

NOVEMBER, 1915.

VOL. VIII. No. 11.

“CONFIDENCE”

EDITED BY

ALEX. A. BODDY,

ALL SAINTS' VICARAGE, SUNDERLAND, ENGLAND.



P.M.U. MISSIONARIES FOR CHINA.

Top—Alfred G. Lewer. Centre—E. Rose M. Waters. Below—Nellie Tyler.
Left Hand—Wm. J. Boyd. Right Hand—David Leigh. (Page 217.)

92nd ISSUE.

ONE PENNY.

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

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"CONFIDENCE": ONE PENNY PER MONTH.

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

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

Wholesale Agent: R. W. Williams, Newsagent, Howick Street, Monkwearmouth, Sunderland,
Terms to Trade: 8d. per doz., sale or return.

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Subscriptions as above ...	22	5	6	Balance due Treasurer..	22	13	3
Discount	0	3	6	"Confidence" (October) ..	14	2	6
Adverse Balance	19	10	6	Postages	4	10	0
				Blocks	0	13	9
	£41	19	6		£41	19	6

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"CONFIDENCE."

No. 11. Vol. viii.

ALL SAINTS', SUNDERLAND.

November, 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 (I 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.

"SECRET SERVICE."

"Prayer is projecting one's spirit Personality."—S. D. GORDON.

My boy, my eldest born, had gone, and I was left alone,—
Alone, with none to share with me the weary weight of pain
Which I must bear, the anxious waiting hours I must endure,
Before I even knew how he might fare. Others could rise
To work, and toiling ease the ceaseless weary ache of care,
But I must lie alone, alone and useless, cast outside
The world's great need—no place for me. Prayer was too small for me
To care about, whoever longed to do some greater thing,—
To take my part amongst earth's best. Prayer so dull and lifeless
Seemed, in face of all the pressing need I saw around.
Thus musing, wearily I lay, with tired eye-lids closed, until
Methinks, perchance, I slept.

The place had changed. No longer did I lie alone—alone
In that still room. Now all around the noise of battle raged,
And I perceived that I had come to where the fight was fierce—
Foe charging foe in deadly onslaught: and at first I could
Distinguish naught save one huge swaying mass of struggling men;

But, as my brain waxed clearer, and my eyes accustomed grew
To lurid flames cast by the bursting shells, I saw which
Were our enemies, which our Allies' host, and which our own.
Long time I stood and watched, till, terror-struck, I saw afar
A mighty wave of reinforcement surging on against
Our gallant men. On, on it swept in one relentless tide,
Until, as by an unseen hand, the tide was stemmed, and lo!
Amazing sight; that hostile host had turned, as one man turns
When, with a deadly fear oppressed, that mighty host had turned
Away and fled. In awe I gazed, for there, between our host
And theirs, I saw a shining band, enwrapped in holier light
Than that of earth, and I knew that I beheld an Angel
Band, sent down from Heaven to fight for us and our Allies
In this the Righteous Cause. And more than this did I behold:
Beside each soldier, walked in dazzling beauty strong and great,
His Guardian Angel, and again another, who, though
In somewhat shadowy form appeared, at times I recognised,

(**"Secret Service"**—continued.)

Now an aged man with hoary hair, and now a little
Blue-eyed maid. "What are these?" I cried
aloud, and, turning, saw
An Angel stand, beholding me, who thus made
answer:—
"These," said he in dulcet tones, "are those who
pray; Members these
Of that all-powerful band, well known to us as
Heaven's
'Secret Service.' On them the rise and fall of
nations most
Depend. They, in spirit, as you see, are fore-
most in the fight.
The world beholds them lying oft on beds of pain,
or else
Inclined in humble spheres, by many trivial
duties tied,
Unless they thought; then gave themselves to
prayer, the greatest work
Which mortal man can do while in the flesh."
"Child," the Angel
Whispered, bending low o'er me, "go to thy
couch, rememb'ring
There, that all earth's victories, well and bravely
won, are gained
Upon the knees, by simple folk, through faith and
earnest prayer."

HELEN DOWDALL NICOLLS.*

God's Loud Call.

A Sermon preached by Mr. John Leech, K.G., LL.D.

In the 5th chapter of the Book of Daniel we read from the first verse—

"Belshazzar the king made a great feast to a thousand of his lords and drank wine before the thousand. Belshazzar, while he tasted the wine, commanded to bring the golden and silver vessels which his father Nebuchadnezzar had taken out of the temple which was in Jerusalem, that the king and his princes, his wives and his concubines, might drink therein. Then they brought the golden vessels that were taken out of the temple of the house of God which was at Jerusalem, and the king and his princes, his wives and his concubines, drank in them.

"They drank wine, and praised the gods of gold, of silver, of brass, and of iron, of wood, and of stone. In the same hour came forth fingers of a man's hand, and wrote over against the candlestick upon the plaster of the wall of the king's palace, and the king saw the part of the hand that wrote.

"Then the king's countenance was changed, and his thoughts troubled him, so that the joints of his loins were loosed, and his knees smote one against another."

Now we turn to 22nd verse. In the meantime you will remember that Daniel was brought in when the astrologers, Chaldeans, and the wise men had failed to tell the meaning on the wall, and you

may remember that Daniel came in and he told the king what God's dealings had been with his father. How God had humbled that great king in bringing him down to live with the beasts of the field. Now we read in the 22nd verse—

"And thou his son, O Belshazzar, hast not humbled thine heart, though thou knewest all this; but hast lifted up thyself against the Lord of heaven, and they have brought the vessels of His house before thee, and thou, and thy lords, thy wives, and thy concubines, have drunk wine in them; and thou hast praised the gods of silver, and gold, of brass, iron, wood and stone, which see not, nor hear, nor know; and the God in whose hand thy breath is, and whose are all thy ways, hast thou not glorified. Then was the part of the hand sent from Him, and this is the writing that was written: MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN. This is the interpretation of the thing—

MENE: God hath numbered thy kingdom and finished it.

TEKEL: Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting.

PERES: Thy kingdom is divided, and given to the Medes and Persians."

Then, we are told, Daniel was exalted; and 30th verse: "*In that night was Belshazzar the king of the Chaldeans slain,*" and we are told that another took his place.

On that night a great king made a great feast. He was the greatest monarch in the whole world. He had practically universal sway. His city was the greatest city on the earth. He had a wonderful palace. He had reached the secret of human greatness. Nothing was denied him, and he could have what pleasures and what delights he chose. And on this night, in that gorgeous palace, the king gave a great banquet to a thousand of his lords, and his princes were summoned to that banquet, and in that banquet hall they had everything that could make them joyful, so far as this world can supply it.

We see that hall gorgeously decked with many colours, and we see those men there, those courtiers, and others, sitting thereat those great tables feasting. Everything was there that they could wish for, and no doubt they had a very enjoyable time. It was the banquet of the great king, and everything that could add to their pleasures was there in that beautiful hall in which they were enjoying themselves. What were they doing? They were seeking pleasure. I wonder, are there any pleasure-seekers here to-night? I am sure there are. Are there any who have put their pleasure first and everything

*Copies may be obtained from Miss Nicolls, 86, Quantock Road, Weston-Super-Mare. 1d. each; 10d. per dozen. Proceeds of sale given to War Fund.

else takes a secondary place? Here in this scene pleasure was the first thing, and we find that God was forgotten.

In these days people seem to think little of forgetting God. God is put out of our lives. As you sit in the banquet hall His name is not mentioned. As you go to the home, the name of the One who died to redeem the world is subdued. No one wants to hear about Him. Everyone is bent upon pleasure and upon his own way, and God is forgotten. I want to speak to any who are here to-night who have forgotten their God, and I want to ask each soul to-night, even if you have not forgotten you God, has He the place in your life? Has He the place in your thoughts? Has He the place in your heart that your Creator should have? We have been made by God, created by Him, for what? We have been blessed by God. As we have been praying we have been thanking Him for the very air we breathe. If He chose to hold His hand for one minute all would be over with you and with me. If He held back the clouds but for a few short months, everything would be over. We would die of thirst. If God chose to withdraw that health from you, that strength that you enjoy, just but one stroke, all would be over. You are in the hand of your Creator.

I want to ask each one here this evening: Have you given God His right place in your life, or have you been taken up with the things of this world, and has God been pushed to a back seat as it were in your life? Has God got His rightful place? Does pleasure occupy more of your thought, occupy more of your life? Does your business take a higher place in your heart than your God? What place has God in your heart and in your life?

These are solemn questions. I cannot answer them for you, but you must answer to God for yourself, and I want to know what answer you are going to give Him.

We read in the 9th Psalm, 17th verse: "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that—commit great sins?" No, no, "And all the nations that forget God." Oh, you say "Forgetting God, that is no sin. I have not done any great sin." No doubt I have more or less forgotten God, but I have not committed any great sin." God has passed you with the wicked. He has just made one compartment—one division for the wicked, and for the man or woman that forgets Him. There is one

place for both, and only one place. There is no difference. "*The wicked*," God says, "*shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God.*"

These people had their feast. That great king, we do not read that he had done any very vile sin, he had forgotten God. They were seeking their own pleasure, and they had forgotten God. Now the next thing we find is that they bring in those vessels that belong to God's house, and they drank out of these beautiful gold and silver vessels. What were they doing? They were just playing with sanctified things, with holy things.

