

No. 131.

OCTOBER-DECEMBER, 1922.

"CONFIDENCE"

EDITED BY

ALEX. A. BODDY,

ALL SAINTS' VICARAGE, SUNDERLAND. ENGLAND.



NEAR SUNDERLAND.

Copy of a Greek Temple known as Pensher Monument, near to the railway line from Durham.

"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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An Autumn Month in North-West London.

(A LETTER FROM REV. A. A. BODDY.)

Dear "Confidence" Friends,

A little chat with you about my stay at Kilburn, N.W., where for September I was in charge of a large, handsome church bearing the name of "Holy Trinity." The Vicar was able to enjoy a well-earned holiday. He is a very earnest preacher of the Gospel, always working at high pressure, and living for his people.

* * *

I lived in the roomy Vicarage at 9 Brondesbury Road, and at night two owls hooted, at times angrily, among the big trees in the garden. Otherwise my bedroom-study was very quiet, and only a dim echo of the noise of London reached me.

There are some very godly, earnest folk attached to the Church. We had each Saturday night a time of prayer together in the Parish Hall adjoining the Church.

* * *

On the four Sundays, morning and evening, the subject of "The Eternal Christ" occupied our thoughts and was blessed to both speaker and many of his hearers. Two godly churchwardens encourage their Vicar at this Church. One of them said at the last Evening Service: "Our Men's Bible Class received a great uplift this afternoon, and our leader said it was the Holy Spirit passing on from your morning address in Church."

I had closed my sermon on "The Love Gift sent by the Lord Jesus" by reading my testimony given at the end of my booklet (Roker Tract No. 1), "Born from Above." (There were

many enquiries for copies of this, and so I reprint it in this issue of "Confidence.")

* * *

In another part of North London is Mrs. Cantel's Home (73 Highbury New Park). (Readers of "Confidence" will remember how, some years ago, I recorded a visit to Zion City, Illinois, where I was the guest of Mrs. Cantel's father and mother.) I had a long and helpful talk at Maranatha one afternoon in the drawing room, which is the prayer room of the Home. Here on Sunday evenings Mrs. Cantel has Pentecostal prayer meetings, and of course at other times also. Missionaries and intending missionaries stay with her often. Amongst others, some earnest Swedish workers at present are with her. Recently Miss Anna Reiff, from Chicago (the Editress of the "Latter Rain Evangel") came over for a visit, and together they journeyed to Wales and Scotland. A very vivid account of these experiences appears in the September issue. (The Evangel Publishing House, 3635 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, U.S.A.)

* * *

Not far from Mrs. Cantel's is the China Inland Mission Home, where Mrs. Taylor is one of the lady matrons. Her tall son, who also is at the Home at present, is curate at a church in Holloway. His father was a very earnest, holy and devoted missionary in China, where he died suddenly. Rev. Reg. Taylor is beloved by my congregation at All Saints', Monkwearmouth, where he has helped me greatly. Readers of "Confidence" will be pleased to know that he is engaged to my eldest daughter (Miss M. V. Boddy), who has a nurse's training. They are both likely to go out to China as missionaries under the C.M.S. Quite possibly they will be married at home first some time next year.

(Continued on page 56.)

"CONFIDENCE."

No. 131.

ALL SAINTS', SUNDERLAND.

Oct.-Dec., 1922.

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."

That Big Black Bear.

ELIZABETH SISSON.

It was the hour of morning worship in a home in Winnipeg, where the writer was a guest during the closing days of a campaign for God, in that city. Several persons, knowing it was one of the last days of her stay, had, unknown to each other, come to that hour of worship. Thus, as we gathered around the Holy Word, we were surprised to find ourselves quite a company.

After singing and the Word, as we knelt together before the Lord, the power of the Holy Ghost fell upon the waiting group. Several were prostrated under the slaying might of God, among them our hostess, Mrs. D. When the power was lifted in measure from us and we rose to our feet, and the visitors were about to leave, Sister D. said: "Oh, I have had such a vision! It is something about Miss Sisson. I do not know whether it is about her personally, or in connection with her work. I saw her prostrate on the ground; in the air over her, in the act of springing upon her, in terrible rage, was Satan in the form of a big black bear. It looked as though her time had come. While I held my breath, a bright light shone around everything. Then I lifted my eyes and saw the light proceeded from a *glorious Person* above the big black bear. It was Jesus! His arms were extended. His strong, benign countenance was beaming upon His prostrate child, and under His power and outstretched arms Satan was paralysed; ready to pounce, but he could not touch her."

