

SEPTEMBER, 1915.

VOL. VIII. NO. 9.

"CONFIDENCE"

EDITED BY

ALEX. A. BODDY,

ALL SAINTS' VICARAGE, SUNDERLAND, ENGLAND.



A COMRADE IN WHITE.

"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.

90th ISSUE.

ONE PENNY.

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"CONFIDENCE."

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ALL SAINTS', SUNDERLAND.

September, 1915.

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 Comrade in White."*

[This poem is based upon a prose narrative which first appeared in "Life and Work," the organ of the Church of Scotland. The article has since been reprinted in "Public Opinion." The writer relates his remarkable experiences with unmistakable sincerity and the story is full of mystical interest.]

Yes! Many a man has seen him, and I have seen him too,
Tho' first of all I gave no heed to that strange tale which flew
Along our far entrenched lines—of how a man in white
Comes succouring the wounded where fierce has been the fight.

Men talk about him everywhere—At Nancy, at Ypres,
At Soissons, in the Argonne, he has been seen they say;
"Comrade in White" by Frenchmen named, he ever comes and goes,
Bending in love o'er shattered forms to ease them of their woes.

And nought has power to harm him—The sniper shoots in vain,
The shrapnel shrieks around him in bursts of fiery rain;
The greatest of all Heroes he—or—something greater still—
About his saving work he goes, and heals with sovereign skill.

I heard the tale but heeded not until there dawned a day
When orders came to storm a trench two hundred yards away:
Our big guns thundered until noon—we fixed our bayonets then,
And from our trenches made a dash like valiant Englishmen.

'Twas then that I was wounded—shot through both legs I fell,
All helpless, faint, and bleeding, where we had fought so well;
Slow passed the hours with anguish filled, until at last, the night
Fell like a funeral pall and hid the horrors of the fight.

Then, suddenly, I heard a step, and by my side He stood,
I knew at once that to my aid had come the "Comrade Good";
Clad all in white was He—just as I'd heard the soldiers say,
He paused—and oh, how glad I was that He had come my way!

The Germans saw His white robes gleam, their rifles rang again,
But staunchly stood my Comrade who had come to ease my pain;
He flung His arms out like a cross to shield me from the foe,
Then lifted me like any child, and I was fain to go.

* From the "Surrey Comet," June 26th, 1915.

("The Comrade in White"—continued.)

He bore me to a little cave beside a running
brook,
And as He washed and bound my wounds how
loving was His look!
My pain was great—but happier I ne'er had felt
before,
It seemed as if my very soul was cleansed for
evermore.

I slept, and when I woke again my Comrade was
still there,
Looking towards the streamlet, and His hands
were clasped in prayer;
And then it was I noticed that those hands were
drenched with blood!
My heart was pierced with bitterness as suffering
there He stood.

The heavy drops welled from His wounds, and
then I faintly cried
"O Comrade, you are wounded too!"—and gently
He replied
"These are old wounds, beloved, but they've
troubled me of late!"
Ah! How I longed to succour Him—His love to
compensate.

And then I noticed cruel marks upon my Com-
rade's feet,
I knew Him now!—And my whole soul went
forth my Lord to greet;
THE LIVING CHRIST!—'twas surely He—The
Saviour kind and true,
Who'd come to bind and heal my wounds and
shape my life anew!

How blind I'd been, how careless in the fever of
my youth,
How humbled in my heart I felt now that I knew
the truth!
I longed to speak—to thank Him—the words
refused to come,
But grateful love lit up mine eyes although my
lips were dumb.
"Lie here to-day," my Comrade said, "beside the
streamlet clear,
To-morrow I will come again, no danger need ye
fear,
I have much work for you to do when you have
stronger grown!"
And with these words He swiftly passed and left
me there alone.

* * *

"Comrade in White"—I wait for Thee Thy
promise to fulfil,
To-morrow Thou wilt come for me, and I, to do
Thy will
Am ready now and evermore—For—though by
foes beset
The memory of Thy Saving Grace I never can
forget.
Tho' pierced and wounded by Man's sin, in feet,
and hands, and side,
Thou shrinkest not from fiercest fight but dost
with men abide;
And o'er Life's blood-soaked battle-fields Thou
dost in mercy bend,
Our wondrous white-robed Comrade—Our
Saviour and our Friend!

W. GREGORY HARRIS.

A writer (Agnes Giberne) says: "Now let me tell you something about the *figure in white* which has been seen on the battlefield. On the evening of August 21st I heard an incident related by a certain person. This person said that the Lord had laid it upon her heart to pray for the soldiers in the trenches and on the battlefield, that the Lord would come Himself to our soldiers and reveal Himself to them. She did so, and shortly afterwards she heard the story about the figure in white walking about the battlefield, which story was related by Rev. Dr. Horton, who said: 'One of our men who had heard the story again and again, and had put it down to hysterical excitement, had an experience. His division had advanced, and was not adequately protected by artillery. It was cut to pieces, and he himself fell. He tried to hide in a hollow of the ground, and as he lay helpless, not daring to lift his head under the hail of fire, he saw One in white coming to him. The bullets were flying all around. The white-robed One came near and bent over him. The man lost consciousness for a moment, and when he came round he seemed to be out of danger. The white-robed One still stood by him, and the man, looking at his hand, said: 'You are wounded in your hand' (there was a wound in the palm). He answered, 'Yes, that is an old wound that has opened again lately.'"

The above appeared in a recent issue in the "Church Times." Bro. A. Blackburn kindly called our attention to it.

Visions at War Time.

A letter from Dr. Horton to the "Times."

Sir,—The remarks of your correspondents about the awakening of spiritual powers and perceptions at the front make me think that some of your readers might be interested in a letter which came to me this past week from one of my young men, who has been "under shell fire for three months practically without intermission, sometimes terrifyingly rapid, sometimes only one or two a day, but always in range, which means—any minute." He describes the extraordinary effect of this

experience in eliciting the faith in Christ which in the vast majority of Englishmen is latent, and in producing such faith where it has not existed. "As

A STRETCHER-BEARER,"

he says, "I see enough, and hear enough, to make the heart cry out to God for strength to endure. It requires all one's faith, and throws one back *absolutely* on one's God, to live through the continual apprehension of what the next shell may compel one to witness." I had asked him and others if they had seen the "White Comrade" of whom we have heard much in the French lines, "No," he says, "I

have not seen

THE COMPANION IN WHITE, but I believe in Him. Nothing is impossible here, for the unseen becomes seen in times like this." Then he closes with words which are very striking as the conclusion of the foregoing:—"Yet out of this time of *trial* I can already see coming a time of *triumph*, a fuller, deeper peace of soul, and a sweeter, more intimate consciousness of the love of Christ." This is only one among the hundreds of thousands of our young men at the war. It is reasonable to hope, and it is inevitable to pray that out of such experiences, deep and genuine, may issue a spiritual life which will mean much for our country as well as for the world. There is a kind of ploughing and harrowing which makes the soil more productive; and some such fruit-producing operation, in our armies and on our ships, and, one may believe, on those of us who are kept at home, is preparing through the agony of war the Peace and expansion of the future. *Sursum corda* is the exclamation which breaks from the lips in reading a letter like the one from which I quote.

Yours faithfully,

ROBERT F. HORTON.

Chesils, Hampstead.

* * *

I quote that letter for this reason:—"Abide ye here," said Jesus, "Watch with me," and He is asking you and me to do nothing more than He Himself is doing at "the front." Where no human aid can reach, in those awful places, where men go *alone* to view unspeakably tragic sights, Jesus Himself will go. If thus He does *His* part *there*, will you not help and please Him by doing your part here?

The Vision at Mons.*

(Reprinted from the "Sunderland Echo," August 16th, 1915, with additions.

Our Gracious Queen Mary expresses great interest in the incidents referred to in this article. The Editor received Her Majesty's sincere thanks for sending her the account of his investigation. A letter

*The Editor of "Confidence" does not print a well-known version of the "Mons Angels" here, because one whose name (M.) appeared as verifying it has since written to the "Church of Ireland Gazette" to say it was a mistake to use her name at all, as neither she nor her friends knew or met the officers who are there said to have seen the angels at Mons. Nor does he quote the statement of Private Cleaver, who did not go to the front until a later date.

from Windsor Castle (Sept. 3rd), closes with the words, "The Queen has read your sketch with much interest."

* * *

At the Detention Hospital (All Saints' Parish Hall), Fulwell Road, on a recent Sunday after his church service, the Rev. A. A. Boddy held an open-air meeting, assisted by members of his congregation. Sick soldiers able to sit or stand took part in the service, which also attracted a large number of those passing by.

The speaker said that during the two months that he had been attached to the British Expeditionary Force (being authorised by Headquarters as a worker among the troops) he had had opportunities of investigating the story of the vision at Mons. The evidence, though not always direct, was remarkably cumulative, and came along channels which bore a stamp of veracity. Supernatural angel forms had, he believed, been seen. There may have been more than one vision, or the vision may have contained more than one incident, or again, from different points of view, may be described differently. He was reminded of one of the prophecies that towards a great earth's crisis which many believed to be impending "great signs shall there be from Heaven" (Luke xxi., 11). Peter on the day of Pentecost (Acts ii., 17-19) quotes Joel's prophecy which speaks of the time when "Your young men shall see *Visions*," and that among the events which should precede "the great and notable day of the Lord" was the following: The Lord says, "*I will show wonders in heaven above, and signs in the earth beneath; blood, and fire, and vapour of smoke.*"

SHAPES IN THE SKY.