Perhaps you will think that I am going too far, and yet I must say it, that I believe many amongst us, and I doubt not, as I believe God has given me this message to-night for you, I doubt not there are some here in our midst who are playing with holy things. How many of us go to our churches or our meeting places, how many of us read, or hear read, the Word of God, and we are only playing with the things that belong to God? We not in earnest. We go as a matter of form to our church, and perhaps our thoughts are far away in the football field, in the banquet hall, in the work of the home, in the workshop, or in the office, and we are playing with things, the holy things, that belong to God.

Oh, brethren, I fear that our sight has become very dim, and we seem to have lost the spiritual sight that men used to have, and again to-day are living for themselves. They have forgotten their God, and they will even trifle and play with holy things.

Yes, they were playing, at that banquet, with holy things. They were mocking God. I say that when you take the name of God upon your lips in His house, when you go there under the pretence that you are going to worship the Holy God, and there is no real worship in your soul, and you take that holy name upon your lips, you are trifling with your God. You are trifling with the things of eternity, and you are in reality mocking God. Oh, you will say, you are going very far; but, brethren, I am convinced that it is the truth. Test your own heart and ask yourself, when you went into the presence of God in that church or that meeting place, what did you go for? Did you go there with a pure heart before God in order to fall down before your Maker and

(God's Loud Call"—continued.)

to humble yourself before Him, and to worship Him in your spirit and in your soul. Did you? Or did you go there with some other object, or did you go there merely as a matter of form? Did you meet your God when you went there? It was not because He was not there. It was not His fault.

Ah, friends, I say, do not trifle with holy things—is that not mocking your Creator? That One who has made us, that One to whom we owe everything, that One who gives us our very existence, and that One who would cut us off in a moment. Have you not been mocking Him? Oh, I fear that all of us have perhaps to some extent sometimes mocked our God. I heard a story, and it was one which was told by a clergyman, and I think it is

A DREADFUL STORY,

yet it illustrated the truth, and I must tell it to you to-night. The story told by this clergyman was this:—He said that in his parish there was an infidel. He had often visited that man, who did not believe either in heaven, or in hell, or in God. He was absolutely careless. One day he went to see that man, and he found the whole man was changed. And the man told him the reason of the change. No longer was he an infidel. No longer did he not believe in God. He told him of the change. He said:—"I dreamed, and I dreamt that I was in a street, and there were houses along that street. There were public houses, there were music halls, there were mission halls, and there were churches and chapels, and I asked many people where it led to, but none of them would tell me." No, brethren, everyone that is on that road will never tell you. He said, "At last a man that was near us, on the other side of the hedge, said, 'That road is the road that leads to hell.'" Ah, you will never be told by the persons on that road that you are going to the road that leads to destruction. They will tell you that you are all right. That this road is quite safe. But they will never tell you that that road leads to hell, and as I said, he noticed that not only were there those bad places, those public houses, and those places of entertainments and amusement, but he noticed that there were churches and chapels on that road.

Yes, friends, there are churches and chapels and meeting houses on the way

to hell, and you can attend these places, and yet you can be on the road that leads to destruction. And he walked along that road and at last he came so far that he could perceive the very smoke that seemed to be escaping, and he went on, not knowing how to escape, and at last he came to a place where the very earth appeared to be cracking under him, and the flames too came up, but as he tried to jump over them he saw that there were a number of men or demons there, and each one had a rake, and as the cracks came in the earth he at once raked cinders over the crack to hide it, and all along, as the cracks came, these beings were busy covering them up by raking the cinders that they might not be seen. Ah, friends, there are plenty of men and women to-day and their business is raking the cinders. They do not want you to know that you are in danger. They are telling you you are all right, there is no danger. Their business is raking cinders to deceive you. It is the business of Satan. The demons are occupied in this profession. They are raking cinders every day to cover up the danger that you may not see the flames. And he begged these men to tell him how he was to escape. None of them would tell him. At last one of them said, "You must get out just the way you got in."

Yes, friends, it was true. The only way that you can be saved is by turning right round, by being converted, by turning right round from all the evil and the sin of the world, the flesh, and the devil. Turning right round to God. Ah, the Lord Jesus is waiting to-day. He is waiting here for you to turn right round. You want to make one clean business of it; no half-way business; you want to turn right round to God—if you have mistaken Him, and if you have been afraid of Him. Oh, brethren, if to-night you are willing to forsake all the sin and evil, leave it right behind you and turn to God, I tell you that you have misjudged Him. He is a God of love, and to-night He is just calling you to turn right round. He wants you to turn to Him. Friend, you will turn in the way that leadeth to glory, that leads to joy, that leads to heaven—that leads to joy. And at last this poor man said that one crack only bore him and he tried to jump the chasm, but he fell right in, and then he wakened up no longer an infidel. He had seen hell in its

reality—that place in which he never believed; at which he scoffed. But God had opened his eyes, and that man never again doubted that there was not a hell.

Now I want you to notice the next thing about this king; not only was he playing with religion, but we find that Daniel says to him: "And the God in whose hand thy breath is, and whose are all thy ways, hast thou not glorified." I want to ask each one here this evening, have you glorified the God in whose hand you are? Have you glorified Him? Has your life been a life glorifying your Maker or has it been spent for yourself? This was the charge that God made against this great king. He says: "And the God in whose hand thy breath is, and whose are all thy ways, hast thou not glorified." Ah, it was a solemn charge, and it is a solemn charge to-night against everyone who has been living for himself and has not glorified his God. But we find that in this scene, this scene of pleasure, of joy and mirth and revelry, suddenly a change came.

THE WHOLE SCENE IS TRANSFORMED.

A great change takes place. The king's countenance was changed. What has happened? One thing had happened that changed the whole scene, and one thing only—the king's countenance was changed, and he was greatly troubled. Why? God had spoken. God had been watching the whole of that scene of pleasure, and God had sat by and allowed it to go on, and He had not interfered, and that king had not time to repent. And at last God spoke, and the hand came, and those words were written upon the wall, and the king knew that it was the hand of God, though he could not read those words. The whole scene was changed in one moment, and we find that the king trembled and his knees smote together for fear.

Oh, friends, when God speaks to you, the whole scene of your lives will be changed, and I want to ask you this evening: Has God not spoken to you? Has He never spoken to you in your life? Has He brought no trouble upon you in His love and mercy to cause you to halt and to turn to Him, and perhaps, as that trouble came upon you, you became absorbed in your trouble instead of turning to God. In His infinite mercy He sent you that trouble in order to speak to you and cause you to turn to Him, or perhaps God sent

you some sickness in order to stop you in your ways, and to cause you to turn to Him and to glorify Him, and when that sickness became very bad you were afraid you would die, and you began to think of your God. Perhaps you said: "Oh, if God will spare me, I will make a change. When I arise from this bed I will live for Him in the future." You heard His voice; did you obey it? When God in His mercy restored that health to you that you enjoy now, very soon you forget God.

If to-night God were to withdraw that breath that is in His hand you would be numbered with the wicked that God turns into hell with those that forget Him. Or perhaps God in His mercy struck down one that was dear to you, and perhaps the hand of death visited your home. Perhaps you rebelled against God because He had taken away your loved one, and you did not recognise that God was speaking to you; and in His infinite mercy and love He was trying to call you to Himself. He had spoken to you before by heaping mercies and blessings upon you and you did not hear Him, and now He was trying to speak to you by bringing death into your home. Did you hear Him? Oh, as you stood by that grave you recognised that God was speaking to you, but did you turn to Him, and are you living for His glory to-day, or have you forgotten your God?

One time there was a great storm, and the people in the steamer came to the captain to have prayers because they were afraid the ship was going down, and the captain turned to them and he said: "No, if you would not pray to God when there was no danger, there is no use in your praying to Him now when you are in danger." And he refused to have prayers for them.

Oh, how cowardly we are! We take the blessings from the hand of God and we forget Him, and in a minute when danger comes we want to turn to Him and we want Him to save us. And so the king cried aloud, but it was too late, and we read "That that night that king was cut off." He had forgotten his God. He had lost the opportunities that God gave him, and he was cut off.

INCIDENT AT THE WRECK OF S.S. LONDON.

In the shipwreck of that great ship the "London," as the lifeboat came along, everyone was taken off that boat except one young lady, and that young lady stood

(God's Loud Call—continued.)

by the side of that steamer, and as the great billows rolled they brought the lifeboat right up on the top of the wave and the men called her to jump into the lifeboat, but she shrank back. They called again to jump into the lifeboat, but she hesitated, and the great wave washed that lifeboat off. They pulled back towards the ship but the danger was too great to wait there, and when she saw that the lifeboat was gone she raised her voice and with all her might she shouted to them to come back, but it was too late. She implored them once more to come alongside that ship, but it was too late. The opportunity which had been given to her was neglected, and it was past, and she went down with that ship. Oh, brethren, I appeal to you to-night, God has spoken to you again and again. Perhaps He is speaking to you again to-night. Have you heard Him? Will you turn to Him? Will you turn right round to-night? Will you turn to the God that you have forgotten, but the God who has never forgotten you?

