

No. 127.

OCTOBER-DECEMBER, 1921.

"CONFIDENCE"

EDITED BY

ALEX. A. BODDY,

ALL SAINTS' VICARAGE, SUNDERLAND, ENGLAND.



(From "The Sketch.")

MRS. SHERLOCK, PARALYSED FOR TWO YEARS.

Since she was prayed with at Sion College can raise both arms above her head.

(See page 53.)

"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.

ONE PENNY.

Sunderland: Hon. Secs., All Saints' Vicarage (Monkwearmouth).

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807 Ferndale, Zion Chapel				821 Stonehaven, N.B. (G) ..	0	4	0	838 Halifax (W.)	3	0	0
(J.)	0	5	0	822 Cheltenham (H.) ...	0	1	6	839 London (P.)	30	0	0
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RECEIPTS.				EXPENDITURE.			
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VISIONS OF ANGELS.

Manifestations at All Saints' Church.

WORSHIPPERS' EXPERIENCES.

In the "Sunderland Echo" of October 8th, 1921, the following appeared. One of the reporters had waited upon Rev. A. A. Boddy (Editor of "Confidence") at his Vicarage. He called his attention to the experiences of Rev. G. M. Elliott and Mrs. Elliott, and asked him if he could add anything of interest. The result is to be found below.

In the same issue of the "Echo" in which this appeared there was a quite sympathetic leading article on "Angelic Visitations," written in a reverent spirit. The following day (Sunday) there were those in All Saints' Church who had read the article and perhaps hoped to experience something supernatural. One man in pain found his pain left him during the hymn singing, and his wife threatened with an influenza attack found herself completely delivered. They both testified to this when the writer called next day upon them.

Great interest has been aroused throughout the country in the story told by a Lincolnshire vicar, the Rev. G. Maurice Elliott, of how he met an angel by appointment at Brighton for the purpose of saving the life of his wife.

According to Mr. Elliott's story, a London specialist had declared that an immediate operation was necessary, but the evening before she was to go into a nursing home an angel, in response to their prayers, appeared to them. "The angel was a male," says the Vicar. "His figure was more majestic than that of men on earth. His eyes were extraordinary in their beauty. He spoke with a voice that was bell-like. He talked with us there in our room, using the ordinary language of every-day conversation." The angel declared that the specialist was wrong in advising an operation, and later, in response to their requests for Divine guidance to a medical man who would confirm the angel's statement, the angel again appeared and told them to go to Brighton, where he was to meet them.

He came to them in their carriage just before

they arrived at the station, and walked with them through the town, guiding them to an hotel near the Aquarium. He walked normally and wore sandals and conversed with them the whole time. At the hotel the angel dematerialised and was not seen again. Strange to say, the vicar and his wife did meet another specialist at the hotel, and upon examining Mrs. Elliott he found she was in an entirely normal condition and that no operation was necessary.

Later, when Mrs. Elliott's child was christened in Winchester Cathedral, a company of baby angels was manifest to Mr. and Mrs. Elliott.*

APPEARANCES AT MONKWEARMOUTH.

A number of other clergymen in different parts of the country have, since these remarkable statements were published, expressed their belief in the appearance of angels.

The Rev. A. A. Boddy, vicar of All Saints', Monkwearmouth, who has always taken a deep interest in the subject, when asked for his views on the general question, stated:—

"In All Saints' Church angels have been seen during Divine worship. Not many Sundays ago one was seen standing at the Communion rails at the south side facing the congregation. One Sunday in 1907 an angel was seen by two members of the congregation. He was standing beside the preacher (or partly behind him) and seemed to be encouraging him, though the preacher was unconscious of the presence.

"A Welsh Christian woman, now aged and not strong, saw in 1910 the Person of Christ (it might have been an angel) standing on the chancel steps, at the close of the service—when the choir in procession was passing down the middle aisle singing. She was so much overcome with joy that she fell on her knees and buried her face in her hands. When she looked up again He was gone. She often alludes to that vision as a wonderful encouragement.

"Whether these angel appearances were objective or subjective one cannot say. Occasions of tremendous stress, or great spiritual joy, seem to open the eyes to see what is really there, but hidden by reason of our material and lower spiritual condition.

"Some narrow escapes from serious accidents in my own case I have attributed to angel intervention."

* Rev. G. Maurice Elliott has published a book, "Angels Seen To-day." Post free 3/10, from the Author, Snthly Rectory, Lincolnshire.

"CONFIDENCE."

No. 127.

ALL SAINTS', SUNDERLAND.

Oct.-Dec., 1921.

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."

"Want any Help?"

ELIZABETH SISSON.*

It was the last Sabbath in February this year (1921). A snow storm was on, known as the "New England Blizzard." It was the last day of a Pentecostal Convention in Worcester, Mass. I wakened in the morning to find it had been long snowing on the Saturday night, and the drifts were so high as I started from my lodgings to go to the Convention hall, that with difficulty I made my way down the hill. I passed a church building, where a couple of men had attempted to clear walks for church service, but so fierce was the storm, the wind and the sleet, and the snow ever piling higher, that in disgust they shouldered their shovels and left the job unfinished.

I had to keep closing my eyes to prevent the sleet from cutting the eyeballs. But the Convention was full of the power of the Holy Ghost, increasingly so as the day wore on. For two meals we backed out of the hall to next door restaurant, impossible it seemed to face the blast. However, we were so preoccupied with "the glory of the Lord in the midst" that we hardly noticed that the city was a blockade, and all autos and trolleys were out of commission; that the mothers with little children had ploughed their way home after the midday service. Nor did I learn till next day that brethren living some distance from the hall had stayed all night in a near-by hotel, it being impossible to reach their homes. I am so glad all this was hidden from me, as, "satisfied with favour, and filled full with the blessing of the Lord," I started for the short walk to my lodgings.

It was about midnight as I left the hall, drifts increasing, and the fine ice-stones of the blizzard cutting the very skin. I got about half-way up the short hill I was to walk, when I struck a snowdrift I could only break with my body. Had pushed through but a short distance when my heart failed! I realised then that a seventy-eight-year-old machine was of little value. Even a motor-car run fifteen or twenty years has not the worth of a new one fresh from the factory.

I glanced around—one could keep the eyes

open but for a second at a time, on account of the stinging hail—not a human being in sight!—the night of the darkest save for the light of the snow. "Ha!" sneered the devil, "you will drop here in the snow and the corpse will be found in the morning, without even a card on your person to tell where to send the body." I have learned never to answer Satan, but in my heart I hearkened up, as you know we Christians do, and down upon me came—"The Lord is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever." I stood sucking the delicious sugar-plum, and in the joy of it, "far above all," I forgot my surroundings, till something prompting me said "Go on." And lo! I could!

I broke the length of the drift, and then easily up the remainder of the hill till I came to the turn down, where at side door I was to insert my key. Here five streets intersected, and between me and the house door there had blown up a drift so immense not the body of a man could have broken it! Midnight, not a soul in the streets. I must get through that drift. So I simply threw myself on top of it, and rolled and wallowed till I came opposite the door, when, behold! a screen door barred my entrance, snow piled to its very top. A dilemma! The house as black as the out-door midnight. Its occupants, doubtless, off in their second or third hour top-sleep. The howling storm would have drowned voice had I tried to shout to them—but still looking up—not yet recovered from the heavenly anæsthetic that had been administered, I felt a glow of delight, that GOD was "my portion for ever."

I was very stuck in the snow which was melting and dripping from my underwear. I happened (?) to glance behind me—I could not turn, I was so wedged in—when, looking for all the world as if he was just alighting like the rest of the snow and sleet, was a man with a wooden snow-shovel on his shoulder! Before I could recover from my astonishment an indescribably *enheartening* voice said, "Want any help?" Oh, the quality of that voice! Shall I ever again hear anything so inspiring? "Indeed I do," I cried back. Did the man fly? *Immediately* he was at my back, from behind me repeatedly shovelling till the great bank of snow was removed from the screen door. It sprang open. Thanking him most heartily, I inserted my house key, rushed in, intent on removing my dripping underwear. How the

* Written for "Confidence."