Several newspapers had derided the angel vision, but one leading paper had suddenly come round to accept the honest story of a Corporal in one of our hospitals. It was on or about August 28th, a hot night, between eight and nine, that he saw in the sky something which had startled his officer and others. Three shapes, one in the centre having what looked like outspread wings, "I shall never forget as long as I live," he said. Only five men in my battalion are now alive. I lie awake in bed and picture it. These forms seemed above the German line facing him.

(The Vision at Mons—continued.)

The "Daily Mail" of Aug. 13th says:—Lance-Corporal —, who is forbidden to give his name and is at present in hospital waiting to undergo an operation, told a "Daily Mail" representative yesterday the following with regard to the Angels of Mons.

"I was with my battalion in the retreat from Mons on or about August 28th. The German cavalry were expected to make a charge, and we were waiting to fire and scatter them so as to enable the French cavalry which were on our right to make a dash forward. However, the German aeroplanes discovered our position, and we remained where we were.

"The weather was very hot and clear, and between eight and nine o'clock in the evening I was standing with a party of nine other men on duty, and some distance on either side there were parties of ten on guard. Immediately behind us half of my battalion was on the edge of a wood resting. An officer suddenly came up to us in a state of great anxiety and asked us if we had seen anything startling. He hurried away from my ten to the next party of ten. When he had got out of sight, I, who was the non-commissioned officer in charge, ordered two men to go forward out of the way of the trees in order to find out what the officer meant. The two men returned reporting that they could see no sign of any Germans. At that time we thought that the officer must be expecting a surprise attack.

A STRANGE LIGHT.

"Immediately afterwards the officer came back, and taking me and some others a few yards away showed us the sky. I could see quite plainly in mid-air a strange light which seemed to be quite distinctly outlined and was not a reflection of the moon, nor were there any clouds in the neighbourhood. The light became brighter and I could see quite distinctly three shapes, one in the centre having what looked like outspread wings. The other two were not so large, but were quite plainly distinct from the centre one. They appeared to have a long, loose, hanging garment of a golden tint, and they were about the German line facing us.

"We stood watching them for about three-quarters of an hour. All the men with me saw them, and other men came up from other groups, who also told us that they had seen the same thing. I am not a believer in such things, but I have not the slightest doubt that we really did see what I now tell you.

"WHEN WE WERE DOG-TIRED."

"I remember the day because it was a day of terrible anxiety for us. That morning the Munsters had a bad time on our right and so had the Scots Guards.

"We managed to get to the wood, and there we barricaded the roads and remained in the formation I have told you. Later on the Uhlans attacked us and we drove them back with heavy loss. It was after this engagement, when we were dog-tired, that the vision appeared to us.

"I shall never forget it as long as I live. I lie awake in bed and picture it all as I saw it that night. Of my battalion there are now only five men alive besides myself, and I have no hope of ever getting back to the front. I have a record of fifteen years' good service, and I should be very

sorry to make a fool of myself by telling a story merely to please anyone."

NURSE'S STATEMENT.

The circumstances under which this story reached the notice of "The Daily Mail" are important. Miss C. M. Wilson, the lady superintendent of the hospital at which the lance-corporal now is, was surprised on Friday last when in conversation he told her that he was going over again in his mind what happened during the great retreat.

"I have known him for some time in hospital, and he is not at all imaginative or highly strung. He is a decent, plain-speaking fellow, and a married man with a family. So satisfied am I of the value of his story to those who are discussing the vision of the Angels, that I wish his words to be made public just as they were uttered without the slightest idea that he was dealing with a topic which now excites newspaper discussion. I am certain that he never thought of making a statement to the newspapers, and I am personally convinced that the vision was actually seen by this man."

Mr. Boddy went on to give three items from his experiences in working among the troops in France. Some soldiers from the trenches were making tidy the graves of their comrades when he entered into conversation with them. One of the 3rd Canadians (whose name and number were given to the speaker) said that after the second battle of Ypres, when their battalion was retiring through the communication trenches towards their rest camp, they passed in the trenches a West Riding regiment, probably the 1st or 2nd Battalion. They had to stand for some time, and one of the West Riding men was telling those near him that he had seen on some occasion a very wonderful sight in the air. It seemed at first to be like a ball of fire. Then it took the form of an angel with outstretched wings, between the British first line and that of the enemy. "We were standing," continued the rev. speaker, "near the graves of some 1,700 to 1,800 of our departed heroes, and this Canadian soldier, who was recovering from wounds, said 'Why shouldn't these things happen to-day? I believe we are better now than in Old Testament times, when they often saw the angels. There's more reason for them appearing now.'"

SOMETHING SUPERNATURAL.

The speaker (A.A.B.) then said: "I will tell you of another soldier-friend of the 1st Battalion West Riding Regiment (I have his name and number). He was in the awful retreat from Mons, and what he told me happened, he believed, on the second day of the retreat. "We were hard pressed," he said, "and were making

for a ruined barn or something of that kind when I heard a comrade in the ranks speaking excitedly. I didn't know him, and I didn't hear all details, as we soon were separated. But this man couldn't get away from one thing—it was that he had seen in the sky something quite 'above nature,' something supernatural. His manner and tone and reiteration impressed my informant so much that he could never forget it. This private of the 1st West Ridings was one of the reduced remnant of the first British Expeditionary Force. He had been wounded, and was convalescent when I had this talk with him in one of the huts of a great camp in France. This is a little bit of confirmatory evidence, though indirect."

FURTHER CONFIRMATION.

He then went on to tell of a third opportunity he had had of receiving confirmation of the Mons vision. He knew his lady informant as one of undoubted integrity, a worker among our soldiers at an important base. She was a Scottish lady of very good position. The brother of a lady friend of hers had given up his home to convalescent soldiers, and in the brother's rest-home her friend (who spoke afterwards to her about it) heard from the lips of a survivor of the retreat from Mons this story: He saw at a critical moment an angel with outstretched wings—like a luminous cloud between the advancing Germans and themselves. The Germans could not advance to destroy them. This lady (her name and address were given by the Scottish friend to the speaker) was subsequently speaking of this incident in the presence of some officers, and was rather incredulous. A colonel looked up and said, "Young lady, the thing happened. You need not be incredulous, I saw it myself."

* * *

The Editor of "Confidence" has no doubt that angel forms are being seen on the Battlefield.

At such a time the spiritual eyes of many are opened to see what we are ordinarily quite blind to. (See the letter on page 165.)

Why is it so difficult to obtain first-hand evidence of the appearance of the angels at Mons? The reasons are at least two-fold:

1st—Military Reasons. Most men and officers shrink somewhat from allowing

their names, rank, etc., to appear in print in such a connection. (The Writer would be thankful to any soldier or officer who can bear first-hand testimony to the Vision if he would write a line to him.—Rev. A. A. Boddy, All Saints' Vicarage, Sunderland.)

2nd—Reasons of Reverence. Those who have had so awe-inspiring an experience often shrink from exposing their inmost feelings to the criticisms of an unbelieving public in a secular paper. But their evidence is needed just now.

* * *

FURTHER CONFIRMATION.

A Red Cross Nursing Sister writes:—

August 22nd, 1916.

To the Rev. A. A. Boddy.

Dear Sir,

Having read your letter in to-day's "Observer" I thought you might like to hear that several wounded soldiers, whom I have nursed recently in a Red Cross Hospital, told me that they had seen the angels at Mons.

One of them who had been out at the front from the very beginning of the War told me that he had seen three angels when he was on sentry duty, and that he had called his officer and several men of his company to the apparition, and they all saw it also. Another soldier who was in the same ward at that time said he had also seen them.

All the men who spoke of this matter to me were steady and reliable, and I never doubted their word for a moment.

I must ask you to treat this letter as strictly confidential, and I must beg you not to give my name or address to anyone desiring information.

Believe me,

*Yours sincerely,
(Sister) ———*

Miss Mary Elliott, writing from Surrey, says:—"One of my sisters when visiting some of the wounded soldiers at Eastbourne last June, was told by one of them that he saw the Vision *plainly*, and he will never forget it."

* * *

ANOTHER TESTIMONY.

The Editor of "Confidence" had for some time in his possession a letter written by a wounded soldier, then in a Glasgow Hospital. In it he says:—

(The Vision at Mons—continued.)

"We were lying at Ypres with the 'Camerons,' and one night I happened to hear one of the chaps talking of the retreat from Mons. He said that only for one thing the left wing of the British forces would have been smashed up. The wing in question was being pursued by German cavalry, and things were looking their blackest when a strange vision appeared in the form of a host of angels. He said that for a time no description of the scene was possible, as the Germans' horses, in a mass of confusion, were rushing hither and thither in their terror. Meanwhile the British officers took advantage of the situation and commenced at once making earthworks and breastworks, thus enabling them to hold the ground till reinforcements arrived." [This letter was written to Bro. A. Blackburn, 1, Ada Street, Keighley, Yorkshire, who will give the man's address, etc.]