Being thus forewarned and forearmed,

to walk softly before the Lord and look out for what was coming—the devil's attack and Christ's deliverance—our little company separated. The plan for the few remaining days in the city was: a young lady coming in her carriage that morning to take me home for meeting that night, the following day carried to another house where I might pack my trunk, etc., then to leave by train next day for the Atlantic Coast. In the mid-forenoon, in a very swift, terrific thunderstorm, came my young friend, wet to the skin, and she so delicate! Bright sunshine when she started from home, the swift shower had caught her halfway, so she passed on. To return with her just then was impossible, but in the afternoon, when the sun had come out with "clear shining after rain," we thought to go.

Now Winnipeg has a peculiar, sticky, greasy soil. Walking in its mud will rot the leather from your shoes, and it is so slippery that to put your foot upon it when wet, is to fall. It is so greasy that whatever garment it touches is ruined; therefore, ladies avoid walking in it during, or very shortly after a rain, but as we were going in a carriage this objection was not thought of. In the evening my young friend, Miss G., having been seated in the trap—she had but one limb, which was supplemented by a crutch—I, the writer, a bundle of loose wraps, etc., in one hand and umbrella in the other, essayed to pass by Miss G., crutch and all, and land myself on the other side of the vehicle, for she must drive and from the near side of the carriage. But as I put my foot upon its step and threw the other limb beyond her to take my seat, somehow my foot touched mud on the

(That Big Black Bear—continued.)

carriage step. I slipped and fell backward, and with such force that my umbrella, having caught the rung of a wheel in my descent, snapped in two places. With great power I struck on a mud-covered wagon way of sharp cobble stones! I remember as I went down feeling a delicious soft sinking, as of going into a feather bed, my whole body was relaxed, my arms spread out, and I touched the entire length of my spine, the back of my hair and hat in the watery mud. I had no purchase on myself whatever, and felt like so much pancake batter poured out on the pan. I did not long enjoy the soft-sinking luxury, for the second thought was: "Oh, my clothes! Everything ruined by this mud and I day after tomorrow to travel East!"

Now God in my long faith-life in His service ("Freely ye have received, freely give") had always, "according to the riches of His glory in Christ Jesus," supplied "*all* my need," but as my *need* frequently required, as now, but one suit of clothes at a time, there came the haunting thought: "These are ruined! What are you going to travel in?" But quicker came the Divine suggestion, "Take *joyfully* the spoiling of your goods"; thus the gutter became my closet as I cried: "Lord, I do by Thy grace. I *will* be glad that everything I've got is ruined." Busily occupied with getting this victory, and His help and joyfulness coming into me so fast, I did not realise what an ominous silence there was all about me, till at length Brother D. broke the stillness, saying in very subdued tones, "Sister Sisson, where are you hurt?" Everything was so delicious now, even the ruin of all my wearing apparel, that I laughingly replied: "Why, I am not hurt anywhere! Hallelujah!" Oh, what suspense this relieved! for, seeing the violence of my fall and the perfect stillness that followed, all three of them had concluded I was dead, and they feared to break the silence. Now they and I alike saw what a wonderful deliverance this had been! I was so *spread* upon the cobble stones, it was with difficulty my six-foot stalwart friend could turn me over on one side till I could get some purchase on myself to help him help me to rise.

I was determined I would say nothing of my clothes when the Lord had saved my life, so, reeking with mud, I took my

place in the carriage, and as we lingered rejoicing, Sister D. put her head in the carriage, saying, "That was the big black bear that I saw."

Driving to my friend's house, they soon had the bedraggled garments off me, and wiped and hung around the stove for drying. A young man of the family took away my three-piece umbrella for mending, and by the next morning all the clothes were dried, and *not a spot on them*; my black silk outer jacket a particular marvel, as that eating soil was specially hard on silk goods. My umbrella was mended stronger than at first, and I was not allowed to know even the bill. Of all the accident nothing was left but the rich blessing that the Lord had wrought for and in me, and upon the bystanders. "In *everything* enriched by Him." But the big black bear was henceforth to me a parable of the spiritual dealing of the Lord with me, and all His own. Jesus always stands with outspread arms in benediction over us; *always* with that smile of infinite love and infinite power. However much Satan, the big black bear, may try to play pranks with us, through the incidents, accidents (?) and providence of our lives, Jesus is right over him in His paralyzing power of deliverance for us, and the devil cannot *touch us*. Beforehand God hath told us, "All things are of God," "All things are for your sake;" to you who love God, "All things work together for good," "Giving thanks always for all things," "Behold, I have given you power over all the power of the enemy;" "All things are yours things present things to come all are yours."

It is evermore ours to raise the shout, "Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory." We are "more than conquerors through him that loved us," and who "always causeth us to triumph in Christ." Hallelujah!

A Personal Testimony.

Though God has, in His great mercy, permitted me now for about thirty-eight years to be in His ministry, I have to confess that in the earlier part of that time I was not truly and experimentally "Born from Above." I believe that in those earlier days I honestly endeavoured to live up to, and preach up to, my light;

but I do not wonder at a worthy parishioner once writing a letter of fatherly rebuke to me.