(*"Want any Help?"—continued.*)

Lord delivered me from illness and brought me next day to my home town would be another story.

It was not till the second day at home the question was brought to me, "Who was that man with the wooden snow-shovel?" Then I saw that He who had visited Abraham in the form of three men in his tent door on the plains of Mamre, and sent father Lot two angels in man form in the gates of Sodom, in my extremity had sent poor unworthy me help from heaven! For there was not a man in all Worcester fool enough to be out with a wooden snow shovel on Sunday past midnight looking for a job, the storm still on the increase, everything like locomotion stopped by its violence some six or eight hours earlier.

Can I describe the rush of gratitude that filled my heart as I saw this commentary on "The Lord . . . my portion for ever." In the keen sense of His favour to unworthy me I cried, "Lord, you could do *anything*! and if You should ask me to walk across the Atlantic Ocean I would start, and I know You would bring me through." Oh, the way God wants to move us on; but the limitations of our unbelief!

I remember once when I lay for more than an hour under the power of the Spirit on the floor at altar service at Beulah Heights, N.J., Convention, among many other illuminating things God said to me, "Elizabeth, from the crown of your head to the soles of your feet you are one sceptic." This He said not of the conscious and voluntary parts of my nature—all *that* was His—but of that Adamic substance which, alas! we have all inherited from our original ancestor.

David under Divine illumination said, "I was as a beast before Thee" (Ps. lxxiii., 22). It must be so, else why would we not run easily and rapidly into that great supernaturalism God has provided for us in the life of Christ. He, the Anointed of God, walked at ease the water, commanded the waves, stilled the storm, multiplied, *ad libitum*, loaves and fishes (by the way, they had a touch of that food-multiplication at Elim Bible School, Rochester, N.Y., a year or more ago), commanded money from the mouth of a fish, as well as healed the sick, cleansed the lepers, cast out devils, raised the dead; and *the provision for us still reads*, "The works that I do shall ye do also, and GREATER, because I go to the Father." Well, did He ever go to the Father? Peter tells us (Acts ii., 33) in his drunken sermon, *i.e.*, in his sermon under the filling with THE SPIRIT, that consequent on Jesus arriving at the right hand of the Father was the shedding of that intoxicating Spirit upon the waiting one hundred and twenty, and the thrilling scenes of the Day of Pentecost, and the book of the Acts of the Apostles.

Did *that* exhaust the supernaturalism of God in the life of the church? Nay, verily, for He, speaking by the prophet in the book of Joel (ii., 23), says that the former rain of that hour was but a "moderate" exhibition of His grace

provided for His church. "I will cause to come down for you the former and the latter rain."

Looking into the Palestine climate, which was the parable then in the mouth of God, we see it means treble or fourfold the measure of the Spirit's power given in the Apostolic Age. For such was the latter rains compared with the light, early rains. Then considering Zech. x., 1, we find God dating a command *in the time* when latter rains were thus falling, to pray for torrential showers, over and above and upon all this treble or fourfold latter rain, "lightning," clouds and showers.

Oh, those tropical tempests! I call to mind some I have witnessed in India. A neighbouring missionary, living in the same compound (yard), ran to our house on a minute errand, when a sudden clap of thunder and flash of lightning out of a clear sky arrested her returning footsteps. Then the instant darkness and pouring rain held her twenty minutes, when out came the sun and all was over. But the whole face of nature was changed. A monster tree uprooted lay in the path between the two houses, and the mighty power of the storm spoke volumes everywhere. So suddenly can God arise and fell the opposing force of the enemy, and put His seal upon His work.

When, several years ago, a Texas mob closed in upon F. F. Bosworth and knocked him down. Two jumped with their brutal iron heels upon his back till it was a jellied mass of broken fibres, with two ribs and a wrist broken, as he fell into unconsciousness the last words he heard them utter with fearful oaths were, "—He'll never preach again." Within two months *both had passed into eternity*; and Fred Bosworth! Well, he preaches some to-day, doesn't he?

I feel we have not yet sensed *what* is calling on God for "rain in the time of latter rain." God quicken our expectations! God cause us to "possess our possessions"! God turn the flame of the Holy Ghost upon that whole Adamic nature of ours, till the "beast" shall burn to a wisp in His presence, and spiritualised we shall "see light in His light," and come forth as did Jesus after His forty days in the wilderness, a perfect, an uninterrupted union of the human with the Divine. "He that seeth Me seeth the Father."

Oh, that it might be soon written of us Pentecostallers: "He that seeth me, seeth Jesus in His greater works." Yea, in the *power* of His resurrection; that "the people who sit in darkness may see a Great Light."

"Ye are the light of the world."

The Sun shining through the glass case of our transparent nature! For this "Want any help?" Father, Son, and Holy Ghost are at our disposal. The "Comforter," "even the Spirit of truth" "in you" (John xiv., 16, 17). "I in you" (verse 20). "My Father in you" (verse 23). Oh, ye twentieth century Christians! the Triune God is crying, "Our mouth is open unto you, Our heart is enlarged. Ye are not straitened in Us, but ye are straitened in your own bowels"—your human Adamic conceptions.—"I speak as unto My children, be ye also enlarged."

REMARKABLE REVIVAL MEETINGS IN LONDON.

Pastor Stephen Jeffreys and others.

Mr. Polhill writes: "Last night (October 23rd) 60 to 70 yielded to Christ and many were healed. The thing is growing. Numbers of first class young people are getting converted. Please unite with us in prayer and praise."



PASTOR STEPHEN JEFFREYS,
of Dowlais, Glamorgan, who is
being used greatly in the London
Mission.

Pastor Jeffreys is holding his Mission at "Horbury," Kensington Park Road, Notting Hill Gate, W. 11. He also speaks each Friday at Newton Hall, Fetter Lane, at 3:30, and at Sion College, on the Blackfriars Embankment, at 7 p.m. Also at St. Dunstan's in the West (in the Church), Fleet Street, Tuesdays and Wednesdays at 12:30.

* * *

A gentleman gave testimony of the *marvellous healing* his wife received at Sion College in the last Mission; she had been suffering from defective sight, and in attendance upon an eye specialist; and by him advised to pay him another visit the following week; in the meantime she went to the *Revival Meetings* at Sion College, and came out for healing, and was *instantaneously healed*; she went back to the specialist, who proclaimed that her eyes were *perfectly normal*!

Another:—Mrs. Sherlock, of 124, Herbert Street, Clapham Junction, gave a ringing testimony, how she had been delivered from *neuritis* of eighteen months' standing, so that she could not move her arm, and had tried many appliances, without avail; but under the power of the Spirit, which charged the meeting, without awaiting the laying on of hands, a thrill of life went through her whole body, and her arm was healed in a moment; *swinging* her arm, as she now spoke, three months after, in proof that her testimony was true.

Another sister testified that she was *instantaneously healed* from a very serious *rupture* at Sion College, and here she was, three months later, still *perfectly whole*.

Again in these services there is every evidence that the Lord is *stretching forth His mighty arm*, and doing signs and wonders in Jesus' Name; many coming out in every service for salvation and healing, and baptism of the Holy Ghost, the congregation increasing.*

* * *

* From "Flames of Fire," edited by Mr. Polhill, 10, York Terrace, Regent's Park, London, N., and posted free to applicants.

The Editor of "Confidence" first met Pastor Stephen Jeffreys and his brother, Pastor George Jeffreys when they were holding a mission near Llandrindod Wells. They had worked in the mines, but were both clearly called to be remarkable missionaries. They are ardent preachers of "Pentecost with Signs," and they certainly "deliver the goods," for God owns and blesses their ministry.

* * *

The secular press has given prominence to the Revival Services, and we give some extracts. The two following are from the "Sunderland Echo":—

CURED BY FAITH.