DIRECT TESTIMONY FROM BLACKHEATH.

Mrs. Annie L. Daw writes:—

The following account I had first-hand from a wounded sergeant. I saw him at Hampstead in June resting on a bench, and I asked him if he had been at the Front, and give as nearly as I can his own words:—

"I was through the Boer and Egyptian wars and came through unhurt, but they had me this time. I was in France from August last year, where I lost a leg and had my right arm shattered" (it was bandaged and he was out-patient at a hospital). I asked him, Could he tell me anything of the vision I had heard of? "Yes, madam," he replied, "I saw it myself. We were all praying. No one out there would have thought of missing prayer night and morning. . . . When the Germans advanced it seemed to us as if the heavens opened, and in a blaze of light we saw hosts of angels. I saw some with trumpets to their lips. If you had been there you would have seen all our men gazing at the sky. We felt God had sent to help us." I said, "What of the Germans?" He replied, "We saw them shrink back, drop their rifles, fall on the ground, and cover their faces. I saw this with my own eyes. They could not advance, and we were saved."

The young man was well educated and was most certainly an earnest Christian. I only regret an interruption in our conversation prevented my getting his name and address.

A FLAMING SWORD.

Going on to a friend living near and telling her this story, she said: "My nephew (an officer), forty years old, was home on fifty-six hours' leave last week. Seeing him, I asked him how it was the Germans did not push through at Mons. He is a very reserved, silent man, and merely said, 'They could not, because of the flaming sword.'" She heard a nurse ask a wounded German officer the same question, and his reply was: "An angel with a flaming sword stood barring our way."

Mrs. Daw has since written to A.A.B. confirming this account. The conversation had, unfortunately, been interrupted by a woman who wished to ask the Sergeant about allowances. She regrets

greatly she did not get his name and regiment.

* * *

We have now referred to the following who saw angels during the retreat:—

1. The Corporal in hospital, verified by Nurse, Miss C. M. Wilson, as reported in the "Daily Mail," August 13th, 1915.

2. The statement of the Private of the West Riding Regiment (Ypres). Verified in France to A.A.B., by Private D. E. Giles (9217), of the 3rd Canadian Regiment.

3. Evidence given in France to A.A.B. by Pte. C. H. Owen (10704), 1st Batt., West Ridings, as to hearing of something supernatural in the sky (second day of retreat).

4. Evidence of Nursing Sister ———, written to A.A.B., as to three men in Red Cross Hospital. (Name and address not to be passed on.)

5. The statement of the Scottish lady Worker, made in France, to A.A.B. (name and address not to be passed on).

6. Evidence of Private G. Hamilton (2196), 9th Argyle and Sutherland, as to the story told by one of the Camerons (at Ypres).

7. Statement of Miss M. Elliott, Payne's Hill, Cranleigh, Surrey, as to soldier at Eastbourne. (Written to A.A.B.)

8. Evidence of Mrs. Annie L. Daw, 22, Wemyss Road, Blackheath, as to statement of a Sergeant.

* * *

Thus we have Evidence by a Colonel, a Sergeant, a Lance-Corporal, and at *least* eight Privates in various Regiments. We surely may believe in the face of so much testimony; even though it is not always direct, that something very wonderful was seen in that retreat from Mons. We believe that God's angels were indeed visible to some whose eyes were opened.

* * *

Elisha was once in great danger, and the Lord took away his servant's fear by letting him see the Unseen. Elisha was dear to his Master, and probably the angels were always round about him. "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about those that fear Him." All that was needed was the clarified vision. Elisha prayed: "Lord, open the eyes of this young man that he may see" (2 Kings vi., 15-18). He instantly had an encouraging Angel Vision. The angels at Mons were sent to encourage. With all our faults,

* From "The Record" (Sept. 2nd, 1915).

we believe God has not forsaken us, but will by such trials bring us through better and nobler. The angels were there, whether seen or not. But we believe they *were* seen by these witnesses and others.

* * *

THE WHITE HORSE.

In closing the report of a recent address, a newspaper report says:—

Mr. Boddy said that he had noticed a few days ago that Russian soldiers had recently seen a figure on a White Horse above their firing lines. Some said it was the spirit of General Skobelev, the hero of Plevna, who always rode a white horse on the battlefield; others, St. George or Michael the Archangel. The French soldiers say they have seen a figure on a White Horse travelling along their lines. They thought it was their Maiden Heroine, Joan of Arc. A writer recently told of English soldiers at the beginning of the war seeing a White Horse with a Figure upon it which they thought was St. George, who had come to fight for them.

The speaker referred his hearers to two passages in the Book of Revelations (Rev. vi., 1-8, and Rev. xix., 11-21) where the Figure on the White Horse came in connection with war, famine, death, but also of ultimate triumph of right over wrong. He believed it possible that they had all seen the Figure on the White Horse, but had not recognised what it really adumbrated. It was the Lord of Victory, present on the awful fields of battle, and suffering.

* * *

The Vicar, having given some of these incidents in his open-air address, closed by saying that the Divine Voice was speaking to men to-day as rarely before. God could use our National need or the terrors of the battlefield or the sorrows of the mourning ones, or even signs in the Heavens to bring men and women on to a truer spiritual plane. God was using even His angels to turn our thoughts heavenwards and to draw our hearts to Himself.

"No, Never Alone."

[An incident in this present War.—A.A.B.]

Many of us are familiar with the hymn—

I've seen the lightning flashing,
I've heard the thunder roll,
I've felt sin's breakers crashing
Over against my soul.
I've heard the voice of my Saviour
Telling me still to fight on,
For He promised He never would leave me,
Never, no, never alone.

and its chorus—

No, never alone!
No, never alone!
He promised He never would leave me,
Never would leave me alone.—(Repeat.)

I heard a story from the lips of the Leader of a great Bible Class in Sunderland (Coun. Wm. Walker, of the "Homely Hour," Ewesley Road). At a meeting in the country, at Small Heath (near Birmingham), a young man (a member of the class) was asked to sing a solo. Bro. Bates chose this hymn, and afterwards at a friend's house another young fellow who had heard it had spoken about it, and he taught him the chorus. After enlisting, and getting out into the firing line, the young soldier was on sentry duty one very dark night. Utter depression fell upon him, an horrible dread of impending danger being upon him and weighed him down. Any moment a German shot might finish him, and he was almost in terror. Then he prayed for help from on high, and there came the refrain of this chorus running through him—

No, never alone! No, never alone!
He promised He never would leave thee,
Never would leave thee alone.

The fear and gloom began to pass, and soon he was filled with joy and spiritual exaltation, which remained with him. When he came off guard he told his comrades, and they said: "Why, man, you have been converted!" He wrote home to the man who had sung the solo, asking him to send out to him the whole hymn, as he could only remember the chorus, and he was anxious to sing it and teach it to his comrades who had learnt the chorus, and wanted more. So he sent out to the firing line the verses. Some of them are helpful indeed.

Danger and death were impending,
Judgment seemed dreadfully near;
Conscience and self were contending,
Making me tremble with fear.
Justice seemed ready to slay me;
Jesus gave ear to my groan,
Pardoned and cleansed, and received me,
Never to leave me alone.

Satan was always assailing,
Tempting without and within;
Oft o'er my weakness prevailing,
Bringing me captive to sin.
Then I appealed to my Saviour,
Begged Him to rule on the throne;
Welcomed Him in to possess me,
Never to leave me alone.

With our Troops in France.

BY THE EDITOR.

(PASSED BY CENSOR AT THE PRESS BUREAU.)

The Rev. A. A. Boddy has had some opportunities recently of giving addresses on his varied experiences as a Worker among the troops in France. The following is taken from a report of such an address, supplemented by further additions.

* * *

He explained to his audience that it was a difficult matter nowadays to enter the "Zone of the Armies." He was grateful to those who permitted him to have some share in the religious

(Continued on page 172.)

"CONFIDENCE."

SEPTEMBER, 1915.

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Sunderland.

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"Hating One's Soul" (and "The Trinity in Man.")*

John xii., 25: "He that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto Life Eternal."

[The word life in the first part of the text would be better translated Soul. It is *psûche*. Another word (*soû*) is used for Life Eternal].

* * *

Let us think of one special scriptural meaning of the word "Soul." In the 5th chapter of Thessalonians, the 23rd verse, we have the words, "Spirit, Soul, and Body." St. Paul was an expert in Biblical psychology. He knew of what he was writing when he used these three words to describe our nature, "SPIRIT, SOUL, AND BODY," and he put them in the right order from God's point of view.

The Spirit is the nearest to God, the centre of our being, the place where our Will is, the place where the Regenerate Will must be. When we are Born of the Spirit it is no longer the old-born Spirit, but the new-born Spirit of God which has come to give us will-power to serve Him. The Spirit first. "Pneuma" (Spirit) is the old word for breath. God breathed into man. It was His own Spirit the Lord Jesus breathed; and the Apostles in-breathed that which He out-breathed when He said, "Take it in—receive ye Holy Spirit." The Spirit of regeneration.

