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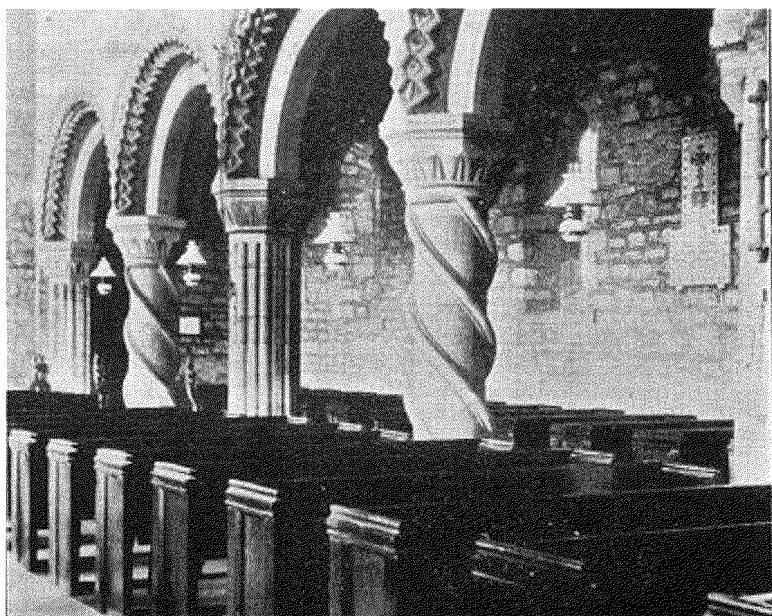
APRIL-JUNE. 1923.

"CONFIDENCE"

EDITED BY

ALEX. A. BODDY,

PITTINGTON VICARAGE, DURHAM, ENGLAND.



INTERIOR OF PITTINGTON CHURCH (COUNTY DURHAM).

SHOWING THE XIITH CENTURY PILLARS.

An earnest Congregation worships here.

"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

"Confidence" Subscription-Gifts for last Three Months.

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					£28 4 8

Printing and Expenses Account.

RECEIPTS.		EXPENDITURE.	
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PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS.

We are glad to be able to send out this issue of "Confidence." Many friends have written touching letters as to the spiritual blessings which "Confidence" has brought them. Gifts, too, have come in, until one has felt encouraged to prepare this number. As to the future, it may be that other issues may come out, even after very long intervals. Just as the means are provided, for "Confidence" is issued on "faith lines."

* * *

On November 28th, 1922, at Eastbourne, there passed to her rest and to her reward Miss J. Haggie, a sincere lover of her Saviour and of His people. Her much valued helper and companion was with her to the end. The last letter she wrote was a very welcome message to the Editor of "Confidence" on his appointment to Pittington Vicarage. How utterly loyal she was to her beloved Master! The memory of her life and kind deeds is very blessed to the souls of all who came in touch with her.

* * *

Readers of "Confidence" will remember our reference to an earnest Welsh sister who lived near All Saints' Vicarage at Sunderland. She once had a vision of the Lord Jesus Christ, Whom she saw standing on the chancel steps at the close of a service in All Saints' Church. She has now passed into the presence of her adored and beloved Saviour, and her remains were carried into the Church near where she saw Him in her vision. So, one by one our friends pass over and leave us waiting for our call.

* * *

We are looking forward to my elder daughter's wedding day on Wednesday, August 15th. Some of our friends from Sunderland are coming over

to join us on that happy occasion. May these two lives be greatly blessed in the North London parish, and later in the distant land to which they hope to go as Missionaries.

Pittington Parish, County Durham.

The Editor's New Surroundings.

Since the last issue of "Confidence" appeared the recently appointed Vicar of Pittington has settled down in his new surroundings. With great thankfulness he acknowledges many tokens of God's approval of the acceptance by him of this important charge. Wherever he has gone in and out among his 2000 new parishioners he has been welcomed with warmth and affection. "I prayed that you might come, and now God has answered prayer, praise Him!" said one of the Pittington friends who had been greatly helped in our Sunderland meetings some years ago.

Hallgarth Church has been more than well filled on the Sunday evenings. Often so crowded that they said, "It's like Harvest Festival nearly every Sunday night now-a-days." (And such hearty singing!) Two "Courses" of Sermons have been preached by the Editor, the first on well-known Hymns, and the second on "The Epistle to the Romans." Then a number of friendly clergymen have, at the Vicar's request, visited the Church to give a mid-week Sermon on the Wednesday afternoons. From farms round about and from outlying cottages parishioners have cycled and

(Continued on page 84.)

"CONFIDENCE."

No. 133.

PITTINGTON, DURHAM.

April-June, 1923.

TO EDITORS AND OTHERS.—Any matter in this Paper may be re-printed on condition that full acknowledgment is made thus:—"From 'Confidence,' Pittington, Durham."

"AFTERWARDS."

A night of pain and torment,
A day of bitter woe,
A sky where no star shineth,
A fear that none may know;
And then a calm still morning,
A wondrous roseate dawn,
A Psalm of deep thanksgiving—
A little child is born . . . !

A tempest wild and angry,
A sea enraged and grey,
The moan of souls in anguish,
A storm that none can stay—
Then soft through inky darkness
The radiant Christ appears,
Rebuking storm and tempest,
And calming earthly fears.