He told me in it that he missed in my ministry the preaching of the glorious doctrine of justification by faith. No wonder, for I could not honestly say then that I knew that my sins were forgiven, though, in a way, I did seek to preach Christ.

At last, in God's goodness, there came one of God's servants, a Missionary, to my Vicarage, and showed me the way of God more perfectly. It was just what I was longing for. He said in answer to a somewhat sad remark of mine, "My dear brother, do you positively mean that you have no assurance of salvation—do you not know that your sins are forgiven?" I confessed with shame that I did not. What a look of loving sympathy and sorrow he gave me, and then proposed we should go into my study and get this matter settled for time and eternity. Praise God for that interview!

We knelt together, and I arose with full assurance that my sins were forgiven me for His Name's Sake. I now had a real message to give, and had not much need of my old manuscript sermons. Yet I still yearned for more power with souls, and God showed me that He was willing to fill me with His Holy Spirit because He had commanded me to be filled (Eph. v., 18).

It was on the 21st September, 1892, at about 8.40 in the morning, in All Saints' Church, Monkwearmouth—my church in Sunderland—that the Holy Spirit in infinite love came upon me, when I was taking part in the Communion Service. I was reading the Epistle for the day (St. Matthew's Day), 2 Cor. iv., 6, when the Holy Spirit came in power. As I read these words (the sixth verse) He fell, "For God which commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our

hearts to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." It overwhelmed me; my voice broke, and tears were in my eyes. I knew He had come, and that I was "fulfilled with His grace and heavenly benediction." When the service was over I praised Him in the words of the Doxology. The longing of my heart was satisfied; my constant prayer was answered.

His first fruit was love. I set out to put Him to the proof, and to the great astonishment of one who then I thought hated me, and another who I believe



REV. A. A. BODDY, Editor of "Confidence."

disliked me, God sent me with words of reconciliation and love. A wave of blessing followed and I have *never been again on the former plane* of my experience, though I was soon led into the wilderness to be sorely tempted of the devil.

I had to learn, however, as others have had to learn, not to trust to past experiences or physical emotion, and when I had learned this, God brought me graciously

(Continued on page 56.)

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OCTOBER-DECEMBER, 1922.

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.

The Heavenly Birth.

St. John iii., 2.—"Except a man be born from above he cannot see the Kingdom of God."—A.V. margin.

The great message of love which the Gospel brings to us is that "God hath given to us Eternal Life," and that "this Life is in His Son." (1 John v., 11.)

God offers to take us fallen sin-tainted creatures and to fill us with the Life of His Son, the Eternal Son, who gives *now* to all who accept it, Eternal Life, His own Life. "He that hath the Son hath Life, and he that hath not the Son of God hath not Life." (1 John v., 12.)

Men need to see that they have not this Life by nature. In God's sight they are dead.

Adam, the father of us all, forfeited that God-life which had been breathed into him (Gen. ii., 7).

Though he lived as a human being for so many years after the Fall, God's words were absolutely fulfilled—"In the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." (Gen. ii., 17.) The Divine nature instantly died in him.

"Through the offence of the one the many died." (Rom. v., 15.) Adam could henceforth only pass on that which was left—a nature which had yielded to Satan. We needed to be redeemed out of the hand of this Enemy. (Thank God! the Cross has redeemed us!)

We have a tainted nature which turns from God, a fallen nature which is under the dominion of the Prince of this world. But God calls us out of darkness into His marvellous Light. This is the Gospel or Good News.

We have been born once, but we must be born twice. A new nature is waiting for all who will accept it and hold it—and this

by simple faith in Him Who is the Life, Who poured out His Life's Blood for us.

For as through the one man's disobedience the many were made sinners, even so through the obedience of the ONE shall the many be MADE righteous (Rom. v., 19.)

"To as many as receive Him, to them gave He power to become the children of God—even to them that believe on His Name." (St. John i., 12.)

We are not saved as a matter of course, but EVERYONE can be saved. Praise God!

First, we trust the precious Blood of our Saviour, which was shed for us, and which is the price of our Redemption. As it was poured out, all our sins were borne away. Then we go on to accept our Union with the Risen Lord.

Our Lord says, "He that believeth *into* (eis) Me hath everlasting Life" (see St. John vi., 47). The Living Christ can be satisfied with nothing less than our Union by a living faith with Him, our whole-hearted acceptance of His free forgiveness and His Life. This means cleansing from the past, and cleansing every day and all the time. It means also Union with Him in His Death first of all.

If a fallen being is to have a new life it must first die, and keep dead daily. We are told that we have died in Christ and have been buried with Him, and raised up with Him. Col. iii., "Ye died." Rom. vi., 6, "Our old man was crucified with Him." Rom. vi., 11, "Reckon ye yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin (in Jesus Christ our Lord)." To allow the Holy Spirit to make this real is truly and experimentally to be Born from Above—Born anew.*

Our Lord said so plainly to that religious man who was anxious about his soul, "Except a man be born from above he cannot see the Kingdom of God," that it behoves everyone to look to it that he really has not only the "earthly," but also the "heavenly" birth.