With our Troops in France.

(CONTINUED.)

BY THE EDITOR.

(PASSED BY CENSOR)

My "Billet," when working at one Base, was at the top of a French Hostelry, high above the pointed roofs, with a view of the spires and long roof of a great Cathedral. I could open my large hinged windows, and at night could see the stars slowly passing behind the very tall spire, about three hundred yards away.

A PENTECOSTAL SOLDIER.

One night there came to my "Billet" from a Field Bakery, a Pentecostal brother in the A.S.C., Private H. E. White. His home is at "The Laurels," Harcourt Terrace, Salisbury.

"Am I really talking with Pastor Boddy? I can scarcely think it possible that I am here in France and yet having fellowship with you, sir! How strange, indeed it is!"

Private White is doing his bit splendidly, but every day, week-day and Sunday alike, the great armies need bread. He told me much of his spiritual experiences, and ere we separated we had a time of prayer, kneeling at my table facing the great open window. The very tall Cathedral spire pierced the evening sky above the sharp roof of the town. Like Daniel, we were praying at the open window. Our faces were toward the firing-line, where our poor lads are always in danger. We remembered them.

RACING AN AEROPLANE.

The "*Grande Vitesse*" (express train) was tearing down the vale of the Seine. It was a lovely sunny morning. We looked out through the window of the third-class carriage over the windings of the river. My companions in the compartment were all French folk journeying to the coast with innumerable baskets and bags. Men were reading "*Le Petit Journal*" or "*Le Telegramme*," and the women folk were chatting vociferously. We all swayed together as the speed increased. "*Voila l'aeroplan*," cried a Frenchman near the window. Yes, not at all far from us the great winged machine flew, keeping alongside the train. We were on higher ground, and it flew so low that it was almost level with us. There were two soldiers on it and the pilot. There was a gun mounted on a swivel, and no doubt bombs ready to hand.

For a few moments we were in uncertainty. Were those men "*Les Bosches*?" Were they going to blow up the train? Our engine-driver kept on at full speed, but the aeroplane with a billowy rocking motion easily and without effort kept alongside. We all seemed to be travelling about fifty miles an hour, but suddenly the pilot tilted his rudder and the aircraft rose a little, then it swerved towards the railway line and gracefully crossed over the lines just in front of the engine as we tore along. Then it turned at right angles, and in a few moments was only a speck in the distant sky, and we continued speeding westward very safely by the goodness of God.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW.

Often one has wished to look down on the panorama of Northern France from one of our aircraft. No wonder that our Flying Corps is so popular. I stood in a Convalescent Camp talking with an airman. He said, "I can tell the make of a machine before I see it by the character of the hum its engines make." We were watching a newly-developed aeroplane high above us and he had much praise for it.

Shortly after, I too mounted so high up in the air that I had an airman's panorama beneath me. Some 400 feet below my level lay "*La Manche*" (the channel) glittering in the bright sun, and dotted with all kinds of vessels small and large. I was now at the top of a remarkable monument designed by Napoleon the Great, but only completed much later. The view from the top is over a rolling French landscape. Farms and villages here and there with cows and horses. White tents, too, can be seen, and in the middle distance at one side the houses of a maritime provincial town dominated by the graceful dome of a cathedral, a church or a hill.

It was like the view from an aeroplane. I had passed out of the darkness of a winding stone staircase and had emerged into the brilliant sunshine that lit up the land and sea far below one. Two of our men in khaki leant over the rails looking down on some children playing with their "*Bonne*" far below in the grounds around the column. One of these men in the R.A.M.C., was describing his work and the scene at a French railway accident when many refugees had been shockingly burnt.

Then they went down, and I could hear their steps echoing, and their voices sounded strangely hollow as they carried their lighted lanterns down the dark circular stone staircase.

INVASION OF ENGLAND.

I remained awhile up on that column which was intended to commemorate continually the successful invasion of England.

Away across the Channel the white cliffs were that day plainly visible. Near this place the flotilla of barges, etc., lay, which was to carry the "Grand Army" across, but England has never yet been invaded. A few attempts on dark nights to scare and kill innocent non-combatants cannot be classed as a real invasion. The POWER that scattered the Armada and WHICH prevented Napoleon's invasion has not forsaken us, unworthy though we be.

THE CHIEF RABBI AND JEWISH CHAPLAIN.

Down the 200 and more dark steps now, with my lantern flickering until I emerged into the daylight and saw an Army Chaplain and another who seemed at first to be an Anglican dignitary in black broad-cloth with broad-brimmed silk hat. There was a hired carriage in waiting from which they had alighted and they were looking up at the heroic figure of Napoleon dressed as a Roman Emperor on the top of the column. I told them of the splendid view from the top, and the Jewish Chaplain tried to persuade Chief Rabbi Herz to ascend, but he said, "Some other time." "Yes, it was a climb," I said, "but it was quite worth it."

All our Army Chaplains wear the same uniform, whether Anglican, Presbyterian, Jewish, or Roman Catholic. Surely it would be a good thing to have letters on the collar such as "C. of E.," "Pres.," "R.C." or "Jh."

Chaplain Adler has a handsome Jewish countenance, quite unmistakably semitic. It is said that there are 50,000 Jewish men now serving our King in the Army, and so we see why there are Jewish Chaplains also.

Out of this war the Jews will emerge to a

position of equality and freedom such as they have not had since the destruction of Jerusalem. It will almost certainly end in their gaining a right to inhabit the Holy Land again—not on sufferance, but as possessors of legal rights and citizenship. So the prophetic Scriptures are on their way to fulfilment.

FRIENDLY SUPPER PARTIES.

At my French Hostelry, Madame la Proprietaire was always glad when I brought home one or two of our lads in khaki to have supper in the evening with me. These little parties were very pleasant to all concerned. One night I entertained two of my fellow-townsmen who are privates (Territorials) in the Durham Light Infantry. They had recognised me when I was speaking in a Recreation Hut. They were convalescents after gas and wounds, and had come forward when I asked for details of the last moments of one of my Church workers

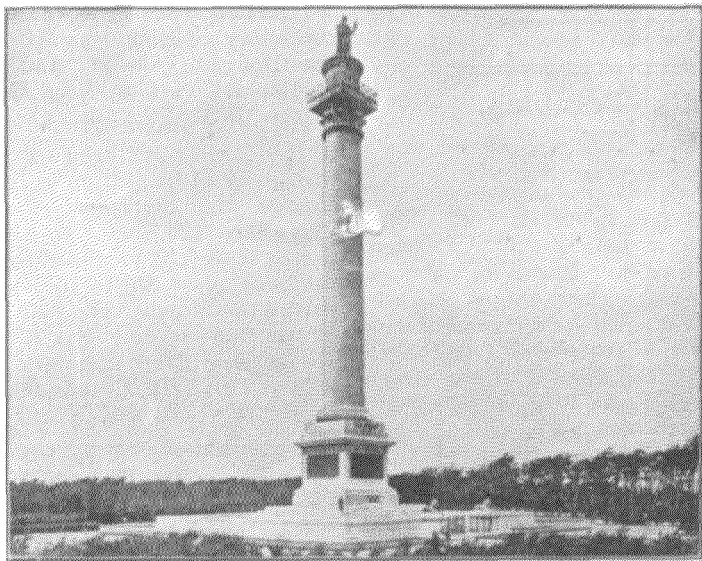
who died heroically in the memorable Whit-Monday conflict. I said from the platform, "Is there any man here to-night who was in the fight on May 24th when a dear friend of mine, Sergt. Ramshaw, died for his country?" Two men came forward who were amazed to hear my voice in France. They did not know I was there. (Their Photos appeared in our last issue.)

One was a young schoolmaster from Southwick-on-Wear, the other the son of the President of the Jewish Synagogue at Moor Street, Hendon. He was very intelligent and interesting. He showed me his prayer books which he used in the trenches. They told me all they knew about dear William Ramshaw. I learned afterwards that he was buried near the trenches where he fell. He had been beloved of all—a true, practical Christian.

ON THE OLD RAMPARTS.

One night the Tocsin sounded. The great bell in the old tower at the "Mairie" turned up its iron mouth and tongue in violent efforts as it was swung by the bellringers to warn all the inhabitants. Out we all tumbled. Was it a

(Continued on page 211.)



A COLUMN IN FRANCE.

Erected to commemorate an invasion of England, which was prepared for but which did not take place. It is called "The Column of the Grande Armée." It contains a spiral flight of steps.

“CONFIDENCE.”

NOVEMBER, 1915.

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Sunderland.

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Sunderland.

PUBLISHED MID-MONTHLY.

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

God's Temples.

“It fills the Church of God, it fills
The sinful world around;
Only in stubborn hearts and wills
No place for It is found.”—*Keble.*

God's Temples were always intended for the glory of God. It was so with the Tabernacle, so with the Temple, so with Him who Tabernacled in our midst and Who spake of the Temple of His Body; so also is it with the Temple of His Body now (the Church), and so is it with each member of that Body of Christ—“Ye are the Temples of God, the Spirit of God dwelleth in you.”—1 Cor. iii., 16.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON.