A rude and thankless garden,
All sorry and unkept,
Was yet the still dark dwelling
Wherein the brown seed slept,
A winter long and hopeless
Waiting redemption's hour,
Then swift one spring-like morning
A glorious golden flower . . . !

The weight of sin and sorrow
That bowed His head in woe,
The crown of thorns, the scourging,
Who but the Christ could know?
A garden still and silent,
A woman standing there,
The first sweet Easter gladness
Was hers with Christ to share.

The shout of Easter triumph
Has echoed down the years,
Adown the long dim centuries
Of man's poor hopes and fears.
Life for the Christian warrior
Means battle stern and long,
Rest for the Christian warrior
Is heaven's triumph song.

Vendredi Saint Paris, 1922.

RUTH SALWEY.

An Unforgotten Lesson As to Sabbath Keeping.

The Editor of "Confidence" received a letter the other week from one who many, many years ago was a chorister in his Church at Monkwearmouth. He wrote from New York, where he had heard of his old Vicar's call to Pittington, "hoping you will have better health and be spared for many years to carry on the good work."

He writes:—

I have had some thrilling experiences, but God has always been watching over me. I will never forget some of your sermons you preached thirty years ago, one in particular, when you quoted the verse:—

A Sabbath well spent brings a week of content
And rest for the toils of the morrow;
But a Sabbath profaned, whate'er may be
gained,
Is a sure fore-runner of sorrow.

Ever since that Sunday I have taken particular notice if I have spent a good Sunday in a proper manner, the following week would work out the same.

It is 12 months ago when I sailed from Rouen, France, bound for New Orleans, as an engineer on the S.S. "Coylet," a Glasgow ship. At New Orleans we loaded gasoline and sailed for France on February 5th, 1922, Sunday morning, in dense fog. At noon we struck the side of the Mississippi River, which almost turned the ship over. It was a very trying time and a narrow escape. I often told our chief steward about how I spent my Sundays, and predicting what would happen the following week. I will never forget that Sunday night, when he came to me and asked me what sort of a week was in store for us. I told him that in the middle of the week something serious would happen to the ship, but there would be no lives lost. I also told him to put his trust in God.

At 12 o'clock noon on Wednesday, February 5th, we stopped the engines for repairs. The tanks had all been strained, with the result that the gasoline got mixed with the oil fuel. At five minutes to one fire broke out in the stokehold. I knew the ship was doomed. I never lost faith.

(An Unforgotten Lesson—continued.)

I gave one look up to heaven and asked God to protect us. We fought the flames till we were almost cut off, and how we got out of the engine room alive was a miracle. God had been with us all the time. We had

TO JUMP INTO THE LIFEBOATS.

Two had to jump into the sea. However, we were all saved, after being in a rough sea over two hours. The only man that was fully clad was the chief steward. He told me after that he had not forgotten what I told him on the Sunday night.

We were taken to Savannah, and from there to New York. The British Consul would not pay me off unless I got a job and a letter from my employer. The following day being Sunday, the captain and I went to church morning and evening, "The Grace Church, Broadway." The service was beautiful. Rather strange, I told the captain I would be successful during the week. I went to the Grace Line shipping office on the Tuesday, and went again on the Thursday and was engaged. I have remained over here since, trading between the States and Mexico.

In conclusion, let me add I never miss saying my prayers morning and night. Although the sea divides us, God is watching over us just the same. Remember me to all at home.

Working in Silence.

1 KINGS vi., 7, AND 1 PETER ii., 5, 6.

What is it to work in silence?

Nowadays we hear very little about silent labour. We know very little about silence at all, for this is an age of noise and bustle, restlessness and confusion of motive and opinion, and only the spiritually-minded Christian knows what it means to shut "the closet door" and enter into the sweetest of all communions, the silent hour apart with Jesus.

When the Temple was built we are told that the stones which were carried from a rude and ugly quarry were so shaped and chiselled and formed that there was no further need to hammer them into shape, or nail them into their places upon the holy site whereon the Temple of the Most High was to be erected, for they fitted the one into the other. No! each shaped and chiselled stone was laid cleverly and tenderly in place in a profound silence, and little by little the mighty structure was raised without the jarring sound of hammers or axes being heard.

"And the House when it was in building was built of stone made ready before it was brought thither: so that there was neither hammer nor ax nor any tool of

iron heard in the House while it was in building."

How many deep and glorious thoughts there are to be found in this marvellous chapter of history! We who are those "living stones" spoken about in the first epistle of St. Peter (ii., 5, 6) do well to remember from whence we came.

We are told that Solomon commanded that stones of very varying descriptions were to be brought from the quarry for the foundation of the Temple.

"And the king commanded, and they brought great stones, costly stones, and hewed stones, to lay the foundation of the house, and Solomon's builders and Hiram's builders did hew them" (1 Kings v., 17, 18).

Now a quarry is to some an unattractive and unsightly place with very little to please the eye, yet from this quarry stones of every description had to be brought, and the great bulk will certainly have been the rough, coarse, ordinary stone which needed much fashioning and moulding before its sharp curves and angles could be transformed into a smooth surface.

