

OCTOBER, 1915.

VOL. VIII. No. 10.

"CONFIDENCE"

EDITED BY

ALEX. A. BODDY,

ALL SAINTS' VICARAGE, SUNDERLAND, ENGLAND.



IN YUNNAN (China).

Members of Mrs. McLean's Women's Meeting. She is seated in the centre, Miss Cook at the left, Miss Jenner at the right, with Kai McLean in front of her.

"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.

91st ISSUE.

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"CONFIDENCE."

No. 10. Vol. viii.

ALL SAINTS', SUNDERLAND.

October, 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 Envelope.

A Reminiscence.

MISS ELIZABETH SISSON.*

It was in India. A company of us—missionaries and their wives, Indian catechists, a Bible woman and myself—were touring in an unevangelised district. We had our cluster of tents, and gathered every morning in our big living, dining, and meeting tent. After a time of worship, maps of the district were spread out and towns and villages assigned to us in companies of two. This morning to my Bible woman and self was apportioned a village in easy walking distance, one and three-fourths miles, perhaps. It was a mixed village, and we were instructed to go only into the Hindoo portion, as the large, rich Mohammedan quarter would refuse our message and might offer us serious resistance—they were very fierce against the name of Jesus.

We traversed well the Hindoo quarters, finding welcome in some places and apathy in others. When we had thoroughly canvassed their streets and

lanes and were about to depart, my glance went longingly over the great Mahomedan place, and to my mind came the thought: Are you going to leave all these Mahomedans without a word of salvation? It is ten years since any missionaries came here before, it may be ten more before this tract is visited again, numbers by that time will be dead. Are you going to leave these dying people with no word of Christ? I felt I could not, at any risk I must publish the tidings among these for whom Christ died. So I said to my companion, "Annamarl, go back to the encampment. I am going on into the Mahomedan quarter." "Oh," she said, "If you are going *Misseemal* (their term for missionary lady), I go too." "You cannot go, Annamarl. It is dangerous; they might hurt you when you spoke the name of Jesus." But she persisted that she, too, would go and take the consequences. Thus, on we went together.

We turned into a large Mohammedan part of the village, with its spacious buildings, each one a four square prison, with no windows looking out on the street, for a Mohammedan woman must never see or be seen outside her own house. Each house was built a hollow square around

*From "The Latter Rain Evangel," 3616 Prairie Avenue, Chicago.

(The Envelope—continued.)

an open tank, or well, in the centre, and all the windows and doors opening into that. Each room in the large building contained a family, for they live in the patriarchal style, all the men of the house, sons, grandsons, and great-grandsons marrying and bringing their wives home to the paternal roofstead. Thus often seventy or eighty souls are under one roof. A narrow, solid gate is the only admittance from the street.

As we passed through the long streets or lanes shall we call them, how forbidding: no doors, no windows, no appearance of life; sometimes the heavy gate would be half ajar. Gently pushing it open, we would cry in their language, "Ho, women! May we come? May we come? We have a good story for you." Some scowling faces would peep around a corner and gruffly scream, "Go, go." Thus we walked on and on. All I could say was to the Lord: "We will walk the village through and if we find no admittance we will at least be clear of their blood." At last a wide swung open gate, and a crowd of women around the well, emboldened me. I pushed in. I remember how, even then, the chills ran down my spine as we went on in the long, narrow, walled passage, cut through the house into the court below—thinking this would be an ugly place to get out of if anything should occur. Yet smilingly on we went, I constantly calling in cheery tones, "A good story to tell, a good story to tell; come, come, O women! I've a good story to tell."

But the wild and half naked women fled from the well as we drew near it, frightened at my foreign accent and a white face, which perhaps some had never seen before. We two were left at the well alone. All fled to their various apartments. However, we continued to call to them and pray to God, for was not this our chance to lift up to these dying ones, Jesus? God answered the prayer, for soon they began to peep around their corners, and we smiled on, and coaxed on, and *trusted on*. They gathered to us, and behind the women the half-grown boys, and behind the boys the men of the house. A crowd of perhaps a hundred. Our opportunity to make *Him* known. As my heart was lifted for direction how, it came so clearly, "Begin in the things in which

you agree."

Well, we and the Mohammedans agreed in holding that there was but one God, for their slogan is, "God is one God, Mahomet is His prophet." And then all the vile, licentious stories of the thousand and one gods, which the Hindoos celebrate, are nauseous to the Mohammedan, so holding my heart and lips up, to be guided every instant (I might lose my life with this venture), I began: "My story is about God, and oh, it is a good one! Oh! Mohammedans, you and we know God is one. We are not like these poor Hindoos who believe in thousands of gods. We know God is One."

A few of the men at the back of the crowd began to wag their heads and assent. "Then we know God is holy. We are not like these poor Hindoos who talk of their gods lying and stealing and running away with another god's wife. God is holy." "Yes, yes, that is a true story," they murmured. "Then we know we all are unholy ('clean' in that Tamil language is the word for 'holy'), we are all unclean." Well, they did not like that very much. "At least," I said, "you know that your neighbours and those who live next door to you on either side are not holy, they all have done some sin since they were born, and you know it." "Yes," they shouted out, "they have, we know it." "Just the same way they have lived next door to you, and found out you were not absolutely holy." Well, they snickered, "And," I added solemnly, for the power of God was coming down on all now, "those who have lived next door to all of us have found out that we all are unholy."

"Now the thing is: How shall the unclean live with the clean? How shall the unholy live with the *holy*? We have all in less than a hundred years to leave this world to go to live somewhere. How can the unclean live with the clean? Oh, that's the question! When you have a big wedding and you are all dressed in your clean clothes, you don't let every vile, ragged beggar come and sit at your banquet, do you?" "No! No!" Full assent now. "Ah, that is the good news I come to tell you. There has been a bridge made from our uncleanness to His Holiness, and by way of the bridge, though it crosses a fearful chasm, we can come right into the presence of His Holiness, and be clean when we get there!"

It is the most wonderful story; and to tell it to you, yes, for no other reason, I had to leave my own happy country, my mother, brothers and sisters, yes, all my dear friends. For finding that Bridge has made me *so happy*, for whoever stands on it the nature of the Holy One begins to come in to them, makes them so glad, and they want everybody to come in and be glad with them."

Thus I went on and extolled the Bridge, and told of many of its wonderful merits. I had their complete attention and their sympathies, having been helped to make the plan of salvation simple without the name, the hated name of Jesus Christ, which is like a red rag to a wild bull to every Mohammedan man. I was looking to God to show me how to tell out the name before I was driven from their midst, for I was sure that must come. "Now, let me tell you how the Bridge was made. It was the only Son of the much loved Holy One, who said, I will build a Bridge in *my own blood*"—then followed the story of incarnation, His holy, lowly life, His miracles, His wonderful teachings, etc., how easy for any and all to approach Him, etc., at last *must* come His name. To this point they were spellbound.

But when I said "that you may know how to pray to Him and get all these benefits, I must give you His name. The Son of the Holy One who shed His blood for you, and will hear your prayers and save you, is Jesus Christ." Instantly there was a fierce howl set up by the men and joined in by the women, so ignorant that if the men had not given the example, they would not have known to have done it. Oaths and curses were called upon us, and it looked as if we would never escape through that long, narrow passage by which we entered. But that was our only way. The Voice to which I had been listening from point to point as I went on, now said to me, "Don't run, don't turn round, a Christian soldier never shows the back." Then it came to me in the din that now surrounded me, to move my lips placidly and continue to gesticulate as if I were still talking; looking from face to face in the crowd I did so. Had I continued none could have heard a word.

Soon the innermost circle that surrounded me were trying to catch my words and digging with their elbows the ribs of those beyond, they said, "Hush, don't you hear she is talking? You make

such a noise we can't hear." As the soundless lip language went on that circle also tried to listen, and blaming it on the next outer ring, they similarly said, "Shut up there! You are making such a racket we can't hear a word she says." And thus from circle to circle on they went till they had stilled the outermost ring of all. Did I not think then and thereafter of how the Lord caused the enemies to fight one another in 2 Chron. xx., 22, while His own fought not at all? When they all had come to a perfect silence, I too ceased to move my lips. What a hush fell upon us. They looking expectantly upon me. Then within the chamber of my soul the Lord said, "Dismiss yourself." So touching my forehead (after the manner of farewell in that land), "Salaam! Salaam!" I said, "I cannot stay with you longer since you have so treated the name of my best Friend, but let me tell you He loves you too, though I cannot stay with you. If you are ever in trouble, and when the dark hour of death comes, which will be your greatest trouble, breathe but a prayer to Him and He will come and take you over the Bridge. Salaam! Salaam! Going I return." (The dignified way of saying farewell.) There was perfect silence while I walked like a queen with her retinue across the court yard and into the long, narrow, dark way out through the house and out of the little hole of a gate. Then we breathed a free breath!

But only for a moment. The men recovered from the spell God had put upon them, and rushed from the house hooting, yelling and shouting, "Ho, Mohammedana! Help! Here is a vile Christian come polluting the Mohammedan quarters with the name of Jesus Christ!" In less time than it takes to tell it the whole roadside as far up and down as you could see was filled with infuriated fanatics. They came from the tops of houses, they came from alley-ways, and seemed to come from holes in the ground. All were shouting, crowding each other in upon us, jostling, cursing, stooping down, catching up handfuls of sand and stones, and blowing them in the air with terrible oaths and imprecations upon us Christians. It was blood-curdling. There was a stillness from heaven fell upon me and with it the words, "I am around you as an envelope around a letter." Can heaven itself ever bring a sweeter sense of security? I know not. Just then my

(The Envelope—continued.)

little Bible woman, hanging on my arm and trembling like an aspen leaf, whispered in my ear, "Oh, Misseamal, they'll kill us!" "Annamarl, they can't touch us unless He permits, for God is round us like an envelope round a letter."