2 Chron. vii., 1, 4.—“Now when Solomon had made an end of praying, the fire came down from heaven and consumed the burnt offering and the sacrifices: and the glory of the Lord filled the House. (3) And when all the children of Israel saw how the fire came down, and the glory of the Lord upon the House, they bowed themselves with their faces to the pavement, and worshipped, and praised the Lord, saying, For He is good, for His mercy endureth for ever.”

The Shekinah-glory of the visible presence of Jehovah filled the Temple *when it was consecrated*, after that it was completed in accordance with the plans and details given by the Holy Spirit (1 Chron. xxviii., 12).

THE TEMPLE OF HIS BODY.

When Christ cometh into the world, He saith, “. . . A body hast Thou

prepared Me” (Heb. x., 5). “A Body prepared by the Holy Ghost” (S. Luke i., 35). “Christ dwelt in it as in a Tabernacle” (S. John i., 14), and to the Jews (S. John ii., 21) He spake of the Temple of His Body.

It was indeed a Temple indwelt by the Holy Ghost, Who is the Spirit of Christ, and the very Life of God. When He was transfigured, then the glory of God filled that temple to overflowing, so that even His poor travelled-soiled garments, the rough homespun of a Galilean artisan, were glorified until they shone with glory. It was the glory of my Incarnate God in His Temple, unveiled for the moment.

CHRIST'S MYSTIC BODY.

His Body is still a Temple containing the Glory of God. “Ye (Christians) are the Body of Christ, and members in particular” (1 Cor. xii., 27).

THE HOLY GHOST STILL IN THE TEMPLE.

The Temple of Christ's Body exists that it may be an habitation of the Spirit. To change the metaphor—the Vine (John xv.) gives life down to the end of the tiniest tendril by means of the sap. Again, the body gives life to the extremist member by the blood. We who are members of His Body receive His Life because we are in Him, and therefore Christ is our Life. This Life is made real by the Holy Ghost, the Lord and Giver of Life.

EACH CHRISTIAN IS TO BE A TEMPLE OF THE HOLY GHOST.

The Apostles—

(1) Had something of the Holy Ghost from the time they came to Jesus. “Ye know Him,” says our Lord to them in the Gospel (S. John xiv., 17).

(2) They received a distinct gift on Easter Day (John xx., 22).

(3) But a far greater outpouring at Pentecost (Acts ii.).

So with Christians—

(1) They only know their need of Jesus by the convincing power of the Holy Spirit.

(2) They receive more of the Holy Ghost when they see and truly realise Christ as their Risen Saviour—their Lord and their God, Crucified but Risen.

(3) In many Christians' lives there are times which answer to Pentecost—gracious fillings by the Holy Ghost, when the glory of God fills the Temple, leading up to a mighty Baptism in the Holy Ghost with the Signs following. A.A.B.

About "Confidence."

A business friend who reads this paper tells me that one of the first things he does is to turn to the page just inside the cover to see the Balance Sheet and the list of subscriptions. The names of places all over the world is always worth noticing. We should be glad, however, if more of our kind friends could help us to reduce our debt.

* * *

This sad war-time has diverted generous gifts which used to help us so much. "Confidence" is supplied below cost price. We trust to the generosity of those whom God blesses through its columns. Many are poor, but all can pray, and some of the least likely are sometimes the most generous givers.

* * *

Some have not noticed that we have ceased to send receipts. We only "acknowledge" on the second page of "Confidence" where the Subscription Gifts appear. There is a notice to that effect there.

* * *

Will friends in sending in their monthly order say how many they wish for, that is if the order is increased or lowered, and also what was their last order. Will they say it in this way:—"We should like last month's order of 3 dozen to be increased by 6 this month" (or decreased as the case may be). But please always mention the quantity sent the preceding month.

A. A. B.

(With our Troops in France—continued from page 209.)

bombardment? Had the Germans got past the Barrier at the top of the hill? Or was it a fire? Yes, it was a fire. The chattering crowd hurried in the darkness across the market place towards a distant glare. From the Ramparts one could best see it all. There we stood packed together in the dark, and far below across the river a hot glow and an occasional flicker of flame and sparks leapt up and told us of a fire on a great scale in the neighbourhood of great buildings. It burned all night, and afterwards we found that our fears were quite unnecessary. They had been burning rubbish!

* * *

The walk on those broad ramparts was romantic. They were arched over by large masses of foliage. The high town was girded completely, and here you passed an old chateau used as a Caserne, and in another place you were above one of the four great gateways.

Here the great dome of the Cathedral, like St. Paul's, on a lesser scale, towers right above you as you lean on the wall and look down into

the narrow street.

There comes marching up the street a platoon of the new Army; the young lieutenant is taking them round. They landed from the Transport early this morning. They pile their rifles outside the Cathedral, and then they walk in and walk round with an awed expression on their faces.

Perhaps before the war they only knew their own village and neighbourhood. To-day they have been welcomed on French soil. They are to be the saviours both of their own country and France also. It is all new and very wonderful to them. Very early this morning they gladly crowded the Y.M.C.A. tent in their temporary camp, and how they enjoyed the



Stamford, Photographer, Bournemouth.

(By permission of the Bournemouth "Daily Echo.")

A CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN.

Major Kennedy, C.F., who died suddenly October 25th. His address to the men of the 6th Cheshires in France was given in our September issue, page 173.

cake and tea which the ladies dispensed at the counter. I had very important talks with many, who gladly placed in their breast pocket the "Lord Roberts" Gospels.

The men will always think gratefully of the work of the Y.M.C.A. after the war. Earnest sympathetic workers who will cheer up lonely ones can do a great work. The influence will be often unconsciously exercised and received. Husbands separated from wives and families, boys cut off from home life and finding Army discipline a little harder, are tempted sometimes to say, "No one cares for me in France—I'm away from my dear ones and do not know what

(With our Troops in France—continued.)

is ahead. I am desperately lonely." Such a one finds in the sympathetic worker among the troops a good listener when he tells out all his difficulties, and he feels that at all events he has one friend on French soil who sympathises deeply with him. A letter written at such a time for one who is rushed and unable to write home a message, brings comfort to both soldier and wife, etc. * * *

"Is that thunder we hear to-night over the hills?" I asked one night after arriving at a camp high up in the country. "No, that sound is the boom of the big guns! They are going at it to-night."

As one went to rest in one's billet in the narrow French street, and set the windows wide open to hear the distant boom, one thought of the brave fellows in the firing line over yonder, and sent up an earnest prayer for them all. Very early each morning the French folk are astir. A butcher opposite is the first, and sounds of chopping and hacking come across the street. Then a despatch rider on his motor-bike roars past. Later a party of yellow-skinned Gurkas on a motor lorry going for their mail, their quick eyes take everything in and they look merry and bright under their scout hats. Then comes a company of lads in khaki, marching joyfully, for it is their first day in France, and everyone has a good look at them. They sing—

"Here we are, here we are,
Here we are again."

Erect, and well set up, bronzed and healthy, they come on with springing step, and the O.C. in front looks proud of his men, and rightly too.

NEARING THE FRONT.

We stand on the long, low platform of a French station in the Pas de Calais. A group of French folk is waiting for a train in the other direction. There are wounded French soldiers going south. One poor fellow has both legs entirely taken off. His stretcher is set down on the platform, and he sits up on it like a dwarf. Everyone's eyes moisten, and passengers hand him presents, money, and food. His face is smiling and happy. He is homeward bound. He has given his limbs for France. A French Red Cross nurse, dressed entirely in white, with a white veil over her hair, goes to and fro collecting money for the work. Everyone gives something. She is a conspicuous figure on the platform. French sentries with fixed bayonets keep watch over the passengers. It fares ill with anyone whose papers are not all in perfect order.

But a train of "Les Soldats Anglais" is coming along. It is bound for the front—not far to travel now, for in this neighbourhood we sometimes hear the big guns. On comes the lumbering, panting engine. Then first-class carriages with English officers. Then covered trucks with horses, and "Tommyes" looking after them. Then carriage after carriage with our lads, burnt brick colour, mostly with tunics off, some outside the carriages on the footboard, some on the roof, all ready for a cheer as they roll past us on the platform. The French Red Cross nurse in her becoming white dress attracts all their eyes, and as she waves they raise cheer

after cheer.

They will soon be in the firing line. They are on the last lap of their long journey. Days of training are over, and the longed-for call to the front has come. They go up full of joy. There is wonderful comradeship in the trenches.

"Do you realise that most of us are going to our death?" said a soldier to an Army Scripture Reader, "somewhere in France." In forty-eight hours from the time they leave some of these dear fellows are in the presence of God, and when one realises the uncertainty of life, and the dangers awaiting these men, how it inspires one to plead with them to get right with God. One must be in earnest, for the time is short. * * *

The Bishop of London the other day quoted from a poem called "Christ in Flanders."* These are some of the verses:—

We had forgotten You, or very nearly—

You did not seem to touch us very nearly—

Of course we thought about You now and then;

Especially in any time of trouble—

We knew that You were good in time of trouble—

But we are very ordinary men.