The Spirit first. Then, secondly, the Soul of man. Until we have examined these things carefully in the light of God's Word, we may have thought of the Soul as being the highest of all. There is a right order in these things, and St. Paul gives us the right order—Spirit first, and then Soul. Soul *may* have a good meaning when a Soul is sanctified in a man born of the Spirit, but "Soul" may have a less good meaning, quite a meaning of a lower level, as when we talk about a "Soulish Christian," one who is led by his emotions and his passions.

The Lord says that the old soul is to be lost. There is to be a new soul. Christ says, "If any man will follow Me, let him take up his cross and follow Me."

We remember that the penitent thief took up the Cross. He followed behind the Lord Jesus along the sorrowful way and they came to Calvary, and he was nailed to his cross alongside Jesus. He was crucified-with-Christ. It was the best day's work in that man's life when he was nailed to the cross beside Jesus, for that night he was victorious over sin and over Hell and over Death, and he was in Paradise with his Lord. Jesus says, "If any man will come after Me, let him take up his cross and follow Me." The cross sounds as if it was a disagreeable thing, a thing to shrink from. Nay, rather, it is the way to victory, the way to joy, the way to glory now in this life, and the way to joy eternal hereafter. The taking up of this Cross is letting the old life go, deliberately putting it on the Cross of Jesus, who has nailed everything of the old life there for us, and taking from Him the new life. He pleads with man to renounce his own soul for His sake and the Gospels. For His sake. The Lord wants His people to have the victory over the forces of Hell, which come in an attractive form to persuade and to allure and to take people away from the best. But we are going to have the victory if we take up our cross daily and follow Christ. We are going to have, instead of the old soul which is dragged down by the unregenerate Body, a new Soul which is lifted up by the Spirit—the Holy Spirit—a new Soul which is noble and gets the victory over the fleshly things, over unholy things, over the tempting things of this life. We are not to love the world and live for the world, the lust of the

*Notes of a Sermon preached by the Editor. Taken by M.R.

eye and the pride of life; these things pass away, the world passeth away, but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever.

THE HUMAN TRINITY.

We are made up of three parts—a Trinity in man—Spirit, Soul, and Body—man in union with the Trinity. The body, too, is to be holy, a Temple of the blessed Holy Spirit, and it *can* be when it is possessed by a new Soul and a new Spirit.

The body has many enemies around it attacking with disease and attacking with temptations. The temptations will come with greater power to those who are on the Lord's side, for the Tempter does not trouble very much about those who are indifferent and careless. Yet if a man has Jesus Christ in his heart and the Holy Ghost in his body, the Father of Spirits will let no man pluck him out of His hands, and he is safe for evermore.

Listen, "He that taketh not his cross and followeth after Me, is not worthy of Me," and then the 39th verse, "He that findeth his soul shall lose it, but he that loseth his soul for My sake shall find it." If we cling to the earthly soul, which is the channel of the self-life, we shall live for this world. Possibly we may enjoy it to the full and forget God, and then awaken up in eternity and find that the soul has been lost, and we have made a very poor bargain.

The rich man said, "Soul, soul, thou hast much goods laid up." He had a good time. He talked thus to his soul, and then what happened? God took notice of his boasting; He said, "Thou fool, this night thy soul is required of thee," and then where were his goods? Friends, it is worth while to lose our souls for Jesus' sake, because then we are the rich ones through Eternity; we are, as it were, those who build the true, good barns; we bring glory to our Father, and we bring joy to others.

There is another verse, Matthew xvi., 24: "Then said Jesus unto His disciples, if any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow Me." It is not denying in the sense of giving up certain eatables or luxuries. It is not denying part of our nature, but denying the *dominion* of the old earthly nature. "Let him deny himself (disown the old self), and take up his cross, and

follow Me," and go joyfully until he comes to a place called Calvary, and there he can be crucified with Jesus, and so he will, even in this life, get into a Paradise.

"Whosoever will save his life (desire to save his soulish life, to keep his own old soul) shall lose it, and whosoever will lose his soulish life for My sake, shall find it." Let it go for Jesus' sake, let the old life go for His sake. "For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?—or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

It would be an awful thing to come to Eternity and find out that we have disappointed Jesus our Lord; perhaps just getting a salvation in some form or other, but losing the best, and having the sorrow through all Eternity of having missed the best, and having been a helpless, useless being through backsliding, and not helping others for Jesus' sake. We can only do our best for Him when we thus take up our cross daily.

In the strength of the New Life you can say: "I will not obey these temptations of Satan, now I have a new soul. Yes, Christ liveth in me. The temptations will come as before, and perhaps with new power, but now I have taken up my cross and the Lord is with me, and I am losing the old life for ever." So that when you mix up with wicked men and have temptations of all kinds, you always give up the old life for Jesus Christ's sake. Let Him give you the new life. "Whosoever will save his life (cling to his old life) shall lose it, and whosoever shall lose his soul (willingly let the old life go), for My sake and the Gospel's, shall save it" (by getting a New Soul-life). "For the Gospel's sake" (the good news). Because of the "good news" Jesus has come to make us the Victors, and that we may commend this glorious Gospel.

It is a wonderful thing this Trinity in our being. The Spirit, the seat of God-consciousness; the Soul, the vehicle of self-consciousness; and the Body, the vehicle of sense-consciousness. In Bunyan's story, "The Siege of the City of Man-Soul," there were five gates: Nose Gate, Mouth Gate, Eye Gate, Ear Gate, and Feel Gate—the senses—and there was the Enemy (Diabolus) battering at those gates. At last he got in through them and for a time he conquered and ruled the city. But Prince Emmanuel, the great

(*"Hating One's Soul"*—continued.)

General, came and defeated the foe, and HE went in through the gates and took possession. The enemy had to go outside. The citadel is the soul, the centre, and the Lord is in full possession. It is a wonderful thing that God has made us a Trinity. Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, have made us Spirit, Soul, and Body. The Lord Jesus is the Bishop and Shepherd of my *soul*. The blessed Holy Ghost has come to quicken my mortal *body*. The Father of Spirits has been looking after my *spirit* and has hold of it.

The Lord Jesus when He was on earth had all three. He had a body, born of the Virgin Mary, conceived miraculously; He had a soul. He said, "My soul is exceeding sorrowful even unto death." He had a spirit, and when the end came He said, "Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit." Let us even now commend our spirits into our Father's hands. I want Him to hold my spirit. We have heard a beautiful chorus sung, "He will hold me fast." Let us trust Him. While we trust Him, let us all the time be loyal to Him. "He that loveth his soul shall lose it." We must not cling to anything of the old soulish life, but every time let it go.

It is a good bargain to make to give up the old soul and get a new one from the Lord Jesus, who has got it ready for us.

"He that hateth his soul shall find it unto life eternal."

Westminster Central Hall (Lesser Hall).

The Westminster Central Hall almost adjoins Westminster Abbey, and so will be easily found.

An Evangelistic Mission will (D.V.) be held October 3rd to 17th inclusive. Missioners: John Leech, K.C. (Dublin), and Cecil Polhill (London). No meetings on Saturdays, 9th and 16th. From Monday to Friday inclusive, 3.30 p.m., prayer and address; 7.30. Evangelistic Service, Sundays, October 3rd, 10th, and 17th; on these Sundays there will be evening meetings only at 8.30 p.m. There will be special soloists, and also singers from Wales. All are affectionately invited to be present.

(*With our Troops in France*—continued from page 169.)

and social work connected with the British Expeditionary Force. It had been a remarkable experience indeed.

He referred with emotion to the touching sights as a long, long fleet of Red Cross ambulances came carefully along the road on their way to the hospital ship. Through the open back were seen four sets of feet often bandaged, sometimes a foot missing. The patient sufferers were carefully lifted out on their stretchers, and borne up the gangway by Red Cross orderlies. Their faces were pathetic, for some were in pain. Then they were lowered down into the vessel and placed in swinging cots. Then came one or two motor char-a-bancs filled with men with arms in slings or heads bandaged heavily. These were able to walk on board. The vessel was a complete hospital with its staff of commissioned doctors and Army nurses. The men grouped on deck were grateful as he supplied them with literature, and bought up the stock of a French woman who had chocolate and fruit for sale. There were a few Sunderland lads on board whose faces brightened up on seeing a friend.

Along the Northern Coast of France he visited many hospital camps and hospitals in permanent buildings. Fashionable French bathing places have their casinos and hotels commandeered for the wounded.

A SUNDERLAND MAN.

The speaker spoke of a visit one hot Sunday afternoon to a wounded soldier from Southwick. He was in a hospital in a coast resort. As he walked along the hills he could see far away the white cliffs of old England. A soldier said to him, "We like to look across, sir; so near and yet so far." He found Private Bell, of the D.L.I., who was glad to be ministered to by a friend from the "North Side." He sent his love and kind messages to his father at 20, Finsbury Street. Poor lad, he soon afterwards took a sudden turn for the worse, and his body was buried in a lonely cemetery, high up on the hill side, within sight of the Channel, where rows of white crosses tell of the many British lives ended there. It was a sad and touching talk which took place the other day at Finsbury Street, Southwick-on-Wear.