So few of us are "costly stones," and very few of us are big important ones; but big or little, poor or costly, strong or weak, we are all "hewed stones"—stones which have been chiselled by the Master Chiseller, chiselled in the still, deep silence of His impenetrable ways, before we can lay claim to the blessed title of being living stones in that spiritual house or temple which forms the Church of the Living God, and of which temple Jesus Christ is Himself the Chief Corner Stone.

"Ye also as lively stones are built up a spiritual house, an holy priesthood, to offer up spiritual sacrifices acceptable to God by Jesus Christ." Wherefore also it is contained in the scripture, "Behold I lay in Sion a chief corner stone, elect, precious: and he that believeth on Him shall not be confounded."

The great question is, are we the living stones we ought to be? Are we vitalised beings, living wires connected with the current of power from above? Are our efforts vital efforts? Is our religion a living, burning, vital thing, or are we merely dead, cold, lifeless stones?

A stone in itself represents two utterly unattractive qualities: hardness and cold. It is always inadvisable for a person to

sit upon stone, because stone has the power of drawing the human warmth from the body. Again, a stone is a heavy, unpliable thing which must crush anything that it is placed upon, unless the article it rests upon is of sufficient strength and weight to withstand it.

It is a very profound truth that God takes up the unattractive and unlikely things of the world to use as similes, in order to emphasise the fact that divine power not only changes and transforms all things, but has a use for everything, and the naturally weak, vacillating Simon has his name changed into "Petros," in order to exemplify that true conversion gives strength for weakness and stability for vacillation. But what if the light within us be darkness? What if after having been chiselled into comely shapes, and placed stone upon stone in the heavenly temple, we cease to shine as lights in the world, and that vitalising life of Christ within is allowed to wane and die?

To us now, as chiselled stones, is given the task of going into the great quarry of the world, the quarry of humanity where poor, rough, cold, disfigured stones lie huddled in meaningless confusion waiting for the master touch of the Divine Chiseller.

Yet the Divine Chiseller bids us bring to Him the unhewn blocks that He may wash them in His Blood, and then fashion them into comely shapes, that in silence He may lay them stone upon stone as we too were laid in the heavenly temple.

True unity of the church is only to be found in the silent perfection of Christ's body. Here alone Christian meets with Christian, both of varying denomination perhaps, but perfectly joined together in one harmonious whole. See Ephesians iv., 14, 15, 16, and Col. ii., 19.

Are we dreamers or are we real, vigorous hewers of stone? Or has our life within been so ill-nourished by our worldliness and unworthy indifference to the cries from that human quarry that we have become dead and lifeless stones? Let us see to it that we work in greater faith, in greater interior silence, in greater love. Deep and prevailing prayer is not a noisy and emotional business.

We are called upon to emulate the beauty and efficacy of that profound silence which reigned when the Temple was being built, "So that there was neither hammer

nor ax, nor any tool of iron heard in the house while it was in building."

There is far too much heard of our own physical efforts. We are too noisy, too self-centred, too much under the delusion that it is the incessant vigour of *our* personal efforts that must win a soul. As long as our pride blinds us to our utter nothingness we will be restless and noisy workers, seeking the world's methods and every manner of self-advertisement, rather than going apart into the silence of the mountain of communion with God, and wrestling there in insistent, persevering, prevailing prayer.

Let us leave the noise and "hub-bub" and the bustle of the world far behind, and let us go quietly into the quarry and take humanity—ugly, disfigured, suffering humanity—quietly to the Divine Chiseller, and having taken them, let us not agonise ourselves if the time seems long and unending before we see the stones laid in comely shapes into the great building of which we form a part.

It may take years for the Master Chiseller to do His work; it may take years before the ugly stains and awkward angles are all removed, but is it for us to penetrate into God's silence? Sufficient is it for us to know that believing prayer is all-prevailing and is always fulfilled. (1 John v., 14, 15.)

God chooses the silences of life to win a soul—the awful silence of bereavement when the world's tawdry revelry is hushed, the awful silences of temptation when souls face the very pit of hell in the torment of their miserable weakness to resist the forces of their passions, and the bitter silences of guilty conscience and desperate remorse.

Remember that God was not in the wind, the earthquake, or the fire, but "after the fire a still small voice" (1 Kings 11, 12), and it is usually after the noise and confusion of human effort has ceased that God's Voice is heard.

How near God seems on the mountain tops or upon the vast and mighty ocean! and how near is the "Altogether Lovely One" in the dim silence of a night of suffering when the glaring lights of the day are veiled! Oh, how true are those lovely lines of Mrs. Barter Snow's:—

"I do not ask for thee unclouded sunshine,
For in the cool dark night
We see the stars, which from our sight are hid
When all the day is bright."

(Continued on page 84.)

"CONFIDENCE."

APRIL-JUNE, 1923.

Editor—

Alex. A. Boddy, Vicar of Pitington,
Durham.

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.

UNITY.

In 1 Cor. viii., 6 and 7, we have very briefly and simply summed up St. Paul's secret of strength and power. Though there are many so-called gods and lords in this world, yet to him there is only one God and one Lord. One God, the source of *all* things, for Whose service we exist, and one Lord Jesus Christ, through Whom we all exist (Weymouth).

Earlier in the chapter he states that there is a false and a true knowledge. A certain kind of knowledge which only makes people conceited and puffed up—such is not true knowledge. True knowledge makes us humble because love is the outcome. Such love fills our hearts. As we contemplate and meditate on the power and greatness, majesty and glory of our God, our hearts burn within us and love builds us up. God knows us, for God is love.