REMARKABLE SCENES IN A LONDON CHAPEL.

Remarkable scenes were witnessed at Horbury Chapel, Notting Hill Gate, London, last night, where Pastor Stephen Jeffreys, the well-known revivalist, of Dowlais (Glamorgan), has brought about real New Testament faith cures.

The chapel was packed, and after Pastor Jeffreys had given an address people who sought to be healed of their afflictions were invited into the vestry.

An amazing scene followed. From all parts of the chapel people were brought forward, some in charge of nurses, some deaf and many halt. In a few seconds the vestry was crowded out, and Mr. Jeffreys and Mr. Polhill were engaged until a late hour dealing with the applications. Many cures are reported to have been brought about.

* * *

GRAVES TO OPEN.

REVIVALIST WHO EXPECTS THE SECOND COMING.

Extraordinary events are occurring at the hitherto little known mission of Horbury, Notting Hill.

A Welsh miner-convert, now known as Pastor Stephen Jeffreys, claims to have effected many apparently remarkable "faith" cures.

He has New Testament ideas as to the signs and portents of the times, and believes the Second Coming to be imminent.

"We are on the verge of great happenings," Mr. Jeffreys said to a Press representative. "I expect the coming of Christ very shortly."

"The graves will open, the bones will form together in a new spiritual body, and will ascend into the air. There will be a great reunion in the air, for the living believers will follow."



MRS. HANNAH PHILLIPS,
of Brixton, has used crutches for
over 30 years, healed at the Mission.

(Remarkable Revival Meetings in London—contd.)

"Immediately among those who are left there will be fearful revolution and bloodshed. What Russia has gone through the whole world will experience.

"The recent peculiar movements of the moon are a sign.

"I do not believe that either the Kaiser or Lenin is the anti-Christ. He will be of mean birth, very crafty, and full of guile, and will gain universal dominion over the world."

From the "Yorkshire Post," 21st October, 1921:—

FAITH HEALING IN LONDON.

Outbursts of religious fervour, recalling the Evan Roberts revival scenes in Wales are, says the Central News, a nightly feature of services at present being conducted at Horbury Church, Notting Hill Gate, London, by Pastor Stephen Jeffreys, a Welsh revivalist. These services have been accompanied by faith cures, and the story of them has drawn increased congregations. During the last fortnight there have been over a hundred professed conversions.

Among the cases of faith healing which are reported is that of a Glasgow girl, who has spent a great deal of time in London hospitals. This girl received a letter from home urging her to go to Horbury Church, and she accordingly went on Tuesday last. Her eyes were swollen, and there was an opaque film over the pupil. Having gone through the prayer exercises, she left the meeting with her eyes perfectly normal, and the eyeglasses in her pocket. In another case a man who had gone on crutches for 20 years left his crutches in the hall and walked home.

From "Thomson's Weekly News":—

PASTOR AS MODERN MIRACLE WORKER.

STARTLING CURES EFFECTED AT PRAYER MEETING.

Crowds flock nightly to Horbury Church, Notting Hill Gate, to witness the marvels wrought by a Welsh pastor, Stephen Jeffreys, who claims to have healed persons suffering from cancer, consumption, and many other dread diseases.

Pastor Jeffreys is not a Christian Scientist, a point which he is at some pains to emphasise. But he is a firm believer in Divine healing.

"There is no disease of mind or body," he asserts, "which cannot be healed by faith or the laying on of hands."

"It is no new creed," declares Pastor Jeffreys, "no new-fangled notion of faith healing or desire for cheap notoriety, but merely a reversion to the old apostolic teaching."

During his Mission in London Pastor Jeffreys has gathered a large following to his cause, many of whom are living testimonies to his claims. To them the age of miracles is not past; the laying on of hands no figure of speech, but a material fact which drives pain and disease from their bodies. The blind see, the deaf hear, and cripples walk. Others receive the gift of strange tongues.

LADY CURED OF GASTRITIS.

The enthusiasm and fervour of the meetings are infectious. Pastor Jeffreys speaks as a man inspired, seeming to lose himself in his subject.

One woman, a Miss Abrahams, of Wimbledon, told the "Thomson's Weekly News" representative that she had been cured of gastritis and partial blindness.

"I have," she said, "been under the care of doctors for over ten years, but none of them have been able to cure me. I have been under one operation for the removal of ulcers, and the doctors at the hospital told me I should have to go under another. In fact, I was to have entered hospital for this purpose this very week.

"I heard of Pastor Jeffreys from a friend, and attended the meeting. When the invitation 'Does anyone require healing from the Lord!' came I rose to my feet, but was almost too weak and in too much pain to reach the front without assistance. But scarcely had Pastor Jeffreys laid his hands upon me, and anointed me with oil, than I felt a great, dragging pain. I screamed out with the pain of it. For ten minutes the pastor prayed over me. Then came a sort of shock. I fainted for a moment, then rose to my feet. All the pain had left my body; my feet seemed to take a firmer grip, and I walked home unaided. Since then I have never felt better in my life, and am back at business."

Miss Abrahams' cure is no more wonderful than that of many others.

One young man, Albert Bull, testifies to having been cured of paralysis and a ruptured heart. None of the hospitals he had attended had been able to cure him, and every one had regarded his case as hopeless.

"I thought my working days were over," he said; "but now I am working again for the first time in three years. I can never be thankful enough to Pastor Jeffreys. He is a man inspired."

WONDERFUL SCENES AT MEETINGS.

Anxious to test the truth of the stories that are flooding the West End I attended Horbury Church when the pastor's meeting was in progress. The service first presented all the appearance of an ordinary chapel service, with Bible reading and hymns. It was not until the pastor rose to address the congregation that the full force of the man's personality was felt. It was a real heart-to-heart talk, interspersed with frequent and fervent hallelujahs. The proceedings quickly changed to the style of a red-hot Salvation Army meeting, and as quickly reverted to a prayer meeting in a manner that baffles description.

TONGUES.

Thrilling in the extreme were the cries of those who had the gift of tongues, messages that the pastor interpreted as he walked among the kneeling people. Every now and again his melodious voice started a chorus, which was taken up and chanted by the people. Restless, energetic, he paced up and down, then a breathless pause as he issued the invitation, "Does anyone require healing?"

Almost immediately there came a cry. A

man rose to his feet and made his way towards the table where the pastor now stood.

"What is your trouble, brother?" asked the pastor.

TONGUE-TIED MAN SPEAKS.

With great difficulty the man tried to tell. He was tongue-tied. Had been so from babyhood, and had great difficulty in making himself understood.

The pastor, asking all in the congregation who believed to pray that this man might be cured, then took up a small green bottle, and anointed the kneeling man with one spot of olive oil. He then laid his hands upon him and commenced to pray. Breathlessly the people listened and waited. The silence was broken only by the pastor's voice and occasional outcries in a strange tongue by several converts.

Then another great cry. The man at the form leaped to his feet, and fell prone at the pastor's feet, writhing as if in a fit. Pastor Jeffreys knelt beside him, still beseeching for this devil to be cast out. One minute, three, five passed. The stricken man rose to his feet. Then in answer to a question put by the pastor, answered. All trace of the impediment in his speech was gone. His voice, clear and natural, seemed to startle him. He wrung the pastor's hand, and wanted there and then to tell the glad news. Later he gave a testimony.

Meanwhile the pastor was busy with other applicants. A woman was dealt with. She went forward, or rather was led forward by her mother. She seemed to be a harmless imbecile, muttering and stupid-like. She returned with a new light in her eyes, a firm set to her previously hanging lip, that all spoke of a clear, healthy brain. Later she also spoke more rationally than her mother had heard her speak for years.

YOUNG WOMAN CURED.

A friend had brought a young woman, in her early twenties, suffering from catarrh of the lungs, and ordered by her medical adviser to attend at Brompton Hospital. She coughed continuously and painfully until after the laying on of hands, when her cough ceased, and she declared all pain had left her. She left the hall fully convinced she was cured.

