising the Jewish people. He feels this would be the best plan of getting over the impediments to his missionary work in Poland. We are now arranging for him to be taught photography, with a view to his opening a studio in one of the large Polish cities. A very competent photographer has undertaken to teach him his art for the sum of £10. I don't think this is an excessive sum for thus putting Paul in the way of earning his living. I would welcome help in providing the amount needed. Our dear young friend is still proving himself a good soldier and servant of Jesus Christ. I was thrilled one Sunday evening as I watched him amidst a crowd of Jews in one of my

OPEN-AIR

meetings, boldly preaching Christ. He was right in the midst of the people who knew him before he was converted. It was a brave thing for him to do. There was some excitement, but we managed to close the meeting peacefully. At a subsequent meeting, however, the police felt it advisable to intervene and close the meeting, for fear of Paul suffering harm from the crowd of Jews surrounding him. It is a great joy to me to see him so steadfast and so full of zeal for preaching Christ to his own Jewish people. He recently received an encouraging note from his cousin in Poland. This fine young Jew, whom I in a previous letter to "Confidence" spoke of as a "Nicodemus," is an earnest seeker for the truth—almost a believer through Paul's work while he was in Poland. I am longing for his return to that land, that he may again be a witness for Christ there. The lamentable war, of course, will bar his way till it closes, which I pray may be very soon.

With hearty Christian greetings.

Yours in Christ Jesus,

WM. BERNARD.

173 Brownlow Hill,
Liverpool,

August 5th, 1914.

Will readers of "Confidence" note Brother Bernard's new address. Recently he married a sister of our friend Mrs. Polman, of Amsterdam. She is helping him in his work among the Jews. May our Lord bless them abundantly.—A. A. B.

SEND ILLUSTRATED PAPERS AND TRACTS to Mdlle. Biollay, "Au Ruban Bleu," Havre, France, for the British Soldiers. Also for Wounded British to Monsieur Michel Mast, 49^{bis}, Rue de Neuilly, Rosny-sous-Bois (Seine), France. Money help by Postal Order may be sent to them also.

"CONFIDENCE."

SEPTEMBER, 1914.

Editor—

Alex. A. Boddy, Vicar of All Saints',
Sunderland.

Assistants—

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Sunderland.

PUBLISHED MID-MONTHLY.

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.)

The War.

Zechariah's Horses.

In reading the fine speech of our Prime Minister and other letters and remarks in the various daily papers, we cannot but be struck by the expressions that this is a "Spiritual War," "a War of the Devil against Christ." It is indeed the case, and a close study of Rev. vi. and Zech. vi. will give us enlightenment on this point.

Comparing Rev. vi., 1-9 with Zech. vi., 2-3, we see that the horses mentioned are the same in colour, and from that we can discover what is the special work of each. In Zech. vi., 5 we are told that these horses are "the four spirits of the heavens which go forth from standing or presenting themselves before the Lord of all the earth." Four is the earthly number, proceeding from the Trinity and depending on it, and seven is dispensational fulness (Divine Completeness, as Seiss tells us). Therefore, we see the "seven spirits standing before the throne" in Rev. iv., 5 represent the dispensational fulness of the Spirit, or mind of God, and we see in Zech. vi. the earthly number four representing the fulfilling of the Divine Dispensational plan on earth, and here we must remember that even the evil spirits can do nothing without the permission of God, as in Job's case. Let us consider the Divine first, then the four spirits apart from the Divine three.

One of these horses (or spirits) is white. In Rev. xix., 13, the rider on the white

horse is the "Word of God": the *Logos*—the Eternal Word—Christ, the King of Kings. In verse 15, a sharp sword goeth out of His mouth—the written or spoken Word of God (compare Heb. iv., 12) going forth to smite the nations, and also to fulfil the judgments of God on the earth. So in Rev. vi., 2 we see the Word of God going forth, conquering and to conquer.

In the fifth chapter, our Lord, "the Lamb that was slain," had been found worthy to open the seals of the Book, because He had redeemed the world by His precious Blood. What He had accomplished at Calvary in carrying out His Father's plan for the salvation of the world (the vesture dipped in blood) must also be accomplished or fulfilled by carrying out the judgments of God on the earth, and the Word of God—whether living as the *Logos*, the Christ, or as the written Word, inspired by the Holy Spirit—*must* be fulfilled: it cannot be broken. And so we see the Lamb had Divine completeness in the seven horns and seven eyes. "In Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily." He, the Head on the throne in heaven—the Holy Spirit, the Word, and the Spirit of judgment—"sent forth unto all the earth" (Rev. v., 6).

It is wonderful and blessed to know that our Lord Jesus Christ must and will reign till every enemy is put under His feet. This "Word of God" must go forth till every bit of it is fulfilled and turned into substance and reality by the Holy Spirit, and then shall God be all and in all, Hallelujah! In Zech. vi., 6, the white horses go after the black horses. In Rev. vi., the black horses seem to represent judgment. If we compare other passages in which we find "balances" mentioned, God's judgment on all that is not of Christ, "hurt not the oil and the wine" suggests that being in Christ "there is no condemnation or judgment"—Rom. viii., 1.

The "red horse" is evidently the spirit of war which takes peace from the earth, causes men to kill each other. Zech. vi., 7 is the prophecy of this. "The grisled or bay horse, the awful spirit of death, either by sword, pestilence, famine, or the beasts of the earth"—Rev. vi., 8.

As we prayerfully compare these passages of Scripture with our Lord's own words in Matt. xxiv. and Luke xxi., we feel assured that this terrible time of war is the Word of God going forth in judgment,

Refrain: We are marching on to victory, Lord Jesus, We are marching on to victory with thee,
 'Tis the victory of Calvary, Lord Jesus, 'Tis the victory of Calvary for me,
 'Tis the resurrection victory, Lord Jesus, 'Tis the resurrection victory for me,
 'Tis the victory of Pentecost, Lord Jesus, 'Tis the victory of Pentecost for me,

We are marching on to victory, Lord Jesus, And Jesus is the mighty Conqueror
 'Tis the victory of Calvary, Lord Jesus, And Jesus is the mighty Conqueror.
 'Tis the resurrection victory, Lord Jesus, And Jesus is the mighty Conqueror.
 'Tis the victory of Pentecost, Lord Jesus, And Jesus is the mighty Conqueror.