She ceased to tremble. The wonderful stillness came upon her also. Looking up in spirit it came, "Move your hands gently, saying, 'Now you must fall back, I am coming this way.'" We were headed for the tents, I obeyed orders, and slowly, sullenly, the inmost centre of that vast mob, the few that were crowding upon our very persons, fell back one step. I do not know if all who read these lines are acquainted with the fashion of mobs; I have been mobbed twice, so speak from some experience. They are governed from their centres, where the ring leaders hold. Often the outermost rings do not know what it is all about. And the purpose of those leaders is to push and crowd you and knock you to the ground; then it is an easy matter to trample you to death, and nobody in particular is responsible. From the centre the mob is swayed. Well, as they fell back the one step, I was moved to repeat the process, "Fall back, fall back, I am coming this way," I said in the gentlest tones, that could only meet the ear of the inner crowd—I myself was filled with love, for I saw what God was doing with me. Again they went back *one step*. Again I parted my hands and used the same words in love tones. Again the sullen reluctants fell back one step. And so step by step we moved one and three-fourths miles to our encampment, the great outer mob rushing, roaring, tearing, hooting, using the most blasphemous and indecent language, and blowing the dust and gravel in the air. It was heaven inside the *Envelope* for both Annamarl and myself. I do not know how much sweeter heaven will be when we get there. When we were within perhaps twenty rods of the cluster of tents they disbanded and slowly drifted away. I presume fearful that the English government would be after them.

But we marched into our tent. Like ourselves, all the other missionaries were out tramping with salvation's story, except one lone occupant, a nervous woman, who had been too ill to go out that morning. "Oh," she said, bursting into a flood of tears, "I am so glad you came. There

has been the most terrific noise from that village down there, coming nearer and nearer, only just now it stopped, and I was here all alone!" "Glad we came! Well, we brought the noise," I replied laughingly, and then proceeded to tell her of our wonderful triumphal march. It was not till later I thought of Luke iv., 28-30, and saw how the Father who in that hour of human rage so wonderfully covered the Son, and how in like manner covered the two daughters. "As Thou, Father, art in me, and I *in Thee*, that they also may be one *in us*," John xvii., 21. The Envelope belongs to us, we may have it on all occasions.

"Shut up in God! Oh, wondrous thought!

"That takes a worthless worm like me,

"Exposed to sin and Satan's power,

"And hides me in Divinity."

"My Lord the ENVELOPE I boast

"Now let the tempter do his worst,

"He cannot harm me in the least,

"Unless he touch my Jesus first."

The key-note to the twin epistles, Colossians and Ephesians, is "*In Him*." Faith but recognises the position and He makes it good. Hallelujah!

With our Troops in France.

(CONTINUED.)

BY THE EDITOR.

(PASSED BY CENSOR)

In the September issue of "Confidence" we quoted from an address given by the Editor. In this issue that address is still the background of the article, together with a number of additions. So we continue as follows:—

GOOD WORK BEING DONE.

Mr. Boddy referred sympathetically and in detail to the good work of the Salvation Army, the Church Army, the Army Scripture Readers and the Soldiers' Christian Association.

THE S.C.A.

The Soldiers' Christian Association has huts placed in our great camps in France, similar to the other Recreation Huts, but the religious side is in them emphasised all the time. Games, gramophone, letter writing, etc.; but also much personal dealing. He met Mr. Hubert Verner (of the Japan Evangelistic Band) in one of these huts. He invited him in to tea in the Workers' Room, where he met also Lieut. Wilberforce Smith (R.A.M.C.), a keen Christian officer, and they talked of the "White Comrade" and the "Angels at Mons." Mrs. Ballance, of Herringswell, Suffolk, a worker here with her daughter, was holding instruction Bible Classes for the men, and giving the Pocket League Testament to those who undertook to comply

with the conditions."

"Ready" is the title of the monthly magazine issued by the S.C.A. In the September issue a correspondent writes:—

"A Red Cross stretcher-bearer told me how he had been greatly helped by Mrs. Ballance's meetings. Up in the trenches one of his officers was shot and lay dying, and he asked for this man to read and pray with him. 'And before he died I had the joy of seeing him come to Christ,' he said. I thought it a grand testimony to what the man's life must have been in the officer's eyes.

"I could multiply stories, but some ought not to be printed. Here is another, however, that may. A tall, dark lad came in for a Testament, and I asked him about coming to Christ, and after a little while he said 'Yes,' then, very quietly, 'I've been a rare bad one; I ran away from home at fourteen, and for six years they never saw me.' He is growing into such a true Christian."

That night he gave the men an address on "I am the Resurrection and the Life," and numbers of them came forward to ask for Testaments. They were chiefly convalescents who had been wounded or gassed in the trenches. (The Secretary of the S.C.A., at their headquarters, is Mr. E. Burrow, Denison House, 29, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.)

* * *

Salvation Army Huts also were doing a good work in catering for the men; also making inquiries for wounded and missing. I climbed up to one S.A. Hut on the cliffs near the sea, right amid the breezes. It was packed with men who were enjoying the good things from the counter. They were doing a great trade in stewed fruits, and were doubling the size of their hut. At 135 Rue Faidherbe, Boulogne, an enquiry office is established, and a Hostel and a Refreshment Room open day and night, with baths.

* * *

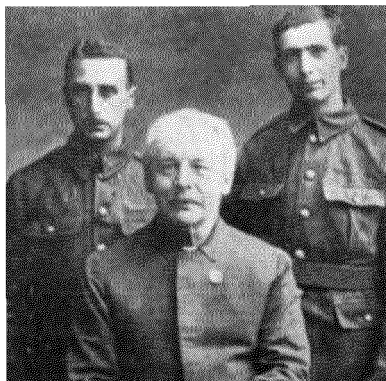
The Army Scripture Readers are getting in close touch with the men. They formerly wore uniform, but now are in civilian dress. I had a long chat and earnest prayer with Mr. Ben Wood, the Field Superintendent, who is living in an A.S.C. Hut among the men. Another good worker of the A.S.R. is Mr. Hopkins, working in an A.V.C. Camp, and much appreciated by the men.

Those Army Scripture Readers are all converted soldiers who have lived the soldier's life in barracks, billets, and tents, and appreciate his temptations and difficulties. They need our prayers, and deserve practical help. Their London Headquarters is 112 St. Martin's Lane, W.C. Their Secretary, Col. S. D. Cleeve, R.E. (Capt. Boileau acts as Assistant-Secretary). They issue monthly an illustrated magazine, "The British Flag and Christian Sentinel" (1/6 a year, post free). Here is some account of their work written by these earnest Scripture Readers:—

*The Pocket Testament League's headquarters are 47, Paternoster Row, London, E.C. Miss MacGill is the Secretary. Its excellent work deserves support. Any donations will be forwarded gladly. The Editor of "Confidence" has given (carefully) hundreds of these Testaments to our soldiers.

"Try and imagine a service we held in a badly-lighted *stable*. The men stood in a group, with the Chaplain and myself in the centre. Even the horses seemed to know that a service was going on, for they were very quiet," wrote a Reader with the Expeditionary Force. In another letter he says: "In a *certain place with machinery buzzing*, and hammering going on, I was almost shouting to a man and trying to explain the text, 'The gift of God is Eternal Life,' which was on the card he accepted from me. In spite of the noise we had a very profitable time."

Another says: "There are often a large number of men on a *railway siding* awaiting their turn to go further up, and I find a very useful field of labour in going from carriage to carriage with the expulsive power of the Word of God. My time is taken up in various places. One is a large *hospital* where I hold two services in the week. I also hold one in *camp* on Sunday evenings where a large number listen to the simple truths of the Gospel. In addition to these services, I visit *tents, sheds, guard rooms, railway trucks, and field bakeries*, where



"SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE."

Rev. A. A. Boddy with two men from the firing line. They had both been gassed severely, and are also wounded. On the left side a young Jewish soldier-friend, on the right a young schoolmaster, both from his town. (This photo was taken in the War Zone.)

facilities are afforded me for speaking to the men in their spare moments."

"One day we heard that the N—F—had landed and were on their way to the station to entrain for the firing line. So two of us, with our haversacks full of books, made our way to the *station*. We got in and out amongst the men, talking to them in groups, for there was no time for individual dealing. It was just a case of scattering the seed broadcast, which later on sprang up in the hearts of men in the trenches, and many were the letters and testimonies which came back to me from the firing line. Words I had spoken were recalled, and men were found in an attitude of prayer before they went into action or finally passed away.

"We saw a *hospital train* in, and distributed Testaments, tracts, postcards and pencils amongst the wounded. Then we turned to an

(With our Troops in France—continued.)

escort who had brought down some German prisoners, and did the same to them, dropping a word here and there. They were soon off again, but the seed was sown, the results of which only eternity will reveal. Near us are large reinforcement camps containing hundreds of men waiting to go to the Front. Loaded with Gospels and Testaments we visited row after row of tents, telling the story of Jesu's love. *Often we have been just in time to have the last word with the men before they paraded to go to the firing line, and as with prayer we have commended them to God our ears have been filled with the bustle of their approaching departure.*"

The Church Army has a good Soldiers' Club at one Centre, which was crowded out when I visited it, also tents and huts in the camps.