For over an hour the prayer meeting was in progress, and several other cures effected. One woman, a sufferer from sciatica, made her way to the pastor with the aid of two sticks. She came back carrying them in her hand, declaring it was the first time she had been able to stand without them for over six months.

After the meeting Pastor Jeffreys said he was in no way exhausted, nor had he ever felt any ill effects from the cures he effected. "It is not my body which works, but the spirit that is within me. The power is not in me, but is the direct power of God. Yes, I have witnessed many strange things; many miracles. They take place at all of my missions. In Wales I could bring you many persons who were cured years ago, and have never had a return of their trouble. I could not tell you how many have passed under my hands. I am willing to do anything I can for anyone. The

chief thing is that the afflicted one must believe that they can be cured."

* * *

We are reminded of the first Gospel Mission recorded in the Acts of the Apostles (chap. viii., 8), when Philip preached Christ to the people of Samaria. The people believed and the sick were healed, and there was great joy in that city. (This Mission continues until November 11th.)

A MAORI MIRACLE MAN.

Thousands Healed by New Zealand Native Christian.

The Maori Christian, Wirium Ratana, first received the light in November, 1918, and continued to seek God for two years. At the end of that time he came to a crisis in his life. His little child lay sick in the hospital, having had four operations and been given up by the doctors as a hopeless case. Ratana fasted and prayed for six days and received the gift of healing, and when he prayed for his sick child, he was raised up by God completely restored to health in three days. This was the beginning of his ministry. Since that time, about 12,000 cases of healing have been recorded among his own countrymen, and through letters from white people from all parts of New Zealand.

STRICTLY ORTHODOX.

Ratana is a humble man, uneducated; a living example of 1 Cor. i., 26-29; was a farmer before God called him into this ministry. His teaching is strictly on Bible lines, that they must forsake their idolatry, their religious worship (Tuhungaiism) and superstition, and all their vices, and turn to the true God. He refuses to pray for any who trust in Spiritism, medicine men or mascots against evil spirits, but stands on the Word of God, and especially emphasises the Trinity of the Godhead. He personally interviews those who come for healing, as to their belief in Christ the Saviour, insisting on their renouncing idolatry and exercising faith in Christ.

BUILT A CHURCH.

He has recently built a church to seat 600, and paid for it himself, besides having entertained many hundreds and hundreds of sick folks from all parts of New Zealand. He doesn't claim to have any healing power in himself, but just a man used as a finger-post to point people to God their Creator and Christ their Saviour and Healer.

HELD A CONVENTION.

On Christmas Day, 1920, he held a large convention at which nearly 3,000 Maoris were present; also white ministers. One of the latter said that as this dear man of God sat there hour after hour with that beautiful smile upon his face, and spoke so tenderly and gently to those seeking healing for soul and body, it reminded him of the days of the apostles of long ago.

A New Zealand paper tells of immense preparations for a meeting conducted by Ratana of a week or ten days' duration, at Morrinsville, and shows the order and system of such a gathering. Over 3,000 natives were expected to attend from all parts of the Auckland provinces.

(Continued on page 57.)

"CONFIDENCE."

OCTOBER-DECEMBER, 1921.

Editor—

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

NOTE.—Gifts are acknowledged upon the inside of the front cover. British letters requesting a reply should contain a stamped directed envelope. The Editor is not able always to answer letters as he has other duties.

Like Christ :*

In the Likeness of His Death.

"For if we have been planted together in the likeness of His death, we shall be also in the likeness of His resurrection.—For in that He died, He died unto sin once.—Likewise reckon *ye also* yourselves to be dead unto sin, but alive unto God in Jesus Christ our Lord."—ROM. vi., 5, 10, 11.

It is to the death of Christ we owe our salvation. The better we understand the meaning of that death, the richer will be our experience of its power. In these words we are taught what it is to be one with Christ in the likeness of His death. Let every one who truly longs to be like Christ in his life, seek to understand aright what the likeness of His death means.

Through our first birth we were made partakers in Adam's death; through our second birth we become partakers in the death of the second Adam. Every believer who accepts of Christ is partaker of the power of His death, and is dead to sin. But a believer may have much of which he is ignorant. Most believers are in their conversion so occupied with Christ's death *for sin* as their justification, that they do not seek to know what it means, that in Him they are dead *to sin*. When they first learn to feel their need of Him as their sanctification, then the desire is awakened to understand this likeness of His death. They find the secret of holiness in it; that as Christ, so they also have died to sin.

The Christian who does not understand this always imagines that sin is too strong

for him, that sin has still power over him, and that he must sometimes obey it. But he thinks this because he does not know that he, like Christ, is dead to sin. If he but believed and understood what this means, his language would be, "Christ has died to sin. Sin has nothing more to say to Him. In His life and death sin had power over Him; it was sin that caused Him the sufferings of the Cross, and the humiliation of the grave. But He is dead to sin: it has lost all claim over Him, He is entirely and for ever freed from its power. Even so I as a believer. The new life that is in me, is the life of Christ from the dead, a life that has been begotten through death, *a life that is entirely dead to sin.*" The believer as a new creature in Christ Jesus can glory and say: "Like Christ I am dead to sin. Sin has no right or power over me whatever. I am freed from it, therefore I need not sin."

And if the believer still sins, it is because he does not use his privilege to live as one who is dead to sin. Through ignorance or unwatchfulness or unbelief, he forgets the meaning and the power of this likeness of Christ's death, and sins. But if he holds fast what his participation with Christ's death signifies, he has the power to overcome sin. He marks well that it is not said, "Sin is dead." No, sin is not dead; sin lives and works still in the flesh. But he himself is dead to sin, and alive to God; and so sin cannot for a single moment, without his consent, have dominion over him. If he sin, it is because he allows it to reign, and submits himself to obey it.

Beloved Christian, who seekest to be like Christ, take the likeness of His death as one of the most glorious parts of the life you covet. Appropriate it first of all in faith. Reckon that you are indeed dead to sin. Let it be a settled thing; God says it to every one of His children, even the weakest; say it before Him too: "Like Christ I am dead to sin." Fear not to say it; it is the truth. Ask the Holy Spirit earnestly to enlighten you with regard to this part of your union with Christ, so that it may not only be a doctrine, but power and truth.

Endeavour to understand more deeply what it says to live as dead to sin, as one who, in dying, has been freed from its dominion, and who can now reign in life through Jesus Christ over it. Then there will follow upon the likeness of His death,

* By the late Rev. Andrew Murray, of South Africa.

accepted in faith, the conformity to His death (Phil. iii.),* something that is gradually and increasingly appropriated, as Christ's death manifests its full power in all the faculties and powers of your life.

And in order to have the full benefit of this likeness of Christ's death, notice particularly two things. The one is the obligation under which it brings you, "How shall we who are dead to sin live any longer therein?" Endeavour to enter more deeply into the meaning of this death of Christ into which you have been baptised. His death meant: Rather die than sin: willing to die in order to overcome sin: dead, and therefore released from the power of sin. Let this also be your position: "Know ye not, that as many of us as were baptised into Jesus Christ were baptised into His death?" Let the Holy Spirit baptise you continually deeper into His death, until the power of God's Word, dead to sin until the conformity to Christ's death, is discernible in all your walk and conversation.

The other lesson is this: The likeness of Christ's death is not only an obligation but a power. O Christian longing to be Christlike, if there be one thing you need more than and above all else, it is this: to know the exceeding greatness of God's power that worketh in you. It was in the power of eternity that Christ in His death wrestled with the powers of hell and conquered. You have part with Christ in His death; you have part in all the powers by which He conquered. Yield yourself joyfully and believingly to be led more deeply into the conformity to Christ's death, then you cannot but become like Him.