WE ARE MARCHING ON TO VICTORY.

The stanzas we here print with music were given in the Spirit to M.B., who heard the marching of a victorious host, and they sang this refrain. The words and music were so impressed upon her that she was able to teach them at once to those gathered in the meeting. (It has been transcribed by Mrs. Ethel Schomp Johnson, 2718, 37th Street, Sacramento, Cal., U.S.A.)

and therefore we are assured that there will be a triumphant victory of the Holy Spirit of our Christ over the Spirit of the Antichrist, which is so evident in the arrogance, cruelty and vandalism that is being exhibited. It is a spiritual warfare, the instruments being nations, men and women.

This gigantic struggle must be so ended that the peace of the Millennial Age shall be ushered in. The Serpent's trail of death shall give way to the Lord of Life. We now look up for the glorious appearing or manifestation of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, a marvellous and simultaneous resurrection of those who are "asleep in Christ," who will come forth at the sound of that mighty trumpet voice, and those of us who are alive and remain, being caught up together to meet the Lord. What a manifestation of the Sons of God this will be! The whole creation is groaning and waiting for it. We too, who have the earnest of the Spirit, wait for the completion of our salvation, the redemption of our body.

Thus shall the word of God mightily prevail—gain the victory. The Christ,

the *Logos*, with His Body, the Church, being united—the Word of God, in judgment on the earth being carried out, till the final and complete overthrow of the Antichrist is brought about by the return to Mount Zion of our King and His redeemed ones to reign for a thousand years—Amen. "Even so, come quickly Lord Jesus."

M.B.

MISS DOROTHY KERIN.

Her Book—"The Living Touch."

Our friend, so well known to readers of "Confidence," has at last completed her own book, describing her miraculous healings. She writes:—

"It will, we hope, be ready by the beginning of September, and should be ordered direct from—G. Bell and Sons, Publishers, London; price 2/6; title: "The Living Touch." I think God is going to use it. What do you feel about this war? Do you not see it all in Revelations? I do, and am sure He, our blessed Saviour, is coming very soon. It is all terrible, but

(Miss Dorothy Kerin—continued).

it had to come; it is part of His great plan. I feel that we must pray much, not only for our own men, but for the poor Germans too. It is awful to think of all those souls being hurled into eternity, in anger, and all unprepared. We must pray that they may have a vision of Jesus. This must be a great grief to dear Pastor Paul and all those other good men."

* * *

In reply to an enquiry made to the publishers, G. Bell & Sons, Ltd., York House, Portugal Street, Kingsway, London, W.C., I received the following:—

Dear Sir,

With reference to your post-card, we write to say that we prefer where possible that orders for our publications should be sent through a local bookseller. Where this course is impossible, copies of "The Living Touch" would be sent direct on receipt of a Postal Order for 2s. 9d.

We are, Dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,

G. BELL & SONS, LTD.

Westward Ho!

(BY THE EDITOR.)

IN THE SOUTHERN STATES.

I am thankful for this second visit to Georgia. I was here two years before. It was a very long journey, about 1,000 miles each way, and the heat tremendous, but the gratitude of many of God's people was great, and He graciously used His servant in many ways.

One aged saint who journeyed all the way from Florida to meet "Brother Boddy" was overwhelmed by the Spirit, as hands were laid in blessing on her, and fairly overflowed with holy joy and thanksgiving. Many who had read "Confidence" with profit for years now looked their friend the Editor in the face, and pressed his hand with unrestrained gratitude. Many dear strong brothers from different points in the Southern States were present. I was invited to other Camp Meetings and Conventions in the South by those present, but time did not permit me to go to Memphis or Alton on this journey.

THE ATLANTA CAMP.

The Barth Estate is a lovely wooded property about half a mile from the Soldiers' Home. The trolley car sets one down at Ormewood Court, three or four miles from the city. Our beloved Sister Sexton, so much used of God through her paper, "The Bridegroom's Messenger," was here with her son-in-law, Brother Paul Barth and his wife, and also another dear

Brother Barth. In their beautiful woods their first Camp Meeting was held, in very hot weather, this summer. The Southern States can be hot in July.

Soon after my arrival, one of several tropical thunderstorms, with terrific lightning flashes, broke just over our heads, as I was about to speak, and for a time we prayed and sang hymns of praise and joy, and committed one another into the protection and keeping of our Almighty Lord.

LIGHTNING.

A fireball crashed down on a tree close to us in the grounds, ripping bark off and partly splitting it. The crash was enough to unnerve the whole assembly, but we thanked God and sang, "I am on the Hallelujah side."

The beauty of these almost sub-tropical woods in this far away Southern State of Georgia im-



Mrs. SEXTON.

The Editress of "The Bridegroom's Messenger" lives with her son-in-law, Mr. Paul Barth, near Atlanta. She is here seen under the trees which surround the house.

presses me. There is the red, red soil beneath, and the luxurious growth of hickory, maple, pine, American oak, ash, elm, etc., above. The gray squirrel and active chipmunk, the merry lizards, and occasional snakes, are very happy in the underwood.

At night, in this tremendous heat, the locusts produce a noise like escaping steam, and the katydids (*cicadas*) chirp for ever one to another. Mocking birds, woodfinches, thrushes, owls, and other feathered denizen of the woods, make their calls in the heated air, by day and night. Tents peep out up and down, Uncle Sam's regulation army tents and larger refreshment tents, including a Faith Tent, where the needy and others fed, and others contributed food or money.

How keen and earnest are these Pentecostal people! How they lay hold of God! Sister Sexton is mighty in prayer and faith.