RECREATION HUTS.

Mr. Boddy devoted a large portion of his address to the superb opportunities the Y.M.C.A. Huts present for moral and definitely religious influence. A glorious Sunday night service (voluntary of course) is held in a great Hut in the Territorial Camp. Such a fine set of men, many with an unmistakable stamp of manly refinement. How they sang—

"For all the Saints who from their labours rest."

A well-known chaplain referred to this hymn and the use of the word "Saint." One of the men had said, when it was proposed to sing it as a tender reference to men who had "gone under": "What about Old Bill, sir? He warn't no saint, he warn't." "Hold on my lad," was the answer. "Whatever Old Bill had been, he was sorry for it and confessed it, and trusted the Lord, for Christ's sake, to forgive him. He's with his Lord all right—and a Saint too. Only a Baby Saint, but he's got all eternity to grow in."

This Chaplain had known that some severe fighting was almost due, and he had got little groups of his men together. He told them he wanted to help them to be ready to face death with a bright hope of a blessed hereafter. They must seek pardon from the Lord, and be willing to forgive everyone, even those who had sorely injured them. So they had a time of silence and prayer and got right with God. Out of some 600 only about 120 came back from the fight, and these he gathered for thanksgiving, and he asked them to join in singing—

"For all the Saints who from their labours rest."

Bill had been anything but a Saint, but before he went down he was pardoned and washed in the Blood of the Lamb, and so would be welcomed home by his Saviour, a new-born Saint.

Friends at home ought to thank God with full hearts for these homes from home. He contrasted the influence of the Wet Canteen with the wholesome attractions of the Y.M.C.A. Huts in which ladies of high standing, often titled ladies, were working like slaves for the good of the men. The men were grateful indeed. He had visited a score of such huts, and

closely identified himself with a number. He was planned to give night lectures on Russia, to which the men crowded, and then he closed with a short spiritual address and prayer.

RUSSIA HELPS.

Opportunites were found to plead with crowds of our Khaki-clad men, to plead with them to turn to their Saviour and be loyal to Him. But it was not always easy to get the men together—if that was one's avowed purpose. I always, however, got a splendid gathering if I lectured first on my journeys in Russia.

Three such roof-lifting "Hip, hip, hurrahs!" came from our men at the close as one very rarely hears. For instance, one night it was in a crowded military recreation hut on the plains of France. Men of the 28th Division had been listening to my talk on Russia. A rough map, drawn on a blackboard, had helped to show them the way to the White Sea. They were splendid listeners, laughing as heartily as any over the old story of the nurse who looked after her young master, and her name was "Anastasia Nicolevna Sorbinkinna." They enjoyed the stories of Siberian prison life, following all the incidents of one's long river journey. So when at the close their leader proposed "Three cheers for our lecturer," they responded with very healthy lungs. It was good to have such experiences. They opened the way to things which matter still more; and the leader said: "Mr. Boddy will now take our closing prayers, and we hope that not one man will go out." Then they listened earnestly to the Words of Life, and often came to me afterwards.

Back in Sunderland the other day a Sherwood Forester saluted me and said, "I did enjoy your lecture on Russia, sir, out there at the Front."

"If there is anyone here from Sunderland I have a little souvenir for him" were his closing words. He carried a new version of "Tipperary" printed on a card which was eagerly taken off to the trenches by those going into the firing line. The card was like this:—

"Tipperary."

(A Verse for our Soldiers and Sailors.)
OTHER WORDS TO THE FAMILIAR TUNE.

It's a long, brave way that leads to Glory,*
We'll keep True as we go;
Let us trust then in Calvary's story—
That "He washes white as snow,"†
Now our Lord shall have possession,‡
"Goodbye" to sin and fear;
Through our Coming King" we'll reach
the Glory,
For His Heart's right here.||

* Phil. iii., 13-14. † 1 John i., 7; ii., 2. ‡ Eph. iii., 17.
|| Luke xxi., 27. || 2 Cor. xiii., 5.

IN A GREAT CAMP.

I will add a little to the above report:—One evening I entered one of our great camps. Military police guard all entrances and sections.

Some lonely watchers under the trees and along the lanes were glad of earnest talks. Hospital camps lay around, where the patients in blue were being tended by our Army nurses. R.A.M.C. orderlies were busy here and there, or, off duty, were enjoying music. Cricket was going on in the open, though the pitch was not perfect. A crowd was gathered around some "sparring," which was being keenly watched.

In a Recreation Hut a Scottish minister in mufti with his staff of young men and maidens was serving out tea and cake, etc., to an almost endless stream of men.

In this Hut I was giving "Lord Roberts' Red Gospels to those who would value them, and having many spiritual talks. The place was crammed. The gramophone was ringing out cheerful music; men were, of course, writing letters home. Some out of the trenches had awful stories to tell. I could fill a page with incidents which would make most folk have bad dreams. I will tell of something pleasanter.

A PRAYING SOLDIER.

"Do you see yon chap, sir," said two young Sherwood Foresters, "E's called Higgins. What a chap he is to pray. My!"

"When we gets a bit cast down under shell-fire in the trenches we sets 'im on to pray. My! It would do you good to hear him. He cheers us all up in no time. Many a good prayer he has put up for us under shell-fire."

So I made my way to Private Arthur Higgins, and we had some tea and cake together at one of the plain wooden tables. "I have no home. I go to my sister, Mrs. Featherstone, of Skellington Heath, near Grantham, when I get my leave. I was converted two years ago under the Salvation Army at Grantham, and God has kept hold of me ever since." We had prayer that night together, and what a prayer that soldier-lad put up. He so lovingly remembered so many—all on the battlefield, all in the camp, his comrades, and the wounded men.

I shall always remember our time in the Quiet Room of the Boys' Brigade Hut at the close of the day.

M.T. MEN.

M.T. stands for Mechanical Transport. The horses are of secondary importance in these days. The A.S.C. man driving his big Transport Waggon is a vital part of our Army, which is so well supplied with the necessaries of life.

What an important part motor transport plays in our B.E.F. in France. On the seat of a G.S. (general service) car I sat between the driver and his A.S.C. mate. I had been visiting a recreation hut at a great centre for repairs. Every conceivable type of motor transport was coming and going from and to the front. Mountains of scrap and crowds of busy mechanics. In their little billet-huts they were happy when off duty, or when gathered in the large hut and writing their letters. Men are glad to open their hearts as one goes to and fro among them.

One man had a very dirty face, after driving

100 miles on the dusty roads in a procession of great length. He pulled out of his pocket a soiled letter from the leader of a Mission in Manchester which his wife and children attended. "Read that, Sir," he said, "I have read it over and over again." It was a real treasure to him. It contained brotherly words of counsel, and shows what a great work can be done by letter-writing. Our men at the front appreciate as never before such earnest God-inspired messages.

* * *

In reference to helpful organisations which bring blessing to our men on active service I must not forget to recommend "The Scripture Gift Mission," 15, The Strand, London.

Mr. Brading, the Secretary, posted to me week after week, while I was in France, parcels of "Active Service Gospels" bound in red. Lord Roberts' autograph letter is printed at the beginning, and always commands attention from our men. They are beautifully illustrated.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Letter from the Battlefield.

Many thanks for your post-card and "Confidence" which I received this morning (Sunday).

I am very pleased indeed you called upon my wife and found her well, and I must thank the members of the congregation for calling in to see her.

Well, sir, I am at an advanced dressing station, at present, and as you will be aware am kept very busy at times. But I am very much interested in my work, for it seems a labour of love and a privilege to be able to assist the poor chaps who come to us in such pain and suffering, and I think it is just what the Lord would have me do, and no matter where I am called upon to go, I will always put my trust in Him.

I am about two miles off the trenches, and have a very nice hospital to work in. We have a school for the purpose, in a village in Flanders.

Well, I see in your paper which you sent me you have been out here. I know the work that is being carried on out here with our Chaplains is simply marvellous. I think the Y.M.C.A. people are doing splendid work out here. I was down at a service in one of their tents last week, at our headquarters, which is about three miles from where I am at. But I must say it was worth all my trouble to get there, and I felt very much strengthened after hearing one of our own chaplains preaching, and to see the place crowded with our chaps, and the hearty singing, made one feel how good it was to be always seeking after Christ. All this was going on under the noise of our guns.

However, we all hope and trust that this war will soon end, and there is not the least doubt who shall win, as I think we are fighting for a noble cause. I have taken a great interest in the Angels of Mons, and I can quite believe all that my comrades have said.

So I close with love and best wishes to all.

I remain, your brother in Christ,
PRIVATE J. W. JOHNSON, R.A.M.C.

October 3rd, 1915.

"CONFIDENCE."

OCTOBER, 1915.

Editor—

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

Assistants—

The Hon. Secretaries, All Saints' Vicarage,
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The Redeemer.

"God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."—John iii., 16.

The eternal purpose of God from the beginning has been that every intelligent being should give to Him loving service and obedience. For by this very loving service man would reach the highest degree of happiness.

Man was created perfect—in the image of God. Through sin his innocence was lost, and he was condemned to death. Justice demanded this, but while abhorring sin, God loved the sinner still, because He never changes (Malachi iii., 6; James i., 17).

The heavenly angels loved man, and all heaven was filled with sorrow when he fell. The law of God, which the heavenly beings loved, man had trampled upon; and death, which till then had not been known, was to follow everywhere in the track of sin. To the guilty pair there seemed no way of escape.