Reader, if you have the slightest doubt as to whether you are really "saved," accept Christ Jesus now by simple Faith to be your Redeemer and your Eternal Life. You are redeemed by His precious Blood (1 Pet. i., 19) Ask the Holy Spirit to make your Union with Christ your Head in His Death and Resurrection Life very real in your experience. Pray that your faith may be Spirit-supplied faith (the faith of God), which may stand the

* See Writer's booklet, "Identification, the secret of Life and Power."

testings from above, and the temptations from below and around. (FAITH IN HIS BLOOD! Rom. iii., 25).

* * *

When a soul lays hold thus of Christ as its Life, it often happens (though not always) that there is a time of rapturous joy.

That soul is new born, and like a new-born babe it knows but little yet of the battle of life. The new-born soul often thinks that no temptations will ever conquer it henceforth. It feels the joy of peace within, and knows the presence of the Holy Ghost of God—for the same Holy Spirit which filled Christ the Head is given to be the life of Christ's Member. (Rom. viii., 11; Ephes. i., 19, 20.) That soul holds sweet converse with God in prayer, and delights in meditation on the Word. It cries, "I reckon myself now to be dead unto sin and alive unto God and all in Jesus Christ my Lord" (Rom. vi., 11). The old temptations seem to have lost their power, and people say, "What a wonderful change has come over such a one." All seems to go well. And yet it may be a time of terrible danger. The soul is tempted sorely to live on happy feelings rather than on God Himself—to think the battle ended when it is just beginning. It has to learn if it would not go back altogether, as many do, that in all probability it will be permitted to pass through awful times of testing, wilderness experiences (Matt. iv., 1).

Happy is the soul which is prepared for this, and is quite willing to trust God and His Word through weeks and months when delight in prayer seems to have gone, when the Bible seems to speak with but little force. When temptation is so alluring, and possibly seems to be so successful that it seems to come from within—when it seems as if there was positive, if suppressed, delight in that which was forbidden, when whirlwinds of worry and passion, doubt and fear seem to have temporary victory, and the soul cries, "Oh, that it were with me as in the months that are past!" and it whispers to itself, "Though the world may not know it, I am an utter failure, I am bringing shame on Christ Himself. Am I really a member of Christ?"

God is allowing the soul to go through the testing time, as He almost always does, to show it its helplessness. Satan, our undying foe, is hoping to succeed—

but God is watching His child, and teaching that soul to trust Him in the dark as well as in the light. Probably at the back of all the failure there is the desire to be loyal to God, and there is deep distress for the backsliding. But the soul must see to it that the "*will*" is on God's side in detail as well as generally.

It has to learn that *flesh* effort cannot obtain the Kingdom. That having been born into a New Nature it must remember that self died in Him on the Cross, and that our life is hid with Christ in God. It must see that (trusting in the Holy Spirit) it is made real experimentally, and in detail. These alluring temptations are from without. Satan cunningly simulates for us our old nature and would persuade us that we have not been born again.

"But if any man is in Christ he is a new creation" (2 Cor. v., 17). Remember the words, "Work out your own salvation, for it is God that worketh in you to will and to do of His good pleasure" (Phil. ii., 12, 13). Resist the devil, and he will flee from you.

Often dwell on "The exceeding great and precious promises" by which we are "Partakers of the Divine Nature, having escaped the corruption that is in the world through lust." (2 Peter i., 4.)

Perhaps you have had your time of testing and you feel that you have utterly failed. You are inclined to say, "It is all a mistake—it cannot be done." This is where many turn back from following Him, turn away from a life of victory before the battle has really begun.

If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the Righteous, and He is the propitiation for our sins. Thank God that there is the Cleansing Blood always ready—and the Lord always saying, "*Whosoever*" (sinner or backslider) "cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out."

* * *

Let not those who have taken Christ as their life be discouraged by past failure, or by temporary triumphs of the great enemy. "Discouragement and doubt," it has been well said, "are from the devil." The true order in the Christian walk is Fact, Faith, Feeling, though new-born babes in the Kingdom nearly always reverse the order, and desire that wrong order of Feeling, Faith, Fact. Some souls are afraid of resting on God's promise until they have some wonderful thrill of joy to endorse the

(The Heavenly Birth—continued.)

promise. When they hear the promise, "Whoso believeth on the Son of God hath everlasting life," they say, "I wish I had the feeling that I have everlasting life, Christ's life in me."

We dishonour God's Word by not believing it simply and trustfully, and then acting it out.

St. Paul gives us all a very plain direction when he says (Rom. x., 9), "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved."

"For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation."