And there were always other things to think of—

There's lots of things a man has got to think of—

His work, his home, his pleasure, and his wife;

And so we only thought of You on Sunday—

Sometimes, perhaps, not even on a Sunday—

Because there's always lots to fill one's life.

And, all the while, in street or lane or byway—
In country lane, in city street or byway—

You walked among us, and we did not see.

Your feet were bleeding as You walked our pavements—

How *did* we miss Your Footprints on our pavements—

Can there be other folk as blind as we?

Now we remember; over here in Flanders—

(It isn't strange to think of You in Flanders)—

This hideous warfare seems to make things clear.

We never thought about You much in England—

But now that we are far away from England—

We have no doubts, we know that You are here.

We think about You kneeling in the Garden—

Ah! God! the agony of that dread Garden—

We know You prayed for us upon the Cross.

If anything could make us glad to bear it—

'Twould be the knowledge that You would to bear it—

Pain—death—the uttermost of human loss.

Though we forgot You—You will not forget us—

We feel so sure that You will not forget us—

But stay with us until this dream is past.

And so we ask for courage, strength, and pardon—

Especially, I think, we ask for pardon—

And that You'll stand beside us to the last.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

* "Christ in Flanders" appeared in "The Spectator," (London).

Monsen-Storm.

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

(Continued from last month—page 195.)

But now we come to Monsen's healing. In the month of January this year God laid upon their hearts to go out into the country some miles from Stavanger to hold some meetings. They had been invited by the people at a certain place.

Storm carried Monsen out and placed him in the wagon and pulled him to the station. When they got on the train God's spirit came upon them, and they had a very precious time on the way, singing and praying and testifying. God also blessed their meetings to the edification of the saints and salvation of souls. On their return to Stavanger, Monsen became in great agony of mind through weakness, but more so for the salvation of souls in Stavanger. The Spirit spoke to him and said: "When you come home call a large meeting and speak about these themes: 'Is Jesus the Son of God?' 'Is Christianity true?'"

When they came home they laid the matter before the Lord in prayer, and were convinced more and more that it was from God; so they announced in the papers that a meeting would be held in the "United Workmen's Hall" (Arbeider-samfundet), which they had often used free of charge. On Sunday afternoon, January 17th, they continued to wait on God. All ministers and Christian people were invited, and all Rationalists and Freethinkers and Socialists also. The day came, and the hall was filled to its utmost capacity, when there were at least 2,500 people present.

On Sunday morning Monsen was so weak he could not lift a glass of water with his right hand and his left had been lame for twelve years. His lameness had become worse and worse. He could see dimly the light with one eye, but the other was entirely blind. For all these years that he and Storm had worked together, he had not once been able to see his brother's face. But now the day had come that he should see this young man who had offered himself for him, and pulled him about and cared for him like a baby.

When he came on the platform lying in his wagon as usual, when he spoke he began to shiver of soul-agony, and cold sweat was pouring forth. He had no thought of God healing him, although both he and many Christians had prayed for his healing, he had not the faintest idea that God would heal him that day. His only burden was to prove to the people that Jesus was the Son of God, and that Christianity was true.

A MODERN MIRACLE!

After singing a hymn, and prayer, he spoke to the people for an hour, then he became so weak and exhausted that he had to stop. A terrible, solemn stillness had fallen on the assembly. The Spirit filled the hall with the glory of God. Storm, his companion, was lying on the platform beside the wagon praying. Monsen himself was sweating, wholly exhausted. All at once he felt a choke go through his body from head to foot. He lay a while longer, when suddenly there came on him a mighty stream of heavenly power, that went in through his head and passed down his whole body.

As the power went through him his joints and bones were cracking, and he thought he would be broken all to pieces. Suddenly a light shone about him, and a voice said, "Ludvig, arise and walk!" He raised his right hand to his head, and thereby struck the glasses he wore so they fell to the ground, looked around, and for the first time saw his brother Storm. Then he began to realise that God had healed him, and he arose, clapped his hands, and shouted: "I am healed! I am healed! I can see and walk!" and stepping on the floor he walked over to a chair and sat down, while he was clapping his hands and shouting: "Hallelujah, glory to Jesus!"

While this was taking place on the platform, the people in the audience became greatly excited. Some fainted, others cried and shouted for joy, praising God; others were talking and swearing, saying: "The whole is only humbug and a spiritualistic seance." Monsen-Storm were crying for joy and praising God, who had in this way before such an audience again given proof that Jesus is His Son, and that Christianity is the true religion. Some of his old friends in the audience gathered about him on the platform, and they wept and praised the Lord together.

After some time had elapsed, somebody sent for an automobile in which Monsen-Storm were driven to their home, while a great throng of people were gathered on the street. When they were passing through, the people shouted and waved their hats. Monsen, the lame and blind evangelist, had walked out before them all a living witness to the grace and power of Jesus Christ. But there was one elegantly-clad person who threw a stone after them as they were driving away. He represented the mob that crucified our Lord and Saviour, and that mob is the same at all times and in all places.

Much has been written in the papers about this modern miracle of healing. Doctors, preachers, believers and unbelievers have talked about it, discussed it *pro* and *con*, wondered at it for a little while, and forgot it.

Monsen-Storm go about and preach the glorious gospel of salvation and healing, through faith in the Lamb of God. They have been in many cities in Denmark, Sweden and Norway. Monsen now reads his Bible without glasses, he walks without canes, he is healed, and speaks often three times on a Sunday to large audiences numbering thousands. Is it any wonder that crowds gather to hear him? Is it strange that people will hear and see these two men whom God has made as one through poverty, suffering, and a glorious ministry to the fallen, and lastly through this wonderful healing before so many people? We who heard his life's story, Sunday evening, August 8th, will never forget it. It was the most powerful address we have listened to of its kind, full of convincing truth delivered by a living witness to the power of Jesus, before a packed audience that was held spell-bound for an hour and a half. God got all the glory, and we went away happy, and believing in Jesus only, mighty to save. Hallelujah!

These two evangelists are at present in Christiania holding evangelistic services. Anyone desiring further knowledge of the brethren can write Pastor T. B. Barratt, whose name is universally known among Pentecostal people. They have spoken at his meeting-place in Christiania, and he knows them well.

(Monsen-Storm—continued.)

"What our eyes have seen and our hands have felt, that we preach unto you, that ye might believe."

Your brother in Jesus,
ANTON TARANGER,
Pastor, Baptist Church,
Drammen, Norway.

August 27th, 1915.

[Written for "Confidence" at the request of Percy Bristow, Leith, Scotland, missionary to China, who has recently visited our city on his way to the mission field, in company with wife and baby. God bless them!]

The United Evangelistic Rally in London.

The Mission held in London from October 3rd to 22nd was favoured with the very best of weather. Mr. Leech's preaching was clear, logical, and convincing, and the assistance of the brothers Stephen and George Jeffreys invaluable in the enquiry room and bringing in of souls. A band of friends from Wales materially contributed to the brightness and power of the singing and prayer. From the commencement it was evident that there was a spirit of readiness to hear and conviction abroad.

It is not always safe to tabulate results, but we know at any rate between 130 and 140 went into the enquiry room and testified to a change of heart on the platform, including over fifty soldiers and sailors. Many of these latter left almost immediately for the front. One sailor said he had been twenty-four hours in the sea before he had been picked up. Two soldiers knelt on the pavement in the open-air meeting, of their own accord, and gave themselves to the Lord; another soldier in the meeting was on his way to the enquiry room before the invitation was finished.

Two civilians were found to have given themselves to the Lord during the address; one lady was saved on the doorstep before coming into the meeting, and on the night of the air raid two young women came in and at once gave their hearts to the Lord. A French soldier, a French lady, and a Swiss were brought to the Saviour. Quite a few guardsmen were amongst the number. One splendid batch of four men were not in the meeting, but went straight into the enquiry room, decided for Christ, and then stood in a row on the platform, each declaring in turn that he had given his heart to the Saviour.

We owe much to a band who visited the homes and fished for people to bring into the meetings, and to our friends Miss Noel Thompson and Miss Andrews, for kindly mothering a large party of workers.

It seems clear that at the present time there is a wonderful preparedness in the hearts of many, and there never was a time like this amongst the young men of our land, now serving their King.

We desire to record our most grateful thanks to God for the trophies of grace He won.

C.P.

PENTECOSTAL ITEMS.

The Belfast Full Gospel Assembly ask us to say that they have removed from 7 Dover Street to a new and larger hall in Hopeton Street. They propose to hold their usual Christmas Convention in the new hall.

* * *

A further sum of 20/- for comforting the dying on the Battlefields has been sent from India ("R.S.") and forwarded to the Army Scripture Readers' Association, who are doing excellent work near the Front. (Their Headquarters are 112, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.)

* * *

Pastor N. H. Harriman, 415, Whittemore Avenue, Arlington, Mass., U.S.A., tells of God's gracious healing of his sorely afflicted body—cancer and stone completely dealt with by the Hand of God. He is so restored as to be able to return now to spiritual work. He will be remembered as writing remarkable articles in the "Alliance Weekly" on "War on the Saints." We were glad to hear from him.