* * *

O my Lord! how little I have understood Thy grace. I have often read the words, "planted into the likeness of His death," and seen that as Thou didst die to sin, so it is said to Thy believing people, "Likewise also ye." But I have not understood its power. And so it came that, not knowing the likeness of Thy death, I knew not that I was free from the power of sin, and as a conqueror could have dominion over it. Lord, Thou

hast indeed opened to me a glorious prospect. The man who believingly accepts the likeness of Thy death, and according to Thy Word reckons himself dead to sin—sin shall not have dominion over him; he has power to live for God.

Lord, let Thy Holy Spirit reveal this to me more perfectly. I wish to take Thy word in simple faith, to take the position Thou assignest me as one who in Thee is dead to sin. Lord, *in Thee* I am dead to sin. Teach me to hold it fast, or rather to hold Thee fast in faith, until my whole life be a proof of it. O Lord, take me up and keep me in communion with Thyself, that, abiding in Thee, I may find *in Thee* the death unto sin and the life unto God. Amen.

(A Maori Miracle Man.—continued from page 55.)

REMARKABLE PREPARATIONS.

"Five marquees (large tents), ten bullocks, fifty loads of firewood, two tons of sugar, and an enormous quantity of food and other requirements for such a large gathering have been ordered. An Auckland firm is supplying the bulk of the goods. Already £1,500 have been collected to meet this expenditure. A committee has been set up under the Maori Councils' Act, and the rules and regulations for governing the gathering are of a very strict nature. Special police are being provided for the meetings, which will take place at the Maori Parliament House and enclosure on the outskirts of Morrinsville."

* * *

The case of a resident of Nelson, Miss F. Lammas, an invalid since childhood, whose physical condition has undergone a remarkable change following upon a communication with Ratana, the Maori "miracle man," has attracted considerable attention lately. An interesting story of this lady's experiences was related by herself to a representative of the "New Zealand Herald" at Nelson. Miss Lammas, who until two months ago had been a stranger to the comfort of the free use of her limbs, is now able to walk about the precincts of her home with ease, and even to take short daily street walks.

"My case is a very remarkable one," Miss Lammas said. "I have been ill since I was quite a little girl. I had a badly dilated heart, to begin with, and then my chest and spine became quite useless. For nineteen years I used a steel frame to move about in. I had always to wear this when I was out of bed. Even my head was propped up in iron, and my shoes were screwed to the end of the frame. Prior to having this steel frame I had had to lie on my back for some years. My doctor put me in the iron so that I might get out of bed, and with the aid of this frame I was able to walk about the house after a fashion.

"During the past 19 years I have had some serious illnesses, and the doctors have given me up time after time. In all I have had about 30

* The likeness of Christ's death in Rom. vi. precedes the likeness of His resurrection; no one can be made alive in Him who has not given himself up to die with Him. The conformity to Christ's death in Phil. iii. is spoken of as coming after the knowing Him in the power of His resurrection: the growth of the resurrection life within us leads to a deeper experience of the death. The two continually act and react.

(A Maori Miracle Man.—continued.)

doctors attending me. A masseuse who treated my back for nearly a year pronounced my case to be hopeless. There had been no end of consultations, and on the very day that I wrote to Ratana my doctor held a consultation with another medical man, and the result was that my case was again declared to be quite hopeless.

"When the doctor said that there was no hope," continued Miss Lammas, "I asked him, 'Have you heard about the miracle man, Ratana?' Just before this some friends of mine had gone through Ratana's camp near Wanganui, and they were greatly impressed by the evidences of the wonderful cures wrought by him. The doctor, replying to my question, remarked,

"YOU WRITE TO RATANA;

if he cannot do you any good, he cannot do you any harm. We have tried everything human; now try the super-human. It will be a real miracle if you are cured.' I at once wrote to Ratana, giving him a short account of my case. I received a reply a week later. Ratana demanded absolute faith in Jesus Christ, and said that I must pray fervently and untiringly, asking it all in the name of the Trinity. He added that he would also pray for me."

EFFICACY OF PRAYER DEMONSTRATED.

The most interesting part of the narrative was now reached. "On the day that I received Ratana's letter," Miss Lammas said, "I prayed nearly all day, but nothing at all happened. As a matter of fact, I felt actually weaker than before. I continued praying nevertheless. Early next morning, when I was praying again, my back suddenly received power. To my great delight, I was able to sit up in bed, and then to stand and walk without aid—the first time for years. For the previous twelve months I had not been out of bed.

"I walked round my bed about half a dozen times that day. I sat up for a little time both morning and afternoon, and to my great surprise I required no support, and felt no pain. I felt marvelously better straight away. It is eight weeks ago to-day that that happened, and each day since I have been gradually getting stronger and able to walk a little farther. I am able to go down the street for short walks, and I go every morning if the weather is nice. I carry only a stick, but I do not require this at all for the support of my body. It is really for the assistance of my ankles, which are subject to a weakness that is not connected with my late serious bodily ailment. I can now hold up my head wonderfully well.

"Before I wrote to Ratana I had for eight years to wear complex glasses for an astigmatism of my eyes. I mentioned this in my letter, and I have not needed to put on glasses since the day on which I recovered the power to walk." As an evidence of the improvement in her sight, Miss Lammas produced a specimen of beautifully finished point lace work. "I have been accustomed for some time," she said, "to do this work with the aid of glasses, but now I am able to do it quite well without glasses."

WHEEL-CHAIR OFFERED FOR SALE.

"You consider your cure is well established?" Miss Lammas was asked. "Yes," she replied, "quite. I am so satisfied of it that I have offered

my wheel-chair for sale by advertisement. I rise every day about 10:30 a.m. I lie down twice during the day for a rest. Unless I get very tired I have no pain at all in my back. Whereas I previously took no end of medicine, I now take none. I am still under observation by the doctor, who, of course, is greatly surprised at the change in me, but I require no treatment whatever. It is really wonderful to be able to get into town and wait upon oneself again. I have crowds to see me, and I have received letters from all over the country, so great is the interest created in my wonderful cure."

An interesting interview was terminated by Miss Lammas walking across the room to a cupboard and bringing to light the discarded steel frame of which she had spoken in the early portion of her story. "You may be sure," she laughingly remarked, "that I am very thankful to be able to part company with this, old and faithful friend though it was to me for many long dreary years."

MÜLHEIM CONFERENCE,

August 9-12, 1921.

BY W. HEUVEINCK.

When I say that the hall was full to overflowing, then only can those who know the building in the Uhlandstrasse picture to themselves how many were gathered there, hungry and thirsty after that which God had reserved for *His own*.

More than 3500 tickets were given away, and I am convinced that at some of the meetings all the 3500 were present. Every inch of room was occupied, and hours before the meetings began the people were assembling.

Brother Humburg opened the meeting with the words from Hosea xiv., 5: "I will be as the dew unto Israel: he shall grow as the lily, and cast forth his roots as Lebanon." This is a promise of God, a very great promise which God will also fulfil; but there is a condition attached to it. The dew falls; but it does not fall every moment of the day, and surely not in the burning sunshine. It must be night, when the earth is cool, then God's dew will come down, and His lily (picture of the purity to which Israel is to resort) shall be able to blossom and spread out its roots so far as the foundation of Lebanon.

Then came the following prophecy:—"O My people, you are like the troubled sea. Be still like a sea that is in rest; then I will come in your midst. I will come as the Everlasting Light that will

swallow up your darkness, and cause you dead to live."

Then this vision was seen: "I see in our midst a large black serpent with a coloured back. This serpent is completely covered with a white cloth, so that nothing of the serpent is to be seen. See, My people, for a long time the serpent has been hidden in your midst, and has swallowed up the blessings that were prepared for you. But you did not notice the serpent, because you had covered it with the white garments of your own righteousness. I will take away the covering and show you how I have trodden on its head. I am prepared to give you what you do not know, and in wonderful measure I will give that which will cause you to wonder and to be amazed. I waited for My people. See then I put it for you: to be for or against Me, to choose to enter into My full death, or to follow your own life. See, I have prepared blessings for you, and I stretch out My hands to those who are still in the hands of the serpent. Lay hold, My people, and take what is given to you in love."