We wait for happy feelings too often before we confess Christ as our Saviour, whereas the confession should prove our trust, and would be rewarded by joy and peace in believing.

Real union with Christ, in the power of the Holy Ghost, is God's will for all, and it is by simple faith, persevering faith.

Time is very swiftly passing, and judgment is approaching very rapidly.

This is the foundation truth: Ye must be born again. Let no man lay any other foundation than that which is laid—even Christ Jesus our Lord, our Redeemer, our great Deliverer, the Fulness of Life, and Power, and Salvation to those who believe.

"The Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon Him. For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved."

You are saved not by happy feelings, but by a simple trust in your loving Saviour in times of darkness and depression, as well as in times of light and happiness. Accept, then, the Heavenly Birth. Come back into God's household.

* * *

A PERSONAL ACCEPTANCE OF THE
NEW BIRTH.

(i.) I fully believe that the Lord Jesus is willing to save my soul, and to save it to the uttermost.

(ii.) I do with my whole heart trust Him now, and trust Him absolutely. I trust His precious shed Blood (His Redeeming Sacrifice for me).

(iii.) As one on a sinking ship gladly gets into the life-boat, so I confidently place myself in Thy merciful and mighty keeping, Lord Jesus. Thou wilt save me now, and eternally. (Thy sheep shall never perish.)

(iv.) Though the great adversary of my soul may seem to gain the victory over me, I will continue to believe that I am saved by Christ ("Reconciled by His death and saved in His life," Rom. v., 10).

(v.) I read, "Whosoever believeth on Him (the

Lord Jesus) shall not perish, but have everlasting life" (John iii., 16). I believe, and therefore I shall not perish, for I accept the gift of God, eternal life.

(vi.) Holy Spirit of God, I trust Thee now to make all this real in my life. I accept in fulness this Birth from above as Thy Divine Gift. I am now a new creature in Christ Jesus. Dead indeed unto sin, but ALIVE unto God in Jesus Christ my Lord.

(A Personal Testimony—continued from page 53.)

into greater light.

I would not at the present go back even to the glory of that happy September morning when I received the fulness of the Holy Ghost. For He has taught me (and by strange methods and unexpected messengers) not to place Him—the Holy Spirit—in the place of Christ, but to allow Him to glorify Christ in us and through us. It is Christ alone Who saves. The Holy Spirit has led me to see, and therefore now to teach, our Union with Christ in His Death, Resurrection, and Ascension, with its victory over sin and disease. It is all made real now to me by the Holy Spirit. *"The life was manifested, and we bear witness, and shew unto you that eternal Life, which was with the Father, and was manifested unto us"* (1 John i., 3).

(An Autumn Month in North-West London—
continued from page 50.)

On my trusty cycle I found my way one bright day from Kilburn to Hampstead, and by Spaniards Road across the Heath to Highgate. There I called at the "Sycamores," at the Nursing Home, to see a Christian friend, and then down to Stoke Newington to the C.I.M. Home, where I enjoyed the fellowship of missionaries from China. They are ever coming and going.

* * *

Kingsway Hall was well filled for Advent Testimony Meetings. I noticed several Pentecostal friends in the audience. The singing was like that at our Whitsuntide Convention—full, sweet and congregational. Dr. Middleton was at his best, and Dr. Meyer, patriarchal and benevolent, was happy as chairman. The Advent Testimony Movement, with its monthly meetings, is quite an interdenominational power to-day.

* * *

Another occasion in Kingsway Hall was the Farewell to the China Inland Missionaries before sailing. A splendid send-off they had. A number gave their testimony, clear and ringing. Rev. Reg. Taylor presided at the piano, and the hymns were sung very heartily. The memory of some of our P.M.U. Valedictory meetings came back to me, and I remembered how full of fire our dear students were as they looked forward to their new life.

* * *

A Sion College P.M.U. meeting is always inspiring. One Friday I had the privilege of speaking there. Mr. Polhill being in China, Rev. Dr. Middleton presided. That day was the beginning of the Jewish Feast of Trumpets, a time when many expect the last great Trumpet will herald the Lord's Return. A few hours before in a synagogue in North London I had had the "*Shophar*" placed in my hands. The "trumpet" was to be sounded about 36 times during the Feast of Trumpets, which is also the commencement of the civil New Year. Each September there is expectancy among many Christians that the Coming of the Lord may take place at the Feast of Trumpets.

* * *

My brother-in-law, Rev. J. M. Pollock, M.A., was at 6 Maldon Road, Wallington, near Croydon. He has a Church there, and also is identified with the Japan Evangelistic Band. One afternoon I went over to see him and Mrs. Pollock. They have two dear aged saints staying with them—Mr. Pollock's aunts, who are like Anna the prophetess, full of the Holy Spirit, and ever serving the Lord in prayer.