* * *

Mrs. J. F. Berry (R.D. No. 1, Box 57), Corona, Riverside Co., California, writes that her son Merrill is on the point of sailing to China to join Pastor McLean at Yunnan-fu. She asks for prayer that he may be kept strong. They have removed from Los Angeles to the above address. The Editor of "Confidence" was thankful to meet Bro. and Sister Berry when in California the first time.

* * *

A Sister writes from Perth, West Australia, to say she found the Lord through reading in "Confidence" Mr. Leech's sermon, "A Sinful Woman Saved." "I only wish I had sought my Saviour twenty years ago, but I thank God I am still only a young woman, and hope to spend many happy hours in doing His will by making others happy."

* * *

Another writes from Fox Chase, Philadelphia, saying she lived at the farm adjoining the Convention Ground. In 1914 she gave her heart to God, and is going on. On January 13th she was baptised in the Holy Spirit speaking in other Tongues. Husband, sister-in-law, and father-in-law have all received the Blessing. "Such a Blessed Rest we have in our soul, that when the darkest cloud hovers around us we still can stand against the powers of darkness. Brother Boddy, I ask an interest in your prayers." The Editor, when at Fox Chase Convention, was led into that farmhouse, and this sister gave her heart to God and found the Saviour as she knelt in prayer that day.

* * *

Bro. W. J. Boyd was able to post a letter from the Mediterranean telling of a safe voyage so far, and seasons of blessing on board their ship. The three brethren are well, and praising God for His goodness.

* * *

At Felixstowe the Y.M.C.A. Huts are doing good work among the Troops. Bro. C. A. Gray

asked for the help of the Editor of "Confidence" recently, and he was there for the inside of a week holding meetings. Men were eager to have Gospels. About £15 worth were carefully given. On many of the cards which were filled up were the letters "A.C." (Accepting Christ). Many crowded to the front to shake hands with the speaker, in token that they were taking the Lord as their Saviour. Hundreds are now on one or other of the "fronts."

* * *

Sister Gerber (260, W. 121 Street, New York City) writes:—"I praise my Lord, in spite of the terrible massacres, my dear orphan family has been kept alive and well. The last letter from the Orphans' Home is dated September 6th. The widows and orphans increasing, and great poverty in the land." It is said that 500,000 Armenians had been massacred by the Turks. They seem to have set themselves to wipe out those helpless people.

* * *

A Solemn Memorial Service was held (Nov. 7th) in All Saints' Church, Sunderland, to remember all who had given up their lives during the War. A Regimental Band accompanied the hymns, and a Lieut.-Colonel read the lesson. Earnest prayer was made also for all connected with the parish and neighbourhood who were at the "Front." One of the members of the choir, Sergeant W. Ramshaw, who was also a Sunday School teacher and an earnest Christian, and who was killed on Whit-Monday, was affectionately referred to by the Vicar (Rev. A. A. Boddy).

Nurse Cavell.

The Rev. Sterling Gahan (whose face appears on the group at Sunderland Pentecostal Convention for 1909) has been very brave and faithful as the English Chaplain at Brussels. It was his

privilege to minister to Miss Cavell at 10 o'clock on the night on which she was shot by the German military, being condemned to death for helping English soldiers to escape. He wrote a report of his interview. We quote the following:—

Her first words to me were upon a matter concerning herself personally, but the solemn asseveration which accompanied them was made expressively in the light of God and eternity. She then added that she wished all her friends to know that she willingly gave her life for her country, and said: "I have no fear nor shrinking. I have seen death so often that it is not strange or fearful to me." She further said: "I thank God for this ten weeks' quiet before the end. Life has always been hurried and full of difficulty. This time of rest has been a great mercy."

"They have all been very kind to me here. But this I would say, standing as I do in view of God and eternity, I realise that patriotism is not enough. I must have no hatred or bitterness towards anyone."

We partook of the Holy Communion together, and she received the Gospel message of consolation with all her heart. At the close of the little service I began to repeat the words, "Abide with me," and she joined softly in the end.

We sat quietly talking until it was time for me to go. She gave me parting messages for relatives and friends. She spoke of her soul's needs at the moment, and she received the assurance of God's words as only the Christian can do. Then I said, "Good-bye," and she smiled and said, "We shall meet again."

The German military chaplain was with her at the end, and afterwards gave Christian burial. He told me, "She was brave and bright to the last. She professed her Christian faith, and that she was glad to die for her country. She died like a heroine."

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," Renhold, 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—Mr. & Mrs. F. Trevitt, c/o Rev. David Tornvall, Ping-Liang, Kansu, China; Mr. & Mrs. A. Williams, Pentecostal Mission, Lang-Chow-Fu, Kansu, China, Mr. and Mrs. A. Kok, Miss Elz. Martha Biggs, Miss Cornelia E. Scharten, Likiang, China, via Rangoon and Bhamo; Pastor Allan Swift and Mrs. Swift, Miss Fanny E. Jenner, Miss Ethel Cook, Miss Nellie Tyler and Miss Rose Waters, Brothers Alfred Lewer, James Boyd, and David Leigh, Pentecostal Mission, Yunnan-fu, Yunnan Province, West China. JAPAN—Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Taylor, 10 of 24 Yamamoto Dori, 4 Chome, Kobe. Also holding P.M.U. Certificates: John Beruldsen and Christina Beruldsen (now Mrs. Gulbrandsen), at Lungmen-hsein, via Peking, N. China. CENTRAL

AFRICA—Brother F. D. Johnstone, care of Kongo Inland Mission, Kalamba, Mukenyé, Kasai, *via* Kinshasa, Belgian Congo. SOUTH AFRICA.—Holding P.M.U. Certificate: Mr. James A. Routhead, 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," Renhold, 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. Let us also pray that enough money may always be given to supply our Missionaries' necessities.

It is well for Readers of "Confidence" to read carefully the paragraphs at the head of this P.M.U. part of the paper. They will find a complete list of the Missionaries. This list is being altered of necessity from time to time. Names have been added this time. Some 25 Missionaries are now supported. Pray for sufficient means, and for great blessing on their work. Let us also praise!

* * *

Our Hon. Treasurer writes:—

"An allowance to a Missionary of the P.M.U. is *not guaranteed*, but it would be a sad day to every member of the P.M.U. Council should the time come when it would be necessary to write our missionaries that allowances must cease, or at least be reduced, owing to lack of funds. And how near such days of trial have been to us but few know, yet in the moment of greatest difficulty the Lord has raised up someone to take the place of those who have failed in the time of greatest need.

* * *

"In all these matters we have looked, and still continue to look, to the Lord. It is His work. The missionaries are of His appointing. The heathen have been given as His inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for His possession. Yet the enemy is in possession both of the lands beyond and of the souls of their inhabitants. It is ours to go forth, or to send forth, in His name, that the lands and their peoples may be freed from the enemy's dominion.

* * *

"Many are in the forefront of the battle, and others, after long periods of training, are ready and waiting to go forth to take their part in the great battle for souls. These need our prayers; our assistance in providing outfits and passage money; our continued assistance when they arrive at their destinations that they may have no anxiety concerning their temporal needs

while as our representatives they minister to the spiritual needs of the heathen.

* * *

"On every hand we have examples of wonderful sacrifices made for King and Country. We must not be behind these in our sacrifices for God and souls; and, if economy is necessary, let the sacrifice be *ours* and *let us not economise at the expense of our Lord and of His work.*"

* * *

Yet how much we have to praise God for in these seven years of the P.M.U.'s existence. Difficulties there have been and will be, but we have had, we believe, the Smile of God upon this His work.

* * *

Bro. T. D. Johnstone writes from Kalamba Mukenyé, Congo:—

I have for some time now been living in my mud house which I have built, and have almost finished my second one. This latter is for our twenty-five boys from the "Bacoke" and other hostile tribes who have come for work and teaching. These Bacokes are a race of people unconquered by the State. They are a very wild and savage tribe, and have killed many white people in recent years. The last one was about twelve months ago in the person of one of the Diamond Company men.

We have had this week in our midst a Mr. Dustart from the State Post, and had the privilege of presenting before him the Gospel and a little French New Testament. He has now gone with about 75 soldiers to see if he can conquer these people, and is in great danger of his life. May the Lord save his precious soul is our prayer. Last week but one Mr. Janzen went out itinerating among a clan of these people, but on this side of the river from where their territory lies. He had a blessed time of ministry and they desire us to send them teachers, but, alas! we have none trained as we would like.

The week previous to Mr. Janzen being on the road I went alone with hammock and box carriers into the surrounding villages and had a glorious time of telling the joyful news of salvation to the people. My little auto-harp would soon bring a crowd around me, and it was so blessed to see them squatted on the floor drinking in the message of Life I had brought them. The women, who are more like slaves than anything, would always sit in the rear with fear, and often one has difficulty to keep them quiet. It was, of course, always of

great interest to them to see me eat, and many were the remarks about my food, clothes, white skin, etc.

* * *

Miss Elkington writes from Goshainganj, U.P. India:—

We would like to ask for the prayers of the Lord's people for this coming camping tour; there are a great many villages which we have not yet visited and which we are quite longing to get to. I want to be definite about this prayer, and so will name definite things to be prayed for, which we have come to learn from our past experience need to be held up before God.