How did St. Paul gain his knowledge? Surely it was during the two years spent in Arabia under the direct teaching of the Holy Spirit. After the great revelation that came to him, the revelation that Christ was in him, "Immediately," he says, "I conferred not with flesh and blood, but went into Arabia." Wise man. He got the great mystery of this secret fully explained to him. St. Paul had a great deal of knowledge that he had acquired intellectually. He had been taught by Gamaliel. He knew all about the law. He was proud of his pure Hebrew blood and his freedom as a Roman citizen. He not only knew the law but kept it. He was a zealous, high-spirited young man, firmly persuaded that he was doing the right thing when he

sought out and persecuted the disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Such knowledge was very useful to him, for after he was converted it enabled him to deal with his Jewish brethren and see things from their point of view, and not only that, but it enabled him to point out just where old religion failed. We can imagine what a time of unlearning he had to go through. Old traditions had to give way to a simple faith; fixed ideas had to be given up; in short, old things had to go to make way for the new. But he had caught the vision of the glory. That vision of Christ and His union with His followers had revealed something far more wonderful and glorious than anything he had known or dreamed of. And so, as he "listened in" to God the Holy Spirit with his new spiritual light, the greatness of God's love overpowered him. It was so overwhelming. He realised for the first time what real love was. He realised the meaning of mercy, grace, and truth. The Kingdom of God was explained to him. It was not a temporal kingdom, but a spiritual kingdom that would stand for ever. "Righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." "Not in word but in power." Not with observation, but a great silent power that would overcome and rule over all, thereby making a new heaven, a new earth—all things new.

So St. Paul's zeal and intellectual power was now influenced by love that had come to him through true knowledge, and he cries out, "Woe is me if I preach not the gospel." The love of Christ constraineth me." Oh, the height and the depth and breadth and length of the love of God! It passeth understanding.

There is only one God, the source of *all* things, and one Lord Jesus Christ; "but alas, all men do not recognise this fact" (Weymouth), or as in the Authorised Version, "all men have not this knowledge." "My people perish for lack of knowledge," the true spiritual knowledge that can only be obtained from God's Word made living by the Holy Spirit. How St. Paul bewailed the divisions that so soon began to appear in the early Church. "Is Christ divided?" he cries. "We are all one in Christ Jesus." Don't you see he writes in 2 Cor. v., 14, "that if one died for all, then all are dead." "We know no man after the flesh." God was in Christ, reconciling the world with

Himself. “Be ye reconciled to God.” Come into line with His great salvation. Oh, the unbelief, the sinful heart of unbelief which shuts out the love and mercy of God. We can almost hear the sob of a great heart’s longing that others might know the Truth, especially his brethren in the flesh. It brings before us vividly the great heart’s sob of our Blessed Lord as He wept over the beloved city and cried, “How often would I have gathered you unto Me, but ye would not.” God’s way is always life out of death—strength out of weakness. This was the first glimpse of the unity of God’s plan to St. Paul.

There must be a new man. The old Saul must see that in the Man Jesus Christ he had died and been buried. So he writes in Gal. ii., 20: “I have been crucified with Christ,” and in other places he boldly states that all humanity died in the great Lamb of God, who was God manifest in the flesh, and that His flesh was given for the life of the world.

Now, St. Paul writes: “There is neither Jew nor Gentile, bond nor free.” “Circumcision availeth nothing, or uncircumcision.” There must be a new creature. “Ye are dead.” Not will be or even in the process, but in the Man Christ Jesus you died. God sent His own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh and for sin—judged, condemned sin in the flesh. “Baptised into His death.” The washing of regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Ghost. Now your life is hid with Christ in God. God is the source of your life. You exist now in this source. Keep your mind on Christ. He is the “New Man,” ye are members of His Body—glorious, redeemed humanity, “meet for the Master’s use.” Alas, alas! Satan is blinding the eyes of the world because of unbelief.

Yes, unbelief is the only sin that shuts us out of this glorious salvation. All other works of the flesh proceed from unbelief in this one great central fact. There is only one God and one Lord Jesus Christ—one Body, one Spirit, one Faith, one Baptism. The flesh yields its own crop of evil. The Spirit gives a rich harvest of love, peace, and joy. Having this knowledge St. Paul came forth from Arabia and spent his life in proclaiming the good news. Christ has set you free. Stand in that freedom. We live now for

God’s service: to be so in harmony with His will for a perishing world that we shall let Him express His love, His pity, His power through us. Again St. Paul writes: “If we have not love we are nothing.” “God is love,” says St. John. Love for God will cause us to take Him at His word and believe what He says. Love for men will break down the man-made barriers, and unite us in the one Spirit.

We cannot, however, close without drawing attention to the way in which St. Paul suggests we should shew the reality of our knowledge by the love we shew to those who do not as yet possess this knowledge. Always patient and forbearing, even to the point of not taking full advantage of this freedom, but often “becoming all things to all men, that he might turn them to Christ,” yet with his own faith uncompromisingly true to God.

M.B.

The Whitsuntide Convention, 1923.

KINGSWAY HALL,
MAY 21ST TO 25TH.