Pastor King, of Falcon, was here, and Pastor Holmes, of Altamont Faith Bible School, an institution among the hills, where young men are trained for Home or Foreign Missions. Pastor Holmes is a fully qualified lawyer, but, like the writer, he is out of practice now, and acting as a Minister of the Gospel. Bro. Paul Barth has much on his shoulders, and works with a will, and sometimes has almost too much responsibility, but he works until he almost drops, and then gets up and goes on again.

THINGS THAT BITE.

The flies seem to be an integral part of one's experiences in the height of an abnormally hot summer here. Flies in America often bear



AT THE ATLANTA CAMP.

One of the Tents occupied by Visitors to the Pentecostal Meetings.

the unlovely name of "Bugs." Fireflies are "Lightning Bugs." I don't know whether butterflies are "Butter Bugs." I have not heard that name. But the horrid insect connected in the English mind with the name is called here a "Bed Bug." One elderly sister at one of the Camp Meetings said, "No Christians ought to have bed bugs in their homes," and this sentiment was warmly approved by those present, including the writer.

Well, I have found something in this fallen world which simulates the unmerciful mosquito in its ravages upon the preacher from a distant land. It is called a "Red Bug," and is very minute. You only know of its presence when it has successfully placed its irritating poison in your flesh. I think Paul might have been excused if, in addition to other perils and sufferings, he had written of insect bites in the heat of Asia Minor and Syria.

I had almost forgotten the existence of this

enemy, though I had suffered many things in bygone days when living in Egypt from these tiny insects. "Haven't you mosquitos or red bugs at Sunderland?" I am asked now and again. "No," I emphatically reply. "We have not. But we sometimes have cold North-Easters." Grace, however, was given to bear these murderous ravages, and they were soon forgotten. Praise God!

POWER AND NOISE.

The preachers here, from my point of view, seem to preach with tremendous vehemence, and to work up the congregation to unrestrained demonstrations of appreciation. Unfriendly reporters of the Sunderland Convention have once or twice written of "Pandemonium in Prayer," but words would fail an English reporter if he dropped in when the dear Pentecostal people here were really warmed up.

"Everyone pray; everyone talk with God," is the command shouted out by a leader. "Come up to the Altar, everybody," and some are singing the brightest quick-time hymns; others are with stentorian voices letting themselves go in ecstatic, ear-splitting prayer. Nearly everyone is doing something, and I am beckoned for here and there to minister to anxious ones seeking healing or the Baptism, or sanctification, and can scarcely make myself heard in the religious din and ecstatic turmoil as a leader marches up and down the platform, clapping his hands and shouting at the top of a tremendous voice, "Glory be to God. Hallelujah!" It seemed to be encouraging and working up the great wind and the mighty earthquake, until the "STILL, SMALL VOICE" rarely gets a little chance. Quietness is treated almost as failure. Well, we must admit that if there is not much in the New Testament in favour of shouting, there is a good deal in the Old Testament. I must confess I rather like such a scene just now and again, but it should come spontaneously, and not be worked up.

PASTOR KING.

Pastor J. H. King is now stationed at Memphis, an important town on the great Mississippi River. There is no one with a truer heart in Pentecostal circles. He has vast experience, wisdom, and a great love for his Master. He preached excellent sermons on "Sanctification" (two hours!) and on "The Atonement." His voice is tremendous, even in the open-air, and he does not spare himself one bit, but fairly gives himself away. Away through the woods I could hear him at a considerable distance.

* * *

The Camp at Atlanta was right out in the country. About a mile away is a "White City," with its worldly music, and in another direction the "Stockade," the town prison for coloured and white men. In the roads round Atlanta I came across gangs of chained prisoners with a warder carrying a loaded gun, ready to shoot if necessary.

So, a mile away, on either side, worldliness, sin, and punishment, and here, in these Eden-like woods, the songs of the redeemed, and the hours of drawing nigh to God.

A very energetic friend sometimes gave me a

(Westward Ho!—continued.)

lift in his "automobile." We had some close "shaves." He said, when starting, "Brother Boddy, if ever you prayed, pray now," and I said, "If you'll do the driving, I'll do the praying." So we escaped any accident by God's goodness. But one day, when I was not in the car, he collided with a coloured funeral, and, of course, there was trouble.

I stood on the platform of the auditorium with a company of earnest singers of both sexes behind me, singing perhaps—

He loves me so, He loves me so.

He gave His life a ransom,

Because He loves me so.

The thermometer at the evening meeting would still stand at about 90 degrees. Then I looked out on the crowd gathered under the great wooden roof supported by tree pillars.



THE WELL.

Near Atlanta, Georgia, on the Barth Estate.
The thirsty ones in the hot weather at the Camp Meeting were often going for a drink.

Outside some would stand listening, for all was open. Others made their way to the well hard by and drew a drink of pure cool water. Large Japanese fans fluttered all over the meeting, men and women using them; the sisters all in white and most of the brothers without coat or waistcoat. A brown little dog scratched itself a good deal on the platform at the English speaker's feet, and children sometimes ran about or demonstrated, and folks came and went as they pleased. There is little conventionality. I missed the dear coloured people, but in these Southern States it seems almost impossible to mix. On my last visit to U.S.A., I had fellowship with some dear negro saints. They are refreshing often in their simplicity and candour. I was told of a coloured preacher at a funeral service who, leaning solemnly over the pulpit, said: "*My Bredren, we all hopes you is where we knows you is not.*"

In between the meetings were the three usual American meals—breakfast, lunch, supper. (Squash, grist, iced tea, beans, tomatoes, watermelon, soft biscuit and syrup, stewed peach, rice, chicken stewed in a fireless cooker, cold water or buttermilk)—served in the kitchen of this comfortable wooden home. It was erected after the Civil War by the father of the Brothers Barth.

Praise and prayer was offered before each meal, and we talked of the things of the Kingdom. I met some very choice souls around that hospitable board in Mrs. Sexton's house, including her sister, who is a widow lady, Miss Cunningham, a Christian lady living with them, dear Pastor S. A. Bishop, of Birmingham, Alabama, and others. We had much to talk over together.