GOSPELS AND CHAPLAINS.

Mr. Boddy spoke of the eagerness of the men everywhere to receive the bright gospels of the Scripture Gift Mission or the Pocket Testament League. The French people are grateful for being remembered, and were profuse in thanks for illustrated French gospels. The speaker's address was chiefly on the religious influences and work among the troops. He explained the position of the chaplains. Church of England, Presbyterian, Free Church, Roman Catholic, and Jewish. They are all in the same uniform as other officers, and have rank as captain, major, lieutenant-colonel, etc., up to the chaplain-general. Many capable and devoted men are now at work. He described some parade services. One was with the Army Veterinary Corps among rows of huts and

wooden stables and pens of horses. He arrived early, and was invited by the pleasant sergeant-major to join him at breakfast. Soon the men in khaki were paraded. The sergeant-major's strident voice rang out, "Attention" or rather "Hup!" and the men pulled themselves together and were marched up the stairs into a grand-stand, for this was

A FRENCH RACECOURSE.

A piano was also marched up. Suddenly the seated men rose to attention again. "The 'colonel' has come." On his horse, followed by his orderly, rode in Lieut.-Colonel Hunt, the disciplined, tall, grey-haired chaplain. Soon the well-known hymns were ringing out. The chaplain read the service. An Army Scripture Reader read the lesson. "My friend Mr. Boddy will speak to us this morning," and he had a delightful and eager congregation. One could speak very plainly, as brother to brother, as to the temptations around and the victory to be won in their own lives so that when they came home there would be nothing to regret.

* * *

It is always stirring to face these ranks of eager faces, and to give the message heart to heart, as the Spirit gives utterance. It was a bright July morning, the service was at 8:45, and all was ended by 9:30, the men trooping off to their duties among the horses, and, I trust, to talk over and think over some things they had heard.

Wounded horses from the front and sick horses all find their way here. A great work is done for the Army.

AMONG THE HORSES.

My next experience was on the far side of the great camp, where I found the workers of the Y.M.C.A. in a devotional service. The afternoon was spent in writing letters of help and sympathy. As the evening advanced I journeyed out to the camp again to find friends from Sunderland in the A.S.C. In the Y.M.C.A. Hut for the Cavalry the evening service was going on, and a fine string band was accompanying the hymns. At last I found Pte. Moir and his Sunderland pals, and we had a good time of talk beside their tents, ending with prayer for them and their dear ones. They are often going up towards the fighting line with their horses. They are proud of their camp now, and showed me "whalers" and mules and the lines of horses, and the sand bath where the mules roll and squeal. Men were glad to get gospels and my copies of "Tipperary." So they set me on my way to the end of their bounds, and with hearty hand-grips I left them and tramped down the lanes. It was a beauti-

ful night, and the lights of a Red Cross Hospital Ship were reflected blue and red in the water, the red electric light Cross of the Blood of the Everlasting Covenant. If God can possibly save men, I'm sure He will.

On another occasion he was present at a Church Parade, which he described in these words: It was a Church Parade of some of the 6th Cheshires, a battalion which has done brave work at the front. They were enlisted from a part of Cheshire in which I lived for some years. I saw a good deal of these young fellows. A sergeant pointed out to me one of them when they were resting by the roadside. "See that young fellow, sir. He had a chum, and they were never parted. The other night, in the fire-trenches, this chum dropped dead beside him, a bullet through his head. Yon chap cried over him all night, and we could scarce get him away from his body." Now about the Church Parade when I was present.



A SCENE IN FRANCE.

This is what I wrote:—

A PARADE SERMON.

Major Kennedy, C.F., a tall, grey-haired, erect, soldierly man, gave them a downright good address on "The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord." About 100 men were formed up three sides of a square. A piano was in the centre. They all had the "Soldiers' Service Book" we have used at All Saints', and joined heartily in the service. He told them that he had a Bible Class each Friday night, and invited them to come. Chaplain Kennedy gave a very straight talk on sin. Men look at sin in two lights. 1st, before committing it, and 2nd, after it is over. A man going on the "spree" in a French town thinks he is going to have a good time, but afterwards when he is doing time in the military prison for drunkenness or crime, it looks quite different. The breaking even of human laws means at times a death penalty. But what about the breaking of God's law! God never forgets. We have

(With our Troops in France—continued.)

all to appear before the judgment seat of Christ. A man is making his Hell by his life here. Shutting himself off from God's presence for ever.

But the gift of God is eternal life. Major Kennedy gave us a yarn a sailor had told. When he had been yachting off Plymouth, his friend noticed a boat put out from a Man-o'-War with leave men. They pulled up a lug-sail, but as they cleared the lee of the ship, a gust capsized them and all were in the water. They put off a boat and so did the Man-o'-War. They picked up a man (some were lost), and when he recovered consciousness, he began to feel in his pocket, and pulling out a pocket book, handed it to the Coxswain, saying: "That's for saving my life." The answer was: "*We don't make no charge for life saving.*" No, it was free salvation. The Gift of God is eternal life, but all through Jesus Christ, through his atoning death. So we all sang—

When I survey the wondrous Cross,
and the Troop Service ended with the Blessing.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Well-known Missionary on "Tongues."

Writing from China (Tsehchow-fu, in Shansi Province) he tells us of a Conference held there this year:—

The leader, under God, of the Pentecostal Conference, was Mr. W. W. Simpson, formerly of the Missionary Alliance, New York. The Lord greatly used him. In coming to us, he came to a station which, as to soil, had been a good deal prepared, in that for over four years previously, besides a daily prayer meeting, two waiting meetings a week had been held regularly with the express object of getting the fruit, gifts, and ministrations of the Holy Spirit manifested in our midst.

I had made a mistake in leadership, which Mr. Simpson was used to correct. It was this: I had led our people to wait on God for the Holy Spirit and His gifts, etc., without getting them sufficiently clear on the point, that the Holy Spirit should be *first* received in *Person*, and then, after receiving *Him*, His gifts and ministrations could be expected; and further in the matter of the Scriptural *sign* of the reception of the Pentecostal Spirit, I had not connected it *definitely* enough with utterance in a tongue.

As to the subject of "Tongues," seeing it is a cause of a division among God's people to-day, I determined to reduce all questions on the subject to this salient one, "What saith the Scripture?" I saw that the outpouring of the promised Paraclete in Acts ii., 4; x., 44-46; and xix., 6, was directly connected with tongues, and that a comparison of Acts viii., 17-18, where Simon "saw" the results of the outpouring, with the visible and audible effects of the same, as described in Acts x., 44-46, made it almost certain that what Simon "saw" was speaking in tongues. The case of Paul himself alone remained, Acts ix., 17-18. In this last case tongues are certainly

not mentioned, and for over four years I had withheld the *definite* teaching of utterance in a tongue as being the New Testament sign of the Pentecostal Baptism, on the *sole* ground of this Scripture. I first got utterance in a tongue, Jan. 17th, 1911, and this, within a month, had developed into the "gift" of a tongue, which has been with me ever since—the *least* of the "gifts." But owing, I feel sure, to want of definite teaching on my part, no progress, or *very* little, was made in this direction in our church for the succeeding four years, only some two or three getting "utterance" about that time.

During Mr. Simpson's visit I got on definite ground. The following considerations had weight with me:—

(1) The argument from Acts ix., 17-18, is merely *negative*; it does not mention tongues. On the other hand it does not say that Paul did *not* then get utterance in a tongue.

(2) Paul afterwards said expressly, "Now, I would have you *all* speak with tongues"; and again, "I thank God I speak with tongues more than you all" (1 Cor. xiv., 5-18).

(3) When Paul himself laid hands on others for the reception of the Paraclete, all spake in tongues as a sign of that reception.

(4) His pointed question to those Ephesian believers, "Did ye receive the Holy Spirit when ye believed?" proves conclusively the importance which Paul attached to the Pentecostal Baptism.

The case of Paul being thus removed, I felt the testimony of Scripture was practically one and undivided, and that if I feared to give definite teaching I should be unscriptural.

COMMENTS ON AN ARTICLE.

As to tongues, I am very thankful for the thoughtful article which came out in the American edition of "*China's Millions*," March, this year, by Mr. H. W. Frost, Director for America.

I have not the article on "The gift of tongues" by me now, as I have sent it to a friend. The article in question was endorsed by the whole American Council. In it the frank and most scriptural admission is made that *God intended tongues to be in the Church for all time, until our Lord's return*—an admission of the greatest value and truth.

Wherein the article lacks is, to my mind, owing to the fact that (so far as I know) neither Mr. Frost himself, nor any member of the American Council professes to be possessed of this gift. Mr Frost, therefore, writes as a theorist. If he had a tongue himself, and had mixed with others who have, he would have known that only those who are in the Pentecostal Movement can explain *some* things in Scripture on this particular point.