Whit Monday and the days following, each day at 11 a.m., 3.30 p.m., and 7 p.m.

Convener: Mr. Cecil Polhill.

Speakers expected: Rev. A. Bassett, Mr. A. Carter, Rev. E. Egryn Davies, Rev. Dr. F. Ellis, Rev. J. Lewis, Rev. Dr. Robt. Middleton, Rev. Cynog Williams, Rev. E. Wern Williams, Mrs. Walshaw (of Halifax); also members of the P. M. U. Council.

May 23rd, MISSIONARY DAY.

* * *

Mr. Polhill will arrive home (p.v.) from his long missionary journeyings in China in good time for the Convention. The Editor of “Confidence” regrets that most important duties prevent him being present this year at the Convention. May there be surpassing and abundant blessing.

(Working in Silence—continued from page 81.)

Oh, may we who are humbly seeking to be hewers from the human quarry of life, learn the deepest lessons that God has to teach us of the benefit of quiet and silent work, for in the earnest silence of unceasing and prevailing prayer, the Holy Spirit is waiting and watching for that one supreme moment in the lives of all those stones we seek to carry from the quarry, and through the silence of persistent prayer we shall one day gain an absolutely certain victory.

Let us only be content to await *His* time, not only for those we seek to win, but for our own spiritual and physical welfare.

"Oh, tarry thou the Lord's leisure; be strong, and He shall comfort thine heart; and put thou thy trust in the Lord."

RUTH SALWEY.

chauffeur and his friends religious matters were very much to the fore. At the game-keeper's cottage in a lonely valley, beyond some historic yew trees, one heard much that was interesting. Foxes are being killed now. One was despatched by the owner of hens, for he had gone into her hen-house to kill and to steal and to destroy.

I have conducted some very touching funeral services in the beautiful burial ground at our Church. A gifted boy of great promise died at Hetton-le-Hill swiftly, and his school comrades still come from the far end of the parish to our Morning Service, and afterwards sometimes kneel by his little grave for a few moments.

The Mothers' Union is a very flourishing body in this parish, and so is the Girls' Friendly. We have a reverent Church Choir of about forty sweet and resonant voices. They are a great help, and the congregation, too, just sings with heart and voice united. A large Bible Class of young men and maidens is held in the centre of the Church on Sunday afternoons. Their leader is a whole-hearted Christian miner who has been to the Keswick Convention. They are getting greatly interested in Foreign Missions, and give liberally each



PRIOR'S HALLGARTH (Vicarage).

PITTINGTON PARISH CHURCH.

Pittington Parish, County Durham.

(Continued from page 78.)

walked. They have enjoyed the hour of worship and exhortation in the sacred and beautiful old Church. (Its history synchronises with all British history since the Norman Conquest.)

A visitor from our Sunderland congregation thought that his old Vicar was looking years younger for the change to the country, and that he excelled himself in the pulpit.

THE SLOW AND STATELY CYCLE, which was so familiar a sight in the streets of Sunderland, is now very useful on these country roads. The parish is about four miles across, and contains "Litt., Pitt., and Elemore" (that is, Littletown, Pittington, High and Low, and the Elemore estate). Stately peacocks greet their Vicar with strident, raucous calls as he approaches the beautiful and ancient Hall of the Baker-Baker family. At tea with a

Sunday. I was able to tell them of my experiences in Morocco and in British Columbia among our Missionaries at work in those fields.

So the Editor of "Confidence," after 38 years in trying surroundings in Sunderland, finds himself in a land of great open spaces—wide rolling country, with the rooks flying overhead as he writes and rabbits flopping over the ploughed field beyond the lawn beneath his study window. One day a pheasant strutted on the lawn, another day a fox ran across the scene.

WHY HALLGARTH?

The Lord Prior of Durham Cathedral had a country seat here due east from his cathedral. When up on the hills to the east of our Church you get the great Cathedral tower showing behind the square tower of St. Lawrence the Martyr, both in a line (five miles apart).

The Prior's Hall was in the Church "Garth"

(yard), and here were high ceremonies observed as the Lord Prior held his court and condemned or acquitted prisoners or received homage.

A parishioner who is a tenant in one of my ivy-covered cottages obliged me by shovelling bare some of the foundation walls of the former "Prior's Hallgarth." Dr. Miller rebuilt this vicarage, which until about 1847 was a few yards east of its present site. The vicarage still retains the old name, viz., "Prior's Hallgarth." It is a larger house than the Writer would have built, but as it is there he accepts it thankfully, with its responsibilities.

THE PITTS AND THEIR TRIBE.

I believe it was Dr. Barmby (Vicar from 1875 to 1894) who claimed that our Pittington Church was the mother church of Durham. There were in far-off days two colonies of the northern folk, called Pitts, who settled beneath the massive shoulder of the great "Dune" behind

A RESTFUL VIEW.

When you come out of the Church door you look out on to a great amphitheatre with hills at its far side. Down in the shallow valley stands a *tarn* or small lake, originally the back-water from the Monks' Mill. The ancient churchyard is very sacred to many, whose dear ones' mortal remains lie there, also the newer burial ground, all practically one. After service a good part of the congregation is seen crossing the fields in the valley below us on its homeward way. It is a peaceful sight.