So the days sped away with their many services (6 a.m., 9.30 a.m., 11 a.m., 2 p.m., 3 p.m., and 7.30 p.m.). The last service came, and a dear brother prayed that Brother Boddy's "declining years" might be fruitful and blessed, and others said very encouraging things. Hands had to be grasped, and many asked for special prayer and benediction. May the Lord ever bless in these Southern States.

From Atlanta came good President Wilson, who guides U.S.A. now from the White House at Washington. Whilst I was in this country he lost his beloved wife, and her body was brought back to this neighbourhood, where a simple, touching service was held.

I left by a midnight train for another long journey Northward, and passing through Georgia, South Carolina, Virginia, Columbia (Washington), and Pennsylvania, I arrived in New York on Friday morning, July 17th, and proceeded to the State of New Jersey and the Belmar Camp.

A TALK ON FAITH.

BY MRS. CARRIE JUDD MONTGOMERY,
AT CAZADERO, CALIFORNIA.

Read John vi., 51-56.

What the Lord is looking for in you and in me is a faith that says like Mary, "Be it unto me according to Thy Word." And as we believe, it will be.

The Lord loveth us to jealousy, and He wants to tell His own secrets to His loved one. He will make His Word plain to you. Do not ask Him how. Cease to question God, simply receive His Word and He will make it real to you. I cannot by words of wisdom make you understand, but by the Spirit you will receive and eat and drink of the living Word.

When the dear Lord healed me, I was a little Episcopalian girl, and I believe He chose me because I had no theology. I was confirmed at the age of 14, and we were told at the preparation class that when we were confirmed we would receive something from the Lord. The Lord is a

wonderful Blessor. As there are no two trees alike, and no two flowers, and every leaf is different, so there are no two experiences alike, and there is as much variety in grace as in nature.

I was confirmed by Bishop H. C. Cox, who was a very godly man, and I put my head down very low. I wanted to go low. I got something. I got a great blessing. From that time the Lord blessed me. After the Lord healed me, I saw our bishop for a few minutes once just before he was going to catch a train, and I told him of my healing, and he said to me with tears in his eyes, "I wish I had faith as you have, my child." I met him another time, and told him how I continually remembered his Confirmation sermon, when he instructed us to swiftly obey the voice of the Spirit, and he said to me, "I cannot tell you how much I am blessed by you telling me that."

Before I was led out into the Lord's service I had never heard any discussions, but I had learnt the vital points of the Bible very clearly. When I was a child, I used to watch my mother very closely in our pew to see if she really believed the prayers that came from her lips. (Mother, your children are looking at you.) If she told us she prayed about anything, I used to watch if her prayers were answered, and when they were, my faith increased. God wants us to walk before our children as Abraham walked perfect before God. I did not understand anything myself, but the Lord taught me day by day from the Scriptures.

A dear woman came to me once for instruction on healing, and I explained to her logically the Scriptures, and tried to tell her what I knew. A few days later she came to me and said, "Oh! I have learnt something new. The Lord has just shown me that when we ask we are to believe that we receive, and we shall have." I told her, "I have been trying for days to show you that, and you never saw it." "Oh!" she said, "Was that what you meant?" If we let Him, God gives us words; and if the words fall on listening ears, it will be like seed sown, which God will own. It is not he that soweth, or he that watereth, that is anything, but *God* that giveth the increase. I'm not anything, but God is all and in all. Oh, let your horizon be filled with God; keep your eyes on God and His goodness. If we try to explain or understand the Word by mind we get nothing, but what we have

to do is to say Amen to God whether we understand His Word in our minds or not.

In the night I was saying to Him, "Thou sayest 'Come unto Me and drink.' I drink and I keep drinking right into the ocean of Thy fulness." He said to me, "Every particle of your being must obey My Word, whatever My Word says to you. If you put your whole being towards obeying, it shall be done unto you accordingly." I did not ask "How, Lord?" I said, "I do, I do it now." We have to be like the man that Jesus told to raise his withered arm. He began to do it. Whatever He says, begin to do it. This truth is too deep and mystical for my brain. But I eat His Flesh, I drink His Blood. That which is not comprehensible to the natural man, the spiritual man obeys. And as I obeyed, I was in the Spirit immediately. As we appropriate by faith His promises and Word, they are made real. As we appropriate Him in that way we are so filled, life will flow out of us to others. Some people came along to our cottage this morning who had been tarrying a long while—two who had been waiting for four years. He gave me a special ministry for them, and I felt it was because I obeyed. They both received the baptism and spoke in tongues. If you live by Him, your life will be the life of the Lord Jesus Christ.

PERSIA.

A Martyr's End.

You possibly have heard about the great outpouring of the Latter Rain upon us recently. Now we want you to know that we have our first-fruit of martyrs unto God also. On the evening of the 4th of July, a band of the young ladies who were converted and baptised in the Holy Ghost, were coming to the evening meeting with joy and glory in their souls. Suddenly Satan had entered the heart of two persons to shoot Raphaels in their bunch as they did. Three young sisters in Christ were seriously hurt, until one of them died last night with great joy and glory, having her part with all the martyrs of Christ. The persons who did this crime are known, and one of them has run away. They are members of the Russian Church.

The Russians ought to be ashamed of themselves, but are enraged against us, saying we are guilty because if we had not held the meeting this would not have happened, and, to our surprise, the Council, who is a Russian and ruling here, is with them enraged against us.

The young lady was a fair looking virgin of 15 years, the daughter of people who are of the Russian Church.

A few weeks ago, she came like the rest of the crowd to our street meeting. Jesus saved her

(Persia—A Martyr's End—continued.)

gloriously, and on the Sunday noon while eating their dinner she got filled with the Holy Ghost, speaking in other Tongues and magnifying God. Her people, being ignorant, were frightened. They had called the priest and other sinful men to rebuke the girl, and commanded her not to praise God, but she, being filled with the Holy Ghost, had told them that if they would not repent they would perish.

All the bitter persecutions from her parents caused the girl to be more strong in her Lord, until she would go alone in the streets to speak to the women folks.