1. That we may both be kept in health.
2. That He would keep people from wanting to come and stay with us, unless He is calling them to do so, and then all will be well.
3. "Pray for us that the Word of the Lord may have free course and be glorified." 2 Thess. iii., i.
4. Pray that the Lord would prepare the hearts of the people among whom we hope to be going; that we may find some who, in an honest and good heart, hear the Word, because God has given them an ear to hear; understand it, because the eyes of their understanding have been enlightened by the Spirit; receive it and keep it.

We believe God has some true and faithful ones who are praying, yet I believe that if there were some praying ones raised up by God, who would lay hold of these definite facts, and be definite and persistent, praying with importunity throughout the whole of this coming cold season, October to March, should Jesus tarry and we all be spared so long, and we went forth to the people here, why surely we ought to believe God for great things.

* * *

Praise is offered to our bountiful God and Father for the money which was required for the remainder of the outfits and passages of our five missionaries to Yunnan-fu having been supplied by His stewards, and these five sowers were sent forth with much joy.

* * *

Our sisters, Miss Nellie Tyler and Miss E. R. M. Waters, sailed on the 9th of October in the Japanese steamer "Kashima Maru," and our brothers, Messrs. Wm. J. Boyd, David Leigh, and Alfred G. Lewer, in the P. & O. Steamer "Kashmir" on the 20th October.

* * *

All were booked to Hong Kong, where they will change and proceed by another steamer and by rail to Yunnan-fu, and join our other missionaries there, and set to work to acquire the language.

* * *

The Council have also further praise to offer for our Father's bounty in providing the necessary sum to enable our brother P. Klaver from Amsterdam to proceed to Yunnan.

Five New Missionaries.

(SENT OUT BY GENEROUS SPECIAL EFFORTS.)

Truly the good hand of our God upon us is seen in the way in which we have been enabled to send a party of five new recruits to the mission field in China—five who have each received the Baptism in the Holy Spirit, and have been definitely called of God to foreign service, and who have one and all given abundant proof of their calling during the period of their stay in the training homes. We were enabled to send them forth, moreover, without in any way burdening the general funds of the P.M.U., every penny needed for both outfit and passage being specially contributed for the purpose; and in every detail connected with their departure we can see the guiding hand of God.

Our two sisters sailed on the 9th October, and were followed by the three brothers on the 20th.

NELLIE TYLER is from Hackney, and was converted about ten years ago. She became an active member of the Y.W.C.A. there, where she learned to know a deeper life in God. Having received the Baptism into the Holy Ghost, she yielded herself to God for foreign service, and entered the Training Home. Her forcefulness and earnest zeal have commended her to all.

ROSE WATERS, who accompanies Nellie Tyler to China, is from Liverpool. Being recommended to the P.M.U. by Mr. Breeze and Pastor Jardine, she spent two years in the Training Home, making excellent progress in the study of the Word and in her spiritual life, and commending herself to all by her consistency and her faithfulness to every duty.

WILLIAM J. BOYD is from Belfast, being highly recommended to the P.M.U. from the Assembly there, who have now provided him with a complete outfit and his passage money. His knowledge of the Word of God and his consistent life prove him suitable for the work to which he is now sent.

DAVID LEIGH, from Bury (Lancs.), has been an ardent worker in connection with the Mission there, which, recognising the call of God, has liberally provided for him. His stay in the Training Home gave abundant proof of his suitability for the foreign field.

ALFRED G. LEWER is from Harringay, North London. He has spent two years

(Five New Missionaries—continued.)

in the Training Home. His bright, sunny disposition, his dexterity and willingness, combined with real spirituality, will make him a valuable addition in the mission field. He, too, has been assisted by the assembly at Harringay.

(See Photographs on Front Page.)

CHINA.

NEWS FROM YUNNAN.

1. From Miss Jenner.

Miss Cook and I are now visiting regularly among the people. It is of course very informal work, but we love it. The people so readily invite us to enter their homes if the house is sufficiently large, and, if not, then a wooden stool or straw hassocks are brought outside. It is but a few moments before quite a number gather and listen as we sing and tell them of our blessed Lord, and when we turn to prayer they are usually very quiet. Upon leaving the house or courtyard we usually find a little group gathered outside, and so have a little open-air meeting.

Recently, while thus occupied, we noticed a well-dressed gentleman listening intently. He readily accepted the proffered tract, and told us he was a Mohammedan. We invited him to visit Mr. McLean, and, praise the Lord, two days later he arrived, accompanied by two friends. Of course they had their arguments, but they accepted books, and we believe God has begun a work in at least one of them.

TWO WORSHIP CORNERS.

This week we visited the village of Ma-üen, five li outside the city. It was a delightful walk in view of the mountains, and the mud houses nestling amid the flax plantations were indeed picturesque. The two church members' homes we visited presented a striking contrast, and yet a similarity. The first, that of a poor widow living with her idolatrous mother-in-law, each having a "worship corner" in the one room, the one to pray to our living Lord, the other to burn incense to her gods and ancestral tablets. The second home, a husband and wife, the faces of both radiant with the joy of the Lord.

The Chinese have recently been celebrating the feast of the 12th day of the seventh moon. At this season the Gates of the Abode of Souls are supposed to be opened, and the spirits may leave their abode and roam about for three days pleasure. The people attend to their needs in various ways, e.g., placing dishes of wheat sprouts for their consumption, making paper boats, houses, horses, servants, burning paper money, clothing, and parcels. At the close of the festival tiny sedan chairs and paper coolies are placed at the doors of the houses, and in some parts paper boats with tiny lights are floated down the rivers—all to help the spirits find their way back to spirit-land. To us it seems so much child-play, but to these poor, bound folk it is indeed reality.

A COFFIN AS A BRIBE.

Recently, an old woman brought her ancestral tablets to be destroyed, but at night the enemy so attacked her she could not sleep for fear, and con-

sequently came early next morning for prayer and also to take back the tablets. We prayed with her and the tablets were destroyed. Even then fears would return, until a woman said to her, "Don't fear, if you die we will buy you a coffin." This satisfied and comforted her. We considered it a strange method of consolation.

The last Sunday in August, three men (including our cook) and one woman were baptised in water, and last Sunday another man who was unable to be present the previous week. The latter (a Mr. Chia) is very bold in testimony, and seems to have illumination on the Word of God. We are praying for native helpers, and possibly this is one whom the Lord hath His hand upon.

Mr. and Mrs. McLean spent a short time at Tú-pah-ho this week, and not only had a good time there, but also on the journey down the river, distributing tracts and preaching the Word as they went.

Final preparations are now being made for the opening of the chapel at Ih-Liang. Several of us hope to go down this Saturday and spend the week-end there. May God indeed own this work and give us souls.

With greetings to the readers of "Confidence" and all who are supporting us by their prayers and gifts.

I remain,
Yours in our soon coming Lord,
FANNY E. JENNER.

c/o Rev. H. McLean,
Yunnan-fu,
Yunnan Province,
South-West China,
Sept. 9th, 1915.

2. From Mrs. McLean.*

A WONDERFUL RECORD OF MILES OF BLESSING.

Again I have been out for about six weeks to several places. First I visited our Fumin station opened last year. I stayed there about two weeks, and during that time my husband and Mr. Swift came over for a day and we had a baptismal service, when eleven were baptised in the river flowing through the city. We had a very blessed day. Hundreds of people gathered at the riverside and had an opportunity of both seeing the dear Christians step into the water and openly confess Christ as their Saviour, and also to hear the singing and messages delivered in His Name. We had good meetings in the chapel before and after the baptismal service, and our hearts rejoiced to have the Lord's Supper with these dear Christians, remembering His death till He comes (*soon*).

EYES HEALED.

There are now at Fumin 22 baptised Christians, and many others both in the city and villages who have taken their stand for the Lord. While I was there, we visited a village one day where a woman lives who had broken her vegetarian vows and decided to follow the Lord. A number of the village people gathered together in her home and listened with great interest to the Gospel messages. The woman's young son had a very severe trouble in his eyes, and had not been able to attend school for some time. He said he wanted to follow Jesus, and prayed also for the healing of his eyes. The following morning the mother came to the city for market and told us with great

*The Writer and her husband are in closest touch with our P.M.U. Missionaries, to whom they are an invaluable help.

joy that her boy was well and had gone to school that morning. This healing in answer to prayer was a great encouragement to us all, and a special blessing to our young evangelist Hsü, and he has since, on this journey, borne testimony, not only to salvation from sin, but also to healing for the body in a way as never before.

Some of you may have been especially remembering the man Keo in your prayers. He was with me again on this journey carrying the books, etc., and helping to preach the Gospel, and he is growing in grace and in the knowledge of Jesus Christ, and is a great help in every way. His older sister from Fumin was also with me on this trip, and has broken off her opium habit. When we came home to Yunnan-fu, she was baptised with some others. She was a heavy opium smoker for over twenty years, so it means much for her to be free from this evil habit. Praise the Lord! He is strong to save and mighty to deliver.

VEGETARIAN VOWS RENOUNCED.