Dr. Barmby liked to think that St. Aidan (about A.D. 636) as he journeyed southward Christianised those Pitts and that they built a primitive church, and later a solid Saxon building was erected. Certainly the great architect, Bishop Hugh Pudsey, in the days of King Stephen and King John, found here a church, and he broke through the north wall and



PITTINGTON VICARAGE (PRIOR'S HALLGARTH).

The cross (+) shows the Writer's Study.

Pittington. "Dune" became "Don," and we get the word Pittingdune or Pytyngton.

A water-wheel on one of the streams running down from the Dune turned the mill eventually worked by monks for the benefit of their brethren. At Hallgarth Mill corn is ground to-day by water power.

• • •

American friends would be greatly interested in this historic Church. In the days when the Pilgrim Fathers sailed from Plymouth to Boston (1630), Richard Thursby, the 29th Vicar, was ministering here, followed in 1631 by Rev. George Shaw, A.M. The Church before that time is the common heritage of descendants of the English of those times on both sides of the Atlantic.

inserted his unique spirally ornamented pillars and chevron arches (like his "Galilee" at Durham). It was a small, dark church, with windows high up, whose splays were richly painted with scenes in St. Cuthbert's life.

On Christmas Day my words in the morning sermon were criticised when I said: "For 900 years Christian worship has gone up from some part of this building!" A gentleman in the congregation on the way down the church walk remarked to another, "Far more than 900 years! Mr. Boddy understated it greatly."

"Ye've sair failed sin ye came to Hallgarth," was the verdict delivered to a predecessor of mine, long, long ago. The verdict to-day is that the Pittington air has done the new Vicar a lot of good.

(Pittington Parish, County Durham—continued.)

N.B.—Though 75 per cent. of the 2,000 parishioners living in Littletown, Elemore Vale, and the two Pittingtons are miners or connected with the pits, that is not the reason for this place being called Pittington. Hundreds of years before any coal mine was sunk it was known as Pittington, and for the reason above given.

* * *

I have a great love for my old parish of All Saints', Monkwearmouth, where for 38 years I lived in the midst of a huge population. I often thought then that I should happily live on to the end, amid a very devoted flock. But it was clearly of God that I should accept the unexpected call whilst all was well, rather than stay on under very unfavourable conditions, more easily borne in youth than in advancing years. For the first time for a number of winters I have not been laid aside with bronchitis and asthma, but have gone on with my duties through these months feeling stronger and better than in those last days beside the iron works in Fulwell Road, Sunderland.

I began my earliest days as a young curate to my dear father in a very beautiful home, Elwick Hall, and with a country parish as my charge. Now, after a life's work in the town, I am finding fresh strength in this country life, under somewhat similar conditions.

* * *

May our Blessed Lord, by His Holy Spirit, grant me, His servant, a useful ministry amongst the flock now committed to my charge (after forty-three years as His ordained minister). I believe that He is renewing my strength. Certainly He has given me great encouragement in many ways.

A. A. BODDY,
Vicar of Pittington.

Mr. Cecil Polhill in China.

Our Brother-in-charge at Yunnan-fu, Mr. David Leigh, had the joy of welcoming Mr. Polhill early in February at the P.M.U. Home. He writes:—

Mr. Polhill arrived safely among us last Saturday, and has had quite a busy week. Each morning we have been privileged with a nice, helpful Bible study, and, in addition, we have had the joy of hearing him in Chinese each night. Before he arrived I had, at his request, made full arrangements for a week of special meetings, and—praise the Lord!—we have seen sinners at the "altar" at the close of each gathering. Last night twenty-one came forward for deliverance from their sins, and the Lion of the tribe of Judah displayed His wondrous power.

A number of people came forward for healing, but the main work was with the unsaved, although a few of our Christians testified to a quickening within them, and others sought the power to enable them to live the overcoming life. We trust the work all round has only begun, and expect to see deep and lasting results. The more we see of God's power, the more we desire to see, and the words of the poet express our heart's desire—

"Oh, for the showers on the thirsty land !

Oh, for a mighty revival !

Oh, for a sanctified, fearless band,
Ready to hail its arrival !"

And, personally, I am persuaded that if we get the latter, namely, a sanctified, fearless band, we shall soon get the revival. As Mr. Polhill has reminded us, "Say not there are yet four months, and then cometh harvest"—it is harvest time now, and we must gather in the precious grain.

THE PENTECOSTAL MISSIONARY UNION.

(FOR GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.)

President: Mr. Cecil Polhill.

Members of Council: Rev. A. A. Boddy, Mrs. Crisp, Mr. W. Glassby, Pastor Blackman, Mr. John Leech, K.C., Mr. E. J. G. Titterton, M.A., Rev. Dr. Middleton. *Hon. Treas.:* Mr. E. W. Moser. *Hon. Sec.:* Mr. T. H. Mandell.

MISSIONARIES. CHINA.—Yunnan-fu: Mr. and Mrs. D. Leigh; Rev. A. A. and Mrs. Swift (*Associates*); Mrs. Trevitt, Misses Cook, J. Biggs, Alice T. Waldon, S. Hodgetts, E. Knell, Gladys Eaton, Hannah Rees, F. Ives, and Jane Williams; Mr. D. F. Williams. *Likiang-fu:* Mr. and Mrs. P. Klaver, Miss E. Scharren, Mr. Ralph Capper, and Mr. J. H. Andrews. *Tibet Border, Weihsí:* Mr. A. Lewer, Miss G. Agar (*Associate*). *On Furlough:* Mr. J. W. Boyd and Mrs. Lewer.