A few hours before this accident she had said "I would die like Stephen." In spite of her great pain, she was always bright and happy and praising God in her native tongue and in the heavenly languages. We are broken-hearted over our beloved sister's departure, but we are comforted because we shall soon see her shining in the glory of our coming King Emmanuel with all the martyrs gone before her. Our lives are in danger, we have no earthly help but your prayers before God. Please pray for the new Church of God in Persia.

Your brother in the battle,
A. D. URSHAN.

PENTECOSTAL ITEMS.

Mrs. Clitheroe, 5, Hydesley Road, off York Road, Douglas, Isle of Man, will be glad to receive visitors or any who would like help at her home in Douglas. Write to her address for terms.

Mr. J. Tetchner writes of a four days' Pentecostal Convention that will be held (D.V. and the Lord tarrying) at Hull, in the Assembly Hall, in connection with the Newland Congregational Church, Beverley Road, from September 29th to October 2nd, inclusive. Further particulars from Bro. Tetchner.

The first Italian Pentecostal Paper will (D.V.) be shortly issued in Florence by the first Assembly of Italian Pentecostal Brethren. The Editor and Publisher of the paper is *Signor Oreste Coppini*, and the title of the paper will be "*The Midnight Cry*." For at least a year it will be necessary to count upon the voluntary contributions of foreign Pentecostal brethren, and also on the personal self-sacrifice of the brethren in Florence. Those who have thus great work in Italy laid on their hearts can send their gifts to Signor Oreste Cop-

pini, Via Villani 24, Florence, Italy. For reference and information regarding Sig. Oreste Coppini, apply to (writing in English) Anton B. Reuss, Esq., Hedwyst 21, Zürich, Switzerland, and to Rev. Ignazio Rivera, Via Giano della Bella 19, Florence, Italy.

* * *

A letter from our Brother Smith Wigglesworth tells us of great blessings at the various places he has visited. The power and unction of the Holy Spirit rests upon him greatly as he preaches the Word of God. The Lord is with him and confirms the Word with the signs following in a remarkable manner. Many receive the baptism of the Holy Spirit and many are healed.

He will be in New Mexico till October, then visiting Winnipeg, Chicago, Cleveland, Toronto, Rochester, Philadelphia and New York, and then home in time for Christmas, if the Lord tarries. We wish our brother increasing blessing as he journeys from place to place.

* * *

The Editor of "Confidence" has crossed the Atlantic for the fourteenth time, and is back safely in Sunderland. Whilst in U.S.A., he spoke at Montwait, Springfield, Bridgeport, Philadelphia (Fox Close), Atlanta, Belmar Camp (New Jersey), Cleveland (two visits), Chicago (the Stone Church), Nebraska (Milford), Cazadero (California), and Los Angeles. He returned by the American Line, S.S. "New York," arriving August 22nd, at Liverpool.

* * *

From the neighbourhood of Paris (49bis Rue de Neuilly, Rosny-sous-Bois, Seine, Mission Evangelique de Pentecôte), Bro. Michael Mast writes:—"Dear English Brethren,—By your prayers, by your money, help us to take care of the wounded and the sick and the poor. We are full of confidence in the Lord. He is coming soon! Alleluia!"

* * *

Bro. C. W. Longstreth writes from 46 Campbell Street, Freetown, Sierra Leone, West Africa: "Just a few lines to tell of our safe arrival in Africa. We are all well in body, to Him be all the praise. We received a most wonderful welcome from the native Christians—they were so delighted to see us; and I can assure you words cannot express the joy that was in our hearts as we at last have set our feet on African soil for the purpose of winning souls for Him. We covet a deep interest in your prayers for the work here in Africa. We are looking to the Lord to open the way for us to go up country. Pray ye the Lord of the Harvest to send forth labourers in this great harvest field."

THE PENTECOSTAL MISSIONARY UNION.

"Other sheep I have which are not of this fold; them also I MUST bring." (John x., 16.)

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 Mr. H. Small, East Wemyss, N.B.; Mr. Thos. Myerscough; Mr. Jas. S. Breeze, 34, Trafalgar Road, Birkdale, Southport, and 11, Rumford Street, Liverpool; and Mrs. Crisp. 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. The Men's London Training Home under Mr. Cecil Polhill, at 60, King Edward's Road, S. Hackney, N.E., though not yet under the P.M.U. Council, is under Mr. Polhill and a small Committee, and is open to any candidates who wish to be trained there. Missionaries in the Field:—In INDIA—Miss Margaret Clark and Miss Constance Skarratt, Apostolic Faith Mission, Parel Hill, Bombay; Miss Catherine C. White and Miss Minnie Augusta Thomas, Poona (7, Phayre Road); Miss Elkington and Miss Jones, Goshainganj Station, U.P.; Miss Lucy Wakeford and Miss Lucy James, P.M.U. Mission, Faizpur; Messrs. P. Corry and A. Clelland, 128, Sheikh-ul-Bundi Road, Abbottabad, India. N.W.F.P. In CHINA—Messrs. Trevitt and Williams, Pekin; Mr. and Mrs. A. Kok, Miss Eliz. Martha Biggs, Miss Cornelia E. Scharten, care of A. Kok, Likiang, China, via Rangoon and Bhamo; Miss Monica S. Röniger, Miss Fanny E. Jenner, Miss Ethel Cook, Miss Ieda de Vries, Miss Maggie Millie, Miss Lizzie Millie, c/o Pastor McLean, Yunnan Fu, West China. JAPAN—Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Taylor, 18 Minami Yamate, Nagasaki. Also holding P.M.U. Certificates: John Beruldsen, and Christina Beruldsen (now Mrs. Gulbrandsen), at Lungmen-hsein, *via* Pekin, N. China. AFRICA—Brother F. D. Johnstone, c/o Kongo Inland Mission. 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.