There are many kinds of tongues, some in definite human language, and others not. The tongue is sometimes given right away with fluency; in other cases what is given is only a sentence, or a few sentences. Again, in other cases, the tongue is given gradually; the sounds at first being very few, and gradually increasing in number, just as in our mother-tongue we may begin with the words, "Papa" and "Mamma." The tongue is often given only *once* as an "utterance" or "sign," which does not become a definite "gift" or "charisma," in which latter case it can be used at will by its possessor.

SCRIPTURAL TONGUES.

Mr. Frost speaks of the tongue as being "intelligible speech." It may be so (1) to an interpreter, or (2) when the speaker in a tongue (unknown to himself or herself) is speaking a foreign language, where one acquainted with that foreign language is present; but apart from these two conditions, Scripture tells us "no man understandeth" a tongue (1 Cor. xiv., 2). The speaker is to others "a barbarian" (verse 11); when praying in a tongue "the understanding is unfruitful" (verse 14). "Those who are without gifts" (i.e., "unlearned"; see verse 16, R.V., marg., and verses 23-24) would account the speakers to be "mad" (verse 23). Nevertheless, the tongue, when used according to scriptural rules, is a *real source of edification* (verse 4), even when there is no interpretation (verses 2-28).

Further, Mr. Frost asserts that Pentecost can never be "duplicated," for it was, he says, "unique in many respects." As to duplication, Peter seems to have thought it was duplicated in the house of Cornelius, for he said expressly, "Can any forbid the water, that these should not be baptised, which have received the Holy Ghost *as well as we?*" (Acts x., 47); and again, "As I began to speak, the Holy Ghost fell on them, *even as on us at the beginning*" (Acts xi., 15). If pressed to minutiae and detail, Pentecost was in some respects "unique"; but the GRAND OUTSTANDING FACT that the glorified Lord on the Throne had sent the Holy Spirit to assert His Lordship over believers, and would manifest that "baptism in (Gk.) the Spirit" by selecting the most "unruly members" of the human body as a sphere in which He would exercise that Lordship. THIS FACT is "duplicated" every time a Christian speaks for the first time in a tongue. It is remarkable, too, that out of the nine "gifts" of the Spirit, no less than five of them are connected with this one organ of our body—the tongue.

Those who maintain an anti-tongue attitude have (as far as Scripture is concerned) not only to support their position by the Word in 1 Cor. xiii., 8, "Whether there be tongues they shall cease"—which the context *plainly demonstrates* is NOT in this dispensation—but they have to fly right in the face of "the commandment of the Lord." "Forbid not to speak with tongues" (1 Cor. xiv., 37-39), and also to deny that God has "set" tongues in the Church (1 Cor. xii., 28).

IMPORTANT.

Please do not imagine that I have taken up the absurd and unscriptural position that nobody is possessed of the Pentecostal Spirit, or filled with the Spirit who has not given utterance in a tongue.

My position is this: Utterance in a tongue is, *according to the New Testament standard*, the true Scriptural sign of the Pentecostal Baptism. This must, however, be *taught*; where there is no such teaching, tongues will be absent. Where this is taught, I believe *everyone* who wants the privilege of "utterance" in a tongue, as a sign, will have it given if they believingly seek. In some cases this may never develop into a gift. "Do *all* speak with tongues?" But in the majority of cases it should so develop, else Paul could never have been inspired to desire this for "all."

The sign is to be obtained by whole-hearted, intelligent faith in the Lord's CROSS, THRONE,

and OFFICE. Consent to *full crucifixion with Christ*. Then look in faith to the Throne to see Him invested with "all power." Then believe in His office of "Baptiser in the Holy Spirit," given Him by the Father ON PURPOSE to secure for you this blessing. *Mix your prayers well* with praise and thanksgiving, and definitely give up your tongue to be controlled by the Holy Spirit. In His own good time He will give you the desired sign, which is to be valued, not only as a gracious token of the Divine favour, but as a portal through which you may enter into the realm of the SUPERNATURAL more deeply—that realm which is so entirely PROPER to the GLORY of Christianity, but now, and for long ages, so largely lost.

As to the phenomena accompanying the first Pentecost, I believe the Word "began" in verse 4, is very important. This was, I believe, to God; in verse 6 the speaking was to man. Now, one hundred and twenty men and women were all moved by the Spirit in their speech, while as to the different languages represented by the places named, we have nothing like so many; it is therefore probable that the tongues differed greatly both as to diversity of diction, and also in maturity, which is also true of the present Pentecostal movement.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The War and Prophecy.

A Note by E. J. G. Titterington.

A great many people have lately been asking themselves whether the present war has not some dispensational or prophetic significance. This is not surprising when we consider the quite unprecedented forces displayed. All the same, it does not seem possible to identify the present struggle with any that is predicted in Scripture, though it has no doubt a more or less important place in the working out of God's plan for this age. The most that can be said, we think, is that the present war may be one of those referred to in Matt. xxiv., 6-8, which are spoken of as the "*beginning of sorrows.*"

But if the war has its place in the plan of God, it also seems probable that it will play some part in developing the plan of Satan, and in at least one way prepare the way for Antichrist. Not that this consummation need follow at once, or even in the very near future, though of course we do not deny that this may be the case. But whether the event is remote or very near, whether or no this war is to be followed by others, important forces are now being set into operation, and suggestions are being put forward, which it behoves us as Christians to study carefully, that we may understand whither we are being led.

First of all, may we quote two extracts from newspapers of recent date (the italics are our own). The first is from the "Globe" of August 2nd, 1915:—

"I see the beginnings here of *the United States of Europe, so long prophesied* under so many names. . . . Into this league

(The War and Prophecy—continued.)

the nations are entering of *themselves*, not waiting for a sign from the powers that be. Every man home from the trenches is an apostle of this *Holy Alliance*."

The second extract we wish to quote is from a review that appeared in the "Daily Telegraph" about a week later. A quotation is given from the book reviewed:—

"On the side of the Allies we have seen that the realisation of this common interest, the desire for protection against aggression, has proved sufficient to bring together in loyal co-operation for the attainment of a common end Powers which within the memory of living man have been divided by the most acute friction, by actual war. Why should not this common interest be made the ground of a more extended co-operation?"

To this the reviewer adds his comment:—

"It is on such lines, in the idea of some European alliance which should range all the rest of the great Powers, and possibly confederations of the smaller ones, against any State which persisted upon an aggressive policy, that Mr. Fayle thinks we may hope to find the solution of the greatest of all the problems of the settlement. It is such a solution as was hinted at in words used by Sir Edward Grey during the critical few days which preceded the outbreak of the war."

Now, students of prophecy will need no reminding that one of the features of the time of Antichrist is to be the formation of just such a league as this, and consisting of ten powers. All that it is needed to bring such a league or confederation into being is a strong compelling motive, arising from a felt need. And this we now have ready to hand. If the extracts quoted above stood alone, there might be no special significance in them, but they do not stand alone; the idea is widespread, and has been frequently expressed of late in various ways. We have not quoted these in preference to others for any special reason, but only because they lay ready to hand. There seems therefore some probability that some effort will be made to form just such a league as this.

What would be the precise constitution of the league it is of course impossible to say, but there are certain features of the predicted federation that may be referred to in this connection. There will be, first of all, a president or head, perhaps as president or leader of a representative executive council; and not necessarily himself belonging to any of the confederate nations. In fact, there might be thought to be a distinct advantage if he were not. Then this president, whatever powers will belong to him at the first, will ultimately become a dictator with supreme authority, by the consent of all the parties concerned (see Rev. xvii., 13). The sympathy of mankind will readily be given to any such plan whose declared object is the maintenance of universal peace. But it is not difficult to see also how the pursuit of this object might be made a plausible excuse for the most terrible tyranny the world has yet seen. It would be an easy matter to represent that any nation that refused assent to the

principles of the league was a danger to the peace of the world, and a plausible pretext would readily be found for bringing pressure to bear on any nation which from any cause incurred the displeasure of the league. At any rate, upon *some* pretext or other the Jewish nation—then re-constituted as a nation—is to be attacked, and then shall the end come.

But it is not our purpose to speculate as to the exact details of future events, but rather to point out how careful the people of God should be to read the signs of the times, and see whither the trend of the times is leading us, lest we be entrapped unawares in some scheme which seems to make for the welfare of the human race, but in reality has its origin in that old Deceiver, who appears now as always as an angel of light.

The devil is never to be feared so much as when he comes in this guise, and it is to be expected that every event leading up to the establishment of the kingdom of the Antichrist will take place in a quiet and peaceful manner, amidst the plaudits, not only of the world, but even of the leaders of so-called "Christianity," who will hail the establishment of an era of a man-made peace on the earth as the final triumph of the Gospel. We need to walk warily, and above all we need to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest all that God has caused to be written for our learning upon these important matters, that we be not ignorant of the plans and purposes of God for our day and generation; but rather walk according to the light that He has given us. Many are the traps and pitfalls that will beset the path of the child of God in the latter days, and it is increasingly important that we do not neglect the Word of God, for herein alone lies our safety.