There was One, however, and only one in the universe, who could pay the debt, and redeem lost man. He only could redeem who had power to create. The Son of God, the only Begotten of the Father, could meet man's needs, and He offered Himself as a ransom for sinners. But will God give up His only Son, whom He dearly loves, for such a purpose?

Does He love the poor sinner enough to make such a sacrifice for him? What a struggle it must have been for the great God to decide to give up his much beloved Son to die for a wretched, guilty race.

Yet He did this very thing, for His love is an "everlasting love." Jeremiah xxxi., 3. So when man fell, "God *so loved* the world that He gave His only begotten Son." Not only did Christ die for us, but He has been given to us forever. He is ours, now, and through the endless ages of eternity. What boundless love is this! It is beyond all human understanding. It is, however, the love of God the Father toward man.

How different is this from the thought some have had, that God is a pitiless Judge, whose desire is to destroy the transgressor, and that only the constant pleading of Christ prevents Him from pouring out the vials of His wrath upon the sinner's head.

But we can now see that God and Christ are one in counsel, one in purpose, one in love, and one in their desire and effort to "save that which was lost."

It is not God who needs to be reconciled to man. God's character has never changed; but man has departed from God's ways. Man's sinful thoughts make him unreconciled to God. To bring him to love God, and so to be in harmony with Him, was the mission of Christ to this earth. This, too, was the work of God, for "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself (2 Cor. v., 19).

Then, whenever Christ appeared among men, God was working through Him to redeem man. All that Christ said or did was the life of God, showing through Christ, to tell of His love to fallen humanity.

Through sin, man had become defiled. He had exchanged his beautiful garments of righteousness and glory for filthy rags. He was wearing the clothing of convicts, and was under sentence of death.

But Christ did not permit the thought of man's degradation to hold Him back from the lost world. He left His royal robes in heaven, and came to earth to live with, and wear the garb of, criminals. He took their nature (Hebrews ii., 17; Romans, viii., 3). He was tempted in all points like them (Hebrews iv., 15). He

was made sin for them, though He knew no sin (2 Corinthians v., 21).

He came to earth in human form, and placed Himself by the sinner's side, in order to show him a perfect life, that is, God's life in human flesh; and by this He says to the sinner, "This is what God desires you to be."

If we will permit Him, He will rescue us from our criminal position, take from us our sin-stained garments of filthy rags, and clothe us with the beautiful garments of His righteousness.

In Zechariah iii., 3-5, we read as follows: "Now Joshua was clothed with filthy garments, and stood before the angel. And he [the angel] answered and spake unto those that stood before him, saying: Take away the filthy garments from him. And unto him [Joshua] he said: Behold, I have caused thine iniquity to pass from thee, and I will clothe thee with change of raiment." In this text Joshua represents the sinner, and the change that takes place in him when he becomes reconciled to God.

Fallen man cannot earn righteousness by any works he may perform. It is the free gift of God to all who will accept it. When the sinner turns to Christ, realising that in so doing lies his only hope, he is pardoned, justified, and clothed upon by the righteousness of Christ. Christ's righteousness is then imputed to him.

Our Saviour illustrates this in the prayers of the Pharisee and the publican: "Two men went up into the temple to pray; the one a Pharisee, and the other a publican. The Pharisee stood and prayed thus with himself: God, I thank Thee that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican. I fast twice in the week, I give tithes of all I possess.

"And the publican, standing afar off, would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying: God be merciful to me, a sinner. I tell you, this man went down to his house justified rather than the other" (Luke xviii., 10-14). He was forgiven, justified, made righteous.

There was but one way to save the fallen. Man had broken God's holy law, and this cut him off from God. That law could not be changed to save the sinner, and even if it could, that would not make

him reconciled to God. So to change God's law would not elevate man, but it would lower the Creator. This could not be, and so the suffering of the Son of God must follow.

* * *

The plan of redemption immediately met the sin and fall of man. God accepted the offer of Christ to die for the sinner. Hence Christ is the "Lamb slain from the foundation of the world" (Revelation xiii., 8.) Through all time the sacrifice of Christ has been the hope and comfort of the faithful.

We may believe that the blood of Christ, through faith, brought pardon to the repenting sinner during the ages before his death, just as surely as it does to us living this side the crucifixion. Their faith looked forward to a Saviour to come; ours looks backward to the crucified Redeemer of Calvary.

The blood of the innocent lamb, offered as a sacrifice by the patriarchs, was a type of the blood of Christ. It showed their faith in the coming Redeemer, and brought pardon for their sins. These sacrifices were necessary until Christ should come and die; for "without shedding of blood is no remission" (Hebrews ix., 22).

Our acceptance of Christ by faith, brings pardon for our transgression. Thus the gospel of salvation, through Christ, is the same through all ages. And in it all, "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself."—J. E. W.

The Angels at Mons.

From Mr. Harold Begbie's new book. "On the Side of the Angels." (1/-, Hodder & Stoughton.)

There is a wounded soldier lying in an English hospital who has made a definite statement concerning a vision in France. This statement was first made by him in conversation with a nurse, who repeated it to the Lady Superintendent of the Red Cross. The Lady Superintendent subsequently wrote it down, submitted her written record to the soldier for his approval, and later on this statement was published in a London newspaper.

Miss M. Courtney Wilson, of Moorlands, Bitterne, the Lady Superintendent, is one of those good and devoted women who are to be found in most English counties—sensible, cheerful, keen, and self-sacrificing, who do all the drudgery of Church work and keep the life of a village from stagnation. She is practical, reliable, and conscientious. She is also charming, benevolent, and gracious. It is impossible to doubt her word or suspect her of hysterical

(The Angels at Mons—continued.)

imaginings.

She describes the soldier as a man "not at all imaginative or highly strung. He is a decent, plain-speaking fellow, a married man with a family." She declared to the interviewer who saw her: "I am certain that he never thought of making a statement to the newspaper, and I am personally convinced that the vision was actually seen by this man."

A friend of mine who saw the soldier just before he underwent an operation in this hospital, spoke to me of the man as follows:

"Lance-Corporal — is of the artisan type, a slow-speaking and deliberate-mannered man, the last person you would suspect of hysteria or nervous ideas. He is a soldier of many years' service with a clean military record. I should take him to be a man of two or three and thirty. He spoke to me of his vision in a cool, calm, matter-of-fact way, as of something he had certainly seen. He made no attempt either to theorise or to dogmatise about it. His whole narrative was marked by sincerity. He spoke quietly and soberly of this strange thing, as of something that had happened and that he knows to have happened."

I asked my friend if he felt perfectly satisfied of the soldier's sincerity. He replied, with some emphasis, "Look here, I'll tell you what I am perfectly certain about. You might go down to see that man in an utterly sceptical frame of mind, but you would simply have to believe that he is relating something which to him is an actual experience and an absolute fact. You could come to no other conclusion. You might say that the man was speaking of an hallucination, but you could not possibly say that he was telling a lie."

"What did you gather concerning his religious ideas?" I asked.

"I should say," replied my friend, "that he is a man with no pre-conceived religious belief. In fact, he told me that while he doesn't now disbelieve in a God, he couldn't say what he thought about God. . . . At any rate, I am sure that he has never been curious or imaginative about religious matters."

This soldier will not allow his name and regiment to be mentioned because there is a definite military order that soldiers are not to speak of their experiences at the front for purposes of publication until after the war. And, further, Miss Courtney Wilson does not want the man to be made the centre of any public curiosity. Quite rightly she regards his experience as too sacred, too holy a thing for such clamour. But she is so anxious the truth should be established in this matter that she is kind enough to let me give her name and address as a definite witness to the accuracy of my record.

(Then followed the story as given in the last issue of "Confidence," page 166.)

Now, here we have a very simple, plain, but quite emphatic statement of a supernatural experience. It is a statement originally made in conversation. It did not arise from the controversy on the Angels of Mons. It did

not develop from a discussion on supernatural matters. A wounded soldier lying in an English hospital, "going over again in his mind what happened during the great retreat," mentioned this incident to a nurse who repeated it to a Red Cross Lady Superintendent. It surprised him when she expressed such interest in his story that she proposed writing it down. He says that he had no idea the occurrence would interest Miss Courtney Wilson as it will always interest him. Nothing was further from his mind than the notion that his story should be made public.

I do not know that a more convincing and satisfactory statement on a subject of this nature has ever been made. It is quite impossible, I think, for any fair-minded man to doubt it. Every element in the story contributes to its cogency. The man is a soldier of unblemished record; his temperament is neither religious nor imaginative; he says of visions, "I am not a believer in such things"; he claims that others beside himself saw this shining in the night-sky, that they saw also three figures in the midst of the light, and he declares, "We stood watching them for about three-quarters of an hour." He made this statement in England when he was recovering from a serious wound. The lady to whom he made it, experienced in sick nursing and a practical organiser, is unshakably convinced that it is a true statement. A friend of mine, in whose judgment I have confidence, tells me that after talking to the soldier he is certain the thing occurred.

Everything I heard about this man so impressed me that I determined to try and see him for myself. I not only wanted to present the doubting reader with one definite case of first-hand evidence, but I wanted to see the soldier for my own personal satisfaction. I am extremely glad that I put myself to this trouble.