Great Britain is passing through the strange experience of being at War. Soldiers are everywhere, and great crowds of the men are continually offering themselves for active service. The one national determination is to carry it through. The Missionary cause may suffer through the drain upon our resources and through the increase of expenditure. We ask the readers of "Confidence" to remember the missionaries. Perhaps we may hope that our friends in U.S.A., not being involved in this great war, will also help our P.M.U. friends at this time.

* * *

Our Brother F. D. Johnstone is well on his way by this time to Djoko Punda, on one of the great tributaries of the Kongo River. He writes:—

I left Antwerp for Matadi by the S.S. "Elizabethville," and was soon out on the deep blue waters of the English Channel. Mr. Anderson, my colleague and myself had not been long on board before we came in contact with seven more missionaries, most of whom were returning to Kongo for the third and fourth time. Each morning since then we have had family prayers, and have had very blessed times together, and the presence of the Lord has been very real.

I had a good opportunity of bringing before two of the party, a doctor and his wife, the blessings of Pentecost and the need of being filled with the blessed Holy Ghost, for which I praise Him, and pray that soon they may be rejoicing in the fulness of this blessing. As there was a great number of French-speaking negroes on board among the crew, I was able to distribute about 20 gospels, which they received heartily. Kindly pray that God will bless the seed sown for His own glory. We have had a very peaceful and pleasant voyage, and am pleased to say quite well and happy in Him.

Our first calling place was Dakar, where we stayed for coal. About 50 or 60 negroes came on board to get it in, and here again I had the privilege of giving little gospel booklets to the Mohammedans, who began to read them very intently. Oh! how my heart longed to be able to speak to them of the Saviour's love, in dying for them as well as us. Our next calling place was Conakry, where most of us went ashore. It was very amusing to see the different native houses and the children playing about with nothing on but what nature had provided them with. The men followed us about like bees and seemed very interested in us, although there were several white men there who hold government offices, and traders.

I am now preparing for another 1,000 miles interior, and would specially ask your prayers as we go to Djoko Punda, our mission station. God alone is able to carry us through the many difficulties that beset our path, but we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us, Hallelujah! The battle is not ours, but His. Loving greetings to all the saints,

Yours in His love and service for Africa,
F. D. JOHNSTONE.

Board,
(Mouth of the Kongo)
July 13th, 1914.

* * *

Miss Alma E. Doering, who so effectively advocates the cause of the Kongo Inland Mission (to which Bro. Johnstone is attached), gives as her address for this Autumn—care of Rev. John Ongman, Orebro, Sweden. She may visit England before sailing for the Kongo in the Spring. Piteously urgent appeals come from Mr. and Mrs. Haigh at Djoko, Punda, for help. Mrs. L. A. Walshaw, Bell Grove, Rothwell Road, Halifax, Yorkshire, will supply copies of their letters and give details as to their great needs of workers and friends, also a boat and a saw-mill.

JAPAN.

"The strife is o'er, the battle done;
The victory of life is won,
The song of triumph has begun.
Alleluia!"

DEAR ONES IN THE BELOVED,

"Who is altogether lovely,"

the Father's Delight, the Joy of Heaven, the Light of the world, the Prince of Peace, our Redeemer, Friend, and Bridegroom, "Worthy is the Lamb, Who was slain to receive" . . . all, yes, nothing less than the Kingdom. How glad all Heaven must have been that day, when our Lord returned from the conflict victorious, the Overcomer over the world, the flesh and the Devil, Hell and the grave robbed of its prey! Hallelujah! The "Breaker" has gone up before them, from the lowest depths of Hell to the highest heights of glory. All hail! Thou blessed Son of God, the Resurrection and the Life, Life bursts all bonds; it must come forth. Even the law of gravitation cannot hold; and the Holy One of God must ascend back to His rightful place. How the angels welcome and fly to meet Him! They must have formed a wonderful bodyguard all the way to the Throne, to the rage of principalities, powers, wicked spirits in heavenly places. "But peace was made," and could not be broken. The rest and satisfaction in the heart of the Beloved, knowing He had finished the work the Father had given Him to do; and with what joy and delight the Father could say, "Sit here until I make Thine enemies Thy footstool." "Ask of Me and I will give Thee the heathen for Thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for Thy possession." And now the joy in our hearts because of Pentecost! The precious Holy Ghost has come to make all this real to us, and to make us know that we are one with our Lord on the Throne—His victory mine, risen and seated together with Christ in heavenly places. This is, indeed, joy unspeakable and full of glory, and to be at the uttermost parts of the earth to get His possession. Japan for Christ. It is just wonderful, and "He only does wondrous things." Praise Him for all we have seen of His working. Since our return the dear Lord has begun with the children.

One Sunday, as I sat on the hillside with my little boy and girl, Hudson and Esther, several little ones gathered round to examine the "strange foreigners," our clothes and faces so different. Where had we come from? What joy to be able to sing our beautiful hymns of Zion to them. We invited them to the house, but only four very timid little girls ventured in. Gradually the numbers increased to about 70 and 80. Now we have an Enquirers' Class on Monday evenings, where several have been definitely saved. Glory to His Name!

In the next village, we have quite a large Sunday School on the hills beside a large well, in the midst of a number of wooden cabins, occupied by a very poor class—the coal heavers who load the ships with coal when in port. They are very poor, uneducated, and have a hard life, but we have great joy in going to them, and "the poor have the Gospel preached." Two villages further along the coast, we found a slave girl settlement; also, the confirmation of the verse God gave me in England for this work: "Behold, I have set before thee an open door." We have been able to give

out tracts to all the girls, and have personal talks to quite a number, without being stopped or hindered. We are not yet able to state any definite conversions among them, but believe God is working, and we will go just as the Holy Spirit guides. We have to be so careful and go in much prayer. Beloved, I cannot write just how one feels in this matter, nor what it is to see the awful sight of a company of precious girls, in chains more cruel than iron or steel, dressed in gorgeous kimonos, painted and powdered, with elaborate hair, and a smile that seems such a mockery. What is underneath all this? A broken heart, a wrecked life, a ruined soul and body. Listen to the remark of one, as it falls on our ears: "*Often weep and cry in the night, I have so much sorrow.*"

Beloved, let that cry enter your heart; it has entered His, and He has said, "I know their sorrows. I have seen their tears and have heard their cry, and am come down to deliver them." He is the same God who answered by fire in that "burning bush" through His chosen vessel Moses. Pray that we shall be faithful, and if God is calling you, He will answer by fire: "Ye shall be baptised in the Holy Ghost and Fire. Then ye shall be witnesses unto Me in Jerusalem, Judea, Samaria, and the uttermost parts of the earth." Pray until you hear of some of those dear slaves been saved and filled with the Holy Ghost.