An impressive silence reigned amongst the thousands of brethren gathered when these earnest words from God were spoken, pointing out how little the children of God had understood what it means to be crucified with Christ; how they always pretended to be in a higher position than they were, and thereby stood in the way of God's work which would bring His Church step by step to the place God wanted.

Then Brother Martenson stood up and read Job xxxviii., 11: "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed." In this Conference the question is not how shall we be well pleasing to the Lord? but how shall we discover the serpent decked with holy garments? It goes about—the serpent nature. We will covet no aim, but just this: to uncover the hypocrisy of the serpent, and everyone who stands true to his own conscience will have to confess that much, if not all, is a self-attained righteousness.

We are originally dwellers of the earth and the power thereof exercises daily much influence. It is the power that already meets you in the morning and hinders you from going from victory to victory. That is the earthly power: the

power belonging to the kingdom of the serpent. But are we not citizens of heaven? Why do we then cover the serpent with woven garments of our own righteousness? Pastor Paul added to this: Everything depends on what we love, the darkness or the light. I saw to-day that which I have already seen for some time. We read it in Is. liii., 1-4. I saw a sprout come up out of the dry ground. I saw this sprout shoot roots without pomp or beauty. What says the prophet Isaiah? "There is no beauty, that we should desire Him." What will we desire, what will we love? If we love, we must love the beauty of Jesus, and what is that? The sprout that comes up out of the dry ground, out of the darkness, out of the night. What do we see best in the night? Light; the light from above; the light that shall arise for those who sit in darkness.

The above article appeared in the "*Spade Regen*" Pastor Polman's Dutch Paper, and has been kindly translated for "Confidence" under his supervision.

PENTECOSTAL ITEMS.

At the great Pentecostal Conference at Mülheim Ruhr were present a number of godly men whose teaching was such a help to us in days gone by, such as Pastor Paul, Pastor Voget, and Brothers Edel and Humburg. They sent a very fraternal and affectionate greeting in the following words.

Beloved Brother Boddy,—Gathered once again at Mülheim for our Annual Conference under the blessing of our adorable Lord Jesus, the undersigned send their greetings of love to you and the beloved readers of "Confidence." We trust to see our dear brethren from beyond the Channel some day again in our midst to celebrate the Victories of the Lamb. Lovingly—F. Paul, C. O. Voget, E. Edel, T. Poppinga, Emil Humburg. Mülheim-Ruhr, den 10 August, 1921.

Pastor G. R. Polman and Mrs. Polman were present at a Conference recently held in Kent at Tenterden, and reported much blessing.

Bro. Geo. Every (formerly with Pastor Jeffreys) will be glad to visit assemblies. His address is—1, Gwynfryn Terrace, Llantwit Fardre, near Pontypridd, South Wales.

Our friend, Bro. Stanley H. Frodsham (Springfield, Mo.), is now Editor of "The Pentecostal Evangel." He writes of the September Conference at St. Louis of 1100 ministers and missionaries, meeting in a Pentecostal Conference with good results.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.]

(Pentecostal Items—continued.)

Sister Winnie Andrews writes from North Melbourne that they are expecting Brother Smith Wigglesworth, and are arranging a campaign for him in Australia.

* * *

This issue of "Confidence" has been delayed through lack of subscription-gifts during the last months. So many are much straitened just now in means. If it had not been for a kind, special gift, "Confidence" would not have appeared for some time, but so far our gracious God has always provided through His people sooner or later.

THE PENTECOSTAL MISSIONARY UNION.

(FOR GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.)

MISSIONARIES. CHINA.—Yunnan-fu: Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Boyd; Mr. and Mrs. D. Leigh; Rev. A. A. and Mrs. Swift (*Associates*); Misses Cook, J. Biggs, Waldon and S. Hodgetts; Mr. D. F. Williams, Mr. J. Andrews. Likiang-fu: Mr. and Mrs. P. Klaver, Miss E. Scharten. Tibet Border, Adendse: Mr. and Mrs. A. Lewer, Miss G. Agar (*Associate*). On Furlough: Mrs. Trevitt, Miss Williams. S. INDIA.—Misses Gladys Eaton and Hannah Rees. AFRICA.—Belgian Congo: Mr. and Mrs. A. Richardson, Miss M. Noad, Miss M. A. Anderson. SOUTH AMERICA.—Central Brazil: Mr. and Mrs. Jameson. Pernambuco: Miss L. Johnson.

MISSIONARY TRAINING HOMES.—Applications for entrance to either of the Training Homes may be made to Mr. T. H. Mundell (Hon. Sec.), 30, Avondale Road, South Croydon.

Miss M. Noad and Miss M. A. Anderson had a good voyage in the "Grantully Castle." From Dar-es-Salaam they travelled by rail inland for two days. They wrote from Kigoma, on Lake Tanganika, and hoped in a few days to join Brother Richardson and his wife (and baby) at Kalembe Lembe. Their journey had been a trying experience for those who had not before been far from home. Let us hold up in prayer all those in this Central African work.

* * *

Brother Jameson and his wife report their arrival in South America. They had a safe journey on the S.S. "Demerera." On landing at Santos they were to commence their long journey to Cuyaba, Matto Grosso, Brazil. Miss L. Johnson is with good missionary friends at Pernambuco.

* * *

Generous gifts would be welcomed for the work both in Central Africa and South America, and also for China, and for the Training Homes in London.

CENTRAL AFRICA.

Bro. Richardson in the South Kivu District.

Difficulties and Blessings.

In Bro. Richardson's previous letter he told us of his journey from what was German East Africa on still further to the great Lake Tanganika, and then of his arrival eventually at Kalembe Lembe, south of Lake Kivu. He now continues his story. It should stir up every reader to pray for the work, and for his dear wife, and those who shall help them.

* * *



MISS MAGGIE NOAD.
(From "Flames.")

Dear Pastor Boddy and Beloved Friends
in the Homeland,

Greetings in our dear Redeemer's Name!

You will no doubt be waiting for some news of us here in Africa, as it is some months since I last wrote. When we came first to the Congo we brought very few things apart from our camping outfit, the rest being left at Itigi. On arriving at Kalembe Lembe we found an empty Government house at our disposal. I therefore wrote for the rest of our goods immediately (about the middle of October), and early in February we learned that they had arrived at Kigoma. We could not get them through to us on account of an agent neglecting his business, and so it necessitated our making a safari to Kigoma. We left Kalembe Lembe at the end of February in order to get the steamer at Baraka early in March.

ATTACKED BY FEVER.

Arriving at Baraka on the 1st March, we waited patiently for the steamer, but it did not come. I was seized with a high fever, and was unable to obtain deliverance for several days. Mrs. Richardson had very much to do, and to make matters worse, our boy, being afraid to cross the lake, ran away from us at night. Our provisions practically gave out, and it was a hard fight for victory. Mrs. Richardson was once attacked by the enemy, but at our greatest extremity God made bare His mighty arm and rolled the sea away. Hallelujah! "Oh that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men." One shrinks from persecution and suffering, even for Jesu's sake, but when it comes for our good, we are well repaid to see the arm of the Lord revealed and Satan defeated. Glory! I never will cease to praise Him. All His ways are best. We heard of steamers coming to Uvira, and returning to Kigoma again; we therefore endeavoured to hire a sailing vessel to take us to Uvira, but when we failed in this effort we felt how utterly helpless we were; *but with God* nothing is impossible. Hallelujah!

LAKE TANGANIKA (400 miles long).

On the 26th March we were offered a small sailing vessel. The owner of this was a Mahomedan. The dear Lord strengthened me sufficiently to walk to the boat. Our crew of four black boys were not anxious to commence the journey, as the wind was inclined to be against us (it continued so all the way), which of course would mean hard work to row. However, we could not remain longer, so they had to go. It was very trying for four days and nights, but the dear Lord graciously kept us from sickness. Praise His Name!