AFRICA.—Belgian Congo: Mr. and Mrs. A. Richardson, Miss M. Noad, Miss M. A. Anderson, Mr. F. Adams and Mr. G. Vale.

SOUTH AMERICA.—Central Brazil: Mr. and Mrs. Jameson. Pernambuco: Miss L. Johnson.

(SOME NOTES BY OUR HON. SECRETARY.)

We are glad to report that our dear brother, Mr. Polhill, is expected back in England about May 3rd. He will have much to relate of God's faithfulness and

grace to him during his absence.

* * *

A large number of friends attended Sion College on the evening of the 13th April, when our dear sister, Miss Ethel M. Cook, gave a most helpful farewell message from 1 Cor. i., 9. Miss Cook sailed for

China from Tilbury, *via* America, on the 14th April, on the S.S. "President Monroe." The Lord graciously provided the necessary funds to meet all the expenses of our sister's return. Miss Cook has done good service for her Master and the P.M.U. whilst on furlough in the Homeland.

* * *

We fully trust that our Brothers Adams and Vale have reached Kalembe Lembe safely, where they were due about the first week in April. They would receive a hearty welcome from Mr. Richardson and his party, who have been urgently asking for additional fellow labourers in the growing work where they are now winning precious souls and seeing the results of their labours.

* * *

Heartfelt praise is offered to our faithful God for enabling the Treasurer of the P.M.U. during the past three months to remit the full allowances to our Missionaries.

CHINA.

From Likiang.

Letter from Bro.
James H. Andrews.

We have much to thank Jesus for here in this land. Since writing you last I have gone to a higher altitude in China, eighteen days' journey beyond Yunnan-fu. But even this is not without its blessing, for we are away from the troubles of the South, the robbers, and the many other things that are a drawback and a hindrance to the work.

One cannot say that Likiang is a large place, though there are a great number of villages around. Likiang itself consists of

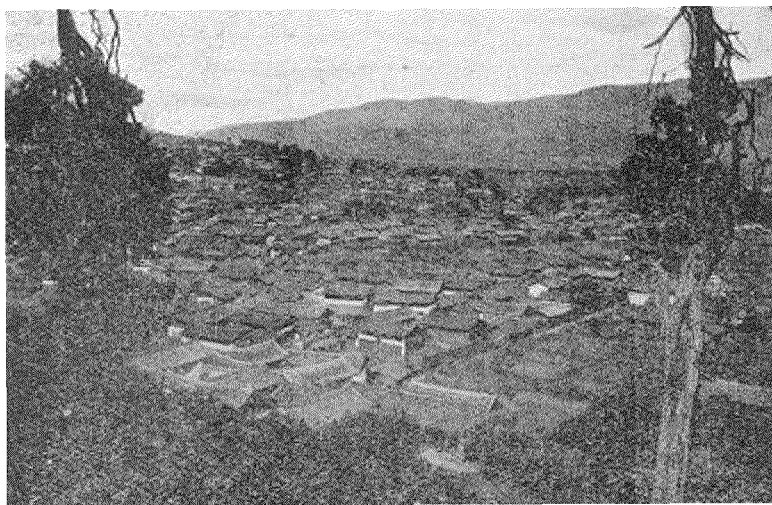
SIX VILLAGES

together in a valley. I cannot say how large the population is here. I asked my teacher how many people he thought were here, and he told me about 3,000 families. But a family here is from father to the last cousinhood—sometimes a village can be made up of two families. In the snow village where Mr. George Forrest (of Scotland) has been working as botanist for many years, long before any Christian mission was here, he told me that the village has only two

family names, and I think Likiang Hsien is about the same. Speaking of Likiang one day to my teacher, he told me I could not call it a city because it has no wall around it. Of course I asked the reason why there was no wall, and he answered, Neither has England a wall around it. It is amusing to learn some of their ideas of England. Miss Scharten has a typewriter which the teacher really thought was an English printing press. But when I told him they could print the book he held in England in about five minutes he was more than surprised, and would hardly believe it. But he is a nice man and has

A VERY TENDER HEART.

One morning I told him how I had a letter from home asking me if my teacher was saved yet, and that they were praying for him. With tears just in his eyes he thanked them, and was so pleased to know that in England some were interested in him. I tell you it did my heart good, for I have not seen the path of Calvary trod much of late. But I do believe God is going to save him with a mighty salvation.



TOWN OF LIKIANG (NEAR TO TIBET).

As everywhere else in China, men are great sinners, and sin abounds in this place. One of the greatest things that impress one is

THE CRUELTY OF MEN.

People in England who have never seen it can hardly realise how cruel men can be, and such cowards. One night when coming home I saw two young men about 23 years of age striking a young woman of about 18 on the lips, and around them such a crowd. So I took hold of them and put them to face each other, and told them if they wanted to fight then fight with their own sex. But the cowards just drew up and shook like a leaf, thinking I was going to take them in hand. Oh, it is awful how cruel some of these men can be. Since being in China I have seen

THINGS I DARE NOT WRITE OF.