* * *

As a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, I have the great privilege of using the Society's House near to the Albert Hall (Hyde Park) as my Club. Here I could invite my friends and show them its treasures, and then have tea together. A section of Livingstone's Tree from Central Africa, with his name carved on the back by his native "boys" when he died. His heart was buried there. (His body was brought home to be buried in Westminster Abbey.) Great photographs of Mount Everest, the Mahdi's banner, an autograph letter from the Dalai Lama of Lhassa (Tibet), and many things which would interest our missionaries.

* * *

This beautiful mansion at Kensington Gore, S.W., has restful grounds behind with tennis court and bowling green under the great trees. To this home of Geography have come back great explorers and travellers, depositing here some of their treasures. Some also have never returned, but have had posthumous medals awarded them. For some thirty-five years I have been a "F.R.G.S." The missionary cause is much helped by the results of the Society, and many missionaries contribute by their experience to its records and its collections of photographs of natives and distant places.

* * *

At the great C.M.S. House on Salisbury Square on Wednesday afternoons an hour's prayer meeting is held. A missionary from Tokio gave an interesting account of Christian work among the Chinese students who come over to Japan to study in its Universities. These are Christian hostels, and many have accepted Christ, and, going back to the many provinces in China, open the way for missionary effort to follow.

* * *

Another very different type of service was seen at St. Mark's Church in Marylebone Road (near Edgware Road). Each Thursday at 3, Rev. John Maillard, a duly licensed Church of

England clergyman, holds a service for anointing the sick and laying on of hands. I found the church well filled with a devout congregation. He appealed to all to be much in prayer, to take the sufferers upon their hearts. He gave some particulars of each case. Early in the service he spoke earnestly on the Power and Will of the Lord to heal. This is a type of service which appeals to "advanced" Church people of a reverent cast of mind. He suggested a time of silence in which all were to get right with God and confess their sins to Him. After a solemn declaration of God's forgiveness, he introduced some passages of Scripture to which they were to respond "Lord I believe, help Thou mine unbelief." Somewhat as follows:—

* * *

Vers. Where two or three are gathered together in My Name, there am I in the midst of them (Matt. xviii. 20).

Ans. Lord, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief.

V. And whatsoever ye ask in My Name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son (John xiv., 13).

Ans. Lord, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief.

V. These signs shall follow them that believe. In My Name they shall lay hands upon the sick, and they shall recover (Mark xvi., 18).

Ans. Lord, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief.

V. Is any sick among you? Let him call for the elders of the Church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the Name of the Lord; and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he have committed sins, they shall be forgiven him. Confess your sins one to another, and pray one for another, that ye may be healed (James v., 14-16).

Ans. Lord, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief.

* * *

Then they all sang:

Thy touch has still its ancient power,
No word from Thee can fruitless fall;
Hear in this solemn evening hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all.

In his surplice he now moved from the Lectern to the front pews, where the sick sat. The female sufferers had white handkerchiefs or veils on their heads. He prayed for each and anointed each, the people all continuing in silent prayer. After the females the male sufferers. With his hand on the head of the sick one he said words like these:

"With this Sacred Oil I anoint thy body for healing in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen. I ask our Lord to give thee the inward and invisible anointing of thy soul in the power of the Holy Ghost."

* * *

When he had anointed all he recited the Anaphora, "Lift up your hearts," and they all answered, "We lift them up unto the Lord," and so he followed on with the words from the Prayer Book till they all joined in worshipping, saying, "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Hosts, heaven and earth are full of Thy glory. Glory be to Thee, O Lord Most High."

(An Autumn Month in North-West London—cont.)

Soon after the Benediction we passed out from the quiet Church into the busy street, and I felt that it had been good to be there. There was an element of great reality in it all. A voice behind me as I was getting my cycle out said, "Are you here too, Mr. Boddy? I often come here on a Thursday afternoon; it is all so real!" Rev. John Maillard is a strong character. I had a heart-to-heart talk to him at his residence, 14 Chepstow Place, off Westbourne Grove. This house has been presented to him by one who was healed. I do not know whether any were healed at the service, but the spiritual side is emphasised—to get a touch from the Lord Himself.*

In Westminster Abbey I stood again beside the grave of the Unknown Warrior and beside that of David Livingstone, only a few yards from it. A beautiful service had ended. I had joined with the choir in singing the sweet Psalms of David, had listened to the reading of the Word of Life, and had then wandered in the Courts of that House of the Lord, with its memories so dear to English and American people. In St. Paul's great Cathedral, at the other end of London, I had stood again before that picture of Holman Hunt's, "The Light of the World," Jesus standing and knocking at the door, so fast closed against Him. There were lessons everywhere for us all.

Hundreds of pigeons fly down and gather crumbs thrown to them beside the steps of St. Paul's. Clerks and others at lunch time seemed to share their food with these birds, who would perch on their shoulders or hands. High up above the dome, and around the great golden cross, scaffolding had been erected for the purpose of cleaning, painting and re-gilding. Now that was finished, and the great work of sending down the scaffold had to take place.