Kept by the Power of God.*

A recent letter from Miss E. Sisson, from her home in New London, Conn., tells of a marvellous deliverance. We give extracts (revised):—

"Now I must tell you of the Detroit miracle. I was at my cousin's in Detroit. In going through the rooms I came to a dark stairway, which I thought led upstairs. I sprang up these stairs (as I thought) only to find I had jumped into space. I had fallen down sixteen steps, and landed on the top of my head at the kitchen doorway. Of course it was all with great force, and my head seemed jammed into my neck. I suppose I was stunned. The first thing of which I was conscious I was saying softly, 'Jesus, Jesus, Jesus,' with the sense of the great sweetness of His Name. As thought began to form I commenced to worship and adore Jesus. I realised that I was

*From "Triumphs of Faith," August issue.

terribly hurt. I was one mass of pain, but I knew I was to keep my eyes steadily on Him, and worship and adore. I dared not look away from Him one instant, nor did I wish to—the sweetness of the worship was so intense, so heavenly. I did not yet know which side of the Eternities I was coming up; it did not matter, it was *all Jesus*. Then my cousin Marian had rushed to the door. As she would have assisted me up I could not bear the thought of a human touch, and said (my tongue was very thick and my utterance difficult): "Marian dear, don't touch me. I am all right." Then the Lord appeared on the scene, just like a physician, and said to me, 'Roll over on the other side.' I lay on top of my head, but of course all along the stairway. I rolled once, with great agony, but I was pre-occupied, worshipping and adoring Jesus. In my body I was in great torture, but in my spirit I was in a Heaven of glory. It was Jesus.

Then the Lord showed me how to draw my feet down, and, with the aid of my cousin, I stood. She found no bones broken, and then I remembered that it had dimly floated through me, 'Not a bone of him shall be broken.' A chair stood in the kitchen. Marian helped me to the chair, steadying my motions, for I was all at sea, but so pre-occupied with Jesus. As I worshipped and adored, the same indescribable joy fell upon her, and she also fell to adoring Jesus. I then felt that by faith I was eating His flesh and drinking His blood, with perfect assurance that His life was flowing to every part. I felt drowsy and in every way strange, but the Lord showed me not to lie down for the present. My cousin helped me to an easy chair in the drawing-room. As I kept on taking the broken body and shed blood of Jesus, this text came to me with great power: 'He that eateth Me, even he shall live by Me.' Oh, how rich it was, as I appropriated, and knew the LIFE flowed to every part of my spirit, soul, and body. I had sent everybody out of the room, as it was trying to hear a human voice. I realised from the first that the nerve shock was almost more serious than any other part of the fall. Later, the Lord showed me that I was to go to dinner, when it was called, then to rest in bed until 6.0 p.m., when I was to dress for my appointment that evening. I had arranged to speak to a Bible School, young people in training for

missionary work. When I told Marian this, she cried out with delight, "I know it. God has told me that you were to go this evening." After eating, Marian and Harris helped me upstairs. She undressed me and put me to bed.

Did I suffer no pain? I was a mass of bruises, and all my body one agony, but God kept me occupied with Jesus. We were all full of joy, and all knew every moment that I was on the up-grade. I had some short but blessed naps. About 6 p.m., Marian came. I dressed, and with a change of three cars we crossed the great city—an hour's ride. I lay in Marian's arms—could not lift my head—to open my eyes induced swooning. I knew not the subject I was to speak on; I could not think—only of Him, but we were all as joyous as possible, knowing that God was carrying me on. One side of my face was greatly swollen, and eyes nearly closed, but as soon as I got on the platform the Word opened, and the message flowed in a torrent from above. In the midst of it the whole audience rose to their feet, and adored God for several moments, then I proceeded. As I finished they fell on their knees, singing, "O come, let us adore Him," and I slipped out leaving the meeting in other hands. On the way home I did not feel faint, and my head was erect. I felt the Lord led me to have a hot bath after I got home, then had some hot broth and went to bed. Had blessed sleep all night, and Heaven at every awakening. Such adoration of Jesus. I wondered if the angels could be having a much better time; I knew they were doing just what I was. Hallelujah! Next day the eye was entirely closed, and face and head looked frightful, but it was a good day of rest, and the Lord sent in some people to hear the testimony, and to see His miracle. I had arranged to take the train Thursday noon, which I did, arriving in New London Friday evening. I have had no after effects, and am feeling fine. How can we do anything but adore Him? Glory!"

PENTECOSTAL ITEMS.

From New Zealand recently came to us a gift of £5 10s. 0d. for suffering Jews in Alexandria (Egypt), which we were glad to forward through "The London Society for Promoting Christianity amongst the Jews" (16, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.).

* * *

The Secretary (Rev. E. L. Langston) writes;—

(Pentecostal Items—continued).

“I shall be so grateful if you will convey to the kind donor our warm thanks. I am writing on behalf of our Committee to thank you most warmly for this kind gift which you have sent for the refugee Jews in Alexandria.”

* * *

Pastor Paul has lost his younger son, aged 24 (May 30th), on the battlefield. Johannes Paul visited us with his sister at one of our Conven-

tions. His father writes that he was fully prepared, so that those left behind have that great consolation. We sympathise deeply with our beloved brother and his dear wife.

* * *

The Mulheim Conference, he writes, was held as usual. There were more than 2,000 visitors. Pastor Polman was there. Special greetings are sent from Brothers Humburg, Edel, Friemel and Von Gordon.

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 and Ireland 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. Glassby, “Ladyfield,” Renold, Bedford, is Hon. Treasurer and Missionary Box Secretary, the Rev. A. A. Boddy is Editorial Secretary, and other acting members of the Council are Mr. John Leech, K.C., 11, Herbert Street, Dublin; Mr. Ernest Wm. Moser, Hebron, St. David’s Road, Southsea; Mr. H. Small, East Wemyss, N.B.; Mr. Smith Wigglesworth, 70, Victor Road, Bradford; Mr. Ed. J. G. Titterington, M.A., Hon. Principal of the Men’s Training Home; and Mrs. Crisp, Lady Principal of the Women’s Training Home.

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 prepared at the Men’s London Training Home at 60, King Edward’s Road, S. Hackney, N.E., by Mr. Titterington. Missionaries in the Field:—In INDIA—Miss Constance Skarratt, Apostolic Faith Mission, Parel Hill, Bombay; Miss Elkington and Miss Jones, Goshanganj Station, U.P.; Miss Catherine C. White and Miss Minnie Augusta Thomas, P.M.U. Mission, Faizpur, E. Khandesh. In CHINA—Messrs. Trevitt and Williams, with their wives, Kansu Province; Mr. and Mrs. A. Kok, Miss Eliz. Martha Biggs, Miss Cornelia E. Scharten, Likiang, China, via Rangoon and Bhamo; Pastor Allan Swift and Mrs. Swift, Miss Fanny E. Jenner, Miss Ethel Cook, Miss Ieda de Vries, Pentecostal Mission House, Yunnan-fu, Yunnan Province, West China. JAPAN—Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Taylor, 10 of 24 Yamamoto Dori, 4 Chome. Kobe. Also holding P.M.U. Certificates: John Beruldsen and Christina Beruldsen (now Mrs. Gulbrandsen), at Lungmen-hsein, via Peking, N. China. CENTRAL AFRICA—Brother F. D. Johnstone, care of Kongo Inland Mission, Kalamba, Mukenyé, Kasai, via Kinshasa, Belgian Congo. SOUTH AFRICA—Holding P.M.U. Certificate: Mr. James A. Roughead, Stellenbosch, Cape Colony. 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 Mr. W. Glassby, “Ladyfield,” Renold, Bedford.

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.

Pastor Allan A. Swift writes from Yunnan-fu:—“We praise God for His special help during a recent testing time. Both Mrs. Swift and our little boy have had the small-pox. They are now fully recovered. In addition to all that has been done for us, we are now blessed with another little boy. Mrs. Swift is very well, and the little one is progressing nicely.”

CHINA.

YUNNAN-FU.

A letter from Miss Ethel M. Cook.

After passing my second examination in the language, I had the privilege of accompanying

Miss Agar and the Chinese helper (John) on a visit to our out-station, Fuhming, a day’s journey northward. Those few days were busy and crowded with interest. Chinese prayers with Bible reading each morning was followed by giving the woman attendant a reading lesson in St. John’s Gospel, and soon after on Tuesdays a meeting for women is held, and on Wednesdays for children.

Every third day a market is held in the town, people from all the villages around coming in to buy and sell, thus affording us excellent opportunities of preaching. We would take our stand against a shop, and a good, steady, attentive crowd always gathered—that is a most encouraging part of the work. Miss Agar has written, since my return, that a man from a village 40 li (about thirteen miles) distant, came one day, and, after earnestly listening, told her “I want to know all about this religion, and if it is good I want it.” May I solicit the prayers of readers of “Confidence” for these market-day meetings, and that people may be converted through them?

LONG WALKS.

Other afternoons we visited different villages within walking distance, and always had attentive audiences. One day we started earlier, and walked seven miles to two hitherto unvisited places. The reception we had in one was friendly—I especially remember one old man who asked us questions, and seemed to be groping after the Light—but in the other village the people's attitude was more of indifference or ridicule, though one old woman, hearing us say vegetarian vows were of no avail, pulled her daughter indoors as if to say, "We won't hear such heresy." On the road home we passed two more villages and preached. The scenery around Fuhming is so charming, and draws out one's heart in praise and adoration to our great Lord and God, added to which is the greater joy and privilege of telling the Chinese of Him and His saving grace. Glory to His Name!