He is a man well above the middle height, of a powerful build, and without quickness of movement. His face, which is very dark and rather pitted, suggests a stubborn and almost a sullen disposition. He is a man, I should say, who would resent injustice, would find it difficult not to bear a grudge, and who would answer back if falsely upbraided. And yet when he smiles the heaviness and sulkiness of his face disappear, and a look of great gentleness comes into his eyes. You can see that he might be terrible with a bayonet at one moment and quite tender with a child at the next. His eyes, which are round and rather prominent, are blue-grey in colour and heavily lashed. Very friendly and rather pathetic eyes, but eyes which have seen a vision. The man, I found, is deeply affected by this experience in France.

A less hysterical, a less imaginative man I doubt if one could meet; and he is slow, awkward, and clumsy in speech—almost an inarticulate man. It is not until sympathy is well established that he begins to speak without self-consciousness, but when sympathy is established and he is speaking freely, he looks you full in the face, and there is a steady light in his eyes at such moments which is very impressive.

I asked him several questions, and he told me

many things which do not appear in the statement. I asked about the officer, Captain R—: Was he a nervous or excitable man? "Far from it," replied the corporal; "he did not know what fear was, a proper officer he was; as good and brave as you'll find; and we were all sorry to lose him." I asked him how he knew that the vision lasted forty-five minutes. "That's wrong; that is," he said, "I told Miss Wilson it was somewhere about that, but I know exactly how long it lasted; it was thirty-five minutes." "How do you know that?" I inquired. "Because we were marching that very night, and I had my eye on the clock, as you might say. It was just before nine o'clock when the officer came up, and thirty-five minutes afterwards we started. We marched thirty-two miles that night."

"Now, tell me," I asked him, "what was the effect of the vision on your feelings, and the feelings of the other men?"

"Well, it was very funny. We came over quiet and still. It took us that way. We didn't know what to make of it. And there we all were, looking up at those three figures, saying nothing, just wondering, when one of the chaps called out, 'God's with us!'—and that kind of loosened us. Then when we were falling in for the march, the captain said to us, 'Well, men, we can cheer up now; we've got Someone with us.' And that's just how we felt. As I tell you, we marched thirty-two miles that night, and the Germans didn't fire either rifle or cannon the whole way."

"Did the effect last?—the moral effect?"

"There was a certain non-commissioned officer with us," he replied, slowly, "who was a fair coward, not fit to be a soldier, much less a non-commissioned officer. And that man—well, he was a fair honest coward, and no mistake about it!—became quite different from that night. He didn't mind what happened to him. He set a good example. That's a fact. He got killed at Wipers."

I asked about other changes in the men.

"We were a decent lot of men on the whole," he replied, "and of course fighting keeps a man quiet; but there was one very rough fellow along with us who was always cursing and swearing, and going for all the drink he could get—not exactly a bad fellow he wasn't, but he was rough, very rough, and not particular about himself. Well, that man was changed right through by the vision. I think it had more effect on him than any of us. He didn't speak about it, but we could see for ourselves he was different. It made a man of him."

"Have you met, since you got back here, any of the men who saw the vision?"

"Only one. He's lying in Netley Hospital at this moment. He's in the Scots Guards. I saw him the other day and asked him about it. He remembers it just the same as I do. Of course, these chaps in here won't believe it. They think I must have dreamed it. But the sergeant in the Scots Guards could tell them. It was no dreaming! I've never seen anything like it before or since. I know very well what I saw."

Miss Courtney Wilson told me that he described the three figures to her as being midway between the earth and the sky—in mid-air; over the German lines and facing towards the British. They kept growing brighter and brighter, he said. The centre figure was much taller than the other two, and had shining wings which seemed to protect the lesser figures on either side of him. Miss Wilson asked him if the figures resembled anybody, and he replied—these are his exact words:—"You could discern there were faces, but you couldn't see what they were like." He told her that under the feet of the three figures was a bright star, and that when the figures disappeared the star remained.

[I recommend this book of Mr. Harold Begbie's.—Ed. of "Confidence."]

A Well-known Missionary on "Tongues."

(Continued from last month—page 175.)

If Mr. Frost will maintain that Pentecost was never to be "duplicated," what would he say of the following, which occurred in Mrs. Woodworth Etter's Chicago Campaign, October 10th to November 10th, 1914?

Mr. Howell, a man deep "in Pentecost," entirely unacquainted with Hebrew, during one of the meetings said several times in Hebrew, "You must come down and acknowledge Jesus to be your Messiah." After this Mr. Howell received from the Holy Spirit two "revelations": (1) That he was speaking in Hebrew; (2) that he was speaking to a Jew sitting several rows back. He then said several times, "The Spirit is speaking to a Jewish brother back there. Get up, and tell what He has said to you." But the man sat there as if stunned. After awhile he arose and said the message was for him, and he undertook it. When opportunity was given to go to the front, the Jew went forward under deep conviction, as his groans and prayers showed; before long peace came, and when asked about his condition he replied, with a radiant face, "Jesus is my Messiah. Messiah is here," pointing to his heart.

Should we not be slow to assert that Pentecost can never be duplicated? God grant it may not only be duplicated, but multiplied.

I know many will object to "revelations" being now given; but what saith the Scripture? "When ye come together, *each one* hath a psalm, hath a teaching, hath a *revelation*, hath a tongue, hath an interpretation. Let all things be done unto edifying" (1 Cor. xiv., 26).

I cannot let this opportunity go by without again bringing to the notice of my readers, "Acts of the Holy Ghost," or "Life and Experiences of Mrs. M. B. Woodworth-Etter." It is a book I value next to the Bible. In special seasons of waiting on God I have found it helpful to have the New Testament on one side of me and Mrs. Etter's book on the other, this latter is a present day record of "the Acts" multiplied. Mrs. Etter is a woman who has had a ministry of healing since 1885, her call as an evangelist being some years previous to this. I venture to think that

(A Well-known Missionary on "Tongues"—
continued.)

this ministry is unparalleled in the history of the Church, for which I give all the glory to the Lord Jesus Christ, as Mrs. Etter would, I know, wish me to do. This ministry should be made known, for the glory of the Triune God and the good of believers.

My old friend Mr. George B. Studd, a man whose word is his bond, writes me:—"I know Mrs. Etter and her work first hand. She was at our Los Angeles camp meeting last year, and there were many wonderful healings. She is sound in the faith, and mightily used of God, and has been so for years. I know many other spiritual and reliable saints who have known her and her work for years. Like the 'sect' that Paul belonged to (Acts xxviii., 22), the Pentecostal movement is 'spoken against'; and so is anyone who is used so mightily as Mrs. Etter is. Yes, she is indeed 'a true handmaid of the Lord.' Fear not, of course there is chaff as well as true wheat in the Pentecostal movement, and doubtless strange things and unwise happen—but God is in it."

Mrs. Etter's spiritual ministry of, under God, leading sinners to Christ, and believers into the Pentecostal baptism has been also most remarkable.

She is so comparatively unknown because of the threefold prejudice multitudes have (1) against women's ministry; (2) against Divine healing; (3) against the Pentecostal movement—accompanied with tongues. Pentecost, *minus* tongues, is popular with many Christians. The book can be purchased direct from Mrs. Etter, 2114 Miller Street, Indianapolis, Ind., U.S.A.; and doubtless in England, but where, I now know not.

Suffer a word, now, as to "manifestations."

First, there is the manifestation of the Son, John i., 31; ii., 11; xxi., 11, 14; Mark xvi., 12, specially promised to the obedient disciple, John xiv., 21; manifestations in the inward heart, Gal. i., 16; Eph. iii., 16, 17, as well in the more outward "visions," Acts ix., 10, 12; xviii., 9, 10; xxiii., 15, 16, 19; and "trances," xxii., 17-21.

Second, there is "the manifestation"—or "making visible"—"of the Spirit" (1 Cor. xii., 7), which is not the manifestation of His Person, but of His "gifts, ministrations, and workings" (1 Cor. xii., 8-11, 28, 29).

Now we are expressly told that these manifestations of the Spirit are "to profit," which is, of course, equally true of the manifestation of the Son.

Yet vast numbers of Christians glory in rejecting "manifestations," especially some manifestations of the Spirit. They seem to think these manifestations are to *loss*, and not to *profit*; that they should be discredited, tabooed, and even ridiculed. Those who believe in them are held to be cranks or crazy.

The religious meetings of Christians are now so largely dominated by human ideas and directions that the freedom which should be given to the Holy Spirit—the true Master of assemblies—is largely curtailed, to the great effective loss of the Church as a fighting body.

"Let all things be done decently and in order" (1 Cor. xiv., 40) is quoted to sustain a system of

things which, if the directions in that chapter from which it is culled were carried out, would be held by many present day Christians to be flatly opposed to the exhortation.

And now to our Pentecostal meetings.

Mr. W. W. Simpson is an American, formerly of the New York Missionary Alliance. He came to China 1892. After acquiring Chinese and some Tibetan, he went to Kansuh and worked for many years among Chinese, Mohammedans, and Tibetans. About 1906-1907 he heard of tongues as being the Scriptural sign of the Pentecostal baptism, but rejected the teaching, thinking he had already been baptised in the Spirit, and that utterance in a tongue was superfluous and unnecessary. However, he determined to study Scripture on the subject and was convinced that the above teaching was true.