On our arrival at Uvira we learned that a steamer had just left, but that another was expected on the morrow. We were thankful to hear the news, as, owing to the British taking over Kigoma, the Belgian officials had filled the houses at Uvira, and we had to pitch our tent. The sun was exceedingly hot, and I was taken again with fever. One week passed and no steamer arrived. I felt

THE FEVER WAS KILLING ME.

and after eleven days I requested of the Administrator that some room should be found for us, and the same day he fixed a room for us. He also said that both steamers had broken down, and could not be expected for one month at least. We felt in a helpless case, but we decided that our God is just the same to-day as in Daniel's day to shut the mouths of lions. And He is, glory to God! After earnest prayer upon our faces before Him we felt assurance the answer was given. We slept well that night.

Next morning our new boy came and said, "The steamer is coming." We looked across the lake and saw something very small coming over the horizon, but knowing that our God doeth wonders, we did not think this impossible, and in half-an-hour we could see clearly the smoke ascending from its funnel. Hallelujah! We were soon ready, for the dear Lord had given me a real touch, although still I was very weak in my legs and could talk but little.

THE FRESH BREEZE OF THE LAKE

did me much good, and also Mrs. Richardson.

On the steamer we met a Dr. Arnot, who belongs to the Belgian Protestant Society. He had interviewed the Commissionaire Royale at Uvira, and was intending to open up work, I believe, in Ruanda, having previously obtained permission in Brussels. He expressed his delight to make our acquaintance, "For," said he, "I heard of you whilst in Brussels, and the Commissionaire Royale spoke well of you." This gentleman,

DR. ARNOT,

had his tent pitched already in Uzumbura, and so very kindly assisted us in arranging ours, as the steamer was to stay two or three days to load cargo. Uzumbura is the Belgian entrance into Ruanda from the Lake. Here I regained a little more strength, and Mrs. Richardson also felt much better here.



MISS MARY A. ANDERSON.
(From "Flames.")

On the 15th April we left Uzumbura, and were two nights on the Lake. The dear Lord raised up a friend on the steamer, who came to us in the evening and asked if he could do anything for us, as a young man in Kigoma had asked him to offer us any assistance we might require. How good is the God we adore, our faithful, unchangeable Friend!

On arrival at Kigoma I at once made enquiries concerning our boxes, but the agent who had undertaken to send our boxes to Baraka had left the E.A.A., Ltd. No one knew where our boxes were, although someone suggested they had been shipped by dhow. Having other business in Kigoma we had to wait ten days. During this

(P.M.U.—Central Africa—continued.)

time I had fever, but the dear Lord granted deliverance after four days.

OUR BOXES WERE FOUND, and we left Kigoma on May 2nd, arriving at Kalembe Lembe on May 9th. Since then Mrs. Richardson has had fever, due, we believe, to the bite of a mosquito whilst on safari. We are now both well and strong again. I feel to-day as strong as ever physically. Glory to Jesus!

Concerning the work here, we have waited many months for a concession from the Belgian Government for ground to build, but as yet final word has not arrived. We do not feel inclined, however, to waste precious time, being assured this is the place of God's appointment for us. We therefore believe that we shall not be refused to work here. Surely this is a very needy part of the Lord's vineyard. We can safely say that for more than 100 square miles there is not a single missionary apart from ourselves. Just as I write this letter, however, three letters have come from Bro. Tollefsen, who, being accompanied by his wife and two fellow workers, expect to arrive here next week (D.V.) These are

FOUR FENTECOSTALS, three from Norway and one from Sweden. Not being allowed permission to open work in Urundi, they desire to come and talk matters over concerning work in the Congo.

One dear brother missionary in G.E.A. said he believed there were no places in the Congo where Missions had not been established. I know many dear brethren will be surprised to know that the whole of South Kivu district is STILL UNEVANGELISED. The Administrator here says he never saw natives like these. They all ran away when he wanted porters to carry his loads, which in these days is becoming uncommon in most of the Congo. Even this morning as I visited a certain village for Gospel work, I found the people had gone into their houses and shut the doors, and a little child screamed when he met me in the path, although I came only to bring glad tidings of great joy.

We are now building a mission house with six large rooms, in anticipation of receiving new workers here. We expect to have this completed in about two months from now. We unitedly ask your continued prayers for the work here. We have not been satisfied with just holding services in the Government house here, and so now we are visiting the villages (going out into the highways and hedges, that the gathering home at last shall be complete).

Just one instance of the way in which God has accompanied His Word according to

MARK XVI.

A lad who was employed by the Government fell sick with what we believe was hip disease. He

received medicine from the Administrator, but was no better. He then came to us, walking with the aid of a strong stick, and asked for dawa (medicine). Mrs. Richardson talked with him for a while of Jesus' power to save and to heal. We explained he must have faith to believe that God will not refuse him his request, and, after binding up his leg, and prayer together for victory in the precious name of Jesus, he left us! (He had previously been several times to our meetings.) The next time we saw him he was running along the road with others

WITHOUT A STICK.

I asked him if his sickness had completely gone, and he said, "Ndiys, ollungu amenifanya" (Yes, God has made me well). We do rejoice that God is not far from every one of us. Hallelujah! Please pray that this lad shall be saved. His name is Bilahimu. God answers prayer.

With our united Christian love.

Yours in His blessed service
for dark Congo,

A. W. RICHARDSON.

Kalembe Lembe,
Congo Belge,
Central Africa,
via Dares-Salaam and Kigoma.
July 9th, 1921.

(Later.) You will be surprised to know that we have a new missionary with us. His name is EDWARD CHARLES RICHARDSON.

The Lord presented him to us on the 24th July.



MISSIONARIES IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

CHINA.

News from Bro. D. F. Williams, at Yunnan-fu.

I am now helping Mrs. Boyd in the children's meeting on Monday evenings, and expect next Sunday to take a Sunday School class, after which I will be able to give my experience. In respect to the Monday evening meeting it is most delightful to be taking part. The children are most interested in them, and listen to what is being said. Some of them seem to be drinking it in. They like the hymn or chorus with action, for example,

"JEWELS, PRECIOUS JEWELS."

They are also quick in learning the script characters, which is a simple method of writing and learning Chinese. It would be to our advantage if it was accepted throughout China, as it is very much easier than the old system. We trust that out of these we shall have many gems for the Lord, indeed, jewels for His crown.

The small hall which we use is mostly full. About one or two out of every ten have the privilege of attending a school of any kind, and out of those that do attend one out of every three attends those conducted by Christian societies. The educational conditions in China are very poor. For a church to become strong and to be alive to its duties this question has to be dealt with.

A LIMITED VOCABULARY.

Among the poor classes, even among the men, their vocabulary is very limited, especially among the tribes, whose vocabulary only consists in what they need to buy and sell their goods. Touching any knowledge of religious terms and sentences they are at a loss. One can see how low we have to descend to meet so many minds in the darkness of ignorance. Without hope and without God in the world, almost reprobates towards God; some not knowing so much that there is a God. Some have the idea that if there is a God, He did not create anything.

NEED OF TEACHERS.

How much prayer is needed on behalf of these poor people whose life mostly consists in what they eat and drink! So long as they have enough food for the day they are satisfied. One sees the need for educating our own Christians so that they may have a better knowledge of the Scriptures, and a deeper revelation of the Truth and of our Lord Himself. One agrees that there is no better way than this, viz.: knowing the Lord by experience. On the other hand they need words to express themselves and to deliver the Truth or experiences. The women are even worse than the men. We rejoice and praise God that all things are possible through His grace. These darkened hearts and minds can be enlightened and quickened by the light that is in Him, by the life of Christ within and the revelation of the Holy Spirit. May many prayers ascend that we may have such native workers who will be able to do this part of the work, apart from the native evangelists, for all vessels and channels and helps are needed in this glorious work of salvation. Thanks be unto Him for the privileges we ourselves have received in a Christian country, a country that itself has been blessed by the Gospel; and not only ours, but what God has been able to do for the South Sea Islands, He is able to do for these poor people. We are praying that God will pour out His Spirit upon these people, that His work of grace may be effectual.