The evening meetings in the little Fuhming Chapel are also encouraging. There is a specially good attendance of men, and they listen well; women usually have babies or young children to distract them, yet some are responding, and their hearts and minds opening more and more to the Lord and His Word. It is easy and inspiring to teach them.

On my journey home to Yunnan-fu, I saw a poor, sad-faced woman on a bridge, offering up some eggs and other cooked food, and praying (?) for the recovery of a sick one. Oh! Is it not sad that in times of anguish, sorrow, and perplexity, these know not our living, loving Saviour? My heart was moved to a little realisation of their friendless state as I prayed for her later.

THE TRIBESMEN.

The C.I.M. work amongst the tribes-people is interesting. We heard last week of the opening of a new chapel at a place three days' journey E.N.E. from here. The people themselves (mostly of Hua-Miao and Go-pu tribes) suggested, paid for, and built this chapel, without any assistance from the foreigners, and then asked the Missionary to come and open it. At the first services about 1,500 were inside the Chapel, and others, finding no more room, stood outside. The singing was magnificent—those tribesmen have fine voices, and attention was excellent. God is truly working in this Province, but many tribes are as yet unevangelised.

Two men, from an adjacent village, heard a Bible-woman's testimony, came to our services and received some booklets and tracts, and quickly responded to the Gospel, saying they wished they had heard it before. Some of our women are very good "Fishers," bringing in friends and neighbours to hear. Thus the Lord is constantly blessing and giving the increase; but these are only small droppings. We are pleading for real Pentecostal showers. Will you kindly join us in earnest prayer for the same?

I think you will hear through Mr. Swift of Mrs. McLean's interesting itineration. One of those four policemen at Tonghai has now left his post and come here to live. He was at the Chapel to-night, and as one saw his bright young face one coveted him for the Lord's work.

Baby Kenneth Frank Swift, and Milton, as well as the adult friends, are well.

With Christian greeting,

I am, yours in His service,
ETHEL M. COOK.

c/o Rev. H. McLean,
Yunnan-fu,
Yunnan Province,
South-West China.
July 14th, 1915.

Cross-Country Journey to Kansu.

You will see by the address that we are at the end of our long journey across China. My sister and I left Yunnan on March 22nd, when we had a good send-off by the dear friends there. Truly we can look back with joy on the ten happy months spent with dear Mr. and Mrs. McLean, and praise the Lord for all His goodness to us while there, and all along the way to Shanghai the Lord provided kind friends to help us.

We spent a few happy days with Mr. and Mrs. Hammond in Hong-Kong, and then on to Shanghai, and were there for the next month. We were married on May 1st, and left on the evening of May 3rd on the river steamer for Hankow. Dear Mr. and Mrs. Simpson and family with several other friends came to the wharf to see us off on our long journey. It took us four days by boat to Hankow, but the sail was pleasant, and the scenery beautiful and interesting.

At Hankow we had our first experience in Chinese inns, but it was not so bad, in fact, with the exception of a few, they are better than one imagined. The next stage was done by rail as far as Mien Chih, where we spent a few days at the Scandinavian Mission, and from there we proceeded on our longer journey by carts. The railway journey was across very barren land, the earth being just like brown sand caked together, with very little vegetation. Here also we saw many of the

"CAVE DWELLERS,"

who have their homes in caves cut out of the mountain side. Travelling by Chinese carts was an entirely new experience, but it was not long before we realised that travelling in Chinese carts (which have no springs) over Chinese roads was not one of the most comfortable modes. Sometimes we were on the mountain top, then down in the valley, or winding along a river bed, and at one place for several days it was like travelling along a long avenue, the road was so level, and on either side was a row of beautiful green trees.

The scenery was very varied. We realised our heavenly Father's presence with us, and praise and thank Him for protection from dangers seen and unseen. At some places the roads are simply awful, no care whatever is taken of them, and the carts continually jog along in the old ruts, with the result that sometimes great big holes are made, and after rain they become filthy mud puddles. We passed through many, the roads being so narrow that there was no way out of it; and sometimes the carts got stuck, causing much shouting and lashing at the poor mules before they could get out again. We generally managed to scramble out of the cart for fear of being overturned, which we nearly were several times, but the Lord kept us safe. One day, when coming down hill, something about the harness broke, causing the mules to hasten their pace into a run, because the load was too heavy to hold back. All the driver could do was to

CLING TO THE MULE

(P.M.U.—China—continued.)

in the shafts and guide it from running into the side. As the road wound down the hill we did not know where we were going, my husband and I could only cry to the Lord, and, we praise Him, He brought us safely to the bottom.

Whenever we stopped at a place where there was a Mission Station we made our way there, and the friends welcomed us and showed us hospitality. At one place we were detained two days on account of rain, and at the Mission Station they gave us a warm welcome to stay, and made us feel quite at home.

At Si-an Fu, Mr. Trevitt was very weak, the journey having been too much for him (as he was still weak when we left Shanghai), so it was decided that he and Mrs. Trevitt should remain behind at the Mission Station, Mr. Williams, a Danish sister (who joined us at the commencement of the railway journey) and myself going on, because we had nothing to do in Si-an, and it was also getting hotter in the plain.

At the inns we sometimes had companions which were not at all welcomed, causing us to sleep in the carts several nights, but one quickly forgets the discomforts of the road when we get to the journey's end.

Down country the crops are much earlier than here in Kansu Province, and on our travels we met hundreds of harvesters on their way down to help in the harvesting. On the last stage between Ping Liang and Lanchow (ten days' journey) we had several high mountains to cross. On the highest one it took eight mules to pull up our largest cart, the road was so steep, just cut out of the mountain side. Another day when we got to the top we came in full view of a snow-capped mountain in the far distance, and for several days kept in sight of it. One of the most beautiful sights was the Kansu mountains; as we travelled along the top of the range we could see for miles the mountain sides done out in terrace style with

FRESH GREEN CROPS.

Three days out from Ping Liang we came to a place where the water was very bad. There were springs and streams about, but the water was bitter and unpalatable, and all we could get to drink was stale rain water which the people keep, even ladling it out of the pools on the street because it is so scarce.

We arrived at Lanchow-Fu on June 19th, and made our way to the C.I.M. Station. Here we did not receive such a warm welcome on account of Pentecostal views, and were compelled to open a place of our own, because of their unwillingness to help us regarding business matters, and they also cut off all social connection with us.

The needs of the work here are great. First we need a good place in Lanchow as a centre to work from, and then intend, God willing, to open out-stations in all the surrounding cities as yet unoccupied by other missions. This means that we will need funds for the support of native Evangelists for these places, and if there are any who feel they cannot come themselves but would like to help in the Lord's work here, if you cannot support one yourself, it could be done by the help of two or three together. The support of one evangelist in an out-station is about £1 per month,

Please pray for the work in this needy field, and also for us in the study of the language.

Yours, in Christ Jesus,

E. A. WILLIAMS.

Lanchow-Fu,
Kansu Province,
China,
July 28th, 1915.

List of Contributions received during
August, 1915.

	£	s.	d.
Bedford Convention	14	15	4
Scroll Mission Fund, Bedford	2	12	0
Receipt No. 1329	2	0	0
" 1330	1	0	0
All Saints' Women's Bible Class, Sunderland (towards support of Miss Biggs)	9	0	0
Receipt No. 1332	10	0	0
Derby Convention	1	10	0
Receipt No. 1334 (Monaghan)	1	0	0
West Port Hall Sunday School, Kilsyth (towards the support of Bros. Kok and Taylor)	2	0	0
Dunblane Assembly	2	0	0
Receipt No. 1337	6	7	6
" 1338 (Stirling), towards support of Mrs. Trevitt and Mrs. Williams	3	0	0
Receipt No. 1339 (for Mrs. Trevitt and Mrs. Williams)	2	0	0
Receipt No. 1340	10	0	0
" 1342	0	2	1
" 1343	3	1	7
" 1344	0	10	0
" 1345 (Sale of Jewellery)	0	15	0
Bracknell Assembly	3	0	0
Receipt No. 1349	0	10	0
" 1350	0	8	0
" 1351	1	0	0
Kirkintilloch Mission	1	15	0
Receipt No. 1353	1	0	0
" 1354	0	13	4
The Wemyss Christian Assembly	2	0	0
Receipt No. 1356	5	0	0
" 1357	2	10	0
	£94	9	10

SPECIAL FUND FOR OUT-GOING MISSION-
ARIES OUTFITS AND PASSAGES.

Receipt No. 1341 (for passages)	1	0	0
" 1347 (towards expenses of J. H. Boyce)	1	8	8
Receipt No. 1348 (W. J. Boyd, from Belfast friends)	50	0	0
	£52	8	8

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

WILLIAM GLASSBY.

Hon. Treasurer (P.M.U.),
"Ladyfield,"
Renhold, Beds.

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