From that time, about 1908, he became an earnest seeker for this blessing. I will here let him tell his own story. He says: "I sought for baptism in the Spirit for four years and three months before I obtained it. The reason of seeking so long was that I was unwilling to be crucified, and kept thinking that there was some little good in myself and hence I should be wronged in being crucified. However, on June 19th, 1912, the Lord caused me to know that there was not the least bit of good in myself (Rom. vii., 18). Then I realised that I was a great sinner worthy of death, and that if I were exposed naked on the cross before all men, and died accursed of God, I should not thereby be wronged. Moreover, so vicious did I account myself to be, that I loathed myself, and earnestly besought the Lord to crucify me. The Lord heard my prayer, and by the power of the Holy Spirit enabled me gladly to put my whole being into the Lord's hands for crucifixion; all at once my strength left me, and I fell to the ground. Then the Lord said to me: 'Although you ought to be crucified, yet I love you.' As soon as I heard this I rejoiced, and my mouth was filled with laughter, I thought I must praise the Lord for loving such a sinner as I; but because of the laughter I could not possibly praise, then unexpectedly the Holy Spirit used my mouth and tongue to speak with another tongue as He gave me utterance, just as at Pentecost. The speech I heard was certainly not my own, but was in truth the Holy Spirit making use of my vocal organs. After this, the Lord sent me to ten places (naming them) to do His work, the Lord working with me 'confirming the word with signs following.' In those meetings, praise the Lord, very many received the Holy Spirit as I laid hands on them, amongst these some seventy or eighty came through in tongues, over twenty sick were healed, and five or six delivered from demons."

In the meetings here Mr. Simpson spoke thirty-four times. The first few meetings were given up to sound and Scriptural teaching as to doctrine. Mr. Simpson has "the gift of prophecy," and the gift of "the word of wisdom," his teaching is saturated with "the word of the cross." These topics merged into prayer, waiting and intercession, and after this manifestations began.

The utterance of a tongue was given, professedly, to forty-three people in these meetings. Some few may not have been real cases.

The Spirit deigned to impress upon those gathered the central truth of crucifixion in remarkable ways.

Our boy-school teacher was led by the Spirit on to the platform, and there against the black stucco represented the Saviour in crucifixion—a most impressive sight—the impressiveness being wholly derived from the fact that it was done in the Spirit. This, of course, took place in an "after-meeting." Just previous to going on to the platform, he spoke in tongues for the first time, which tongue was continued on the platform. Another, for some days during the after-meetings, was standing in the attitude of crucifixion; others went into trances lying on the ground, or across a form in the form of a crucifix.

One was reminded with dramatic force of (Gal. iii., 1) "Before whose eyes Jesus Christ was *openly set forth* crucified." Some saw visions of the crucifixion, of the Lord, of angels, of the glory of heaven, and of the Lord COMING AGAIN in the clouds.

There was one case, one only, of a man over 60 years of age, whose son had had an evil demon cast out, and by this being healed of an illness of years standing, when at our out-station of Yang-cheng. This man *danced* in the Spirit in an after-meeting with the greatest gracefulness of motion. This phenomenon is Scriptural, and has occurred in other places. Both he and his son were baptised a few days after.

About 200 gave testimony to blessing received, among whom several testified more than once.

The Lord used my wife, some native brethren who are "in Pentecost," and myself by the laying on of hands and prayer, to bring many through into the Pentecostal baptism. We had the valued help, too, of Messrs. Trevitt and Williams, of the Pentecostal Missionary Union, at this time, for they came and went with Mr. Simpson. Since then these two brethren have married, and gone with their brides to the borders of Tibet. May God bless them all, and help them to spread the holy fire!

Monsen-Storm.

THE BLIND AND LAME EVANGELIST'S HEALING
BEFORE AN AUDIENCE OF 2,500 PEOPLE IN
STAVANGER, NORWAY.

If people think that the day of miracles has passed, they are greatly mistaken. God is performing them every day before our eyes, but people don't believe it, and therefore they don't see it. "If thou canst believe, thou shalt see," is the divine law in the kingdom of God.

I shall give you a short description of this man's healing as I heard it from his own lips here in Drammen, on Sunday evening, August 8th, before an audience numbering about 1,000.

Twelve years ago Monsen was labouring as a chimney sweep in the city of Skien. One day he fell from the roof of a house on to the pavement (about 60 feet), and broke the spinal column in two places. He was picked up unconscious and brought to a hospital. Here he lay for a long time unconscious, in terrible sufferings. He was attended by the very best physicians, but they could not do much for him. His sufferings were so intense that for a whole year he had to be attended by a physician three times a day.

Not long after the fall, as he was lying in the hospital he became entirely lame on the left side, and on the right from the waist down to his feet, and also blind. His mother was visiting him on the very day that he lost his sight. She asked him about it, and he dared not tell her, but later his conscience smote him, so he had to telephone the sad news to her, and bid her to forgive him for not telling her the truth. He had been converted shortly before his fall.

Several years went by with great sufferings, which he tried to ease by taking morphine. But one day he awoke to the terrible fact that he was fast becoming a habitual morphinist. He then asked God to deliver him from it, and the Lord did, and since that day he has never touched it.

During this time he had been moved from Skien to the city of Stavanger, and was living there. While here he became acquainted with a young man by the name of Storm, whom the Lord gloriously saved. He was the son of a high officer in the army, and when God saved him his family had no more use for him. But God had use for him in His service—praise the Lord for ever! God laid upon the heart of these two men that they should begin a mission and preach the Gospel on the streets, and wherever God opened a door for them. But remember, good people, that they were both poor, and one was blind and lame and had to be carried and nursed almost like a baby. But they prayed to God, and He helped them. Glory to His Name!

They had to have a wagon in which Monsen could lie. So Storm made a sketch of one, and they got it made, and God provided the money. It was a light wagon with a canopy, and Storm was the horse that pulled it about with its precious load for six years. In this way these two men went about on the streets of Stavanger and other cities out in the country, in the hospitals, prisons, private houses, churches and halls, and preached and sang the Gospel of God's everlasting grace and the glorious salvation through faith in His Son Jesus—the Messiah. Oh, what a spectacle before the world! Oh, what a sight for bishops, preachers, and church-people! Oh, what foolishness and what a laughing stock! Yea, and what heavenly wisdom and powerful grace made perfect in weakness through suffering and praise and poverty. Glory to God for ever and ever! "Hallelujah!" is always Monsen-Storm's battle-cry.

After awhile God laid it upon their hearts that they should begin a night mission for fallen men and women. They had nothing to begin with except prayer and faith in the promises of God. But they prayed, and God soon gave them a fine house. Now they have several buildings situated on a small island near Stavanger, where they continue this work for drunkards, and they have places for 25. In five years there have passed through their mission over 5,000 men who have received food, clothes, and a bed, through the grace of God and the loving kindness and labour of these two men, one of whom has been lame and almost totally blind for twelve years. Do you see, dear reader, how God has chosen the weak things of this world to confound the mighty? Glory to His Name!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HEREFORD.

Bro. Jeffreys' Mission.

To the Editor of "Confidence."

DEAR PASTOR BODDY,

May I through "Confidence" utter a song of thanksgiving unto the Lord for His wonderful presence amongst us in a Tent Mission conducted by Mr. George Jeffreys, the Welsh Revivalist, during the month of September. The children of God have been strengthened and built up, and very many precious souls saved—entire families in some cases—while dear ones have been baptised in the Holy Ghost and Fire as they sat upon their seats in the meetings.

Truly God hath by His Holy Spirit visited us in the city of Hereford, and, glory be to God, in every meeting some dear souls have plunged into the fountain which cleanseth from all sin. *Please praise Jesus with us* for the mighty outpouring of His Holy Spirit, and please pray for many who are under deep conviction of sin, also the converts who are, many of them, going through severe persecution through coming to the Mission; some dear ones were members of churches, but not saved. Praise God, they now are not only saved but baptised in the Holy Ghost. Most of the converts are seeking or have received the baptism with signs following. All need your prayers. Do please pray, too, for the Pentecostal work here in Hereford that it may continue to be a pure work of the Holy Ghost, and be as a city set on a hill, each precious stone of its walls aglow for God. Hallelujah! Glory be to God!

On Monday, Oct. 4th, a farewell tea was held in our little church, which stands for the full Gospel of Jesus Christ, for the converts and workers. Afterwards the concluding meeting was presided over by our beloved leader, Mr. E. F. Hodges, and Mr. George Jeffreys gave his farewell address to a crowded congregation.

The testimonies were just beautiful; one little boy about six years giving his tiny testimony, who in God's hands proved the means of his mother seeking salvation, then his father, grandmother, and three aunts. Truly a little child shall lead them. To God be the glory! Great things He has done!

Our only regret is that our brothers could not stay longer in our midst. May God's richest blessing follow them whithersoever He leadeth them.

Yours in the bonds of Pentecost. Hallelujah! Praise ye the Lord.

SARAH H. JONES.

The Lord is blessing us in our little Assembly. We just follow the Word and gather around the feet of Jesus. He sets us down in the slums of the city. We have two evenings' week for women and girls, factory and laundry girls; about twenty are saved and seven baptised. One evening open-air, one prayer meeting, one Bible reading, and one waiting meeting all day Sunday. I thought you may like to know how the work is going here, and please praise God for what He is doing here. Also one day a week we set aside for intercession for our nation. Will some of your readers join us in spirit at the throne? Every Monday, from 10 a.m. till 8 p.m.

PENTECOSTAL ITEMS.

A Sister in India recently sent a sum of money "to be used expressly in bringing comfort to the dying on the battlefields, to be sent to any evangelists engaged in that blessed work." The Editor of "Confidence" forwarded it to the Secretary of the Soldiers' Christian Association (Mr. S. E. Burrow, S.C.A., Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.