From Fumin we travelled a long day's journey to another city, Lo-tsi, where I have been three times before. Last year we tried to get a house there for the work, but doors were closed before us. We praise the Lord for answered prayer and for the open door He has given us now. After staying at an inn for about two weeks, and preaching on the streets and at markets round about, and getting into close touch with the people, one family was willing to rent a shop with an upstairs room. So we soon got it ready for a chapel and had it crowded the whole day long on market days, and at our evening meetings we had crowds both inside and out in the street, listening attentively to the Gospel messages. Several took their stand for the Lord, and a woman who had been a strict vegetarian brought her vegetarian books to be burnt and her idols to be destroyed, and in the presence of a big crowd she gave a testimony, and gave up all these false things in which she had trusted so long. Another woman was very severely beaten because she took a stand for the Lord, but in spite of persecution and suffering she is determined to follow the Lord. Her husband has three wives, and all of them together are bitterly opposed to her becoming a Christian.

BIBLE TEXTS PUT UP.

A Mr. Huang, secretary in the court, took a definite stand and gave up his "heaven and earth tablet" which was burned outside his place in the presence of a crowd of people, and he put up Bible texts in its place. When Sister Agar was there some time ago, he was convicted of sin through the preaching of the Word. His wife was against him, but she afterwards said to me that if Jesus was able to save Mr. Huang from the habit of gambling she would admit that our religion was good. Mr. Huang himself said that by the grace of God he was going to leave off all his evil habits, as well as idolatry. Please pray for him that he may grow in grace and become a worker, as the need for native helpers is now very great. We praise the Lord for those He has given us lately, and as the needs are increasing and new places being opened, the Lord will in a special way raise up the workers also in answer to our united prayers, for His glory.

NO SMOKING IN THIS CHAPEL.

I believe it would be interesting for you to know about a great victory won over one of the attacks

of the enemy to hinder us after we opened the chapel at Lotsi. We make it a strict rule to allow no smoking in our chapels, and most of the men at Lotsi are heavy tobacco smokers, as well as many being still addicted to the habit of opium. We asked them not to smoke in our chapel, and told them we make it a strict rule to allow no one to smoke when we are preaching. One elderly gentleman and some young men became much provoked at us, and they made up their minds they would all smoke at our big open window and through the door, and smoke us out.

The following night it seemed our chapel was not only filled with smoke, but with all the powers of darkness to hinder us. We were not able to say much, but the Lord put it into our hearts to sing again and again for thirty times or more, "Victory, victory, precious blood-bought victory; Victory, victory all the time." We felt as if the demons were trembling and fearful, and after we had prayed we dismissed the crowd and shut up the place. Some of the Christians stayed in, and we got down on our faces before the Lord in prayer, worship and praise, and the crowd were standing outside trying to find out what we were doing. The Lord clearly showed to open the door and let them see what we were doing inside, and they were surprised to see us kneeling in prayer and praise before the Lord.

The following night we had no trouble in any way, and the man who had been a leader in the disturbance listened eagerly and stayed after the meeting to inquire into the truth. When we first open work in a new place it is very necessary to stay on for some time, so the people can learn and understand why we have come.

A POSTMASTER'S TESTIMONY.

One day a Mr. Tang, an elderly gentleman of an official family, and now postmaster at Lotsi, came into our chapel and said to me in a very straightforward way, "When you foreigners first came to our place we were a little afraid of you before we learned to know you and why you have come." He said also that since he had learned to know us, he would not be afraid to rent one of his big houses to us; and he also took me to see the house, and said that at any time we were in need of a larger place to let him know, and he would have the families who occupy them to move out. We had a good long conversation on religion, and then he finally asked me, "And can you also eat our food?" "Yes," I said, "I never bring anything with me, but take what we get at different places."

He seemed much pleased. One finds the people do so appreciate it when we are able to take the things they prepare for us.

Sister Agar and the native with her at Fumin are going over to Lotsi in a few days to have a time of sowing, and also of reaping. Praise the Lord!

A man named Li, in a village, also gave up his Ancestral Tablet, Heaven and Earth Tablet, and Door-gods, and they were all destroyed on the street outside his place, and we had a time of worship at his house.

From Lotsi we went onward a long day's journey to Lu-feng Hsien, a city three days' journey from Yunnan-fu. We found the people there most friendly and ready to listen to the truth, and we met some with real hungry hearts, both in the city and at a big market town passed

(China—Letter from Mrs. McLean—continued.)

on the way. A number of Gospels were sold and good Gospel tracts distributed.

I am sure you will all be encouraged to know how one city after the other of the many here in Yunnan are being opened to the preaching of the truth as it is in Jesus. We trust the Lord will soon give us a suitable place at Lu-feng and also at An-Ning Cheo, another city passed on the way home.

A ROBBER'S HEAD ON A POLE.

The Lord has in a wonderful way protected us from dangers of various kinds—dangers from robbers on all these roads passed. A robber was caught near Lotsi one day and was beheaded at once, and we saw them carrying his head on a pole through the city. The people seemed very solemn when I spoke to them from the Scripture: "The wages of sin is death," as they had just seen an illustration before their own eyes.

One dark night, in passing through a city gate, I did not see a big stone in my way but fell over it as I was hurrying in. I did not know at first if my arms were broken or out of joint, but one thing I realised was the most severe pain. The two native helpers with me knelt down beside me, and I cannot tell you how earnestly they prayed for me. Their prayer was answered, and in a little while I revived again and they helped me to rise in the *name of Jesus*, and I was soon free from the pain and able to continue on our journey. To Him be all the glory and praise.

In a few days we hope to go down to Ih-liang Hsien and open the chapel there, and after the rainy season is over, which will be soon now, we hope (D.V.) to go to more distant cities and districts as Lin-an-Fu, Kai-hua-Fu, Meung-tsü, Ami-Cheo, etc. In some places the roads have been very difficult to travel over during the rainy season—sometimes we have to go through numerous streams on the mountains, and through deep mud in the valleys. One day while walking through deep mud I lost one of my shoes, and I had to get down and fish it up out of the mud with my hands. But in all things the Lord's good hand has been upon us and kept us in victory, counting it a great privilege to be called to lift up Jesus Christ and Him crucified wherever He sends us, and to have the sweet assurance of being in His perfect will.

AN AUTO-HARP.

The dear people like singing very much, and I also bring my little auto-harp with me, and they do appreciate the music. We have often "Tribes" people coming to us at markets and to our chapels when we are out, and they are *real singers*. They have excellent voices as a rule, and sing the praises of God with all their hearts.

We do praise the Lord for all your prayers and your loving interest in the work here. May God abundantly bless and reward you all. Some day, *very soon*, we shall rejoice together when Jesus comes, when we shall see Him and be like Him. May we all be kept *faithful* to do *His will*. Hallelujah!

My husband joins me in warm greetings.

Your sister in Christ,

SIGRID McLEAN.

Yunnan-fu,
September 2nd, 1915.

List of Contributions received during
October, 1915.

	£	s.	d.
Southsea Assembly	...	9	0 0
Receipt No. 1389	...	0	3 0
" 1390	...	0	3 0
Rose Cottage Mission, Hull	...	3	1 0
Receipt No. 1393	...	50	0 0
" 1394	...	1	0 0
Lexden Assembly	...	4	7 0
Receipt No. 1397	...	0	10 0
" 1398	...	2	1 6
" 1399	...	30	0 0
" 1401	...	0	5 0
" 1402	...	0	10 0
" 1403	...	6	0 0
" 1405	...	7	0 0
Paisley Assembly (Boxes)	...	2	0 0
Sion College Own Missionary Fund	...	20	15 0
Receipt No. 1408	...	3	0 0
Wemyss Christian Assembly	...	2	10 0
Emsworth Assembly	...	0	10 0
Receipt No. 1414	...	10	0 0
" 1415	...	4	9 9
Bowland Street Mission, Bradford	...	3	12 8
Receipt No. 1417	...	0	7 0
Dundee Assembly (for Mrs. Trevitt)	...	2	0 0
Sion College Own Missionary Fund	...	4	18 6
Receipt No. 1422	...	0	4 0
" 1423	...	0	5 0
" 1424	...	3	1 10
Coatbridge Assembly	...	2	0 0
Lytham Assembly	...	5	0 0
Receipt No. 1427	...	50	0 0
1428 (towards funds of Women's Training Home	...	10	4 0
"Hackney" (towards support of Misses Tyler and Waters)	...	6	16 8
"Birmingham" (towards support of Miss Tyler)	...	3	7 0
		£249	1 11

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

Salisbury Pentecostal Band (towards passage of Miss Waters)	...	43	9 10
Receipt No. 1395	...	10	0 0
Brookshaw Street Mission, Bury (to- wards D. Leigh's outfit)	...	4	0 0
Receipt No. 1407 (towards A. Lewer's outfit)	...	15	0 0
" 1412 (towards D. Leigh's outfit)	...	6	0 0
" 1413 (towards J. H. Boyce's outfit)	...	10	4 0
" 1418 (towards passages, etc., of Missionaries)	...	45	0 0
" 1420 (towards P. Klaver's passage)	...	0	10 0
		£134	3 10

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.

Printed by R. W. Williams, Sunderland.
Published by Samuel E. Roberts, Zion House, 3a Paternoster
Row, London, E.C.