Another settlement is across the bay. We have only been able to go there once, but look for His dear hand to guide. Have walked to other villages past the slave settlement on this side of the coast, giving out tracts by the way, sowing the precious seed to spring up, I trust, bearing much golden grain. The farthest village we have been able to reach was a time never to be forgotten. The whole village turned out, and we had the biggest open-air meeting we have ever had here. How the poor people drank in the good news! They are mostly fishermen who live there, and their lives are very dark indeed. It was the first time the Gospel had been preached there. I was so glad we had some extra help that day, three of the young men students from the Methodist School going with us. All took part. It was the first time they had spoken in an open-air meeting.

Please pray for these three chosen vessels. They come to the house for prayer, and the Holy Ghost has come to His own temple. Glory to Jesus! I trust to be able to send their own testimony later, also our dear Bible woman (Mrs. Niki), the wife of a Governor of a Naval Prison. Mr. Niki has kindly consented to his dear wife helping me in the work, and he longs to be with us also. Pray that the way may be opened. He is very hungry for all God "has for him." Pray that the Lord will send forth more labourers. The harvest is great, and must be reaped.

The dear Lord graciously baptised Mrs. Niki a few weeks ago, healed her body, and enables her to walk miles in the country, and speak for a considerable time in the different meetings. Praise to our dear Lord for all He is to us! "The very same Jesus, the wonder-working Jesus."

Just below our house, in the one street that possesses shops in this part of the town, there is a large yard where women are employed making boxes for goods. During the meal hour (midday) we have a meeting sometimes. A poor woman was passing, and was so arrested by the hymn we were singing—"Tell it to Jesus"—that she enquired where we lived, came for prayer, and

was saved and healed. I don't know just the disease, but something wrong with the blood, and could not work. Face swollen, hands blue, and much pain in the right limb. When the Lord touched her body, she fairly danced round the room, singing "Alleluia! Kami Sama (God) did it, Arigate (thank you) Kami Sama." It reminded us of the lame man leaping at the gate, we were all filled with joy and praise. To-day this dear one has been weeding our garden. She has a poor mother who has never been out for three years. We have visited her, and she professed to come to Jesus. May this poor old woman be filled with the Holy Ghost and be delivered from rheumatism.

There is an Exhibition in Nagasaki at present, and, as many people visit it, we have a splendid opportunity to give out tracts and hold meetings. We found a nice corner of spare ground, seemed just "left on purpose" for us, and a heap of straw and stones made a very nice pulpit so we little folks could see over the heads of the crowd. Much liberty was given to the dear students, and the weaker vessels felt much of His power. A man in the crowd was deeply convicted, came to the house, got definitely saved, and has gone back to his native town of Laga with a bundle of tracts. Thus the dear Lord is sending the Light to the dark places of the earth.

What a privilege to be a light bearer, "And the Light is shining more and more unto the perfect day" when the clouds will open once more and "Our glorious Lord will descend with a shout, with the voice of the Archangel and the triumph of God, and the dead in Christ shall rise first, then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air, and so we shall ever be with the Lord," wherefore comfort one another with these words."

Love to all the saints,

MARY TAYLOR.

18 Minami Yamate,
Nagasaki, Japan,
April 21st, 1914.

CHINA.

News from Bro. Kok at Likang-Fu.

IN CHRIST BELOVED FRIENDS,

The hot-water springs along the "White-water Stream," two days North of Likang, is an attractive spot for the tribes-people all over the mountain districts. Those living in the city and on the plains do seldom go there. They do not wish to unite themselves with these rough, hemp-cloth dressed mountaineers. Chinese civilisation has put its odd stamp on them, and the former child of the mountains despises now the humble huts where his ancestors dwelt in ancient days, even lying in your face that he cannot understand their talk.

Deep in their hearts the most kind and humble mountain-children hate these their elder brethren, who, proud on a better education, turn their backs to their flesh and blood, who have missed former opportunities. God, however, has looked down upon the humble, and the sun of their opportunities is rising; many of the last will be

the first.

Nature is just beautiful over there. To the right the long chain of snow-mountains, towering in 20,000 feet high peaks; to the left the steep gorges of the Golden Sand River, and deep down in front, the pure crystal line of the "White-water Stream," quickly running down from the glaciers and winding its way through an enormous cut in the mountains. After a short course of thirty miles, during which the water falls 12,000 feet, it pays tribute to the Yangtze.

In this remote corner along the mountain side, far distant from city and plain, or high-road even, gather these children of nature once a year. Chinese do not visit these parts, and foreigners—never seen, never been, often never heard of. When the third moon begins to lighten up the evenings, they do what their ancestors did generations before them. Mules are packed and off they go for a two, three, and often four days' journey to the springs, where they fix up their booths or pitch their tents.

There they dwell for a number of days, enjoying their bath in the early morning or dark evening, taking good meals during day-time, dancing in the bright moonlight, and finishing up their holidays with drinking always and fighting a bloody fight not seldom.

And does not the evil of immorality throw a black shade on such days? It irresistibly demands its victims: poor young girls, big children yet, cut off from life by deadening poison, taken by their own hand.

* * *

Old Mr. Ho and I decided to go there. Thankful as I was for such a companion, I could not suppress my fears that the journey would do him harm. The old brother is nearly 76 years of age. My son Paulus calls him "Grandfather"; in fact, we do the same. He is a well-to-do Na-hsi farmer, and on little trips he likes to go with me as a voluntary worker. We all like to see the old man strolling in, bringing some flowers and spending some hours with us. He feels quite at home, and has become a dear brother and a good friend. For a whole year we only missed him once in the Sunday services. He loves the Lord Jesus. A dream, in which the Lord appeared to him, exhorting him to serve him wholly, was as remarkable as impressive to him, and was used to make a clear decision for Christ.