*

He writes: "Visitation of the Hospitals daily is a very special and important feature of our work in France, and your correspondent in India may rest assured that her contribution and that of the officer will be devoted to this particular work. I will communicate with our representative at Rouen, authorising him to devote this amount to the immediate comfort of the wounded and dying."

Rev. J. O. West, All Saints' Vicarage, Darlaston, will forward (if postage is sent) to any of his ministerial brethren a card of fellowship in a Union of Prayer for "The Fuller Manifestation of the Grace and Power of God the Holy Ghost." Prayer to be offered especially on the first day of each month at 7 a.m.

A verbal correction. Our Bro. A. Kok refers to the February "Confidence," 1915 (page 39). Instead of "As the Balang Station has not been occupied for a number of years," please read "Number of years by the C.I.M." The Foreign Christian Mission Workers continue work there.

*

Mr. A. Mercer, "Rozel," Wimbledon, has issued a series of booklets suitable for inclosing in letters to officers and others. Men at the front would value them if placed in the letter written from home. They are published at cost price, "Five Little Booklets" for 6d. They are highly commended by well-known military men and others. Specimen copies will be sent free on application to him.

Our Bro. Jas. Tetchner and Mrs. Tetchner removed from Hull a little time ago, and their address now is 26 Front Street, Lytham, Lancashire. Our brother is with the Pentecostal people there, working with our beloved friend, Bro. H. Mogridge. He reports times of blessing.

Pastor Edwin M. Bacon, of Emmanuel Pentecostal Baptist Church, Plymouth, announces a Convention, Oct. 23rd—Nov. 5th. Speakers: Mr. Cecil Polhill, Bro. S. Wigglesworth, and Pastor Saxby. A Pentecostal Home at 3, Hobart Terrace, Lipson, Plymouth, is recommended by Pastor Bacon.

Pastor Edwin M. Bacon is fully expecting great blessing at the coming Convention. There will be a Daily Intercessory Prayer Meeting at 12 on behalf of our King, Counsellors, Sailors and Soldiers. (October 23rd to November 5th.)

The Mission at the Westminster Central Hall has produced very good results. Mr. Leech's addresses have been most helpful, and there have been a number of converts. The Brothers Jeffreys from Wales have also helped, and Mr. Polhill has presided and spoken.

A Pastor in Indianapolis has forwarded 9/9 to purchase Testaments for soldiers at the front. We have gladly forwarded it to the Army Scripture Readers' Society (112, St. Martin's Lane, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.) Capt. Boileau, the Assistant Secretary, writes a grateful letter of thanks. He will gladly forward literature respecting the work to anyone writing for same.

* *

Bro. Percy Bristow and those with him have been making the long, long journey to China, *via* Scandinavia and Petrograd, and then *via* Moscow and across Siberia. Our brother wrote from Moscow on Sept. 12th: "We arrived in Petrograd at half-past 1 a.m. Could not get an hotel, so had to drive in rain and severe cold until half-past 4 a.m. Now we are on this train for seven days and nights. Please pray for us. Much love.—Bro. Bristow." (He asks for prayer for Russia with its perishing millions of souls, too often in the darkness of superstition.)

Our Sister M. Martha Hisey (Interior Mission, Cape Palmas, Liberia, W. Africa), has been back some little time now. On the arrival of her party they were met by the superintendent, our Brother Harrow, and Miss Boddy, daughter of Pastor T. Boddy, of U.S.A. Mr. Harrow is leaving for a

visit to U.S.A. (*via* Spain).

*

They had had much blessing in four days of meetings. All the missionaries (14) were present and over 100 native Christians, or seekers of salvation. One woman received the Baptism of the Spirit, a few were saved, and several definitely healed. "We feel that there are great things ahead for us. We are outward bound in God (G—O—D), who will bring us to the place He has prepared for us. We hope to always have your earnest prayers."

Will readers of "Confidence" in Great Britain or Ireland post their September copy to some soldier-friend in France? We will post direct to any soldier the September copy on receipt of a halfpenny stamp—(send us his full address). The accounts of the Angels at Mons and the "White Comrade" interest our soldiers greatly at the Front.

Receipts for contributions are not as a rule sent now unless specially asked for. The acknowledgment appears in due course in "Confidence." (See notice on the page opposite the commencement of the articles.) This is to lighten the burden laid on the Secretaries.

*

Our Brother Evangelist Wm. Black (13 Thoresby Road, Mansfield Woodhouse, Notts.) writes:—"We are still going on, through difficulties and trials being made meet for the Master's use." He had had a blessed case of healing. A sister's blind eye restored in answer to prayer. "Much blessing is being poured out upon us."

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, c/o Miss Herron, Saranpore. In CHINA—Bro. Trevitt and wife, c/o Rev. David Tornvall, Ping-Liang, Kansu, China; Bro. Williams and wife, Pentecostal Mission, Lang-Chow-Fu, Kansu, China, 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, 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, Mukenyee, Kasai, *via* Kinshasa, Belgian Congo. SOUTH AFRICA.—Holding P.M.U. Certificate: Mr. James A. Roughhead, 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.

(Pentecostal Missionary Union—continued.)

Five more Missionaries from our London Training Homes are sailing (D.V.) this month for Yunnan-fu, namely:—Misses Pyler and Waters, on the 9th inst., by the Japan Mail S.S. Company's Steamer "Kashima Maru," and Messrs. Boyd, Leigh and Lewer on the 16th inst., by the P. & O. Steamer "Kashmir." God has in a wonderful manner provided for the cost of the outfits and passages of these apostles, but about £50 is still required to cover their necessary expenses *en route* in addition.

* * *

The Council have had to delay sending Brother P. Klaver, of Amsterdam, who has been in the Men's Training Home in London, owing to want of funds. He is ready to go out and join Mr. Kok at Likiang, as soon as the sum required for his passage and incidental expenses has been provided, amounting to about £50. His outfit has already been supplied by Pastor Polman's Assembly, of which Mr. Klaver is a member.

* * *

Our Brother Trevitt has been very ill. In our last issue Mrs. Williams (*née* E. A. Miller) wrote that her husband and she had left him and Mrs. Trevitt (*née* Maggie B. Miller) at Sian-fu, as he was unable to travel. He became much worse and Bro. Williams returned a ten days journey to find him in a serious condition. He was at Ping-Liang (Kansu).

* * *

One lung was gone. He is slowly gaining strength, and still needs much prayer that he may be spared to witness for his Lord, possibly only in a quiet way at present. He was very weak and emaciated, a large abscess having at last burst, the wound was beginning to heal. Rev. David Tornvall, of Ping-Liang, Kansu, had been very kind and skilful. Let us bear him up in prayer.

* * *

Our Bro. F. D. Johnstone (Kongo Island Mission, Kalamba, Mukenye, Kasai, Kongo Belge), tells of some stirring incidents:—

We have to praise God that here in Congo there is perfect peace and safety. I understand, however, there has been much fighting near the German Cameroons, but of course we are far away from there. Although this is so, yet we feel that something may happen very soon, as there is a great unrest among the natives. It is the

spirit of the times, is it not?

Last Sunday, the Chief and his brother came to tell us that the Bacokes, a wild and savage tribe two days from here, have been fighting with the State and that they intend to kill all the white men, whether State man or missionary. We can do nothing but look to God for His divine protection and believe *He is able* to keep. Praise be to His holy name. Not long ago, at this same place, they killed a white man of the Kasai Diamond Company. The Chief told his men to kill him and bring to him his heart and a hand so that he could know it was a white man. They obeyed, and a few days after brought the heart and hand which he desired. This tribe absolutely refuse the white men, and say that if they allow the missionary to come near them, then they will thus open the way for the State man whom they hate so much because of the taxes, etc.

We, however, are doing our best to get friendly with the people, and have gained the hearts of one or two villages near to us. Beloved, do pray much for us at this time, for we need your prayers so much. We feel the power of the Devil very much more here than at home, and only prevailing prayer can get us the victory.

The Lord has been wonderfully keeping me since coming here. I have killed six deadly snakes, and two of these got into my house and on to my bed while I was asleep. Both times I awakened up just when they were a few inches off my face. The last one was last Sunday week, and I had a terrible shock with it, but was marvellously kept from harm and danger. I was having my usual nod at noon when I suddenly woke up and fancied I heard something in my room like a snake. For a moment or two I listened again, but as everything was so still and quiet I was soon dozing again. I was no sooner asleep, however, than I felt a terrible thud on my chest which greatly startled me. I quickly jumped up and looked all round the room but still could see nothing. With thinking that the first noise I heard was a snake, I thought surely I must have been dreaming and was thus startled. I had not been up, however, more than five minutes, when there to my horror I saw a long green snake quickly crawling round my door and going outside. Quicker than I can tell I was after him with my gun, and after an exciting chase shot him in the other room. Oh, I cannot express my thankfulness to God for His mercy in protecting me from being bitten. Surely He is good to them that put their trust in Him. Hallelujah!

He continues:—

To save these villages, I therefore gathered the Chief and his men together and got them to begin to build a small "Citanda" (Chapel) if they wanted the Mission teaching. They were delighted with the idea, and soon I had them into the forests cutting down poles and sticks. After choosing a site, I got the women and children to cut and clean up the long grass, and soon we began to build. After getting the framework up, I left it to the natives and went on. This I did at two villages, and visited many other villages besides. It is indeed a real joy to talk to these precious souls and win them for Jesus. When these buildings are finished we hope to send a native teacher and thus keep the door open and pave the way for the evangelist.