St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey were both being cleaned, and the very trees were cleaning themselves. The trees which grow so well in all parts of London are the plane trees.

A young policeman in Northumberland Avenue was quite interested when I called his attention to the autumnal clean-up of his neighbours, the plane trees.

"Well, sir," he said, "I knew that the snakes in the Zoo shed their skins once a year, for I've seen them lying about. But to tell you the truth, sir, I didn't know that these trees did the same; but now I come to think of it, there's quite a lot round here as looks kind of piebald."

In the road at Kilburn are many such trees growing on the footpath, and pieces of shed bark lie below. The cleaned patches are growing daily. Soon all the sooty bark will have gone, and the trees will be white and smooth once more. What a parable! The sap within carries up the life, and being alive the tree casts off its grimy exterior. "Cast off the works

of darkness," it says to us. The Holy Life within will enable us to do this.

A dear Christian sufferer from Rheumatoid Arthritis, A. B. Turner, of 39 Hemstal Road, West Hampstead, lies patient and full of faith. God has done so much for him during his illness. I had a blessed time with him. He had a copy of my booklet, "Health in Christ," and had signed his name to the Act of Faith printed there. He and his dear wife are devoted followers of the Lord. I shall be glad if others will join me in prayer that our dear brother may be raised up again soon.

So my last Wednesday evening service at Holy Trinity, Kilburn, came round, and at its close I stood near the door to bid my friends (who seemed now almost like old friends) "Good-bye." I was well repaid for all I had been able to do during the month through the services and meetings, when I looked into the grateful faces and heard their sincere words of gratitude. "You've been a great help to me," said more than one. "I thank you for your message," said others. "When are you coming back again, sir?" said another. This is a question that I was not able to answer.

It was a great joy to me, after a month's absence, to be back among my own people again in All Saints' Church, Monkwearmouth, Sunderland. The first time I preached after my return the congregation was so large, and the singing so beautifully congregational, and the atmosphere so uplifting, that I rejoiced.

I enjoy so much being used when away, but I do thank God on my return when I find all has been going well, and my loyal assistant has "held the fort" with great acceptance to all. To God be thanks and praise.

ALEX. A. BODDY.

Pentecostal Missionary Union.

The Editor regrets that shortage of "Confidence" funds has compelled him to leave over much valuable matter. This issue is reduced in consequence by 4 pages. He hopes that special gifts will enable him in the next issue to go back to the original size.

CENTRAL AFRICA.

BRO. RICHARDSON'S JOURNEY.

Our brother, Mr. Arthur Wm. Richardson, of Kalembe Lembe, has been on an investigating expedition to the North, etc. He gives an interesting account of his journey, from which we now give extracts.

A MAN-EATING LION.

Towards the end of January (this year) I commenced my journey. I had heard previously that

* Mr. Maillard gave me a copy of his monthly Magazine, "The Great Physician" (4d. monthly; 5/- a year, post free) from 14 Chepstow Place, London, W. 2.

a lion had done much harm in the vicinity of Baraka, so I did not know what would await me. However, I went forward in the Name of the Lord, and when travelling between 2nd and 3rd Camps met some people driving sheep. I asked why they journeyed that way, and they replied, "We're fleeing from the lion; it has killed so many sheep and goats, besides people, that we cannot stay." I arrived at the 3rd Camp about mid-day, and was informed that the lion had been gone four nights, but that he might possibly return that night, for he had gone away for a similar period once before and returned. I was taken by a man to the place of his last visit, and found that he had tried to enter a house close to the main road. Failing to obtain entrance by the door or walls, he sprang to the roof and opened the grass, making a big hole which he entered. The noise of the goats from inside frightened him, and he left without doing further damage. Two nights later a leopard entered the same hole (this was just two nights before I arrived) and killed four goats, carrying away two of them. I made a suggestion to the owner, an old man, that if he would build a small hut, and put in a goat, I would set my rifle as a trap gun. This he did with pleasure, and before 5 p.m. we had preparations made to kill either the lion or the leopard. The natives had their doors fast closed before dark, and all was quiet. I retired quite early and slept well until awakened by a noise at my camp door, which caused my dog to bark furiously. I did not go out, but as I lay awake I heard a leopard roaring in the distance. Quite early next morning my gun was returned to me. My man said that a leopard had tried to force entrance by the door but failed. I should say that at this one place two men and a boy were killed and eaten by the lion.

SCANDINAVIANS.

I left camp quite early and, on arriving at Baraka, found our brethren had come one day before me. We held a long conversation concerning Missionary life and work. I decided to stay the week-end with our brethren, and we enjoyed a blessed time of fellowship together. Our friends were going to the North, but exactly where they did not know.