But that is only one side of the question. The heart of man is the same all the world over, and it is from here every successful Christian evangelist must begin. We see China to-day in chaos

(Pentecostal Missionary Union—China—continued.)

and blackness, but that is the background on which the Divine artist is going to show forth the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world. Paul to the Romans (chapter i., verses 29-31) puts sin under twenty-three heads to show its hideousness, and what men were. But in the following chapters his pen found something brighter, which brought forth men the Sons of God (viii., 14-16), and it will be the same in China by your prayers in the homeland.

I am sending you a picture of the god called Ch'ien K'uen ching ch'i (Heaven and earth upright principle), his name above him in characters. The people here admire him, but he is so helpless and quite good to have his photo taken—he never moved. By his side are two of the ugliest things you could ever see. I had difficulty in taking it as these temples are so dark and dirty, and this is what the people of China worship. But one

day, thank God, His grace is strong enough that will cause them to turn to Him from idols, to serve Him and wait for His Son from heaven.

So please pray that God may visit this place, and that a mighty revival shall come to the land of China and not stop until it reaches the Throne of God in Glory, and we hear the cry come up higher and China's millions shall sing a nobler, sweeter song of Him upon the Throne, Who loved them and gave Himself for them.



MOUNTAINS NEAR LIKIANG.

List of Contributions received during January, February, & March, 1923.

Receipt No.	£ s. d.	Receipt No.	£ s. d.
4251 ...	10 0	4291 ...	500 0 0
4252 ...	3 10 0	4292 ...	1 0 0
4253 ...	10 0	4293 ...	1 13 3
4254 ...	3 0 0	4294 ...	3 0 0
4255 ...	3 0 0	4295 ...	1 0 0
4256 ...	5 0 0	4296 ...	7 10 0
4257 ...	10 0 0	4297 ...	1 0 0
4258 ...	5 0 0	4298 ...	10 0
4259 ...	6 0 0	4299 ...	10 0
4260 ...	45 0 0	4300 ...	5 0 0
4262 ...	18 15 0	4301 ...	10 0
4263 ...	6 16 0	4302 ...	10 0
4264 ...	4 1 8	4303 ...	6 14 6
4265 ...	3 15 0	4304 ...	10 0
4266 ...	5 0	4305 ...	2 0 0
4267 ...	10 0	4306 ...	2 0 0
4268 ...	1 0 0	4308 ...	1 0 0
4269 ...	10 0	4309 ...	2 2 0
4270 ...	3 5 5	4310 ...	10 0
4271 ...	10 0	4311 ...	3 0 0
4272 ...	4 0	4312 ...	2 17 2
4273 ...	2 15 10	4313 ...	1 5 0
4274 ...	5 0	4314 ...	7 0 0
4275 ...	1 0 0	4315 ...	5 0 0
4276 ...	4 13 1	4316 ...	4 7 9
4277 ...	1 10 0	4317 ...	1 0 0
4278 ...	10 0	4318 ...	5 0 0
4279 ...	10 5 0	4319 ...	1 0 0
4280 ...	3 10 0	4322 ...	5 10 0
4281 ...	3 10 0	4323 ...	36 0 0
4282 ...	10 0 0	4324 ...	5 0
4283 ...	8 7 6	4325 ...	10 0
4284 ...	1 5 0	4326 ...	10 0
4285 ...	1 0 0	4327 ...	3 0 0
4286 ...	1 0 0	4328 ...	5 18 0
4287 ...	8 10 0	4329 ...	4 10 0
4288 ...	6 10 0	4330 ...	22 0 0
4289 ...	10 0	4331 ...	12 19 5
4290 ...	3 16 3	4332 ...	10 6

Receipt No.	£ s. d.	Receipt No.	£ s. d.
4333 ...	3 14 2	312 ...	2 0 0
4334 ...	5 12 9	313 ...	6 6
4335 ...	1 0 0	314 ...	15 0
4336 ...	10 18 9	315 ...	10 0
		316 ...	4 9
Per Miss Vipan—		317 ...	3 0 0
297 ...	2 0 0	318 ...	2 10 0
298 ...	15 0	319 ...	1 10 0
299 ...	1 12 0	320 ...	10 0
300 ...	7 7 0	321 ...	1 10 0
301 ...	3 6	322 ...	3 0 0
302 ...	7 0	323 ...	4 0 0
303 ...	3 6	324 ...	5 7
304 ...	2 6	325 ...	14 5
305 ...	2 0	326 ...	5 0
306 ...	2 0	327 ...	8 17 6
307 ...	4 1 6	328 ...	2 0 0
309 ...	1 5 1		
310 ...	5 7 9		
311 ...	20 0 0		
			<u>£945 15 7</u>

Receipt No.	SPECIAL GIFTS.
4261	For Miss E. M. Cook's passage ... 11 3 0
4307	For Mr. & Mrs. Leigh's furlough ... 20 0 0
4315	For Mr. E. O. Ellis' outfit ... 8 0 0
4321	For Miss E. M. Cook's passage ... 28 11 6
4322	For Mr. and Mrs. Wood's passage ... 2 0 0
4331	For Miss E. M. Cook's passage ... 1 2 0
Per Miss Vipan—	
308	For Miss E. M. Cook's passage ... 4 0
	<u>£71 0 6</u>

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

E. W. MOSER, Hon. Treasurer (P.M.U.)
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