CHINA.

News from Likiang.

LETTER FROM MISS BIGGS.

Dear Friends in Christ—

While nations are warring and kingdoms struggling for victory, we are reminded that another battle is waging, in which it is our privilege to have a share. This spiritual warfare against sin and Satan is not imaginary; those of us who are in the midst of the fight, surrounded with dense darkness and Satanic hosts, realise this, but there is another realisation—a blessed one—God is our ally! "If God be for us, who can be against us?"

He is on the field taking sides with us. Hallelujah! So we do not have to count the heads of the opposing ranks or fear the big battalions, if we are sure of this, and stand firmly beside the banner of the cross. Nothing shall separate us from His love, or leave us desolate on the field. "More than conquerors" through Him who loves us, and loves for evermore. Praise Him!

Here is an instance of how God wins the battle. If you could come with us two days journey south, and cross two lofty mountains, we would show you a battle-ground where God got the victory. Of a visit we paid to that city of Chien-Chúan a few months ago, one particular day stands vividly out in one's memory. The vision of the opposing ranks seemed to magnify before our eyes. Sin, sickness, and all that belongs to heathenism would suggest that our helplessness was as David's seemed to be, standing before a great big Goliath. Day by day it was as though we were beating the air, and that day when the only two women whom I thought had "ears to hear" the message said very candidly that they did not want to learn any more, as the temple keeper had frightened them.

The outlook was dark, and just then the adversary made a desperate attempt to snatch away any little faith for victory. We turned to the Lord and looked at the picture gallery of faith warriors in Hebrews xi., then our strength revived. Did they not through faith out of weakness become strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens? What ought we not to believe, for with so great a cloud of witnesses, and the knowledge of a triumphant Christ seated there in the glory?

"VICTORY IS OF THE LORD."

Six cubits and a span Goliath may be, but the little shepherd boy, in the name of the Lord of Hosts, may bring him to the ground!

Two days later the bells of heaven were set ringing over one sinner that repented—Mrs. Tsang. We returned much encouraged because of this soul, even one—worth more than the whole world, is it not? Then on reaching home we discovered that I had an attack of smallpox in my body, but the Great Physician undertook.

On my next outing we returned to the same place, and I found Mrs. Tsang happy in the Lord and hungry for more teaching. God was with us and souls were added unto the Lord.

Here is a brief summary of one day's blessing: It was the Lord's Day, and early that morning Mrs. Tsang, two native sisters and I met for worship: after this we went to the market to

witness. A Tibetan woman invited us to stand before her doorway, and on our arrival we found seats prepared, and the native sisters rallied round. A hymn-sheet was placed on the wall, and we sang together the praises of God and told the blessed story.

A short distance away the Spirit was preparing a heart for the good seed. This soul became very desirous to hear the Gospel, and afterwards followed us to our lodging and said that she wanted to repent and worship the true God. As it was the first time she had heard the Gospel, we wondered if she quite understood what it meant to repent. We prayed with her, asking her to count the cost, and return next day to tell her decision, but our friend's heart was fixed, and she said: "I will not wait." I used to think that we must not expect such sudden conversions here as in the homelands, but one hopes to have learned the great lesson not to "limit the Holy One of Israel." The following day we visited this sister and asked the Lord to heal her of a chest trouble, which she had for three years, and He did so. Praise Him!

Mrs. Tsang says that she

SPENT FORTY ODD DOLLARS

in medicine last year and got no relief. "Jesus healed me without medicine," she now testifies. This sister has broken her vegetarian vow of twelve years' standing, and I believe she is genuinely converted. We knew her for one month before leaving the city, and were much pleased to observe her growth in grace and simplicity of faith. The five weeks of our stay passed all too quickly. Each forenoon, when possible, a few sisters came for teaching, and we considered the birth of Christ and something of His life. Oh! the unspeakable joy to speak "His beauty" to those who have not heard, and how they take it in!

In the evenings we went from house to house for Gospel services. Nine homes opened to us their doors, and "Jesus was in the midst."

In the middle of our stay we went to a mountain village 40 li off, where we had a warm welcome. The warm-hearted natives showed us no little kindness. The quaint schoolroom was given us to live in, and their potato fields were left to our disposal, etc. Each evening a goodly number gathered in the schoolroom to listen to the old story. Brother Kok has been there for a short visit, and the village elder is very interested. We trust for his conversion; his influence would be great. In a lovely spot on top of a hill they are building a temple, but since they have heard the Gospel have decided not to use it as such, although near-by in a small house there are still idols. We hope that in the near future these will be cast away and the

NEW BUILDING CONSECRATED

to God. Pray for this, please.

Returning to Chien-Chúan, we found the sisters ready to start afresh at learning; determined to make the most of the remaining days. Mrs. Tsang especially has made remarkable progress, is able now to read St. Mark's Gospel, and is a great help to the others.

The last evening's service was perhaps the most impressive, when the dear sisters all came with something in their hand for our journey. Two women ate one of the cakes and so broke their vegetarian vow. Being loaded with all

(P.M.U.—News from Likiang—continued.)

things that were necessary for our journey, and more, we started off the next morning. Ten women escorted us a distance out of the city, and you will well imagine how one's heart was full of gratitude to see this little band of redeemed ones when the former visit was remembered. Precious indeed it was to hear them pray as we stood in the open field and commended each other to God.

Will you please pray much for these "babes in Christ" that they may be kept in His Name?

Satan does not let these come out from his bondage without making it hard for them, but they with us can be "more than conquerors through Him who loved us."

Let us help them by unceasing prayer. As for difficulties, we had more during this journey than any previous, but blessings also.

Thanks to our all-conquering Christ, and to you as "helpers together by prayer."

With kind greetings,

Yours in the holy warfare,

ELIZABETH M. BIGGS.

Likiang,
China,
via Rangoon & Bhamo,
10th August, 1915.

ANNUAL BALANCE SHEET.

Receipts and Payments Account for the Year ending
December 31st, 1914.

RECEIPTS.			
	£	s.	d.
To Balance in hand (Jan. 1st).....	233	8	1
„ Subscriptions and Donations.....	1,603	0	0
„ Collections at Meetings	185	19	2
„ Proceeds of Collecting Boxes	380	17	10
„ Sale of Jewellery	8	5	7
„ Interest on Deposit Account	2,178	2	7
	2	5	0
	£2,413	15	8
PAYMENTS.			
	£	d.	s.
By Allowances to Missionaries and Native Workers.....	1,263	15	9
„ Mission Outfits and Passages	371	18	3
„ Mission House Rent.....	47	0	0
„ „ Furniture	9	10	0
„ Men's Training Home— Maintenance and Travelling	239	19	1
Women's Training Home— Management and Provisions....	157	1	5
Rent (3qrs.), Rates, and Repairs..	54	10	6
Gas and Coals	14	16	2
	226	8	1
Less Contributions for Board.....	21	9	0
	204	19	1
Total Missionary Expenses..	2,137	2	2
By Printing and Postage	5	2	2
„ Incidentals	53	15	4
Total Payments..	2,195	19	8
Balance at Bank (Dec. 31st)—			
On Current Account.....	61	7	11
On Deposit Account	156	8	1
	217	16	0
	£2,413	15	8

WM. GLASSBY, Hon. Treasurer.

I have audited the above Account, and certify that it is in accordance with the Books and Vouchers.

HERRBERT A. COX, F.C.A.
(Woodman, Cox & Co., Chartered Accountants).
28 Basinghall Street, E.C.

August 24th, 1915.

**List of Contributions received during
September, 1915.**

	£	s.	d.
Receipt No. 1358	1	5	5
1359	80	0	0
" 1360	0	10	0
Church of God, Kilsyth (towards sup- port of Bro. Johnstone) ...	1	0	0
Dundee Assembly	2	0	0
Receipt No. 1363 (for work in India) ...	17	10	0
" 1364	0	10	0
Springbourne Mission, Bournemouth (towards support of Miss Elkington)	1	10	0
Sion College Own Missionary Fund ...	4	14	2
Sunderland Boxes	10	12	5
"Stirling" (towards support of Mr. and Mrs. Trevitt and Mr. and Mrs. Williams)	2	0	0
Friends in U.S.A. (for work in Yunnan)	25	15	5
Receipt No. 1374 (towards support of Miss Biggs)	1	0	0
Ipswich Assembly Boxes	4	11	0
Receipt No. 1377	1	0	0
1378	0	10	0
1380 (towards work in Likiang)	0	10	0
1381	0	5	0
1382	0	2	0
1383	10	0	0
" 1384	1	15	6
Sion College Own Missionary Fund ...	1	10	0
Receipt No. 1385a	0	10	0
1386	22	19	4
	192 0 3		

Since received: "Emmanuel" Strict-
Particular Baptist Church,
Plymouth, per Pastor Edwin
M. Bacon
£202 0 3

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

Receipt No. 1370 (W. Boyd, for outfit)	15	0	0
1371 (J. H. Boyce, for passage)	20	0	0
Receipt No. 1372 (J. H. Boyce, for outfit)	25	0	0
Brookshaw Street Mission, Bury (for D. Leigh's passage)	60	0	0
Crown Mission, Saltly, Birmingham (towards Miss Water's outfit and passage)	4	5	9
Receipt No. 1379 (J. H. Boyce, for pas- sage and outfit)	20	0	0
	£144 5 9		

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.

P.S.—Copies of last year's Balance Sheet, of which a few still remain, will be forwarded to anyone, who has not already received a copy, on receipt of a post-card.

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