I looked up an Arab at Baraka who had been mauled by the lion, and he had some very bad wounds. I prayed with him, and talked with him of our wonderful Saviour. His story of the lion coming in the early evening and picking him up from amongst his friends was remarkable. Eight black people were killed by this lion, and it is estimated between fifty and sixty sheep and goats.

THE SLEEPING SICKNESS.

I left Baraka on Monday morning to visit the place where about 12 years ago some Roman Catholics settled to build a Mission Station. I did not reach the place until the following morning, but there only remained now two or three cotton trees on the site. The sleeping sickness broke out here and many of the natives died, also two of the Roman Catholics. Another became very sick, and thought it best to abandon the work, so he went away.

Most of the people around that part are not open for teaching; for they say, "If we come to be taught, sickness will kill us all, because long ago when the European came to teach the people they all died."

From one large village the Chief came to meet me. At his village I gathered my people together, and we had some hymn singing before I told them the Old, Old Story—ever new. The Chief and his men listened very attentively, until I concluded with the invitation to accept Jesus as their own personal Saviour. We do pray God to bless His Own Word, and to make it to become fruitful for His glory.

RUANDA PEOPLE.

I then made my way to a place called Mwezi, from whence I should leave the main road, and go inland by a footpath. After a little refresh-



CATTLE PEOPLE OF RUANDA.

(By the courtesy of the Editor of "Flames.")

ment and a chat with the Chief of that place, I commenced a climb which lasted almost 5½ hours with very little descent. Hidden away among the hills I saw quite a lot of native huts, the occupants of which never pay tax to the Government, but just travel among their neighbours from one hill to another. Arriving on the top of a very steep hill, I pitched my tent near to one hut recently built, but whose owner was away.

In this my people slept. We had come to a place where a number of natives from Ruanda had made their home. They had a very large herd of cattle. These people are so different to the Wabembe tribe; they are tall and of a slender build, and speak with an air of superiority to that of the Wabembe. Three of these came to visit me, and brought a fowl and some eggs as a present. I was able also to obtain new milk in the evening. Although these people have so much cattle, it is very hard to get them to sell even one beast.

At 6 a.m. next morning we were pressing forward towards Sibatwa. It was a beautiful morning, and one could not help but sing praises to the Lord our God. We soon came to a tropical forest, and the trees, ferns, and plants were exquisite. Here and there the song of a bird, and the flutter of a beautiful butterfly, then we came to a small river which glistened in the sun. Surely it was one great song of praise to the Lord our God, Who made them all. I have taught my people one little hymn in which we sing.

"ALL ANIMALS, AND ALL TREES, PRAISE GOD." Truly we felt it when passing through this forest. In one place we stayed to rest a little, sitting on an upturned canoe, and it was here that I learned first that this tribe had been cannibals. We journeyed on and came to Sibatwa about mid-day. I paid a visit to the temporary house which our brother, Mr. Tollefsen, had abandoned; then fixed up at the camp built for the Government Official. I soon had a visit from the Chief, who is quite a young man, and therefore has very little authority over his people. In this place are plenty of monkeys, and I have been told that the gorilla is to be found there. I saw several parrots, which are very numerous in Sibatwa.

I wanted to get back to the Mission on Saturday night, ready for the services on Sunday, so I had to leave early next morning. I should say in passing that Sibatwa is quite a big place, with a lot of small villages which can be seen on the tops of the hills; Sibatwa is very hilly indeed. Leaving very early in the morning I soon passed Kabonga, the place where Mr. Lindgren (the Swedish brother) made his temporary abode. I saw his house in the distance.

I was most thankful to find on my return to the Mission all quite well. We shall value your continued prayers on behalf of the Lord's work here, and we are looking forward to the coming of reinforcements.

Receipt				Receipt			
No.	£	s.	d.	No.	£	s.	d.
4099 ...	6	11	0	4111 ...	50	0	0
4100 ...	2	0	0	4112 ...	1	0	0
4101 ...	5	0	0	4113 ...	1	0	0
4103 ...	1	0	0	4114 ...	5	0	0
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4106 ...	1	0	0	4117 ...	16	0	0
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Receipt			
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4130	1	0	0
4131	7	6	
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4138	11	6	
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Receipt			
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Per Miss Vipam—			
237	18	0	
238	4	13	0
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4102	For Mr. Adams' passage ...	...	1	0	0
"	For Mr. Vale's passage ..	...	1	0	0
4120	For Mrs. Trevitt's passage	...	10	0	0
4125	"	...	41	6	0
4137	For "Miss E. M." Cook's passage	...	1	0	0
4147	For Mrs. Trevitt's passage	...	20	0	0
4155	"	...	8	0	0
4163	For "Mr. E. O." Ellis' outfit	...	4	0	0
			<u>£86</u>	<u>6</u>	<u>0</u>

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

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