VISITING A SICK MAN.

I shall now try to relate some of the conditions in which the poorer class live. A month or two ago we had a call to visit the home of one of our women members (if it could be called a home). Her husband had been taken seriously ill. Mrs. Boyd had made a visit some time previously, when she thought he was recovering. After a week or so we were again called, and, being a Saturday afternoon, we three went (Mr. and Mrs. Boyd and myself). We took with us some milk and eggs for nourishment, and went to the poor

quarters of the city or town, on the south side, just outside the south gate and just past what is known as the Tanners' Streets, for the only business that they earn their living by is by tanning and curing skins. It reminds us of that paragraph in Acts: "When Peter lodged with one called Simon the tanner." Turning to the right, a few minutes' walk further on we arrived at a small alley-way leading into a square compound, the centre of which was a courtyard.

HOUSES OF THE POOR.

Chinese houses are built very different to those in the homeland. They are built so as to form a square, leaving a courtyard in the centre. The building around may be of mud or wooden construction divided into rooms. Some are two stories, others only one. The one in question was two stories and built of wood. The courtyard was none too respectable, and by appearance each room was fully occupied, which proved to be so after our entrance to the case in question. We passed two or three rooms to a near corner of the courtyard to our left, and ascended a substitute for a staircase on the outside, which was the only one for all the upper rooms. Entering one, we passed through to another and entered a third, where our patient was lying on what was the only thing that had the appearance of a bed in the room. No table, one stool or bench which carpenters use for sawing wood or builders for making a low staging. This was our seat. One small mud stove with some burnt out coal in it, this was all the fire. It was very dimly lighted, the cracks in the wooden floor and sides, and a kind of lattice work window which was half covered with paper to keep out the draught and wind as much as possible, was the only way light could enter. The cracks were also the means of ventilation. After getting accustomed to the dimness of light—just as miners do when entering the mine from the surface light—one could see that there were other occupants in the room, and on enquiring we found that there were three families living in the one room. There were in one of the other corners two or three boards put up for a bed, and the others slept on the floor. Some had a little straw to lie on, others the bare boards. These others earned their living by making silk cords in the most primitive manner, for which they earned a few cents or coppers.

DYSENTERY AGGRAVATED.

After surveying the surroundings, which was done in less time than it takes to write, we turned to our patient, and on enquiring we learnt that he had not eaten any food for at least seven days. It seems to be a custom with the Chinese not to eat any food when they are taken ill. I am not surprised when they have nothing but rice, half cooked, and the poorest at that, and half-cooked vegetables if they can afford them. One can little wonder at there being no appetite for such tasty dishes. Further examination proved that he was suffering from dysentery, and that in its furthest and, as it proved to be, its final stage.

A CHRISTIAN'S END.

From the effects of the disease, lack of proper treatment and nourishment, he ultimately died from pure exhaustion and weakness. The poor fellow collapsed in our hands while preparing him some food, milk and eggs. To the praise and glory of God he died a glorious death, and that of a saint. His last testimony that he gave in

(Pentecostal Missionary Union—China—continued.)

answer to Mr. Boyd's question regarding salvation and faith in the Lord Jesus was, "I do believe, I do believe; I trust in Jesus," which were his last words. No sooner had they been uttered than he died, leaning upon his wife's shoulders, who nobly bore through the crisis, and was rejoiced in her husband's last testimony, for he had hitherto been an unbeliever to her knowledge and ours, he only having attended the meetings once or twice.

BE YE ALSO READY.

We give much praise to God for having led us in time to testify of His grace and salvation to a dying soul. Praise God, it was another one snatched from the burning and bonds of Satan. Had we delayed in any way by a few minutes, or had the call come later than it did, it would have been impossible or too late. None are too poor or too far gone that He is unable to save. I trust whoever is unsaved, and has not yet the knowledge of salvation, not to leave it until the moment of death, for the way and the time is uncertain. While the day is yours and the opportunity yours, now is the time for deciding. Leave not the things of to-day until to-morrow; let to-day's duties be done to-day.

BURIAL DIFFICULTIES.

The custom is when one is on the point of death that they are fully dressed in their newest garments, and then carried outside to breathe their last in the courtyard under the open canopy of the heavens. To do this it is necessary to call a coolie, of which occupation was our patient. As is the peculiar trait of a Chinaman, if he could save a life and he could not get his price for the work, he would let that life slip out of his hands. They would "*chiang*," viz., talk, or rather debate price with you if the end of the world was at hand. They are so selfish and materialistic that they do not care for anyone else so long as they are all right. Such were the circumstances in this case. He debated the price with a woman who was already bereaved. Some of them have no feeling of humanity at all, they are as hard as stones. We praise God we were able to give him a Christian burial, and placed him in a patch of ground with others to await the Resurrection Morn.

AN ELDER DIES.

I trust what I have written will convey to some an insight of what life means to some in China, and the conditions that exist in the home life of many, also that it will be the means of many making these people the subject of prayer. Within a week of this case we also lost one of our elders, who was an honest and bright Christian. He too was laid to rest with all our Christian respect and honours, to await our Lord's appearance in the skies, which is soon at hand. Although sad, yet it gives one joy to be able to minister unto such. For our Lord Himself came to minister, and not to be ministered unto, giving His life a ransom. There is joy in His service. Truly ours is a blessed ministry, the ministry of Grace. (2 Cor. iii., 7-11.)

I shall now close, with Christian love,

Yours in His happy service,

D. F. WILLIAMS.

P. M. U., Yunnan-fu,
Yunnan, China.

July 14th, 1921.

List of Contributions received during
July, August, and September, 1921.

Receipt No.	£	s.	d.	Receipt No.	£	s.	d.
3759 ...	1	0	0	3812 ...	3	0	0
3762 ...	2	6	0	3813 ...	0	12	0
3763 ...	6	10	0	3814 ...	5	0	0
3764 ...	5	0	0	3816 ...	0	4	0
3765 ...	1	0	0	3817 ...	1	0	0
3767 ...	1	12	0	3818 ...	5	10	0
3768 ...	1	0	0	3819 ...	4	1	6
3769 ...	2	10	0	3820 ...	2	0	0
3771 ...	3	3	2	3822 ...	2	0	0
3772 ...	7	10	0	3823 ...	8	0	0
3773 ...	1	0	0	3824 ...	1	0	0
3774 ...	1	2	6	3825 ...	20	0	0
3776 ...	1	0	0	3826 ...	0	10	0
3777 ...	2	0	0	3827 ...	2	0	0
3778 ...	0	4	0	3828 ...	0	6	3
3779 ...	4	8	6	3829 ...	8	12	0
3780 ...	10	0	0	3830 ...	0	2	4
3781 ...	1	0	0	3831 ...	5	10	0
3782 ...	500	0	0	3832 ...	10	0	0
3784 ...	5	10	0	3834 ...	2	0	0
3785 ...	1	0	0	3835 ...	7	10	0
3786 ...	5	6	9	3836 ...	80	0	0
3793 ...	4	6	0	3837 ...	1	0	0
3795 ...	5	0	0	3839 ...	200	0	0
3796 ...	5	0	0				
3797 ...	0	10	0	Per Miss Vipani—			
3798 ...	4	0	0	147 ...	0	13	0
3799 ...	2	0	0	148 ...	0	8	6
3800 ...	1	3	7	149 ...	2	17	0
3801 ...	0	2	6	150 ...	0	11	0
3802 ...	0	10	0	151 ...	1	0	0
3803 ...	3	15	0	152 ...	2	8	0
3804 ...	14	0	0	153 ...	0	2	0
3805 ...	0	10	0	154 ...	1	1	0
3806 ...	0	10	0	155 ...	6	17	7
3807 ...	4	0	0	156 ...	9	13	6
3808 ...	2	0	0	157 ..	6	0	0
3810 ...	1	0	0				
3811 ...	4	12	0				