No, he was not afraid to go: the Lord was everywhere to protect him. And was it not for His business? For seventy years he had, as a good Lamaist, served idols. In his old age the Light had come; this Light shining on his path, he had no fear.

So we went. He rode one of his own mules, his bedding on top of it, and I rode mine—a present from my Dutch friends. Mine was the task to act as guide, having travelled the road before. You really want the brains of a mountaineer in order to remember roads here, and also their eye to be able to distinguish a road between the rocks. Of course, we soon were lost, and came in much later than was anticipated.

No inns here. If the mountain-people do not welcome you in their poor dwellings, you have simply to sleep out in the forests. Just a year ago I slept in the same house, on the same dirty

(China—News from Bro. Kok—continued.)

mud-floor, alongside the same smoky fire. Yes, the good man remembered me. Then, his only two neighbours refused to have the stranger under their roof; after some talk, *he*, however, showed mercy, and I gladly shared the one room with twelve others. Now he knows the object of the stranger a little better.

We had now an open door, an open food cupboard, and praise the Lord, an open heart for the Gospel.

Next morning, Mr. Ho told me there had been a heavy rainfall during the night. The roof, consisting of rough boards, being kept in their place by big stones on top of them, is at any rate better than no roof at all, but very soon the rain had been leaking through everywhere. They all had been keeping dry and warm around the fire, and he had been very anxious lest both the rain and their talk should have kept me out of my sleep. Good old father, more to care about my night's rest than about his own sleepless night after a journey. He really pities me, because my home is so far away. "Has he not separated from his relatives now for over four years." He thinks, and should he—the old man—not take the place of a father in little things? Yes, a bowl of buttered tea was waiting for me and the mules were already fed.

* * *

Up mountain is all right as long as one is able to ride mule. In the afternoon, however, we had to descend about 3,000 feet, walking becoming sliding and jumping along the endless serpentine road, winding down into the bedding of the foaming stream. Here we were much delayed by losing our road twice much to my regret, because of the old man's sake. Having finished our downward road, a footpath cut out along the mountain slope was before us. High, steep rocks on the right, a yawning abyss of a few thousand feet on the left. How thankful is one to pass washed-away parts safely by pressing one's feet step for step into the ground, taking hold of the rocks or a branch on one's right. On such occasions I wished old Mr. Ho quietly on his farm and myself comfortably in a railway carriage.

He found reason in it to testify during the next days of God's strengthening grace to him. Over and over I heard him telling the people "What I was not able to do for twenty years, I did now, with God's help."

We found one tent had already been put up by Mr. Lü, who had gone a few days before. He gave us a hearty welcome and a good meal. Early on the next morning he left to be at home for the Sunday meetings.

* * *

Our arrival had caused quite a stir amongst these simple folks. I doubt if two of the whole lot (the chiefs included) had ever seen another foreigner before. The aboriginal chief of La-bao, with whom I stayed twice, and who visited us often in our home, put their hearts at rest with a few words. During our stay he was more in our tent than anyone else, eager to be taught the things concerning God. One by one the people slipped in carefully, and the tent was soon filled. All my doings were carefully studied; being dressed like their teachers, sleeping on the same ground and eating the same food as they do, it

does not take them long to find out that there is really not so much difference, and nothing at all to be afraid of. One thing they thought was very curious, and made them laugh aloud: *he is washing his teeth!*

Very soon we were the best of friends. I visited them in their booths and talked with them around their smoking fires. They came and sat down, admired such wondrous things as a pocket-knife, a compass, a candle and a tooth-brush, and left again, having heard, of course, of the Wondrous Saviour. We were kept busy all the day long. Even before breakfast they wanted to hear some doctrine. During the daytime we had meetings at regular times, an old lama-gong being in use to call the people together. Then the tent was filled with men and women, sitting on the ground or barring the entrance. We sounded the blessed Gospel of a full salvation for the whole man, until we were tired. How were these people interested in the old, old story, yet so new to them! After the meetings, Mr. Ho was not much left alone. Returning from a visit to some booths, I often found the old patriarch surrounded by a lot of these rough fellows, teaching them in His own calm and worthy way about God and His Christ. Old age is much respected here, and his words were the more acceptable because of this.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

List of Contributions received during August, 1914.

	£	s.	d.
Receipt No. 926	1	0	0
All Saints', Sunderland, Ladies' Bible Class	9	0	0
Bedford Assembly	0	12	3
"J.R." (per Mr. Mundell)	2	0	0
Receipt No. 930	2	0	0
" 931 (towards support of Missionaries in Likiang)	0	10	0
Receipt No. 932 (for Mr. Kok and Sisters Biggs and Scharfen)	2	1	1
Receipt No. 933	0	5	0
" 934	0	10	0
" 935	0	3	0
" 936 (for Bros. Trevitt and Williams)	2	2	0
Kilsyth Assembly	4	15	0
Anon. (towards Mr. Taylor's work)	0	13	0
Bracknell Assembly	17	17	2
Receipt No. 941	56	0	0
" 942	0	15	0
" 943 (towards support of Bros. Trevitt and Williams)	1	0	0
	£101	3	6

As many friends desire their contributions to be anonymous, the receipt number alone is given.

W. H. SANDWITH.
Hon. Treasurer (P.M.U.),
Oswaldkirk, Bracknell, Berks.

We shall be very thankful during this terrible War to receive help for our Missionaries from dear brethren in U.S.A. In Great Britain supplies will be reduced we fear, as there will be much poverty, and friends will not be able to give. Our needs each month are about £160 (say about nine hundred dollars).—A.A.B.

Printed by R. W. Williams, Sunderland.
Published by Samuel E. Roberts, Zion House, 5a Paternoster Row, London, E.C.